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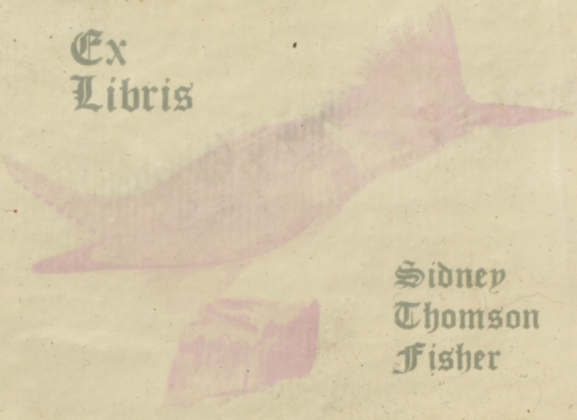

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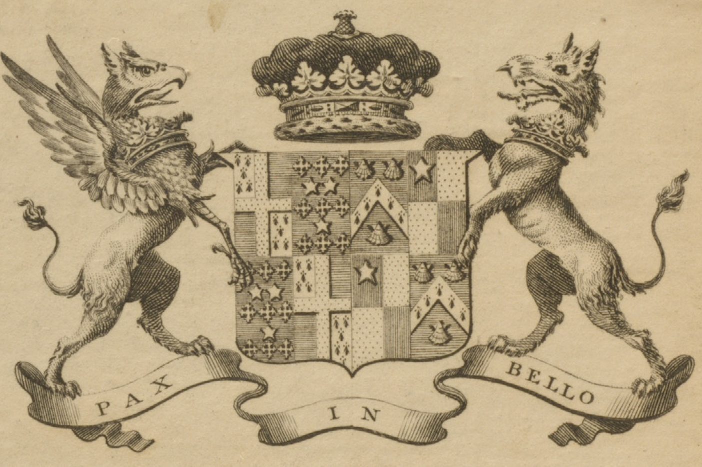
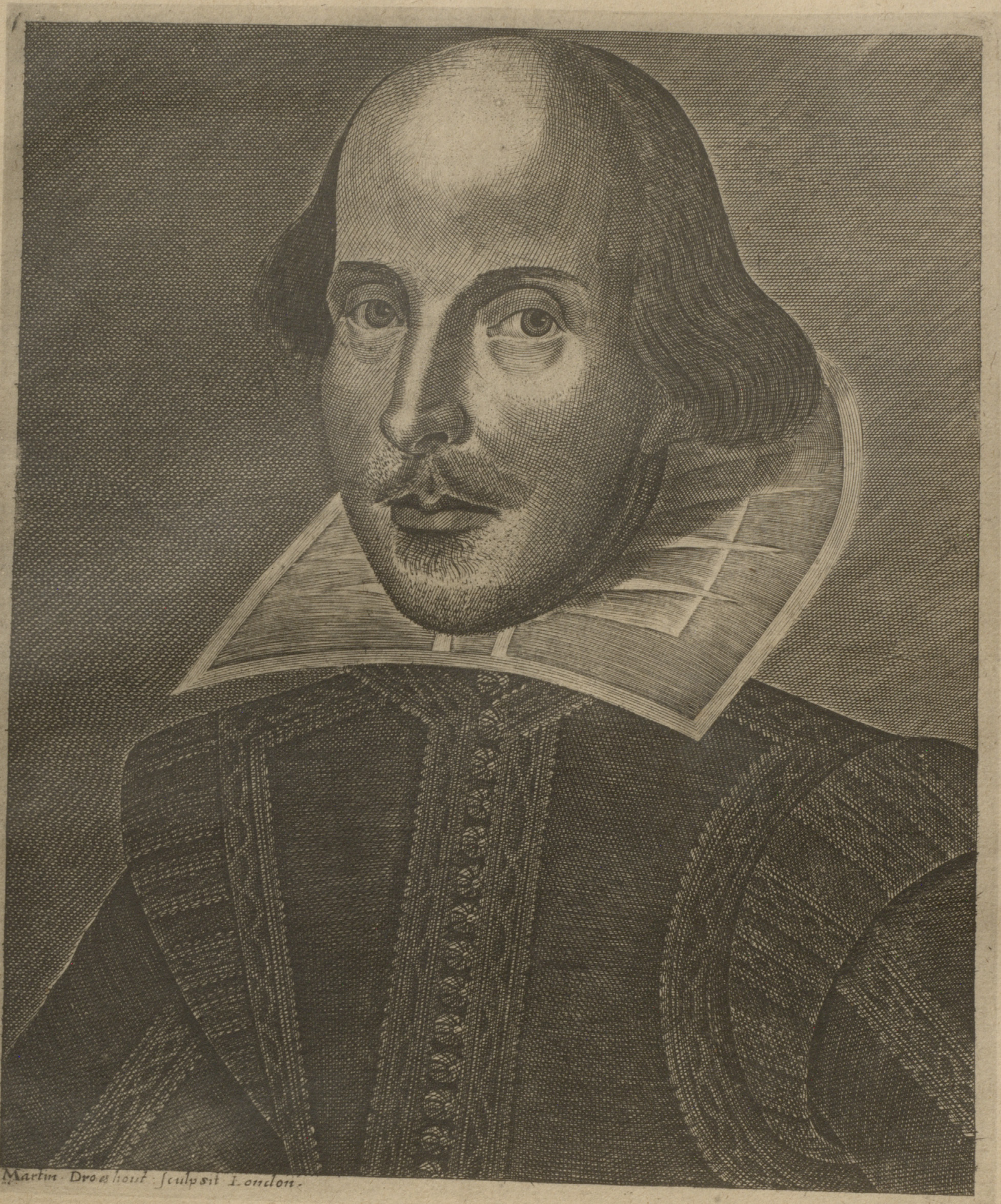

PAX
IN
BELLO

LEEDS.

Ex Dono Richardi Blake Rectori de
m.e.c. Fairway

Leeds.
1795.



To the Reader.

This *Figure* that thou here ſeeſt put,
It was for gentle *Shakeſpear* cut;
Wherein the *Graver* had a ſtrife
With Nature to outdo the Life.
O, could he but have drawn his Wit
As well in Braſs, as he has hit
His Face; the Print would then ſurpaſs
All that was ever writ in *Braſs*.
But ſince he cannot, Reader, look
Not on his Picture, but his *Book*.

B. J.

CHarney:

Mr. William Shakeſpear's
COMEDIES,
HISTORIES,
AND
TRAGEDIES.

Publiſhed according to the true Original Copies.

Unto which is added, SEVEN

PLAYS,

Never before Printed in Folio:

VIZ.

Pericles Prince of *Tyre.*
The *London Prodigal.*
The Hiſtory of *Thomas* Lord *Cromwel.*
Sir *John Oldcaſtle* Lord *Cobham.*
The *Puritan Widow.*
A *Yorkſhire* Tragedy.
The Tragedy of *Locrine.*

The Fourth Edition.

LONDON,

Printed for *H. Herringman, E. Brewſter,* and *R. Bentley,* at the *Anchor* in the
New Exchange, the *Crane* in St. *Pauls* Church-Yard, and in
Ruſſel-Street *Covent-Garden.* 1685.

To the moſt Noble and Incomparable pair of Brethren,

William Earl of Pembroke, &c.

Lord Chamberlain to the Kings moſt Excellent Majeſty;

AND

Philip E. of Montgomery, &c.

Gentleman to his Majeſties Bed-Chamber. Both Knights of the moſt Noble
Order of the Garter, and our ſingular good LORDS,

Right Honourable,

WHILST we ſtudy to be thankful in our particular, for the many Favours we have received from your L. L. we are faln upon the ill fortune, to mingle two the moſt diverſe things that can be, fear, and raſhneſs, in the enterpriſe, and fear of the ſucceſs: For, when we value the places your H. H. ſuſtain, we cannot but know their dignity greater, than to deſcend to the reading of theſe trifles: and while we name them trifles, we have depriv'd our ſelves of the defence of our Dedication. But ſince your L L. have been pleas'd to think theſe trifles ſomething heretofore, and have proſecuted both them, and their Author living, with ſo much favour: we hope, (that they out living him, and he not having the fate, common with ſome, to be Executor to his own writings) you will uſe the ſame indulgence toward them, you have done unto their parent. There is a great difference, whether any Book chuſe his Patrons, or find them: This hath done both: For, ſo much were your L. L. likings of the ſeveral parts, when they were Acted, as before they were publiſhed, the Volume ask'd to be yours. We have but collected them, and done an office to the dead, to procure his Orphans, Guardians; without ambition either of ſelf-profit, or fame: only to keep the memory of ſo worthy a Friend and Fellow alive, as was our *Shakeſpear*, by humble offer of his *Plays*, to your moſt Noble Patronage: Wherein as we have juſtly obſerved, no man to come near your L. L. but with a kind of religious addreſs; it hath been the height of our care, who are the Preſenters, to make the Preſent worthy of your H. H. by the Perfection: But there we muſt alſo crave our abilities to be conſidered, my Lords. We cannot go beyond our own powers: Countrey hands reach forth Milk,

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Cream, Fruits, or what they have: and many Nations (we have heard) that had not Gums and Incenſe, obtained their requeſts with a leavened Cake; it was no fault to approach their gods, by what means they could: And the moſt, though meaneſt of things, are made precious, when they are dedicated to Temples. In that name therefore, we moſt humbly conſecrate to your H. H. theſe Remains of your ſervant *Shakeſpear*; that what delight is in them, may be ever your L. L. the reputation his, and the faults ours, if any be committed by a pair ſo careful to ſhew their gratitude both to the living, and the dead, as is

Your Lordſhips moſt bounden,

JOHN HEMINGE,

HENRY CONDELL.

TO THE
Great Variety
OF
READERS,

FROM the moſt able, to him that can but ſpell. *There you are numbred. VVe had rather you were weigh'd. Eſpecially, when the fate of all Books depends upon your capacities : and not of your heads alone, but of your Purſes. Well, it is now publick, and you will ſtand for your priviledges, we know* : to read, and cenſure. *Do ſo,* but *buy it firſt ; that doth beſt commend a Boook,* the Stationer ſays. *Then how odd ſoever your brains be, or your wiſdoms, make your ſilence the ſame, and ſpare not. Judg your ſix-penny worth, your ſhillings-worth, your five ſhillings-worth at a time, or higher, ſo you riſe to the juſt rates, and welcome. But, whatever you do,* Buy. *Cenſure will not drive a trade, nor make the Jack go. And tho you be a Magiſtrate of* Wit, *and ſit on the ſtage at* Black-Fryers, *or the* Cock-pit, *to arraign* Plays *daily ; know, theſe* Plays *have had their tryal already, and ſtood out all Appeals ; and do now come forth quitted rather by a* Decree *of* Court, *than any purchas'd* Letters of Comendation.

It had been a thing, we confeſs, worthy to have been wiſhed, that the Author *himſelf had lived to have ſet forth, and overſeen his own* Writings; *But ſince it hath been ordain'd otherwiſe, and he by death departed from that right, we pray you do not envy his Friends the office of their care and pain, to have collected and publiſhed them; and ſo to have publiſh'd them, as where (before) you were abus'd with divers* ſtoln *and* ſurreptitious Copies, *maimed and deformed by the frauds and ſtealths of injurious* Impoſtors, *that expos'd them: even thoſe, are now offered to your view cured, and perfect of their* limbs; *and all the reſt, abſolute in their* numbers *as he conceived them.* Who, *as he was a happy* imitator *of* Nature, *was a moſt gentle* expreſſer *of it. His mind and hand went together : And what he thought, he uttered with that eaſineſs, that we have ſcarce received from him a blot in his Papers. But it is not our* Province, *who only gather his* Works, *and give them you to praiſe him. It is yours that read him. And there we hope, to your divers capacities, you will find enough, both to draw, and hold you : for his* wit *can no more lie hid, than it could be loſt.* Read him *therefore, again and again : And if then you do not like him, ſurely you are in ſome manifeſt danger, not to underſtand him. And ſo we leave you to other of his* Friends, *who, if you need, can be your* guides : *if you need them not, you can lead your ſelves, and others. And ſuch* Readers *we wiſh him.*

J. Heminge.

H. Condell.

To

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To the Memory of the deceaſed Author Mr. *WILLIAM SHAKESPEAR.*

S*Hakeſpear*, at length thy pious Fellows give
The World thy Works: thy Works, by which, out-live
Thy *Tomb*, thy *Name* muſt: when that *ſtone* is rent,
And Time diſſolves thy *Stratford* Monument,
Here we alive ſhall view thee ſtill. This *Book*,
When Braſs and Marble fade, ſhall make thee look
Freſh to all Ages: when Poſterity
Shall loathe what's new, think all is prodigy
That is not *Shakeſpear*'s; ev'ry Line, each Verſe
Here ſhall revive, redeem thee from thy Herſe.
Nor Fire, nor cankring Age, as *Naſo* ſaid,
Of his, thy wit-fraught Book ſhall once invade.
Nor ſhall I ere believe, or think thee dead
(Tho miſt) until our bankrout *Stage* be ſped
(Impoſſible) with ſome new ſtrain t'out-do
Paſſions of *Juliet*, and her *Romeo*;
Or till I hear a Scene more nobly take,
Than when thy half-ſword parlying *Yeomans* ſpake.
Till theſe, till any of thy Volumes reſt
Shall with more fire, more feeling be expreſt,
Be ſure, our *Shakeſpear*, thou canſt never die,
But crown'd with Lawrel, live eternally.

L. Digges.

Upon the Effigies of my worthy Friend the Author, Mr. *W. Shakeſpear*, and his Works.

SPectator, this Lifes Shadow, is to ſee
The truer Image and a livelier he
Turn Reader. But, obſerve his Comick vain,
Laugh, and proceed next to a Tragick ſtrain,
Then weep; So when thou find'ſt two contraries,
Two different paſſions from thy rapt ſoul riſe,
Say, (who alone effect ſuch wonders could)
Rare *Shakeſpear* to the life thou doſt behold.

To the Memory of Mr. *W. Shakeſpear.*

WE wonder (*Shakeſpear*) that thou went'ſt ſo ſoon,
From the Worlds-Stage, to the Graves-Tyring-room.
We thought thee dead, but this thy Printed worth
Tells thy Spectators, that thou went'ſt but forth
To enter with applauſe. An *Actors* Art,
Can dye, and live, to *act* a ſecond Part.
That's but an *Exit* of Mortality;
This, a Re-entrance to a *Plaudite*.

J. M

To the Memory of my beloved, the Author, Mr. *William Shakeſpear*; And what he hath left us.

TO draw no envy (*Shakeſpear*) on thy Name,
Am I thus ample to thy Book and Fame:
VVhile I confeſs thy *writings* to be ſuch,
As neither *Man* nor *Muſe* can praiſe too much.
'Tis true, and all mens ſuffrage. But theſe ways
Were not the paths I meant unto thy praiſe:
For ſeelieſt Ignorance on theſe may light,
Which, when it ſounds at beſt, but eccho's right;
Or blind *Affection*, which doth ne're advance
The truth, but gropes, and urgeth all by *chance*;
Or crafty malice, might pretend this praiſe,
And think to ruin where it ſeem'd to raiſe.
Theſe are, as ſome infamous Bawd, or Whore,
Should praiſe a *Matron*. What could hurt her more?
But thou art proof againſt them, amd indeed
Above th' ill fortune of them, or the need.
I therefore will begin. Soul of the *Age*!
The applauſe! delight! the wonder of our Stage!
My *Shakeſpear* riſe; I will not lodg thee by
Chaucer, or *Spenſer*, or bid *Beaumont* lie
A little further, to make thee a room:
Thou art a Monument without a Tomb,
And art alive ſtill, while thy Book doth live,
And we have wits to read, and praiſe to give.
That I not mix thee ſo, my brain excuſes;
I mean with great, but diſproportion'd Muſes:
For if I thought my judgment were of years,
I ſhould commit thee ſurely with thy Peers,
And tell how far thou didſt our *Lily* out-ſhine,
Or ſporting *Kid*, or *Marlow*'s mighty Line.
And tho thou hadſt ſmall *Latine*, and leſs *Greek*,
From thence to honour thee, I would not ſeek
For names; but call forth thund'ring *Æſchylus*,
Euripides, and *Sophocles* to us,
Pacuvius, *Accius*, him of *Cordova* dead,
To live again, to hear thy *Buskin* tread,
And ſhake a Stage: Or, when thy Socks were on,
Leave thee alone for the compariſon
Of all, that inſolent *Greece*, or haughty *Rome*
Sent forth, or ſince did from their aſhes come.
Triumph, my *Britain*, thou haſt one to ſhow,
To whom all Scenes of *Europe* homage owe.
He was not of an age, but for all time!
And all the *Muſes*, ſtill were in their prime,
When like *Apollo* he came forth to warm
Our ears, or like a *Mercury* to charm!
Nature her ſelf was proud of his deſigns,
And joy'd to wear the dreſſing of his Lines!
Which were ſo richly ſpun, and wov'n ſo fit,
As, ſince, ſhe will vouchſafe no other wit.
The merry *Greek*, tart *Ariſtophanes*,
Neat *Terence*, witty *Plautus*, now not pleaſe;
But antiquated, and deſerted lie
As they were not of Natures family.

Yet muſt I not give *Nature* all: Thy *Art*,
My gentle *Shakeſpear* muſt enjoy a part.
For tho the *Poets* matter *Nature* be,
His *Art* doth give the *Faſhion*. And, that he,
Who caſts to write a living *line*, muſt ſweat,
(Such as thine are) and ſtrike the ſecond *heat*
Upon the *Muſes* Anvile : turn the ſame,
(And himſelf with it) that he thinks to frame;
Or for the Lawrel, he may gain a ſcorn,
For a good *Poet*'s made, as well as born.
And ſuch wert thou. Look how the Fathers face
Lives in his Iſſue, even ſo the race
Of *Shakeſpear*'s mind, and manners brightly ſhines
In his well turned, and true filed lines:
In each of which, he ſeems to ſhake a Lance,
As brandiſh't at the eyes of *Ignorance*.
Sweet *Swan* of *Avon* ! what a ſight it were
To ſee thee in our water yet appear,
And make thoſe flights upon the Banks of *Thames*,
That ſo did take *Eliza*, and our *James* !
But ſtay, I ſee thee in the *Hemiſphere*
Advanc'd, and made a *Conſtellation* there !
Shine forth, thou *Star* of *Poets*, and with rage,
Or influence, chide, or chear the drooping Stage,
Which, ſince thy flight from hence, hath mourn'd
like night,
And deſpairs day, but for thy *Volumes* light.

BEN. JOHNSON.

On worthy Mr. *Shakeſpear*, and his Poems.

A *Mind* reflecting ages paſt, whoſe clear
And equal *ſurface* can make things appear
Diſtant a Thouſand years, and repreſent
Them in their lively colours juſt extent.
To out-run *haſty Time*, retrieve the *Fates*,
Rowl back the *Heavens*, blow ope the Iron Gates
Of *Death* and *Lethe*, where (confuſed) lie
Great heaps of ruinous *Mortality*.
In that deep dusky dungeon to diſcern
A Royal *Ghoſt* from *Churls* ; By art to learn
The *Phyſiognomy* of ſhades , and give
Them ſudden birth, wondring how oft they live.
What ſtory coldly tells, what *Poets* fain
At ſecond hand and *Picture*, without brain
Senſeleſs and ſoulleſs *ſhows*. To give a *Stage*
(Ample aud true with life) voice, action, age,
As *Plato*'s year, and new Scene of the world,
Them unto us, or us to them had hurl'd.
To raiſe our ancient Soveraigns from their Herſe,
Make *Kings* his Subjects, by exchanging *verſe* ;
Enlive their pale trunks, that the preſent age
Joys in their *joy*, and trembles at their *rage* :
Yet ſo to temper paſſion, that our ears
Take *pleaſure* in their pain ; and eyes in tears
Both weep and ſmile, fearful at plots ſo ſad,
Then laughing at our fear ; abus'd and glad
To be abus'd, affected with that *truth*
Which we perceive is *falſe* ; pleas'd in that truth
At which we ſtart ; and by elaborate play
Tortur'd and tickled ; by a crab-like way
Time paſt made paſtime, and in ugly ſort
Diſgorging up his ravine for our ſport———
———While the *Plebeian* Imp from lofty throne,
Creates and rules a *world*, and works upon
Mankind by ſecret engines ; Now to move
A chilling *pity*, then a rigorous *love* :
To ſtrike up, and ſtroak down, both *Joy* and *Ire*,
To ſteer th' *affections* ; and by heavenly fire
Mould us anew. Stoln from our ſelves———
This and much more which cannot be expreſt,
But by *himſelf*, his *tongue*, and his own *breaſt*,
Was *Shakeſpear*'s freehold , which his cunning
brain
Improv'd by favour of the *ninefold train*.
The Buskin'd *Muſe*, the Comick *Queen*, the grand
And louder *tone* of *Clio* ; nimble hand,
And nimbler foot of the melodious *pair*,
The Silver voiced *Lady* ; the moſt fair
Calliope, whoſe ſpeaking ſilence daunts,
And ſhe whoſe praiſe the *heavenly* body chaunts.
Theſe jointly woo'd *him*, envying one another
(Obey'd by all as Spouſe, but lov'd as *brother*)
And wrought a curious robe of ſable grave,
Freſh, green, and pleaſant yellow, red moſt brave,
And conſtant blew, rich purple, guiltleſs white,
The lowly Ruſſet, and the Scarlet bright ;
Branch't and embroidered like the painted Spring
Each leaf match'd with a Flower, and each ſtring
Of golden wire, each line of ſilk ; there run
Italian works whoſe thred the Siſters ſpun ;
And there did ſing, or ſeem to ſing, the choice
Birds of a forreign note, and various voice.
Here hangs a *moſſey Rock* ; there plays a fair
But *chiding Fountain* purled : Not the *air*,
Nor Clouds, nor *Thunder*, but were living drawn,
Not out of common *Tiffany* or *Lawn*.
But fine materials, which the *Muſes* know,
And only know the Countries where they grow.
Now when they could no longer him enjoy
In mortal garments pent ; *death may deſtroy*
They ſay his body, but his Verſe ſhall live
And more than Nature *takes, our hands ſhall give.*
In a leſs Volume, but more ſtrongly bound
Shakeſpear *ſhall breathe and ſpeak* , *with Lawrel*
crown'd
Which never fades. Fed with Ambroſian *meat,*
In a well-lined Veſture *rich and neat*
So *with this* Robe *they cloathe him, bid him*
wear it,
For time ſhall never ſtain, nor envy tear it.

The friendly Admirer of his
Endowments,

J. M. S.

AN
EPITAPH
On the admirable Dramatick Poet,
WILLIAM SHAKESPEAR.

WHat need my *Shakeſpear* for his honour'd bones,
The labour of an Age, in piled ſtones,
Or that his hallow'd Reliques ſhould be hid
Under a Starry-pointing *Pyramid* ?
Dear Son of *Memory*, great Heir of *Fame*,
What needſt thou ſuch dull witneſs of thy *Name*?
Thou in our wonder and aſtoniſhment
Haſt built thy ſelf a laſting Monument :
For whilſt to th' ſhame of ſlow-endeavouring Art,
Thy eaſie numbers flow, and that each part,
Hath from the leaves of thy unvalued Book,
Thoſe *Delphick* Lines with deep Impreſſion took.
Then thou our fancy of her ſelf bereaving,
Doſt make us *Marble* with too much conceiving,
And ſo *Sepulcher*'d in ſuch pomp doſt lie,
That *Kings* for ſuch a *Tomb* would wiſh to die.

Upon the Lines and Life of the Famous Scenick Poet
MR. WILLIAM SHAKESPEAR.

THoſe hands, which you ſo clapt, go now and wring
You *Britains* brave ; for done are *Shakeſpear*'s days ;
His days are done, that made the dainty *Plays*,
Which made the Globe of Heav'n and Earth to ring.
Dry'd is that *Vein*, dry'd is the *Theſpian* Spring,
Turn'd all to tears, and *Phebus* Clouds his Rays ;
That Corps, that Coffin now beſtick thoſe Bays,
Which crown'd him Poet firſt, then Poets King.
If Tragedies might any Prologue have,
All thoſe he made, would ſcarce make one to this ;
VVhere *Fame*, now that he gone is to the Grave,
(Deaths publick Tyring-houſe) the *Nuncius* is.
For though his Line of Life went ſoon about,
The Life yet of his Lines ſhall never out.

Hugh Holland.

The Works *of* WILLIAM SHAKESPEAR; *containing all his Comedies, Hiſtories, and Tragedies; Truly ſet forth according to their firſt Original.*

The Names of the principal *Actors* in all theſe Plays:

William Shakeſpear.
Richard Burbage.
John Hemmings.
Auguſtine Philips.
William Kempt.
Thomas Poope.
George Bryan.
Hnry Condell.
William Slye.
Richard Cowly.
John Lowine.
Samuel Croſs.
Alexander Cook.
Samuel Gilburn.
Robert Armin.
William Oſtler.
Nathan Field.
John Underwood.
Nicholas Tooly.
William Eccleſtone.
Joſeph Taylor.
Robert Benfield.
Robert Gouge.
Richard Robinſon.
John Shanke.
John Rice.

A Catalogue of all the Comedies, Hiſtories, and Tragedies contained in this Book

THE Tempeſt.
The two Gentlemen of *Verona.*
The Merry Wives of *Windſor.*
Meaſure for Meaſure.
The Comedy of Errors.
Much ado about Nothing.
Loves Labours loſt.
Midſummernights Dream.
The Merchant of *Venice.*
As you like it.
The taming of a Shrew.
Alls well that ends well.
Twelf-night, or what you will.
The Winters Tale.

Hiſtories.

The life and death of King *John.*
The life and death of King *Richard* the 2.
The life and death of King *Henry* the 4.
The ſecond part of King *Henry* the 4.
The life of King *Henry* the 5.
The firſt part of King *Henry* the 6.
The ſecond part of King *Henry* the 6.
The third part of King *Henry* the 6.
The Tregedy of *Richard* the 3.
The famous Hiſtory of *Henry* the 8.

Tragedies.

Troylus and *Creſſida.*
The Tragedy of *Coriolanus.*
Titus Andronicus.
Romeo and *Juliet.*
Timon of *Athens.*
The Tragedy of *Julius Cæſar.*
The Tragedy of *Macbeth.*
The Tragedy of *Hamlet.*
The Tragedy of King *Lear.*
The Moor of *Venice.*
Anthony and *Cleopatra.*
The Tragedy of *Cymbeline.*

THE TEMPEST.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

A tempeſtuous noiſe of Thunder and Lightning heard: Enter Ship-maſter and a Boteſwain.

Maſter, Boteſwain.

Boteſ. Here Maſter: What cheer?

Maſt. Good: Speak to th' Mariners: fall too't, yarely, or we run our ſelves a-ground, beſtir, beſtir. *Exit.*

Enter Mariners.

Boteſ. Hey my hearts, cheerly my hearts: yare, yare: Take in the top-ſail: tend to th' Maſter's whiſtle: Blow till thou burſt thy wind, if room enough.

Enter Alonſo, Sebaſtian, Anthonio, Ferdinando, Gonzalo, *and others.*

Alon. Good Boteſwain have care: where's the Maſter? Play the men.

Boteſ. I pray now keep below.

Anth. Where is the Maſter, Boſon?

Boteſ. Do you not hear him? You mar our labour: Keep your Cabins: you do aſſiſt the ſtorm.

Gonz. Nay, good be patient.

Boteſ. When the Sea is: hence: what cares theſe Roarers for the Name of King? to Cabine: ſilence: trouble us not.

Gonz. Good, yet remember whom thou haſt aboard.

Boteſ. None that I more love than my ſelf. You are a Counſellor, if you can command theſe Elements to ſilence, and work the peace of the preſent, we will not hand a Rope more, uſe your Authority: if you cannot, give thanks you have liv'd ſo long, and make your ſelf ready in your Cabine for the miſchance of the hour, if it ſo hap. Cheerly good hearts: out of our way I ſay. *Exit.*

Gon. I have great comfort from this fellow: methinks he hath no drowning mark upon him; his complexion is perfect Gallows: ſtand faſt good Fate to his hanging; make the Rope of his deſtiny our Cable, for our own doth little advantage: if he be not born to be hang'd, our caſe is miſerable. *Exit.*

Enter Boteſwain.

Boteſ. Down with the top-Maſt: yare, lower, lower; bring her to try with Main-courſe. A plague —— ——

A cry within. Enter Sebaſtian, Anthonio *and* Gonzalo, upon this howling: they are louder than the weather, or our office: Yet again? What do you here? Shall we give o're and drown? Have you a mind to ſink?

Sebaſ. A pox o' your throat, you bawling, blaſphemous, incharitable Dog.

Boteſ. Work you then.

Anth. Hang Cur, hang, you whoreſon inſolent Noiſemaker; we are leſs afraid to be drown'd than thou art.

Gonz. I'le warrant him for drowning, though the Ship were no ſtronger than a Nut-ſhell, and as leaky as an unſtanched wench.

Boteſ. Lay her a hold, a hold; ſet her two courſes off to Sea again, lay her off.

Enter Mariners wet.

Mar. All loſt, to prayers, to prayers, all loſt.

Boteſ. What muſt our mouths be cold?

Gon. The King and Prince at prayers, let's aſſiſt them, for our caſe is as theirs.

Sebaſ. I'm out of patience.

An. We are meerly cheated of our lives by Drunkards, This wide-chopt raſcal, would thou might'ſt lie drowning the waſhing of ten Tides.

Gonz. He'l be hang'd yet,
Though every drop of water ſware againſt it,
And gape at wid'ſt to glut him. *A confuſed noiſe within.*
Mercy on us.
We ſplit, we ſplit: Farewell my wife and children,
Farewell brother: we ſplit, we ſplit, we ſplit.

Anth. Let's all ſink with King. the

Seb. Let's take leave of him. *Exit.* the

Gonz. Now would I give a thouſand furlongs of Sea for an Acre of barren ground: Long heath, brown firs, any thing; the wills above be done, but I would fain die a dry death. Furze

Scena Secunda.

Enter Proſpero *and* Miranda.

Mira. If by your Art (my deareſt father) you have
Put the wild waters in this Rore, allay them:
The sky it ſeems would pour down ſtinking pitch,
But that the Sea, mounting to the welkins cheek,
Daſhes the fire out. Oh! I have ſuffered
With thoſe that I ſaw ſuffer: A brave Veſſel
(Who had, no douht, ſome noble creature in her)
Daſh'd all to pieces: Oh! the cry did knock
Againſt my very heart: poor ſouls, they periſh'd.
Had I been any God of power, I would
Have ſunk the Sea within the Earth, or ere
It ſhould the good Ship ſo have ſwallow'd, and
The fraughting Souls within her.

Proſ. Be collected:
No more amazement: Tell your piteous heart,
There's no harm done.

Mira. O wo, the day.

Proſ. No harm.
I have done nothing but in care of thee
(Of thee my dear one, thee my Daughter) who
Art ignorant of what thou art, nought knowing
Of whence I am; nor that I am more better
Than *Proſpero*, Maſter of a full poor Cell,
And thy no greater Father.

Mira. More to know
Did never meddle with my thoughts.

Proſ. 'Tis true
I ſhould inform thee farther: Lend thy hand
And pluck my Magick garment from me: So,
Lye there my Art: wipe thou thine eyes, have comfort,
The direful ſpectacle of the wrack, which touch'd
The very virtue of compaſſion in thee,
I have with ſuch compaſſion in mine Art Provision
So ſafely ordered, that there is no ſoul,
No not ſo much perdition, as an hair,
Betide to any creature in the Veſſel,
Which thou heard'ſt cry, which thou ſaw'ſt ſink:
Sit down, for thou muſt now know farther.

Mira. You have often
Begun to tell me what I am, but ſtopt,
And left me to the bootleſs inquiſition,
Concluding, ſtay: not yet.

Proſ. The hour's now come,

The very minute bids thee ope thine ear,
Obey, and be attentive. Canſt thou remember
A time before we came unto this Cell?
I do not think thou canſt, for then thou was't not
Out three years old.
Mira. Certainly, Sir, I can.
Proſ. By what? by any other houſe, or perſon?
Of any thing the Image, tell me, that
Hath kept with thy remembrance.
Mira. 'Tis far off;
And rather like a dream than an aſſurance
That my remembrance warrants: Had I not
Four or five women once that tended me?
Proſ. Thou hadſt, and more, *Miranda:* But how is it
That this lives in thy mind? What ſeeſt thou elſe
In the dark backward and Abyſme of Time?
If thou remembreſt ought ere thou cam'ſt here,
How thou cam'ſt here thou may'ſt.
Mira. But that I do not.
Proſ. Twelve year ſince (*Miranda*) twelve year ſince
Thy Father was the Duke of *Millain,* and
A Prince of Power.
Mira. Sir, are not you my Father?
Proſ. Thy Mother was a piece of Virtue, and
She ſaid thou waſt my Daughter; and thy Father
Was Duke of *Millain,* and his only heir:
And Princeſs; no worſe iſſued.
Mira. O the Heavens,
What foul play had we that we came from thence?
Or bleſſed was't we did?
Proſ. Both, both my Girl:
By foul play (as thou ſayeſt) were we heaved thence,
But bleſſedly holp hither.
Mira. O my heart bleeds
To think o' th' teene that I have turn'd you to,
Which is from my remembrance: pleaſe you, farther.
Proſ. My Brother and thy Uncle, call'd *Anthonio:*
I pray thee mark me, that a brother ſhould
Be ſo perfidious: he, whom next thy ſelf
Of all the world I lov'd, and to him put
The manage of my ſtate, as at that time.
Through all the ſignories it was the firſt,
And *Proſpero* the prime Duke, being ſo reputed
In dignity; and for the Liberal Arts,
Without a parallel; thoſe being all my ſtudy;
The Government I caſt upon my brother,
And to my ſtate grew ſtranger, being tranſported
And rapt in ſecret ſtudies, thy falſe Uncle
(Doſt thou attend)?
Mira. Sir, moſt heedfully.
Proſ. Being once perfected how to grant ſuits,
How to deny them: whom t' advance, and whom
r plaſh To trash for over-topping; new created
The creatures that were mine, I ſay, ot chang'd 'em,
Or elſe new form'd 'em; having hoth the key
Of Officer and Office, ſet all hearts o' th' ſtate
To what tune pleas'd his Ear, that now he was
The Ivy which had hid my princely Trunk,
And ſuck't my verdure out on't: Thou attend'ſt not?
Mira. O good Sir, I do.
Proſ. I pray thee mark me:
I thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
To cloſeneſs, and the bettering of my mind
With that which but by being retired
Ore-priz'd all popular rate: in my falſe brother
Awak'd an evil Nature, and my truſt,
Like a good parent, did beget of him
A falſhood in its contrary, as great
As my truſt was, which had indeed no limit,
A confidence ſans bound. He being thus Lorded
Not only with what my Revenue yielded,
But what my power might elſe exact. Like one
Who having into truth, by telling of it,
Made ſuch a ſinner of his Memory
To credit his own lie, he did believe
He was indeed the Duke, out o' th' Subſtitution
And executing th' outward face of Royalty
With all prerogative: hence his Ambition growing:
Doſt thou hear?
Mira. Your tale, Sir, would cure deafneſs.
Proſ. To have no Screen between this part he plaid,
And him he plaid it for, he needs will be
Abſolute *Millain*; Me (poor man) my Library
Was Dukedom large enough: Of temporal Royalties
He thinks me now incapable. Conſederates
(So dry he was for ſway) with King of *Naples*
To give him annual tribute, do him homage,
Subject his Coronet to his Crown, and bend
The Dukedom yet unbowed (alas poor *Millain!*)
To much ignoble ſtooping.
Mira. Oh the heavens?
Proſ. Mark his condition, and th' event, then tell me
If this might be a brother.
Mira. I ſhould ſin
To think but Nobly of my Grand-mother;
Good wombs have born bad ſons.
Pro. Now the condition:
This King of *Naples* being an Enemy
To me inveterate, hearkens my brother's ſuit,
Which was, That he in lieu o' th' premiſes,
Of homage, and I know not how much tribute,
Should preſently extirpate me and mine
Out of the Dukedom, and confer fair *Millain*
With all the honours, on my brother: Whereon
A treacherous Army levied, one mid night
Fated to th' purpoſe, did *Anthonio* open
The gates of *Millain,* and i'th' dead of darkneſs
The Miniſters for th' purpoſe hurried thence
Me, and thy crying ſelf.
Mir. Alack for pity:
I not remembring how I cry'd out then
Will cry it o're again: it is a hint
That wrings mine eyes to't.
Pro. Hear a little further,
And then I'le bring thee to the preſent buſineſs
VVhich now's upon's, without the which this ſtory
VVere moſt impertinent.
Mir. VVherefore did they not
That hour deſtroy us?
Pro. VVell demanded, wench:
My tale provokes that queſtion: Dear, they durſt not;
So dear the love my people bore me: nor ſet
A mark ſo bloody on the buſineſs; but
VVith colours fairer painted their foul ends.
In few, they hurried us aboard a Bark,
Bore us ſome Leagues to Sea, where they prepared
A rotten carcaſs of a But, not rigg'd,
Nor tackle, nor ſail, nor maſt; the very Rats
Inſtinctively have quit it: There they hoiſt us
To cry to th' Sea that roar'd to us; to ſigh
To th' Winds, whoſe pity ſighing back again
Did us but loving wrong.
Mir. Alack! what trouble
Was I then to you?
Pro. O! a Cherubim
Thou was't that did preſerve me: Thou didſt ſmile,
Infuſed with a fortitude from heaven,
When I have deck't the Sea with drops full ſalt,
Under my burthen groan'd, which rais'd in me
An undergoing ſtomach, to bear up
Againſt what ſhould enſue.
Mir. How came we aſhore?
Pro. By providence divine;
Some food we had, and ſome freſh water, that
A noble *Neapolitan Gonzalo,*
Out of his Charity (who being then appointed
Maſter of this deſign) did give us, with
Rich garments, linnens, ſtuffs, and neceſſaries
Which

Which ſince have ſteeded much, ſo of his gentleneſs
Knowing I lov'd my Books, he furniſh'd me
From mine own Library, with volumes, that
I prize above my Dukedom.
Mir. Would I might
But ever ſee that man.
Pro. Now I ariſe,
Sit ſtill, and hear the laſt of our Sea-ſorrow:
Here in this Iſland we arriv'd, and here
Have I, thy School-maſter, made thee more profit
Than other Princeſs can, that have more time
For vainer hours; and Tutors, not ſo careful.
Mir. Heavens thank you for't. And now I pray you Sir,
For ſtill 'tis beating in my mind: your reaſon
For raiſing this Sea-ſtorm?
Pro. Know thus far forth,
By accident moſt ſtrange, bountiful *Fortune*
(Now my dear Lady) hath mine enemies
Brought to this ſhore: And by my preſcience.
I find my *Zenith* doth depend upon
A moſt auſpitious ſtar, whoſe influence
If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes
Will ever after droop: Here ceaſe more queſtions,
Thou art inclin'd to ſleep: 'tis a good dulneſs,
And give it way: I know thou canſt not chuſe;
Come away, Servant, come; I am ready now,
Approach my *Ariel.* Come. *Enter Ariel.*
Ari. All hail, great Maſter, grave Sir, hail I come
To anſwer thy beſt pleaſure: be it to fly;
To ſwim, to dive into the fire: to ride
On the curl'd clouds: to thy ſtrong bidding, task
Ariel, and all his Quality.
Pro. Haſt thou, Spirit.
Perform'd to point, the Tempeſt that I bad thee?
Ar. To every Article.
I boarded the Kings ſhip: now on the Beak,
Now in the Waſte, the deck, in every Cabin,
I flam'd amazement, ſometimes I'ld divide
And burn in many places; on the top-maſt,
The Yards and Bore-ſprit, would I flame diſtinctly,
Then meet, and joyn. *Joves* Lightning, the precurſers
O'th dreadful Thunder-claps more momentary
And ſight out-running were not; the fire and cracks
Of ſulphurous roaring, the moſt mighty *Neptune*
Seem to beſiege, and make his bold waves tremble,
Yea, his dread Trident ſhake.
Pro. My brave Spirit.
Who was ſo firm, ſo conſtant, that this coyl
Would not infect his reaſon?
Ar. Not a ſoul
But felt a Feaver of the mad, and plaid
Some tricks of deſperation: all but Mariners
Plung'd in the foaming bryne, and quit the veſſel;
Then all a fire with me the Kings ſon *Ferdinand*
With hair up ſtaring (then like reeds, not hair)
Was the firſt man that leapt: cri'd hell is empty, and
All the Devils are here.
Pro. Why that's my ſpirit:
But was not this nigh ſhore?
Ar. Cloſe by, my Maſter.
Pro. But are they (*Ariel*) ſafe?
Ar. Not a hair periſhed:
On their ſuſtaining garments not a blemiſh,
But freſher than before: and as thou badſt me,
In troops I have diſpers'd them 'bout the Iſle:
The Kings ſon have I landed by himſelf,
Whom I left cooling of the Air with ſighs,
In an odd Angle of the Iſle, and ſitting,
His arms in this ſad knot.
Pro. Of the Kings ſhip,
The Mariners, ſay how thou haſt diſpos'd,
And all the reſt o'th' Fleet?
Ar. Safely in harbour.
Is the Kings ſhip, in the deep Nook, where once
Thou call'dſt me up at midnight to fetch dew
From the ſtill-vext *Bermoothes*, there ſhee's hid:
The Mariners all under hatches ſtowed,
Who, with a Charm joyn'd to their ſuffered labour
I have left aſleep: and for the reſt o'th' Fleet
(Which I diſpers'd) they all have met again,
And are upon the *Mediterranean* Flote.
Bound ſadly home for *Naples*,
Suppoſing that they ſaw the Kings ſhip wrackt,
And his great perſon periſh.
Pro *Ariel*, thy charge
Exactly is perform'd; but there's more work:
What is the time o'th' day?
Ar. Paſt the mid ſeaſon.
Pro. At leaſt two Glaſſes: the time 'twixt ſix and now
Muſt by us both be ſpent moſt preciouſly.
Ar. Is there more toyl? Since thou doſt give me pains,
Let me remember thee what thou haſt promis'd,
Which is not yet perform'd me.
Pro. How now? moodie?
Which is't thou canſt demand?
Ar. My Liberty.
Pro. Before the time be out? no more:
Ar. I prethee,
Remember I have done thee worthy ſervice,
Told thee no lyes, made thee no miſtakings, ſerv'd
Without or grudg, or grumblings; thou didſt promiſe
To bate me a full year.
Pro. Do'ſt thou forget
From what a torment I did free thee? *Ar.* No.
Pro. Thou do'ſt: and thinkeſt it much to tread the
Ooze of the ſalt deep;
To run upon the ſharp wind of the North,
To do me buſineſs in the veins o' th' earth
When it is bak'd with froſt.
Ar. I do not Sir.
Pro. Thou lieſt, malignant Thing: haſt thou forgot
The fowl Witch *Sycorax*, who with Age and envy
Was grown into a Hoop? haſt thou forgot her?
Ar. No Sir.
Pro. Thou haſt: where was ſhe born? ſpeake: tell me:
Ar. Sir, in *Argier.*
Pro. Oh, was ſhe ſo: I muſt
Once in a month recount what thou haſt bin,
Which thou forgetſt. This damn'd Witch *Sycorax*
For miſchiefs manifold, and ſorceries terrible
To enter human hearing, from *Argier*
Thou know'ſt was baniſh'd: for one thing ſhe did
They would not take her life: is not this true? *Ar.* I Sir.
Pro. This blew-ey'd hag, was hither brought with (child,
And here was left by th' Saylors; thou my ſlave,
As thou report'ſt thy ſelf, was then her ſervant,
And, for thou waſt a ſpirit too delicate
To act her earthy and abhor'd commands,
Refuſing her grand heſts, ſhe did confine thee,
By help of her more potent miniſters,
And in her moſt unmittigable rage,
Into a cloven Pyne; within which rift
Impriſon'd, thou did'ſt painfully remain
A dozen years: within which ſpace ſhe di'd,
And left thee there: where thou didſt vent thy groans
As faſt as Mill wheels ſtrike: then was this Iſland
(Save for the Son that ſhe did littour here.
A frekel'd whelp, hag-born) not honour'd with
A human ſhape.
Ar. Yes: *Caliban* her ſon.
Pro. Dull thing, I ſay ſo: he, that *Caliban*
VVhom now I keep in ſervice, thou beſt know'ſt
VVhat torment I did find thee in; thy groans
Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breſts
Of ever-angry Bears; it was a torment
To lay upon the damn'd, which *Sycorax*
Could not again undo: it was mine art,

VVhen I arriv'd, and heard thee, that made gape
The Pyne, and let thee out.
Ar. I thank thee Maſter.
Pro. If thou more murmur'ſt, I will rend an Oak
And peg thee in his knotty entrails, till
Thou haſt howl'd away twelve winters.
Ar. Pardon, Maſter.
I will be coreſpondent to command
And do my ſpriting gently.
Pro. Do ſo: and after two dayes
I will diſcharge thee.
Ar. That's my noble Maſter:
VVhat ſhall I do? ſay what? what ſhall I do?
Pro. Go make thy ſelf like to a Nymph o'th' Sea.
Be ſubject to no ſight but thine, and mine: inviſible
To every eye-ball elſe: go take this ſhape
And hither come in't: go: hence
VVith diligence. *Exeit.*
Pro. Awake, dear heart awake, thou haſt ſlept well,
Awake.
Mer. The ſtrangeneſs of your ſtory, put
Heavineſs in me.
Pro. Shake it off: Come on,
VVe'll viſit *Caliban*, my ſlave, who never
Yields us kind anſwer.
Mir. 'Tis a villain Sir, I do not love to look on.
Pro. But as 'tis
VVe cannot miſs him: he do's make our fire,
Fetch in our wood, and ſerves Offices
That profit us: what hoa: ſlave: *Caliban*:
Thou Earth thou: ſpeak.
Cal. within. There's wood enough within.
Pro. Come forth I ſay, there's other buſineſs for thee:
Come thou Tortoys, when? *Enter Ariel like a Water-*
Fine apparition: my quaint *Ariel*, *Nymph.*
Heark in thine ear.
Ar. My Lord, it ſhall be done. *Exit.*
Pro. Thou poiſonous ſlave, got by the Devil himſelf
Upon thy wicked Dam; come forth. *Enter Caliban.*
Cal. As wicked dew, as ere my Mother bruſh'd
VVith Ravens feather from unwholſome Fen,
Drop on you both: A South-weſt blow on ye,
And bliſter you all o're.
Pro. For this be ſure, to night thou ſhalt have cramps,
Side-ſtitches, that ſhall pen thy breath up, Urchins
Shall for that vaſt of night, that they may work
All exerciſe on thee: thou ſhalt be pinch'd
As thick as hony-comb, each pinch more ſtinging
Than Bees that made'em.
Cal. I muſt eat my dinner:
This Iſland's mine by *Sycorax* my Mother,
VVhich thou tak'ſt from me: when thou cam'ſt firſt
Thou ſtroak'ſt me, & made much of me: would'ſt give me
VVater with berries in't: and teach me how
To name the bigger Light, and how the leſs,
That burn by day and night: and then I loved thee,
And ſhewed thee all the qualities o' the Iſle,
The freſh Springs, Brine-pits; barren place and fertil,
Curs'd be I that I did ſo: All the Charms
Of *Sycorax*: Toads, Beetles, Bats light on you:
For I am all the Subjects that you have,
VVhich firſt was mine own King: and here you ſty-me
In this hard Rock, whiles you do keep from me
The reſt of the Iſland.
Pro. Thou moſt lying ſlave,
VVhom ſtripes may move, not kindneſs: I have us'd thee
(Filth as thou art) with human care, and lodg'd
In mine own Cell, till thou didſt ſeek to violate
The honour of my Child.
Cal. Oh ho, oh ho, would't had been done:
Thou didſt prevent me, I had peopl'd elſe
This Iſle with *Calibans*.
Mir. Abhorred Slave,
VVhich any print of goodneſs will not take,
Being capable of all ill: I pitied thee,
Took pains to make thee ſpeak, taught thee each hour
One thing or other: when thou didſt not (Savage)
Know thine own meaning; but wouldſt gabble, like
A thing moſt bruitiſh, I endow'd thy purpoſes
VVith words that made them known: But thy vild race
(Tho thou didſt learn) had that int't, which good natures
Could not abide to be with; therefore wa'ſt thou
Deſervedly confin'd into this Rock, who hadſt
Deſerv'd more than a priſon.
Cal. You taught me Language, and my profit on't
Is, I know how to curſe: the red-plague rid you
For learning me your language.
Pro. Hag-ſeed hence:
Fetch us in Fewel, and be quick, thou art beſt
To anſwer other buſineſs: ſhrug'ſt thou (Malice)
If thou neglect'ſt, or doſt unwillingly
What I command, I'le rack thee with old cramps,
Fill all thy bones with Aches, make thee rore,
The beaſts ſhall tremble at thy dyn.
Cal. No, 'pray thee.
I muſt obey, his Art is of ſuch pow'r,
It would control my Dam's god *Setebos*,
And make a vaſſail of him.
Pro. So ſlave, hence.
Enter Ferdinand and Ariel inviſible, playing & ſinging,
Ariel's Song. *Come unto theſe yellow ſands,*
and then take hands:
Curt'ſied when you have, and kiſt
the wild waves whiſt:
Foot it featly here and there, and ſweet ſprights bear
the burthen. Burthen diſperſedly.
Hark, hark, bough-wawgh: the watch-Dogs bark,
bough wawgh.
Ar. *Hark, hark, I heard the ſtrain of ſtrutting* Chanticlere,
cry cock adidle-dowe.
Fer. Where ſhould this Muſick be? I'th air, or th'earth?
It ſounds no more: and ſure it waits upon
Some god 'oth' Iland, ſitting on a bank,
VVeeping again the King my Fathers wrack.
This Muſick crept by me upon the waters,
Allaying both their fury, and my paſſion
With it's ſweet ayr: thence I have follow'd it
(Or it hath drawn me rather) but 'tis gone.
No, it begins again.
Ariel's Song. *Full fadom five thy Father lies*
Of his bones are Coral made:
Thoſe are pearls that were his eyes,
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth ſuffer a Sea-change:
Into ſomething rich, and ſtrange:
Sea-Nymphs hourly ring his knell.
Burthen: ding dong.
Hark now I hear them, ding-dong bell.
Fer. The Ditty do's remember my drown'd father,
This is no mortal buſineſs, nor no ſound
That the earth ows: I hear it now above me.
Pro. The fringed Curtains of thine eye advance,
And ſay what thou ſee'ſt yond.
Mira. What is't a ſpirit?
Lord, how it look's about: Believe me ſir,
It carries a brave form. But 'tis a ſpirit.
Pro. No wench, it eats, and ſleeps, and hath ſuch ſenſes
As we have; ſuch. This Gallant which thou ſeeſt
Was in the wrack: and but he's ſomething ſtain'd
With grief (that's beauties canker) thou might'ſt call him
A goodly perſon: he hath loſt his fellows,
And ſtrayes about to find'em
Mir. I might call him
A thing divine, for nothing natural
I ever ſaw ſo Noble.
Pro. It goes on I ſee
As my ſoul prompts it: Spirit, fine ſpirit, I'le free thee
VVithin two days for this.
Fer. Moſt ſure the goddeſs

On whom theſe ayres attend. Vouchſafe my pray'r
May know, if you remain upon this Iſland,
And that you will ſome good inſtruction give
How *I* may bear me here: my prime requeſt
(Which I do laſt pronounce) is (O you wonder,)
If you be made, or no?
Mir. No wonder ſir,
But certainly a Maid.
Fer. My Language? Heavens:
I am the beſt of them that ſpeak this ſpeech,
Were I but where 'tis ſpoken.
Pro. How? the beſt?
What wer't thou if the King of *Naples* heard thee?
Fer. A ſingle thing, as I am now, that wonders
To hear Thee ſpeak of *Naples*: he do's hear me,
And that he do's, I weep: my ſelf am *Naples*,
Who, with mine eyes (never ſince at ebb) beheld
The King ny Father wrack't.
Mir. Alack, for mercy.
Fer. Yes faith, and all his Lords, the Duke of *Millain*
And his brave ſon, being twain.
Pro. The Duke of *Millain*
And his more braver daughter could controll thee,
If now 'twere fit to do't: At the firſt ſight
they have chang'd eyes: Delicate *Ariel*,
I'le ſet thee free for this. A word good Sir,
I fear you have done your ſelf ſome wrong: A word.
Mir. Why ſpeaks my Father ſo urgently? This
Is the third man that ere I ſaw: the firſt
That ere I ſigh'd for: pity move my Father
To be enclin'd my way.
Fer. O, if a Virgin,
And your affection not gone forth, I'le make you
The Queen of *Naples*.
Pro. Soft Sir, one word more.
They are both in eithers pow'rs: But this ſwift buſineſs
I muſt uneaſie make, leſt too light winning
Make the prize light. One word more: I charge thee
That thou attend me: Thou do'ſt here uſurp
The Name thou ow'ſt not, and haſt put thy ſelf
Upon this Iſland, as a ſpye, to win it
From me, the Lord on't.
Fer. No, as I am a man.
Mir. There's nothing ill can dwell in ſuch a Temple.
If the ill-ſpirit have ſo fair an houſe,
Good things will ſtrive to dwell with't.
Pro. Follow me.
Proſ. Speak not you for him: he's a Traitor: come,
I'le manacle thy neck and feet together:
Sea-water ſhalt thou drink: thy food ſhall be
The freſh-brook Muſſles, wither'd roots and husks
Wherein the Acorn cradled. Follow.
Fer. No,
I will reſiſt ſuch entertainment, till
Mine Enemy has more pow'r.
He draws, and is charmed from moving.
Mira. O dear Father;
Make not too raſh a trial of him; for
He's gentle, and not fearful.
Proſ. VVhat I ſay,
My foot my Tutor? Put thy Sword up, Traitor,
VVho makes a ſhew, but dar'ſt not ſtrike: thy conſcience
Is poſſeſt with guilt: Come from thy ward,
For I can here diſarm thee with this ſtick,
And make thy weapon drop.
Mir. Beſeech you Father.
Pro. Hence: hang not on my gatments.
Mir. Sir, have pity,
I'le be his ſurety.
Pro. Silence: One word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee: VVhat,
An advocate for an Impoſtor? Huſh:
Thou think'ſt there is no more ſuch ſhapes as he,
(Having ſeen but him and *Caliban*): Fooliſh wench,
To th' moſt of men this is a *Caliban*,
And they to him are Angels.
Mir. My affections
Are then moſt humble: I have no ambition
To ſee a goodlier man.
Pro. Come on, obey:
Thy Nerves are in their infancy again,
And have no vigour in them.
Fer. So they are:
My ſpirits, as in a dream, are all bound up:
My Father's loſs, the weakneſs which I feel,
The wrack of all my friends, nor this man's threats,
To whom I am ſubdu'd, are but light to me,
Might I but through my priſon once a day
Behold this Maid: all corners elſe o'th' Earth
Let liberty make uſe of: ſpace enough
Have I in ſuch a Priſon.
Pro. It works: Come on.
Thou haſt done well, fine *Ariell*: follow me.
Hark what thou elſe ſhalt do me.
Mir. Be of comfort,
My Father's of a better Nature (Sir)
Than he appears by ſpeech: this is unwonted
VVhich now came from him.
Pro. Thou ſhalt be as free
As mountain winds; but then exactly do
All points of my command.
Ar. To th' ſyllable.
Pro. Come follow: ſpeak not for him. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Alonſo, Sebaſtian, Anthonio, Gonzalo, Adrian, Franciſco, and others.

Gonz. Beſeech you Sir, be merry: you have cauſe,
(So have we all) of joy; for our eſcape
Is much beyond our loſs; our hint of wo
Is common, every day, ſome Sailors VVife,
The Maſters of ſome Merchant, and the Merchant
Have juſt our Theam of woe: But for the miracle,
(I mean our preſervation) few in millions
Can ſpeak like us: then wiſely (good Sir) weigh
Our ſorrow with our comfort.
Alonſ. Prethee peace.
Seb. He receives comfort like cold porredge.
Ant. The Viſitor will not give him o're ſo.
Seb. Look, he's winding up the VVatch of his VVit,
By and by it will ſtrike.
Gon. Sir.
Seb. On: tell.
Gon. VVhen every grief is entertain'd,
That's offer'd comes to the entertainer.
Seb. A Dollor.
Gon. Dolour comes to him indeed, you have ſpoken truer than you purpos'd.
Seb. You have taken it wiſelier than I meant you ſhould.
Gon. Therefore my Lord.
Ant. Fie, what a ſpend-thrift is he of his tongue?
Alon. I prethee ſpare.
Gon. VVell, I have done: But yet
Seb. He will be talking.
Ant. VVhich of he, or *Adrian*, for a good VVager,
Firſt begins to crow?
Seb. The old Cock.
Ant. The Cockrell.
Seb. Done: the wager?
Ant. A laughter.
Seb. A match.
Adr. Though this Iſland ſeem to be deſert.

Seb. Ha, ha, ha.

Ant. So: you'r paid.

Adr. Uninhabitable, and almoſt inacceſſible.

Seb. Yet.

Adr. Yet.

Ant. He could not miſs't.

Adr. It muſt needs be of ſubtle, tender, and delicate temperance.

Ant. *Temperance* was a delicate wench.

Seb. I, and a ſubtle, as he moſt learnedly deliver'd.

Adr. The air breathes upon us here moſt ſweetly.

Seb. As if it had Lungs, and rotten ones.

Ant. Or, as 'twere perfumed by a Fen.

Gon. Here is every thing advantageous to life.

Ant. True, ſave means to live.

Seb. Of that there's none, or little.

Gon. How luſh and luſty the graſs looks?
How green?

Ant. The ground indeed is tawny.

Seb. VVith an eye of green in't.

Ant. He miſſes not much.

Seb. No: he doth but miſtake the truth totally.

Gon. But the rarity of it is, which is indeed almoſt beyond credit.

Seb. As many voucht rarities are.

Gon. That our Garments being (as they were) drencht in the Sea, hold notwithſtanding their freſhneſs and gloſſes, being rather new dy'd than ſtain'd with ſalt water.

Ant. If but one of his Pockets could ſpeak, would it not ſay he lies?

Seb. I, or very falſely pocket up his report.

Gon. Methinks our garments are now as freſh as when we put them on firſt in *Affrick*, at the marriage of the King's fair Daughter *Claribel*, to the King of *Tunis*.

Seb. 'Twas a ſweet marriage, and we proſper well in our return.

Adri. *Tunis* was never grac'd before with ſuch a Paragon to their Queen.

Gon. Not ſince VVidow *Dido*'s time.

Ant. VVidow? a pox o' that: how came that VVidow in? VVidow *Dido*!

Seb. VVhat if he had ſaid VVidower *Æneas* too? Good Lord, how you take it?

Adri. VVidow *Dido* ſaid you? You make me ſtudy of that: ſhe was of *Carthage*, not of *Tunis*.

Gon. This *Tunis*, ſir, was *Carthage*.

Adri. *Carthage*? *Gon* I aſſure you *Carthage*.

Ant. His word is more than the miraculous Harp.

Seb. He hath rais'd the wall, and houſes too.

Ant. What impoſſible matter will he make eaſie next?

Seb. I think he will carry this Iſland home in his pocket, and give it his ſon for an Apple.

Ant. And ſowing the kernels of it in the Sea, bring forth more Iſlands.

Gon. I. *Ant.* Why in good time.

Gon. Sir, we were talking, that our garments ſeem now as freſh as when we were at *Tunis* at the marriage of your Daughter, who is now Queen.

Ant. And the rareſt that e're came there.

Seb. Bate (I beſeech you) Widow *Dido*.

Ant. O VVidow *Dido*? I, VVidow *Dido*.

Gon. Is not my Doublet, Sir, as freſh as the firſt day I wore it? I mean in a ſort.

Ant. That ſort was well fiſh'd for.

Gon. VVhen I wore it at your Daughters Marriage.

Alon. You cram theſe words into mine ears, againſt
The ſtomach of my ſenſe: VVould I had never
Married my daughter there: For coming thence
My ſon is loſt, and (in my rate) ſhe too,
VVho is ſo far from *Italy* removed,
I ne're again ſhall ſee her: O thou mine heir
Of *Naples* and of *Millain*, what ſtrange fiſh
Hath made his meal on thee?

Fran. Sir, he may live.
I ſaw him beat the the ſurges under him,
And ride upon their backs; he trod the water
VVhoſe Enmity he flung aſide; and breſted
The ſurge moſt ſwoln that met him: his bold head
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oared
Himſelf with his good arms in luſty ſtrokes
To th' ſhore; that o're his wave-worn baſis bowed
As ſtooping to relieve him: I not doubt
He came alive to Land.

Alon No, no, he's gone.

Seb. Sir, you may thank your ſelf for this great loſs,
That would not bleſs our *Europe* with your Daughter,
But rather loſe her to an *Affrican*;
Where ſhe, at leaſt, is baniſh'd from your Eye,
VVho hath cauſe to wet the grief on't.

Alon. Prethee peace.

Seb. You were kneel'd to, and importun'd otherwiſe
By all of us: and the fair ſoul her ſelf
VVeigh'd between loathneſs and obedience, at
VVhich end o'th' beam ſhould bow: we have loſt your ſon
I fear for ever: *Millain* and *Naples* have
Mo VVidows in them of this buſineſs making,
Than we bring men to comfort them:
The fault's your own.

Alon. So is the deer'ſt o' th' loſs.

Gon. My Lord *Sebaſtian*,
The truth you ſpeak doth lack ſome gentleneſs
And time to ſpeak it in: you rub the ſore
VVhen you ſhould bring the Plaiſter.

Seb. Very well. *Ant.* And moſt Chirurgeonly.

Gon. It is foul weather in us all, good Sir,
When you are cloudy.

Seb. Foul weather? *Ant.* Very foul.

Gon. Had I plantation of this Iſle, my Lord.

Ant. He'd ſow't with Nettle-ſeed.

Seb. Or Docks, or Mallows.

Gon. And were the King on't, what would I do?

Seb. Scape being drunk, for want of Wine.

Gon. I'th' Commonwealth I would (by contraries)
Execute all things: For no kind of Traffick
Would I admit: no name of Magiſtrate:
Letters ſhould not be known: Riches, poverty,
And uſe of ſervice, none: Contract, Succeſſion,
Born, bound of Land, Tilth, Vineyard none:
No uſe of Metal, Corn, or VVine, or Oyl:
No occupation, all men idle, all:
And women too, but innocent and pure:
No Soveraignty.

Seb. Yet he would be King on't.

Ant. The latter end of his Commonwealth forgets the beginning.

Gon. All things in common Nature ſhould produce
VVithout ſweat or endeavour: Treaſon, Felony,
Sword, Pike, Knife, Gun, or need of any Engine
Would I not have: but Nature ſhould bring forth
Of its own kind, all foyzon, all abundance
To feed my innocent people.

Seb. No marrying 'mong his Subjects?

Ant. None (man) all idle; VVhores and Knaves.

Gon. I would with ſuch perfection govern, Sir:
T'excell the Golden Age.

Seb Save his Majeſty. *Ant.* Long live *Gonzalo*.

Gon. And do you mark me, Sir?

Alon. Prethee no more: thou doſt talk nothing to me.

Gon. I do well believe your Highneſs, and did it to miniſter occaſion to theſe Gentlemen, who are of ſuch ſenſible and nimble Lungs, that they always uſe to laugh at nothing.

Ant. 'Twas you we laugh'd at.

Gon. VVho, in this kind of merry fooling am nothing to you: ſo you may continue, and laugh at nothing ſtill.

Ant. VVhat a blow was there given?

Seb. And it had not fal'n flat long.

Gon. You are Gentlemen of a brave metal: you would

lift

liſt the Moon out of her ſphere, if ſhe would continue in it five weeks without changing.

Enter Ariell *playing ſolemn Muſick.*

Seb. VVe would ſo, and then go a Bat-fowling.

Ant. Nay, good my Lord be not angry.

Gon. No I warrant you, I will not adventure my diſcretion ſo weakly: VVill you laugh me aſleep, for I am very heavy.

Ant. Go ſleep, and hear us.

Alon. VVhat, all ſo ſoon aſleep? I wiſh mine Eyes
would (with themſelves) ſhut up my thoughts,
I find they are inclin'd to do ſo.

Seb. Pleaſe you Sir,
Do not omit the heavy offer of it:
It ſeldom viſits ſorrow; when it doth, it is a Comforter.

Ant. VVe two, my Lord, will guard your perſon,
VVhile you take your reſt, and watch your ſafety.

Alon. Thank you: wondrous heavy.

Seb. What a ſtrange drowſineſs poſſeſſes them?

Ant. It is the quality o' th' Climate.

Seb. Why,
Doth it not then our Eye-lids ſink? I find
Not my ſelf diſpos'd to ſleep

Ant. Nor I, my ſpirits are nimble:
They fell together all, as by conſent
They dropt, as by a Thunder-ſtroke: what might,
Worthy *Sebaſtian*? O, what might? no more
And yet, methinks I ſee it in thy face,
What thou ſhould'ſt be: the occaſion ſpeaks thee, and
My ſtrong imagination ſees a Crown
Dropping upon thy head.

Seb. What, art thou waking?

Ant. Do you not hear me ſpeak?

Seb. I do, and ſurely
It is a ſleepy Language, and thou ſpeak'ſt
Out of thy ſleep: What is it thou didſt ſay?
This is a ſtrange repoſe, to be aſleep
With Eyes wide open: ſtanding, ſpeaking, moving;
And yet ſo faſt aſleep.

Ant. Noble *Sebaſtian*,
Thou let'ſt thy fortune ſleep; die rather: wink'ſt
Whiles thou art waking.

Seb. Thou doſt ſnore diſtinctly;
There's meaning in thy ſnores.

Ant. I am more ſerious than my cuſtom: you
Muſt be ſo too, if heed me: which to do,
Trebbles thee o're.

Seb. Well: I am ſtanding water.

Ant. I'le teach you how to flow.

Seb. Do ſo: to ebb,
Hereditary ſloth inſtructs me.

Ant. O!
If you but knew how you the purpoſe cheriſh
Whiles thus you mock it: how in ſtripping it
You more inveſt it: ebbing men, indeed
(Moſt often) do ſo near the bottom run
By their own fear or ſloth.

Seb. Prethee ſay on,
The ſetting of thine Eye and cheek proclaim
A matter from thee; and a birth, indeed,
Which throws thee much to yield.

Ant. Thus Sir:
Although this Lord of weak remembrance; this
Who ſhall be of as little memory
When he is earth'd, hath here almoſt perſwaded
(For he's a Spirit of perſwaſion, only
Profeſſes to perſwade) the King his ſon's alive;
'Tis as impoſſible that he's undrown'd,
As he that ſleeps here, ſwims.

Seb. I have no hope,
That he's undrown'd.

Ant. O, out of that no hope:
What great hope have you? No hope that way, is,
Another way, ſo high an hope, that even
Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,
But doubt diſcovery there. Will you grant with me,
That *Ferdinand* is drown'd?

Seb. He's gone.

Ant. Then tell me who's the next heir of *Naples*?

Seb. *Claribell.*

Ant. She that is Queen of *Tunis*: ſhe that dwells
Ten Leagues beyond man's Life: ſhe that from *Naples*
Can have no note, unleſs the Sun were poſt:
(The Man i'th' Moon's too ſlow) till new-born chinnes
Be rough, and Razor-able: She that from whom
We all were ſea-ſwallow'd, tho ſome caſt again,
And by that deſtiny to perform an act,
Whereof, what's paſt in prologue; what to come
In yours, and my diſcharge.

Seb. What ſtuff is this? How ſay you?
'Tis true, my brother's daughter's Queen of *Tunis*,
So is ſhe heir of *Naples*, 'twixt which Regions
There is ſome ſpace.

Ant. A ſpace whoſe ev'ry cubit
Seems to cry out, how ſhall that *Claribell*
Meaſure us back by *Naples*? keep in *Tunis*,
And let *Sebaſtian* wake. Say, this were death
That now hath ſeiz'd them, why they were no worſe
Than now they are: There be that can rule *Naples*
As well as he that ſleeps: Lords that can prate
As amply, and unneceſſarily
As this *Gonzalo*: I my ſelf could make
A Cough of as deep chat: O, that you bore
The mind that I do; what a ſleep were this
For your advancement? Do you underſtand me?

Seb. Methinks I do.

Ant. And how do's your content
Tender your own good fortune?

Seb. I remember
You did ſupplant your brother *Proſpero.*

Ant. True:
And look how well my Garments ſit upon me,
Much feater than before: My brother's ſervants
Were then my fellows, now they are my men.

Seb. But for your Conſcience.

Ant. I Sir: where lies that? If 'twere a kybe
'Twould put me to my ſlipper: But I feel not
This Deity in my boſome: Twenty Conſciences
That ſtand 'twixt me and *Millain*, Candied be they,
And melt ere they moleſt: Here lies you brother,
No better than the Earth he lies upon,
If he were that which now he's like (that's dead)
Whom I with this obedient ſteel (three inches of it)
Can lay to bed for ever: whiles you doing thus,
To the perpetual wink for ay might put
This ancient morſel; this Sir Prudence; who
Should not upbraid our courſe: for all the reſt
They'l take ſuggeſtion, as a Cat laps milk,
They'l tell the clock, to any buſineſs that
We ſay befits the hour.

i. e. Who should not
then be able to
upbraid ~~our~~ the Proceedings
and Practices

Seb. Thy caſe, dear Friend,
Shall be my preſident: As thou got'ſt *Millain*,
I'le come by *Naples*: Draw thy Sword, one ſtroke
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou payeſt,
And I the King ſhall love thee.

Ant. Draw together:
And when I rear my hand, do you the like
To fall it on *Gonzalo.*

Seb. O, but one word.

Enter Ariell *with Muſick and Song.*

Ariell, My Maſter through his Art foreſees the danger
That you (his friend) are in, and ſends me forth
(For elſe his project dies) to keep them living.

thee

Sings in Gonzalo's *Ear.*

While you here do ſnoaring lie,
Open-ey'd Conſpiracy
His time doth take:

If of Life you keep a care,
Shake off ſlumber and beware.
Awake, awake.

Ant. Then let us both be ſudden.

Gon. Now, good Angels preſerve the King.

Alo. Why how now ho? awake; why are you drawn?
Wherefore this ghaſtly looking?

Gon. What's the matter?

Seb. Whiles we ſtood here ſecuring your repoſe,
(Even now) we heard a hollow burſt of bellowing
Like Bulls, or rather Lyons; did't not wake you?
It ſtrook mine Ear moſt terribly.

Alo. I heard nothing.

Ant. O, 'twas a din to fright a Monſter's Ear;
To make an Earthquake: ſure it was the roar
Of a whole herd of Lyons.

Alo. Heard you this, *Gonzalo*?

Gon. Upon mine honour, ſir, I heard a humming,
(And that a ſtrange one too) which did awake me!
I ſhak'd you, ſir, and cri'd: as mine eyes open'd,
I ſaw their weapons drawn: there was a noiſe,
That's verily: 'tis beſt we ſtand upon our guard;
Or that we quit this place: let's draw our weapons.

Alo. Lead off this ground, and let's make further ſearch
For my poor ſon.

Gon. Heavens keep him from theſe Beaſts:
For he is ſure i'th' Iſland.

Alo. Lead away.

Ar. *Proſpero*, my Lord, ſhall know what I have done.
So (King) go ſafely on to ſeek thy ſon. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Caliban, *with a burthen of wood (a noiſe of Thunder heard).*

Cal. All the infections that the Sun ſucks up
From Bogs, Fens, Flats, on *Proſper* fall, and make him
By inch-meal a diſeaſe: his Spirits hear me,
And yet I needs muſt curſe.. But they'l not pinch,
Fright me with Urchin ſhews, pitch me i'th' mire,
Nor lead me like a fire-brand, in the dark
Out of my way, unleſs he bid 'em; but
For every trifle are they ſet upon me,
Sometime like Apes, that moe and chatter at me,
And after bite me: then like Hedg-hogs, which
Lie tumbling in my bare-foot-way, and mount
Their pricks at my foot-fall: ſometime am I
All wound with Adders, who with cloven tongues
Do hiſs me into madneſs: Lo, now Lo, *Enter.*
Here comes a Spirit of his, and to torment me, *Trinculo,*
For bringing wood in ſlowly: I'le fall flat,
Perchance he will not mind me.

Tri. Here's neither buſh, nor ſhrub to bear off any weather at all; and another ſtorm brewing; I hear it ſing i'th' wind: yond ſame black cloud, yond huge one, looks like a foul bumbard that would ſhed his liquor: if it ſhould thunder, as it did before, I know not where to hide my head: yond ſame cloud cannot chuſe but fall by pailfulls. What have we here, a man or a fiſh? dead or alive? A fiſh; he ſmells like a fiſh: a very ancient and fiſh-like ſmell: a kind of, not of the neweſt *Poor John*: a ſtrange fiſh: were I in *England* now (as once I was), and had but this fiſh painted, not an holy-day-fool there but would give a piece of ſilver: there would this monſter make a man: any ſtrange beaſt there makes a man: when they will not give a doit to relieve a lame Beggar, they will lay out ten to ſee a dead *Indian*: Leg'd like a man; and his Fins like Arms; warm o' my troth: I do now let looſe my opinion, hold it no longer; this is no fiſh, but an Iſlander, that hath lately ſuffered by a Thunderbolt: Alas! the ſtorm is come again: my beſt way is to creep under his Gaberdine: there is no other ſhelter hereabout: Miſety acquaints a man with ſtrange bedfellows: I will here ſhrowd till the dregs of the ſtorm be paſt.

Enter Stephano *ſinging.*

Ste. I ſhall no more to ſea, to ſea, here ſhall I dye aſhore.
This is a very ſcurvy tune to ſing at a man's
Funeral: well, here's my comfort. *Drinks.*

Sings, *The Maſter, the Swabber, the Boat-ſwain and I;*
The Gunner, and his Mate,
Lov'd Mall, Meg, *and* Marrian *and* Margery,
But none of us car'd for Kate;
For ſhe had a tongue with a tang,
Would cry to a Sailor go hang:
She lov'd not the ſavour of Tar nor of Pitch,
Yet a Taylor might ſcratch her where ere ſhe did itch.
Then to ſea boys, and let her go hang.
That is a ſcurvy tune too:
But here's my comfort. *Drinks.*

Cal. Do not torment me: oh!

Ste. What's the matter?
Have we Devils here?
Do you put tricks upon's with Salvages, and men of *Inde*? ha? I have not ſcap'd drowning to be afraid now of your four legs: for it hath been ſaid as proper a man as ever went on four legs, cannot make him give ground: and it ſhall be ſaid ſo again, while *Stephano* breathes at noſtrils.

Cal. The Spirit torments me: oh!

Ste. This is ſome monſter of the Iſle, with four legs; who had got (as I take it) an Ague: where the Devil ſhould he learn our language? I will give him ſome relief if it be but for that: if I can recover him, and keep him tame, and get to *Naples* with him, he's a Preſent for any Emperor that ever trod on Neats-Leather.

Cal. Do not torment me prethee: I'le bring my wood home faſter.

Ste. He's in his fit now; and do's not talk after the wiſeſt: he ſhall taſte of my Bottle: if he have never drunk Wine afore, it will go near to remove his Fit: if I can recover him, and keep him tame, I will not take too much for him; he ſhall pay for him that hath him, and that ſoundly.

Cal. Thou doſt me yet but little hurt; thou wilt anon, I know it by thy trembling: Now *Proſper* works upon thee.

Ste. Come on your ways: open your mouth; here is that which will give language to you Cat; open your mouth; this will ſhake your ſhaking, I can tell you, and that ſoundly: you cannot tell who's your friend; open your chaps again.

Tri. I ſhould know that voice:
It ſhould be,——
But he is drown'd; and theſe are Devils; O! defend me.

Ste. Four legs, and two voices; a moſt delicate Monſter: his forward voice now is to ſpeak of his friend; his backward voice is to utter foul ſpeeches, and to detract: if all the Wine in my Bottle will recover him, I will help his Ague.: Come: *Amen*, I will pour ſome in thy other mouth.

Tri. *Stephano.*

Ste. Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy! mercy! This is a Devil, and no Monſter: I will leave him; I have no long ſpoon.

Tri. *Stephano*: if thou beeſt *Stephano*, touch me, and ſpeak to me; for I am *Trinculo*; be not afraid, thy good friend *Trinculo*.

Ste. If thou beeſt *Trinculo*, come forth; I'le pull thee by the leſſer legs: if any be *Trinculo*'s legs, theſe are they: Thou art very *Trinculo* indeed: how cam'ſt thou to be the ſiege of this Moon-calf? Can he vent *Trinculo*'s!

Tri. I took him to be kill'd with a thunder-ſtroke; but art thou not drown'd *Stephano*: I hope now thou art not drown'd: is the ſtorm over-blown? I hid me under the dead Moon-Calfs Gaberdine, for fear of the Storm: And art thou living *Stephano*? O *Stephano*, two *Neapolitans* ſcap'd?

Ste. 'Prethee doe not turn me about, my ſtomack is not conſtant.

Cal. Theſe be fine things, and if they be not ſprights: that's a brave god, and bears Celeſtial liquor: I will kneel to him.

Ste. How did'ſt thou ſcape?
How cam'ſt thou hither?
Swear by this Bottle how thou cam'ſt hither: I eſcap'd upon a But of Sack, which the Saylors heaved o'reboard, by this Bottle which I made of the Bark of a Tree, with mine own hands, ſince I was caſt aſhore.

Cal. I'le ſwear upon that Bottle, to be thy true ſubject, for the liquor is not earthly.

Ste. Here: ſwear then how thou eſcap'dſt.

Tri. Swom aſhore (man) like a Duck; I can ſwim like a Duck i'le be ſworn.

Ste. Here, kiſſe the Book.
Tho thou canſt ſwim like a Duck, thou art made like a Gooſe.

Tri. O *Stephano*, has't any more of this?

Ste. The whole But (man) my Cellar is in a rock by th' Sea ſide, where my wine is hid:
How now Moon-Calf, how do's thine Ague?

Cal. Has't thou not dropt from heaven?

Ste. Out o'th Moon I doe aſſure thee. I was the Man ith' Moon when time was.

Cal. I have ſeen thee in her: and I do adore thee: My Miſtreſſe ſhew'd me thee, and thy Dog, and thy Buſh.

Ste. Come ſwear to that: kiſſe the Book, I will furniſh it anon with the new contents: Swear.

Tri. By this good light, this is a very ſhallow Monſter:
I afeard of him? a very ſhallow Monſter:
The Man ith' Moon?
A moſt poor credulous Monſter:
Well drawn Monſter, in good ſooth.

Cal. I'le ſhew thee every fertil inch o'th' Iſle: and I will kiſſe thy foot: I prethee be my god.

Tri. By this light, a moſt perfidious, and drunken Monſter, when's god's aſleep he'll rob his Bottle.

Cal. I'le kiſſe thy foot. I'le ſwear my ſelf thy Subject.

Ste. Come on then: down and ſwear.

Tri. I ſhall laugh my ſelf to death at this puppy-headed Monſter: a moſt ſcurvie Monſter: I could find in my heart to beat him.

Ste. Come, kiſſe.

Tri. But that the poor Monſter's in drink:
An abominable Monſter.

Cal. I'le ſhew thee the beſt Springs: I'le pluck thee Berries: I'le fiſh for thee; and get thee wood enough.
A plague upon the Tyrant that I ſerve;
I'le bear him no more Sticks, but follow thee, thou wondrous man.

Tri. A moſt ridiculous Monſter, to make a wonder of a poor drunkard.

Cal. I prethee let me bring thee where Crabs grow; and I with my long nayls will dig thee pig-nuts; ſhow thee a Jay's neſt, and inſtruct thee how to ſnare the nimble Marmazet: I'le bring thee to cluſtring Philbirts, and ſometimes I'le get thee young Scamels from the Rock: Wilt thou go with me?

Cal. I prethee now lead the way without any more talking. *Trinculo*, the King, and all our company elſe being drownd, we will inherit here: Here; bear my Bottle: Fellow *Trinculo*; we'll fill him by and by again:

Caliban ſings drunkenly.

Farewell Maſter: farewel, farewel.

Tri. A howling Monſter: a drunken Monſter.

Cal. No more dams I'le make for fiſh,
Nor fetch in firing, at requiring,
Nor ſcrape trenchering, nor waſh diſh;
Ban' ban', Cacalyban
Has a new Maſter, get a new Man,
Freedome, high-day, high-day freedome, freedome, high-day freedome.

Ste. O brave Monſter, lead the way. *Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius Scena Prima.

Enter Ferdinand (bearing a Log.)

Fer. There be ſome ſports are painful, and their labour
Delight in them ſet off: Some kinds of baſeneſs
Are nobly undergone; and moſt poor matters
Point to rich ends: this my mean Task
VVould be as heavy to me, as odious, but
The Miſtreſs which I ſerve, quickens what's dead,
And makes my labours pleaſures: O ſhe is
Ten times more gentle, than her Father's crabbed;
And he's compos'd of harſhneſs, I muſt remove
Some thouſands of theſe Logs; and pile them up,
Upon a ſore injunction; my ſweet Miſtreſs
VVeeps when ſhe ſees me work, and ſays, ſuch baſeneſs
Had never like Executor: I forget: — —
But theſe ſweet thoughts, do even refreſh my labours,
Moſt buſie leaſt, when I do it. *Enter Mirando and Proſpero.*

Mir. Alas, now pray you,
Work not ſo hard: I would the lightning had
Burnt up thoſe Logs that thou art enjoyned to pile:
Pray ſet it down, and reſt you: when this burns
'Twill weep for having wearied you: my Father
Is hard at ſtudy, pray now reſt your ſelf,
He's ſafe for theſe three hours.

Fer. O moſt dear Miſtreſs,
The Sun will ſet before I ſhall diſcharge
What I muſt ſtrive to do.

Mir. If you'l ſit down
I'le bear your Logs the while. Pray give me that,
I'le carry it to the pile.

Fer. No precious Creature,
I had rather crack my ſinews, break my back,
Than you ſhould ſuch diſhonor undergo,
While I ſit lazy by.

Mir. It would become me.
As well as it do's you; And I ſhould do it
With much more eaſe: for my good-will is to it,
And yours it is againſt.

Pro. Poor worm, thou art infected,
This viſitation ſhews it.

Mir. You look wearily.

Fer. No, noble Miſtreſs, 'tis freſh morning with me,
When you are by at night: I do beſeech you
Chiefly, that I might ſet it in my prayers,
What is your name?

Mir. Miranda. O my Father,
I have broke your heſt to ſay ſo.

Fer. Admir'd *Miranda*,
Indeed the top of Admiration, worth
What's deareſt to the world: full many a Lady
I have ey'd with beſt regard, and many a time
Th' harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear: for ſeveral virtues
Have I lik'd ſeveral women, never any
With ſo full ſoul, but ſome defect in her
Did quarrel with the nobleſt grace ſhe ow'd,
And put it to the foyle. But you, O you,
So perfect, and ſo peerleſs, are created
Of every Creatures beſt.

Mir. I do not know
One of my ſex; no womans Face remember,
Save from my glaſs, mine own: Nor have I ſeen
More that I may call men, than you good friend,
And my dear Father: how features are abroad
I am skilleſs of; but my Modeſty
(The jewel in my dower) I would not wiſh
Any companion in the world but you;
Nor can imagination form a ſhape,
Beſides your ſelf, to like of: but I prattle

Something too wildly, and my Fathers precepts
I therein do forget.
Fer. I am, in my condition
A Prince (*Miranda*) I do think a King
(I would not ſo) and would no more endure
This woodden ſlavery, than to ſuffer
The fleſh-flie blow my mouth: hear my ſoul ſpeak.
The very inſtant that I ſaw you, did
My heart fly to your ſervice, there reſides
To make me ſlave to it, and for your ſake
Am I this patient Log-man.
Mir. Do you love me!
Fer.. O heaven; O earth, bear witneſs to this ſound,
And crown what I profeſs with kind event
If I ſpeak true: if hollowly, invert
VVhat beſt is boaded me, to miſchief: I,
Beyond all limit of what elſe i'th' world
Do love, prize, honour you.
Mir. I am a fool
To weep at what I am glad of.
Pro. Fair encounter
Of two moſt rare affections! Heavens rain grace
On that which breeds between 'em.
Fer. Wherefore weep you?
Mir. At mine unworthineſs that dare not offer
What I deſire to give, and muchleſs take
What I ſhall die to want: But this is trifling,
And all the more it ſeekt to hide it ſelf,
The bigger bulk it ſhews. Hence baſhful cunning,
And prompt me plain and holy innocence.
I am your wife, if you will marry me;
If not, I'le die your maid: to be your ſellow
You may deny me; but I le be your ſervant
Whether you will or no.
Fer. My Miſtreſs (dearest)
And I thus humble ever.
Mir. My Husband then?
Fer. I, with a heart ſo willing
As bondage ere of freedom: here's my hand.
Mir. And mine, with my heart in't; and now farewel
Till half an hour hence.
Fer. A thouſand, thouſand. *Exeunt.*
Tr . So glad of this as they I cannot be,
Who are ſurpriz'd with all; but my rejoycing
At nothing can be more: I'le to my book,
For yet ere ſupper-time muſt I perform
Much buſineſs appertaining. *Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo.

Ste. Tell not me, when the But is out we will drink water, not a drop before; therefore bear up, and boord 'em: Servant Monſter, drink to me.

Trin. Servant Monſter? the folly of this Iſland, they ſay there's but five upon this Iſle; we are three of them, if th'other two be brain'd like us, the State totters.

Ste. Drink ſervant Monſter when I bid thee, thy eyes are almoſt ſet in thy heart.

Trin. Where ſhould they be ſet elſe? he were a brave Monſter indeed if they were ſet in his tail.

Ste. My man-Monſter hath drown'd his tongue in Sack: for my part the Sea cannot drown me, I ſwam ere I could recover the ſhore, five and thirty Leagues, off and on, by this light thou ſhalt be my Lieutenant Monſter, or my Standard.

Trin. Your Lieutenant if you liſt, he's no ſtandard.

Ste. Wee'l not run, Monſieur Monſter.

Trin Nor go neither: but you'l lye like dogs, and yet ſay nothing neither.

Ste. Moon-calf, ſpeak once in thy life, if thou beeſt a good Moon-calf.

Cal. How does thy honour? Let me lick thy ſhooe: I'le not ſerve him, he is not valiant.

Trin. Thou lieſt moſt ignorant Monſter, I am in caſe to juſtle a Conſtable: why, thou deboſh'd Fiſh, thou, was there ever man a Coward, that hath drunk ſo much Sack as I to day? wilt thou tell me a monſtrous lye, being but half a Fiſh and half a Monſter?

Cal. Lo, how he mocks me, wilt thou let him my Lord?

Trin. Lord, quoth he? that a Monſter ſhould be ſuch a Natural?

Cal. Loe, loe again: bite him to death, I prethee.

Ste. *Trinculo*, keep a good tongue in your head: if you prove a mutineer, the next Tree: the poor Monſter's my ſubject, and he ſhall not ſuffer indignity.

Cal. I thank my noble Lord. Wilt thou be pleas'd once again to hearken to the ſuit I made to thee?

Ste. Marry will I: kneel and repeat it,
I will ſtand, and ſo ſhall *Trinculo*.

Enter Ariell inviſible.

Cal. As I told thee before, I am ſubject to a Tyrant,
A Sorcerer that by his cunning hath cheated me
Of the Iſland.
Ariell. Thou lyeſt.
Cal. Thou lyeſt, thou jeſting Monkey thou:
I would my valiant maſter would deſtroy thee;
I doe not lye.
Ste. *Trinculo*, if you trouble him any more in's tale,
By this hand, I will ſupplaint ſome of your teeth.
Trin. Why, I ſaid nothing.
Ste. Mum then, and no more: proceed.
Cal. I ſay by Sorcery he got this Iſle,
From Me, he got it. If thy Greatneſs will
Revenge it on him, (For I know thou dar'ſt)
But this thing dare Not.
Ste. That's moſt certain.
Cal. Thou ſhalt be Lord of it, and I'le ſerve thee.
Ste. How now ſhall this be compaſt?
Canſt thou bring me to the party?
Cal. Yea, yea, my Lord, I'le yield him thee aſleep,
Where thou maiſt knock a nail into his his head.
Ariell. Thou lieſt, thou canſt not.
Cal. What a py'de Ninnie's this? Thou ſcurvy patch,
I do beſeech thy Greatneſs give him blows,
And take his Bottle from him: When that's gone,
He ſhall drink nought but brine, for I'le not ſhew him
Where the quick Freſhes are.

Ste. *Trinculo*, run into no further danger: Interrupt the Monſter one word further, and by this hand, I'le turn my mercy out o' doors, and make a Stockfiſh of thee.

Trin. Why, what did I? I did nothing:
I'le go no further off.
Ste. Didſt thou not ſay he lyed:
Ariell. Thou lyeſt.
Ste. Do I ſo? Take you that,
As you like this, give me the lye another time.

Trin. I did not give thee the lye; Out o' your wits and hearing too?
A pox o' your Bottle, this can Sack and drinking do:
A murrain on your Monſter, and the Divil take your fingers.

Cal. Ha, ha, ha.

Ste. Now forward with your Tale: prethee ſtand further off.

Cal. Beat him enough: after a little time
I'le beat him too.
Ste. Stand further: Come proceed.
Cal. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a cuſtom with him

I' th' afternoon to ſleep : there thou maiſt brain him,
Having firſt ſeiz'd his Books : Or with a Log
Batter his skull, or paunch him with a Stake,
Or cut his wezand with thy Knife. Remember
Firſt to poſſeſs his books ; for without them
He's but a Sot, as I am ; nor hath not
One Spirit to command : they all do hate him
As rootedly as I. Burn but his books ;
He has brave Utenſils (for ſo he calls them)
Which when he has an houſe, he'l deck withal.
And that moſt deeply to conſider, is
The beauty of his Daughter : he himſelf
Calls her a non-pareil : I never ſaw a woman
But only *Sycorax* my Dam, and ſhe ;
But ſhe as far ſurpaſſeth *Sycorax*
As great'ſt do's leaſt.
Ste. Is it ſo brave a Laſs ?
Cal. I Lord ; ſhe will become thy bed I warrant,
And bring thee forth brave brood.
Ste. Monſter, I will kill this man : his Daughter and I will be King and Queen, ſave our Graces ; and *Trinculo* and thy ſelf ſhall be Vice-Roys :
Doſt thou like the Plot, *Trinculo*?
Trin. Excellent.
Ste. Give me thy hand ; I am ſorry I beat thee :
But while thou liv'ſt keep a good tongue in thy head.
Cal. Within this half hour will he be aſleep ;
VVilt thou deſtroy him then ?
Ste. I on mine honour.
Ariell, This will I tell my Maſter.
Cal. Thou mak'ſt me merry : I am full of pleaſure :
Let us be jocond. Will you troul the Catch
You taught me but whileare ?
Ste. At thy Requeſt, Monſter, I will do Reaſon,
And Reaſon : Come on *Trinculo*, let us ſing.

Sings.

Flout 'em and cout 'em : and skowt 'em and flout 'em,
Thought is free.

Cal. That's not the tune.

Ariell *plays the tune on a Tabor and Pipe.*

Ste. What is this ſame ?
Trin. This is the tune of our Catch plaid by the picture of No-body.
Ste. If thou beeſt a man, ſhew thy ſelf in thy likeneſs :
If thou beeſt a devil, tak't as thou liſt.
Trin. O forgive me my ſin.
Ste. He that dies pays all debts : I defie thee :
Mercy upon us.
Cal. Art thou afeard ?
Ste. No Monſter, not I.
Cal. Be not afeard, the Iſle is full of noiſes,
Sounds, and ſweet airs, that give delight and hurt not :
Sometimes a thouſand twangling inſtruments
Will hum about mine Ears : and ſometimes voices,
That if I then had wak'd after long ſleep,
Will make me ſleep again ; and then in dreaming
The Clouds me thought would open, and ſhew Riches
Ready to drop upon me, that when I wak'd
I cri'd to dream again.
Ste. This will prove a brave Kingdom to me,
Where I ſhall have my muſick for nothing.
Cal. When *Proſpero* is deſtroyed.
Ste. That ſhall be by and by :
I remember the ſtory.
Trin. The ſound is going away :
Let's follow it, and after do our work.
Ste. Lead Monſter ;
We'l follow : I would I could ſee his Taborer.
He lays it on.
Trin. Wilt come ?
I'le follow *Stephano.* *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Alonſo, Sebaſtian, Anthonio, Gonzalo, Adrian, Franciſco, *&c.*

Gon. By'r lakin, I can go no further, Sir,
My old bones ake : here's a maze trod indeed
Through forth-rights and Meanders : by your patience,
I needs muſt reſt me.
Alo. Old Lord, I cannot blame thee,
Who am my ſelf attach'd with wearineſs
To th' dulling of my ſpirits : ſit down and reſt :
Even here I will put off my hope, and keep it
No longer for my flatterers : he is drown'd
Whom thus we ſtray to find and the ſea mocks
Our fruſtrate ſearch on Land : well : let him go.
Ant. I am right glad that he's ſo out of hope :
Do not for one Repulſe forgo the purpoſe
That you reſolv'd t' effect.
Seb. The next advantage will we take throughly.
Ant. Let it be to night ;
For now they are oppreſs'd with travel, they
Will not, nor cannot uſe ſuch vigilance
As when they are freſh.

Solemn and ſtrange Muſick : and Proſper *on the top (inviſible). Enter ſeveral ſtrange ſhapes, bringing in a Banquet ; and dance about it with gentle actions of ſalutations, and inviting the King, &c. to eat, they depart.*

Seb. I ſay to night : no more.
Al. What harmony is this ? my good friends, hark !
Gon. Marvellous ſweet Muſick !
Alo. Give us kind keepers, heavens : what are theſe ?
Seb. A living *Drollery* : now I will believe
That there are Unicorns : that in *Arabia*
There is one Tree, the Phœnix throne, one Phœnix
At this hour reigning there.
Ant. I'le believe both :
And what do's elſe want credit, come to me,
And I'le be ſworn 'tis true : Travellers ne're did lie,
Though fools at home condemn 'em.
Gon. If in *Naples*
I ſhould report this now, would they believe me ?
If I ſhould ſay I ſaw ſuch Iſlanders :
(For certes theſe are people of the Iſland)
Who though they are of monſtrous ſhape, yet note
Their manners are of more gentle kind, than of
Our humane generation you ſhall find
Many, nay, almoſt any.
Pro. Honeſt Lord,
Thou haſt ſaid well : for ſome of you there preſent,
Are worſe than Devils.
Alo. I cannot too much muſe,
Such ſhapes, ſuch geſture, and ſuch ſound expreſſing
(Although they want the uſe of tongue) a kind
Of excellent dumb diſcourſe.
Pro. Praiſe in departing.
Fra. They vaniſh'd ſtrangely.
Seb. No matter, ſince
They have left their Viands behind ; for we have ſtomacks
Wilt pleaſe you taſte of what is here ?
Alo. Not I.
Gonz. Faith Sir, you need not fear : when we were boys
Who would believe that there were Mountaineers,
Dew-lapt, like Bulls, whoſe throats had hanging at 'em
Wallets of fleſh ? or that there were ſuch men
Whoſe heads ſtood in their breaſts ? which now we find
Each putter out of five for one, will bring us
Good warrant of.
Alo. I will ſtand to, and feed,
Although my laſt, no matter, ſince I feel

The beſt is paſt: brother, my Lord, the Duke,
Stand to, and do as we.

Thunder and Lightning. *Enter* Ariell *(like a Harpy) claps his wings upon the Table, and with a queint device the Banquet vaniſhes.*

Ar. You are three men of ſin, whom deſtiny
That hath to inſtruments this lower world,
And what is in't: the never ſurfeited Sea,
Hath caus'd to belch you up; and on this Iſland,
Where man doth not inhabit, you 'mongſt men
Being moſt unfit to live: I have made you mad;
And even with ſuch like valour men hang and drown
Their proper ſelves: You fools, I and my fellows
Are Miniſters of Fate; the Elements
Of whom your ſwords are temper'd, may as well
Wound the loud winds, or with bemockt-at-Stabs
Kill the ſtill cloſing waters, as diminiſh
i.e. Down Plume One ~~dowle~~ that's in my plumb^e^: My fellow-miniſters
Are like-invulnerable: if you could hurt,
Your ſwords are now too maſſie for your ſtrength,
And will not be up-lifted: but remember
(For that's my buſineſs to you) that you three
From *Millain* did ſupplant good *Proſpero*;
Expos'd unto the Sea (which hath requit it)
Him and his innocent child: for which foul deed
The Powers delaying (not forgetting), have
Incens'd the Seas and Shores; yea, all the Creatures
Againſt your peace: Thee of thy Son, *Alonſo*,
They have bereft; and do pronounce by me
Lingring perdition (worſe than any death
Can be at once) ſhall ſtep by ſtep attend
You and your ways, whoſe wraths to guard you from,
Which here, in this moſt deſolate Iſle, elſe falls
Upon your heads, is nothing but hearts-ſorrow,
And a clear life enſuing.

He vaniſhes in Thunder: then (to ſoft Muſick). Enter the ſhapes again, and dance (with mocks and mowes) and carrying out the Table.

Pro. Bravely the figure of this *Harpy* haſt thou
Perform'd (my *Ariell*), a grace it had devouring:
Of my inſtruction haſt thou nothing bated
In what thou hadſt to ſay: ſo with good life
And obſervation ſtrange, my meaner Miniſters
Their ſeveral kinds have done; my high charms work,
And theſe (mine Enemies) are all knit up
In their diſtractions: they now are in my power;
And in theſe fits I leave them, while I viſit
Young *Ferdinand* (whom they ſuppoſe is drown'd)
And his, and mine lov'd darling.

Gon. I' th' name of ſomething, holy Sir, why ſtand you
In this ſtrange ſtare?

Alo. O, it is monſtrous: monſtrous!
Methought the billows ſpoke, and told me of it;
The winds did ſing it to me: and the Thunder
(That deep and dreadful Organ-pipe) pronounc'd
The name of *Proſper*: it did baſe thy treſpaſs;
Therefore my Son i' th' Ooze is bedded; and
I'le ſeek him deeper than ere plummer ſounded,
And with him there lie mudded. *Exit.*

Seb. But one fiend at a time,
I'le fight their Legions o're.

Ant. I'le be thy ſecond. *Exeunt.*

Gon. All three of them are deſperate: their great guilt
(Like poyſon given to work a great time after)
Now 'gins to bite the ſpirits: I do beſeech you
(That are of ſuppler joynts) follow them ſwiftly,
And hinder them from what this Extaſie
May now provoke them to.

Ad. Follow I pray you. *Exeunt omnes.*

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Proſpero, Ferdinand, *and* Miranda.

Pro. If I have too auſterely puniſh'd you,
Your compenſation makes amends; for I
Have given you here a third of mine own life,
Or that for which I live: who once again
I tender to thy hand: All thy vexations
Were but my trials of thy love, and thou
Haſt ſtrangely ſtood the reſt: here afore heaven
I ratifie this my rich gift: O *Ferdinand*,
Do not ſmile at me that I boaſt her off;
For thou ſhalt find ſhe will out-ſtrip all praiſe,
And make it halt behind her.

Fer. I do believe it
Againſt an Oracle.

Pro. Then, as my gueſt, and thine own acquiſition
Worthily purchas'd, take my Daughter:
If thou doſt break her Virgin-knot before
All ſanctimonious Ceremonies may
With full and holy right be miniſtred,
No ſweet aſperſions ſhall the heavens let fall
To make this Contract grow; but barren hate,
Sower-ey'd diſdain, and diſcord ſhall beſtrew
The union of your bed with weeds ſo loathly
That you ſhall hate it both: Therefore take heed,
As Hymens Lamps ſhall light you.

Fer. As I hope
For quiet days, fair iſſue, and long life,
With ſuch love, as 'tis now, the murkieſt den,
The moſt opportune place, the ſtrong'ſt ſuggeſtion,
Our worſer *Genius* can, ſhall never melt
Mine honour into luſt, to take away
The edg of that days celebration,
VVhen I ſhall think, or *Phœdus* ſteeds are founderd,
Or night kept chain'd below.

Pro. Fairly ſpoke;
Sit then, and talk with her, ſhe is thine own;
What *Ariel*; my induſtrious ſervant *Ariel*. *Enter Ariel.*

Ari. What would my potent maſter? here I am.

Pro. Thou, and thy meaner fellows, your laſt ſervice
Did worthily perform: and I muſt uſe you
In ſuch another trick: go bring the rabble
(O're whom I give thee power) here, to this place:
Incite them to quick motion, for I muſt
Beſtow upon the eyes of this young couple
Some vanity of mine Art: it is my promiſe,
And they expect it for me.

Ari. Preſently?

Pro. I: with a twink.

Ari. Before you can ſay come, and go,
And breathe twice; and cry, ſo, ſo;
Each one tripping on his Toe,
Will be here with mop, and mowe.
Doe you love me Maſter? no?

Pro. Dearly, my delicate *Ariel*: do not approach
Till thou do'ſt hear me call.

Aril. Well: I conceive. *Exit.*

Pro. Look thou be true: do not give dalliance
Too much the rein: the ſtrongeſt oaths, are ſtraw
To th'fire ith'blood: be more abſtemious,
Or elſe good night your vow.

Fer. I warrant you, Sir,
The white cold virgin Snow, upon my heart
Abates the ardours of my Liver.

Pro. VVell.
Now come my *Ariel*, bring a Corolary,
Rather than want a ſpirit, appear, and pertly. *Soft Muſick.*
No tongue: all eyes: be ſilent. *Enter Iris.*

Ir. *Ceres*, moſt bounteous Lady, the rich Leas

Of Wheat, Rye, Barley, Fetches, Oats, and Peaſe;
Thy Turphy Mountains, where live nibling Sheep,
And flat Medes thetch'd with Stover, them to keep:
Thy banks with pioned, and twilled brims,
VVhich ſpungy *April*, at thy heſt betrims;
To make cold Nymphs chaſt crowns; and thy broom
VVhoſe ſhadow the diſmiſſed Batchelor loves, (groves
Being laſs-lorn: thy pole-clipt vineyard:
And thy Sea-marge ſteril, and rocky hard;
VVhere thou thy ſelf do'ſt air, the Queen o'th Skie,
VVhoſe watry Arch and meſſenger, am I,
Bids thee leave theſe, and with her ſoveraign grace, *Juno*
Here on this graſs plot, in this very place (*deſcends.*
To come, and ſport: here Peacocks fly amain:
Approach, rich *Ceres*, her to entertain. *Enter Ceres,*
Cer. Hail many coloured Meſſenger, that ne're
Do'ſt diſobey the wife of *Jupiter:*
VVho, with thy ſaffron wings, upon my flowers
Diffuſeſt hony drops, refreſhing ſhowers,
And with each end of thy blew bow do'ſt crown
My bosky acres, and my unſhrub'd down,
Rich ſcarph to my proud earth: why hath thy Queen
Summon'd me hither, to this ſhort graſs'd Green?
Ir. A contract of true Love, to celebrate,
And ſome donation freely to eſtate
On the bleſs'd Lovers.
Cer. Tell me heavenly Bow,
If *Veuus* or her Son, as thou doſt know,
Do now attend the Queen? ſince they did plot
The means, that dusky *Dis*, my daughter got:
Her, and her blind Boys ſcandal'd company,
I have forſworn.
Ir. Of her ſociety
Be not affraid: I met her deity
Cutting the clouds towards *Paphos*: and her Son
Dove-drawn with her: here thought they to have done
Some wanton charm, upon this man and maid,
VVhoſe vows are, that no bed-right ſhall be paid
Till *Hymens* Torch be lighted: but in vain
Mars's hot Minion is return'd again;
Her waſpiſh headed ſon has broke his Arrows,
Swears he will ſhoot no more, but play with Sparrows,
And be a boy right-out.
Cer. Higheſt Queen of State,
Great *Juno* comes, I know her by her gate.
Ju. How do's my bounteous ſiſter? go with me
To bleſs this twain, that they may proſperous be,
And honour'd in their Iſſue. *They ſing.*

Ju. Honour, riches, marriage, bleſſing,
Long continuance and encreaſing,
Hourly joyes be ſtill upon you,
Juno *ſings her bleſſings on you:*
Earths increaſe, and foyzon plenty,
Barns and Garners never empty,
Vines, with cluſtring bunches growing,
Plants, with goodly burthen bowing:
Spring come to you at the fartheſt,
In the very end of Harveſt:
Scarcity and want ſhall ſhun you,
Ceres *bleſſing ſo is on yon.*

Fer. This is a moſt majeſtick viſion, and
Lay Harmonious charming~~ly~~: may I be bold
To think theſe ſpirits?
Pro. Spirits, which by mine Art
I have from all their confines call'd to enact
My preſent fancies
Fer. Let me live here ever;
So rare a wondred Father, and a wiſe,
Makes this place Paradiſe.
Pro. Sweet now, ſilence:
Juno and *Ceres* whiſper ſeriouſly;
There's ſomething elſe to do: huſh, and be mute,
Or elſe our ſpell is marr'd.
Juno *and* Ceres *whiſper, and ſend* Iris *on Imployment.*

Ir. You Nymphs call'd *Nayades* of the windring brooks,
With your ſedg'd crowns, and ever-harmleſs looks,
Leave your criſp channels, and on this green-land
Anſwer your ſummons, *Juno* do's command:
Come temperate *Nymphs*, and help to celebrate
A Contract of true Love: be not too late.

Enter certain Nymphs.

You Sun-burn'd Sicklemen, of *Auguſt* weary,
Come hither from the Furrow, and be merry;
Make holy-day: your Rye-ſtraw hats put on,
And theſe freſh Nymphs encounter every one
In Country footing.

Enter certain Reapers (properly habited): they joyn with the Nymphs in a graceful Dance; towards the end whereof, Proſpero *ſtarts ſuddenly, and ſpeaks; after which to a ſtrange hollow and confuſed noiſe, they heavily vaniſh.*

Pro. I had forgot that foul Conſpiracy
Of the beaſt *Caliban*, and his Confederates,
Againſt my life: the minute of their plot
Is almoſt come: Well done, avoid: no more
Fer. This is ſtrange: your Father's in ſome paſſion
That works him ſtrongly.
Mir. Never till this day
Saw I him touch'd with anger, ſo diſtemper'd.
Pro. You do look (my Son) in a mov'd ſort,
As if you were diſmaid: be chearful Sir,
Our Revels now are ended: Theſe our Actors
(As I foretold you) were all Spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air,
And like the baſeleſs Fabrick of their Viſion,
The Cloud capt Towers, the gorgeous Palaces,
The ſolemn Temples, the great Globe it ſelf;
Yea, all which it inherit, ſhall diſſolve,
And like this inſubſtantial Pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind: we are ſuch ſtuff
As dreams are made on: and our little life
Is rounded with a ſleep: Sir, I am vext;
Bear with my weakneſs, my old brain is troubled:
Be not diſturb'd with my infirmity;
If you be pleas'd, retire into my Cell,
And there repoſe, a turn or two I'le walk
To ſtill my beating mind.
Fer. Mir. We wiſh you peace. *Exit.*
Pro. Come with a thought: I thank thee *Ariell*: come.
Enter Ariell.
Ari. Thy thoughts I cleave to; what's thy pleaſure?
Pro. Spirit, we muſt prepare to meet with *Caliban.*
Ari. I, my Commander, when I preſented *Ceres*
I thought to have told thee of it, but I fear'd,
Leſt I might anger thee.
Pro. Say again, where didſt thou leave theſe Varlots?
Ar. I told you Sir, they were red hot with drinking;
So full of Valour, that they ſmote the air
For breathing in their faces: beat the ground
For kiſſing of their feet; yet always bending
Towards their project: then I beat my Tabor,
At which, like unbackt Colts, they prickt their Ears,
Advanc'd their Eye-lids, lifted up their Noſes,
As they ſmelt muſick, ſo I charm'd their Ears,
That Calf-like, they my lowing follow'd through
Tooth'd briars, ſharp firzes, pricking goſs and thorns,
Which entred their frail ſhins: At laſt I left them
I'th' filthy mantled pool beyond your Cell,
There dancing up to th' chins, that the foul Lake
O're-ſtunk their feet.
Pro. This was well done (my bird):
Thy ſhape inviſible retain thou ſtill:
The trumpery in my houſe, go bring it hither
For ſtale to catch theſe thieves. *Exit.*
Ariel, I go, I go.
Pro. A Devil, a born-devil, on whoſe Nature
Nurture can never ſtick: on whom my pains
Humanely taken, all, all loſt, quite loſt,
And, as with age, his body uglier grows,

So

So his mind cankers: I will plague them all,
Even to roaring: Come, hang on them this line.

Enter Ariell *loaden with gliſtering Apparel*, &c. *Enter* Caliban, Stephano, *and* Trinculo, *all wet.*

Cal. Pray you tread ſoftly, that the blind Mole may not hear a foot fall: we now are near his Cell.

Ste. Monſter, your *Fairy*, which you ſay is a harmleſs (*Fairy*,
Has done little better than plaid the *Jack* with us.

Trin. Monſter, I do ſmell all Horſe-piſs, at which
My noſe is in great indignation.

Ste. So is mine: Do you hear, Monſter? If I ſhould
Take a diſpleaſure againſt you: Look you.

Trin. Thou wert but a loſt Monſter.

Cal. Good my Lord, give me thy favour ſtill:
Be patient; for the prize I'le bring thee to
Shall hood-wink this miſchance: therefore ſpeak ſoftly;
All's huſht as midnight yet.

Trin. I, but to loſe our Bottles in the Pool.

Ste. There is not only diſgrace, and diſhonour in that (Monſter), but an infinite loſs.

Trin. That's more to me than my wetting:
Yet this is your harmleſs *Fairy*, Monſter.

Ste. I will fetch off my Bottle,
Tho I be o're Ears for my labour.

Cal. Prethee (my King) be quiet: Seeſt thou here
This is the mouth o' th' Cell: no noiſe, and enter:
Do that good miſchief which may make this Iſland
Thine own for ever, and I thy *Caliban*
For aye thy foot-licker.

Ste. Give me thy hand;
I do begin to have bloody thoughts.

Trin. O King *Stephano!* O Peer! O worthy *Stephano!*
Look what a Wardrobe here is for thee.

Cal. Let it alone, thou fool, it is but traſh.

Tri. Oh, ho, Monſter: we know what belongs to a Frippery, O King *Stephano.*

Ste. Put off that gown (*Trinculo*) by this hand I'le have that gown.

Tri. Thy grace ſhall have it.

Cal. The *Dropſie* drown this fool: what do you mean,
To doat thus on ſuch luggage? Let's alone,
And do the Murder firſt: if he awake,
From toe to crown he'l fill our skins with pinches;
Make us ſtrange ſtuff.

Ste. Be you quiet (Monſter) Miſtris Line, is not this my Jerkin? Now is the Jerkin under the Line: Now Jerkin you are like to loſe your hair, and prove a bald Jerkin.

Trin. Do, do; we ſteal by line and level, and't like your Grace.

Ste. I thank thee for that Jeſt: here's a garment for't: Wit ſhall not go unrewarded while I am King of this Country: Steal by line and level, is an excellent paſs of pate: there's another garment for't.

Tri. Monſter, come put ſome Lime upon your fingers, and away with the reſt.

Cal. I will have none on't: we ſhall loſe our time,
And all be turn'd to Barnacles, or to Apes,
With foreheads villanous low.

Ste. Monſter, lay to your fingers: help to bear this away, where my hogſhead of Wine is, or I'le turn you out of my Kingdom: go to, carry this.

Tri. And this.

Ste. I, and this.

A noiſe of Hunters heard. Enter divers Spirits in ſhape of Dogs, and Hounds hunting them about; Proſper *and* Ariell *ſetting them on.*

Pro. Hey *Mountain*, hey.

Ari. *Silver*: there it goes, *Silver.*

Pro. Fury, Fury: there Tyrant, there: hark, hark:
Go, charge my Goblins that they grind their joynts
With dry Convulſions, ſhorten up their ſinews
With aged Cramps, and more pinch-ſpotted make them,
Than Pard, or Cat o' Mountain.

Ari. Hark, they roar.

Pro. Let them be hunted ſoundly: At this hour
Lies at my mercy all mine Enemies:
Shortly ſhall all my labours end, and thou
Shalt have the air at freedom: for a little
Follow, and do me ſervice. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Proſpero (*in his Magick Robes*) *and* Ariel.

Pro. Now do's my Project gather to a head:
My Charms crack not: My Spirits obey, and time
Goes upright with his carriage: how's the day?

Ar. On the ſixth hour, at which time, my Lord,
You ſaid our work ſhould ceaſe.

Pro. I did ſay ſo
When firſt I rais'd the Tempeſt: ſay, my Spirit,
How fares the King and's followers?

Ar. Confin'd together
In the ſame faſhion as you gave in charge,
Juſt as you left them, all priſoners ſir,
In the *Line-grove* which weather-fends your Cell:
They cannot budg till you releaſe: The King,
His Brother, and yours, abide all three diſtracted;
And the remainder mourning over them,
Brim-full of ſorrow and diſmay: but chiefly
Him that you term'd, Sir, the good old Lord *Gonzalo.*
His tears run down his beard like Winter drops
From Eaves of Reeds: your charm ſo ſtrongly works 'em
That if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.

Pro. Do'ſt thou think ſo, ſpirit?

Ar. Mine would, ſir, were I humane.

Pro. And mine ſhall.
Haſt thou (which art but air) a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions, and ſhall not my ſelf,
One of, their kind, that reliſh all as ſharply,
Paſſion'd as they, be kindlier mov'd than thou art?
Tho with their high wrongs I am ſtruck to th' quick,
Yet, with my nobler Reaſon, againſt my Fury,
Do I take part: the rarer action is
In Vertue than in Vengeance: they being penitent,
The ſole drift of my purpoſe doth extend
Not a frown further: Go releaſe them *Ariell*;
My charms I'le break, their ſenſes I'le reſtore,
And they ſhall be themſelves.

Ar. I'le fetch them, Sir. *Exit.*

Pro. Ye Elves of Hills, Brooks, ſtanding-Lakes & Groves,
And ye that on the Sands with printleſs foot
Do chaſe the ebbing *Neptune*, and do fly him
When he comes back: you demy-Puppets that
By Moon-ſhine do the green ſowre Ringlets make,
Whereof the Ewe not bites: and you whoſe paſtime
Is to make midnight Muſhromes, that rejoyce
To hear the ſolemn Curfew, by whoſe aid
(Weak Maſters tho ye be) I have be-dimn'd ministers
The noon-tide Sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds, vid: Supra Pag:
And 'twixt the green Sea and the azur'd Vault,
Set roaring War: To the dread ratling Thunder
Have I given fire, and rifted *Jove*'s ſtout Oke
With his own bolt: The ſtrong baſs'd promontory
Have I made ſhake, and by the ſpurs pluckt up
The Pine and Cedar: Graves at my command
Have wak'd their ſleepers, op'd, and let 'em forth
By my ſo potent Art: But this rough Magick
I here abjure: and when I have requir'd
Some heavenly Muſick (which even now I do),
To work mine end upon their ſenſes, that
This airy charm is for, I'le break my ſtaff,
Bury it certain fadoms in the Earth,

And deeper than did ever Plummet ſound
I'le drown my Book. *Solemn Muſick.*

Here enters Ariel *before : then* Alonſo *with a frantick geſture, attended by* Gonzalo. Sebaſtian *and* Anthonio *in like manner attended by* Adrian *and* Franciſco. *They all enter the circle which* Proſpero *had made, and there ſtand charm'd: which* Proſpero *obſerving, ſpeaks* :

A ſolemn Air, and the beſt comforter,
To an unſetled fancy, cure thy brains
(Now uſeleſs) boil'd within thy skull : there ſtand ;
For you are ſpell-ſtopt.
Holy *Gonzalo*, honourable man,
Mine eyes, even ſociable to the ſhew of thine,
Fall fellowly drops : The charm diſſolves apace;
And as the morning ſteals upon the night
(Melting the darkneſs), ſo their riſing ſenſes
Begin to chaſe the ignorant fumes that mantle
Their clearer Reaſon. O good *Gonzalo*,
My true preſerver, and a loyal Sir
To him thou follow'ſt ; I will pay thy graces
Home both in word and deed : Moſt cruelly
Didſt thou *Alonſo*, uſe me, and my daughter :
Thy brother was a furtherer in the act :
Thou art pinch'd for't now, *Sebaſtian.* Fleſh and blood,
You, brother mine, that entertain'd Ambition,
Expell'd Remorſe and Nature, whom with *Sebaſtian*
(Whoſe inward pinches therefore are moſt ſtrong)
Would here have kill'd your King : I do forgive thee,
Unnatural though thou art : their underſtanding
Begins to ſwell, and the approaching tide
Will ſhortly fill the reaſonable ſhore
That now lies foul and muddy : not one of them
That yet looks on me, or would know me : *Ariell*;
Fetch me the Hat, and Rapier in my Cell ;
I will diſcaſe me, and my ſelf preſent,
As I was ſometime *Millain* : quickly ſpirit ;
Thou ſhalt ere long be free.

Ariell *ſings, and helps to attire him.*

Where the Bee ſucks, there ſuck I;
In a Cowſlips bell I lie:
+couch *There I crowch, when Owls do cry,*
On the Bat's back I do fly
after Summer merrily.
Merrily, merrily ſhall I live now
Under the Bloſſom that hangs on the Bow.

Pro. Why that's my dainty *Ariell* : I ſhall miſs thee ;
But yet thou ſhalt have freedom : ſo, ſo, ſo.
To the King's Ship, inviſible as thou art,
There ſhalt thou find the Mariners aſleep
Under the Hatches : the Maſter and the Boatſwain
Being awake, enforce them to this place :
And preſently I prethee.

Ari. I drink the air before me, and return
Or ere your pulſe twice beat. *Exit.*

Gon. All torment, trouble, wonder and amazement
Inhabits here : ſome heavenly power guide us
Out of this fearful Countrey.

Pro. Behold Sir King,
The wronged Duke of *Millain*, *Proſpero* :
For more aſſurance that a living Prince
Do's now ſpeak to thee, I embrace thy body,
And to thee, and thy Company, I bid
A hearty welcome.

Alo. Where thou be'ſt he or no,
Or ſome inchanted trifle to abuſe me
(As late I have been), I not know : thy Pulſe
Beats as of fleſh and blood : and ſince I ſaw thee,
Th' affliction of my mind amends, with which
I fear a madneſs held me : this muſt crave
(And if this be at all) a moſt ſtrange ſtory :
Thy Dukedom I reſign, and do intreat
Thou pardon me my wrongs : But how ſhould *Proſpero*
Be living, and be here?

Pro. Firſt, noble friend,
Let me embrace thine age, whoſe honour cannot
Be meaſur'd, or confin'd.

Gon. Whether this be,
Or be not, I'le not ſwear.

Pro. You do yet taſte
Some ſubtilties o' th' *Iſle*, that will not let you
Believe things certain : Welcome, my friends all :
But you, my brace of Lords, were I ſo minded,
I here could pluck his Highneſs frown upon you,
And juſtifie you Traitors : at this time
I will tell no tales.

Seb. The Devil ſpeaks in him.

Pro. No :
For you (moſt wicked Sir) whom to call brother
Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
Thy rankeſt faults : all of them : and require
My Dukedom of thee, which perforce I know
Thou muſt reſtore.

Alo. If thou beeſt *Proſpero*,
Give us particulars of thy preſervation,
How thou haſt met us here, who three hours ſince
Were wrackt upon this ſhore? where I have loſt
(How ſharp the point of this remembrance is)
My dear Son *Ferdinand.*

Pro. I am wo for't, Sir.

Alo. Irreparable is the loſs, and Patience
Says, it is paſt her cure.

Pro. I rather think
You have not ſought her help, of whoſe ſoft grace
For the like loſs, I have her ſoveraign aid,
And reſt my ſelf content.

Alo. You the like loſs?

Pro. As great to me, as late, and inſupportable
To make the dear loſs, have I means much weaker
Than you may call to comfort you ; for I
Have loſt my daughter.

Alo. A daughter?
Oh heavens ! that they were living both in *Naples*
The King and Queen there, that they were, I wiſh
My ſelf were mudded in that Oo-zy bed
Where my Son lies : when did you loſe your daughter?

Pro. In this laſt Tempeſt. I perceive theſe Lords
At this encounter do ſo much admire,
That they devour their Reaſon, and ſcarce think
Their Eye do Offices of truth : their words
Are natural breath : but howſoever you have
Been juſtled from your ſenſes, know for certain
That I am *Proſpero*, and that very Duke
Which was thruſt forth of *Millain*, who moſt ſtrangely
Upon this ſhore (where you were wrackt) was landed
To be the Lord on't : no more yet of this ;
For 'tis a Chronicle of day by day,
Not a Relation for a breakfaſt, nor
Befitting this firſt meeting : Welcome, Sir :
This Cell's my Court : here have I few attendants,
And Subjects none abroad : pray you look in :
My Dukedom ſince you have given me again,
I will requite you with as good a thing,
At leaſt, bring forth a wonder, to content ye
As much as me my Dukedom.

Here Proſpero *diſcovers* Ferdinand *and* Miranda *playing at Cheſs.*

Mir. Sweet Lord, you play me falſe.

Fer. No, my deareſt Love,
I would not for the world.

Mir. Yes, for a ſcore of Kingdoms you ſhould wrangle,
And I would call it fair play.

Alo. If this prove
A viſion of the Iſland, one dear Son
Shall I twice loſe.

Seb. A moſt high Miracle.

Fer. Though the Seas threaten, they are merciful :
I have curs'd them without cauſe.

Alo. Now all the bleſſings
Of a glad father compaſs thee about:
Ariſe, and ſay how thou cam'ſt here.
Mir. O wonder!
How many goodly creatures are there here?
How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world
That has ſuch people in't.
Pro. 'Tis new to thee.
Alo. What is this Maid with whom thou was't at play?
Your eld'ſt acquaintance cannot be three hours:
Is ſhe the goddeſs that hath ſever'd us,
And brought us together?
Fer. Sir, ſhe is mortal;
But by immortal providence ſhe's mine;
I choſe her when I could not ask my Father
For his advice; nor thought I had one: She
Is Daughter to this famous Duke of *Millain*,
Of whom ſo often I have heard renown,
But never ſaw before: of whom I have
Receiv'd a ſecond Life; and ſecond Father
This Lady makes him to me.
Alo. I am hers:
But O, how odly will it ſound, that I
Muſt ask my child forgiveneſs?
Pro. There, Sir, ſtop:
Let us not burthen our remembrances with
An heavineſs that's gone.
Gon. I have inly wept,
Or ſhould have ſpoke ere this: look down you gods,
And on this Couple drop a bleſſed Crown:
For it is you that have chalk'd forth the way
Which brought us hither.
Alo. I ſay *Amen*, *Gonzalo*.
Gon. Was *Millain* thruſt from *Millain* that his Iſſue
Should become Kings of *Naples*? O rejoice
Beyond a common joy, and ſet it down
With gold on laſting Pillars: In one Voyage
Did *Claribell* her Husband find at *Tunis*,
And *Ferdinand*, her Brother, found a Wife,
Where he himſelf was loſt: *Proſpero* his Dukedom
In a poor *Iſle*: and all of us, our ſelves,
When no man was his own.
Alo. Give me your hands:
Let grief and ſorrow ſtill embrace his heart
That doth not wiſh you Joy.
Gon. Be it ſo, *Amen*.
Enter Ariel, *with the Maſter and Boatſwain amazedly following.*
O look Sir, look, here is more of us!
I propheſi'd, if a Gallows were on Land
This fellow could not drown: Now blaſphemy,
That ſwear'ſt grace ore-board, not an Oath on ſhore,
Haſt thou no mouth by Land?
What is the news?
Boat. The beſt news is, that we have ſafe found
Our King and Company: the next, our Ship,
Which but three glaſſes ſince we gave out ſplit,
Is tite, and yare, and bravely rig'd, as when
We firſt put out to Sea.
Ar. Sir, all this ſervice
Have I done ſince I went.
Pro. My trickſey ſpirit.
Alo. Theſe are not natural Events; they ſtrengthen
From ſtrange to ſtranger: ſay, how came you hither?
Boat. If I did think, Sir, I were well awake,
I'ld ſtrive to tell you: we were dead of ſleep,
And (how we know not) all clapt under hatches,
Where, but even now, with ſtrange and ſeveral noiſes
Of roaring, ſhreeking, howling, gingling chains,
And moe diverſity of ſounds, all horrible,
We were awak'd: ſtraight way at liberty;
Where we, in all our trim, freſhly beheld
Our royal, good, and gallant Ship: our Maſter
Capring to eye her: on a trice, ſo pleaſe you,
Even in a dream, were we divided from them,
And were brought moping hither.
Ar. Was't well done?
Pro. Bravely (my diligence): thou ſhalt be free.
Ar. This is as ſtrange a Maze as e're men trod,
And there is in this buſineſs more than Nature
Was ever conduct of: ſome Oracle
Muſt rectifie our knowledg.
Pro. Sir, my Liege,
Do not infect your mind with beating on
The ſtrangeneſs of this buſineſs, at pickt ſeizure
(Which ſhall be ſhortly ſingle) I'le reſolve you
(Which to you ſhall ſeem probable) of every
Theſe happen'd accidents: till when, be cheerful,
And think of each thing well: Come hither ſpirit,
Set *Caliban* and his companions free:
Untie the Spell: How fares my gracious Sir?
There are yet miſſing of your Company
Some few odd Lads that you remember not.
Enter Ariell, *driving in* Caliban, Stephano, *and* Trinculo, *in their ſtol'n Apparel.*
Ste. Every man ſhift for all the reſt, and let
No man take care for himſelf; for all is
But fortune: *Coragio* Bully-Monſter, *Coragio.*
Tri. If theſe be true ſpies which I wear in my head,
Here's a goodly ſight.
Cal. O *Setebus*, theſe be brave Spirits indeed:
How fine my Maſter is? I am afraid
He will chaſtiſe me.
Seb. Ha, ha:
What things are theſe, my Lord *Anthonio*?
Will money buy 'em?
Ant. Very like: one of them
Is a plain Fiſh, and no doubt marketable.
Pro. Mark but the badges of theſe men, my Lords,
Then ſay if they be true: This miſhapen knave,
His Mother was a VVitch, and one ſo ſtrong
That could controul the Moon, make flows and ebbs,
And deal in her command without her power:
Theſe three have robb'd me, and this demy-devil,
(For he's a baſtard one) had plotted with them
To take my life: two of theſe Fellows you
Muſt known and own, this Thing of darkneſs I
Acknowledg mine.
Cal. I ſhall be pincht to death.
Alo. Is not this *Stephano*, my drunken Butler?
Seb. He is drunk now.
VVhere had he VVine?
Alon. And *Trinculo* is reeling-ripe: where ſhould they
Find this grand Liquor that hath gilded 'em?
How cam'ſt thou in this pickle?
Tri. I have been in ſuch a pickle ſince I ſaw you laſt,
That I fear me will never out of my bones:
I ſhall not fear fly-blowing.
Seb. VVhy, how now *Stephano*?
Ste. O touch me not; I am not *Stephano*, but a Cramp.
Pro. You'ld be King o' th' *Iſle*, Sirrah?
Ste. I ſhould have been a ſore one then.
Alo. 'Tis a ſtrange thing as e're I look'd on.
Pro. He is as diſproportion'd in his manners
As in his ſhape: Go Sirrah, to my Cell,
Take with you your Companions: as you look
To have my pardon, trim it handſomly.
Cal. I, that I will: and I'le be wiſe hereafter,
And ſeek for grace: what a thrice double Aſs
VVas I to take this drunkard for a god?
And worſhip this dull fool?
Pro. Go to, away.
Alo. Hence, and beſtow your luggage where you found (it.
Seb. Or ſtole it rather.
Pro. Sir, I invite your Highneſs and your train,
To my poor Cell; where you ſhall take your reſt
For this one night, which part of it I'le waſte
VVith ſuch diſcourſe as I not doubt ſhall make it

Go quick away: The ſtory of my life,
And the particular accidents gone by
Since I came to this Iſle: And in the morn
I'le bring you to your Ship; and ſo to *Naples*:
Where I have hope to ſee the Nuptials
Of theſe our dear-belov'd, ſolemnized;
And thence retire me to my *Millain*, where
Every third thought ſhall be my grave.
Alo. I long
To hear the ſtory of your life; which muſt
Take the Ear ſtrangely.
Pro. I'le deliver all,
And promiſe you calm ſeas, auſpicious gales,
And ſail ſo expeditious, that ſhall catch
Your Royal fleet far off: My *Ariell* (Chick)
That is thy charge: then to the Elements
Be free, and fare thou well: pleaſe you draw near.
Exeunt omnes.

EPILOGUE

ſpoken by *Proſper.*

Now now my Charms are all ore-thrown,
And what ſtrength I hav's mine own,
Which is moſt faint: now 'tis true
I muſt be here confin'd by you,
Or ſent to Naples: *Let me not*
Since I have my Dukedom got,
And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell
In this bare Iſland by your ſpell;
But releaſe me from my bands
With the help of your good hands:
Gentle breath of yours, my Sails
Muſt fill, or elſe my project fails,
Which was to pleaſe: Now I want
Spirits to enforce: Arts to enchant:
And my ending is deſpair,
Unleſs I be reliev'd by prayer;
Which pierces ſo, that it aſſaults
Mercy it ſelf, and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your indulgence ſet me free.
Exit.

The Scene, an uninhabited Iſland.

Names of the Actors.

Alonſo, *King of* Naples.
Sebaſtian, *his brother.*
Proſpero, *the right Duke of* Millain.
Anthonio, *his brother, the uſurping Duke of* Millain.
Ferdinand, *Son to the King of* Naples.
Gonzalo, *an honoſt old Councellor.*
Adrian *and* Franciſco, Lords.
Caliban, *a Salvage and deformed Slave.*
Trinculo, *a Jeſter.*
Stephano, *a drunken Butler.*
Maſter of a Ship.
Boatſwain.
Mariners.
Miranda, *Daughter to* Proſpero.
Ariel, *an airy Spirit.*
Iris.
Ceres.
Juno. } *Spirits.*
Nymphs
Reapers.

THE
Two Gentlemen of Verona.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Valentine, Protheus, and *Speed.*

Valentine.

CEaſe to perſwade, my loving *Protheus*;
Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits;
Wer't not affection chains thy tender days,
To the ſweet glances of thy honour'd Love,
I rather would intreat thy company,
To ſee the wonders of the world abroad,
Than (living dully ſluggardiz'd at home)
Wear out thy youth with ſhapeleſs idleneſs.
But ſince thou lov'ſt, love ſtill, and thrive therein,
Even as I would when I to love begin.

Pro. Wilt thou be gone? Sweet *Valentine* adieu,
Think on thy *Protheus* when thou (haply) ſeeſt
Some rare Note-worthy Object in thy travel:
Wiſh me partaker in thy happineſs
When thou doſt meet good hap; and in thy danger
(If ever danger do environ thee)
Commend thy grievance to my holy prayers;
For I will be thy Bead's-man, *Valentine.*

Val. And on a Love-book pray for thy ſucceſs.

Pro. Upon ſome book I love I'le pray for thee.

Val. That's on ſome ſhallow ſtory of deep love,
How young *Leander* croſt the *Helleſpont.*

Pro. That's a deep ſtory of a deeper love;
For he was more than over-ſhooes in love.

Val. 'Tis true; for you are over-boots in love,
And yet you never ſwom the *Helleſpont.*

Pro. Over the boots? nay, give me not the boots.

Val. No, I will not; for it boots thee not.

Pro. What?

Val. To be in love where ſcore is bought with groans:
Coy looks, with heart-ſore ſighs: one fading moments mirth,
With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights:
If haply won, perhaps an hapleſs gain:
If loſt, why then a grievous labour won!
However, but a folly bought with wit,
Or elſe a wit by folly vanquiſhed.

Pro. So, by your circumſtance, you call me fool.

Val. So, by your circumſtance, I fear you'l prove.

Pro. 'Tis Love you cavil at; I am not Love.

Val. Love is your Maſter; for he Maſters you:
And he that is ſo yoked by a fool,
Methinks ſhould not be Chronicled for wiſe.

Pro. Yet Writers ſay, as in the ſweeteſt bud
The eating Canker dwells; ſo eating Love
Inhabits in the fineſt wits of all.

Val. And Writers ſay; as the moſt forward bud
Is eaten by the Canker ere it blow,
Even ſo by Love the young and tender wit
Is turn'd to folly, blaſting in the bud,
Loſing his verdure even in the prime,
And all the fair effects of future hopes.
But wherefore waſte I time to counſel thee
That are a Votary to fond deſire?
Once more adieu: my Father at the Road
Expects my coming, there to ſee me ſhipp'd.

Pro. And thither will I bring thee, *Valentine.*

Val. Sweet *Protheus*, no: Now let us take our leave:
At *Millain* let me hear from thee by Letters
Of thy ſucceſs in love; and what News elſe
Betideth here in abſence of thy Friend:
And I likewiſe will viſit thee with mine.

Pro. All happinoſs bechance to thee in *Millain.*

Val. As much to you at home: and ſo farewel. *Exit.*

Pro. He after Honour hunts, I after Love;
He leaves his friends to dignifie them more;
I love my ſelf, my friends, and all for love:
Thou *Julia*, thou haſt matamorphos'd me:
Made me neglect my ſtudies, loſe my time,
War with good counſel, ſet the world at nought;
Made wit with Muſing, weak; heart ſick with thought.

Sp. Sir *Protheus:* ſave you: ſaw you my Maſter?

Pro. But now he parted hence to embark for *Millain.*

Sp. Twenty to one then he is ſhip'd already,
And I have plaid the ſheep in loſing him.

Pro. Indeed a ſheep doth very often ſtray,
And if the ſhepherd be a while away.

Sp. You conclude that my Maſter is a ſhepherd then, and I a ſheep?

Pro. I do.

Sp. Why then my horns are his horns, whether I wake or ſleep.

Pro. A ſilly anſwer, and fitting well a ſheep.

Sp. This proves me ſtill a ſheep.

Pro. True; and thy Maſter a ſhepherd.

Sp. Nay, that I can deny by a circumſtance.

Pro. It ſhall go hard but I'le prove it by another.

Sp. The ſhepherd ſeeks the ſheep, and not the ſheep the ſhepherd; but I ſeek my Maſter, and my Maſter ſeeks not me: therefore I am no ſheep.

Pro. The ſheep for Fodder follow the ſhepherd, the Shepherd for food follows not the ſheep: thou for wages followeſt thy Maſter, thy Maſter for wages follows not thee: therefore thou art a ſheep.

Sp. Such another proof will make me cry Baâ.

Pro. But doſt thou hear? gaveſt thou my Letter to *Julia*?

Sp. I Sir: I (a loſt-Mutton) gave your Letter to her (a lac'd-Mutton), and ſhe (a lac'd-Mutton) gave me (a loſt-Mutton) nothing for my labour.

Pro. Here's too ſmall a Paſture for ſuch ſtore of Muttons.

Sp. If the ground be over-charg'd, you were beſt ſtick her.

Pro. Nay, in that you are aſtray: 'twere beſt pound you.

Sp. Nay, Sir, leſs than a pound ſhall ſerve me for carrying your Letter.

Pto. You miſtake: I mean the Pound, a Pin-fold.
Sp. From a pound to a pin? fold it over and over,
'Tis threefold too little for carrying a Letter to your Lover.
Pro. But what ſaid ſhe?
Sp. I.
Pro. Nod-I: why, that's Noddy.
Sp. You miſtook, Sir, I ſaid ſhe did nod:
And you ask me if ſhe did nod, and I ſaid, I.
Pro. And that ſet together, is noddy.
Sp. Now you have taken the pains to ſet it together, take it for your pains.
Pro. No, no, you ſhall have it for bearing the Letter.
Sp. Well, I perceive I muſt be fain to bear with you.
Pro. Why Sir, how do you bear with me?
Sp. Marry ſir, the Letter very orderly,
Having nothing but the word noddy for my pains.
Pro. Beſhrew me, but you have a quick wit.
Sp. And yet it cannot overtake your ſlow purſe.
Pro. Come, come, open the matter in brief; what ſaid ſhe?
Sp. Open your purſe, that the money and the matter may be both delivered.
Pro. Well Sir, here is for your pains: what ſaid ſhe?'
Sp. Truly Sir, I think you'l hardly win her.
Pro. Why? could'ſt thou perceive ſo much from her?
Sp. Sir, I could perceive nothing at all from her;
No, not ſo much as a Ducket for delivering your Letter;
And being ſo hard to me that brought your mind,
I fear ſhe'l prove as hard to you in telling her mind.
Give her no token but ſtones; for ſhe's as hard as ſteel.
Pro. What ſaid ſhe, nothing?
Sp. No, not ſo much as take this for thy pains:
To teſtifie your bounty, I thank you, you have Teſtern'd me:
In requital whereof, henceforth carry your Letter your ſelf: And ſo, Sir, I'le commend you to my Maſter.
Pro. Go, go, be gone, to ſave your Ship from wrack,
Which cannot periſh having thee aboard,
Being deſtin'd to a drier death on ſhore:
I muſt go ſend ſome better Meſſenger:
I fear my *Julia* would not deign my lines,
Receiving them from ſuch a worthleſs poſt. *Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Julia *and* Lucetta.

Jul. But ſay *Lucetta* (now are we alone)
Would'ſt thou then counſel me to fall in love?
Luc. I Madam, ſo you ſtumble not unheedfully.
Jul. Of all the fair Reſort of Gentlemen,
That every day with par'le encounter me,
In thy opinion which is worthieſt love?
Luc. Pleaſe you repeat their names, I'le ſhew my mind,
According to my ſhallow ſimple skill.
Ju. What think'ſt thou of the fair Sir *Eglamoer*?
Luc. As of a Knight well-ſpoken, neat and fine:
But were I you, he never ſhould be mine.
Ju. What think'ſt thou of the rich *Mercatio*?
Lu. Well of his wealth; but of himſelf ſo, ſo.
Ju. What think'ſt thou of the gentle *Protheus*?
Lu. Lord, Lord! to ſee what folly reigns in us.
Ju. How now? what means this paſſion at his Name?
Lu. Pardon, dear Madam, tis a paſſing ſhame,
That I (unworthy body as I am)
Should cenſure thus on lovely Gentlemen.
Ju. Why not on *Protheus*; as of all the reſt?
Lu. Then thus: of many good, I think him beſt.
Ju. Your Reaſon?
Lu. I have no other but a womans Reaſon:
I think him ſo, becauſe I think him ſo.
Ju. And would'ſt thou have me caſt my love on him?
Lu. I, if you thought your love not caſt away.
Ju. Why he, of all the reſt, hath never mov'd me.
Lu. Yet he, of all the reſt, I think beſt loves ye.
Ju. His little ſpeaking ſhews his love but ſmall.
Lu Fire that's cloſeſt kept burns moſt of all.
Ju. They do not love that do not ſhew their love.
Lu. Oh, they love leaſt that let men know their love.
Ju. I would I knew his mind.
Lu. Peruſe this Paper, Madam.
Ju. To *Julia*: ſay, from whom?
Lu. That the Contents will ſhew.
Ju. Say, ſay: who gave it thee?
Lu. Sir *Valentine*'s Page; and ſent I think from *Protheus*.
He would have given it you, but I being in the way,
Did in your name receive it: Pardon the fault I pray.
Ju. Now (by my modeſty) a goodly Broker:
Dare you preſume to harbour wanton lines?
To whiſper and conſpire againſt my Youth?
Now truſt me, 'tis an Office of great worth,
And you an Officer fit for the place.
There: take the Paper: ſee it be return'd,
Or elſe return no more into my ſight.
Lu. To plead for Love deſerves more Fee than hate.
Ju. Will ye be gone?
Lu. That you may ruminate. *Exit.*
Ju. And yet I would I had ore-look'd the Letter:
It were a ſhame to call her back again,
And pray her to a fault for which I chid her.
What fool is ſhe that knows I am a Maid,
And would not force the Letter to my view?
Since Maids in Modeſty, ſay No to that
Which they would have the profferer conſtrue, I.
Fie, fie; how way-ward is this fooliſh Love,
That (like a teſty babe) will ſcratch the Nurſe,
And preſently, all humbled, kiſs the Rod?
How churliſhly I chid *Lucetta* hence,
When willingly I would have had her here?
How angerly I taught my brow to frown,
When inward joy enforc'd my heart to ſmile?
My penance is, to call *Lucetta* back,
And ask remiſſion for my folly paſt.
What hoe: *Lucetta.*
Lu. What would your Ladyſhip?
Ju. Is't near dinner-time?
Lu. I would it were,
That you might kill your ſtomach on your meat,
And not upon your Maid.
Ju. What is't that you
Took up ſo gingerly?
Lu. Nothing.
Ju. Why didſt thou ſtoop then?
Lu. To take a paper up that I let fall.
Ju. And is that paper nothing?
Lu. Nothing concerning me.
Ju. Then let it lie for thoſe that it concerns.
Lu. Madam, it will not lie where it concerns,
Unleſs it have a falſe Interpreter.
Ju. Some Love of yours hath writ to you in Rime.
Lu. That I might ſing it (Madam) to a tune:
Give a Note; your Ladyſhip can ſet.
Ju. As little by ſuch toys as may be poſſible:
Beſt ſing it to the tune of *Light O Love.*
Lu. It is too heavy for ſo light a tune.
Ju. Heavy? belike it hath ſome burthen then.
Lu. I: and melodious were it, would you ſing it.
Ju. And why not you?
Lu. I cannot reach ſo high.
Ju. Lets ſee your Song:
How now Minion?
Lu. Keep tune there ſtill, ſo you will ſing it out:
And yet methinks I do not like this tune.
Ju. You do not?
Lu. No (Madam), 'tis too ſharp.
Ju. You (Minion) art too ſawcy.

Lu. Nay, now you are too flat,
And mar the concord with too harſh a deſcant:
There wanteth but a Mean to fill your Song.
Ju. The Mean is drown'd with your unruly Baſe.
Lu. Indeed I bid thee baſe for *Protheus.*
Ju. This babble ſhall not henceforth trouble me:
Here is a coile with proteſtation:
Go, get you gone; and let the Papers lie:
You would be fingring them to anger me.
Lu. She makes it ſtrange, but ſhe would be beſt pleas'd
To be ſo angred with another Letter. *Exit.*
Ju. Nay, would I were ſo angred with the ſame:
Oh hateful hands, to tear ſuch loving words;
Injurious Waſps, to feed on ſuch ſweet honey,
And kill the Bees that yield it with your ſtings:
I'le kiſs each ſeveral Paper for amends:
Look, here is writ, kind *Julia*: unkind *Julia,*
As in revenge of thy ingratitude,
I throw thy name againſt the bruiſing ſtones,
Trampling contemptuouſly on thy diſdain.
And here is writ, *Love-wounded Protheus.*
Poor wounded name: my boſome, as a bed,
Shall lodg thee till thy wound be throughly heal'd:
And thus I ſearch it with a ſoveraign kiſs.
But twice or thrice was *Protheus* written down:
Be calm (good wind), blow not a word away,
Till I have found each letter in the Letter,
Except mine own Name: That ſome whirl-wind bear
Unto a ragged, fearful, hanging Rock,
And throw it thence into the raging Sea.
Lo, here in one line is his Name twice writ:
Poor forlorn Protheus, paſſionate Protheus:
To the ſweet Julia: that I'le tear away:
And yet I will not, ſith ſo prettily
He couples it to his complaining Names:
Thus will I fold them one upon another:
Now kiſs, embrace, contend, do what you will. *Enter.*
Lu. Madam: dinner is ready, and your father ſtays.
Ju. Well, let us go.
Lu. What ſhall theſe Papers lie, like tell-tales here?
Ju. If you reſpect them, beſt to take them up.
Lu. Nay, I was taken up for laying them down:
Yet here they ſhall not lie for catching cold.
Ju. I ſee you have a months mind to them.
Lu. I (Madam), you may ſay what ſights you ſee:
I ſee things too, although you judg I wink.
Ju. Come, come, wilt pleaſe you go? *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Antonio, Panthion, *and* Protheus.

Ant. Tell me *Panthion,* what ſad talk was that
Wherewith my brother held you in the Cloyſter?
Pan. 'Twas of his Nephew *Protheus,* your Son.
Ant. VVhy, what of him?
Pan. He wondred that your Lordſhip
VVould ſuffer him to ſpend his Youth at home,
VVhile other men of ſlender Reputation
Put forth their Sons to ſeek Preferment out:
Some to the VVars, to try their fortune there;
Some to diſcover Iſlands far away;
Some to the ſtudious Univerſities.
For any, or for all theſe Exerciſes,
He ſaid, that *Protheus,* your Son was meet;
And did requeſt me to importune you
To let him ſpend his time no more at home;
VVhich would be great impeachment to his Age,
In having known no travel in his Youth.
Ant. Nor need'ſt thou much importune me to that
VVhereon this month I have been hammering.
I have conſider'd well his loſs of time;
And now he cannot be a perfect man,
Not being tried, nor tutor'd in the world:
Experience is by induſtry atchieved,
and perfected by the ſwift courſe of time:
Then tell me, whither were I beſt to ſend him?
Pan. I think your Lordſhip is not ignorant
How his Companion, youthful *Valentine,*
Attends the Emperor in his Royal Court.
Ant. I know it well.
Pan. 'Twere good, I think, your Lordſhip ſent him (thither:
There ſhall he practiſe Tilts and Turnaments;
Hear ſweet Diſcourſe, converſe with Noblemen,
And be in eye of every Exerciſe
VVorthy his Youth and Nobleneſs of Birth.
Ant. I like thy counſel: well haſt thou adviſ'd:
And that thou maiſt perceive how well I like it,
The Execution of it ſhall make known;
Even with the ſpeedieſt expedition
I will diſpatch him to the Emperor's Court.
Pan. To morrow, may it pleaſe you, *Don Alphonſo,*
VVith other Gentlemen of good Eſteem,
Are journeying to ſalute the Emperor,
And to commend their ſervice to his will.
Ant. Good Company: with them ſhall *Protheus* go:
And in good time, now will we break with him? *Enter Pro.*
Pro. Sweet love, ſweet lines, ſweet life;
Here is her hand, the agent of her heart;
Here is her Oath for love, her honours pawn:
O that our Fathers would applaud our Loves
To ſeal our happineſs with their conſents:
Oh heavenly *Julia*!
Ant. How now? VVhat Letter are you reading there?
Pro. May't pleaſe your Lordſhip, 'tis a word or two
Of Commendation ſent from *Valentine*;
Deliver'd by a friend that came from him.
Ant. Lend me the Letter: Let me ſee what News.
Pro. There is no News (my Lord) but that he writes
How happily he lives, how well-belov'd,
And daily graced by the Emperor;
VViſhing me with him, partner of his Fortune.
Ant. And how ſtand you affected to his wiſh?
Pro. As one relying on your Lordſhip's will,
And not depending on his friendly wiſh.
Ant. My will is ſomething ſorted with his wiſh:
Muſe not that I thus ſuddenly proceed;
For what I will, I will; and there's an end:
I am reſolv'd that thou ſhalt ſpend ſome time
VVith *Valentino* in the Emperor's Court:
What maintenance he from his friends receives,
Like exhibition thou ſhalt have from me:
To morrow be in readineſs to go:
Excuſe it not; for I am peremptory.
Pro. My Lord, I cannot be ſo ſoon provided;
Pleaſe you deliberate a day or two.
Ant. Look what thou want'ſt ſhall be ſent after thee:
No more of ſtay; to morrow thou muſt go:
Come on *Panthion*; you ſhall be imploy'd
To haſten on his expedition.
Pro. Thus have I ſhunn'd the fire for fear of burning,
And drench'd me in the Sea, where I am drown'd:
I fear'd to ſhew my father *Julia's* Letter,
Leaſt he ſhould take exceptions to my Love,
And with the vantage of mine own Excuſe
Hath he excepted moſt againſt my Love.
Oh, how this ſpring of love reſembleth
The uncertain glory of an *April*-day,
Which now ſhews all the beauty of the Sun,
And by and by a cloud takes all away. *Enter.*
Pan. Sir *Protheus,* your father calls for you;
He is in haſte, therefore I pray you go.
Pro. Why this it is: my heart accords thereto,
And yet a thouſand times it anſwers no. *Exeunt. Finis.*

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Valentine, Speed, Silvia.

Speed, Sir, your Glove.

Valen. Not mine : my Gloves are on.

Sp. VVhy then this may be yours ; for this is but one.

Val. Ha? Let me ſee: I, give it me, it's mine :
Sweet Ornament that decks a thing Divine,
Ah *Silvia*, *Silvia*.

Speed, Madam *Silvia* : Madam *Silvia*.

Val. How now Sirrah ?

Sp. She is not within hearing, Sir.

Val. VVhy Sir, who bad you call her ?

Sp. Your VVorſhip Sir, or elſe I miſtook.

Val. VVell : you'l ſtill be too forward.

Sp. And yet I was laſt chidden for being too ſlow.

Val. Go to Sir, tell me : do you know Madam *Silvia*?

Sp. She that your VVorſhip loves?

Val. VVhy, how know you that I am in love?

Sp. Marry by theſe ſpecial marks: firſt, you have learn'd (like Sir *Protheus*) to wreath your arms like a Male-content : to reliſh a Love-Song like a *Robin-red-breaſt*: to walk alone like one that had the Peſtilence : to ſigh like a School-boy that had loſt his *A. B. C.* to weep like a young VVench that had loſt her Grandam : to faſt like one that takes diet: to watch like one that fears robbing : to ſpeak puling like a Beggar at *Hollowmaſs*: You were wont when you laughed to crow like a Cock : when you walked to walk like one of the Lions: when you faſted it was preſently after dinner: when you look'd ſadly it was for want of money : and now you are metamorphos'd with a Miſtreſs, that when I look on you, I can hardly think you my Maſter.

Val. Are all theſe things perceiv'd in me?

Sp. They are all perceiv'd without ye.

Val. Without me? they cannot.

Sp. Without you? nay, that's certain ; for without you were ſo ſimple, none elſe would : but you are ſo without theſe follies, that theſe follies are within you, and ſhine through you like the water in an Urinal : that not an Eye that ſees you, but is a Phyſician to Comment on your Malady.

Val. But tell me : doſt thou know my Lady *Silvia*?

Sp. She that you gaze on ſo as ſhe ſits at ſupper ?

Val. Haſt thou obſerv'd that? even ſhe I mean.

Sp. Why ſir, I know her not.

Val. Doſt thou know her by gazing on her, and yet know'ſt her not ?

Sp. Is ſhe not hard-favour'd ſir?

Val. Not ſo fair (boy) as well favour'd.

Sp. Sir, I know that well enough.

Val. What doſt thou know?

Sp. That ſhe is not ſo fair as (of you) well favour'd.

Val. I mean that her beauty is exquiſite,
But her favour infinite.

Sp. That's becauſe the one is painted, and the other out of all count.

Val. How painted? and how out of count?

Sp. Marry ſir, ſo painted to make her fair, that no man counts of her beauty.

Val. How eſteem'ſt thou me? I account of her beauty.

Sp. You never ſaw her ſince ſhe was deform'd.

Val. How long hath ſhe been deform'd ?

Sp. Ever ſince you lov'd her.

Val. I have lov'd her ever ſince I ſaw her,
And ſtill I ſee her beautiful.

Sp. If you love her you cannot ſee her.

Val. VVhy ?

Sp. Becauſe Love is blind : O that you had mine Eyes, or your own Eyes had the Lights they were wont to have, when you chid at Sir *Protheus* for going ungarter'd.

Val. VVhat ſhould I ſee then ?

Sp. Your own preſent folly, and her paſſing deformity : for he, being in Love, could not ſee to garter his Hoſe ; and you, being in Love, cannot ſee to put on your Hoſe.

Val. Belike (boy) then you are in Love ; for laſt morning
You could not ſee to wipe my ſhooes.

Sp. True ſir, I was in love with my bed, I thank you, you ſwing'd me for my Love, which makes me the bolder to chide you for yours.

Val. In concluſion I ſtand affected to her.

Sp. I would you were ſet, ſo your Affection would ceaſe.

Val. Laſt night ſhe enjoyn'd me
To write ſome lines to one ſhe loves.

Sp. And have you?

Val. I have.

Sp. Are they not lamely writ ?

Val. No (boy), but as well as I can do them :
Peace, here ſhe comes.

Sp. Oh excellent Motion ! Oh exceeding Puppet !
Now will he interpret to her.

Val. Madam and Miſtris, a thouſand good morrows.

Sp. Oh ! 'give ye-good-ev'n : here's a million of manners.

Sil. Sir *Valentine*, and ſervant, to you two thouſand.

Sp. He ſhould give her Intereſt ; and ſhe gives it him.

Val. As you injoyn'd me, I have writ your Letter
Unto the ſecret, nameleſs friend of yours :
Which I was much unwilling to proceed in,
But my duty to your Ladyſhip.

Sil. I thank you (gentle ſervant), 'tis very Clerkly done.

Val. Now truſt me (Madam), it came hardly off :
For being ignorant to whom it goes,
I writ at random very doubtfully.

Sil. Perchance you think too much of ſo much pains ?

Val. No (Madam), ſo it ſteed you, I will write
(Pleaſe you command) a thouſand times as much :
And yet———

Sil. A pretty period : well : I gueſs the ſequel ;
And yet I will not name it : and yet I care not :
And yet take this again : and yet I thank you :
Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more.

Sp. And yet you will : and yet, another yet.

Val. What means your Ladyſhip ?
Do you not like it ?

Sil. Yes, yes : the lines are very quaintly writ ;
But (ſince unwillingly) take them again :
Nay, take them.

Val. Madam, they are for you.

Sil. I, I : you writ them, Sir, at my requeſt ;
But I will none of them : they are for you :
I would have had them writ more movingly.

Val. Pleaſe you, I'le write your Ladyſhip another.

Sil. And when it's writ, for my ſake read it over ;
And if it pleaſe you, ſo : if not, why ſo.

Val. If it pleaſe me (Madam)? what then ?

Sil. Why if it pleaſe you, take it for your labour :
And ſo good morrow ſervant. *Exit.*

Sp. Oh Jeſt unſeen, inſcrutible, inviſible,
As a Noſe on a man's Face, or a Weathercock on a Steeple:
My Maſter ſues to her : and ſhe hath taught her Sutor,
He being her Pupil, to become her Tutor :
Oh excellent device ! was there ever heard a better ?
That my Maſter being Scribe,
To himſelf ſhould write the Letter ?

Val. How now ſir ?
What are you reaſoning with your ſelf?

Sp. Nay, I was riming : 'tis you that have the Reaſon.

Val. To do what ?

Sp. To be a ſpokes-man from Madam *Silvia*.

Val. To whom ?

Sp. To your ſelf: why, ſhe woes you by a figure,
Val. What figure?
Sp. By a Letter, I ſhould ſay.
Val. Why, ſhe hath not writ to me?
Sp. What need ſhe,
When ſhe hath made you write to your ſelf?
Why, do you not perceive the Jeſt?
Val. No, believe me.
Sp. No believing you indeed Sir:
But did you perceive her Earneſt?
Val. She gave me none, except an angry word.
Sp. Why, ſhe hath given you a Letter.
Val. That's the Letter I writ to her friend.
Sp. And that Letter hath ſhe deliver'd; and there's an end.
Val. I would it were no worſe.
Sp. I'le warrant you 'tis as well:
For often have you writ to her; and ſhe in modeſty,
Or elſe for want of idle time, could not again reply;
Or fearing elſe ſome meſſenger that might her mind diſcover,
Her ſelf hath taught her Love himſelf to write unto her Lover.
All this I ſpeak in Print; for in Print I found it.
Why muſe you ſir? 'tis dinner-time.
Val. I have din'd.
Sp. I, but hearken ſir: though the *Cameleon* Love can feed on the air, I am one that am nouriſh'd by my victuals; and would fain have meat: Oh be not like your Miſtreſs; be moved, be moved. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Protheus, Julia, Panthion.

Pro. Have patience gentle *Julia.*
Jul. I muſt where is no Remedy.
Pro. When poſſibly I can, I will return.
Jul. If you turn not, you will return the ſooner:
Keep this Remembrance for thy *Julia*'s ſake.
Pro. Why then we'l make exchange;
Here, take you this.
Jul. And ſeal this bargain with a holy kiſs.
Pro. Here is my hand for my true conſtancy:
And when that hour ore-ſlips me in the day,
Wherein I ſigh not (*Julia*) for thy ſake,
The next enſuing hour ſome foul miſchance
Torment me for my Loves forgetfulneſs:
My father ſtays my coming: anſwer not:
The Tide is now; nay, not thy tide of tears;
That tide will ſtay me longer than I ſhould;
Julia farewel: what, gone without a word?
I, ſo true love ſhould do: it cannot ſpeak;
For truth hath better deeds than words to grace it.
Pan. Sir *Protheus*, you are ſtaid for.
Pro. Go: I come, I come:
Alas! this parting ſtrikes poor Lovers dumb.
Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Launce, Panthion.

Launce, Nay, 'twill be this hour ere I have done weeping: all the kind of thee *Launces* have this very fault: I have receiv'd my proportion, like the prodigious ſon, and am going with Sir *Protheus* to the Imperial's Court: I think *Crab* my Dog be the ſowreſt Natured Dog that lives: My Mother weeping: my Father wailing: my Siſter crying: our Maid howling: our Cat wringing her hands, and all our houſe in a great perplexity, yet did not this cruel-hearted Cur ſhed one tear: He is a ſtone, a very pibble-ſtone, and has no more pity in him than a Dog: A *Jew* would have wept to have ſeen our parting: Why, my Grandam, having no Eyes, look you, wept her ſelf blind at my parting: Nay, I'le ſhow you the manner of it: This ſhooe is my Father: no, this left ſhooe is my Father: no, no, this left ſhooe is my Mother: nay, that cannot be ſo neither: yes, it is ſo, it is ſo; it hath the worſer ſole: this ſhooe with the hole in it is my Mother; and this my Father: a veng'ance on't, there 'tis: Now ſir, this ſtaff is my Siſter: for look you, ſhe is as white as a lilly, and as ſmall as a wand: this hat is *Nan*, our Maid: I am the Dog: no, the Dog is himſelf, and I am the Dog: Oh, the Dog is me, and I am my ſelf: I ſo, ſo: Now come I to my Father; Father, your bleſſing: Now ſhould not the ſhooe ſpeak a word for weeping: Now ſhould I kiſs my Father: well, he weeps on: Now come I to my Mother: Oh that ſhe could ſpeak now like a would-woman: well, I kiſs her: why there 'tis: here's my Mothers breath up and down: Now come I to my Siſter: mark what moan ſhe makes: Now the Dog all this while ſheds not a tear, nor ſpeaks a word: but ſee how I lay the duſt with my tears.

Panth. Launce, away, away: aboard, thy Maſter is ſhip'd, and thou art to poſt after with Oars: what's the matter? why weep'ſt thou, man? away aſs, you'l loſe the Tide if you tarry any longer.

Laun. It is no matter if the Tide were loſt; for it is the unkindeſt Tide that ever any man tyde.

Panth. What's the unkindeſt Tide?

Laun. Why, he that's tide here, *Crab* my Dog.

Pan. Tut man: I mean, thou'lt loſe the flood, and in loſing the flood, loſe thy Voyage, and in loſing thy Voyage, loſe thy Maſter, and in loſing thy Maſter, loſe thy Service, and in loſing thy Service,——Why doſt thou ſtop my mouth?

Laun. For fear thou ſhould'ſt loſe thy tongue.

Panth. Where ſhould I loſe my tongue?

Laun. In thy Tale.

Panth. In thy Tail.

Laun. Loſe the Tide, and the Voyage, and the Maſter, and the Service, and the Tide: why man, if the River were dry, I am able to fill it with my tears: if the Wind were down, I could drive the Boat with my ſighs.

Panth. Come: come away man; I was ſent to call thee.

Lau. Sir, call me what thou dar'ſt.

Pan. VVilt thou go?

Lau. Well, I will go. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Valentine, Silvia, Thurio, Speed, Duke, Protheus.

Sil. Servant.
Val. Miſtris.
Sp. Maſter, Sir *Thurio* frowns on you.
Val. I boy, it's for love.
Sp. Not of you.
Val. Of my Miſtriſs then.
Sp. 'Twere good you knockt him.
Sil. Servant, you are ſad.
Val. Indeed, Madam, I ſeem ſo.
Thu. Seem you that you are not?
Val. Hap'ly I do.
Thu. So do Counterfeits.
Val. So do you.

Thu. What ſeem I that I am not?
Val. Wiſe.
Thu. What inſtance of the contrary?
Val. Your folly.
Thu. And how quote you my folly?
Val. I quote it in your Jerkin.
Thu. My Jerkin is a doublet.
Val. Well then, I'le double your folly.
Thu. How?
Sil. What, angry, Sir *Thurio?* do you change colour?
Val. Give him leave, Madam; he is a kind of *Camelion.*
Thu. That hath more mind to feed on your blood, than live in your air.
Val. You have ſaid ſir.
Thu. I ſir, and done too for this time.
Val. I know it well ſir; you always end ere you begin.
Sil. A fine Volly of words, Gentlemen, and quickly ſhot off.
Val. 'Tis indeed, Madam; we thank the giver.
Sil. Who is that Servant?
Val. Your ſelf (ſweet Lady); for you gave the fire:
Sir *Thurio* borrows his wit from your Ladyſhips looks,
And ſpends what he borrows kindly in your company.
Thu. Sir, if you ſpend word for word with me, I ſhall make your wit bankrupt.
Val. I know it well ſir, you have an Exchequer of words,
And I think no other treaſure to give your followers:
For it appears by their bare Liveries,
That they live by your bare words.
Sil. No more, gentlemen, no more:
Here comes my father.
Duke, Now daughter *Silvia,* you are hard beſet:
Sir *Valentine,* your father is in good health:
What ſay you to a Letter from your friends
Of much good News?
Val. My Lord, I will be thankful
To any meſſenger from thence.
Duke, Know you *Don Antonio,* your Countryman?
Val. I, my good Lord, I know the Gentleman
To be of worth and worthy eſtimation,
And not without deſert ſo well reputed.
Duke, Hath he not a Son?
Val. I my good Lord, a Son that well deſerves
The honour and regard of ſuch a Father.
Duke, You know him well?
Val. I knew him as my ſelf; for from our Infancy
We have converſt, and ſpent our hours together:
And tho my ſelf have been an idle Treuant,
Omitting the ſweet benefit of time
To clothe mine Age with Angel-like perfection;
Yet hath Sir *Protheus* (for that's his Name)
Made uſe and fair advantage of his days:
His Years but young, but his Experience old:
His head unmellowed, but his judgment ripe:
And in a word (for far behind his worth
Comes all the praiſes that I now beſtow),
He is compleat in feature and in mind,
With all good grace to grace a Gentleman.
Duk. Beſhrew me ſir, but if he make this good,
He is as worthy for an Empreſs Love,
As meet to be an Emperor's Counſellor:
Well ſir: this gentleman is come to me,
With Commendation from great Potentates;
And here he means to ſpend his time a while;
I think 'tis no welcome News to you.
Val. Should I have wiſh'd a thing, it had been he.
Duk. Welcome him then according to his worth:
Silvia, I ſpeak to you, and you Sir *Thurio;*
For *Valentine,* I need not cite him to it:
I will ſend him hither to you preſently.
Val. This is the gentleman I told your Ladyſhip
Had come along with me, but that his Miſtriſs
Did hold his Eyes lockt in her Chriſtal looks.
Sil. Belike that now ſhe hath enfranchis'd them
Upon ſome other pawn for fealty.
Val. Nay ſure, I think ſhe holds them priſoners ſtill.
Sil. Nay, then he ſhould be blind, and being blind,
How could he ſee his way to ſeek out you?
Val. Why Lady, Love hath twenty pair of Eyes.
Thu. They ſay that Love hath not an Eye at all.
Val. To ſee ſuch Lovers, *Thurio,* as your ſelf:
Upon a homely Object Love can wink. *Enter.*
Sil. Have done, have done: here comes the gentleman.
Val. Welcome dear *Protheus:* Miſtriſs, I beſeech you
Confirm this welcome with ſome ſpecial favour.
Sil. His worth is warrant for his welcome hither,
If this be he you oft have wiſh'd to hear from.
Val. Miſtris, it is: ſweet Lady, entertain him
To be my fellow-ſervant to your Ladyſhip.
Sil. Too low a Miſtris for ſo high a ſervant.
Pro. Not ſo, ſweet Lady; but too mean a ſervant
To have a Look of ſuch a worthy Miſtriſs.
Val. Leave off diſcourſe of diſability:
Sweet Lady entertain him for your ſervant.
Pro. My duty will I boaſt of, nothing elſe.
Sil. And duty never yet did want his meed:
Servant, you are welcome to a worthleſs Miſtriſs.
Pro. I'le die on him that ſays ſo but your ſelf.
Sil. That you are welcome?
Pro. That you are worthleſs.
Thur. Madam, my Lord, your father, would ſpeak with you.
Sil. I wait upon his pleaſure: Come Sir *Thurio,*
Go with me: Once more new ſervant welcome:
I'le leave you to confer of home affairs;
When you have done, we look to hear from you.
Pro. We'l both attend upon your Ladyſhip.
Val. Now tell me how do all from whence you came?
Pro. Your friends are well, and have them much commended.
Val. And how do yours?
Pro. I left them all in health.
Val. How does your Lady? and how thrives your Love?
Pro. My tales of Love were wont to weary you;
I know you joy not in a Love-diſcourſe
Val. I *Protheus,* but that Life is alter'd now;
I have done penance for contemning Love,
Whoſe high imperious thoughts have puniſh'd me
With bitter faſts, with penitential groans,
With nightly tears and daily heart-ſore ſighs:
For in revenge of my contempt of Love,
Love hath chac'd ſleep from my enthralled Eyes,
And made them watchers of mine own hearts ſorrow;
O gentle *Protheus,* Love's a mighty Lord,
And hath ſo humbled me as I confeſs
There is no wo to his correction;
Nor to his ſervice, no ſuch joy on earth:
Now no diſcourſe, except it be of Love:
Now can I break my faſt, dine, ſup and ſleep
Upon the very naked Name of Love.
Pro. Enough: I read your fortune in your Eye:
Was this the Idol that you worſhip ſo?
Val. Even ſhe: and is ſhe not a heavenly ſaint?
Pro. No: but ſhe is an earthly Paragon.
Val. Call her divine.
Pro. I will not flatter her.
Val. O flatter me; for Love delights in praiſe.
Pro. When I was ſick, you gave me bitter pills,
And I muſt miniſter the like to you.
Val. Then ſpeak the truth by her, if not divine,
Yet let her be a principality,
Soveraign to all the Creatures on the Earth.
Pro. Except my Miſtriſs.
Val. Sweet: Except not any,
Except thou wilt except againſt my Love.
Pro. Have I not Reaſon to prefer mine own?
Val. And I will help thee to prefer her too:
She ſhall be dignified with this high honour,
To bear my Ladies Train, leſt the baſe Earth
Should from her Veſture chance to ſteal a kiſs;

And of ſo great a favour growing proud,
Diſdain to root the Summer-ſwelling flower,
And make rough Winter everlaſtingly.
Pro. Why *Valentine*, what Bragadiſm is this?
Val. Pardon me (*Protheus*); all I can is nothing;
To her, whoſe worth makes other worthies nothing:
She is alone.
Pro. Then let her alone.
Val. Not for the World: why man, ſhe is mine own,
And I as rich in having ſuch a Jewel,
As twenty Seas, if all their ſand were pearl,
The water Nectar, and the Rock pure gold:
Forgive me that I do not dream on thee,
Becauſe thou ſeeſt me doat upon my Love:
My fooliſh Rival that her Father likes
(Only for his poſſeſſions are ſo huge),
Is gone with her along, and I muſt after;
For Love (thou know'ſt) is full of jealouſie.
Pro. But ſhe loves you? (hour,
Val. I, and we are betrothed: nay, more, our marriage-
VVith all the cunning manner of our flight,
Determin'd off: how I muſt climb her VVindow;
The Ladder made of Cords, and all the means
Plotted and 'greed on for my happineſs:
Good *Protheus* go with me to my Chamber,
In theſe affairs to aid me with thy counſel.
Pro. Go on before: I ſhall enquire you forth:
I muſt unto the Road to diſ-embarque
Some Neceſſaries that I needs muſt uſe,
And then I'le preſently attend you.
Val. VVill you make haſte?
Pro. I will:
Even as one heat another heat expels,
Or as one nail by ſtrength drives out another;
So the remembrance of my former Love
Is by a new Object quite forgotten:
Is it mine then, or *Valentineans* praiſe?
Her true perfection, or my falſe tranſgreſſion,
That makes me reaſonleſs, to reaſon thus?
She is fair; and ſo is *Julia* that I love
(That I did love; for now my Love is thaw'd,
VVhich like a waxen Image 'gainſt a fire,
Bears no impreſſion of the thing it was):
Methinks my zeal to *Valentine* is cold,
And that I love him not as I was wont:
O! but I love his Lady too-too much;
And that's the Reaſon I love him ſo little:
How ſhall I doat on her with more advice,
That thus without advice begin to love her?
'Tis but her picture I have yet beheld,
And that hath dazel'd ſo my Reaſon's Light:
But when I look on her perfections,
There is no Reaſon but I ſhall be blind:
If I can check my erring Love, I will:
If not, to compaſs her I'le uſe my ſkill.
Exit.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Speed *and* Launce.

Speed, *Launce*, by mine honeſty welcome to *Padua*.

Laun. Forſwear not thy ſelf, ſweet Youth; for I am not welcome: I reckon this always, that a man is never undone till he be hang'd, nor never welcome to a place, till ſome certain ſhot be paid, and the Hoſteſs ſay welcome.

Speed, Come on you mad-cap: I'le to the Ale-houſe with you preſently; where, for one ſhot of five pence, thou ſhalt have five thouſand welcomes: But ſirrah, how did thy Maſter part with Madam *Julia*?

Lau. Marry after they cloas'd in earneſt, they parted very fairly in jeſt.

Sp. But ſhall ſhe marry him?

Lau. No.

Sp. How then? ſhall he marry her?

Lau. No, neither.

Sp. VVhat, are they broken?

Lau. No: they are both as whole as a fiſh.

Sp. Why then, how ſtands the matter with them?

Lau. Marry thus; when it ſtands well with him, it ſtands well with her.

Sp. VVhat an Aſs art thou? I underſtand thee not.

Lau. What a block art thou, that thou canſt not? My ſtaff underſtands me.

Sp. What thou ſay'ſt?

Lau. I, and what I do too: Look thee, I'le but lean, and my ſtaff underſtands me.

Sp. It ſtands under thee indeed.

Lau. Why, ſtand-under, and underſtand is all one.

Sp. But tell me true; will't be a match?

Lau. Ask my Dog: if he ſay I, it will: if he ſay no, it will: if he ſhake his tail, and ſay nothing, it will.

Sp. The concluſion is then, that it will.

Lau. Thou ſhalt never get ſuch a ſecret from me, but by a parable.

Sp. 'Tis well that I get it ſo: But *Launce*, how ſay'ſt thou, that my Maſter is become a notable Lover?

Lau. I never knew him otherwiſe.

Sp. Than how?

Lau. A notable Lubber; as thou reporteſt him to be.

Sp. Why, thou whoreſon Aſs, thou miſtak'ſt me.

Lau. Why Fool, I meant not thee; I meant not thy Maſter.

Sp. I tell thee, my Maſter is become a hot Lover.

Lau. VVhy, I tell thee, I care not tho he burn himſelf in Love: If thou wilt go with me to the Alehouſe, ſo; if not, thou art an *Hebrew*, a *Jew*, and not worth the Name of a *Chriſtian*.

Sp. VVhy?

Lau. Becauſe thou haſt not ſo much charity in thee as to go to the Ale with a *Chriſtian*: VVilt thou go?

Sp. At thy ſervice.

Exeunt.

Scena Sexta.

Enter Protheus *ſolus.*

Pro. To leave my *Julia*; ſhall I be forſworn?
To love fair *Silvia*; ſhall I be forſworn?
To wrong my friend, I ſhall be much forſworn:
And ev'n that Power which gave me firſt my Oath,
Provokes me to this threefold Perjury:
Love bad me ſwear, and Love bids me forſwear:
O ſweet ſuggeſting Love, if thou haſt ſinn'd,
Teach me (thy tempted ſubject) to excuſe it:
At firſt I did adore a twinkling Star,
But now I worſhip a celeſtial Sun:
Unheedful Vows may heedfully be broken;
And he wants wit that wants reſolved will,
To learn his wit t' exchange the bad for better:
Fie, fie, unreverend tongue, to call her bad,
VVhoſe ſoveraignty ſo oft thou haſt prefer'd,
VVith twenty thouſand ſoul-confirming Oaths:
I cannot leave to love, and yet I do:
But there I leave to love where I ſhould love:
Julia I loſe, and *Valentine* I loſe:
If I keep them, I needs muſt loſe my ſelf:

If I loſe them, thus find I but their loſs,
For *Valentine*, my ſelf; for *Julia*, *Silvia*:
I to my ſelf am dearer than a friend;
For Love is ſtill moſt precious in it ſelf,
And *Silvia* (witneſs heaven that made her fair)
Shews *Julia* but a ſwarthy *Ethiope*:
I will forget that *Julia* is alive,
Remembring that my love to her is dead:
And *Valentine* I'le hold an Enemy,
Aiming at *Silvia* as a ſweeter Friend:
I cannot now prove conſtant to my ſelf,
VVithout ſome treachery us'd to *Valentine*:
This night he meaneth with a corded-ladder,
To climb celeſtial *Silvia*'s chamber window,
My ſelf in council his competitor:
Now preſently I'le give her Father notice
Of their diſguiſing and pretended flight;
VVho (all inrag'd) will baniſh *Valentine*:
For *Thurio* he intends ſhall wed his daughter;
But *Valentine* being gone, I'le quickly croſs,
By ſome ſly trick, blunt *Thurio*'s dull proceeding:
Love lend me wings, to make my purpoſe ſwift,
As thou haſt lent me wit to plot his drift.
Exit.

Scena Septima.

Enter Julia *and* Lucetta.

Ju. Counſel, *Lucetta*; gentle girl, aſſiſt me,
And even in kind Love I do conjure thee,
VVho art the Table wherein all my thoughts
Are viſibly Character'd and Engrav'd,
To leſſon me, and tell me ſome good mean,
How with my honour I may undertake
A journey to my loving *Protheus*.
Luc. Alas, the way is weariſome and long.
Ju. A true devoted Pilgrim is not weary
To meaſure Kingdoms with his feeble ſteps,
Much leſs ſhall ſhe that hath Love's wings to fly;
And when the flight is made to one ſo dear,
Of ſuch divine perfection as Sir *Protheus*.
Lu. Better forbear till *Protheus* make return.
Ju. Oh, know'ſt thou not, his looks are my ſoul's food?
Pity the Dearth that I have pined in,
By longing for that food ſo long a time:
Did'ſt thou but know the inchly touch of Love,
Thou would'ſt as ſoon go kindle fire with ſnow
As ſeek to quench the fire of Love with words.
Lu. I do not ſeek to quench your Love's hot fire,
But qualifie the fire's extream rage,
Leſt it ſhould burn above the bounds of Reaſon.
Ju. The more thou dam'ſt it up, the more it burns:
The Current that with gentle murmur glides
(Thou know'ſt) being ſtop'd, impatiently doth rage;
But when his fair courſe is not hindered,
He makes ſweet muſick with th' enamel'd ſtones,
Giving a gentle kiſs to every ſedg
He overtaketh in his Pilgrimage:
And ſo by many winding nooks he ſtrays,
VVith willing ſport to the wild Ocean:
Then let me go, and hinder not my courſe:
I'le be as patient as a gentle ſtream,
And make a paſtime of each weary ſtep,
Till the laſt ſtep have brought me to my Love;
And there I'le reſt as after much turmoil
A bleſſed ſoul doth in *Elizium*.
Luc. But in what habit will you go along?
Ju. Not like a woman; for I would prevent
The looſe encounters of laſcivious men:
Gentle *Lucetta*, fit me with ſuch weeds
As may beſeem ſome well-reputed Page.
Lu. Why then your Ladiſhip muſt cut your hair.
Ju. No, girl: I'le knit it up in ſilken ſtrings,
With twenty odd-conceited true-love knots:
To be fantaſtick, may become a Youth
Of greater time than I ſhall ſhow to be.
Lu. What faſhion (Madam) ſhall I make your breeches?
Ju. That fits as well, as tell me (good my Lord),
What compaſs will you wear your Farthingale?
Why, even what faſhion thou beſt likes (*Lucetta*).
Lu. You muſt needs have them with a cod-piece(Madam).
Ju. Out, out (*Lucetta*), that will be ill-favour'd.
Lu. A round hoſe (Madam) now's not worth a pin,
Unleſs you have a cod-piece to ſtick pins on.
Ju. *Lucetta*, as thou lov'ſt me, let me have
What thou think'ſt meet, and is moſt mannerly:
But tell me (Wench), how will the World repute me
For undertaking ſo unſtaid a journey?
I fear me it will make me ſcandaliz'd.
Lu. If you think ſo, then ſtay at home, and go not.
Ju. Nay, that I will not.
Lu. Then never dream on Infamy, but go:
If *Protheus* like your journey when you come,
No matter who's diſpleas'd when you are gone:
I fear me he will ſcarce be pleas'd with all.
Ju. That is the leaſt (*Lucetta*) of my fear:
A thouſand Oaths, an Ocean of his tears,
And Inſtances as infinite of Love,
Warrant me welcome to my *Protheus*.
Lu. All theſe are ſervants to deceitful men.
Ju. Baſe men that uſe them to ſo baſe effect;
But truer ſtars did govern *Protheus* birth:
His Words are Bonds, his Oaths are Oracles,
His love ſincere, his thoughts immaculate,
His tears pure Meſſengers ſent from his heart,
His heart as far from fraud as Heaven from Earth.
Lu. Pray Heaven he prove ſo when you come to him.
Ju. Now as thou lov'ſt me, do him not that wrong
To bear a hard opinion of his truth:
Only deſerve my love by loving him,
And preſently go with me to my chamber,
To take a Note of what I ſtand in need of,
To furniſh me upon my longing journey:
All that is mine I leave at thy diſpoſe,
My Goods, my Lands, my Reputation,
Only in lieu thereof diſpatch me hence:
Come, anſwer not; but to it preſently:
I am impatient of my tarriance.
Exeunt.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Duke, Thurio, Protheus, Valentine, Launce, Speed.

Du. Sir *Thurio*, give us leave (I pray) a while;
We have ſome ſecrets to confer about:
Now tell me, *Protheus*, what's your will with me?
Pro. My gracious Lord, that which I would diſcover
The Law of Friendſhip bids me to conceal;
But when I call to mind your gracious favours
Done to me (undeſerving as I am),
My duty pricks me on to utter that
Which elſe no worldly good ſhould draw from me:
Know (worthy Prince) Sir *Valentine*, my friend,
This night intends to ſteal away your daughter:
My ſelf is one made privy to the Plot:
I know you have determin'd to beſtow her
On *Thurio*, whom your gentle daughter hates;

And ſhould ſhe thus be ſtol'n away from you,
It would be much vexation to your age:
Thus (for my duties ſake) I rather choſe
To croſs my friend in his intended drift,
Than (by concealing it) heap on your head
A pack of ſorrows, which would preſs you down
(Being unprepared) to your timeleſs grave.
Du. Protheus, I thank thee for thine honeſt care;
Which to requite, command me while I live:
This love of theirs my ſelf have often ſeen,
Haply when they have judg'd me faſt aſleep,
And oftentimes have purpos'd to forbid
Sir *Valentine* her Company, and my Court:
But fearing leſt my jealous aim might err,
And ſo (unworthily diſgrace the man,
A raſhneſs that I ever yet have ſhunn'd)
I gave him gentle looks, thereby to find
That which thy ſelf haſt now diſclos'd to me:
And thou maiſt perceive my fear of this,
Knowing that tender youth is ſoon ſuggeſted,
I nightly lodg her in an upper Tower,
The key whereof my ſelf have ever kept:
And thence ſhe cannot be convey'd away.
Pro. Know (noble Lord) they have deviſ'd a mean
How he her Chamber-Window will aſcend,
And with a Corded Ladder fetch her down:
For which the youthful Lover now is gone,
And this way comes he with it preſently:
Where (if it pleaſe you) you may intercept him:
But (good my Lord) do it ſo cunningly,
That my diſcovery be not aimed at:
For love of you, not hate unto my friend,
Hath made me publiſher of this pretence.
Du. Upon mine honour, he ſhall never know
That I had any light from thee of this.
Pro. Adieu, my Lord; Sir *Valentine* is coming. *Enter.*
Du. Sir *Valentine*, whether away ſo faſt?
Va. Pleaſe it your Grace, there is a Meſſenger
That ſtays to bear my Letters to my Friends,
And I am going to deliver them.
Du. Be they of much import?
Va. The tenure of them doth but ſignifie
My health, and happy being at your Court.
Du. Nay, then no matter: ſtay with me a while;
I am to break with thee of ſome affairs
That touch me near; wherein thou muſt be ſecret:
'Tis not unknown to thee, that I have ſought
To match my friend, Sir *Thurio*, to my daughter.
Va. I know it well (my Lord), and ſure the Match
VVere rich and honourable: Beſides, the gentleman
Is full of Virtue, Bounty, VVorth, and Qualities,
Beſeeming ſuch a VViſe as your fair daughter:
Cannot your Grace win her to fancy him?
Du No, truſt me, ſhe is peeviſh, ſullen, froward,
Proud, diſobedient, ſtubborn, lacking duty,
Neither regarding that ſhe is my child,
Nor fearing me, as if I were her father:
And may I ſay to thee, this pride of hers
(Upon advice) hath drawn my love from her;
And where I thought the remnant of mine Age
Should have been cheriſh'd by her Child-like duty,
I now am full reſolv'd to take a VViſe,
And turn her out to who will take her in:
Then let her Beauty be her VVedding-Dowre;
For me and my poſſeſſions ſhe eſteems not.
Va. VVhat would your Grace have me to do in this?
Du. There is a Lady in *Verona* here
VVhom I affect: But ſhe is nice and coy,
And nought eſteems my aged Eloquence:
Now therefore would I have thee to my Tutor
(For long agone I have forgot to court:
Beſides, the faſhion of the time is chang'd),
How, and which way I may beſtow my ſelf,
To be regarded in her Sun-bright Eye.
Va. VVin her with gifts, if ſhe reſpects not words;
Dumb Jewels often in their ſilent kind
More than quick words, do move a womans mind.
Du. But ſhe did ſcorn a preſent that I ſent her.
Va. A woman ſometimes ſcorns what beſt contents her:
Send her another: never give her o're;
For ſcorn at firſt makes after-love the more:
If ſhe do frown, 'tis not in hate of you,
But rather to beget more love in you:
If ſhe do chide, 'tis not to have you gone:
For why, the fools are mad if left alone:
Take no repulſe, whatever ſhe doth ſay;
For, get you gone, ſhe doth not mean away:
Flatter, and praiſe, commend, extoll their graces:
Tho ne're ſo black, ſay they have Angels faces:
That man that hath a tongue, I ſay, is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.
Du. But ſhe I mean, is promis'd by her Friends
Unto a youthful gentleman of worth,
And kept ſeverely from reſort of men,
That no man hath acceſs by day to her.
Va. VVhy then I would reſort to her by night.
Du. I, but the doors be lockt, and keys kept ſafe,
That no man hath recourſe to her by night.
Va. VVhat lets but one may enter at her VVindow?
Du. Her Chamber is aloft far from the ground,
And built ſo ſhelving, that one cannot climb it
VVithout apparent hazzard of his life.
Val. VVhy then a Ladder quaintly made of Cords,
To caſt up, with a pair of anchoring hooks,
VVould ſerve to ſcale another *Hero*'s Tower,
So bold *Leander* would adventure it.
Du. Now as thou art a gentleman of blood,
Adviſe me where I may have ſuch a Ladder.
Va. VVhen would you uſe it? pray ſir, tell me that.
Du. This very night; for Love is like a Child
That longs for every thing that he can come by.
Va. By ſeven a Clock I'le get you ſuch a Ladder.
Du. But hark thee: I will go to her alone;
How ſhall I beſt convey the Ladder thither?
Va. It will be light (my Lord) that you may bear it
Under a Cloak that is of any length.
Du. A Cloak as long as thine will ſerve the turn?
Va. I, my good Lord.
Du. Then let me ſee thy Cloak;
I'le get me one of ſuch another length.
Va. VVhy any Cloak will ſerve the turn (my Lord)
Du. How ſhall I faſhion me to wear a Cloak?
I pray thee let me feel thy Cloak upon me:
VVhat Letter is this ſame? what's here? to *Silvia*?
And here an Engine fit for my proceeding?
I'le be ſo bold to break the Seal for once:

My thoughts do harbour with my Silvia *nightly,*
And ſlaves they are to me that ſend them flying:
Oh, could their Maſter come, and go as lightly,
Himſelf would lodg where (ſenſeleſs) they are lying:
My Herald Thoughts in thy pure boſome reſt them,
While I (their King) that thither them importune,
Do curſe the grace that with ſuch grace hath bleſt them,
Becauſe my ſelf do want my ſervants fortune:
I curſe my ſelf, for they are ſent by me,
That they ſhould harbour where their Lord would be.

VVhat's here? *Silvia? this night will I infranchiſe thee:*
'Tis ſo; and here's the Ladder for the purpoſe:
VVhy *Phaetan* (for thou art *Merop*'s ſon),
VVilt thou aſpire to guide the heavenly Cat?
And with thy daring folly burn the VVorld?
VVilt thou reach ſtars becauſe they ſhine on thee?
Go baſe Intruder, over-weening Slave,
Beſtow thy fawning ſmiles on equal mates,
And think my patience (more than thy deſert)
Is priviledg for thy departure hence:

Thank me for this, more than for all the favours
Which (all-too much) I have beſtowed on thee:
But if thou linger in my Territories
Longer than ſwifteſt expedition
Will give thee time to leave our Royal Court,
By heaven, my wrath ſhall far exceed the love
I ever bore my Daughter, or thy ſelf:
Be gone, I will not hear thy vain Excuſe,
But as thou lov'ſt thy life, make ſpeed from hence. *Exit.*
Val. And why not death rather than living torment?
To die, is to be baniſh'd from my ſelf,
And *Silvia* is my ſelf: baniſh'd from her
Is ſelf from ſelf: A deadly baniſhment:
What light is light, if *Silvia* be not ſeen?
What joy is joy, if *Silvia* be not by?
Unleſs it be to think that ſhe is by,
And feed upon the ſhadow of perfection:
Except I be by *Silvia* in the night,
There is no muſick in the Nightingale:
Unleſs I look on *Silvia* in the day,
There is no day for me to look upon:
She is my Eſſence, and I leave to be,
If I be not by her fair influence
Foſter'd, illumin'd, cheriſh'd, kept alive:
I fly not Death to fly his deadly doom;
Tarry I here, I but attend on death;
But fly I hence, I fly away from Life. *Enter* Pro. *and*
Pro. Run (boy), run, run, and ſeek him out. Launce.
Lau. Soa-hough, Soa-hough———
Pro. What ſeeſt thou?
Lau. Him we go to find:
There's not an hair on's head but 'tis a *Valentine.*
Pro. Valentine?
Va. No.
Pro. Who then? his Spirit?
Va. Neither.
Pro. What then?
Va. Nothing.
Lau. Can nothing ſpeak? Maſter, ſhall I ſtrike?
Pro. Whom would'ſt thou ſtrike?
Lau. Nothing.
Pro. Villain, forbear.
Lau. Why, Sir, I'le ſtrike nothing: I pray you.
Pro. Sirrah, I ſay, forbear: Friend *Valentine*, a word.
Va. My Ears are ſtopt, and cannot hear good news,
So much of bad already hath poſſeſt them.
Pro. Then in dumb ſilence will I bury mine;
For they are harſh, untuneable, and bad.
Va. Is *Silvia* dead?
Pro. No, *Valentine.*
Va. No *Valentine* indeed for ſacred *Silvia:*
Hath ſhe forſworn me?
Pro. No, *Valentine.*
Va. No *Valentine*, if *Silvia* have forſworn me:
What is your news?
Lau. Sir, there is a Proclamation that you are vaniſhed.
Pro. That thou art baniſh'd: oh that's the news,
From hence, from *Silvia*, and from me thy friend.
Va. Oh, I have fed upon this wo already:
And now exceſs of it will make me ſurfeit:
Doth *Silvia* know that I am baniſh'd?
Pro. I, I: and ſhe hath offered to the doom
(Which unreverſt ſtands in effectual force)
A Sea of melting Pearl, which ſome call tears:
Thoſe at her Father's churliſh feet ſhe tendred,
With them upon her knees, her humble ſelf,
Wringing her hands, whoſe whiteneſs ſo became them,
As if but now they waxed pale for wo:
But neither bended knees, pure hands held up,
Sad ſighs, deep groans, nor ſilver-ſhedding tears
Could penetrate her uncompaſſionate ſire:
But *Valentine*, if he be ta'ne, muſt die:
Beſides, her interceſſion chaf'd him ſo,
When ſhe for thy repeal was ſuppliant,
That to cloſe Priſon he commanded her,
With many bitter threats of biding there.
Va. No more, unleſs the next word that thou ſpeak'ſt
Have ſome malignant power upon my life:
If ſo, I pray thee breathe it in mine Ear,
As ending Antheme of my endleſs dolour.
Pro. Ceaſe to lament for that thou canſt not help,
And ſtudy help for that which thou lament'ſt:
Time is the Nurſe and Breeder of all good:
Here if thou ſtay, thou canſt not ſee thy Love:
Beſides, thy ſtaying will abridge thy life:
Hope is a Lover's ſtaff, walk hence with that,
And manage it againſt deſpairing thoughts:
Thy Letters may be here, tho thou art hence,
VVhich, being writ to me, ſhall be deliver'd
Even in the milk-white boſome of thy love:
The time now ſerves not to expoſtulate,
Come, I'le convey thee through the City-gate,
And e're I part with thee, confer at large
Of all that may concern thy Love-affairs:
As thou lov'ſt *Silvia* (tho not for thy ſelf)
Regard thy danger, and along with me.
Va. I pray thee *Launce*, and if thou ſeeſt my boy,
Bid him make haſte, and meet me at the *North*-gate.
Pro. Go ſirrah, find him out: Come *Valentine.*
Va. Oh my dear *Silvia*, hapleſs *Valentine.* *Exeunt.*

Launce, I am but a fool, look you, and yet I have the wit to think my Maſter is a kind of a knave: but that's all one, if he be but one knave: He lives not now that knows me to be in love, yet I am in love; but a Teem of horſe ſhall not pluck that from me; nor who 'tis I love: and yet 'tis a woman; but what woman, I will not tell my ſelf: and yet 'tis a Milkmaid: yet 'tis not a maid; for ſhe hath had Goſſips: yet 'tis a maid; for ſhe is her Maſter's maid, and ſerves for wages: She hath more qualities than a VVater-Spaniel, which is much in a bare Chriſtian: Here is the Cate-log of her Conditions: *Imprimis*, ſhe can fetch and carry: why, a horſe can do no more: nay, a horſe cannot fetch, but only carry; therefore is ſhe better than a Jade. *Item*, ſhe can milk, look you, a ſweet virtue in a maid with clean hands. *Enter* Speed.

Speed, How now Signior *Launce*? what news with your Maſterſhip?

La. VVith my Maſterſhip? why, it is at Sea.

Sp. VVell, your old vice ſtill: miſtake the word: what news then in your paper?

La. The black'ſt news that ever thou heard'ſt.
Sp. VVhy man, how black?
La. VVhy, as black as Ink.
Sp. Let me read them.
La. Fie on thee Jolthead, thou canſt not read.
Sp. Thou lieſt: I can.
La. I will try thee: tell me this: who begot thee?
Sp. Marry, the ſon of my Grand-father.

Sp. Oh illiterate loyterer, it was the ſon of thy Grand-mother: this proves that thou canſt not read.

Sp. Come fool, come: try me in thy paper.
La. There: and S. *Nicholas* be thy ſpeed.
Sp. Imprimis, ſhe can milk.
La. I, that ſhe can.
Sp. Item, ſhe brews good Ale.

La. And therefore comes the Proverb (*Bleſſing of your heart, you brew good Ale*).

Sp. Item, ſhe can ſowe.
La. That's as much as to ſay (*Can ſhe ſo*)?
Sp. Item, ſhe can knit.
La. VVhat need a man care for a ſtock with a wench,
VVhen ſhe can knit him a ſtock?
Sp. Item, She can waſh and ſcour.

La. A ſpecial vertue: for then ſhe need not to be waſh'd and ſcour'd.

Sp. Item, ſhe can ſpin.

La. Then may I ſet the world on wheels, when ſhe can ſpin for her living.

Sp. Item, ſhe hath many nameleſs Vertues

La. That's as much as to ſay, *Baſtard-Vertues*; that indeed know not their Fathers, and therefore have no Names.

Sp. Here follows her Vices.

La. Cloſe at the heels of her Vertues.

Sp. Item, ſhe is not to be faſting in reſpect of her breath.

La. Well: that fault may be mended with a breakfaſt: Read on.

Sp. Item, ſhe hath a ſweet mouth.

La. That makes amends for her ſowr breath.

Sp. Item, ſhe doth talk in her ſleep.

La. It's no matter for that; ſo ſhe ſleep not in her talk.

Sp. Item, ſhe is ſlow in words.

La. Oh villain! that ſet down among her Vices!
To be ſlow in words is a womans only Vertue:
I pray thee out with't, and place it for her chief Vertue.

Sp. Item, ſhe is proud

La. Out with that too:
It was *Eves* Legacy, and cannot be ta'ne from her.

Sp. Item, ſhe hath no teeth.

La. I care not for that neither, becauſe I love cruſts.

Sp. Item, ſhe is curſt.

La. Well: the beſt is, ſhe hath no teeth to bite.

Sp. Item, ſhe will often praiſe her liquor.

La. If her liquor be good, ſhe ſhall: if ſhe will not, I will; for good things ſhould be praiſed.

Sp. Item, ſhe is too liberal.

La. Of her tongue ſhe cannot; for that's writ down, ſhe is ſlow of: of her purſe ſhe ſhall not; for that I'le keep ſhut: Now of another thing ſhe may, and that cannot I help: Well, proceed.

Sp. Item, ſhe hath more hairs than wit, and more faults than hairs, and more wealth than faults.

La. Stop there: I'le have her: ſhe was mine, and not mine twice or thrice in that Article: Rehearſe that once more.

Sp. Item, ſhe hath more hair than wit.

La. More hair than wit: it may be I'le prove it: The cover of the ſalt, hides the ſalt; and therefore it is more than the ſalt; the hair that covers the wit, is more than the wit: for the greater hides the leſs: What's next?

Sp. And more faults than hairs.

La. That's monſtrous: Oh that that were out,

Sp. And more wealth than faults.

La. Why that word makes the faults gracious:
Well: I'le have her: and if it be a match, as nothing is impoſſible.

Sp. What then?

La. Why then will I tell thee, that thy Maſter ſtaies for thee at the *North* gate

Sp. For me?

La. For thee? I: who art thou? he hath ſtaid for a better man than thee.

Sp. And muſt I go to him?

La Thou muſt run to him: for thou haſt ſtaid ſo long, that going will ſcarce ſerve the turn.

Sp. Why did'ſt not tell me ſooner? 'pox on your Love-Letters.

La. Now will he be ſwing'd for reading my Letter:
An unmannerly ſlave, that will thruſt himſelf into ſecrets:
I'le after to rejoice in the boy's correction. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Duke, Thurio, Protheus.

Du. Sir *Thurio,* fear not, but that ſhe will love you
Now *Valentine* is baniſh'd from her ſight.

Th. Since his Exile ſhe hath diſpis'd me moſt,
Forſworn my company, and rail'd at me,
That I am deſperate of obtaining her.

Du. This weak impreſs of Love, is as a figure
Trenched in ice, which with an hours heat
Diſſolves to water, and doth loſe his form:
A little time will melt her frozen thoughts,
And worthleſs *Valentine* ſhall be forgot:
How now, Sir *Protheus,* is your Countrey-man
(According to our Proclamation) gone?

Pro. Gone, my good Lord.

Du. My Daughter takes his going heavily.

Pro. A little time (my Lord) will kill that grief.

Du. So I believe: but *Thurio* thinks not ſo:
Protheus: The good conceit I hold of thee
(For thou haſt ſhown ſome ſign of good deſert),
Makes me the better to confer with thee.

Pro. Longer than I prove loyal to your Grace,
Let me not live to look upon your Grace.

Du. Thou know'ſt how willingly I would effect
The match between ſir *Thurio* and my Daughter?

Pro. I do my Lord.

Du And alſo I do think thou art not ignorant
How ſhe oppoſes her againſt my will?

Pr. She did, my Lord, when *Valentine* was here.

Du. I, and perverſly ſhe perſeveres ſo:
What might we do to make the girl forget
The love of *Valentine,* and love ſir *Thurio?*

Pro. The beſt way is to ſlander *Valentine*
With falſhood, cowardiſe, and poor deſcent:
Three things that women highly hold in hate.

Du. I, but ſhe'l think that it is ſpoken in hate.

Pro. I, if his enemy deliver it:
Therefore it muſt with circumſtance be ſpoken
By one whom ſhe eſteems as his friend.

Du. Then you muſt undertake to ſlander him.

Pro. And that (my Lord) I ſhall be loath to do:
'Tis an ill office for a Gentleman,
Eſpecially againſt his very friend.

Du. Where your good word cannot advantage him,
Your ſlander never can endamage him;
Therefore the office is indifferent,
Being intreated to it by your friend.

Pro. You have prevail'd (my Lord): if I can do it
By ought that I can ſpeak in his diſpraiſe,
She ſhall not long continue love to him:
But ſay, this weed her love from *Valentine,*
It follows not that ſhe will love ſir *Thurio.*

Th. Therefore as you unwind her love from him,
Leſt it ſhould ravel, and be good to none,
You muſt provide to bottom it on me:
Which muſt be done by praiſing me as much
As you in worth diſpraiſe ſir *Valentine.*

Du. And *Protheus,* we dare truſt you in this kind,
Becauſe we know (on *Valentine's* Report)
You are already Love's firm votary,
And cannot ſoon revolt and change your mind:
Upon this Warrant ſhall you have acceſs,
Where you with *Silvia* may confer at large:
For ſhe is lumpiſh, heavy, melancholly,
And (for your friend's ſake) will be glad of you;
Where you may temper her, by your perſwaſion,
To hate young *Valentine,* and love my friend.

Pro. As much as I can do, I will effect:
But you, ſir *Thurio,* are not ſharp enough:
You muſt lay Lime, to tangle her deſires
By wailful Sonnets, whoſe compoſed Rimes
Should be full fraught with ſerviceable Vows.

Du. I, much is the force of Heaven-bred Poeſie.

Pro. Say, that upon the Altar of her Beauty
You ſacrifice your tears, your ſighs, your heart:
Write till your ink be dry, and with your tears
Moiſt it again, and frame ſome feeling line
That may diſcover ſuch integrity:

For *Orpheus* Lute was ſtrung with Poets ſinews,
Whoſe golden touch could ſoften ſteel and ſtones;
Make Tygers tame, and huge *Leviathans*
Forſake unſounded deeps, and dance on ſands:
After your dire-lamenting Elegies,
Viſit by night your Ladies Chamber-window
With ſome ſweet conſort: To their Inſtruments
Tune a deploring dump: the nights dead ſilence
Will well become ſuch ſweet complaining grievance:
This, or elſe nothing, will inherit her.
Du. This Diſcipline ſhews thou haſt been in Love.
Th. And thy advice this night I'le put in practiſe:
Therefore ſweet *Protheus*, my direction-giver,
Let us into the City preſently
To ſort ſome Gentlemen well skill'd in Muſick:
I have a Sonnet that will ſerve the turn
To give the onſet to thy good advice.
Du. About it Gentlemen.
Pro. We'l wait upon your Grace till after ſupper,
And afterwards determine our proceedings.
Du. Even now about it, I will pardon you.
Exeunt.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Valentine, Speed, *and certain Out-laws.*

1. *Out-l.* Fellows, ſtand faſt: I ſee a paſſenger.
2. *Out.* If there be ten, ſhrink not, but down with 'em.
3. *Out.* Stand ſir, and throw us that you have about ye:
If not, we'l make you ſir, and rifle you.
Sp. Sir, we are undone; theſe are the Villains
That all the Travellers do fear ſo much.
Val. My Friends.
1. *Out.* That's not ſo, ſir: we are your Enemies.
2. *Out.* Peace: we'l hear him.
3. *Out.* I by my beard will we; for he is a proper man.
Val. Then know that I have little to loſe:
A man I am, croſs'd with adverſity:
My Riches are theſe poor habiliments;
Of which, if you ſhould here disfurniſh me,
You take the ſum and ſubſtance that I have.
2. *Out.* VVhither travel you?
Val. To *Verona.*
1. *Out.* VVhence came you?
Val. From *Millain.*
3. *Out.* Have you long ſojourn'd there?
Val. Some ſixteen months, and longer might have ſtaid,
If crooked Fortune had not thwarted me.
1 *Out.* VVhat, were you baniſh'd thence?
Val. I was.
2. *Out.* For what Offence?
Val. For that which now torments me to rehearſe:
I kill'd a man, whoſe death I much repent;
But yet I ſlew him manfully in fight,
VVithout falſe vantage, or baſe treachery.
1. *Out.* VVhy ne're repent it, if it were done ſo:
But were you baniſh'd for ſo ſmall a fault?
Val. I was, and held me glad of ſuch a doom.
2 *Out.* Have you the tongues?
Val. My youthful *travel* therein made me happy,
Or elſe often had been miſerable.
3. *Out.* By the bare ſcalp of *Robin hood's* fat Friar,
This fellow were a King for our wild faction.
1. *Out.* VVe'l have him: Sirs, a word.
Sp. Maſter, be one of them:
It's an honourable kind of thievery.
Val. Peace Villain.
2. *Out.* Tell us this: have you any things to take to?
Val. Nothing but my fortune.
3. *Out.* Know then, that ſome of us are Gentlemen,
Such as the fury of ungovern'd Youth
Thruſt from the company of awful men:
My ſelf was from *Verona* baniſhed,
For practiſing to ſteal away a Lady,
An Heir, and Neece alli'd unto the Duke.
2. *Out.* And I from *Mantua*, for a Gentleman,
Who, in my mood, I ſtabb'd unto the heart.
1. *Out.* And I for ſuch like petty crimes as theſe:
But to the purpoſe; for we cite our faults,
That they may hold excus'd our lawleſs lives;
And partly ſeeing you are beautifi'd
With goodly ſhape; and by your own report,
A Linguiſt, and a man of ſuch perfection
As we do in our quality much want.
2. *Out.* Indeed becauſe you are a baniſh'd man,
There, above the reſt, we parley to you:
Are you content to be our General?
To make a Vertue of Neceſſity,
And live as we do in the Wilderneſs?
3. *Out.* What ſai'ſt thou? wilt thou be of our conſort?
Say, I, and be the Captain of us all:
We'l do thee homage, and be rul'd by thee,
Love thee as our Commander and our King.
1. *Out.* But if thou ſcorn our courteſie, thou dieſt.
2. *Out.* Thou ſhalt not live to brag what we have offer'd
Val. I take your offer, and will live with you,
Provided that you do no out-rages
On ſilly Women, or poor paſſengers.
3. *Out.* No, we deteſt ſuch vile baſe practiſes:
Come, go with us, we'l bring thee to our Crews,
And ſhew thee all the treaſure we have got;
Which with our ſelves, all reſt at thy diſpoſe. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Protheus, Thurio, Julia, Hoſt, Muſician, Silvia.

Pro. Already have I been falſe to *Valentine*,
And now I muſt be as unjuſt to *Thurio*,
Under the colour of commending him,
I have acceſs my own love to prefer:
But *Silvia* is too fair, too true, too holy,
To be corrupted with my worthleſs gifts:
When I proteſt true loyalty to her,
She twits me with my falſhood to my friend:
When to her beauty I commend my Vows,
She bids me think how I have been forſworn
In breaking Faith with *Julia*, whom I lov'd:
And notwithſtanding all her ſudden quips,
The leaſt whereof would quell a Lover's hope,
Yet (Spaniel-like) the more ſhe ſpurns my love,
The more it grows, fawneth on her ſtill:
But here comes *Thurio*: now muſt we to her Window,
And give ſome Evening Muſick to her Ear.
Thu. How now, Sir *Protheus*, are you crept before us?
Pro. I, gentle *Thurio*: for you know that Love
VVill creep in ſervice where it cannot go.
Thu. I, but I hope, Sir, that you love not here.
Pro. Sir, but I do; or elſe I would be hence.
Thu. VVhom, *Silvia*?
Pro. I, *Silvia*, for your ſake.
Thu. I thank you for your own: Now Gentlemen
Let's turn, and to it luſtily a while.
Ho. Now my young gueſt; methinks you'r allycholly:
I pray what is it?
Ju. Marry (mine *Hoſt*), becauſe I cannot be merry.
Ho. Come, we'l have you merry: I'le bring you where you ſhall hear Muſick, and ſee the Gentleman that you ask'd for.

Ju. But I ſhall hear him ſpeak.

Ho. I, that you ſhall.

Ju. That will be Muſick.

Ho. Hark, hark.

Ju. Is he among theſe ?

Ho. I: but peace, let's hear 'em.

Song. *Who is* Silvia ? *what is ſhe?*
That all our Swains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wiſe is ſhe,
The Heaven ſuch Grace did lend her,
That ſhe might admired be.
Is ſhe kind as ſhe is fair?
For beauty lives with kindneſs:
Love doth to her Eyes repair,
To help him of his blindneſs:
And being help'd inhabits there.
Then to Silvia *let us ſing,*
That Silvia *is excelling ;*
She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull Earth dwelling :
To her let us Garlands bring.

Ho. How now? are you ſadder than you were before?
How do you, man? the Muſick likes you not.

Ju. You miſtake: the Muſician likes me not.

Ho. Why, my pretty Youth?

Ju. He plays falſe (father).

Ho. How, out of tune on the ſtrings?

Ju. Not ſo: but yet
So falſe, that he grieves my very heart-ſtrings.

Ho. You have a quick Ear.

Ju. I, I would I were deaf: it makes me have a ſlow heart.

Ho. I perceive you delight not in Muſick.

Ju. Not a whit, when it jars ſo.

Ho. Hark what fine change is in the Muſick.

Ju. I: that change is the ſpight.

Ho. You would have them play always but one thing.

Ju. I would always have one play but one thing.
But Hoſt, doth this Sir *Protheus* that we talk on,
Often reſort unto this Gentlewoman?

Ho. I tell you what *Launce*, his man told me,
He lov'd her out of all nick.

Ju. Where is *Launce?*

Ho. Gone to ſeek his Dog, which to morrow, by his Maſter's command, he muſt carry for a Preſent to his Lady.

Ju. Peace: ſtand aſide: the Company parts.

Pro. Sir *Thurio*, fear not: I will ſo plead,
That you ſhall ſay, my cunning drift excels.

Thu. Where meet we?

Pro. At Saint *Gregories*-Well.

Thu. Farewel.

Pro. Madam: Good Ev'n to your Ladyſhip.

Sil. I thank you for you Muſick (Gentlemen):
Who is that that ſpake?

Pro. One (Lady) if you knew his pure hearts truth,
You would quickly learn to know him by his voice.

Sil. Sir *Protheus?*

Pro. Sir *Protheus* (gentle Lady) and your ſervant.

Sil. What's your will?

Pro. That I may compaſs yours.

Sil. You have your wiſh: my will is ever this,
That preſently you hie you home to bed:
Thou ſubtil, perjur'd, falſe, diſloyal man,
Think'ſt thou I am ſo ſhallow, ſo conceitleſs,
To be ſeduced by thy flattery,
That haſt deceiv'd ſo many with thy Vows?
Return, return, and make thy Love amends:
For me (by this pale Queen of Night I ſwear)
I am ſo far from granting thy Requeſt,
That I deſpiſe thee for thy wrongful ſuit;
And by and by intend to chide my ſelf,
Even for this time I ſpend in talking to thee.

Pro. I grant (ſweet Love) that I did love a Lady,
But ſhe is dead.

Ju. 'Twere falſe if I ſhould ſpeak it;
For I am ſure ſhe is not buried.

Sil. Say that ſhe be; yet *Valentine*, thy friend,
Survives; to whom (thy ſelf art witneſs)
I am betroth'd; and art thou not aſham'd
To wrong him with thy importunacy?

Pro. I likewiſe hear that *Valentine* is dead.

Sil. And ſo ſuppoſe am I; for in his grave
Aſſure thy ſelf, my Love is buried.

Pro. Sweet Lady, let me rake it from the Earth.

Sil. Go to thy Ladies grave, and call her thence,
Or at the leaſt, in hers ſepulchre thine.

Ju. He heard not that.

Pro. Madam: if your heart be ſo obdurate,
Vouchſafe me yet your Picture for my love,
The Picture that is hanging in your Chamber:
To that I'le ſpeak, to that I'le ſigh and weep:
For ſince the ſubſtance of your perfect ſelf
Is elſe devoted, I am but a ſhadow;
And to your ſhadow will I make true Love.

Jul. If 'twere a ſubſtance you would ſure deceive it,
And make it but a ſhadow, as I am.

Sil. I am very loath to be your Idol, Sir;
But ſince your falſehood ſhall become you well
To worſhip ſhadows, and adore falſe ſhapes,
Send to me in the morning, and I'le ſend it:
And ſo good reſt.

Pro. As wretches have o're night
That wait for Execution in the morn. *Exeunt.*

Jul. *Hoſt*, will you go?

Ho. By my Hallidom, I was faſt aſleep.

Jul. Pray you where lies Sir *Protheus?*

Ho. Marry, at my houſe:
Truſt me, I think 'tis almoſt day.

Jul. Not ſo: but it hath been the longeſt night
That e're I watch'd, and the moſt heavieſt. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Eglamore, Silvia.

Eg. This is the hour that Madam *Silvia*
Entreated me to call, and know her mind:
That's ſome great matter ſhe'ld employ me in:
Madam, Madam.

Sil. Who calls?

Eg. Your ſervant and your friend;
One that attends your Ladiſhips command.

Sil. Sir *Eglamore*, a thouſand times good morrow.

Eg. As many (worthy Lady) to your ſelf:
According to your Ladyſhips impoſe,
I am thus early come to know what ſervice
It is your pleaſure to command me in.

Sil. Oh *Eglamore*, thou art a Gentleman:
Think not I flatter (for I ſwear I do not):
Valiant, wiſe, remorſe-full, well accompliſh'd:
Thou art not ignorant what dear good will
I bare unto the baniſh'd *Valentine*;
Nor how my father would enforce me marry
Vain *Thurio* (whom my very ſoul abhorr'd):
Thy ſelf haſt lov'd, and I have heard thee ſay,
No grief did come ſo near thy heart,
As when thy Lady, and thy true love di'de;
Upon whoſe Grave thou vow'dſt pure chaſtity:
Sir *Eglamore*, I would to *Valentine*
To *Mantua*, where I hear he makes abode:
And, for the ways are dangerous to paſs,
I do deſire thy worthy company;

Upon whoſe Faith and Honour I repoſe:
Urge not my Father's anger (*Eglamore*);
But think upon my grief (a Ladies grief),
And on the Juſtice of my flying hence,
To keep me from a moſt unholy match,
Which heaven and fortune ſtill rewards with plagues!
I do deſire thee even from a heart
As full of ſorrows as as the Sea of ſands,
To bear me company, and go with me:
If not, to hide what I have ſaid to thee,
That I may venture to depart alone.
Eg. Madam, I pity much your grievances;
Which, ſince I know they vertuouſly are plac'd,
I give conſent to go along with you,
Wreaking as little what betideth me,
As much, I wiſh all good befortune you:
When will you go?
Sil. This Evening coming.
Eg. Where ſhall I meet you?
Sil. At *Frier Patrick*'s Cell;
Where I intend holy Confeſſion.
Eg. I will not fail your Ladyſhip:
Good morrow (gentle Lady)
Sil. Good morrow kind Sir *Eglamore* *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Launce, Protheus, Julia, Silvia.

Lau. When a man's ſervant ſhall play the Cur with him (look you), it goes hard: one that I brought up of a Puppy: one that I ſav'd from drowning, when three or four of his blind brothers and ſiſters went to it: I have taught him(even,as one would ſay,preciſely; thus I would teach a Dog): I was ſent to deliver him as a Preſent to Miſtriſs *Silvia*, from my Maſter; and I came no ſooner into the Dining-Chamber, but he ſteps me to her Trencher, and ſteals her Capon's-leg: O, 'tis a foul thing, when a Cur cannot keep himſelf in all Companies: I would have (as one ſhould ſay) one that takes upon him to be a Dog indeed, to be, as it were, a Dog at all things. If I had not had more wit than he, take a fault upon me that he did, I think verily he had been hang'd for't: ſure as I live he had ſuffer'd for't: you ſhall judg: He thruſts me himſelf into the company of three or four gentleman-like-dogs, under the Dukes table: he had not been there (bleſs the mark) a piſſing while, but all the Chamber ſmelt him: out with the Dog (ſays one): what Cur is that (ſays another)? whip him out (ſays the third): hang him up (ſays the Duke): I having been acquainted with the ſmell before, knew it was *Crab*; and goes me to the fellow that whips the dogs: Friend (quoth I), you mean to whip the Dog: I marry do I (quoth he): You do him the more wrong (quoth I); 'twas I did the thing you wot of: he makes me no more ado, but whips me out of the Chamber: How many Maſters would do this for his ſervant? Nay, I'le be ſworn I have ſat in the Stocks for Puddings he hath ſtol'n; otherwiſe he had been executed: I have ſtood on the Pillory for Geeſe he hath kill'd; otherwiſe he had ſuffer'd for't: Thou think'ſt not of this now: Nay, I remember the trick you ſerv'd me when I took my leave of Madam *Silvia*: did not I bid thee ſtill mark me, and do as I do? when did'ſt thou ſee me heave up my leg, and make water againſt a Gentlewomans Farthingale? Did'ſt thou ever ſee me do ſuch a trick?

Pro. Sebaſtian is thy name: I like thee well,
And will imploy thee in ſome ſervice preſently.
Ju. In what you pleaſe; I'le do, Sir, what I can.
Pro. I hope thou wilt.
How now you whore-ſon pezant,
Where have you been theſe two days loytering?
La. Marry Sir, I carried Miſtris *Silvia* the Dog you bad me.
Pro. And what ſays ſhe to my little *Jewel*?
La Marry, ſhe ſays, your Dog was a Cur, and tells you, curriſh thanks is good enough for ſuch a preſent.
Pro. But ſhe receiv'd my Dog?
La. No indeed ſhe did not:
Here have I brought him back again.
Pro. What did'ſt thou offer her this from me?
La. I Sir: the other Squirril was ſtol'n from me
By the Hangman's boy in the Market-place;
And then I offer'd her mine own, who is a Dog
As big as ten of yours, and therefore the gift the greater.
Pro Go get thee hence, and find my Dog again,
Or ne're return again into my ſight:
Away, I ſay: ſtayeſt thou to vex me here?
A ſlave, that ſtill an end turns me to ſhame. *Exit.*
Sebaſtian, I have entertained thee,
Partly that I have need of ſuch a Youth,
That can with ſome diſcretion do my buſineſs:
For 'tis no truſting to yond fooliſh Lowt;
But chiefly for thy face and thy behaviour,
Which (if my Augury deceive me not)
Witneſs good bringing up, fortune and truth:
Therefore know thou, for this I entertain thee:
Go preſently, and take this Ring with thee;
Deliver it to Madam *Silvia*:
She lov'd me well, deliver'd it to me.
Jul. It ſeems you lov'd not her, to leave her Token:
She is dead belike.
Pro. Not ſo: I think ſhe lives.
Jul. Alas!
Pro. Why do'ſt thou cry alas?
Jul. I cannot chooſe but pity her.
Pro. Wherefore ſhould'ſt thou pity her?
Jul. Becauſe methinks that ſhe lov'd you as well
As you do love your Lady *Silvia*:
She dreams on him that has forgot her Love;
You doat on her that cares not for your Love:
'Tis pity Love ſhould be ſo contrary:
And thinking on it makes me cry alas.
Pro. VVell: give her that Ring, and therewithal
This Letter: that's her Chamber: Tell my Lady,
I claim the promiſe for her heavenly Picture:
Your meſſage done, hye home unto my Chamber,
VVhere thou ſhalt find me ſad and ſolitary. *Exit.*
Jul. How many women would do ſuch a meſſage?
Alas poor *Protheus*, thou haſt entertain'd
A Fox to be the Shepherd of thy Lambs:
Alas, poor fool, why do I pity him
That with his very heart deſpiſeth me?
Becauſe he loves her, he deſpiſeth me;
Becauſe I love him, I muſt pity him:
This Ring I gave him when he parted from me,
To bind him to remember my good will:
And now I am (unhappy Meſſenger)
To plead for that which I would not obtain;
To carry that which I would have refus'd;
To praiſe his faith which I would have diſprais'd:
I am my Maſter's true confirmed Love;
But cannot be true Servant to my Maſter,
Unleſs I prove falſe traitor to my ſelf:
Yet will I wooe for him, but yet ſo coldly,
As (heaven it knows) I would not have him ſpeed. *Enter Silvia.*
Gentlewoman, good day: I pray you be my mean
To bring me where to ſpeak with Madam *Silvia*.
Sil. VVhat would you with her, if that I be ſhe?
Jul. If you be ſhe, I do entreat your patience
To hear me ſpeak the Meſſage I am ſent on.
Sil. From whom?
Jul From my Maſter, Sir *Protheus*, Madam.
Sil. Oh: he ſends you for a Picture?

Ju. I, Madam.
Sil. Urſula, bring my Picture there:
Go, give your Maſter this: tell him from me,
One *Julia*, that his changing thoughts forgot,
VVould better fit his Chamber than this ſhadow.
Ju. Madam, pleaſe you peruſe this Letter:
Pardon me (Madam), I have unadvis'd
Deliver'd you a paper that I ſhould not:
This is the Letter to your Ladyſhip.
Sil. I pray thee let me look on that again.
Ju. It may not be: good Madam, pardon me.
Sil. There, hold:
I will not look upon your Maſter's lines:
I know they are ſtuſt with Proteſtations,
And full of new-found Oaths, which he will break
As eaſie as I do tear this paper.
Ju. Madam: he ſends your Ladyſhip this Ring.
Si. The more ſhame for him that he ſends it me;
For I have heard him ſay a thouſand times,
His *Julia* gave it him at his departure:
Tho his falſe finger hath prophan'd the Ring,
Mine ſhall not do his *Julia* ſo much wrong.
Ju. She thanks you.
Si. VVhat ſai'ſt thou?
Ju. I thank you Madam, that you tender her:
Poor Gentlewoman, my Maſter wrongs her much.
Si. Do'ſt thou know her?
Ju. Almoſt as well as I do know my ſelf:
To think upon her woes, I do proteſt,
That I have wept an hundred ſeveral times.
Si. Belike ſhe thinks that *Protheus* hath forſook her.
Ju. I think ſhe doth: and that's her cauſe of ſorrow.
Si. Is ſhe not paſſing fair?
Ju. She hath been fairer (Madam) than ſhe is,
VVhen ſhe did think my Maſter lov'd her well:
She, in my judgment, was as fair as you:
But ſince ſhe did neglect her Looking-glaſs,
And threw her Sun-expelling Maſque away,
The air hath ſtarv'd the Roſes in her cheeks,
And pinch'd the lilly-tincture of her face,
That now ſhe is become as black as I.
Si. How tall was ſhe?
Ju. About my ſtature: for at *Pentecoſt*,
VVhen all our Pageants of delight were plaid,
Our Youth got me to play the VVomans part,
And I was trim'd in Madam *Julia*'s gown,
VVhich ſerved me as fit, by all mens judgments,
As if the garment had been made for me:
Therefore I know ſhe is about my height:
And at that time I made her weep agood;
For I did play a lamentable part:
(Madam) 'twas *Ariadne* paſſioning
For *Theſeus* perjury, and unjuſt flight;
VVhich I ſo lively acted with my tears,
That my poor Miſtris moved therewithal,
VVept bitterly: and would I might be dead,
If I in thought felt not her very ſorrow.
Si. She is beholding to thee (gentle Youth):
Alas (poor Lady)! deſolate and left;
I weep my ſelf to think upon thy words:
Here Youth: there is a Purſe: I give thee this
For thy ſweet Miſtris ſake, becauſe thou lov'ſt her:
Farewell. *Exit.*
Ju. And ſhe ſhall thank you for't, if e're you know her:
A vertuous gentlewoman, mild and beautiful:
I hope my Maſter's ſuit will be but cold,
Since ſhe reſpects my Miſtris love ſo much:
Alas! how Love can trifle with it ſelf:
Here is her Picture: let me ſee: I think
If I had ſuch a Tyre, this face of mine
VVere full as lovely as is this of hers:
And yet the *Painter* flatter'd her a little,
Unleſs I flatter with my ſelf too much:
Her hair is *Aburne*, mine is perfect *Yellow*:
If that be all the difference in his Love,
I'le get me ſuch a colour'd Periwig:
Her Eyes are grey as graſs, and ſo are mine:
I, but her Fore-head's low, and mine's as high:
VVhat ſhould it be that he reſpects in her,
But I can make reſpective in my ſelf,
If this fond Love were not a blinded god?
Come ſhadow, come, and take this ſhadow up;
For 'tis thy Rival: O thou ſenſeleſs form,
Thou ſhalt be worſhip'd, kiſs'd, lov'd and ador'd:
And were there ſenſe in this Idolatry,
My ſubſtance ſhould be ſtatue in thy ſtead:
I'le uſe thee kindly for thy Miſtris ſake,
That us'd me ſo; or elſe by *Jove* I vow,
I ſhould have ſcratch'd out your unſeeing Eyes,
To make my Maſter out of Love with thee. *Exit.*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Eglamore, Silvia.

Eg. The Sun begins to guild the *Weſtern* sky,
And now it is about the very hour
That *Silvia*, at Frier *Patrick*'s Cell ſhould meet me:
She will not fail; for Lovers break not hours,
Unleſs it be to come before their time;
So much they ſpur their expedition:
See where ſhe comes: Lady, a happy Evening.
Sil. Amen, Amen: go on (good *Eglamore*)
Out at the Poſtern by the Abby-wall;
I fear I am attended by ſome Spies.
Eg. Fear not: the Foreſt is not three Leagues off;
If we recover that, we are ſure enough. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda,

Enter Thurio, Protheus, Julia, Duke.

Thu. Sir *Protheus*: what ſays *Silvia* to my ſuit?
Pro. Oh ſir, I find her milder than ſhe was,
And yet ſhe takes exceptions at your perſon.
Thu. VVhat, that my Leg is too long?
Pro. No: that it is too little.
Thu. I'le wear a Boot to make it ſomewhat rounder.
Pro. But Love will not be ſpurr d to what it loaths.
Thu. VVhat ſays ſhe to my face?
Pro. She ſays it is a fair one.
Thu. Nay, then the wanton lies: my face is black.
Pro. But Pearls are fair; and the old ſaying is,
Black men are Pear's in beauteous Ladies Eyes.
Thu. Tis true, ſuch Pearls as put out Ladies Eyes:
For I had rather wink than look on them.
Thu. How likes ſhe my diſcourſe?
Pro. Ill, when they talk of VVar,
But well when I diſcourſe of Love and Peace.
Jul. But better indeed when you hold your peace.
Thu. VVhat ſays ſhe to my Valour?
Pro. Oh ſir, ſhe makes no doubt of that.
Jul. She needs not, when ſhe knows it Cowardiſe.
Thu. VVhat ſays ſhe to my Birth?
Pro. That you are well deriv'd.
Jul. True: from a Gentleman to a Fool.
Thu. Conſiders ſhe my poſſeſſions?
Pro. Oh, I, and pities them.
Thu. VVherefore?
Jul. That ſuch an Aſs ſhould owe them.

Pro. That they are out by Leaſe.
Ju. Here comes the Duke.
Du. How now Sir *Protheus*? how now *Thurio*?
Which of you ſaw Sir *Eglamore* of late?
Thu. Not I.
Pro. Not I.
Du. Saw you my Daughter?
Pro. Neither.
Du. VVhy then
She's fled unto the pezant *Valentine*;
And *Eglamore* is in her company:
'Tis true; for Frier *Laurence* met them both
As he, in penance, wandred through the Foreſt:
Him he knew well; and gueſt that it was ſhe;
But being mask'd, he was not ſure of it:
Beſides, ſhe did intend Confeſſion
At *Patrick*'s Cell this Even, and there ſhe was not:
Theſe likelihoods confirm her flight from hence;
Therefore I pray you ſtand not to diſcourſe,
But mount you preſently, and meet with me
Upon the riſing of the Mountain foot
That leads toward *Mantua*, whither they are fled:
Diſpatch (ſweet Gentlemen) and follow me.
Thu. VVhy this it is to be a peeviſh Girl,
That flies her Fortune where it follows her:
I'le after, more to be reveng'd on *Eglamore*,
Than for the love of reck-leſs *Silvia*.
Pro. And I will follow, more for *Silvia*'s love,
Than hate of *Eglamore* that goes with her.
Ju. And I will follow, more to croſs that love,
Than hate for *Silvia*, that is gone for love. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Silvia, Out-laws.

1. *Out.* Come, come be patient:
VVe muſt bring you to our Captain.
Sil. A thouſand more miſchances than this one
Have learn'd me how to brook this patiently.
2. *Out.* Come, bring her away.
1. *Out.* VVhere is the Gentleman that was with her?
3. *Out.* Being nimble footed, he hath out-run us:
But *Moyſes* and *Valerius* follow him:
Go thou thither to the *Weſt* end of the VVood,
There is our Captain: we'l follow him that's fled;
The Thicket is beſet, he cannot ſcape.
1. *Out.* Come, I muſt bring you to our Captain's Cave:
Fear not; he bears an honourable mind,
And will not uſe a woman lawleſly.
Sil. O *Valentine*! this I endure for thee.
Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Valentine, Protheus, Silvia, Julia, Duke,
Thurio, Out-laws.

Val. How uſe doth breed a habit in a man!
This ſhadowy Deſart, unfrequented VVoods,
I better brook than flouriſhing peopled Towns:
Here can I ſit alone, unſeen of any,
And to the Nightingale's complaining Notes,
Tune my diſtreſſes, and record my woes:
O thou that doſt inhabit in my breaſt,
Leave not the Manſion ſo long Tenantleſs,
Leſt growing ruinous, the building fall,
And leave no memory of what it was;
Repair me with thy preſence, *Silvia*:
Thou gentle Nymph, cheriſh thy forlorn Swain:
VVhat hollowing, and what ſtir is this to day?
Theſe are my mates, that make their VVills their Law,
Have ſome unhappy paſſenger in chaſe:
They love me well, yet I have much to do
To keep them from uncivil outrages.
VVithdraw thee *Valentine*: who's this comes here?
Pro. Madam, this ſervice have I done for you
(Tho you reſpect not ought your ſervant doth),
To hazard life, and reſcue you from him
That would have forc'd your honour and your love:
Vouchſafe me for my meed but one fair look
(A ſmaller boon than this I cannot beg,
And leſs than this I am ſure you cannot give).
Val. How like a dream is this? I ſee and hear:
Love, lend me patience to forbear a while.
Sil. O miſerable unhappy that I am!
Pro. Unhappy were you (Madam) e're I came:
But by my coming I have made you happy.
Sil. By thy approach thou mak'ſt me moſt unhappy.
Ju. And me when he approacheth to your preſence.
Sil. Had I been ſeized by a hungry Lion,
I would have been a breakfaſt to the Beaſt,
Rather than have falſe *Protheus* reſcue me:
Oh heaven be judg how I love *Valentine*,
Whoſe life's as tender to me as my ſoul;
And full as much (for more there cannot be)
I do deteſt falſe perjur'd *Protheus*:
Therefore be gone, ſolicite me no more.
Pro. What dangerous action, ſtood it next to death,
Would I not undergo for one calm loook?
Oh, 'tis the curſe in Love, and ſtill approv'd,
When women cannot love where they're belov'd.
Sil. When *Protheus* cannot love where he's belov'd:
Read over *Julia*'s heart (thy firſt beſt Love),
For whoſe dear ſake thou did'ſt then rend thy faith
Into a thouſand Oaths; and all thoſe Oaths
Deſcended into Perjury to deceive me:
Thou haſt no faith left now, unleſs thou'dſt two,
And that's far worſe than none: better have none
Than plural faith, which is too much by one:
Thou counterfeit to thy true friend.
Pro. In Love,
Who reſpects friend?
Sil. All men but *Protheus*.
Pro. Nay, if the gentle ſpirit of moving words
Can no way change you to a milder form,
I'le move you like a Soldier, at arms end,
And love you 'gainſt the Nature of Love: force ye.
Sil. Oh heaven!
Pro. I'le force thee yeild to my deſire.
Val. Ruffian, let go that rude uncivil touch,
Thou friend of an ill faſhion.
Pro. Valentine:
Val. Thou common friend, that's without faith or love:
For ſuch is a friend now: Tho treacherous man,
Thou haſt beguil'd my hopes, nought but mine Eye
Could have perſwaded me: now I dare not ſay
I have one friend alive; thou would'ſt diſprove me:
Who ſhould be truſted now, when ones right hand
Is perjured to the boſome? *Protheus*,
I am ſorry I muſt never truſt thee more,
But count the world a ſtranger for thy ſake:
The private wound is deepeſt: Oh time, moſt accurſt:
'Mongſt all foes, that a friend ſhould be the worſt!
Pro. My ſhame and guilt confounds me:
Forgive me, *Valentine*: if hearty ſorrow
Be a ſufficient Ranſome for Offence,
I tender't here: I do as truly ſuffer
As e're I did commit.
Val. Then am I paid:

And once again I do receive thee honeſt:
VVho by Repentance is not ſatisfied,
Is nor of Heaven nor Earth; for theſe are pleas'd:
By Penitence th' Eternal's wrath's appeas'd:
And that my love may appear plain and free,
All that was mine in *Silvia*, I give thee.
Ju. Oh me unhappy!
Pro. Look to the boy.
Val. VVhy, boy?
VVhy wag, how now? what's the matter? look up: ſpeak.
Ju. O good Sir, my Maſter charg'd me to deliver a Ring to Madam *Silvia*, which (out of my neglect) was never done.
Pro. VVhere is that Ring, boy?
Ju. Here 'tis: this is it.
Pro. How? let me ſee:
VVhy this is the Ring I gave to *Julia*.
Ju. Oh cry you mercy, ſir, I have miſtook:
This is the Ring you ſent to *Silvia*.
Pr. But how cam'ſt thou by this Ring? at my depart
I gave this unto *Julia*.
Ju. And *Julia* her ſelf did give it me.
And *Julia* her ſelf hath brought it hither.
Pro. How, *Julia*?
Ju. Behold her that gave aim to all thy Oaths,
And entertain'd 'em deeply in her heart:
How oft haſt thou with Perjury cleft the Root?
Oh *Protheus* let this Habit make thee bluſh:
Be thou aſham'd that I have took upon me
Such an immodeſt Rayment, if ſhame live
In a diſguiſe of love:
It is the leſſer b'ot modeſty finds,
Women to change their ſhapes than men their minds.
Pro. Than men their minds? 'tis true, oh heaven, were
Man but conſtant, he were perfect; that one error
Fills him with faults: makes him run through all th' ſins:
Inconſtancy falls off e're it begins:
What is in *Silvia*'s face, but I may ſpy
More freſh in *Julia*'s with a conſtant eye?
Val. Come, come: a hand from either:
Let me be bleſt to make this happy cloſe:
'Twere pity two ſuch friends ſhould be long foes.
Pro. Bear witneſs (heaven), I have my wiſh for ever.
Jul. And I mine.
Out-l. A prize, a prize, a prize.
Val. Forbear, forbear, I ſay: it is my Lord the *Duke*:
Your Grace is welcome to a man diſgrac'd,
Baniſhed *Valentine*.
Duke, Sir *Valentine*?
Thu. Yonder is *Silvia*: and *Silvia*'s mine.
Val. *Thurio*, give back; or elſe embrace thy death:
Come not within the meaſure of my wrath:
Do not name *Silvia* thine: if once again,
Verona ſhall not hold thee: here ſhe ſtands,
Take but poſſeſſion of her with a touch:
I dare thee but to breathe upon my Love.
Thu. Sir *Valentine*, I care not for her, I:
I hold him but a fool that will endanger
His body for a Girl that loves him not:
I claim her not; and therefore ſhe is thine.
Duke, The more degenerate and baſe art thou,
To make ſuch means for her as thou haſt done,
And leave her on ſuch ſlight conditions:
Now, by the honour of my Anceſtry,
I do applaud thy Spirit, *Valentine*,
And think thee worthy of an Empreſs love:
Know then, I here forget all former griefs,
Cancel all grudge, repeal thee home again,
Plead a new ſtate in thy arrival'd merit,
To which I thus ſubſcribe: Sir *Valentine*,
Thou art a Gentleman, and well deriv'd,
Take thou thy *Silvia*, for thou haſt deſerv'd her.
Val. I thank your grace, the gift hath made me happy:
I now beſeech you (for your Daughter's ſake)
To grant one Boon that I ſhall ask of you.
Duke, I grant it for thine own, what e're it be.
Val. Theſe baniſh'd men that I have kept withal,
Are men endu'd with worthy qualities:
Forgive them what they have committed here,
And let them be recall'd from their Exile:
They are reform'd, civil, full of good,
And fit for great imployment (worthy Lord).
Duke, thou haſt prevail'd, I pardon them and thee:
Diſpoſe of them as thou know'ſt their deſerts:
Come, let us go, we will include all jars
With triumphs, mirth, and all ſolemnity.
Val. And as we walk along, I dare be bold
With our diſcourſe to make your grace to ſmile.
What think you of this Page (my Lord)?
Duke, I think the boy hath grace in him, he bluſhes.
Val. I warrant you (my Lord) more grace than boy.
Duke, What mean you by that ſaying?
Val. Pleaſe you, I'le tell you as we paſs along,
That you will wonder what hath fortuned:
Come *Protheus*, 'tis your penance but to hear
The ſtory of your Loves diſcovered:
That done, our day of Marriage ſhall be yours,
One feaſt, one houſe, one mutual happineſs.

Exeunt.

The Names of the Actors.

Duke, *Father to* Silvia.
Valentine, } *The two Gentlemen.*
Protheus, }
Anthonio, *Father to* Protheus.
Thurio, *a fooliſh Rival to* Valentine.
Eglamore, *Agent for* Silvia *in her eſcape.*
Hoſt, *where* Julia *lodges.*
Out-laws *with* Valentine.
Speed, *A clowniſh Servant to* Valentine.
Launce, *the like to* Protheus.
Panthion, *Servant to* Antonio.
Julia, *beloved of* Protheus.
Silvia, *beloved of* Valentine.
Lucetta, *Waiting-woman to* Julia.

THE

THE Merry Wives of Windſor.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Juſtice Shallow, Slender, *Sir* Hugh Evans, *Maſter* Page, Falſtaffe, Bardolph, Nym, Piſtoll, Ann Page, *Miſtris* Ford, *Miſtris* Page, Simple.

Shallow.

SIR *Hugh*, perſwade me not: I will make a *Star-Chamber* matter of it: if he were twenty Sir *John Falſtaffes*, he ſhall not abuſe *Robert Shallow* Eſquire.

Slen. In the County of *Gloceſter*, Juſtice of Peace, and *Coram*.

Shal. I (Couſin *Slender*), and *Cuſtalorum*.

I, and *Rato-lorum* too; and a Gentleman born (Maſter Parſon), who writes himſelf *Armigero*, in any Bill, VVarrant, Quittance, or Obligation, *Armigero*.

Shal. I that I do, and have done any time theſe three hundred years.

Slen. All his Succeſſors (gone before him) have don't: and all his Anceſtors (that come after him) may: they may give the dozen white Luces in their Coat.

Shal. It is an old Coat.

Evans, The dozen white Lowſes do become an old Coat well: it agrees well paſſant: it is a familiar beaſt to man, and ſignifies Love.

Shal. The Luce is the freſh-fiſh, the ſalt-fiſh is an old Coat.

Slen. I may quarter (Coz).

Shal. You may, by marrying.

Evans, It is marrying indeed, if he quarter it.

Shal. Not a whit.

Evans, Yes per-lady: if he has a quarter of your Coat, there is but three skirts for your ſelf, in my ſimple Conjectures: but that is all one: if Sir *John Falſtaffe* have committed Diſparagements unto you, I am of the Church, and will be glad to do my Benevolence, to make Atonements and Compremiſes between you.

Shal. The Council ſhall hear it: it is a Riot.

Evans, It is not meet the Council hear of a Riot: there is no fear of Got in a Riot: The Council (look you) ſhall deſire to hear the fear of Got, and not to hear a Riot: take you viza-ments in that.

Shal. Ha; o' my life, if I were young again, the ſword ſhould end it.

Evans, It is petter that friends is the ſword, and end it: and there is alſo another device in my prain, which peradventure prings good diſcretions with it: There is *Ann Page*, George which is daughter to Maſter *Thomas Page*, which is pretty Virginity.

Slen. Miſtris *Ann Page*? ſhe has brown hair, and ſpeaks like a woman.

Evans, It is that ferry perſon for all the orld, as juſt as you will deſire, and ſeven hundred pounds of monies, and gold, and ſilver, is her Grand-ſire upon his deaths-bed (Got deliver to a joyful Reſurrections) give, when ſhe is able to overtake ſeventeen years old: It were a good motion, if we leave our pribbles and prabbles, and deſire a marriage between Maſter *Abraham*, and Miſtris *Ann Page*.

Slen. Did her Grand-ſire leave her ſeven hundred pound?

Evans, I, and her Father is make her a petter penny.

Slen. I know the young Gentlewoman; ſhe has good gifts.

Evans, Seven hundred pounds, and poſſibility is goot gifts.

Shal. Well: let us ſee honeſt Mr. *Page*: is *Falſtaffe* there?

Evan. Shall I tell you a lie? I do deſpiſe a liar as I do deſpiſe one that is falſe, or as I deſpiſe one that is not true: the Knight, Sir *John* is there, and I beſeech you be ruled by your well willers: I will peat the door for Maſter *Page*: What hoa? Got bleſs your houſe here.

Mr Page, Who's there?

Evans, Here is got's pleſſing, and your friend, and Juſtice *Shallow*; and here's young Maſter *Slender*; that peradventures ſhall tell you another tale, if matters grow to your likings.

Mr. Page, I am glad to ſee your Worſhips well: I thank you for my Veniſon, Maſter *Shallow*.

Shal. Maſter *Page*, I am glad to ſee you: much good do it your good heart: I wiſh'd your Veniſon better; it was ill kill'd: how doth good Miſtris *Page*? and I thank you always with my heart, la: with my heart.

Mr. Page, Sir, I thank you.

Shal. Sir, I thank you: by yea and no I do.

M. Page, I am glad to ſee you, good Maſter *Slender*.

Slen. How do's your fallow Greyhound, Sir? I heard ſay, he was out-run on *Cotſale*.

M. Pa. It could not be judg'd, ſir.

Slen. You'l not confeſs, you'l not confeſs.

Shal. That he will not, 'tis your fault, 'tis your fault: 'tis a good Dog.

M. Page, A Cur, ſir.

Shal. Sir, he's a good Dog, and a fair Dog: can there be more ſaid? He is good and fair: Is Sir *John Falſtaffe* here?

M. Page, Sir, he is within; and I would I could do a good office between you.

Evan. It is ſpoke as a Chriſtians ought to ſpeak.

Shal. He hath wrong'd me (Maſter *Page*).

M. Page, Sir, he doth in ſome ſort confeſs it.

Shal. If it be confeſſed, it is not redreſſed: is not that ſo (M *Page*)? he hath wrong'd me, indeed he hath, at a word he hath, believe me, *Robert Shallow*, Eſquire, ſaith, he is wrong'd.

Mr. Pa. Here comes Sir *John*.

Fal. Now, Maſter *Shallow*, you'l complain of me to the King?

Shal. Knight, you have beaten my men, kill'd my Deer, and broke open my Lodg.

Fal. But not kiſs'd your Keeper's daughter.

Shal. Tut, a pin: this ſhall be anſwer'd.

Fal. I will anſwer it ſtraight: I have done all this: That is now anſwer'd.

Shal. The Council ſhall know this.

Fal. 'Twere better for you if it were known in councel: you'l be laugh'd at.

Evan. Pauca verba (Sir *John*) good worts.

Fal. Good worts? good Cabbadg: *Slender*, I broke your head: what matter have you againſt me?

Slen. Marry Sir, I have matter in my head againſt you, and againſt your Cony-catching Raſcals, *Bardolph*, *Nym* and *Piſtoll*.

Bar. You *Banbury* Cheeſe.

Slen: I, it is no matter.

Piſt. How now, *Mephoſtophilus*?

Slen. I, it is no matter.

Nym. Slice, I ſay, *pauca, pauca*: Slice, that's my humor.

Slen. Where's *Simple*, my man? can you tell, Couſin?

Evan. Peace I pray you: Now let us underſtand; there is three Umpires in this matter, as I underſtand; that is, Maſter *Page* (*fidelicet*, Maſter *Page*), and there is my ſelf (*fidelicet*, my ſelf), and the three party is (laſtly, and finally) mine Hoſt of the Gater.

M. Pa. We three to hear it, and end it between them.

Evan. Ferry goot: I will make a prief of it in my Notebook, and we will afterwards orke upon the Cauſe with as great diſcreetly as we can.

Fal. Piſtoll.

Piſt. He hears with ears.

Evan. The Tevil and his Tam; what phraſe is this, he hears with ear? why, it is affectations.

Fal. Piſtol: did you pick M. *Slender*'s purſe?

Slen. I, by theſe gloves did he; or I would I might never come in mine own great Chamber again elſe, of ſeven groats in Mill-ſixpences, and two *Edward* Shovelboards, that coſt me two ſhilling and two pence a peice, of *Yead Miller*: by theſe gloves.

Fal. Is this true, *Piſtol*?

Evan. No: it is falſe, if it is a pick-purſe.

Piſt. Ha, thou Mountain Forreigner: Sir *John*, and Maſter mine, I Combate challenge of this +Latine Bilboe: word of denial in thy *labras* here; word of denial; froth and ſcum thou lieſt.

+ Latten

Slen. By theſe gloves, then 'twas he.

Nym. Be adviſ'd, ſir, and paſs good humours: I will ſay marry trap with you, if you run the nut-hooks humour on me; that is the very note of it.

Slen. By this hat, then he in the red face had it: for tho I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunk, yet I am not altogether an Aſs.

Fal. What ſay you, *Scarlet* and *John*?

Bar. Why, ſir (for my part) I ſay, the Gentleman had drunk himſelf out of his five ſentences.

Evan. It is his five ſenſes: fie, what the ignorance is!

Bar. And being fap, ſir, was (as they ſay) caſheer'd: and ſo concluſions paſt the Car-eires.

Slen. I, you ſpake in *Latin* then too: but 'tis no matter: I'le ne're be drunk whil'ſt I live again, but in honeſt, civil, godly company for this trick: If I be drunk, I'le be drunk with thoſe that have the fear of God, and not with drunken knaves.

Evan. So got udg me, that is a virtuous mind.

Fal. You hear all theſe matters deni'd, Gentlemen, you hear it.

M. Page. Nay, daughter, carry the Wine in; we'l drink within.

Slen. Oh heaven! this is Miſtris *Ann Page*.

M. Page. How now Miſtris *Ford*?

Fal. Miſtris *Ford*, by my truth you are very well-met: by your leave, good Miſtris.

M. Page, Wife, bid theſe Gentlemen welcome: come, we have a hot Veniſon Paſty to dinner: Come gentlemen I hope we ſhall drink down all unkindneſs.

Slen. I had rather than Forty ſhillings I had my book of Songs and Sonnets here: How now *Simple*, where have you been? I muſt wait on my ſelf, muſt I? You have not the book of Riddles about you, have you?

Sim. Book of Riddles! why, did you not lend it to *Alice Short-cake* upon *Alhollowmas* laſt, a fortnight afore *Michaelmas*?

Shal. Come Coz, come Coz; we ſtay for you: a word with you Coz: marry this, Coz: there is, as 'twere, a tender, a kind of tender, made a far off by Sir *Hugh* here: Do you underſtand me?

Slen. I Sir, you ſhall find me reaſonable: if it be ſo, I ſhall do that is Reaſon.

Shal. Nay, but underſtand me.

Slen. So I do Sir.

Evan. Give ear to his motions (M *Slender*): I will deſcription the matter to you, if you be capacity of it.

Slen. Nay, I will do as my Couſin *Shallow* ſays: I pray you pardon me; he's a Juſtice of Peace in his Countrey; ſimple tho I ſtand here.

Evan. But that is not the queſtion: the queſtion is concerning your marriage.

Shal. I, there's the point Sir.

Evan. Marry is it: the very point of it, to M. *Ann Page*.

Slen. Why, if it be ſo, I will marry her upon any reaſonable demands.

Eva. But can you affection the 'o-man? let us command to know that of your mouth, or of your lips: for divers Philoſophers hold, that the lips is parcel of the mouth: therefore preciſely, can you marry your good will to the maid?

Shal. Couſin *Abraham Slender*, can you love her?

Slen. I hope ſir: I will do as it ſhall become one that would do Reaſon.

Evan. Nay, got's Lords and his Ladies, you muſt ſpeak poſſitable, if you can carre-her your deſires towards her.

Shal. That you muſt:
Will you (upon good dowry) marry her?

Slen. I will do a greater thing than that upon your requeſt (Couſin), in any Reaſon.

Shal. Nay, conceive me, conceive me (ſweet Coz), what I do is to pleaſure you (Coz): can you love the Maid?

Slen. I will marry her (ſir) at your requeſt: but if there be no great love in the beginning, yet heaven may decreaſe it upon better acquaintance, when we are married, and have more occaſion to know one another: I hope upon familiarity will grow more content: but if you ſay, marry her, I will marry her, that I am freely diſſolved, and diſſolutely.

Evan. It is a ferry diſcretion anſwer: ſave the fall is in th'ord diſſolutely: the ort is (according to our meaning) reſolutely: his meaning is good.

Sh. I, I think my Couſin meant well.

Sl. I; or elſe I would I might be hang' (la).

Sh. Here comes fair Miſtris *Ann*: Would I were Young for your ſake, Miſtris *Ann*.

An. The Dinner is on the Table; my Father deſires your Worſhip's company.

Sh. I will wait on him (fair Miſtris *Ann*).

Evan. Od's pleſſed will: I will not be abſence at the Grace.

An. Wil't pleaſe your Worſhip to come in, Sir?

Sl. No, I thank you forſooth heartily; I am very well.

An. The Dinner attends you, ſir.

Sl. I am not a-hungry, I thank you forſooth: Go ſirrah, for all you are my man, go wait upon my Couſin *Shallow*: a Juſtice of Peace ſometime may be beholding to his friend for a man: I keep but three men and a boy yet, till my Mother be dead: but what though, yet I live a poor Gentleman born.

An. I may not go in without your Worſhip; they will not ſit till you come.

Sl. I'faith, I'le eat nothing: I thank you as much as though I did.

An. I pray you ſir walk in.

Sl. I had rather walk here (I thank you) I bruis'd my ſhin th'other day, with playing at Sword and Dagger with a Maſter of Fence (three veneys for a diſh of ſtew'd Prunes) and by my troth, I cannot abide the ſmell of hot meat ſince. Why do your dogs bark ſo? be there Bears i'th' Town?

An. I think there are, Sir, I heard them talk'd of.

Sl. I love the ſport well, but I ſhall as ſoon quarrel at it as any man in *England*: you are afraid if you ſee the Bear looſe, are you not?

An. I indeed Sir.

Sl. That's meat and drink to me now: I have ſeen *Sackerſon* looſe twenty times, and have taken him by the Chain: but (I warrant you) the women have ſo cri'd and ſhreekt at it, that it paſt: But women indeed cannot abide 'em, they are very ill-favoured rough things.

M. Pa Come gentle M. *Slender*, come: we ſtay for you.

Sl. I'le eat nothing, I thank you Sir.

M. Pa. By Cock and Pye you ſhall not chuſe Sir: come, come.

Sl. Nay, pray you lead the way.

M. Pa. Come on Sir.

Sl. Miſtreſs *Anne*, your ſelf ſhall go firſt.

An. Not I Sir, pray you keep on.

Sl. Truly I will not go firſt: truly-la: I will not do you that wrong.

An. I pray you Sir.

Sl. I'le rather be unmannerly than troubleſome; you do your ſelf wrong indeed-la. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Evans and Simple.

Evan. Go your ways, and ask of Doctor *Caius* houſe which is the way; and there dwells one Miſtreſs *Quickly*, which is in the manner of his Nurſe; or his dry-Nurſe, or his Cook; or his Laundry; his Waſher, and his Ringer.

Sim. Well Sir.

Evan. Nay, it is petter yet: give her this letter; for it is a 'oman that altogethers acquaintance with Miſtreſs *Page*; and the Letter is to deſire, and require her to ſolicite your Maſters deſires to Miſtreſs *Anne Page*: I pray you be gone; I will make an end of my dinner; there's Pippins and Cheeſe to come. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Falſtaffe, Hoſt, Bardolfe, Nym. Piſtoll. Page.

Fal. Mine Hoſt of the Garter.

Ho. What ſays my Bully Rook? ſpeak Schollary, and wiſely.

Fal. Truly mine Hoſt, I muſt turn away ſome of my followers.

Ho. Diſcard, (Bully *Hercules*) caſheer; let them wag; trot, trot.

Fal. I ſit at ten pounds a week.

Ho. Thou'rt an Emperor (*Cæſar, Keiſar* and *Phaezar*) I will entertain *Bardolf*: he will draw, he will tap, ſaid I well (Bully *Hector*?)

Fa. Do ſo (good mine *Hoſt*.)

Ho. I have ſpoke, let him follow: let me ſee thee froth and live: I am at a word: follow

Fal, *Bardolfe* follow him, a *Tapſter* is a good trade: an old Cloak makes a new Jerkin; a wither'd Serving-man, a freſh *Tapſter*, go, adieu.

Ba. It is a life that I have deſired: I will thrive.

Piſt. O baſe Hungarian wight: wilt thou the Spigot weild.

Ni. He was gotten in drink: is not the humor conceited.

Ba. I am glad I am ſo acquit of this Tinderbox: his Thefts were too open; his filching was like an unskilful Singer, he kept not time.

Ni. The good humor is to ſteal at a minntes reſt.

Piſt. Convey, the wiſe it call: Steal? foh: a fico for the phraſe.

Fa. Well ſirs, I am almoſt out at heels.

Piſt. Why then let Kibes enſue.

Fal. There is no remedy: I muſt conicatch, I muſt ſhift.

Piſt. Young Ravens muſt have food.

Fal. Which of you know *Ford* of this Town?

Piſt. I ken the wight, he is of ſubſtance good.

Fal. My honeſt Lads, I will tell you what I am about.

Piſt. Two yards and more.

Fal. No quips now *Piſtol*: (Indeed I am in the Waſte two yards about: but I am now about no waſte, I am about thrift:) briefly, I do mean to make love to *Fords* Wife: I ſpie entertainment in her: ſhe diſcourſes: ſhe carves: ſhe gives the leere of invitation: I can conſtrue the action of her familiar ſtile, and the hardeſt voice of her behaviour (to be engliſh'd right) *is, I am Sir John Falſtaffes.*

Piſt. He hath ſtudied her will; and tranſlated her will: out of honeſty into Engliſh.

Ni. The Anchor is deep: will that humor paſs?

Fal. Now, the report goes, ſhe has all the rule of her Husbands Purſe: he hath a legend of Angels.

Piſt. As many devils entertain: and to her Boy ſay I.

Ni. The humor riſes: it is good: humor me the Angels.

Fal. I have writ me here a Letter to her; and here another to *Pages* wiſe, who even now gave me good eyes too; examined my parts with moſt judicious illiads: ſometimes the beam of her view, guided my foot: ſometimes my portly belly.

Piſt. Then did the Sun on Dung-hill ſhine.

Ni. I thank thee for that humor.

Fal. O ſhe did ſo courſe o're my exteriors with ſuch a greedy intention, that the appetite of her eye did ſeem to ſcorch me up like a burning-glaſs: here's another Letter to her: She bears the purſe too: She is a Region in *Guiana*: all gold and bounty; I will be cheaters to them both, and they ſhall be Exchequers to me: they ſhall be my Eaſt and Weſt-Indies, and I will trade to them both: Go, bear thom this Letter to Miſtreſs *Page*; and thou this to Miſtreſs *Ford*: we will thrive (Lads) we will thrive.

Piſt. Shall I Sir *Pandarus* of *Troy* become,
And by my ſide wear Steel? then *Lucifer* take all.

Ni. I will run no baſe humor: here take the humour-Letter, I will keep the haviour of reputation.

Fal. Hold Sirrah, bear you theſe Letters rightly,
Sail like my Pinnace to theſe golden ſhores.
Rogues, hence, avaunt, vaniſh like hail-ſtones; go,
Trudg; plod away oth' hoof, ſeek ſhelter, pack:
Falſtaffe will learn the honour of the age,
French thrift, you Rogues, my ſelf, and skirted *Page.*

Piſt. Let Vultures gripe thy guts: for gourd, and Fullam holds, and high and low beguiles the rich and poor,
Teſter I'le have in Pouch when thou ſhalt lack,
Baſe Phrygian Turk.

Ni. I have operations,
Which be humours of revenge.

Piſt. Wilt thou revenge?

ff Gord
Fullomes
a sort of false
dice &c.
London Prodi:
Pag: 213.

Ni. By Welkin and her Star.

Piſt. With wit, or ſteel ?

Ni. With both the humors, I:
I will diſcuſs the humor of this Love to *Ford.*

Piſt. And I to *Page* ſhall eke unfold
How *Falſtaffe* (Varlet vile)
His Dove will prove : his gold will hold,
And his ſoft Couch defile.

Ni. My humor ſhall not cool: I will incenſe *Ford* to deal with poyſon : I will poſſeſs him with yellowneſs, for the revolt of mine is dangerous : that is my true humor.

Piſt. Thou art the *Mars* of *Male-contents* : I ſecond thee: troop on. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Miſtreſs Quickly, Simple, John Rugby, Doctor Caius, Fenton.

Qu. What, *John Rugby*, I pray thee go to the caſement, and ſee if you can ſee my Maſter, Maſter Doctor *Caius* coming: if he do (I'faith) and find any body in the houſe, here will be an old abuſing of Gods patience, and the Kings Engliſh.

Ru. I'le go watch.

Qu. Go, and we'll have a poſſet for't ſoon at night, (in faith) at the latter end of a ſea-coal fire : An honeſt, willing, kind fellow, as ever ſervant ſhall come in houſe withal: and I warrant you, no tell-tale, nor no breedbate : his worſt fault is, that he is given to prayer ; he is ſomething peeviſh that way : but no body, but has his fault : but let that paſs. *Peter Simple* you ſay your name is.

Si. I, for fault of a better.

Qu. And Maſter *Slender's* your Maſter ?

Si. I forſooth.

Qu. Do's he not wear a great round Beard, like a Glovers pairing-knife ?

Si. No forſooth : he hath but a little wee-face ; with a little yellow Beard : a Cain-coloured Beard.

Qu. A ſoftly-ſprited man, is he not ?

Si I forſooth : but he is as tall a man of his hands, as any is between this and his head ; he hath fought with a Warrener.

Qu. How ſay you : oh, I ſhould remember him : doe's he not hold up his head (as it were?)and ſtrut in his gate ?

Si. Yes indeed doe's he.

Qu. Well, heaven ſend *Anne Page* no worſe fortune. Tell Maſter Parſon *Evans*, I will do what I can for your Maſter : *Anne* is a good girl, and I wiſh——

Ru. Out alas: here comes my Maſter.

Qu. We ſhall all be ſhent : Run in here, good young man : go into this Cloſet : he will not ſtay long : what *John Rugby* ? *John* : what *John* I ſay ? go *John*, go enquire for my Maſter, I doubt he be not well, that he comes not home : (*and down, down, adown'a, &c.*)

Ca. Vat is you ſing? I do not like des toys: pray you go and vetch in my Cloſet, unboyteen verd ; a Box, a green a Box : do intend vat I ſpeak? a green-a Box.

Qu. I forſooth i'le fetch it you :
I am glad he went not in himſelf : if he had found the young man, he would have been horn mad.

Ca. Fe, fe, fe, fe, moi foi, il fait for ehando, Ie man vo ia le. Court la grand affaires.

Qu. Is it this Sir ?

Ca. Ouy, mette le au mon pocket, de-peech quickly :
Vere is dat knave *Rugby* ?

Qu. What *John Rugby, John*?

Ru. Here Sir.

Ca. You are *John Rugby*, and you are *Jack Rugby* : Come, take-a your Rapier, and come after my heel to the the Court.

Ru. 'Tis ready ſir, here in the Porch.

Ca. By my trot I tarry too long : od's-me : *que ay je oublie* : dere is ſome Simples in my Cloſet, dat I will not for the varld I ſhall leave behind.

Qu. Ay-me, he'll find the young man there, and be mad.

Ca. O *Diable, Diable* : vat is in my Cloſet ?
Villanie, La-roon : *Rugby*, my Rapier.

Qu. Good Maſter be content.

Ca. Wherefore ſhould I be content-a ?

Qu. The young man is an honeſt man.

Ca. What ſhall de honeſt man do in my Cloſet : dere is no honeſt man dat ſhall come in my Cloſet.

Qu. I beſeech you be not ſo flegmatick : hear the truth of it. He came of an errand to me from *Parſon Hugh.*

Ca. Vell.

Si. I forſooth, to deſire her to—

Qu. Peace, I pray you.

Ca. Peace-a-your-tongue, ſpeak-a your Tale.

Si. To deſire this honeſt Gentlewoman (your Maid) to ſpeak a good word to Miſtreſs *Anne Page* for my Maſter in the way of marriage.

Qu. This is all indeed-la : but i'le ne're put my finger in the fire and need not.

Ca. Sir *Hugh* ſend-a-you ? *Rugby*, ballow me ſome Paper : tarry you a littell-a-while.

Qui. I am glad he is ſo quiet : if he had been throughly moved, you ſhould have heard him ſo loud, and ſo melancholly : but notwithſtanding man, I'le do for your maſter what good I can : and the very yea, and the no is, the French Doctor my Maſter, (I may call him my Maſter, look you, for I keep his houſe ; and I waſh, ring, brew, bake, ſcour, dreſs meat and drink, make the beds, and do all my ſelf.)

Sim. 'Tis a great charge to come under one bodies hand.

Qui: Are you a-vis'd o'that ? you ſhall find it a great charge : and to be up early, and down late : but notwithſtanding, (to tell you in your ear, I would have no words of it) my Maſter himſelf is in love with Miſtreſs *Anne Page* : but notwithſtanding that I know *Annes* mind, that's neither here nor there.

Cai. You, Jack'Nape : givie'a this Letter to Sir *Hugh*, by gar it is a ſhallenge : I will cut his troat in de Parke, and I will teach a ſcurvy Jack-a-nape Prieſt to meddle or make : — you may be gone : it is not good you tarry here : by gar I will cut all his two ſtones : by gar, he ſhall not have a ſtone to trow at his dog:

Qui. Alas : he ſpeaks but for his friend.

Cai. It is no matter'a ver dat : do not you tell-a-me dat *I* ſhall have *Anne Page* for my ſelf? by gar, *I* vill kill de Jack-Prieſt : and *I* have appointed mine Hoſt of de Garter to meaſure our weapon : by gar *I* will my ſelf have *Ann Page:*

Qui. Sir, the maid loves you, and all ſhall be well: We muſt give folks leave to prate : what the good-jer.

Cai. Rugby, come to the Court with me : by gar, if *I* have not *Anne Page*, *I* ſhall turn your head out of my door : follow my heels, *Rugby.*

Qui. You ſhall have *Anne*-fools head of your own, No, *I* know *Anns* mind for that : that never a woman in *Windſor* knows more of *Anns* mind than *I* do, nor can do more than *I* do with her, *I* thank Heaven.

Fenton. Who's within there, hoa ?

Qui: Who's there, *I* troa ? Come near the houſe *I* pray you.

Fen. How now (good woman) how doſt thou ?

Qui. The better that it pleaſes your good Worſhip to ask.

Fen. What news ? how does pretty Miſtreſs *Anne* ?

Qui. In truth Sir, and ſhe is pretty, and honeſt, and gentle, and one that is your friend, I can tell you that by the way, I praiſe heaven for it.

Fen. Shall I do any good think'ſt thou? ſhall I not loſe my ſuit?

Qui. Troth Sir, all is in his hands above: but notwithſtanding (Maſter *Fenton*), I'le be ſworn on a book ſhe loves you: Have not your Worſhip a Wart above your Eye?

Fen. Yes marry have I: what of that?

Qui. Well, thereby hangs a tale: good faith, it is ſuch another *Nan*; but (I deteſt) an honeſt maid as ever broke bread: we had an hours talk of that Wart: I ſhall never laugh but in that maids company: but (indeed) ſhe is given too much to Allicholly and muſing, but for you—— Well——go to——

Fen. Well: I ſhall ſee her to day: hold, there's money for thee: Let me have thy voice in my behalf: if thou ſeeſt her before me, commend me——

Qui. Will I? I faith that we will: And I will tell your Worſhip more of the VVart, the next time we have confidence, and of other VVooers.

Fen. VVell: farewell: I am in great haſte now.

Qui. Farewell to your VVorſhip; truly an honeſt Gentleman: but *Ann* loves him not: for I know *Anns* mind as well as another does: out upon't: what have I forgot? *Exit.*

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Miſtris Page, Miſtris Ford, Maſter Page, Maſter Ford, Piſtol, Nym, Quickly, Hoſt, Shallow.

Miſ. Page. VVhat, have I ſcap'd Love-Letters in the holyday-time of my beauty, and am I now a ſubject for them? let me ſee:

Ask me no Reaſon why I love you; for tho Love uſe Reaſon for his Preciſian, he admits him not for his Counſellor: you are not young, no more am I: go to then, there's ſympathy: you are merry, ſo am I: ha, ha, then there's more ſympathy: you love Sack, & ſo do I: would you deſire better ſympathy? Let it ſuffice thee (Miſtris Page) *at the laſt if the Love of a Souldier can ſuffice, that I love thee; I will not ſay pity me, 'tis not a Souldier-like phraſe, but I ſay, love me:*

By me, thine own true Knight, by day or night:
Or any kind of light, with all his might,
For thee to fight. John Falſtaffe.

What a *Herod* of *Jury* is this? O wicked, wicked world:
One that is well nigh worn to pieces with age,
To ſhow himſelf a young Gallant? what unwayed
Behaviour hath this Flemiſh drunkard pickt
(I'th' devils name) out of my converſation, that dares in this manner aſſay me? VVhy, he hath not been thrice in my Company: what ſhould I ſay to him? I was then frugal of my mirth (heaven forgive me): VVhy, I'le exhibit a Bill in the Parliament for the putting down of men: how ſhall I be reveng'd on him? for reveng'd I will be, as ſure as his guts are made of puddings.

Miſ. Ford. Miſtris Page, truſt me, I was going to your houſe.

Miſ. Page. And truſt me, I was coming to you: you look very ill.

Miſ. Ford. Nay, I'le ne're believe that; I have to ſhew to the contrary.

Miſ. Page. 'Faith but you do, in my mind.

Miſ. Ford. VVell: I do then: yet I ſay, I could ſhew you to the contrary: O Miſtris *Page*, give me ſome counſel.

Miſ. Page. What's the matter, woman?

Miſ. Ford. O woman! if it were not for one trifling reſpect, I could come to ſuch honour.

Miſ. Page. Hang the trifle (woman), take the honour: what is it? diſpenſe with trifles: what is it?

Miſ. Ford. If I would but go to hell for an eternal moment, or ſo; I could be knighted.

Miſ. Page. What, thou lieſt! Sir *Alice Ford!* theſe Knights will hack, and ſo thou ſhould'ſt not alter the article of thy Gentry.

Miſ. Ford. We burn day-light, here, read, read: perceive how I might be Knighted: I ſhall think the worſe of fat men as long as I have an Eye to make difference of mens liking; and yet he would not ſwear: praiſe Womens modeſty: and gave ſuch orderly and well-behaved Reproof to all uncomelineſs, that I would have ſworn his Diſpoſition would have gone to the truth of his Words: but they do no more adhere, and keep place together, than the Hundred Pſalms to the Tune of Green-ſleeves: What tempeſt (I troa) threw this Whale (with ſo many Tuns of Oyl in his belly) a' ſhore at *Windſor*? How ſhall I be revenged on him? I think the beſt way were to entertain him with hope, till the wicked fire of Luſt have melted him in his own greaſe: Did you ever hear the like?

Miſ. Page. Letter for Letter; but that the name of *Page* and *Ford* differs: to thy great comfort in this myſtery of ill Opinions, here's the twin-brother of thy Letter; but let thine inherit firſt; for I proteſt mine never ſhall: I warrant he hath a thouſand of theſe Letters, writ with blank-ſpace for different names (ſure more): and theſe are of the Second Edition: he will print them out of doubt; for he cares not what he puts into the Preſs, when he would put us two: I had rather be a Gianteſs, and lie under *Mount-Pelion*: Well: I will find you twenty laſcivious Turtles e're one chaſte man.

Miſ. Ford. Why, this is the very ſame: the very hand: the very words: What doth he think of us?

Miſ. Page. Nay, I know not: it makes me almoſt ready to wrangle with mine own Honeſty: I'le entertain my ſelf like one that I am not acquainted withal: for ſure unleſs he knew ſome Strain in me, that I know not my ſelf, he would never have boorded me in this fury.

Miſ. Ford. Boording, call it you? I'le be ſure to keep him above deck.

Miſ. Page. So will I: if he come under my hatches, I'le never to Sea again: Let's be reveng'd on him; let's appoint him a meeting: give him a ſhow of comfort in his ſuit; and lead him on with a fine baited delay, till he hath pawn'd his horſes to mine Hoſt of the Garter.

Miſ. Ford. Nay, I will conſent to act any Villany againſt him that may not ſully the charineſs of our honeſty: Oh that my husband ſaw this Letter: it would give eternal food to his jealouſie.

Miſ. Page. VVhy, look where he comes: and my good man too: he's as far from jealouſie as I am from giving him cauſe, and that (I hope) is an unmeaſurable diſtance.

Miſ. Ford. You are the happier woman.

Miſ. Page. Let's conſult together againſt this greaſie Knight: Come hither.

Ford. VVell: I hope it be not ſo.

Piſt. Hope is a curtal-dog in ſome affairs.
Sir *John* affects thy Wife.

Ford. VVhy ſir, my Wife is not young.

Piſt. He wooes both high and low, both rich and poor, both young and old, and one with another (*Ford*) he loves thy Gally-mawfry (*Ford*) perpend.

Ford. Love my Wife?

Piſt. VVith liver burning hot: prevent;
Or go thou like Sir *Acteon*, with
Ring-wood at thy heels: O, odious is the name.

Ford. VVhat name, Sir?

Piſt. The horn, I ſay: Farewell:
Take heed, have open Eye; for thieves do foot by night.
Take heed e're ſummer comes, or Cuckoo-birds do ſing.
Away ſir Corporal *Nim.*
Believe it (*Page*), he ſpeaks ſence.

Ford. I will be patient: I will find out this.

Nim. And this is true: I like not the humor of lying: he hath wrong'd me in ſome humours: I ſhould have born the humour'd Letter to her: but I have a ſword, and it ſhall bite upon my neceſſity: he loves your Wiſe; There's the ſhort and the long: My name is Corporal *Nim*: I ſpeak it, and I avouch. 'tis true: my name is *Nim*: and *Falſtaffe* loves your Wiſe: adieu: I love not the humour of bread and cheeſe: adieu.

Page. The humour of it (quoth 'a)? here's a fellow frights *Engliſh* out of his Wits.

Ford. I will ſeek out *Falſtaffe.*

Page. I never heard ſuch a drawling affecting Rogue.

Ford. If I do find it: Well.

Page. I will not believe ſuch a *Cataian*, tho the Prieſt o' th' Town commended him for a true man.

Ford. 'Twas a good ſenſible fellow: Well.

Page. How now *Meg?*

Miſ. Page. Whither go you (*George*)? hark you.

Miſ. Ford. How now (ſweet *Frank*), why art thou melancholly?

Ford. I melancholly! I am not melancholly:
Get you home, go.

Miſ. Ford. Faith, thou haſt ſome crotchets in thy head. Now: will you go, *Miſtris Page*?

Miſ. Page. Have with you: you'l come to dinner, *George*? Look who comes yonder: ſhe ſhall be our Meſſenger to this paltry Knight.

Miſ. Ford. Truſt me, I thought on her: ſhe'le fit it.

Miſ. Page. You are come to ſee my daughter *Ann*?

Qui. I forſooth: and I pray how do's good Miſtris *Ann*?

Miſ. Page. Go in with us and ſee: we have an hours talk with you.

Page. How now, Maſter *Ford.*

Ford. You heard what this Knave told me, did you not?

Page. Yes: and you heard what the other told me?

Ford. Do you think there is truth in them?

Page. Hang 'em ſlaves: I do not think the Knight would offer it: but theſe that accuſe him in his intent towards our Wives, are a Yoke of his diſcarded men: very Rogues now they be out of ſervice.

Ford. Were they his men?

Page. Marry were they.

Ford. I like it never the better for that.
Do's he lie at the Garter?

Page. I marry do's he: if he ſhould intend this Voyage toward my Wife, I would turn her looſe to him; and what he gets more of her than ſharp words, let it lie on my head.

Ford. I do not miſdoubt my Wiſe: but I would be loath to turn them together: a man may be too confident: I would have nothing lie on my head: I cannot be thus ſatisfied.

Page. Look where my ranting-Hoſt of the Garter comes: there is either liquor in his pate, or money in his purſe, when he looks ſo merrily: How now mine Hoſt?

Hoſt. How now Bully-Rooke: thou'rt a Gentleman Cavalerio-Juſtice, I ſay.

Shal. I follow (mine Hoſt), I follow: Good even, and twenty (good Maſter *Page*). Maſter *Page*, will you go with us? We have ſport in hand.

Hoſt. Tell him, Cavalerio-Juſtice: tell him Bully-Rook.

Shal. Sir, there is a fray to be fought between Sir *Hugh*, the *Welch*-Prieſt, and *Caius*, the *French*-Doctor.

Ford. Good mine Hoſt o' th' Garter, a word with you.

Hoſt. What ſai'ſt thou, my Bully-Rook?

Shal. Will you go with us to behold it? My merry Hoſt hath had the meaſuring of their Weapons; and (I think) hath appointed them contrary places: for (believe me) I hear the Parſon is no Jeſter: Hark, I will tell you what our ſport ſhall be.

Hoſt. Haſt thou no ſuit againſt my Knight, my gueſt-Cavaleir?

Shal None, I proteſt; but I'le give you a pottle of burn'd Sack to give me recourſe to him, and tell him my name is *Broom*: only for a Jeſt.

Hoſt. My hand (Bully): thou ſhalt have egreſs and regreſs (ſaid I well)? and thy name ſhall be *Broom.* It is a merry Knight: will you go an-heirs?

Shal. Have with you, mine Hoſt.

Page. I have heard the *French*-man hath good skill in his Rapier.

Shal. Tut, ſir: I could have told you more: In theſe times you ſtand on diſtance: your Paſſes, Stoccado's, and I know not what: 'tis the heart (Maſter *Page*): 'tis here, 'tis here: I have ſeen the time, with my long-ſword, I would have made you four tall fellows skip like Rats.

Hoſt. Here boys, here: ſhall we wag?

Page. Have with you: I had rather hear them ſcold than fight.

Ford. Tho *Page* be a ſecure fool, and ſtand ſo firmly on his Wives frailty; yet I cannot put off my opinion ſo eaſily: ſhe was in his company at *Page*'s houſe: and what they made there, I know not. Well: I will look further into't; and I have a diſguiſe to ſound *Falſtaffe*: if I find her honeſt, I loſe not my labour: if ſhe be otherwiſe, 'tis labour well beſtowed.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Falſtaffe, Piſtol, Robin, Quickly, Bardolffe, Ford.

Fal. I will not lend thee a penny.

Piſt. Why then the World's mine Oyſter, which I, with ſword will open.

Fal. Not a penny: I have been content (Sir) you ſhould lay my countenance to pawn: I have grated upon my good friends for three Reprieves for you, and your Coach-fellow, *Nim*; or elſe you had look'd through the grate, like a Gemeny of Baboons: I am damn'd in hell for ſwearing to Gentlemen, my friends, you were good Soldiers, and tall fellows. And when Miſtris *Briget* loſt the handle of her Fan, I took't upon mine honour thou hadſt it not.

Piſt. Did'ſt thou not ſhare? had'ſt thou not fifteen pence?

Fal. Reaſon, you Rogue, Reaſon: think'ſt thou I'le endanger my ſoul, *gratis*? At a word: hang no more about me; I am no Gibbet for you: go, a ſhort knife and a throng, to your Mannor of *Pickt-hatcht*: go, you'l not bear a Letter for me, you Rogue: you ſtand upon your honour: Why (thou unconfinable baſeneſs), it is as much as I can do to keep the term of my honour preciſe: I, I: I my ſelf ſometimes, leaving the fear of heaven on the left hand, and hiding mine honour in my neceſſity, am fain to ſhuffle, to hedg, and to lurch; and yet, you Rogue, will enſconſe your Rags, your Cat-a-Mountain-looks, your Red Lattice Phraſes, and your bold-beating-Oaths, under the ſhelter of your honour: you will not do it, you.

Piſt. I do relent: What would thou more of man?

Rob. Sir, here's a Woman would ſpeak with you.

Fal. Let her approach.

Qui. Give your Worſhip good morrow.

Fal. Good morrow, good wife.

Qui. Not ſo, and't pleaſe your Worſhip.

Fal Good maid then.

Qui. I'le be ſworn,
As my mother was the firſt hour I was born.

Fal. I do believe the ſwearer: what with me?

Qui. Shall I vouchſafe your VVorſhip a word or two?

Fal. Two thouſand (fair woman), and I'le vouchſafe thee the hearing.

Qui. There is one Miſtris *Ford* (Sir): I pray come a little nearer this ways: I my ſelf dwell with M. Doctor *Caius*.

Fal. Well, on: Miſtris *Ford*, you ſay.

Qui. Your Worſhip ſays very true: I pray your Worſhip come a little nearer this ways.

Fal. I warrant thee no body hears: mine own people, mine own people.

Qui. Are they ſo? Heaven bleſs them, and make them his ſervants.

Fal. Well: Miſtris *Ford*; what of her?

Qui. Why, Sir, ſhe's a good creature: lord, lord, your Worſhip's a wanton: well: heaven forgive you, and all of us, I pray——

Fal. Miſtris *Ford*: come, Miſtris *Ford*.

Qui. Marry, this is the ſhort and the long of it: you have brought her into ſuch a Canaries, as 'tis wonderful: the beſt Courtier of them all (when the Court lay at *Windſor*) could never have brought her to ſuch a Canary: yet there has been Knights, and Lords and Gentlemen, with their Coaches: I warrant you Coach after Coach, letter after letter, gift after gift, ſmelling ſo ſweetly; all musk; and ſo ruſhling, I warrant you, in ſilk and gold, and in ſuch alligant terms, and in ſuch wine and ſugar of the beſt, and the faireſt, that would have won any womans heart: and I warrant you they could never get an Eye-wink of her: I had my ſelf twenty Angels given me this morning; but I defie all Angels (in any ſuch ſort as they ſay) but in the way of honeſty: and I warrant you, they could never get her ſo much as ſip on a Cup with the proudeſt of them all; and yet there has been Earls; nay (which is more), Pentioners, but I warrant you all is one with her.

Fal. But what ſays ſhe to me? be brief my good ſhe-*Mercury*.

Qui. Marry, ſhe hath receiv'd your Letter; for the which ſhe thanks you a thouſand times; and ſhe gives you to notifie, that her husband will be abſence from his houſe between ten and eleven.

Fal. Ten and eleven.

Qui. I, forſooth: and then you may come and ſee the picture (ſhe ſays) that you wot of: Maſter *Ford*, her husband, will be from home: Alas! the ſweet woman leads an ill life with him: he's a very jealouſie-man; ſhe leads a very frampold life with him (good heart).

Fal. Ten and eleven:
Woman, commend me to her, I will not fail her.

Qui. Why, you ſay well: But I have another meſſenger to your Worſhip: Miſtris *Page* has her hearty commendations to you too: and let me tell you in your ear, ſhe's as fartuous a civil modeſt Wife, and one (I tell you) that will not miſs you morning nor evening prayer, as any is in *Windſor*, who e're be the other: and ſhe bad me tell your Worſhip, that her husband is ſeldom from home; but ſhe hopes there will come a time. I never knew a woman ſo doat upon a man; ſurely I think you have Charms, la: yes in truth.

Fal. Not I, I aſſure thee; ſetting the attraction of my good parts aſide, I have no other Charms.

Qui. Bleſſing on your heart for't.

Fal. But I pray thee tell me this: has *Ford*'s Wife, and *Page*'s Wife acquainted each other how they love me?

Qui. That were a jeſt indeed: they have not ſo little grace I hope, that were a trick indeed: But Miſtris *Page* would deſire you to ſend her your little Page, of all loves: her husband has a marvellous infection to the little Page: and truly Maſter *Page* is an honeſt man: never a Wife in *Windſor* leads a better life than ſhe do's: do what ſhe will, ſay what ſhe will, take all, pay all, go to bed when ſhe liſt, riſe when ſhe liſt; all is as ſhe will: and truly ſhe deſerves it; for if there be a kind woman in *Windſor*, ſhe is one: you muſt ſend her your Page; no Remedy.

Fal. Why, I will.

Qui. Nay, but do ſo then, and, look you, he may come and go between you both: and in any caſe, have a nay-word, that you may know one anothers mind, and the boy never need to underſtand any thing; for 'tis not good that children ſhould know any wickedneſs: old folks, you know, have diſcretion, as they ſay, and know the World.

Fal. Fare thee well: commend me to them both: there's my purſe, I am yet thy debtor: Boy, go along with this woman: this news diſtracts me.

Piſt. This Punk is one of *Cupid*'s Carriers: Pink
Clap on more ſails, purſue; up with your fights:
Give fire: ſhe is my prize; or Ocean whelm them all.

Fal. Saiſt thou ſo (old *Jack*)? Go thy ways: I'le make more of thy old body than I have done: will they yet look after thee? Wilt thou after the expence of ſo much money, be now a gainer? good body, I thank thee: let them ſay, 'tis groſly done, ſo it be fairly done, no matter.

Bar. Sir *John*, there's one Maſter *Broom* below would fain ſpeak with you, and be acquainted with you; and hath ſent your Worſhip a mornings draught of Sack.

Fal. *Broom* is his name?

Baſt. I Sir.

Fal. Call him in: ſuch *Brooms* are welcome to me, that o'reflows ſuch liquor: ah, ah, Miſtris *Ford* and Miſtris *Page*, have I encompaſſed you? go to, *via*.

Ford. Bleſs you, ſir.

Fal. And you, ſir: would you ſpeak with me?

Ford. I make bold to preſs with ſo little preparation upon you.

Fal. You'r welcome: what's your will? Give us leave, Drawer.

Ford. Sir, I am a Gentleman that have ſpent much; my name is *Broom*.

Fal. Good Maſter *Broom*, I deſire more acquaintance of you.

Ford. Good Sir *John*, I ſue for yours: not to charge you; for I muſt let you underſtand, I think my ſelf in better plight for a Lender, than you are: the which hath ſomething emboldned me to this unſeaſon'd intruſion: for they ſay, if money go before, all ways do lie open.

Fal. Money is a good Soldier (ſir), and will on.

Ford. Troth, and I have a bag of money here troubles me; if you will help to bear it (Sir *John*), take all, or half, for eaſing me of the carriage.

Fal. Sir, I know not how I may deſerve to be your Porter.

Ford. I will tell you, Sir, if you will give me the hearing.

Fal. Speak (good Maſter *Broom*): I ſhall be glad to be your ſervant.

Ford. Sir, I hear you are a Scholar (I will be brief with you) and you have been a man long known to me, tho I had never ſo good means as deſire, to make my ſelf acquainted with you. I ſhall diſcover a thing to you, wherein I muſt very much lay open mine own imperfection: but (good Sir *John*) as you have one eye upon my follies, as you hear them unfolded, turn another into the Regiſter of your own, that I may paſs with a Reproof the eaſier, ſith you your ſelf know how eaſie it is to be ſuch an Offender.

Fal. Very well, ſir, proceed.

Ford. There is a Gentlewoman in this Town, her husband's name is *Ford*.

Fal. Well, ſir.

Ford. I have long lov'd her, and I proteſt to you, beſtowed much on her; followed her with a doating obſervance: ingroſs'd opportunities to meet her: fee'd every ſlight occaſion that could but niggardly give me ſight of her: not only bought many preſents to give her, but have given largely to many, to know what ſhe would have given: Briefly, I have purſu'd her as Love hath purſued me, which hath been on the wing of all occaſions: but whatſoever I have merited, either in my mind, or in my means, meed I am ſure I have received none, unleſs experience be a Jewel that I have purchaſed at an infinite rate, and that hath taught me to ſay this:

" *Love like a ſhadow flies, when ſubſtance Love purſues;*
" *Purſuing that that flies, and flying what purſues.*

Fal. Have you receiv'd no promiſe of ſatisfaction at her hands?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Have you importun'd her to ſuch a purpoſe?

For. Never.

Fal. Of what quality was your love then?

Ford. Like a fair houſe built on another man's ground; ſo that I have loſt my Edifice, by miſtaking the place where I erected it.

Fal. To what purpoſe have you unfolded this to me?

Ford. When I have told you that, I have told you all: Some ſay, that tho ſhe appear honeſt to me, yet in other places ſhe enlargeth her mirth ſo far, that there is ſhrewd Conſtruction made of her. Now (Sir *John*) here is the heart of my purpoſe: You are a Gentleman of excellent Breeding, admirable Diſcourſe, of great admittance, Authentick in your Place and Perſon, generally allow'd for your many War-like, Court-like, and Learned Preparations.

Fal. O Sir!

Ford. Believe it; for you know it: there is money; ſpend it, ſpend it, ſpend more: ſpend all I have; only give me ſo much of your time in exchange of it, as to lay an amiable ſiege to the honeſty of this *Ford*'s Wife: uſe your Art of wooing; win her to conſent to you: if any man may, you may as ſoon as any.

Fal. Would it apply well to the vehemence of your Affection, that I ſhould win what you would enjoy? Methinks you preſcribe to your ſelf very prepoſterouſly.

Ford. O, underſtand my drift: ſhe dwells ſo ſecurely on the Excellency of her honour, that the folly of my ſoul dares not preſent it ſelf; as ſhe is too bright to be look'd againſt. Now could I come to her with any detection in my hand; my deſires had inſtance and argument to commend themſelves; I could drive her then from the ward of her Purity, her Reputation, her Marriage-Vow, and a thouſand other her defences, which now are too-too ſtrongly embattailed againſt me: what ſay you to't, Sir *John*?

Fal. Maſter *Broom*, I will firſt make bold with your money; next, give me your hand; and laſt, as I am a Gentleman, you ſhall, if you will, enjoy *Ford*'s Wife.

Ford. O good ſir!

Fal. I ſay, you ſhall.

Ford. Want no money (Sir *John*): you ſhall want none.

Fal. Want no *Miſtris Ford* (*Maſter Broom*): you ſhall want none: I ſhall be with her (I may tell you) by her own appointment: even as you came in to me, her aſſiſtant, or go-between, parted from me: I ſay, I ſhall be with her between ten and eleven: for at that time the jealous-raſcally-knave, her huſband, will be forth: come you to me at night, you ſhall know I ſpeed.

Ford. I am bleſt in your acquaintance: Do you know *Ford*, Sir?

Fal. Hang him (poor Cuckoldly knave) I know him not: yet I wrong him, to call him poor: they ſay, the jealous wittolly-knave hath maſſes of money; for the which his Wife ſeems to me well-favour'd. I will uſe her as the key of the Cuckold-Rogues Coffer; and there's my Harveſt-home.

Ford. I would you knew *Ford*, ſir, that you might avoid him, if you ſaw him.

Fal. Hang him, mechanical-ſalt-butter Rogue; I will ſtare him out of his Wits: I will awe him with my Cudgel: it ſhall hang like a Meteor o're the Cuckold's horns: Maſter *Broom*, thou ſhalt know I will predominate over the Pezant, and thou ſhalt lie with his Wife. Come to me ſoon at night: *Ford*'s a Knave, and I will aggravate his ſtile: thou (Maſter *Broom*) ſhalt know him for Knave and Cuckold: Come to me ſoon at night. *Exit.*

Ford. What a damn'd Epicurean-Raſcal is this? my heart is ready to crack with impatience: Who ſays this is improvident jealouſie? my Wife hath ſent to him, the hour is fixt, the match is made: would any man have thought this? ſee the hell of having a falſe woman: my Bed ſhall be abus'd, my Coffers ranſack'd, my Reputation gnawn at, and I ſhall not only receive this villainous wrong, but ſtand under the adoption of abominable terms, and by him that does me this wrong: Terms, Names: *Amaimon* ſounds well: *Lucifer* well: *Barbaſon* well: yet they are Devils additions, the names of fiends: But Cuckold, VVittol, Cuckold: the Devil himſelf hath not ſuch a Name. *Page* is an Aſs, a ſecure Aſs: he will truſt his VVife; he will not be jealous: I will rather truſt a *Fleming* with my Butter, Parſon *Hugh*, the *Welchman*, with my Cheeſe, an *Iriſh-man* with my *Aqua-vitæ* bottle, or a thief to walk my ambling gelding, than my VVife with her ſelf: Then ſhe plots, then ſhe ruminates, then ſhe deviſes: and what they think in their hearts they may effect, they will break their hearts but they will effect. Heaven be prais'd for my jealouſie: Eleven o' clock the hour: I will prevent this, detect my VVife, be reveng'd on *Falſtaffe*, and laugh at *Page*: I will about it; better three hours too ſoon than a minute too late: fie, fie, fie: Cuckold, Cuckold, Cuckold. *Exit.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Caius, Rugby, Shallow, Slender, Page, Hoſt.

Caius. Jack Rugby.

Rug. Sir.

Cai. Vat is de clock, *Jack*?

Rug. 'Tis paſt the hour (Sir) that Sir *Hugh* promis'd to meet.

Cai. By gar, he has ſave his ſoul, dat he is no come: he has pray his Pible well, dat he is no come: by gar (*Jack Rugby*) he is dead already, if he be come.

Rug. He is wiſe, ſir: he knew your VVorſhip would kill him, if he came.

Cai. By gar, de herring is no dead ſo as I vill kill him: take your Rapier (*Jack*), I vill tell you how I vill kill him.

Rug. Alas, ſir, I cannot fence.

Cai. Villany, take your Rapier.

Rug. Forbear: here's company.

Hoſt. 'Bleſs thee, bully-Doctor.

Shal. 'Save you, Mr. Doctor *Caius*.

Page. Now, good Mr. Doctor.

Slen. 'Give you good morrow, ſir.

Cai. Vat be all you, one, two, trees, four, come for?

Hoſt. To ſee thee fight, to ſee thee foigne, to ſee thee traverſe, to ſee thee here, to ſee thee there, to ſee thee paſs thy Puncto, thy Stock, thy Reverſe, thy Diſtance, thy Montant: Is he dead, my *Ethiopian*? is he dead, my

Franciſco? ha, Bully? VVhat ſays my *Eſculapius*? my *Gallen*? my heart of Elder? ha? Is he dead, bully-Stale? Is he dead?

Cai. By gar, he is de Coward-*Jack*-Prieſt of de vorld: he is not ſhow his face.

Hoſt. Thou art a *Caſtalion-king-Urinal*: *Hector* of Greece (my boy).

Cai. I pray you bear witneſs, that me have ſtay ſix or ſeven, two tree hours for him, and he is no-come.

Shal. He is the wiſer man (Mr. Doctor): he is a curer of ſouls, and you a curer of bodies: if you ſhould fight, you go againſt the hair of your profeſſions: is it not true, Maſter *Page*?

Page. Maſter *Shallow*, you have your ſelf been a great fighter, tho now a man of peace.

Shal. Body-kins, Mr. *Page*, tho I now be old, and of peace, if I ſee a ſword out, my finger itches to make one: tho we are Juſtices, and Doctors, and Church-men (Mr. *Page*), we have ſome ſalt of our Youth in us; we are the Sons of Women (Mr. *Page*).

Page. 'Tis true, Mr. *Shallow*.

Shal. It will be found ſo (Mr. *Page*). Mr. Doctor *Caius*, I am come to fetch you home: I am ſworn of the Peace: you have ſhew'd your ſelf a wiſe Phyſician, and ſir *Hugh* hath ſhown himſelf a wiſe and patient Church-man: you muſt go with me, Mr. Doctor.

Hoſt. Pardon, Gueſt-Juſtice; a Mounſieur Mock-water.

Cai. Mock-water? vat is dat?

Hoſt. Mock-water, in our *Engliſh* Tongue, is Valour (Bully).

Cai. By gar, then I have as much Mock-water as de *Engliſh-man*: ſcurvy-Jack-dog-Prieſt: by gar, me vill cut his Ears.

Hoſt. He will clapper-claw thee tightly (Bully).

Cai. Clapper-de-claw? vat is dat?

Hoſt. That is, he will make thee amends.

Cai. By gar, me do look he ſhall clapper-de-claw me; for by gar, me vill have it.

Hoſt. And I will provoke him to't, or let him wag.

Cai. Me tanck you for dat.

Hoſt. And moreover (Bully): but firſt, Mr. *Gueſt*, and Mr. *Page*, and eek *Cavalerio Slender*, go you through the Town to *Frogmore*.

Page. Sir *Hugh* is there, is he?

Hoſt. He is there: ſee what humour he is in: and I will bring the Doctor about the Fields: Will it do well?

Shal. We will do it.

All. Adieu, good Mr. Doctor.

Cai. By gar, me vill kill de Prieſt; for he ſpeak for a Jack-an Ape to *Ann Page*.

Hoſt. Let him die: ſheath thy impatience: throw cold Water on thy Choller: go about the Fields with me through *Frogmore*; I will bring thee where Miſtris *Ann Page* is, at a Farm-houſe a feaſting; and thou ſhalt woo her: Cride-game, ſaid I well?

Cai. By gar, me dank you vor dat: by gar I love you: and I ſhall procure 'a you de good Gueſt: de Earl, de Knight, de Lords, de Gentlemen, my patients.

Hoſt. For the which, I will be thy adverſary toward *Ann Page*: ſaid I well?

Cai. By gar, 'tis good: vell ſaid.

Hoſt. Let us wag then.
Come at my heels *Jack Rugby*. *Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Evans, Simple, Page, Shallow, Slender, Hoſt, Caius, Rugby.

Evan. I pray you now, good Maſter *Slender*'s ſerving-man, and friend *Simple* by your name; which way have you look'd for Maſter *Caius*, that calls himſelf *Doctor of Phyſick*?

Sim. Marry ſir, the *Pitty-wary*, the *Park-ward*; every way: old *Windſor* way, and every way but the Town way.

Evan. I moſt fehemently deſire you, you will alſo look that way.

Sim. I will, ſir.

Evan. 'Pleſs my ſoul: how full of Chollars I am, and trempling of mind: I ſhall be glad if he have deceived me: how melanchollies I am? I will knog his Urinals about his Knaves Coſtard, when I have good opportunities for the orke: 'Pleſs my ſoul: *To ſhallow Rivers to whoſe falls, melodious Birds ſings Madrigalls: there will we make our Peds of Roſes, and a thouſand fragrant poſies: To ſhallow*: 'Mercy on me, I have a great diſpoſition to cry. *Melodious birds ſing Madrigal——When as I ſat in Pabilon; and a thouſand vagram Poſies. To ſhallow, &c.*

Sim. Yonder he is coming, this way, Sir *Hugh*.

Ev. He's welcome: *To ſhallow Rivers, to whoſe falls.*
Heaven proſper the right: What Weapons is he?

Sim. No Weapon's, ſir: there comes my Maſter, Mr. *Shallow*, and another Gentleman, from *Frogmore*, over the ſtile, this way.

Ev. Pray you give me my Gown, or elſe keep it in your arms. *Enter All.*

Shal. How now, Maſter Parſon? Good morrow good Sir *Hugh*: keep a Gameſter from the dice, and a good Student from his book, and it is wonderful.

Slen. Ah ſweet *Ann Page*.

Page. 'Save you, good Sir *Hugh*.

Ev. 'Pleſs you from his mercy-ſake, all of you.

Shal. What? the Sword and the Word?
Do you ſtudy them both, Mr. *Parſon*?

Page. And youthful ſtill, in your doublet and hoſe, this raw-rumatick day?

Ev. There is Reaſons and Cauſes for it.

Page. We are come to you, to do a good Office, Mr. *Parſon*.

Ev. Fery well: What is it?

Page. Yonder is a moſt Reverend Gentleman, who (belike) having received Wrong by ſome perſon, is at moſt odds with his own Gravity and Patience, that ever you ſaw.

Shal. I have lived fourſcore years, and upward: I never heard a man of his Place, Gravity and Learning, ſo wide of his own Reſpect.

Ev. What is he?

Page. I think you know him: Mr. Doctor *Caius*, the renowned *French* Phyſician

Ev. Got's Will, and his Paſſion of my heart: I had as lief you ſhould tell me of a meſs of Porredg.

Page. Why?

Ev. He has no more knowledg in *Hibocrates* and *Galen*, and he is a Knave beſides; a cowardly Knave as you would deſire to be acquainted withal.

Page. I warrant you, he's the man ſhould fight with him.

Slen. O ſweet *Ann Page*. *Enter* Caius.

Shal. It appears ſo by his Weapons: keep them aſunder: here comes Doctor *Caius*.

Page. Nay, good Mr. Parſon, keep in your Weapon.

Shal. So do you, good Mr. Doctor.

Hoſt. Diſarm them, and let them queſtion: let them keep their Limbs whole, and hack our *Engliſh*.

Cai. I pray you let-a-me ſpeak a word with your Ear; Wherefore vill you not meet-a me?

Ev. Pray you uſe your Patience in good time.

Cai. By gar, you are de Coward: de *Jack* Dog: *John* Ape.

Ev. Pray you let us not be laughing-ſtocks to other mens humours: I deſire you in friendſhip, and will one way or other make you amends: I will knog your your Urinal about your knaves Cogs-comb.

Cai. Diable Jack Rugby, mine *Hoſt de Jarteer*, have I not ſtay for him, to kill him? have I not at de place I did appoint?

Ev. As I am a Chriſtians-ſoul, now look you; this is the place appointed; I'le be judgment by mine *Hoſt of the Garter.*

Hoſt. Peace, I ſay, *Gallia* and *Gaul*, *French* and *Welch*, Soul Curer and Body-Curer.

Cai. I dat is very good, excellant.

Hoſt. Peace, I ſay: hear mine Hoſt of the Garter: Am I politick? am I ſubtle? am I a *Machivel*? Shall I loſe my Doctor? No: he gives me the Potions and the Motions. Shall I loſe my Parſon? my Prieſt? my Sir *Hugh*? No: he gives me the Proverbs and the No-verbs. Give me thy hand (Celeſtial) ſo: Boys of Art, I have deceived you both: I have directed you to wrong places: your hearts are mighty, your skins are whole, and let burn'd-Sack be the iſſue: come, lay their ſwords to pawn: Follow me, Lad of peace, follow, follow, follow.

Shal. Truſt me, a mad Hoſt: follow, Gentlemen, follow.

Slen. O ſweet *Ann Page.*

Cai. Ha' do I perceive dat? Have you make a-de-ſot of us, ha, ha?

Evan. This is well, he has made us his vlowting-ſtog: I deſire you that we may be friends: and let us knog our prains together, to be revenge on this ſame ſcall ſcurvy-cogging-companion, the Hoſt of the Garter.

Cai. By gar, with all my heart: he promiſe to bring me where is *Ann Page*; by gar, he deceive me too.

Evan. Well, I will ſmite his noddles: pray you follow.

Scena Secunda,

Miſt. Page, Robin, Ford, Page, Shallow, Slender,
Hoſt, Evans, Caius.

Miſt. Page, Nay, keep your way (little Gallant): you were wont to be a Follower, but now you are a Leader: whether had you rather lead mine eyes, or eye your Maſter's heels?

Rob. I had rather (forſooth) go before you like a man, than follow him like a dwarf.

Mi. Pa. O you are a flattering boy; now I ſee you'l be a Courtier.

Ford. Well met, Miſtris *Page*: whether go you?

M. Pa. Truly Sir, to ſee your Wife: is ſhe at home?

Ford. I, and as idle as ſhe may hang together for want of company: I think if your husbands were dead, you two would marry.

M. Pa. Be ſure of that, two other husbands.

Ford. Where had you this pretty Weather-cock?

M. Pa. I cannot tell what (the dickens) his name is my husband had him of: What do you call your Knight's name, ſirrah?

Rob. Sir *John Falſtaffe.*

M. Pa. He he; I can never hit on his name; there is ſuch a league between my good man and he: Is your Wife at home indeed?

Ford. Indeed ſhe is.

M. Pa. By your leave, ſir; I am ſick till I ſee her.

Ford. Has *Page* any brains? Hath he any eyes? Hath he any thinking? Sure they ſleep; he hath no uſe of them: why, this boy will carry a Letter twenty mile, as eaſie as a Cannon will ſhoot point-blank twelve ſcore: he pieces out his Wives inclination: he gives her folly motion and advantage; and now ſhe's going to my Wife, and *Falſtaffe*'s boy with her: A man may hear this ſhower ſing in the wind; and *Falſtaffe*'s boy with her: good plots; they are laid, and our revolted Wives ſhare damnation together. Well: I will take him, then torture my Wife, pluck the borrowed Vail of modeſty from the ſo ſeeming Miſt. *Page*, divulge *Page* himſelf for a ſecure and wilful *Acteon*, and to theſe violent proceedings all my neighbours ſhall cry aim. The Clock gives me my Qu, and my aſſurance bids me ſearch; there I ſhall find *Falſtaffe*: I ſhall be rather praiſed for this than mocked; for it is as poſitive as the Earth is firm, that *Falſtaffe* is there: I will go.

Shal. Page, &c. Well met, Mr. *Ford.*

Ford. Truſt me, a good knot: I have good cheer at home, and I pray you all go with me.

Shal. I muſt excuſe my ſelf, Mr. *Ford.*

Slen. And ſo muſt I, Sir;
We have appointed to dine with Miſtris *Ann*,
And I would not break with her for more money
Than I'le ſpeak of.

Shal. VVe have linger'd about a match between *Ann Page* and my Couſin *Slender*, and this day we ſhall have our anſwer.

Slen. I hope I have your good Will, father *Page.*

Page. You have, Mr. *Slender*, I ſtand wholly for you, but my VVife (Maſter Doctor) is for you altogether.

Cai. I, be gar, and de Maid is love-a-me: my nurſh-a-Quickly tell me ſo muſh.

Hoſt. VVhat ſay you to young M. *Fenton*? He capers, he dances, he has Eyes of Youth: he writes Verſes, he ſpeaks Holyday, he ſmells *April* and *May*, he will carry't, he will carry't, 'tis in his buttons, he will carry't.

Page. Not by my conſent I promiſe you: The Gentleman is of no having, he kept company with the wild Prince, and *Poinz*: he is of too high a Region, he knows too much: no, he ſhall not knit a knot in his Fortunes, with the finger of my ſubſtance: if he take her, let him take her ſimply: the VVealth I have waits on my conſent, and my conſent goes not that way.

Ford. I beſeech you heartily, ſome of you go home with me to dinner: beſides your cheer you ſhall have ſport; I will ſhew you a Monſter: Mr. Doctor, you ſhall go, ſo ſhall you Mr. *Page*, and you Sir *Hugh.*

Shal. VVell, fare you well:
VVe ſhall have the freer wooing at Mr. *Page*'s.

Cai. Go home *John Rugby*, I come anon.

Hoſt. Farewell my hearts: I will to my honeſt Knight, *Falſtaffe*, and drink Canary with him.

Ford. I think I ſhall drink in Pipe-VVine firſt with him: I'le make him dance. VVill you go, Gentles?

All. Have with you to ſee this Monſter. *Exeunt.*

Scenæ Tertia.

Enter Miſtris Ford, Miſtris Page, Servants, Robin,
Falſtaffe, Ford, Page, Caius, Evans.

Miſ. Ford. VVhat *John*? what *Robert*?

Miſ. Page, Quickly, quickly? Is the Buck basket——

Miſ. Ford. I warrant. VVhat *Robin* I ſay.

Miſ. Page. Come, come, come.

Miſ. Ford. Here, ſet it down.

Miſ. Page. Give your men the charge; we muſt be brief.

M. Ford. Marry, as I told you before (*John* and *Robert*), be ready here hard-by in the *Brew-houſe*, and when I ſuddenly call you, come forth, and (without any pauſe or ſtaggering) take this basket on your ſhoulders: that done, trudg with it in all haſte, and carry it among the VVhitſters in *Dutchet*-Mead, and there empty it in the muddy ditch, cloſe by the Thames ſide.

M. Page. You will do it?

M. Ford. I ha' told them over and over; they lack no (direction.

Be gone, and come when you are call'd.

Miſ. Page. Here comes little *Robin.*

Miſ. Ford. How now, my Eyas-Musket, what news with you?

Rob. My M. Sir *John*, is come in at your back door (*Miſ. Ford*), and requeſts your company.

Miſ. Page. You little Jack-a-lent, have you been true to us?

Rob. I, I'le be ſworn: my Maſter knows not of your being here: and hath threatned to put me into everlaſting Liberty, if I tell you of it: for he ſwears he'l turn me away.

Miſ. Page. Thou'rt a good boy: this ſecreſie of thine ſhall be a *Taylor* to thee, and ſhall make thee a new doublet and hoſe. I'le go hide me.

Miſ. Ford. Do ſo: go tell thy Maſter I am alone: Miſtris *Page*, remember you your Qu.

Miſ. Page. I warrant thee: if I do not act it, hiſs me.

Miſ. Ford. Go to then: we'l uſe this unwholeſome humidity, this groſs watry Pumpion; we'l teach him to know Turtles from Jays. *Enter* Fal.

Fal. Have I caught thee, my heavenly Jewel? Why, now let me die; for I have liv'd long enough: This is the period of my ambition; O this bleſſed hour.

Miſ. Ford. O ſweet Sir *John.*

Fal. Miſtris *Ford*, I cannot cog, I cannot prate (Miſtris *Ford*): now ſhall I ſin in my wiſh; I would thy Husband were dead, I'le ſpeak it before the beſt Lord, I would make thee my Lady.

Miſ. Ford. I your Lady, Sir *John*? Alas, I ſhould be a pitiful Lady.

Fal. Let the Court of *France* ſhew me ſuch another: I ſee how thine Eye would emulate the Diamond: Thou haſt the right arched-beauty of the brow, that becomes the Ship-Tire, the Tire-Valiant, or any Tire of *Venetian* admittance.

Miſ. Ford. A plain Kerchiffe, Sir *John*:
My brows become nothing elſe, nor that well neither.

Fal. Thou art a tyrant to ſay ſo: thou would'ſt make an abſolute Courtier, and the firm fixure of thy foot would give an excellent motion to thy gate, in a ſemicircled Farthingale. I ſee what thou wert, if Fortune thy foe were not, Nature thy friend: Come, thou canſt not hide it.

Miſ. Ford. Believe me, there's no ſuch thing in me.

Fal. What made me love thee? Let that perſwade thee. There's ſomething extraordinary in thee: Come, I cannot cog, and ſay, thou art this and that, like a many of theſe liſping Haw-thorn buds, that come like women in mens apparel, and ſmell like *Bucklers-berry* in ſimpling-time: I cannot; but I love thee, none but thee; and thou deſerveſt it.

Miſ. Ford. Do not betray me, Sir; I fear you love Mrs. *Page.*

Fal. Thou might'ſt as well ſay, I love to walk by the *Counter*-Gate, which is as hateful to me as the reek of a Lime-kill.

Miſ. Ford. Well, heaven knows how I love you, and you ſhall one day find it.

Fal. Keep in that mind: I'le deſerve it.

Miſ. Ford. Nay, I muſt tell you, ſo you do; or elſe I could not be in that mind. *VVithin.*

Rob. Miſtris *Ford*, Miſtris *Ford*, here's Miſtris *Page* at the door, ſweating, and blowing, and looking wildly, and would needs ſpeak with you preſently.

Fal. She ſhall not ſee me; I will enſconce me behind the Arras.

M. Ford. Pray you do ſo; ſhe's a very tatling woman. What's the matter? how now? *Enter* Miſ. Page.

Miſ. Page. O Miſtris *Ford*, what have you done?
You'r aſham'd, y'are overthrown, y'are undone for ever.

Miſ. Ford. What's the matter, good Miſtris *Page*?

Miſ. Page. O well-a-day, Miſtris *Ford*, having an honeſt man to your husband, to give him ſuch cauſe of ſuſpition.

Miſ. Ford. What cauſe of ſuſpition?

Miſ. Page. What cauſe of ſuſpition? Out upon you: How am I miſtook in you?

Miſ. Ford. Why (alas)! what's the matter?

Miſ. Page. Your husband's coming hither (woman) with all the Officers in *VVindſor*, to ſearch for a Gentleman that he ſays is here now in the houſe; by your conſent, to take an ill advantage of his abſence: you are undone.

Miſ. Ford. 'Tis not ſo, I hope.

Miſ. Page. Pray heaven it be not ſo, that you have ſuch a man here: but 'tis moſt certain your husband's coming with half *VVindſor* at his heels, to ſearch for ſuch a one, I come before to tell you: If you know your ſelf clear, why, I am glad of it: but if you have a friend here, convey him out. Be not amaz'd, call all your ſenſes to you, defend your Reputation, or bid farewell to your good life for ever.

Miſ. Ford. What ſhall I do? There is a Gentleman, my dear friend: and I fear not my own ſhame ſo much as his peril. I had rather than a thouſand pound he were out of the houſe.

Miſ. Page. For ſhame, never ſtand (you had rather, and you had rather); your husband's here at hand, bethink you of ſome conveyance: in the houſe you cannot hide him. Oh, how have you deceiv'd me? Look, here is a basket, if he be of any reaſonable ſtature, he may creep in here, and throw foul linnen upon him, as if it were going to bucking: Or it is whiting time, ſend him by your two men to *Datchet*-Mead.

Miſ. Ford. He's too big to go in there: What ſhall I do?

Fal. Let me ſee't, let me ſee't, O let me ſee't:
I'le in, I'le in: Follow your friends counſel; I'le in.

Miſ. Page. What, Sir *John Falſtaffe*, are theſe your Letters, Knight?

Fal. I love thee, help me away; let me creep in here: I'le never——

Miſ. Page. Help to cover your Maſter (boy): Call your men (Miſtris *Ford*): You diſſembling Knight.

Miſ. Ford. VVhat, *John*, *Robert*, *John*, go take up theſe cloathes here, quickly: VVhere's the Cowl-ſtaff? Look how you drumble: Carry them to the Landreſs in *Datchet*-Mead: quickly, come.

Ford. 'Pray you come near: if I ſuſpect without cauſe,
VVhy then make ſport at me, then let me be your jeſt,
I deſerve it. How now? VVhether bear you this?

Ser. To the Landreſs, forſooth.

Miſ. Ford. VVhy, what have you to do whether they bear it? You were beſt meddle with Buck-waſhing.

Ford. Buck? I would I could waſh my ſelf of the Buck: Buck, Buck, Buck, I Buck: I warrant you Buck, and of the ſeaſon too, it ſhall appear.

Gentlemen, I have dream'd to night; I'le tell you my dream: here, here, here be my Keys; aſcend my Chambers, ſearch, ſeek, find out: I'le warrant we'l unkennel the Fox. Let me ſtop this way firſt: So, now uncape.

Page. Good Maſter *Ford*, be contented:
You wrong your ſelf too much.

Ford. True (Maſter *Page*): Up Gentlemen: you ſhall ſee ſport anon: follow me, Gentlemen.

Evans. This is ferry fantaſtical humours and jealouſies.

Cai. By gar, 'tis no the faſhion of *France*; it is not jealous in *France*—— *Exeunt.*

Page. Nay, follow him (Gentlemen), ſee the iſſue of his ſearch.

Miſ. Page. Is there not a double excellency in this?

Miſ. Ford. I know not which pleaſes me better, that my Husband is deceived, or Sir *John.*

Miſ.Page. VVhat a taking was he in when your husband aſk't who was in the basket?

Miſ. Ford. I am half afraid he will have need of waſhing: ſo throwing him into the Water will do him a benefit.

Miſ. Page. Hang him, diſhoneſt Raſcal: I would all of the ſame ſtrain were in the ſame diſtreſs.

Miſ. Ford I think my husband hath ſome ſpecial ſuſpition of *Falſtaffe's* being here! I never ſaw him ſo groſs in his jealouſie till now.

Miſ. Page. I will lay a plot to try that, and we will yet have more tricks with *Falſtaffe*: his diſſolute Diſeaſe will ſcarce obey this Medicine.

Miſ. Ford. Shall we ſend that fooliſh Carrion, Miſ. *Quickly* to him, and excuſe his throwing into the Water, and give him another hope, to betray him to another puniſhment?

Miſ. Page. We'l do it: let him be ſent for to morrow by Eight a clock, to have amends. *Enter All.*

Ford. I cannot find him: may be the Knave bragg'd of that he could not compaſs.

Miſ. Page. Heard you that?

Miſ. Ford. You uſe me well, Maſt. *Ford*: do you?

Ford. I, I, I do ſo.

Miſ. Page. Heaven make you better than your thoughts.

Ford. Amen.

Miſ. Page. You do your ſelf mighty wrong (Mr. *Ford*).

Ford. I, I: I muſt bear it.

Ev. If there be any pody in the houſe, and in the chambers, and in the coffers, and in the preſſes: heaven forgive my ſins.

Cai. By gar, nor I too: there is no bodies.

Page. Fie, fie, M. *Ford*, are you not aſham'd? What Spirit, what Devil ſuggeſts this imagination? I would not ha your Diſtemper in this kind, for the Wealth of *VVindſor-Caſtle.*

Ford. 'Tis my fault (M. *Page*): I ſuffer for it.

Ev. You ſuffer for a pad conſcience: your Wife is as honeſt a o'mans, as I will deſires among five thouſand, and five hundred too.

Cai. By gar, I ſee 'tis an honeſt Woman.

Ford. VVell: I promis'd you a Dinner: come, come, walk in the Park: I pray you pardon me: I will hereafter make known to you why I have done this. Come Wife, come Mi. *Page*, I pray you pardon me: Pray heartily pardon me.

Page. Let's go in, Gentlemen; but (truſt me) we'l mock him: I do invite you to morrow morning to my houſe to Breakfaſt: after we'l a birding together; I have a fine Hawk for the buſh. Shall it be ſo?

Ford. Any thing.

Evan. If there is one, I ſhall make two in the Company.

Cai. If there be one or two, I ſhall make-a the turd.

Ford. Pray you go, M. *Page*.

Evan. I pray you now remembrance to morrow on the lowſie Knave, mine Hoſt.

Cai. Dat is good by gar, with all my heart.

Evan. A lowſie Knave, to have his gibes, and his mockeries. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Fenton, Ann Page, Shallow, Slender, Quickly, Page, Miſ. Page.

Fen. I ſee I cannot get thy Father's love;
Therefore no more turn me to him (ſweet *Nan*).

An. Alas! how then?

Fen. VVhy, thou muſt be thy ſelf.
He doth object I am too great of birth,
And that my ſtate being gall'd with my expence,
I ſeek to heal it only by his Wealth.
Beſides theſe, other bars he lays before me,
My Riots paſt, my wild Societies;
And tells me, 'tis a thing impoſſible
I ſhould love thee, but as a property.

An. May be he tells you true.

Fen. No, heaven ſo ſpeed me in my time to come,
Albeit I will confeſs, thy Father's Wealth
VVas the firſt motive that I woo'd thee (*Ann*):
Yet wooing thee, I found thee of more value
Than ſtamps in Gold, or ſums in ſealed Bags:
And 'tis the very Riches of thy ſelf
That now I aim at.

An. Gentle M. *Fenton*,
Yet ſeek my Father's love, ſtill ſeek it, ſir:
If †opportunity and humbleſt ſuit † ſome read Importunity but that is implied in humbleſt ſuit
Cannot attain it, why then hark you hither.

Shal. Break their talk, Miſtris *Quickly*;
My Kinſman ſhall ſpeak for himſelf.

Slen. I'le make a ſhaft or a bolt on't: 'd'slid 'tis but venturing.

Shal. Be not diſmaid.

Slen. No, ſhe ſhall not diſmay me:
I care not for that, but I am affeard.

Qui. Hark ye: M. *Slender* would ſpeak a word with you.

An. I come to him. This is my Father's choice.
O, what a World of vilde ill-favour'd faults
Looks handſome in three hundred pounds a year?

Qui. And how do's good Maſter *Fenton*?
Pray you a word with you.

Shal. She's coming: to her Coz.
O boy, thou had'ſt a Father.

Slen. I had a Father (M. *Ann*): my Uncle can tell you good jeſts of him: Pray you, Uncle, tell M. *Ann* the jeſt, how my Father ſtole two Geeſe out of a Pen, good Uncle.

Shal. Miſtris *Ann*, my Couſin loves you.

Slen. I, that I do, as well as I love any Woman in *Glocceſterſhire.*

Shal. He will maintain you like a Gentlewoman.

Slen. I, that I will: come cut and long-tail, under the degree of a Squire.

Shal. He will make you a hundred and fifty pounds Jointure.

Ann. Good Maſter *Shallow*, let him wooe for himſelf.

Shal. Marry, I thank you for it: I thank you for that: good comfort: ſhe calls you (Coz): I'le leave you.

An. Now *Maſter Slender*.

Slen. Now good *Miſtris Ann*.

An. VVhat is your Will?

Slen. My Will? Od's-heart-lings, that's a pretty jeſt indeed: I ne're made my Will yet (I thank heaven): I am not ſuch a ſickly creature, I give heaven praiſe.

Ann. I mean (M. *Slender*), what would you with me?

Slen. Truly for mine own part, I would little or nothing with you: your Father and my Uncle have made motions: if it be my luck, ſo: if not, happy man be his dole: they can tell you how things go better than I can: you may aſk your Father: here he comes.

Page. Now Maſter *Slender*: Love him daughter *Ann*.
VVhy how now? VVhat do's Maſter *Fenton* here?
You wrong me, Sir, thus ſtill to haunt my houſe:
I told you, Sir, my daughter is diſpos'd of.

Fen. Nay, Maſter *Page*, be not impatient.

Miſ. Page. Good Maſter *Fenton*, come not to my child.

Page. She is no match for you.

Fen. Sir, will you hear me?

Page. No, good Maſter *Fenton*.

Come Maſter *Shallow*: Come Son *Slender*, in;
Knowing my mind, you wrong me, Maſter *Fenton.*

Qui. Speak to Miſtreſs *Page.*

Fen. Good Miſtreſs *Page*, for that I love your daughter
In ſuch a righteous faſhion as I do,
Perforce, againſt all checks, rebukes, and manners,
I muſt advance the colours of my love,
And not retire. Let me have your good will.

Anne. Good Mother, do not marry me to yon fool.

Miſ. Page. I mean it not, I ſeek you a better husband.

Qui. That's my Maſter, Maſter Doctor.

Anne. Alas I had rather be ſet quick i'th earth,
And bowl'd to death with Turnips.

Miſ. Page. Come, trouble not your ſelf good Maſter
Fenton, I will not be your friend, nor enemy :
My daughter will, I queſtion how ſhe loves you,
And as I find her, ſo am I affected :
Till then, farewell Sir, ſhe muſt needs go in,
Her Father will be angry.

Fen. Farewell gentle Miſtreſs: farewell *Nan.*

Qui. This is my doing now ; Nay ſaid I, will you caſt
away your child on a Fool, and a Phyſician ?
Look on Maſter *Fenn*, this is my doing.

Fen. I thank thee : and I pray thee once to night,
Give my ſweet *Nan* this Ring : ther's for thy pains. *Exit.*

Qui. Now heaven ſend thee good fortune, a kind heart he hath : a woman would run through fire and water for ſuch a kind heart. But yet, I would my maſter had Miſtris *Anne*, or I would Maſter *Slender* had her: or (in ſooth) I would Maſter *Fenton* had her, I will do what I can for them all three, for ſo I have promis'd and I'le be as good as my word, but ſpeciouſly for Maſter *Fenton.* Well, I muſt of another errand to Sir *John Falſtaffe* from my two Miſtreſſes ; what a beaſt am I to ſlack it. *Exit.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Falſtaffe, Bardolfe, Quickly, Ford.

Fal. *Bardolfe* I ſay.

Bar. Here Sir.

Fal. Go, fetch me a quart of Sack, put a toſt in't Have I liv'd to be carried in a Basket like a barrow of butchers Offal ; and to be thrown in the Thames ? Well, if I be ſerved ſuch another trick, I le have my brains tane out and butter'd, and give them to a dog for a New-years gift. The rogues ſlighted me into the river with as little remorſe, as they would have drown'd a blind bitches Puppies, fifteen i'th litter : and you may know by my ſize, that I have a kind of alacrity in ſinking : if the bottom were as deep as hell, I ſhould down. I had been drown'd, but that the ſhore was ſhelvy aud ſhallow : a death that I abhor : for the water ſwells a man ; and what a thing ſhould I have been when I had been ſwell'd? I ſhould have been a Mountain of Mummy.

Bar. Here's Miſtreſs *Quickly* Sir, to ſpeak with you.

Fal. Come, let me pour in ſome Sack to the Thames water : for my belly's as cold as if I had ſwallowed ſnowballs for pills to cool the reins. Call her in

Bar. Come in woman. *Enter Quickly.*

Qui. By your leave : I cry your mercy ?
Give your worſhip good morrow.

Fal. Take away theſe Challices :
Go, brew me a pottle of Sack finely.

Bard. With Eggs Sir ?

Fal. Simple of it ſelf? I'le no Pullet-Sperm in my brewage. How now ?

Qui. Marry Sir, I come to your worſhip from Mi. *Ford.*

Fal. *Miſtreſs Ford?* I have had Ford enough : I was thrown into the Ford ; I have my belly full of Ford.

Qui. Alas the day (good-heart) that was not her fault : ſhe do's ſo take on with her men ; they miſtook their erection.

Fal. So did I mine, to build upon a fooliſh Womans (promiſe.

Qui. Well, ſhe laments ſir for it, that it would yern your heart to ſee it : her husband goes this morning a birding; ſhe deſires you once more to come to her, between eight and nine : I muſt carry her word quickly, ſhe'll make you amends I warrant you.

Fal. Well, I will viſit her, tell her ſo ; and bid her think what a man is : Let her conſider his frailty, and then judg of my merit.

Qui, I will tell her.

Fal. Do ſo. Between nine and ten ſaiſt thou ?

Qui. Eight and nine Sir

Fal. Well, be gone : I will not miſs her.

Qui. Peace be with you Sir. *Exit.*

Fal. I marvel I hear not of Maſter *Broom* : he ſent me word to ſtay within : I like his money well.
Oh, here he comes. *Enter Ford.*

Ford. Bleſs you ſir.

Fal. Now Maſter *Broom*, you come to know what hath paſt between me and *Fords* wife.

Ford. That indeed (Sir *John*) is my buſineſs.

Fal. Maſter *Broom* I will not lie to you,
I was at her houſe the hour ſhe appointed me.

Ford And ſped you Sir ?

Fal very Ill-ſavour'dly, Maſter *Broom.*

Ford How Sir, did ſhe change her determination ?

Fal No (M. *Broom*) but the peaking Cornuto her husband (M. *Broom*) dwelling in a continual larum of jealouſie comes in the inſtant of our encounter after we had embrac'd, kis'd proteſted &(as it were)ſpoke the prologue of our Comedy : and at his heels, a rabble of his companions, thither provoked and inſtigated by his diſtemper, and (forſooth) to ſearch his houſe for his wives love.

Ford. What ? While you were there ?

Fal. While I was there.

Ford. And did he ſearch for you & could not find you ?

Fal You ſhall hear. As good luck would have it comes in one Miſtris *Page*, gives intelligence of *Fords* approach : and in her invention, and *Fords* wives diſtraction, they conveyed me into a Buck-basket.

Ford. A Buck basket?

Fal. Yea : a Buck-basket : ram'd me in with foul Shirts and Smocks, Socks, foul Stockings, greaſie Napkins, that (Maſter *Broom*) there was the rankeſt compound of villanous ſmell that ever offended noſtril.

Ford. And how long lay you there?

Fal Nay you ſhall hear (Maſter *Broom*) what I have ſuffered, to bring this woman to evil, for your good : Being thus cram'd in the basket, a couple of *Fords* Knaves, his hinds were call'd forth by their Miſtris, to carry me in the name of foul Cloaths to *Dutchet-lane* ; they took me on their ſhoulders ; met the jealous Knave their Maſter in the door ; who ask'd them once or twice what they had in their Basket? I quak'd for fear, leſt the Lunatick Knave would have ſearch'd it : but Fate (ordaining he ſhould be a Cuckold) held his hand : well, on went he for a ſearch, and away went I for foul Cloaths : But mark the ſequell (Maſter *Broom*) I ſuffered the pangs of three ſeveral deaths : firſt, an intollerable fright, to be detected with a jealous rotten Bell-weather : next to be compaſs'd like a good Bilbo in the circumference of a peck, hilt to point, heel to head. And then to be ſtopt in like a ſtrong diſtillation with ſtinking Cloaths, that fretted in their own greaſe: think of that, a man of my Kidney ; think of that, that am as ſubject to heat as Butter: a man of continual diſſolution, and thaw : it was a miracle to ſcape ſuffocation. And in the height of this Bath (when I was more than half ſtew'd in greaſe) like a Dutch-diſh : to be thrown into the Thames, and cool'd, glowing hot, in that ſerge like a Horſhoe; think of that: hiſſing hot, think of that (Maſter *Broom.*)

Ford. In good ſadneſs Sir, I am ſorry, that for my ſake you ſuffered all this. My ſuit then is deſperate: You'll undertake her no more?

Fal. Maſter *Broom*: I will be thrown into *Etna*, as I have been into Thames, ere I will leave her thus; her husband is this morning gone a birding: I have received from her another ambaſſie of meeting: 'twixt eight and nine is the hour (Maſter *Broom.*)

Ford. 'Tis paſt eight already Sir.

Fal Is it? I will then addreſs me to my appointment. Come to me at your convenient leiſure, and you ſhall know how I ſpeed: and the concluſion ſhall be crowned with your enjoying her: adieu, you ſhall have her (Maſter *Broom*) Maſter *Broom*, you ſhall cuckold *Ford.* *Exit.*

Ford. Hum: ha? is this a viſion? is this a dream? do I ſleep? Maſter *Ford* awake, awake Maſter *Ford*; there's a hole made in your beſt coat (Maſter *Ford*:) this 'tis to be married; this 'tis to have Linnen, and Buck-baskets: Well, I will proclaim my ſelf what I am: I will now take the Leacher: he is at at my houſe: he cannot ſcape me: 'tis impoſſible he ſhould: he cannot creep into a half penny purſe, nor into a Pepper-box: But leſt the Devil that guides him, ſhould aid him, I will ſearch impoſſible places: tho what I am, I cannot avoid; yet to be what I would not, ſhall not make me tame: If I have horns, to make one mad, let the proverb go with me, I'le be horn-mad.

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Miſtreſs Page, Quickly, William, Evans.

Miſ. Page. Is he at M. *Fords* already think'ſt thou?

Qui. Sure he is by this; or will be preſently; but truly he is very couragious mad, about his throwing into the water. Miſtreſs *Ford* deſires you to come ſuddenly.

Miſ. Page. I'le be with her by and by: I'le but bring my young man here to School: look where his Maſter comes, 'tis a playing-day I ſee: how now Sir *Hugh*, no School to day?

Eva. No: Maſter *Slender* is let the boys leave to play.

Qui. 'Bleſſing of his heart.

Miſ. Page. Sir *Hugh*, my Husband ſays my Son profits nothing in the world at his Book: I pray you ask him ſome queſtions in his Accidence.

Eva. Come hither *William*; hold up your head; come.

Miſ. Page. Come ſirrah; hold up your head; anſwer your Maſter, be not afraid.

Evan. William, how many Numbers is in Nouns?

Will. Two.

Qui. Truly, I thought there had been one Number more, becauſe they ſay, od's Nowns.

Evan. Peace, your tatlings. What is (*Fair*) *William*?

Will Pulcher.

Qui. Poulcats? there are fairer things than Poulcats, ſure.

Evan. You are a very ſimplicity o'man: I pray you peace. What is (*Lapis*) *William*?

Will. A ſtone.

Evan. And what is a Stone (*William*?)

Will. A Peeble.

Evan. No; it is *Lapis*: I pray you remember in your prain.

Will. Lapis.

Evan. That is a good *William*: what is he (*William*) that does lend Articles.

Will. Articles are borrowed of the Pronoun; and be thus declined, *Singulariter nominativo hic, hæc, hoc.*

Evan. Nominativo hig, hag, hog; pray you mark: *Genitivo hujus*: Well, what is your *Accuſative caſe.*

Will. Accuſative hinc.

Evan. I pray you have your remembrance (child) *Accuſativo, hing, hang, hog.*

Qui. Hang-hog is Latine for Bacon. I warrant you.

Eva. Leave you prabbles (o'man) What is the *Focative caſe* (*William*?)

Will. O, *Vocativo*, O.

Evan. Remember *William Focative*, is *caret.*

Qui. And that's a good root.

Evan. O'man, forbear.

Miſ. Page. Peace.

Evan. What is your *Genitive caſe plural* (*William*?)

Will. Genitive caſe?

Evan. I.

Will. Genitive horum, harum, horum.

Qui. 'Vengeance of Ginyes caſe; fie on her: never name her (child) if ſhe be a whore.

Eva. For ſhame o'man.

Qui. You do ill to teach the child ſuch words: he teaches him to hic, and to hac; which they'll do faſt enough of themſelves, and to call horum; fie upon you.

Evan. O'man, art thon Lunaties? haſt thou no underſtandings for thy Caſes, and the numbers of the Genders? Thou art as fooliſh Chriſtian creatures as I would deſires.

Miſ. Page. Prethee hold thy peace.

Evan. Shew me now (*William*) ſome declenſions of your Pronouns.

Will. Forſooth, I have forgot.

Eva. It is *Qui, que, quod*; if you forget your *Quies*, your *Ques*, and your *Quods*, you muſt be preeches: Go your ways, and play, go.

M. Pa. He is a better Scholar then I thought he was.

Eva. He is a good ſprag memory: Farewell. *M. Pa.*

Miſ. Page. Adieu good Sir *Hugh.*
Get you home boy, Come we ſtay too long. *Exeunt*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Falſtaffe, Miſ. Ford, Miſ. Page, Servants, Ford, Page, Caius, Evans, Shallow.

Fal. Miſtreſs Ford, your ſorrow hath eaten up my ſufferance; I ſee you are obſequious in your love. and I profeſs requital to a hairs breadth, not only Miſtreſs *Ford*, in the ſimple office of love, but in all the accouſtrement, complement, and ceremony of it: but are you ſure of your husband now?

Miſ. Ford. He's a birding (ſweet ſir *John.*)

Miſ. Page. What hoa, goſſip *Ford*: what hoa.

Miſ. Ford. Step into th'chamber, Sir *John.* *Enter.*

Miſ. Page. How now (ſweet heart) who's at home beſides your ſelf?

Miſ. Ford. Why none but mine own people.

Miſ. Page. Indeed?

Miſ. Ford. No certainly: ſpeak louder.

Miſ. Page. Truly, I am ſo glad you have no body here.

Miſ. Ford. Why?

Miſ. Page. Why woman, your husband is in his old lines again: he ſo takes on yonder with my husband, ſo rails againſt all married mankind; ſo curſes all *Eves* daughters, of what complexion ſoever; and ſo buffets himſelf on the fore-head: crying peer-out, peer-out, that any madneſs I ever yet beheld, ſeem'd but tameneſs, civility, and patience to this his diſtemper he is in now: I am glad the fat Knight is not here:

Miſ. Ford. Why do's he talk of him?

Miſ. Page. Of none but him, and ſwears he was carried out the laſt time he ſearch'd for him, in a Basket: Proteſts to my husband he is now here, and hath drawn him and the reſt of their company from their ſport, to make another experiment of his ſuſpition: But I am glad the knight is not here; now he ſhall ſee his own foolery.

Miſ. Ford. How near is he, Miſtris *Page*?

Miſ. Page. Hard by, at ſtreets end, he will be here anon.

Miſ. Ford. I am undone, the Knight is here.

Miſ. Page. Why then you are utterly ſham'd, and he's but a dead man. What a woman are you? away with him, away with him: Better ſhame than murther.

Miſ. Ford. Which way ſhould he go? How ſhould I beſtow him? Shall I put him into the basket again?

Fal. No, I'le come no more i'th Basket: *Enter.* May I not go out ere he come?

Miſ. Page. Alas: three of Maſter *Fords* brothers watch the door with Piſtolls, that none ſhall iſſue out: otherwiſe you might ſlip away ere he came: But what make you here?

Fal. What ſhall I do? I'le creep up into the chimney.

Miſ. Ford. There they always uſe to diſcharge their Birding-pieces: creep into the Kill-hole.

Fal. Where is it?

Miſ. Ford. He will ſeek there on my word: Neither Preſs, Coffer, Cheſt, Trunk, Well, Vault, but he hath an abſtract for the remembrance of ſuch places, and goes to them by his Note: There is no hiding you in the houſe.

Fal. I'le go out then.

Miſ. Ford. If you go out in your own ſemblance, you die Sir *John*, unleſs you go out diſguis'd. How might we diſguiſe him?

Miſ. Page. Alaſs-the-day I know not, there is no womans Gown big enough for him: otherwiſe he might put on a Hat, a Muffler, a Kirchiff, and ſo eſcape.

Fal. Good hearts deviſe ſomething: any extremity, rather than miſchief.

Miſ. Ford. My Maids Aunt, the fat woman of *Brainford*, has a Gown above.

Miſ. Page. On my word it will ſerve him: ſhe's as big as he is: and there's her thrumb Hat, and her Muffler too: run up Sir *John*.

Miſ. Ford. Go, go, ſweet Sir *John*: *Miſtris Page* and I will look ſome linnen for your head.

Miſ. Page. Quick, quick, we'll come dreſs you ſtraight: put on the Gown the while. *Exit.*

Miſ. Ford. I would my husband would meet him in this ſhape: he cannot abide the old woman of *Brainford*: he ſwears ſhe's a Witch, forbad her my houſe, and hath threatned to beat her.

Miſ. Page. Heaven guide him to thy husbands cudgell: and the Devil guide his cudgell afterwards.

Miſ. Ford. But is my husband coming?

Miſ. Page. I in good ſadneſs is he, and talks of the Basket too, howſoever he hath had intelligence.

Miſ. Ford. We'll try that; for I'le appoint my men to carry the basket again, to meet him at the door with it, as they did laſt time.

Miſ. Page. Nay, but he'll be here preſently: let's go dreſs him like the Witch of *Brainford*.

Miſ. Ford. I'le firſt direct my men, what they ſhall do with the Basket: Go up, I'le bring linnen for him ſtraight.

Miſ. Page. Hang him diſhoneſt Varlet,
We cannot miſuſe him enough:
We'll leave a proof by that which we will do,
Wives may be merry, and yet honeſt too:
We do not act, that often jeſt and laugh,
'Tis old, but true, ſtill Swine eats all the draugh.

Miſ. Ford. Go ſirs, take the Basket again on your ſhoulders: your Maſter is hard at door: if he bid you ſet it down, obey him: quickly, diſpatch. *Enter Ser.*

1 Ser. Come, come, take it up.

2 Ser. Pray heaven it be not full of the Knight again.

1 Ser. I hope not, I had as lief bear ſo much Lead.

Ford. I but if it prove true (Maſter *Page*) have you any way then to unfool me again? Set down the Basket villain: ſomebody call my wiſe: Youth in a Basket: Oh you Panderly Raſcals, there's a knot: a gang, a pack, a conſpiracy againſt me: Now ſhall the Devil be ſham'd. What, Wife I ſay: Come, come forth: behold what honeſt clothes you ſend for to bleaching.

Page. Why, this paſſes Mr. *Ford*: you are not to go looſe any longer, you muſt be pinnion'd.

Evans. Why, this is Lunaticks: this is mad as a mad dog.

Shal. Indeed M. *Ford*, this is not well indeed.

Ford. So ſay I too ſir, come hither Miſtris *Ford*, Miſtris *Ford*, the honeſt woman, the modeſt wife, the vertuous creature, that hath the jealous fool to her husband: I ſuſpect without cauſe (Miſtris) do I?

Miſ. Ford. Heaven be my witneſs you do, if you ſuſpect me in any diſhoneſty.

Ford. Well ſaid brazen-face, hold it out: Come forth ſirrah.

Page. This paſſes.

Miſ. Ford. Are you not aſham'd, let the cloathes alone.

Ford. I ſhall find you anon.

Evans. 'Tis unreaſonable; will you take up your wives cloathes? Come, away.

Ford. Empty the Basket I ſay.

Miſ. Ford. Why man, why?

Ford. Maſter *Page*, as I am a man, there was one convey'd out of my houſe yeſterday in the Basket: why may not he be there again? in my houſe I am ſure he is: my intelligence is true, my jealouſie is reaſonable, pluck me out all the linnen.

Miſ. Ford. If you find a man there, he ſhall die a Fleas death.

Page. Here's no man.

Shal. By my fidelity this is not well Mr. *Ford*: This wrongs you.

Evan. M. Ford. you muſt pray, and not follow the imaginations of your own heart: this is jealouſies.

Ford. Well, he's not here I ſeek for.

Page. No, nor no where elſe but in your brain.

Ford. Help to ſearch my houſe this one time: if I find not what I ſeek, ſhew no colour of my extremity: Let me for ever be your Table-ſport: Let them ſay of me as jealous as *Ford*, that ſearched a hollow Wall-nut for his Wives Lemman. Satisfie me once more, once more ſearch with me.

Miſ. Ford. What hoa (Miſtris *Page*) come you and the old woman down: my Husband will come into the Chamber.

Ford. Old woman? what old woman's that?

Miſ. Ford. VVhy it is my Maids Aunt of *Brainford*.

Ford. A VVitch, a Quean, an old cozening Quean: Have I not forbid her my houſe? She comes of errands do's ſhe? VVe are ſimple men, we do not know what's brought to paſs under the profeſſion of Fortune-telling. She works by Charms, by Spells, by th'Figure, and ſuch dawbry as this is, beyond our Element: we know nothing. Come down you VVitch, you Hag you, come down I ſay.

Miſ. Ford. Nay, good ſweet husband, good Gentlemen, let him not ſtrike the old woman. *Enter Fal.*

Miſ. Page. Come Mother *Prat*, Come give me your hand.

Ford. I'le *Prat* her: Out of my door you VVitch, you Hag, you Baggage, you Poulcat, you Runnion, out, out: I'le conjure you, I'le Fortune-tell you.

Exit Fal.

Miſ. Page. Are you not aſham'd?
I think you have kill'd the poor woman.

Miſ. Ford. Nay he will do it, 'tis a goodly credit for you.

Ford. Hang her Witch.

Evans. By yea, and no, I think the o'man is a Witch indeed: I like not when a o'man has a great peard; I ſpie a great peard under his Muffler.

Ford. Will you follow Gentlemen, I beſeech you follow: ſee but the iſſue of my jealouſie: If I cry out thus upon no tryal, never truſt me when I open again.

Page. Let's obey his humour a little further:
Come Gentlemen. *Exeunt.*

Miſ. Page. Truſt me he beat him moſt pitifully.

Miſ. Ford. Nay by th'Maſs that he did not: he beat him moſt unpitifully, me thought.

Miſ. Page. I'le have the cudgel hallow'd, and hung o're the Altar, it hath done meritorious ſervice.

Miſ. Ford. What think you? May we with the warrant of Woman-hood, and the witneſs of a good conſcience, purſue him with any further revenge?

Miſ. Page. The ſpirit of wantonneſs is ſure ſcar'd out of him; if the Devil have him not in fee-ſimple, with fine and recovery, he will never, I think, in the way of waſte, attempt us again.

Miſ. Ford. Shall we tell our husbands how we have ſerved him?

Miſ. Page. Yes, by all means: if it be but to ſcrape the figures out of your husbands brain: if they can find in their hearts, the poor unvertuous fat Knight ſhall be any further afflicted, we two will ſtill be the miniſters.

Miſ Ford. I'le warrant they'l have him publickly ſham'd, and me thinks there would be no period to the jeſt, ſhould he not be publickly ſham'd.

Miſ. Page. Come to the Forge with it, then ſhape it: I would not have things cool. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Hoſt *and* Bardolffe.

Bar. Sir, the *German* deſires to have three of your horſes: the Duke himſelf will be to morrow at Court, and they are going to meet him.

Hoſt. What Duke ſhould that be comes ſo ſecretly? I hear not of him in the Court: let me ſpeak with the Gentlemen, they ſpeak *Engliſh.*

Bar. Sir? I'le call them to you.

Hoſt. They ſhall have my horſes, but I'le make them pay: I'le ſawce them, they have had my houſes a week at command: I have tutn'd away my other gueſts, they muſt come off, I'le ſawce them, come. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Page, Ford, Miſtris Page, Miſtris Ford, *and* Evans.

Evans: 'Tis one of the beſt diſcretions of a o'man as ever I did look upon.

Page. And did he ſend you both theſe Letters at an inſtant?

Miſ. Page Within a quarter of an hour.

Ford Pardon me (wife) henceforth do what thou wilt:
I rather will ſuſpect the Sun with gold,
Then thee with wantonneſs; Now doth thy honor ſtand
(In him that was of late an Heretick)
As firm of faith.

Page. 'Tis well, 'tis well, no more:
Be not extream in ſubmiſſion, as in offence,
But let our plot go forward: Let our Wives
Yet once again (to make us publick ſport)
Appoint a meeting with this old fat fellow,
Where we may take him, and diſgrace him for it.

Ford. There is no better way than that they ſpoke of.

Page. How? to ſend him word they'll meet him in the Park at midnight? Fie, fie, he'll never come

Evan. You ſay he hath been thrown into the River: and has been grievouſly peaten, as an old o'man: me thinks there ſhould be terrours in him, that he ſhould not come: Me thinks his fleſh is puniſh'd, he ſhall have no deſires.

Page. So think I too.

M. Ford. Deviſe but how you'll uſe him when he comes.
And let us two deviſe to bring him thither.

M. Page. There is an old tale goes, that *Herne* the
Hunter (ſometime a Keeper in *Windſor* Forreſt)
Doth all the Winter time at ſtill of midnight
Walk round about an Oak, with great ragg'd horns,
And there he blaſts the tree, and takes the Cattel,
And makes milch-kine yield blood, and ſhakes a chain
In a moſt hideous and dreadful manner.
You have heard of ſuch a ſpirit, and well you know
The ſuperſtitious idle-headed-*Eld*
Receiv'd, and did deliver to our age
This tale of *Herne* the Hunter for a truth.

Page. Why yet there want not many that do fear
In deep of night to walk by this *Hernes* Oak:
But what of this?

Miſ Ford. Marry this is our device,
That *Falſtaffe* at that Oak ſhall meet with us.

Page. Well, let it not be doubted but he'l come,
And in this ſhape when you have brought him thither,
What ſhall be done with him? What is your plot?

M Page. That likewiſe have we thought upon, and thus:
Nan Page (my daughter) and my little Son,
And three or four more of their growth, we'l dreſs
Like Urchins, Ouphes and Fairies, green and white,
With rounds of waxen Tapers on their heads,
And Rattles in their hands; upon a ſudden,
As *Falſtaffe*, ſhe, and I, are newly met,
Let them from forth a Saw-pit ruſh at once
With ſome diffuſed ſong: Upon their ſight
We two, in great amazedneſs will flie:
Then let them all encircle him about,
And Fairy-like to pinch the unclean Knight;
And ask him why that hour of Fairy Revel,
In their ſo ſacred paths, he dares to tread
In ſhape prophane.

Ford. And till he tell the truth,
Let the ſuppoſed Fairies pinch him ſound,
And burn him with their Tapers.

M. Page. The truth being known,
We'll all preſent our ſelves; diſ-horn the ſpirit,
And mock him home to *Windſor.*

Ford. The Children muſt
Be practis'd well to this, or they'll ne'r do't.

Evan. I will teach the children their behaviours: and I will be like a Jack-a-napes alſo, to burn the Knight with my Taber.

Ford. That will be excellent,
I'le go buy them vizards.

Miſ. Page. My *Nan* ſhall be the Queen of all the Fairies,
finely attired in a robe of white.

Page. That ſilk would I go buy, and in that time
Shall M. *Slender* ſteal my *Nan* away,
And marry her at *Eaton*: go, ſend to *Falſtaffe* ſtraight.

Ford. Nay, I'le to him again in name of *Broom*,
He'll tell me all his purpoſe: ſure he'l come.

Miſ. Page. Fear not you that: Go get us properties
And tricking for your Fairies.

Evans. Let us about it,

It is admirable pleaſures, and ſerry honeſt knaveries.

Miſ. Page. Go *Miſ. Ford*,
Send quickly to Sir *John*, to know his mind:
I'le to the Doctor, he hath my good will,
And none but he to marry with *Nan Page*:
That *Slender* (though well landed) is an Ideot:
And he, my Husband beſt of all affects:
The Doctor is well money'd, and his friends
Potent at Court: he, none but he ſhall have her,
Though twenty thouſand worthier come to crave her.
Exit.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Hoſt, Simple, Falſtaffe, Bardolfe, Evans, Cajus, Quickly.

Hoſt. What would'ſt thou have? (Boor) what? (thick-skin) ſpeak, breathe, diſcuſs: brief, ſhort, quick, ſnap.

Sim. Marry ſir, I come to ſpeak with Sir *John Falſtaffe* from M. *Slender.*

Hoſt. There's his Chamber, his Houſe, his Caſtle, his Standing-bed and Truckle-bed: 'tis painted about with the ſtory of the Prodigal, freſh and new: go, knock and call: he'll ſpeak like an Anthropophaginian unto thee: Knock I ſay.

Sim. There's an old woman, a fat woman gone up into his Chamber: I le be ſo bold as ſtay, ſir, till ſhe come down: I come to ſpeak with her indeed

Hoſt. Ha? a fat woman? The Knight may be robb'd: I'le call, Bully-Knight, Bully-Sir *John*: ſpeak from thy Lungs Military: Art thou there? It is thine Hoſt, thine Epheſian calls.

Fal. How now, mine Hoſt?

Hoſt. Here's a *Bohemian-Tartar* tarries the coming down of thy fat woman: Let her deſcend (Bully) let her deſcend: my Chambers are honourable: Fie, privacy? Fie.

Fal. There was (mine Hoſt) an old fat woman even now with me, but ſhe's gone.

Sim. Pray you ſir, was't not the wiſe woman of *Brainford?*

Fal. I marry was it (Muſſel-ſhell) what would you with her?

Sim. My Maſter (Sir) my Maſter *Slender* ſent to her, ſeeing her go through the ſtreets, to know (Sir) whether one *Nim* (Sir) that beguiled him of a chain, had the chain, or no.

Fal. I ſpake with the old woman about it.

Sim. And what ſays ſhe, I pray Sir?

Fal. Marry ſhe ſays, that the very ſame man that beguil'd Maſter *Slender* of his Chain, cozen'd him of it.

Sim. I would I could have ſpoken with the woman her ſelf, I had other things to have ſpoken with her too, from him.

Fal. What are they? let us know.

Hoſt. I, come: quick.

Fal. I may not conceal them (ſir)

Hoſt. Conceal them, or thou di'ſt.

Sim. Why ſir, they were nothing but about Miſtris *Anne Page*, to know if it were my Maſters fortune to have her or no.

Fal. 'Tis, 'tis his fortune.

Sim. What Sir.

Fal. To have her, or no: go; ſay the woman told me ſo.

Sim. May I be bold to ſay ſo, ſir?

Fal. I ſir: like who more bold.

Sim. I thank your worſhip: I ſhall make my maſter glad with theſe tidings.

Hoſt. Thou art clarkly: thou art clarkly (Sir *John*) was there a wiſe woman with thee?

Fal. I, that there was (mine *Hoſt*) one that hath taught me more wit, than ever I learn'd before in my life: and I paid nothing for it neither, but was paid for my learning.

Enter Bardolph.

Bar. Out alas (ſir) cozenage: meer cozenage.

Hoſt. Where be my horſes? ſpeak well of them, varletto.

Bar. Run away with the cozeners: for ſo ſoon as I came beyond *Eaton*, they threw me off from behind one of them in a ſlow of myre; and ſet ſpurs, and away; like three *German*-Devils; three Doctor *Fauſtuſſes.*

Hoſt. They are gone but to meet the Duke (villain) do not ſay they be fled: *Germanes* are honeſt men.

Enter Evans.

Evan. Where is mine *Hoſt?*

Hoſt. What is the matter ſir?

Evan. Have a care of your entertainments: there is a friend of mine come to town, tells me there is three Cozen-Jermans that has cozen'd all the *Hoſts* of *Reading*, of *Maidenhead*, of *Cole-Brook*, of horſes and money: I tell you for good will (look you) you are wiſe, and full of gibes, and vlouting-ſtocks: and 'tis not convenient you ſhould be cozened. Fare you well. *Exit.*

Enter Cajus.

Cai. Ver'is mine *Hoſt de Jarteer?*

Hoſt. Here (Maſter Doctor) in perplexity and doubtful delemma.

Cai. I cannot tell vat is dat: but it is tell-a-me, dat you make a grand preparation for a Dude *de Jamany*: by my trot: der is no Duke dat the Court is know, to come: I tell you for good will: adieu.
Exit.

Hoſt. Huy and cry (villane) go: aſſiſt me Knight, I am undone: flye, run: hu and cry (villane) I am undone.
Exit.

Fal. I would all the world might be cozen'd, for I have been cozened and beaten too: if it ſhould come to the ear of the Court, how I have been transformed; and how my transformation hath been waſh'd and cudgel'd, they would melt me out of my fat, drop by drop, and liquor Fiſhermens boots with me: I warrant they would whip me with their fine wits, till I were as creſt-faln as a dri'd Pear: I never proſper'd, ſince I forſwore my ſelf at *Primero*: well, if my wind were but long enough, I would repent: Now? whence come you?

Enter Quickly.

Qu. From the two parties forſooth.

Fal. The Devil take one party, and his Dam the other: and ſo they ſhall be both beſtow'd; I have ſuffer'd more for their ſakes, more than the villanous inconſtancy of mans diſpoſition is able to bear.

Qui. And have not they ſuffer'd? Yes, I warrant, ſpeciouſly one of them; Miſtris *Ford* (good heart) is beaten black and blew, that you cannot ſee a white ſpot about her

Fal. What tell'ſt thou me of black and blew? I was beaten my ſelf into all the colours of the Rain-bow: and I was like to be apprehended for the Witch of *Brainford*, but that my admirable dexterity of wit, my counterfeiting the action of an old Woman deliver'd me, the Knave Conſtable had ſet me ith' Stocks, ith' common Stocks for a Witch.

Qui. Sir, let me ſpeak with you in your Chamber, you ſhall hear how things go, and (I warrant) to your content: here is a letter will ſay ſomewhat: (good hearts) what a-do here is to bring you together? Sure one of you do's not ſerve heaven well, that you are ſo croſs'd.

Fal. Come up into my Chamber. *Exeunt.*

Scena Sexta.

Enter Fenton, Hoſt.

Hoſt. Maſter *Fenton*, talk not to me, my mind is heavy: I will give over all.

Fen. Yet hear me ſpeak: aſſiſt me in my purpoſe,
And (as I am a Gentleman) I'le give thee
A hundred pound in gold, more than your loſs:

Hoſt. I will hear you (Maſter *Fenton*) and I will (at the leaſt) keep your counſel.

Fen. From time to time, I have acquainted you
With the dear love I bear to fair *Anne Page*,
Who, mutually, hath anſwer'd my affection,
(So far forth, as her ſelf might be her chuſer)
Even to my wiſh; I have a letter from her
Of ſuch contents, as you will wonder at;
The mirth whereof, ſo larded with my matter,
That neither ſingly can be manifeſted
Without the ſhew of both: fat Sir *John Falſtaffe*
Hath a great Scene; the image of the jeſt
I'le ſhew you here at large (hark good mine *Hoſt*:)
To night at *Hernes* Oak, juſt 'twixt twelve and one,
Muſt my ſweet *Nan* preſent the Fairie Queen:
The purpoſe why, is here? in which diſguiſe
While other jeſts are ſomething rank on foot,
Her father hath commanded her to ſlip.
Away with *Slender*, aad with him at *Eaton*
Immediately to marry: She hath conſented: Now Sir,
Her mother, (even ſtrong againſt that match,
And firm for Doctor *Caius*) hath appointed
That he ſhall likewiſe ſhuffle her away,
While other ſports are tasking of their minds,
And at the Deanry, where a Prieſt attends
Straight marry her: to this her mothers plot
She (ſeemingly obedient) likewiſe hath
Made promiſe to the Doctor: Now thus, it reſts,
Her father means ſhe ſhall be all in white;
And in that habit, when *Slender* ſees his time
To take her by the hand, and bid her go,
She ſhall go with him: her Mother hath intended
(The better to devote her to the Doctor;
For they muſt all be mask'd and vizarded)
That quaint in green, ſhe ſhall be looſe enrob'd,
With Ribands-pendant, flaring 'bout her head;
And when the Doctor ſpies his vantage ripe,
To pinch her by the hand, and on that token,
The maid hath given conſent to go with him.

Hoſt. Which means ſhe to deceive? Father, or Mother?

Fen. Both (my good Hoſt) to go along with me,
And here it reſts, that you'l procure the Vicar
To ſtay for me at Church, 'twixt twelve and one,
And in the lawful name of marrying,
To give our hearts united ceremony.

Hoſt. Well, husband your device; I'le to the Vicar,
Bring you the Maid, you ſhall not lack a Prieſt.

Fen. So ſhall I evermore be bound to thee;
Beſide, I'le make a preſent recompence. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus, Scena Prima.

Enter Falſtaffe, Quickly, and Ford.

Fal. Prethee no more pratling: go, I'le hold, this is the third time: I hope good luck lies in odd numbers, Away, go, they ſay there is Divinity in odd numbers, either in nativity, chance, or death: away.

Qui. I'le provide you a chain, and I'le do what I can to get you a pair of horns.

Fal. Away I ſay, time wears, hold up your head and mince. How now M. *Broom*? Maſter *Broom*, the matter will be known to night, or never. Be you in the Park about midnight, at *Hernes*-Oak, and you ſhall ſee wonders.

Ford. Went you not to her yeſterday (Sir) as you told me you had appointed?

Fal. I went to her (Maſter *Broom*) as you ſee, like a poor-old-man; But I came from her (Maſter *Broom*) like a poor-old-woman; that ſame Knave (*Ford* her husband) hath the fineſt mad Devil of jealouſie in him (Maſter *Broom*) that ever govern'd Frenzie. I will tell you, he beat me grievouſly, in the ſhape of a woman: (for in the ſhape of a man (Maſter *Broom*) I fear not Goliah with a Weavers beam, (becauſe I know alſo, life is a Shuttle) I am in haſte, go along with me, I'le tell you all (Maſter *Broom*:) ſince I pluckt Geeſe, played trewant, and whipt top, I knew not what 'twas to be beaten, till lately. Follow me I'le tell you ſtrange things of this Knave *Ford*, on whom to night I will be revenged, and I will deliver his wife into your hand. Follow, ſtrange things in hand (Maſter *Broom*) follow. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Page, Shallow, Slender.

Page. Come, come: we'll couch i'th Caſtle-ditch, till we ſee the light of our Fairies. Remember ſon *Slender*, my daughter.

Slen. I forſooth, I have ſpoke with her, and we have a nay-word how to know one another. I come to her in white, and cry Mum; ſhe cryes Budget, and by that we know one another.

Shal. That's good too: but what needs either your Mum, or her-Budget? The white will decipher her well enough. It hath ſtruck ten a'clock.

Page. The night is dark, Light and Spirits will become it well: Heaven proſper our ſport. No man means evil but the Devil, and we ſhall know him by his horns. Let's away: follow me. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Miſt. Page, Miſt. Ford, Caius.

Miſ. Page. Mr. Doctor, my daughter is in green, when you ſee your time, take her by the hand, away with her to the Deanry, and diſpatch it quickly: go before into the Park: we two muſt go together.

Cai. I know vat I have to do, adieu. *Exit.*

Miſ. Page. Fare you well (ſir) my husband will not rejoyce ſo much at the abuſe of *Falſtaffe*, as he will chafe at the Doctors marrying my daughter: But 'tis no matter; better a little chiding, than a great deal of heart-break.

Miſ. Ford. Where is *Nan* now? and her troop of Fairies? and the Welch Devil *Herne*?

Miſ. Page. They are all couch'd in a pit hard by *Hernes* Oak, with obſcur'd Lights; which at the very inſtant of *Falſtaffes* and our meeting, they will at once diſplay to the night.

Miſ. Ford. That cannot chooſe but amaze him.

Miſ. Page. If he be not amaz'd he will be mock'd: If he be amaz'd, he will be mock'd.

Miſ. Ford. We'll betray him finely.

Miſ. Page. Againſt ſuch Lewdſters, and their Lechery,
Thoſe that betray them do no treachery.

Miſ. Ford. The hour draws on: to the Oak, to the Oak. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Evans and Fairies.

Evans. Trib, trib, Fairies: Come, and remember your parts: be pold (I pray you) follow me into the pit, and when I give the watch-'ords: do as I bid you: come, come, trib, trib. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Falſtaffe, Miſtris Page, Miſtris Ford, Evans,
Anne Page, Fairies, Page, Ford, Quickly,
Slender, Fenton, Caius, Piſtoll.

Fal. The *Windſor* Bell hath ſtruck twelve: the Minute draws on: Now the hot-bloodied-god aſſiſt me: Remember *Jove*, thou waſt a Bull for thy *Europa*, Love ſet on thy horns. O powerful Love, that in ſome reſpects makes a Beaſt a Man: in ſome other a Man, a Beaſt. You were alſo (*Jupiter*) a Swan, for the love of *Leda*: O omnipotent Love, how near the God drew to the complexion of a Gooſe: a fault done firſt in the form of a Beaſt, (O *Jove*, a beaſtly fault:) and then another fault, in the ſemblance of a Fowl, think on't (*Jove*) a foul-fault. When gods have hot backs, what ſhall poor men do? For me, I am here a *Windſor* Stag, and the fatteſt (I think) i'th the Forreſt. Send me a cool rut-time (*Jove*) or who can blame me to piſs my Tallow? Who comes here? my Doe?

M. Ford. Sir *John*? Art thou there (my Deer?)
My male-Deer?

Fal. My Doe with the black Scut? Let the skie rain Potatoes: let it thunder, to the tune of Green ſleeves, hail-kiſſing Comfits, and ſnow Eringoes: Let there come a tempeſt of provocation, I will ſhelter me here.

M. Ford. Miſtris *Page* is come with me (ſweet heart.)

Fal. Divide me like a Brib'd-Buck, each a Haunch: I will keep my ſides to my ſelf, my ſhoulders for the fellow of this walk; and my horns I bequeath your husbands Am I a Woodman, ha? Speak I like *Herne* the Hunter? Why, now is *Cupid* a child of Conſcience, he makes reſtitution. As I am a true ſpirit, welcome.

M. Page. Alas, what noiſe?

M. Ford. Heaven forgive our ſins.

Fal. What ſhould this be?

M. Ford. M. Page. Away, away.

Fal. I think the Divil will not have me damn'd,
Leaſt the Oyl that's in me ſhould ſet hell on fire;
He would never elſe croſs me thus.

Enter Fairies.

Qui. Fairies, black, gray, green, and white,
You Moon-ſhine Revellers, and ſhades of night,
You Orphan heirs of fixed deſtiny,
Attend your office, and your quality.
Crier Hob-goblin, make the Fairy O yes.

Piſt. Elves, liſt your names: Silence you airy toys.
Cricket, to *Windſor* Chimneys ſhalt thou leap:
Where fires thou find'ſt unrak'd, and Hearths unſwept,
There pinch the Maids as blue as Bilbery,
Our radiant Queen hates Sluts and Sluttery.

Fal. They are Fairies, he that ſpeaks to them ſhall die.
I'le wink and couch: No man their works muſt eye.

Ev. Where's *Bede*? Go you, and where you find a Maid
That ere ſhe ſleep has thrice her prayers ſaid,
Raiſe up the Organs of her fantaſie,
Sleep ſhe as ſound as careleſs infancy,
But thoſe that ſleep and think not on their ſins,
Pinch them, arms, legs, backs, ſhoulders, ſides and ſhins.

Qui. About, about:
Search *Windſor* Caſtle (Elves) within, and out.
Strew good luck (Ouphes) on every ſacred room,
That it may ſtand till the perpetual doom,
In ſtate as wholeſom, as in ſtate 'tis fit,
Worthy the Owner, and the Owner it.
The ſeveral Chairs of Order, look you ſcowr,
With juyce of Balm; and every precious flowr,
Each fair Inſtalment, Coat and ſev'ral Creſt,
With loyal Blazon evermore be bleſt.
And nightly-medow-Fairies, look you ſing
Like to the *Garter*-Compaſs in a Ring,
Th'expreſſure that it bears: Green let it be,
More fertile freſh then all the field to ſee:
And, *Hony Scit Qui Mal-y-Panſe*, write
In Emrold-tuffs Flowers, purple, blue, and white,
Like Saphire-pearl, and rich Embroiderie,
Buckled below fair Knight-hoods bending knee;
Fairies uſe Flowers for their Characterie,
Away, diſperſe: But till 'tis one a clock,
Our dance of cuſtom round about the Oak
Of *Herne* the Hunter, let us not forget.

Ev. Pray you lock hand in hand, your ſelves in order ſet:
And twenty Glow-worms ſhall our Lant-horns be
To guide our Meaſure round about the tree.
But ſtay, I ſmell a man of middle earth.

Fal. Heavens defend me from that Welch Fairie,
Leſt he transform me to a piece of Cheeſe.

Piſt. Vild worm, thou waſt ore-look'd even in thy birth.

Qui. With tryal-fire touch me his finger end:
If he be chaſte, the flame will back deſcend
And turn him to no pain: but if he ſtart,
It is the fleſh of a corrupted heart.

Piſt. A tryal, come.

Evans. Come, will this wood take fire?

Fal. Oh, oh, oh.

Qui. Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in deſire,
About him (Fairies) ſing a ſcornful Rime,
And as you trip, ſtill pinch him to your time.

The Song.

Fie on ſinful phantaſie: Fie on Luſt and Luxurie:
Luſt is but a bloody fire, kindled with unchaſt deſire.
Fed in heart whoſe flames aſpire,
As thoughts do blow them higher and higher.
Pinch him (Fairies) mutually: pinch him for his Villanie.
Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him about,
Till Candles, and Star-light, and Moon-ſhine be out.

Page. Nay do not flye, I think I have watcht you now: Will none but *Herne* the Hunter ſerve your turn?

M. Page. I pray you come, hold up the jeſt no higher.
Now (good Sir *John*) how like you *Windſor* Wives?
See you theſe husbands? Do not theſe fair Oaks
Become the Forreſt better then the Town?

Ford. Now Sir, who's a Cuckold now?
Mr. *Broom*, *Falſtaff*'s a Knave, a Cuckoldly Knave,
Here are his horns Maſter *Broom*:
And Maſter *Broom*, he hath enjoyed nothing of *Ford*,

but his buck-basket, his Cudgel, and twenty pounds of money, which muſt be paid to Mr. *Broom*, his horſes are arreſted for it, M. *Broom.*

M. Ford. Sir *John*, we have had ill luck: we could never meet: I will never take you for my Love again, but I will always count you my Deer.

Fal. I do begin to perceive that I am made an Aſs.

Ford. I, and an Ox to: both the proofs are extant.

Fal. And theſe are not Fairies:
I was three or four times in the thought they were not Fairies, and yet the guiltineſs of my mind, the ſuddain ſurprize of my powers, drove the groſsneſs of the foppery into a receiv'd belief, in deſpight of the teeth of all rime and reaſon, that they were Fairies. See now how wit may be made a Jack-a-Lent, when 'tis upon ill imployment.

Evan. Sir *John Falſtaffe*, ſerve Got, and leave your deſires, and Fairies will not pinſe you.

Ford. Well ſaid Fairy *Hugh.*

Evan. And leave you your jealouzies too, I pray you.

Ford. I will never miſtruſt my wife again, till thou art able to wooe her in good *Engliſh.*

Fal. Have I laid my brain in the Sun and dried it, that it wants matter to prevent ſo groſs ore-reaching as this? Am I ridden with a Welch Goat too? Shall I have a Coxcombe of Frize? 'Tis time I were choak'd with a piece of toaſted Cheeſe.

Evans. Seeſe is not good to give putter; your pelly is all putter.

Fal. Seeſe and Putter? Have I liv'd to ſtand at the taunt of one that makes Fritters of *Engliſh?* This is enough to be the decay of Luſt and late-walking through the Realm.

Miſ. Page. Why Sir *John*, do you think, though we would have thruſt vertue out of our hearts by the head and ſhoulders, and have given our ſelves without ſcruple to hell, that ever the Devil could have made you our delight.

Ford. What, a Hodge-pudding? A bag of Flax?

Miſ. Page. A puft man?

Page. Old, cold, wither'd, and of intolerable entrails?

Ford. And one that is as ſlanderous as Satan?

Page. And as poor as *Job.*

Ford. And as wicked as his wife?

Evan. And given to Fornications, and to Taverns, and Sack, and Wine, and Metheglin, and to drinkings, and ſwearings, and ſtaring? Pribbles and prabbles?

Fal. Well, I am your Theame: you have the ſtart of me, I am dejected: I am not able to anſwer the Welch Flannel, Ignorance it ſelf is a Plummet ore me, uſe me as you will.

Ford. Marry ſir, wee'l bring you to *Windſor* to one Mr. *Broome*, that you have cozen'd of money, to whom you ſhould have been a Pander: over and above that you have ſuffer'd, I think, to repay that money will be a biting affliction.

Page. Yet be cheerful Knight, thou ſhalt eat a Poſſet to night at my houſe, where I will deſire thee to laugh at my wife, that now laughs at thee: Tell her Mr. *Slender* hath married her daughter.

Miſ. Page. Doctors doubt that;
If *Anne Page* be my daughter, ſhe is (by this) Doctor *Caius's* wife.

Enter Slender.

Slen. Whoa hoe, hoe, Father *Page.*

Page. Son? How now? How now ſon,
Have you diſpatch'd?

Slen. Diſpatch'd? I'le make the beſt in *Gloſterſhire* know on't: would I were hang'd la, elſe.

Page. Of what, ſon?

Slen. I came yonder at *Eaton* to marry Miſtris *Anne Page*, and ſhee's a great lubberly Boy. If it had not been ith' Church, I would have ſwing'd him, or he ſhould have ſwing'd me. If I did not think it had been *Anne Page*, would I might never ſtir, and 'tis a Poſt-maſters Boy.

Page. Upon my life then, you took the wrong.

Slen. What need you tell me that? I think ſo, when I took a Boy for a Girl: If I had been married to him, (for all he was in womans apparel) I would not have had him.

Page. Why, this is your own folly,
Did not I tell you how you ſhould know my daughter
By her garments?

Slen. I went to her in green, and cry'd Mum, and ſhe cry'd Budget, as *Anne* and I had appointed, and yet it was not *Anne*, but a Poſt-maſters Boy.

Miſt. Page. Good *George* be not angry, I knew of your purpoſe: turn'd my daughter into white, and indeed ſhe is now with the Doctor at the Deanry, and there married.

Enter Cajus.

Caj. Ver is Miſtris *Page*: by gar I am cozoned, I ha married one Garſoon, a Boe; oon Peſant, by gar. A Boy, it is not *An Page*, by gar, I am cozoned.

M. Page. Why? did you take her in white?

Caj. I be gar, and 'tis a Boy: be gar, Ile raiſe all *Windſor.*

Ford. This is ſtrange: Who hath got the right *Anne?*

Page. My heart miſgives me, here comes M. *Fenton.*
How now M. *Fenton?*

An. Pardon good father, good my mother pardon.

Page. Now Miſtris:
How chance you went not with M. *Slnder?*

Miſ. Page. Why went you not with Mr. Doctor, Maid?

Fen. You do amaze her: hear the truth of it,
You would have married her moſt ſhamefully,
Where there was no proportion held in love:
The truth is, ſhe and I (long ſince contracted)
Are now ſo ſure that nothing can diſſolve us:
Th' offence is holy that ſhe hath committed,
And this deceit loſes the name of craft,
Of diſobedience, or unduteous title,
Since therein ſhe doth evitate and ſhun
A thouſand irreligious curſed hours
Which forced marriage would have brought upon her.

Ford. Stand not amaz'd; here is no remedy:
In Love, the heavens themſelves do guide the ſtate,
Money buys Lands, and wives are ſold by fate.

Fal. I am glad, though you have tane a ſpecial ſtand to ſtrike at me, that your Arrow hath glanc'd.

Page. Well, what remedy? *Fenton*, heaven give thee joy,
what cannot be eſchew'd, muſt be embrac'd.

Fal. When night-dogs run, all ſorts of Deer are chac'd.

Mi. Pa. Well, I will muſe no further: M. *Fenton*,
Heaven give you many, many merry days:
Good husband, let us every one go home,
And laugh this ſport ore by a countrey fire,
Sir *John* and all.

Ford. Let it be ſo (Sir *John*:)
To Maſter *Broom*, you yet ſhall hold your word.
For he, to night ſhall lye with Miſtris *Ford.* *Exeunt.*

Meaſure for Meaſure.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Duke, Eſcalus, Lords.

Duke.
E*Scalus.*
Eſca. My Lord.
Duke. Of government, the properties to unfold
Would ſeem in me t'affect ſpeech and diſcourſe.
Since I am put to know, that your own Science
Exceeds (in that) the liſts of all advice
My ſtrength can give you: Then no more remains.
But that, to your ſufficiency, as your worth is able,
And let them work: The nature of our people,
Our *Cities inſtitutions*, and the Terms
For Common Juſtice, y'are as pregnant in
As Art, and practiſe hath enriched any
That we remember: There is our Commiſſion,
From which, we would not have you warp; call hither,
I ſay, bid come before us *Angelo*:
What figure of us think you, he will bear.
For you muſt know, we have with ſpecial ſoul
Elected him our abſence to ſupply;
Lent him our terror, dreſt him with our love,
And given his Deputation all the Organs
Of our own power: what think you of it?
Eſc. If any in *Vienna* be of worth
To undergo ſuch ample grace and honour,
It is Lord *Angelo*.

Enter Angelo.

Duke. Look where he comes.
Ang. Always obedient to your Graces will,
I come to know your Graces pleaſure.
Duke. Angelo:
There is a kind of Character in thy life,
That to th'obſerver, doth thy hiſtory
Fully unfold: Thy ſelf and thy belongings
Are not thine own ſo proper, as to waſte
Thy ſelf upon thy vertues; they on thee:
Heaven doth with us, as we with Torches do,
Not light them for themſelves: For if our vertues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not: Spirits are not finely touch'd,
But to fine iſſues: nor Nature never lends
The ſmalleſt ſcruple of her excellence,
But like a thrifty goddeſs, ſhe determines
Her ſelf the glory of a creditor,
Both thanks and uſe; but I do bend my ſpeech
To one that can my part in him advertiſe;
Hold therefore *Angelo*:
In our remove, be thou at full, our ſelf:
Mortality and Mercy in *Vienna*
Live in thy tongue and heart: Old *Eſcalus*
Though firſt in queſtion, is thy ſecondary.
Take thy Commiſſion.
Ang. Now good my Lord
Let there be ſome more teſt made of my mettle,
Before ſo noble and ſo great a figure
Be ſtampt upon it.
Duk. No more evaſion:
We have with a leaven'd and prepared choice
Proceeded to you; therefore take your honours:
Our haſte from hence is of ſo quick condition,
That it prefers it ſelf, and leaves unqueſtion'd
Matters of needful value: We ſhall write to you
As time, and our concernings ſhall importune,
How it goes with us, and do look to know
What doth befall you here. So fare you well:
To th'hopeful execution do I leave you,
Of your Commiſſion.
Ang. Yet give leave (my Lord,)
That we may bring you ſomething on the way.
Duk. My haſte may not admit it,
Nor need you (on mine honour) have to do
With any ſcruple: your ſcope is as mine own,
So to inforce, or qualifie the Laws,
As to your ſoul ſeems good: Give me your hand;
I'le privily away: I love the people,
But do not like to ſtage me to their eyes:
Though it do well, I do not reliſh well
Their loud applauſe, and aves vehement:
Nor do I think the man of ſafe diſcretion
That do's affect it. Once more fare you well.
Ang. The heavens give ſafety to your purpoſes.
Eſc. Lead forth and bring you back in happineſs.
Duke. I thank you, fare you well. *Exit.*
Eſc. I ſhall deſire you, Sir, to give me leave
To have free ſpeech with you; and it concerns me
To look into the bottom of my place:
A power I have, but of what ſtrength and nature,
I am not yet inſtructed.
Ang. 'Tis ſo with me: Let us with-draw together,
And we may ſoon our ſatisfaction have
Touching that point.
Eſc. Ile wait upon your honour. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda,

Enter Lucio, and two other Gentlemen.

Luc. If the Duke, with the other Dukes, come not to compoſition with the King of *Hungary*, why then all the Dukes fall upon the King.

1 *Gent.* Heaven grant us its peace, but not the King of *Hungaries.*

2 *Gent.* Amen.

Luc. Thou could'ſt like the Sanctimonious Pyrat, that went to Sea with the ten Commandments, but ſcrap'd one out of the Table.

2. *Gent.* Thou ſhalt not ſteal?

Luc. I, that he raz'd.

1. *Gent.* Why? 'twas a Commandment to command the Captain and all the reſt from their functions: they put forth to ſteal: There's not a Souldier of us all, that in

the thankſgiving before meat, do reliſh the petition well that prays for peace.

2 *Gent.* I never heard any Souldier diſlike it.

Luc. I believe thee: for I think thou never was't where Grace was ſaid.

2 *Gent.* No? a dozen times at leaſt.

1 *Gent.* What? in meeter?

Luc. In any proportion, or in any language.

1 *Gent.* I think, or in any Religion.

Luc. I, why not? Grace, is Grace, deſpight of all controverſie: as for example; Thou thy ſelf art a wicked villain, deſpight of all Grace.

1 *Gent.* Well: there went but a pair of ſheers between us.

Luc. I grant: as there may between the Liſts and the Velvet. Thou art the Liſt.

1 *Gent.* And thou the Velvet; thou art good Velvet; thou'rt a three pil'd-piece I warrant thee: I had as lief be a Liſt of an *Engliſh* Kerſey, as be pil'd, as thou art pil'd, for a *French* Velvet. Do I ſpeak feelingly now?

Luc. I think thou doſt: and indeed with moſt painful feeling of thy ſpeech: I will, out of thine own confeſſion, learn to begin thy health; but whilſt I live, forget to drink after thee.

1 *Gent.* I think I have done my ſelf wrong, have I not?

2 *Gent.* Yes, that thou haſt; whether thou are tainted, or free. *Enter Bawd.*

Luc. Behold, behold, where Madam *Mitigation* comes.
I have purchas'd as many diſeaſes under her Roof,
As come to ——

2 *Gent.* To what I pray?

Luc. Judge.

2 *Gent.* To three thouſand Dollours a year.

1 *Gent.* I, and more.

Luc. A *French* Crown more.

1 *Gent.* Thou art always figuring diſeaſes in me; but thou art full of error, I am ſound.

Luc. Nay, not (as one would ſay) healthy: but ſo ſound, as things that are hollow; thy bones are hollow; Impiety has made a feaſt of thee.

1 *Gent.* How now, which of your hips has the moſt profound Sciatica?

Bawd. Well, well: There's one yonder arreſted, and carried to priſon, was worth five thouſand of you all.

2 *Gent.* Who's that I prethee?

Bawd. Marry ſir, that's *Claudio*, Signior *Claudio.*

1 *Gent.* *Claudio* to priſon? 'tis not ſo.

Bawd. Nay, but I know 'tis ſo: I ſaw him arreſted; ſaw him carried away: and which is more, within theſe three days his head to be chopt off.

Luc. But, after all this fooling, I would not have it ſo: Art thou ſure of this?

Bawd. I am too ſure of it: and it is for getting Madam *Julietta* with child.

Luc. Believe me this may be: he promiſed to meet me two hours ſince, and he was ever preciſe in promiſe-keeping.

2 *Gent.* Beſides you know, it draws ſomething near to the ſpeech we had to ſuch a purpoſe.

1 *Gent.* But moſt of all agreeing with the Proclamation.

Luc. Away, let's go learn the truth of it. *Exeunt.*

Bawd. Thus, what with the war; what with the ſweat, what with the gallows, and what with poverty, I am cuſtom-ſhrunk. How now? what's the news with you?

Enter clown.

Clow. Yonder man is carried to priſon.

Bawd. Well: what has he done?

Clow. A woman.

Baw. But what's his offence?

Clow. Groping for Trowts in a peculiar River.

Baw. What? is there a Maid with child by him?

Clow. No: but there's a woman with Maid by him: you have not heard of the Proclamation, have you?

Baw. What Proclamation, man?

Clow. All houſes in the Suburbs of *Vienna* muſt be pluck'd down.

Baw. And what ſhall become of thoſe in the Citie?

Clow. They ſhall ſtand for ſeed: they had gone down too, but that a wiſe Burger put in for them.

Baw. But ſhall all our houſes of reſort in the Suburbs be pull'd down?

Clown. To the ground Miſtris.

Baw. Why here's a change indeed in the Commonwealth: what ſhall become of me?

Clow. Come: fear not you: good Counſellors lack no Clients: though you change your place, you need not change your Trade: I'le be your Tapſter ſtill; courage, there will be pity taken on you; you that have worn your eyes almoſt out in the ſervice, you will be conſidered.

Baw. What's to do here, *Thomas Tapſter*? let's withdraw.

Clow. Here comes Signior *Claudio*, led by the Provoſt to priſon: and there's Madam *Juliet.* *Exeunt.*

Scæna tertia.

Enter Provoſt, Claudia, Juliet, Officers, Lucio, and two Gentlemea.

Cla. Fellow, why doſt thou ſhow me thus to th'world?
Bear me to priſon, where I am committed.

Pro. I do it not in evil diſpoſition,
But from *Angelo* by ſpecial charge.

Clau. Thus can the demy-god (Authority)
Make us pay down, for our offence, by weight
The words of heaven; on whom it will, it will,
On whom it will not (ſo) yet ſtill 'tis juſt.

Luc. Why how now *Claudio*? whence comes this reſtraint.

Clau. From too-much liberty, (my *Lucio*) liberty,
As ſurfeit is the father of much faſt,
So every ſcope by the immoderate uſe
Turns to reſtraint: our Natures do purſue
Like Rats that ravin down their proper Bane,
A thirſty evil, and when we drink, we die.

Luc. If I could ſpeak ſo wiſely, under an arreſt, I would ſend for certain of my Creditors: and yet, to ſay the truth, I had as lief have the foppery of freedome, as the mortality of impriſonment: what's thy offence, *Claudio*?

Cla. What (but to ſpeak of) would offend again.

Luc. What is't murder?

Cla. No.

Luc. Letchery?

Cla. Call it ſo.

Pro. Away, ſir, you muſt go.

Cla. One word, good friend:
Lucio, a word with you.

Luc. A hundred:
If they'l do you any good: Is Letchery ſo look'd after?

Cla. Thus ſtands it with me: upon a true contract
I got poſſeſſion of *Julietta's* bed,
You know the Lady, ſhe is faſt my wife,
Save that we do the denunciation lack
Of outward Order. This we came not to,
Only for propagation of a Dowre
Remaining in the Coffer of her friends,
From whom we thought it meet to hide our Love
Till Time had made them for us. But it chances
The ſtealth of our moſt mutual entertainment
With Character too groſs, is writ in *Juliet.*

Luc With Child, perhaps?

Cla. Unhappily, even ſo.
And the new Deputy, now for the Duke,

Whether it be the fault and glimpſe of newneſs,
Or whether that the body publick be
A horſe whereon the Governor doth ride,
Who newly in the ſeat, that it may know
He can command, lets it ſtrait feel the ſpur
Whether the tyranny be in his place,
Or in his eminence that fills it up
I ſtagger in: But this new Governour
Awakes me all the enrolled penalties
Which have (like unſcowr'd Armor) hung by th'wall
So long, that nineteen Zodiacks have gone round,
And none of them been worn; and for a name
Now puts the drowſie and neglected Act
Freſhly on me: 'tis ſurely for a name.

Luc. I warrant it is: and thy head ſtands ſo tickle on thy ſhoulders, that a Milk-maid, if ſhe be in love, may ſigh it off: Send after the Duke, and appeal to him.

Cla. I have done ſo, but he's not to be found.
I prethee (*Lucio*) do me this kind ſervice:
This day, my ſiſter ſhould the Cloyſter enter,
And there receive her approbation.
Acquaint her with the danger of my ſtate,
Implore her in my voice, that ſhe make friends
To the ſtrict Deputy: bid her ſelf aſſay him,
I have great hope in that: for in her youth
There is a prone and ſpeechleſs Dialect,
Such as move men! beſide ſhe hath ptoſperous Art
When ſhe will play with reaſon, and diſcourſe,
And well ſhe can perſwade.

Luc. I pray ſhe may; as well for the encouragement of the like, which elſe would ſtand upon grievous impoſition: as for the enjoying of thy life, who I would be ſorry ſhould be thus fooliſhly loſt, at a game of Tick-tack: I'le to her.

Cla. I thank you good friend *Lucio.*

Luc. Within two hours.

Cla. Come Officer, away. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Duke, and Frier Thomas.

Duke. No: holy Father, throw away that thought,
Believe not that the dribbling dart of love
Can pierce a compleat boſom: why, I deſire thee
To give me ſecret harbour hath a purpoſe
More grave and wrinkled than the aims and ends
Of burning youth.

Fri. May your Grace ſpeak of it.

Duke. My holy ſir, none better knows than you
How I have ever loved the life remov'd
And held in idle price to haunt aſſemblies
Where youth and coſt, and witleſs bravery keeps.
I have delivered to Lord *Angelo*
(A man of ſtricture and firm abſtinence)
My abſolute power, and place in *Vienna,*
And he ſuppoſes me travail'd to *Poland,*
(For ſo I have ſtrew'd it in the common ear)
And ſo it is receiv'd: Now (pious ſir)
You will demand of me, why I do this.

Fri. Gladly, My Lord.

Duke. We have ſtrict Statutes, and moſt biting Laws,
(The needful bits and curbs for head-ſtrong weeds)
Which for this fourteen years, we have let ſlip,
Even like an ore-grown Lyon in a Cave
That goes not out to prey: Now, as fond Fathers,
Having bound up the threatning twigs of Birch,
Only to ſtick it in theit childrens ſight;
For error, not to uſe: in time the rod
More mock'd than fear'd: ſo our Decrees,
Dead to infliction, to themſelves are dead,
And liberty plucks juſtice by the noſe;
The Baby beats the Nurſe, and quite athwart
Goes all decorum.

Fri. It reſted in your Grace
To unlooſe this tied-up Juſtice, when you pleas'd:
And it in you more dreadful would have ſeem'd
Than in Lord *Angelo.*

Duke. I do fear, too dreadful:
Sith 'twas my fault to give the people ſcope,
'Twould be my tyranny to ſtrike and gall them,
For what I bid them do: For we bid this be done
When evil deeds have their permiſſive paſs,
And not the puniſhment: therefore indeed (my father)
I have on *Angelo* impos'd the office,
Who may in th'ambuſh of my name ſtrike home,
And yet, my nature never in the fight
To do in ſlander: And to behold his ſway
I will, as 'twere a brother of your Order,
Viſit both Prince and people: Therefore I prethee
Supply me with the habit, and inſtruct me
How I may formally in perſon bear
Like a true *Frier*: Moe reaſons for this action
At your more leiſure, ſhall I render you;
Only this one: Lord *Angelo* is preciſe,
Stands at a guard with envy: ſcarce confeſſes
That his blood flows: or that his appetite
Is more to bread than ſtone: hence ſhall we ſee
If power change purpoſe: what our Seemers be. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Iſabell, and Franciſca a Nun.

Iſa. And have you Nuns no farther priviledges?

Nun. Are not theſe large enough?

Iſa. Yes truly; I ſpeak not as deſiring more,
But rather wiſhing a more ſtrict reſtraint
Upon the Siſterhood, the Votariſts of Saint *Clare.*

Lucio within.

Luc. Hoa? peace be in this place.

Iſa. Who's that which calls?

Nun. It is a mans voice, gentle *Iſabella,*
Turn you the key, and know his buſineſs of him;
You may, I may not: you are yet unſworn:
When you have vow'd, you muſt not ſpeak with men,
But in the preſence of the *Prioreſſe*;
Then if you ſpeak, you muſt not ſhew your face;
Or if you ſhew your face, you muſt not ſpeak:
He calls again: I pray you anſwer him.

Iſa. Peace and proſperity: who is't that calls?

Luc. Hail Virgin, (if you be) as thoſe cheek-Roſes
Proclaim you are no leſs: can you ſo ſteed me,
As bring me to the ſight of *Iſabella,*
A novice of this place, and the fair Siſter
To her unhappy brother *Claudio*?

Iſa. Why her unhappy brother? Let me ask,
The rather, for I now muſt make you know
I am that *Iſabella,* and his Siſter.

Luc. Gentle and fair: your brother kindly greets you;
Not to be weary with you; he's in priſon.

Iſa. Wo me, for what?

Luc. For that, which if my ſelf might be his Judge,
He ſhould receive his puniſhment in thanks:
He hath got his friend with Child.

Iſa. Sir, make me not your ſtory.

Luc. 'Tis true; I would not, tho 'tis my familiar ſin,
With Maids to ſeem the Lapwing, and to jeſt
Tongue, far from heart: play with all Virgins ſo:
I hold you as a thing en-ſkied and ſainted,

By your renouncement an immortal ſpirit,
And to be talk'd with in ſincerity,
As with a Saint.
Iſa. You do blaſpheme the good in mocking me.
Luc. Do not believe it: fewneſs, and truth; 'tis thus,
Your brother and his lover have imbrac'd;
As thoſe that feed grow full: as bloſſoming Time
That from the ſeedneſs, the bare fallow brings
To teeming foyſon: even ſo her plenteous womb
Expreſſeth his full Tilth and Husbandry.
Iſa. Some one with child by him? my Coſen *Juliet*?
Luc. Is ſhe your Coſen?
Iſa. Adoptedly, as ſchool-maids change their names
By vain, tho apt affection.
Luc. She it is.
Iſa. Let him marry her.
Luc. This is the point.
The Duke is very ſtrangely gone from hence;
Bore many Gentlemen (my ſelf being one)
In hand, and hope of action: but we do learn,
By thoſe that know the very Nerves of State,
His giving-out, were of an infinite diſtance
From his true meant deſign: upon his place,
(And with full line of his authority)
Governs Lord *Angelo*; A man whoſe blood
Is very ſnow-broth: one, who never feels
The wanton ſtings and motions of the ſenſe;
But doth rebate, and blunt his natural edge
With profits of the mind: Study, and faſt.
He (to give fear to uſe, and liberty,
Which have for long run-by the hideous Law,
As Mice by Lyons) hath pickt out an act,
Under whoſe heavy ſenſe, your brothers life
Falls into forfeit: he arreſts him on it,
And follows cloſe the rigor of the Statute
To make him an example: all hope is gone,
Unleſs you have the grace by your fair prayer
To ſoften *Angelo*: And that's my pith of buſineſs
'Twixt you, and your poor brother.
Iſa. Doth he ſo,
Seek his life?
Luc. Has cenſured him already,
And as I hear, the Provoſt hath a warrant
For's Execution.
Iſa Alas: what poor
Abilitie's in me, to do him good?
Luc. Aſſay the power you have.
Iſa. My power? alas, I doubt.
Luc. Our doubts are traytors
And makes us loſe the good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt: Go to Lord *Angelo*,
And let him learn to know, when Maidens ſue
Men give like gods: but when they weep and kneel,
All their petitions, are as truly theirs
As they themſelves would owe them.
Iſa. Ile ſee what I can do.
Luc. But ſpeedily.
Iſa. I will about it ſtrait;
No longer ſtaying, but to give the Mother
Notice of my affair: I humbly thank you:
Commend me to my brother: ſoon at night
Ile ſend him certain word of my ſucceſs.
Luc. I take my leave of you.
Iſa. Good ſir, adieu. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Angelo, Eſcalus, and ſervants, Juſtice.

Ang. We muſt not make a ſcar-crow of the Law,
Setting it up to fear the Birds of prey,
And let it keep one ſhape, till cuſtome make it
Their Pearch, and not their terror.
Eſc. I, but yet
Let us be keen, and rather cut a little,
Than fall, and bruiſe to death: alas, this Gentleman
Whom I would ſave, had a moſt noble father,
Let but your honour know
(Whom I believe to be moſt ſtrait in vertue)
That in the working of your own affections,
Had time co-heard with Place, or place with wiſhing,
Or that the reſolute acting of our blood,
Could have attain'd th'effect of your own purpoſe,
Whether you had ſometime in your life
Err'd in this point, which now you cenſure him,
And pull'd the Law upon you.
Ang. 'Tis one thing to be tempted (*Eſcalus*)
Another thing to fall: I not deny
The Jury paſſing on the priſoners life
May in the ſworn-twelve, have a thief, or two
Guiltier than him they try; what's open made to Juſtice,
That Juſtice ſeizes, What knows the Laws
That thieves do paſs on thieves? 'Tis very pregnant,
The Jewel that we find, we ſtoop and take't,
Becauſe we ſee it; but what we do not ſee,
We tread upon, and never think of it.
You may not ſo extenuate his offence,
For I have had ſuch faults; but rather tell me
When I, that cenſure him, do ſo offend,
Let mine own Judgment pattern out my death,
And nothing come in partial. Sir, he muſt die.

Enter Provoſt.

Eſc. Be it as your wiſdom will.
Ang. Where is the *Provoſt*?
Pro. Here if it like your Honour.
Ang. See that *Claudio*
Be executed by nine to morrow morning,
Bring him his Confeſſor, let him be prepar'd,
For that's the utmoſt of his Pilgrimage.
Eſc. Well: heaven forgive him; and forgive us all;
Some riſe by ſin, and ſome by vertue fall:
Some run from brakes of Ice, and anſwer none,
And ſome condemned for a fault alone.

Enter Elbow, Froth, Clown, Officers.

Elb. Come, bring them away: if theſe be good people in a Common-weale, that do nothing but uſe their abuſes in common houſes, I know no law: bring them away.

Ang. How now ſir, what's your name? And what's the matter?

Elb. If it pleaſe your honour, I am the poor Dukes Conſtable, and my name is *Elbow*; I do lean upon Juſtice, ſir, and do bring in here before your good honour, two notorious Benefactors.

Ang. Benefactors? Well: What Benefactors are they? Are they not Malefactors?

Elb. If it pleaſe your Honour, I know not well what they are: But preciſe villans they are, that I am ſure of, and void of all prophanation in the world, that good Chriſtians ought to have.

Eſc. This comes off well: here's a wiſe Officer.

Ang. Go to: What quality are they of? *Elbow* is your name?
Why do'ſt thou not ſpeak *Elbow*?

Clo. He cannot ſir: he's out at Elbow.

Ang. What are you ſir?

Elb. He ſir, a Tapſter ſir: parcel Bawd: one that ſerves a bad woman: whoſe houſe ſir was (as they ſay) pluckt down in the Suburbs: and now ſhe profeſſes a hot-houſe; which, I think is a very ill houſe too.

Eſc. How know you that?

Elb. My wife Sir, whom I deteſt before heaven and your honour.

Eſc. How? thy wiſe.

Elb. I Sir: whom I thank heaven is an honeſt woman.

Eſca. Do'ſt thou deteſt her therefore?

Elb. I ſay ſir, I will deteſt my ſelf alſo, as well as ſhe that this houſe, if it be not a Bawds houſe, it is pity of her life, for it is a naughty houſe.

Eſca. How do'ſt thou know that, Conſtable?

Elb. Marry ſir, by my wiſe, who, if ſhe had been a woman cardinally given, might have been accuſed in fornication, adultery, and all uncleanneſs there.

Eſc. By the womans means?

Elb. I ſir, by Miſtris *Over-dons* means: but as ſhe ſpit in his face, ſo ſhe defi'd him.

Clo. Sir, if it pleaſe your honour, this is not ſo.

Elb. Prove it before theſe Varlets here, thou honourable man, prove it.

Eſc. Do you hear how he miſplaces?

Clo. Sir, ſhe came in great with child; and longing (ſaving your honours reverence) for ſtew'd Prewns; we had but two in the houſe, which at that very inſtant time ſtood, as it were in a fruit diſh, (a diſh of ſome three pence; your honours having ſeen ſuch diſhes) they are not China-diſhes, but very good diſhes.

Eſc. Go too, go too: no matter for the diſh ſir.

Clo. No indeed ſir not of a pin: you are therein in the right: but, to the point: as I ſay, this Miſtris *Elbow*, being (as I ſay) with child, and being great bellied, and longing (as I ſaid) for prewns: and having no more in the diſh (as I ſaid) Maſter *Froth* here, this very man, having eaten the reſt (as I ſaid) and (as I ſay) paying for them very honeſtly: for, as you know Maſter *Froth*, I could not give you three pence again.

Fro. No indeed.

Clo. Very well: you being then (if you be remembred) cracking the ſtones of the foreſaid Prewns.

Fro. I ſo I did indeed.

Clo. Why, very well: I telling you then (if you be remembred) that ſuch a one, and ſuch a one, were paſt cure of the thing you wot of, unleſs they kept very good dyet, as I told you. *Fro.* All this is true.

Clo. Why very well then.

Eſc. Come, you are a tedious fool: to the purpoſe; what was done to *Elbows* wife, that he hath cauſe to complain of? Come me to what was done to her.

Clo. Sir, your honour cannot come to that yet.

Eſc. No ſir, nor I mean it not.

Clo. Sir, but you ſhall come to it, by your Honours leave: And I beſeech you, look into Maſter *Froth* here ſir, a man of four-ſcore pound a year; whoſe Father died at Hallowmas: Was't not at Hallowmas Maſter *Froth*?

Fro. All-hallond-Eve.

Clo. Why very well: I hope here be truths: he ſir, ſitting (as I ſay) in a lower Chair, Sir, 'twas in the bunch of Grapes, where indeed you have a delight to ſit, have you not?

Fro. I have ſo, becauſe it is an open room, and good for Winter.

Clo. Why very well then: I hope here be truths.

Ang. This will laſt out a night in *Ruſſia*,
When nights are longeſt there: Ile take my leave,
And leave you to the hearing of the cauſe,
Hoping you'l find good cauſe to whip them all. *Exit.*

Eſc. I think no leſs: good morrow to your Lordſhip. Now ſir, come on: What was done to *Elbows* wiſe, once more?

Clo. Once ſir? there was nothing done toi her once.

Elb. I beſeech you ſir, ask him what this man did to my wife.

Clo. I beſeech your honour, ask me.

Eſc. Well ſir, what did this Gentleman to her?

Clo. I beieech you ſir, look in this Gentlemans face, good Maſter *Froth* look upon his honour; 'tis for a good purpoſe; doth your honour mark his iace?

Eſc. I ſir, very well.

Clo. Nay, I beſeech you mark it well.

Eſc. Well, I do ſo.

Clo. Doth your honour ſee any harm in his face?

Eſc. Why no.

Clo. Ile be ſuppos'd upon a book, his face is the worſt thing about him: good then: if his face be the worſt thing about him, how could Maſter *Froth* do the Conſtables wiſe any harm? I would know that of your honour.

Eſc. He's in the right (Conſtable) what ſay you to it?

Elb. Firſt, and it like you, the houſe is a reſpected houſe; next, this is a reſpected fellow; and his Miſtris is a reſpected woman.

Clo. By this hand ſir, his wife is a more reſpected perſon than any of us all.

Elb. Varlet, thou lieſt; thou lieſt wicked Varlet: the time is yet to come, that ſhe was ever reſpected with man, woman, or child.

Clo. Sir, ſhe was reſpected with him before he married with her.

Eſc. Which is the wiſer here; *Juſtice*, or *Iniquity*? Is this true?

Elb. O thou Caitiff: O thou Varlet: O thou wicked *Hannibal*; I reſpected with her, before I was married to her? If ever I was reſpected with her, or ſhe with me, let not your Worſhip think me the poor Dukes Officer: prove this, thou wicked *Hannibal*, or I'le have mine action of battery on thee.

Eſc. If he took you a box'oth'ear, you might have your action of ſlander too.

Elb. Marry I thank your good Worſhip for it: what is't your Worſhips pleaſure I ſhall do with this wicked Caitiff?

Eſc. Truly Officer, becauſe he hath ſome offences in him, that thou would'ſt diſcover, if thou couldſt, let him continue in his courſes, till thou knowſt what they are.

Elb. Marry I thank your Worſhip for it: Thou ſeeſt thou wicked Varlet now, what's come upon thee. Thou art to continue.

Eſc. Where were you born, friend?

Froth. Here in *Vienna*, Sir.

Eſc. Are you of fourſcore Pounds a year?

Froth. Yes, and't pleaſe you ſir.

Eſc. So: what trade are ye of, ſir?

Clo. A Tapſter, a poor Widows Tapſter.

Eſc. Your Miſtris name?

Clo. Miſtris *Over-don*.

Eſc. Hath ſhe had any more than one husband?

Clo. Nine, ſir: *Over-don* by the laſt.

Eſc. Nine? Come hither to me, Maſter *Froth*; Maſter *Froth*, I would not have you acquainted with Tapſters; they will draw you Maſter *Froth*, and you will hang them: get you gone, and let me hear no more of you.

Fro. I thank your Worſhip: for mine own part, I never come into any room in a Taphouſe, but I am drawn in.

Eſc. Well: no more of it Maſter *Froth*: farewell: Come you hither to me, M. Tapſter: what's your name M. Tapſter?

Clo. *Pompey*.

Eſc. What elſe?

Clo. *Bum*, Sir.

Eſc. Troth, and your Bum is the greateſt thing about you, ſo that in the beaſtlieſt ſenſe, you are *Pompey* the great; *Pompey*, you are partly a Bawd, *Pompey*; howſoever you colour it being a Tapſter, are you not? come, tell me true, it ſhall be the better for you.

Clo. Truly ſir, I am a poor fellow that would live.

Eſc. How would you live *Pompey*? by being a Bawd? what do you think of the Trade *Pompey*? is it a lawful Trade?

Clo. If the Law would allow it, ſir.

Eſc. Bnt the Law will not allow it *Pompey*, nor it ſhall not be allowed in *Vienna*.

Clo. Do's your Worſhip mean to geld and ſplay all the Youth in the City?

Eſc. No, *Pompey.*

Clo. Truly Sir, in my poor opinion, they will to't then: if your Worſhip will take order for the Drabs and Knaves, you need not to ſear the Bawds.

Eſc. There are pretty Orders beginning, I can tell you: It is but heading and hanging.

Clo. If you head and hang all that offend that way but for ten year together, you'l be glad to give out a Commiſſion for more heads: If this Law hold in *Vienna* ten years I'le rent the faireſt houſe in it after three pence a Bay: If you live to ſee this come to paſs, ſay, *Pompey* told you ſo.

Eſc. Thank you, good *Pompey*; and in requital of your Propheſie, hark you: I adviſe you let me not find you before me again upon any complaint whatſoever: no, not for dwelling where you do: If I do, *Pompey*, I ſhall beat you to your Tent, and prove a ſhrewd *Cæſar* to you: In plain dealing, I ſhall have you whipt: So for this time, *Pompey*, fare you well.

Clo. I thank your Worſhip for your good counſel; but I ſhall follow it as the fleſh and fortune ſhall better determine.
Whip me? no, no: let Carman whip his Jade,
The valiant heart's not whipt out of his Trade. *Exit.*

Eſc. Come hither to me, Maſter *Elbow*: come hither, Maſter Conſtable: how long have you been in this place of Conſtable?

Elb. Seven year and a half, ſir.

Eſc. I thought by the readineſs in the Office, you had continued in it ſome time: you ſay, ſeven years together.

Elb. And a half, ſir.

Eſc. Alas! it hath been great pains to you: tbey do you wrong to put you ſo oft upon't: Are there not men in your Ward ſufficient to ſerve it?

Elb. 'Faith ſir, few of any Wit in ſuch matters: as they are choſen, they are glad to chooſe me for them: I do it for ſome piece of money, and go through with all.

Eſc. Look you bring me in the Names of ſome ſix or ſeven, the moſt ſufficient of your Pariſh.

Elb. To your Worſhip's houſe, ſir?

Eſc. To my houſe: fare you well: what's a clock, think you?

Juſt. Eleven, ſir.

Eſc. I pray you go home to dinner with me.

Juſt. I humbly thank you.

Eſc. It grieves me for the death of *Claudio*:
But there's no Remedy.

Juſt. Lord *Angelo* is ſevere.

Eſc. It is but needful:
Mercy is not it ſelf, that oft looks ſo:
Pardon is ſtill the Nurſe of ſecond wo:
But yet, poor *Claudio*, there is no Remedy.
Come ſir. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Provoſt, Servant.

Ser. He's hearing of a Cauſe: he will come ſtraight:
I'le tell him of you.
Pro. Pray you do: I'le know
His pleaſure: may be he will relent: alas!
He hath but as offended in a dream:
All Sects, all Ages ſmack of this vice, and he
To die for't!

Enter Angelo.

Ang. Now, what's the matter, *Provoſt*?
Pro. Is it your Will *Claudio* ſhall die to morrow?
Ang. Did not I tell thee yea? hadſt thou not order?
Why do'ſt thou ask again?
Pro. Leſt I might be too raſh:
Under your good correction, I have ſeen
When after Execution, Judgment hath
Repented o're his doom.
Ang. Go to: let that be mine:
Do you your Office, or give up your Place,
And you ſhall well be ſpar'd.
Pro. I crave your Honour's pardon:
What ſhall be done, ſir, with the groaning *Juliet*?
She's very near her hour.
Ang. Diſpoſe of her
To ſome more fitter place, and that with ſpeed.
Ser. Here is the ſiſter of the man condemn'd,
Deſires acceſs to you.
Ang. Hath he a ſiſter?
Pro. I, my good Lord, a very vertuous maid,
And to be ſhortly of a Siſter-hood,
If not already.
Ang. Well: let her be admitted:
See you the Fornicatreſs be remov'd:
Let her have needful, but not laviſh means:
There ſhall be order for't.

Enter Lucio *and* Iſabella.

Pro. 'Save your Honour.
Ang. Stay a little while: y'are welcome: What's your Will?
Iſab. I am a woful Sutor to your Honour,
'Pleaſe but your Honour hear me.
Ang. Well: what's your ſuit?
Iſab. There is a Vice that moſt I do abhor,
And moſt deſire ſhould meet the blow af Juſtice,
For which I would not plead, but that I muſt,
For which I muſt not plead, but that I am
At war 'twixt will and will not.
Ang. Well: the matter?
Iſab. I have a brother is condemn'd to die,
I do beſeech you let it be his fault,
And not my brother.
Pro. Heaven give thee moving graces.
Ang. Condemn the fault, and not the actor of it:
Why every fault's condemn'd e're it be done:
Mine were the very Cipher of a Function
To fine the faults, whoſe fine ſtands in Record,
And let go by the actor.
Iſab. Oh juſt, but ſevere Law:
I had a brother then, heaven keep your honour.
Luc. Giv't not o're ſo: to him again, intreat him,
Kneel down before him, hang upon his gown:
You are too cold: if you ſhould need a pin,
You could not with more tame a tongue deſire it:
To him, I ſay.
Iſab. Muſt he needs die?
Ang. Maiden, no Remedy.
Iſab. Yes: I do think that you might pardon him,
And neither heaven, nor man grieve at the mercy.
Ang. I will not do't.
Iſab. But can you if you would?
Ang. Look, what I will not, that I cannot do.
Iſab. But might you do't, and do the World no wrong,
If ſo your heart were touch'd with that remorſe,
As mine is to him?
Ang. He's ſentenc'd: 'tis too late.
Luc. You are too cold.
Iſab. Too late? why ſo? I that do ſpeak a word,
May call it back again: Well, believe this,
No ceremony that to great ones longs,
Not the King's Crown, nor the deputed Sword;
The Marſhal's Truncheon, nor the Judges Robe,
Become them with one half ſo good a grace
As mercy does: If he had been as you, and you as he,

You would have ſlipt like him, but he, like you,
Would not have been ſo ſtern.
Ang. Pray you be gone.
Iſab. I would to heaven I had your potency,
And you were *Iſabel*: ſhould it then be thus?
No: I would tell what 'twere to be a Judg,
And what a Priſoner.
Luc. I, touch him: there's the vein.
Ang. Your brother is a forfeit of the Law,
And you but waſte your words.
Iſab. Alas! alas!
Why, all the ſouls that were, were forfeit once,
And he that might the vantage beſt have took,
Found out the Remedy: How would you be,
If he, which is the top of Judgment, ſhould
But judg you as you are? Oh, think on that,
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like man new-made.
Ang. Be you content (fair Maid),
It is the Law, not I, condemn your brother:
Were he my kinſman, brother, or my ſon,
It ſhould be thus with him: he muſt die to morrow.
Iſab. To morrow? Oh, that's ſudden:
Spare him, ſpare him:
He's not prepar'd for death: even for our kitchins
We kill the fowl of ſeaſon: ſhall we ſerve heaven
With leſs reſpect than we do miniſter
To our groſs ſelves? good, good my Lord, bethink you:
VVho is it that hath di'd for this Offence?
There's many have committed it.
Luc. I: well ſaid.
Ang. The Law hath not been dead, tho it hath ſlept:
Thoſe many had not dar'd to do that evil,
If the firſt, that did th' Edict infringe,
Had anſwer'd for his deed Now 'tis awake,
Takes note of what is done, and like a Prophet,
Looks in a glaſs that ſhews what future evils
Either now, or by remiſsneſs, new conceiv'd,
And ſo in progreſs to be hatch'd, and born,
Are now to have no ſucceſſive degrees,
But here they live to end.
Iſab. Yet ſhow ſome pity.
Ang. I ſhew it moſt of all when I ſhew Juſtice:
For then I pity thoſe I do not know,
VVhich a diſmiſs'd Offence would after gaul
And do him right, that anſwering one foul wrong,
Lives not to act another. Be ſatisfied:
Your brother dies to morrow: be content.
Iſa. So you muſt be the firſt that gives this ſentence,
And he that ſuffers: Oh, it is excellent
To have a Giant's ſtrength; but it is tyrannous
To uſe it like a Giant.
Luc. That's well ſaid.
Iſa. Could great men thunder
As *Jove* himſelf do's, *Jove* would ne're be quiet:
For every pelting petty Officer
VVould uſe his heaven for thunder:
Nothing but thunder: Merciful heaven,
Thou rather with thy ſharp and ſulphurous bolt
Split'ſt the un-wedgable and gnarled Oke,
Than the ſoft Mertil: O but man! proud man!
Dreſt in a little brief anthority,
Moſt ignorant of what he's moſt aſſur'd
(His glaſſie Eſſence), like an angry Ape,
Plays ſuch phantaſtique tricks before high heaven,
As makes the Angels weep; who with our ſpleens
VVould all themſelves laugh mortal.
Luc. Oh, to him, to him Wench: he will relent:
He's coming: I perceive't.
Pro. Pray heaven ſhe win him.
Iſa. VVe cannot weigh our brother with our ſelf:
Great men may jeſt with Saints: 'tis Wit in them,
But in the leſs foul Prophanation.
Luc. Thou'rt i'right (Girl): more o' that.
Iſab. That in the Captain's but a chollerick word,
VVhich in the Soldier is flat blaſphemy.
Luc. Art adviſ'd o' that? more on't.
Ang. Why do you put theſe ſayings upon me?
Iſa. Becauſe Authority, tho it err like others,
Hath yet a kind of Medicine in it ſelf,
That skins the Vice o' th' top: go to your boſom,
Knock there, and ask your heart what it doth know
That's like my brother's fault: if it confeſs
A natural guiltineſs, ſuch as is his,
Let it not ſound a thought upon your tongue
Againſt my brother's life.
Ang. She ſpeaks, and 'tis ſuch ſenſe,
That my ſenſe breeds with it: fare you well.
Iſa. Gentle my Lord, turn back.
Ang. I will bethink me: come again to morrow.
Iſa. Hark, how I'le bribe you: good my Lord turn back.
Ang. How? bribe me?
Iſa. I, with ſuch gifts that heaven ſhall ſhare with you.
Luc. You had marr'd all elſe.
Iſa. Not with fond Sickles of the teſted-gold,
Or ſtones, whoſe rate are either rich or poor,
As fancy values them: but with true prayers,
That ſhall be up at heaven, and enter there
E're Sun riſe: prayers from preſerved ſouls,
From faſting Maids, whoſe minds are dedicate
To nothing temporal.
Ang. Well: come to me to morrow.
Luc. Go to: 'tis well: away.
Iſa. Heaven keep your honour ſafe.
Ang. Amen:
For I am that way going to temptation,
Where prayers croſs.
Iſa. At what hour to morrow
Shall I attend your Lordſhip?
Ang. At any time 'fore-noon.
Iſa. 'Save your honour. *Exeunt.*
Ang. From thee: even from thy Vertue.
What's this? What's this? Is this her fault, or mine?
The Tempter, or the Tempted, who ſins moſt? ha?
Not ſhe: nor doth ſhe tempt: but it is I,
That, lying by the Violet in the Sun,
Do as the Carrion do's, not as the flower,
Corrupt with vertuous ſeaſon: Can it be,
That Modeſty may more betray our ſenſe,
Than Womans lightneſs? having waſte ground enough,
Shall we deſire to raze the Sanctuary,
And pitch our evils there? Oh fie, fie, fie:
What doſt thou? Or what art thou, *Angelo*?
Doſt thou deſire her fouly, for thoſe things
That make her good? Oh let her brother live:
Thieves for their Robbery have authority,
VVhen Judges ſteal themſelves: What! do I love her,
That I deſire to hear her ſpeak again?
And feaſt upon her Eyes? VVhat is it I dream on?
Oh cunning Enemy, that to catch a Saint,
VVith Saints doſt bait thou hook: moſt dangerous
Is that temptation, that doth goad us on
To ſin, in loving Vertue: never could the Strumpet,
VVith all her double Vigor, Art, and Nature,
Once ſtir my temper: but this vertuous Maid
Subdues me quite: Even till now,
VVhen men were fond, I ſmil'd, and wondred how.
Exit.

Scæna tertia.

Enter Duke, and Provoſt.

Duk. Hail to you, *Provoſt*: ſo I think you are.
Pro. I am the *Provoſt*: what's your will, good *Frier*?
Duk. Bound by my Charity, and my bleſt Order,
I come to viſit the afflicted ſpirits
Here in the Priſon: do me the common right
To let me ſee them: and to make me know
The nature of their crimes, that I may miniſter
To them accordingly.
Pro. I would do more than that, if more were needful.
Enter Juliet.
Look here comes one: a Gentlewoman of mine,
VVho falling in the flaws of her own Youth,
Hath bliſter'd her Report: She is with child,
And he that got it, ſentenc'd: a young man
More fit to do another ſuch Offence,
Than die for this.
Duk. VVhen muſt he die?
Pro. As I do think, to morrow.
I have provided for you: ſtay a while,
And you ſhall be conducted.
Duk. Repent you (fair one) of the ſin you carry.
Jul. I do; and bear the ſhame moſt patiently.
Du. I'le teach you how you ſhall araign your conſcience,
And try your penitence, if it be ſound,
Or hollowly put on.
Jul. I'le gladly learn.
Duk. Love you the man that wrong'd you?
Jul. Yes, as I love the woman that wrong'd him.
Duk. So then it ſeems your moſt offenceful act
VVas mutually committed.
Jul. Mutually.
Duk. Then was your ſin of heavier kind than his?
Jul. I do confeſs it, and repent it (Father).
Duk. 'Tis meet ſo (daughter), but leſt you do repent
As that the ſin hath brought you to this ſhame,
VVhich ſorrow is always toward our ſelves, not heaven,
Showing we would not ſpare heaven, as we love it,
But as we ſtand in fear.
Jul. I do repent me, as it is an evil,
And take the ſhame with joy.
Duk. There reſt:
Your partner (as I hear) muſt die to morrow,
And I am going with inſtruction to him:
Grace go with you, *Benedicite*. *Exit.*
Jul. Muſt die to morrow? Oh injurious love,
That reſpits me a life, whoſe very comfort
Is ſtill a dying horror.
Pro. 'Tis pity of him. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Angelo.

An. VVhen I would pray, and think, I think, and pray
To ſeveral ſubjects: heaven hath my empty words,
VVhilſt my Invention, hearing not my tongue,
Anchors on *Iſabel*: heaven in my mouth,
As if I did but only chew his name,
And in my heart the ſtrong and ſwelling evil
Of my conception: the ſtate whereon I ſtudied
Is like a good thing, being often read,
Grown feard, aud tedious: yea, my Gravity,
Wherein (let no man hear me) I take pride,
Could I, with boot, change for an idle plume
Which the air beats for vain: Oh place! oh form!
How often doſt thou with thy caſe, thy habit
Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiſer ſouls
To thy falſe ſeeming? Blood, thou art Blood,
Let's write good Angell on the Devils horn,
'Tis not the devils Creſt: how now? who's there?
Enter Servant.
Ser. One *Iſabel*, a ſiſter, deſires acceſs to you.
Ang. Teach her the way: Oh heavens
Why do's my blood thus muſter to my heart,
Making both it unable for it ſelf,
And diſpoſſeſſing all my other parts
Of neceſſary fitneſs?
So play the fooliſh throngs with one that ſwounds,
Come all to help him, and ſo ſtop the air
By which he ſhould revive: and even ſo
The general ſubjects to a well-wiſht King,
Quit their own part, and in obſequious fondneſs
Crowd to his preſence, where their uutaught love
Muſt needs appear Offence: how now fair Maid?
Enter Iſabella.
Iſa. I am come to know your pleaſure.
Ang. That you might know it, would much better pleaſe me,
Than to demand what 'tis: your brother cannot live.
Iſa. Even ſo: heaven keep your Honour.
Ang. Yet may he live a while: and it may be
As long as you or I: yet he muſt die.
Iſa. Under your Sentence?
Aug. Yea.
Iſa. VVhen, I beſeech you? that in his Reprieve
(Longer or ſhorter) he may be ſo fitted,
That his ſoul ſicken not.
Ang. Ha? fie, theſe filthy Vices: It were as good
To pardon him, that hath from Nature ſtol'n
A man already made, as to remit
Their ſawcy ſweetneſs, that do coin heavens Image
In ſtamps that are forbid: 'tis all as eaſie,
Falſely to take away a life true made,
As to put mettle in reſtrained means,
To make a falſe one.
Iſa. 'Tis ſet down ſo in heaven, but not in earth.
Ang. Say you ſo? then I ſhall poze you quickly.
Which had you rather, that the moſt juſt Law
Now took your brother's life; and to redeem him,
Give up your body to ſuch ſweet uncleanneſs
As ſhe that he hath ſtain'd?
Iſa. Sir, believe this,
I had rather give my body than my ſoul.
Ang. I talk not of your ſoul: our compell'd ſins
Stand more for number than for accompt.
Iſa. How ſay you?
Ang. Nay, I'le not warrant that: for I can ſpeak
Againſt the thing I ſay: Anſwer to this,
I (now the Voice of the Recorded Law)
Pronounce a ſentence on your brother's life:
Might there not be a charity in ſin,
To ſave this brother's life?
Iſa. Pleaſe you to do't,
I'le take it as a peril to my ſoul:
It is no ſin at all, but charity.
Ang. Pleas'd you to do't at peril of your ſoul,
Were equal poize of ſin and charity.
Iſa. That I do beg his life, if it be ſin,
Heaven let me bear it; you granting of my ſuit,
If that be ſin, I'le make it my Morn-prayer,
To have it added to the faults of mine,
And nothing of your anſwer.
Ang. Nay, but hear me:
Your ſenſe purſues not mine: either you are ignorant,
Or ſeem ſo crafty; and that's not good.

Iſa. Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good,
But graciouſly to know I am no better.
Ang. Thus Wiſdom wiſhes to appear moſt bright,
When it doth tax it ſelf: As theſe black Maſques
Proclaim an en-ſhield beauty ten times louder
Than beauty could diſplayed: But mark me,
To be received plain, I'le ſpeak more groſs:
Your brother is to die.
Iſa. So.
Ang. And his Offence is ſo, as it appears,
Accountant to the Law upon that pain.
Iſa. True.
Ang. Admit no other way to ſave his life
(As I ſubſcribe not that, nor any other,
But in the loſs of queſtion), that you, his ſiſter, i. e. Fiction
Finding your ſelf deſir'd of ſuch a perſon, or ſuppoſition
Whoſe credit with the Judg, or own great place,
Could fetch your brother from the Mannacles
Of the all-building Law: and that there were
No earthly mean to ſave him, but that either
You muſt lay down the treaſures of your body,
To this ſuppoſed, or elſe to let him ſuffer,
What would you do?
Iſa. As much for my poor brother as my ſelf:
That is, were I under the terms of Death,
Th' impreſſion of keen Whips, I'ld wear as Rubies,
And ſtrip my ſelf to death, as to a bed,
That longing have been ſick for, e're I'ld yeild
My body up to ſhame.
Ang. Then muſt your brother die.
Iſa. And 'twere the cheaper way:
Better it were a brother di'd at once,
Than that a ſiſter by redeeming him,
Should die for ever.
Ang. Were not you then as cruel as the Sentence
That you have ſlander'd ſo?
Iſa. Ignominy in Ranſom, and free Pardon,
Are of two houſes: lawful Mercy
Is nothing kin to foul Redemption.
Ang. You ſeem'd of late to make the law a Tyrant,
And rather prov'd the ſliding of your brother
A merriment than a vice.
Iſa. Oh pardon me, my Lord: it oft falls out
To have what we would have:
We ſpeak not what we mean:
I ſomething do excuſe the thing I hate
For his advantage that I dearly love.
Ang. We are all frail.
Iſa. Elſe let my brother die,
If not a feodary but only he
Owe, and ſucceed thy weakneſs.
Ang. Nay, Women are frail too.
Iſa. I, as the glaſſes where they view themſelves;
Which are as eaſie broke as they make forms:
Women? help heaven; Men their creation mar
In profiting by them: Nay, call us ten times frail;
For we are ſoft, as our complexions are,
And credulous to falſe prints.
Ang. I think it well:
And from this teſtimony of your own Sex
(Since I ſuppoſe we are made to be no ſtronger
Than faults may ſhake our frames), let me be bold:
I do arreſt your words: Be that you are;
That is, a Woman: if you be more, you'r none.
If you be one (as you are well expreſt
By all external warrants), ſhew it now,
By putting on the deſtin'd Livery.
Iſa. I have no tongue but one; gentle my Lord,
Let me intreat you ſpeak the former language.
Ang. Plainly conceive I love you.
Iſa. My brother did love *Juliet*:
And you tell me, that he ſhall die for't.
Ang. He ſhall not, *Iſabel*, if you give me love.
Iſa. I know your Vertue hath a licence in't,
Which ſeems a little fouler than it is,
To pluck on others.
Ang. Believe me on mine Honour,
My words expreſs my purpoſe
Iſa. Ha? Little honour to be much believ'd,
And moſt pernicious purpoſe: Seeming, ſeeming.
I will proclaim thee, *Angelo*; look for't:
Sign me a preſent pardon for my brother,
Or with an out-ſtretch'd throat I'le tell the World aloud
What man thou art.
Ang. Who will believe thee, *Iſabel*?
My unſoil'd name, th' auſtereneſs of my life,
My vouch againſt you, and my place i' th' State,
Will ſo your accuſation over-weigh,
That you ſhall ſtifle in your own Report,
And ſmell of calumny. I have begun,
And now I give my ſenſual race the rein:
Fit thy conſent to my ſharp appetite;
Lay by all nicety, and prolixious bluſhes
That baniſh what they ſue for: Redeem thy brother
By yielding up thy body to my Will;
Or elſe he muſt not only die the death,
But thy unkindneſs ſhall his death draw out
To lingring ſufferance: Anſwer me to morrow,
Or by the affection that now guides me moſt,
I'le prove a Tyrant to him. As for you,
Say what you can, my falſe o're-weighs your true. *Exit.*
Iſa. To whom ſhould I complain? Did I tell this,
Who would believe me? O perilous mouths
That bear in them one and the ſelf-ſame tongue,
Either of condemnation or approof,
Bidding the Law make curtſie to their Will,
Hooking both right and wrong to th' appetite,
To follow as it draws. I'le to my brother;
Tho he hath fal'n by prompture of the blood,
Yet hath he in him ſuch a mind of Honour,
That had he twenty heads to tender down
On twenty bloody blocks, he'ld yeild them up,
Before his ſiſter ſhould her body ſtoop
To ſuch abhorr'd pollution.
Then *Iſabel* live chaſte, and brother die;
" More than our brother is our Chaſtity.
I'le tell him yet of *Angelo*'s Requeſt,
And fit his mind to death for his ſoul's Reſt. *Exit*

Actus Tertius, Scena Prima.

Enter Duke, Claudio, and Provoſt.

Duk. So then you hope of pardon from Lord *Angelo*?
Clau. The miſerable have no other Medicine
But only hope: I' have hope to live, and am prepar'd to die.
Duk. Be abſolute for death: either death or life
Shall thereby be the ſweeter. Reaſon thus with life;
If I do loſe thee, I do loſe a thing
That none but fools would keep: a breath thou art,
Servile to all the skyie influences,
That doſt this habitation where thou keep'ſt
Hourly affict: Meerly thou art Death's fool;
For him thou labour'ſt by thy flight to ſhun,
And yet runn'ſt toward him ſtill: Thou art not noble;
For all th' accommodations that thou bear'ſt,
Are nurſt by baſeneſs: Thou'rt no way valiant;
For thou doſt fear the ſoft and tender fork
Of a poor worm: thy beſt of reſt is ſleep,
And that thou oft provok'ſt, yet groſly fear'ſt
Thy death, which is no more: Thou art not thy ſelf;
For thou exiſts on many a thouſand grains

That iſſue out of duſt: Happy thou art not;
For what thou haſt not, ſtill thou ſtriv'ſt to get,
And what thou haſt forgett'ſt: Thou art not certain;
For thy complexion ſhifts to ſtrange effects,
After the Moon: If thou art rich. thou'rt poor;
For like an Aſs, whoſe back with Ingots bows,
Thou bear'ſt thy heavy Riches but a journey,
And death unloads thee: Friend, haſt thon none
For thine own bowels which do call thee ſire?
The meer effuſion of thy proper loyns
Do curſe the *Gout*, *Sarpego*, and the *Rheume*,
For ending thee no ſooner: Thou haſt not youth, nor age;
But, as it were, an after-dinners ſleep.
Dreaming on both; for all thy bleſſed youth
Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms
Of palſied-Eld: and when thou art old, and rich,
Thou haſt neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty
To make thy Riches pleaſant: what's yer in this
That bears the name of life? Yet in this life
Lie hid moe thouſand deaths; yet death we fear,
That makes theſe odds all even.

Clau. I humbly thank you.
To ſue to live, I find I ſeek to die,
And ſeeking death, find life: Let it come on.

Enter Iſabella.

Iſab. What hoa? Peace here; Grace and good Company.

Pro. Who's there? Come in: the wiſh deſerves a welcome.

Duk. Dear ſir, ere long I'le viſit you again.

Cla. Moſt holy ſir, I thank you.

Iſa. My buſineſs is a word or two with *Claudio.*

Pro. And very welcome: look Signior, here's your ſiſter.

Duk. *Provoſt*, a word with you.

Pro. As many as you pleaſe.

Duk. Bring them to ſpeak where I may be conceal'd, yet hear them, *Exeunt.*

Cla. Now ſiſter, what's the comfort?

Iſa. Why,
As all comforts are: moſt good, moſt good indeed:
Lord *Angelo* having affairs to heaven,
Intends you for his ſwift Ambaſſador;
Where you ſhall be an everlaſting Leiger:
Therefore your beſt appointment make with ſpeed,
To morrow you ſet on.

Cla. Is there no Remedy?

Iſa. None but ſuch Remedy, as to ſave a head
To cleave a heart in twain.

Cla. But is there any?

Iſa. Yes, brother, you may live:
There is a devilliſh merc y in the Judg;
If you'l implore it, that will free your life,
But fetter you till death.

Cla. Perpetual durance!

Iſa. I juſt, perpetual durance, a reſtraint
Through all the Worlds vaſtidity you had
To a determin'd ſcope.

Cla. But in what nature?

Iſa. In ſuch a one, as you conſenting to't,
Would bark your honour from that trunk you bear,
And leave you naked.

Clau. Let me know the point.

Iſa. Oh, I do fear thee, *Claudio*, and I quake,
Leſt thou a feavourous life ſhould'ſt entertain,
And ſix or ſeven Winters more reſpect
Than a perpetual honour. Dar'ſt thou die?
The ſenſe of death is moſt in apprehenſion,
And the poor Beetle that we tread upon,
In corporal ſufferance, finds a pang as great
As when a Giant dies.

Cla. Why give you me this ſhame?
Think you I can a reſolution fetch
From flowry tenderneſs? If I muſt die,
I will encounter darkneſs as a bride,
And hug it in mine arms.

Iſa. There ſpake my brother: there my father's gave
Did utter forth a voice. Yes, thou muſt die:
Thou art too noble to conſerve a life
In baſe appliances. This outward ſainted Deputy,
Whoſe ſetled viſage, and deliberate word
Nips youth i' th' head, and follies doth emmew,
As Falcon doth the fowl: is yet a devil:
His filth within being caſt, he would appear
A pond as deep as hell.

Cla. The Princely *Angelo*?

Iſa. Oh 'tis the cunning Livery of hell,
The damned body to inveſt and cover
In Princely gardes: doſt thou think, *Claudio*,
If I would yeild him my Virginity,
Thou might'ſt be freed.

Cla. Oh heavens, it cannot be.

Iſa. Yes, he would giv't thee; from this rank Offence
So to offend him ſtill. This night's the time
That I ſhould do what I abhor to name,
Or elſe thou dieſt to morrow.

Cla. Thou ſhalt not do't.

Iſa. Oh, were it but my life,
I'le throw it down for your deliverance
As frankly as a pin.

Cla. Thanks dear *Iſabel.*

Iſa. Be ready, *Claudio*, for your death to morrow.

Cla Yes. Has he affections in him,
That thus can make him bite the Law by th' noſe,
When he would force it? ſure it is no ſin:
Or of the deadly ſeven it is the leaſt.

Iſa. Which is the leaſt?

Cla. If it it were damnable, he being ſo wiſe,
Why would he for the momentany trick
Be perdurably fin'd? Oh *Iſabel.*

Iſa. What ſays my brother?

Cla. Death is a fearful thing.

Iſa. And ſhamed life a hateful.

Clo. I, but to die, and go we know not where:
To lie in cold Obſtruction, and to rot
This ſenſible warm motion, to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted ſpirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reſide
In thrilling Region of thick-ribbed Ice,
To be impriſon'd in the viewleſs winds,
And blown with reſtleſs violence round about
The pendant World: or to be worſe than worſt
Of thoſe, that lawleſs and incertain thought,
Imagine howling, 'tis too horrible.
The wearieſt, and moſt loathed worldly life
That age, ach, penury, and impriſonment
Can lay on Nature, is a Paradiſe
To what we fear of death.

Iſa. Alas! alas!

Cla. Sweet ſiſter let me live.
What ſin you do to ſave a brother's life,
Nature diſpenſes with the deed ſo far,
That it becomes a vertue.

Iſa. Oh you beaſt!
Oh faithleſs coward! oh diſhoneſt wretch!
Wilt thou be made a man out of my vice?
Is't not a kind of inceſt, to take life
From thine own ſiſters ſhame? What ſhould I think?
Heaven ſhield: my mother plaid my father fair:
For ſuch a warped ſlip of Wilderneſs
Ne're iſſu'd from his blood. Take my defiance,
Die, periſh: Might but my bending down
Reprieve thee from thy fate, it ſhould proceed:
I'le pay a thouſand prayers for thy death;
No word to ſave thee.

Cla. Nay, hear me, *Iſabel.*

Iſa. Oh, fie, fie, fie,
Thy ſin's not accidental, but a trade;

Mercy to thee would prove it ſelf a Bawd:
'Tis beſt that thou dieſt quickly.

Cla. Oh hear me, *Iſabella.* *Duke ſteps in.*

Du. Vouchſafe a word, young ſiſter, but one word.

Iſa. What is your will?

Du. Might you diſpenſe with your leiſure, I would by and by have ſome ſpeech with you: the ſatisfaction I would require, is likewiſe your own benefit.

Iſa. I have no ſuperfluous leiſure; my ſtay muſt be ſtolen out of other affairs: but I will attend you a while.

Du. Son, I have over-heard what hath paſt between you and your ſiſter. *Angelo* had never the purpoſe to corrupt her; only he hath made an aſſay of her vertue, to practiſe his judgment with the diſpoſition of Natures. She (having the truth of honour in her) hath made him that gracious denial, which he is moſt glad to receive: I am confeſſor to *Angelo*, and I know this to be true; therefore prepare your ſelf to death: do not ſatisfie your reſolution with hopes that are fallible; to morrow you muſt die: go to your knees, and make ready.

Cla. Let me ask my ſiſter pardon: I am ſo out of love with life, that I will ſue to be rid of it. *Exit.*

Du. Hold you there: farewell: *Provoſt*, a word with you.

Pro. What's your will (father)?

Du. That now you are come, you will be gone: leave me a while with the Maid; my mind promiſes with my habit, no loſs ſhall touch her by my company.

Pro. In good time. *Exit.*

Du. The hand that hath made you fair, hath made you good; the goodneſs that is cheap in beauty, makes beauty brief in goodneſs; but grace being the ſoul of your complexion, ſhall keep the body of it ever fair: the aſſault that *Angelo* hath made to you, Fortune hath convey'd to my Underſtanding; and but that frailty hath Examples for his falling, I ſhould wonder at *Angelo*: how will you do to content this Subſtitute, and to ſave your brother?

Iſa. I am now going to reſolve him: I had rather my brother die by the Law, than my ſon ſhould be unlawfully born. But (Oh) how much is the good Duke deceiv'd in *Angelo*: if ever he return, and I can ſpeak to him, I will open my lips in vain, or diſcover his government.

Du. That ſhall not be much amiſs: yet as the matter now ſtands, he will avoid your accuſation: he made trial of you only. Therefore faſten your ear on my adviſings, to the love I have in doing good; a Remedy preſents it ſelf. I do make my ſelf believe that you may moſt uprighteouſly do a poor wronged Lady a merited benefit: redeem your brother from the angry Law; do no ſtain to your own gracious perſon, and much pleaſe the abſent Duke, if peradventure he ſhall ever return to have hearing of this buſineſs.

Iſa. Let me hear you ſpeak, father: I have ſpirit to do any thing that appears not foul in the truth of my ſpirit.

Du. Vertue is bold, and goodneſs never fearful: Have you not heard ſpeak of *Mariana*, the ſiſter of *Frederick*, the great Soldier, who miſcarried at Sea?

Iſa. I have heard of the Lady, and good words went with her name?

Du. She ſhould this *Angelo* have married; was affianced to her by Oath, the nuptial appointed: between which time of the contract, and limit of the ſolemnity, her brother *Frederick* was wrackt at Sea, having in that periſhed Veſſel, the dowry of his ſiſter: but mark how heavily this befel to the poor Gentlewoman; there ſhe loſt a Noble and Renowned brother, in his love toward her, ever moſt kind and natural: with him the portion and ſinew of her fortune, her marriage-dowry: with both, her combinate-husband, this well-ſeeming *Angelo.*

Iſa. Can this be ſo? did *Angelo* ſo leave her?

Du. Left her in her tears, and dried not one of them with his comfort: ſwallowed his Vows whole, pretending in her, diſcoveries of diſhonour: in few words, beſtow'd her on her own lamentation, which ſhe yet wears for his ſake: and he, a marble to her ears, is waſhed with them, but relents not.

Iſa. What a merit were it in death to take this poor Maid from the world? what corruption in this life, that it will let this man live? But how out of this can ſhe avail?

Du. It is a Rupture that you may eaſily heal: and the cure of it not only ſaves your brother, but keeps you from diſhonour in doing it.

Iſa. Shew me how (good father).

Du. This fore-named Maid hath yet in her the continuance of her firſt affection: his unjuſt unkindneſs (that in all Reaſon ſhould have quenched her Love) hath (like an impediment in the Current) made it more violent and unruly: Go you to *Angelo*, anſwer his requiring with a plauſible Obedience; agree with his demands to the point: only refer your ſelf to this advantage; firſt, that your ſtay with him may not be long: that the time may have all ſhadow and ſilence in it: and the place anſwer to convenience: this being granted in courſe: and now follows all: we ſhall adviſe this wronged Maid to ſteed up your appointment, go in your place: if the encounter acknowledg it ſelf hereafter, it may compel him to her recompence: and here, by this is your brother ſaved, your honour untainted, the poor *Mariana* advantaged, and the corrupt Deputy ſcaled. The Maid will I frame, and make fit for his attempt: if you think well to carry this, as you may, the doubleneſs of the benefit defends the deceit from reproof. What think you of it?

Iſa. The image of it gives me content already, and I truſt it will grow to a moſt proſperous perfection.

Du. It lies much in your holding up: haſte you ſpeedily to *Angelo*; if for this night he intreat you to his bed, give him promiſe of ſatisfaction. I will preſently to St. *Luke*'s; there at the moated Grange reſides this dejected *Mariana*: at that place call upon me, and diſpatch with *Angelo*, that it may be quickly.

Iſa. I thank you for this comfort: fare you well, good father. *Exit.*

Enter Elbow, Clown, Officers.

El. Nay, if there be no Remedy for it, but that you will needs buy and ſell men and women like beaſts, we ſhall have all the world drink brown and white baſtard.

Du. Oh heavens! what ſtuff is here?

Clo. 'Twas never merry world ſince of two uſuries the merrieſt was put down, and the worſer allow'd by order of Law; a furr'd gown to keep him warm; and furr'd with Fox and Lamb-skins too, to ſignifie, that craft being richer than innocency, ſtands for the facing.

Elbow. Come your way, Sir: 'bleſs you, good father *Frier.*

Du. And you good brother father: what Offence hath this man made you, ſir?

Elb. Marry, ſir, he hath offended the Law; and, ſir, we take him to be a thief too, ſir: for we have found upon him ſir, a ſtrange Pick-lock, which we have ſent to the Deputy.

Du. Fie, ſirrah, a bawd, a wicked bawd:
The evil that thou cauſeſt to be done,
That is thy means to live. Do thou but think
What 'tis to cram a maw, or cloath a back
From ſuch a filthy Vice: ſay to thy ſelf,
From their abominable and beaſtly touches
I drink, I eat away my ſelf, and live:
Canſt thou believe thy living is a life,
So ſtinkingly depending? Go mend, go mend.

Clo. Indeed it do's ſtink in ſome ſort, ſir:
But yet, ſir, I would prove ————

Du. Nay, if the devil have given thee proofs for ſin,
Thou wilt prove his. Take him to priſon, Officer:

Correction and inſtruction muſt both work,
Ere this rude beaſt will profit.

Elb. He muſt before the Deputy, ſir; he has given him warning: the Deputy cannot abide a Whore-maſter: if he be a Whoremonger, and comes before him, he were as good go a mile on his errand.

Du. That we were all, as ſome would ſeem to be,
Free from all faults, as faults from ſeeming free.

Enter Lucio.

Elb. His neck will come to your waſte, a Cord, ſir.

Clo. I ſpy comfort; I cry bail: Here's a Gentleman, and a friend of mine.

Luc. How now, noble *Pompey*? What, at the wheels of *Cæſar*? Art thou led in triumph? What, is there none of *Pigmalion*'s Images newly made woman to be had now, for putting the hand in the pocket, and extracting clutch'd? What Reply? Ha? What ſaiſt thou to this Tune, Matter and Method? Is't not drown'd i' th' laſt Rain? Ha? What ſaiſt thou, Trot? Is the World as it was, Man? Which is the way? Is it ſad, and few words? Or how? The trick of it?

Du. Still thus, and thus: ſtill worſe?

Luc. How doth my dear Morſel? thy Miſtris? Procures ſhe ſtill? Ha?

Clo. Troth, ſir, ſhe hath eaten up all her Beef, and ſhe is her ſelf in the tub.

Luc. Why, 'tis good: It is the right of it: it muſt be ſo. Ever your freſh Whore, and your powder'd Bawd, an unſhunn'd conſequence, it muſt be ſo. Art going to Priſon, *Pompey*?

Clo. Yes, faith, ſir.

Luc Why, 'tis not amiſs, *Pompey:* farewel: go ſay, I ſent thee thither: for debt, *Pompey*? Or how?

Elb. For being a bawd, for being a bawd.

Luc. Well, then impriſon him: If impriſonment be the due of a bawd, why, 'tis his right. Bawd is he doubtleſs, and of antiquity too: Bawd born: Farewell, good *Pompey:* Commend me to the priſon, *Pompey:* you will turn good Husband now, *Pompey*; you will keep the houſe.

Clo. I hope, ſir, your good Worſhip will be my bail.

Luc. No indeed will I not, *Pompey*; it is not the wear; I will pray (*Pompey*) to encreaſe your bondage, if you take it not patiently: Why, your mettle is the more: Adieu, truſty *Pompey*.
Bleſs you, *Frier.*

Du. And you.

Luc. Do's *Bridget* paint ſtill, *Pompey*? Ha?

Elb. Come your ways, ſir, come.

Clo. You will not bail me then, ſir?

Luc. Then, *Pompey*, nor now: What news abroad, *Frier*? What news?

Elb. Come your ways, ſir, come.

Luc. Go to kennel (*Pompey*), go: *Exeunt.*
What news, *Frier*, of the Duke?

Du. I know none: can you tell me of any?

Luc. Some ſay, he is with the Emperor of *Ruſſia*: other ſome, he is in *Rome:* but where is he think you?

Du. I know not where: but whereſoever, I wiſh him well.

Luc. It was a mad fantaſtical trick of him, to ſteal from the State, and uſurp the Beggary he was never born to: Lord *Angelo* Dukes it well in his abſence: he puts tranſgreſſion to't.

Du. He do's well in't.

Luc. A little more lenity to Lechery would do no harm in him: ſomething too crabbed that way, *Frier.*

Du. It is too general a Vice, and ſeverity muſt cure it.

Luc. Yes, in good ſooth, the Vice is of a great kindred; it is well allied; but it is impoſſible to extirp it quite, *Frier*, till eating and drinking be put down. They ſay, this *Angelo* was not made by Man and Woman, after this down-right way of Creation: is it true, think you?

Du. How ſhould he be made then?

Luc. Some report, a Sea-maid ſpawn'd him. Some, that he was begot between two Stock-fiſhes. But it is certain, that when he makes water, his Urine is congeal'd ice; that I know to be true; and he is a motion generative; that's infallible.

Du. You are pleaſant, ſir, and ſpeak apace.

Luc. Why, what a ruthleſs thing is this in him, for the Rebellion of a Cod-piece, to take away the life of a man? Would the Duke that is abſent have done this? Ere he would have hang'd a man for the getting a hundred Baſtards, he would have paid for the nurſing a thouſand. He had ſome feeling of the ſport; he knew the ſervice, and that inſtructed him to mercy.

Du. I never heard the abſent Duke much detected for Women; he was not inclin'd that way.

Luc. Oh, ſir, you are deceiv'd.

Du. 'Tis not poſſible.

Luc. Who, not the Duke? Yes, your beggar of fifty: and his uſe was, to put a Ducket in her Clack-diſh: the Duke had Crotchets in him. He would be drunk too, that let me inform you.

Du. You do him wrong ſurely.

Luc. Sir, I was an inward of his: a ſhy fellow was the Duke; and I believe I know the cauſe of his withdrawing.

Du. What (I prethee) might be the cauſe?

Luc. No: pardon: 'Tis a ſecret muſt be lockt within the teeth and the lips: but this I can let you underſtand, the greater file of the Subject held the Duke to be wiſe.

Du. Wiſe? Why no queſtion but he was.

Luc. A very ſuperficial, ignorant, unweighing fellow.

Du. Either this is envy in you, folly, or miſtaking: The very ſtream of his life, and the buſineſs he hath helmed, muſt upon a warranted need, give him a better proclamation. Let him be but teſtimonied in his own bringings forth, and he ſhall appear to the envious, a Scholar, a Stateſman, and a Soldier: therefore you ſpeak unskilfully: or if yout knowledg be more, it is much darkened in your malice.

Luc. Sir, I know him, and I love him.

Du. Love talks with better knowledg, and knowledg with dear love.

Luc. Come, ſir, I know what I know.

Du. I can hardly believe that, ſince you know not what you ſpeak. But if ever the Duke return (as our prayers are he may), let me deſire you to make your anſwer before him: if it be honeſt you have ſpoke, you have courage to maintain it: I am bound to call upon you, and I pray you your name?

Luc. Sir, my name is *Lucio*, well known to the Duke.

Du. He ſhall know you better, ſir, if I may live to report you.

Luc. I fear you not.

Du. O, yon hope the Duke will return no more: or you imagine me too unhurtful an Oppoſite: but indeed I can do you little harm: You'l forſwear this again?

Luc. I'le be hang'd firſt: Thou art deceived in me, *Frier.* But no more of this. Canſt thou tell if *Claudio* die to morrow, or no?

Du. Why ſhould he die, ſir?

Luc. Why? For filling a Bottle with a Tun-diſh: I would the Duke we talk of were return'd again: this ungenitur'd Agent will un-people the Province with Continency. Sparrows muſt not build in his houſe eves, becauſe they are lecherous: The Duke yet would have dark deeds darkly anſwered; he would never bring them to light: would he were return'd. Marry, this *Claudio* is condemned for untruſſing. Farewel, good *Frier*, I prethee pray for me: The Duke (I ſay to thee again) would eat Mutton on *Frydays.* He's now paſt it; yet (and I ſay to thee) he would mouth with a beggar, tho ſhe ſmelt brown-bread aud Garlick: ſay, that I ſaid ſo: Farewel.

Du. No might nor greatneſs in mortality
Can cenſure ſcape: Back-wounding calumny
The whiteſt vertue ſtrikes. What King ſo ſtrong
Can tie the gall up in the ſlanderous tongue?
But who comes here?

Enter Eſcalus, Provoſt, *and* Bawd.

Eſc. Go, away with her to priſon.

Bawd. Good my Lord, be good to me; your Honour is accounted a merciful man: good my Lord.

Eſc. Double, and trebble admonition, and ſtill forfeit in the ſame kind? This would make mercy ſwear, and play the Tyrant.

Pro. A Bawd of Eleven years continuance, may it pleaſe your Honour.

Bawd. My Lord, this is one *Lucio*'s information againſt me: Miſtris *Kate Keep down* was with child by him in the Duke's time! he promis'd her marriage: his child is a Year and a Quarter old, come *Philip* and *Jacob*: I have kept it my ſelf; and ſee how he goes about to abuſe me.

Eſc. That fellow is a fellow of much Licenſe: Let him be call'd before us. Away with her to priſon: Go to: no more words. *Provoſt*, my Brother *Angelo* will not be alter'd; *Claudio* muſt die to morrow: Let him be furniſh'd with Divines, and have all charitable preparation. If my brother wrought by my pity, it ſhould not be ſo with him.

Pro. So, pleaſe you, this *Frier* hath been with him, and adviſ'd him for th' entertainment of death.

Eſca. Good even, good father.

Du. Bliſs and goodneſs on you.

Eſc. Of whence are you?

Du. Not of this Country, tho my chance is now
To uſe it for my time: I am a brother
Of gracious Order, late come from the Sea,
In ſpecial buſineſs from his Holineſs.

Eſc. What news abroad i' th' World?

Du. None, but that there is ſo great a Fever on goodneſs, that the diſſolution of it muſt cure it. Novelty is only in requeſt; and it is as dangerous to be aged in any kind of courſe, as it is vertuous to be conſtant in any undertaking. There is ſcarce truth enough alive to make Societies ſecure; but ſecurity enough to make Fellowſhips accurſt. Much upon this Riddle runs the wiſdom of the World: This news is old enough, yet it is every days news. I pray you, ſir, of what diſpoſition was the Duke?

Eſc. One, that above all other ſtriſes,
Contended eſpecially to know himſelf.

Du. What pleaſure was he given to?

Eſc. Rather rejoicing to ſeee another merry, than merry at any thing which profeſt to make him rejoice. A Gentleman of all Temperance. But leave him to his events, with a prayer they may prove proſperous; and let me deſire to know how you find *Claudio* prepar'd? I am made to underſtand, that you have lent him Viſitation.

Du. He profeſſes to have received no ſiniſter meaſure from his Judg, but moſt willingly humbles himſelf to the determination of Juſtice: yet had he framed to himſelf (by the inſtruction of his frailty) many deceiving promiſes of life, which I (by my good leiſure) have diſcredited to him, and now is he reſolv'd to die.

Eſc. You have paid the Heavens your Function, and the Priſoner the very debt of your Calling. I have labour'd for the poor Gentleman, to the extremeſt ſhore of my modeſty, but my Brother-Juſtice have I found ſo ſevere, that he hath forc'd me to tell him, he is indeed Juſtice.

Du. If his own life
Anſwer the ſtraitneſs of his proceeding,
It ſhall become him well: wherein if he chance to fail, he hath ſentenc'd himſelf.

Eſc. I am going to viſit the priſoner: Fare you well *Exit.*

Du. Peace be with you.
He who the ſword of Heaven will bear,
Should be as holy as ſevere:
Pattern in himſelf to know,
Grace to ſtand, and Vertue go:
More nor leſs to others paying,
Than by ſelf-Offences weighing.
Shame to him whoſe cruel ſtriking,
Kills for faults of his own liking:
Twice trebble ſhame on *Angelo*,
To weed my Vice, and let his grow.
Oh, what may Man within him hide,
Tho Angel on the Outward ſide?
How may likeneſs made in crimes,
Making practiſe on the times,
To draw with idle Spiders ſtrings
Moſt ponderous and ſubſtantial things?
Craft againſt Vice I muſt apply.
With *Angelo* to night ſhall lie
His Old betroathed (but deſpiſed);
So diſguiſe ſhall by th' diſguiſed
Pay with falſhood falſe exacting,
And perform an old contracting. *Exit.*

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Mariana, *and Boy, ſinging.*

Song. *Take, Oh take thoſe lips away,*
that ſo ſweetly were forſworn,
And thoſe eyes: the break of day
lights that do miſlead the Morn;
But my kiſſes bring again, bring again,
Seals of love, but ſeal'd in vain.

Enter Duke.

Ma. Break off thy Song, and haſte thee quick away:
Here comes a man of comfort, whoſe advice
Hath often ſtill'd my brawling diſcontent.
I cry you mercy, ſir, and well could wiſh
You had not found me here ſo muſical:
Let me excuſe me, and believe me ſo,
My mirth it much diſpleas'd, but pleas'd my wo.

Du. 'Tis good, tho Muſick oft hath ſuch a charm
To make bad, good, and good provoke to harm.
I pray you tell me, hath any body enquir'd for me here to day? much upon this time have I promis'd here to meet.

Mar. You have not been enquir'd after: I have ſat here all day.

Enter Iſabel.

Du. I do conſtantly believe you: the time is come, even now. I ſhall crave your forbearance a little; may be I will call upon you anon, for ſome advantage to your ſelf.

Mar. I am always bound to you. *Exit.*

Du. Very well met, and well come:
What is the news from this good Deputy?

Iſa. He hath a Garden circummur'd with Brick,
Whoſe *Weſtern* ſide is with a Vineyard backt;
And to that Vineyard is a planched gate,
That makes his opening with this bigger Key:
This other doth command a little door,
Which from the Vineyard to the Garden leads;
There have I made my promiſe, upon the
Heavy middle of the night, to call upon him.

Du. But ſhall you on your knowledg find this way?

Iſa. I have tane a due and wary note upon't,
With whiſpering, and moſt guilty diligence,
In action all of precept, he did ſhow me
The way twice o're.
Du. Are there no other tokens
Between you 'greed, concerning her obſervance?
Iſa. No: none but only a repair i' th' dark,
And that I have poſſeſt him, my moſt ſtay
Can be but brief: for I have made him know,
I have a Servant comes with me along,
That ſtays upon me, whoſe perſwaſion is,
I come about my brother.
Du. 'Tis well born up.
I have not yet made known to *Mariana.*
Enter Mariana.
A word of this: what hoa, within, come forth;
I pray you be acquainted with this Maid;
She comes to do you good.
Iſa. I do deſire the like.
Du Do you perſwade your ſelf that I reſpect you?
Mar. Good *Frier*, I know you do, and have found it.
Du. Take then this your companion by the hand,
Who hath a ſtory ready for your ear:
I ſhall attend your leiſure; but make haſte;
The vaporous night approaches.
Mar. Wilt pleaſe you walk aſide? *Exit.*
Du. Oh place, and greatneſs: millions of falſe Eyes
Are ſtuck upon thee: Volumes of Report
Run with theſe falſe and moſt contrarious Queſts
Upon thy doings: thouſand eſcapes of wit
Make thee the father of their idle dream,
And rack thee in their fancies. Welcome, how agreed?
Enter Mariana *and* Iſabel.
Iſa. She'l take the enterprize upon her, father,
If you adviſe it.
Du. It is not my conſent,
But my intreaty too.
Iſa. Little have you to ſay
When you depart from him, but ſoft and low;
Remember now my brother.
Mar. Fear me not.
Du. Nor gentle daughter, fear you not at all:
He is your husband on a pre-contract:
To bring you thus together, 'tis no ſin,
Sith that the Juſtice of your title to him
Doth flouriſh the deceit. Come, let us go,
Our Corn's to reap, for yet our Tythes to ſow. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Provoſt, *and* Clown.

Pro. Come hither, ſirrah: can you cut off a man's head?

Clo. If the man be a Batchellor, ſir, I can:
But if he be a married man, he's his wives head,
And I can never cut off a womans head.

Pro. Come, ſir, leave me your ſnatches, and yeild me a direct anſwer. To morrow morning are to die *Claudio* and *Barnardine*: here is in our priſon a common Executioner, who in his Office lacks a helper; if you will take it on you to aſſiſt him, it ſhall redeem you from your Gyves: if not, you ſhall have your full time of impriſonment, and your deliverance with an unpitied whipping; for you have been a notorious bawd.

Clo. Sir, I have been an unlawful bawd, time out of mind, but yet I will be content to be a lawful hangman: I would be glad to receive ſome inſtruction from my fellow partner.

Pro. What hoa, *Abhorſon*: where's *Abhorſon* there?

Enter Abhorſon.

Abh. Do you call ſir?

Pro. Sirrah, here's a fellow will help you to morrow in your execution: if you think it meet, compound with him by the year, and let him abide here with you: if not, uſe him for the preſent, and diſmiſs him: he cannot plead his eſtimation with you: he hath been a Bawd.

Abh. A Bawd, Sir? fie upon him, he will diſcredit our myſtery.

Pro. Go to, ſir; you weigh equally; a feather will turn the Scale. *Exit.*

Clo. Pray ſir, by your good favour: for ſurely, ſir, a good favour you have, but that you have a hanging look: Do you call, ſir, your Occupation a Myſtery?

Abh. I, ſir, a Myſtery.

Clo. Painting, ſir, I have heard ſay, is a Myſtery: and your Whores, ſir, being members of my Occupation, uſing painting, do prove my Occupation a Myſtery: but what Myſtery there ſhould be in hanging, if I ſhould be hang'd, I cannot imagine.

Abh. Sir, it is a Myſtery.

Clo. Proof.

Abh. Every true man's apparel fits your Thief.

Clo. If it be too little for your Thief, your true man thinks it big enough. If it be too big for your Thief, your Thief thinks it little enough: So every true man's apparel fits your Thief.

Enter Provoſt.

Pro. Are you agreed?

Clo. Sir, I will ſerve him: for I do find your Hangman is a more penitent Trade than your Bawd: he doth oftner ask forgiveneſs.

Pro. You, ſirrah, provide your Block and your Axe to morrow, four a clock.

Abh. Come on (Bawd), I will inſtruct thee in my Trade: follow.

Clo. I do deſire to learn, ſir: and I hope; if you have occaſion to uſe me for your own turn, you ſhall find me y'are. For truly, ſir, for your kindneſs, I owe you a good turn. *Exit.*

Pro. Call hither *Barnardine* and *Claudio*:
Th' one has my pity: not a jot the other,
Being a Murtherer, tho he were my brother.
Enter Claudio.
Look, here's the Warrant, *Claudio*, for thy death:
'Tis now dead midnight, and by Eight to morrow
Thou muſt be made immortal. Where's *Barnardine*?
Cla. As faſt lock'd up in ſleep as guiltleſs labour,
When it lies ſtarkly in the Traveller's bones.
He will not awake.
Pro. Who can do good on him?
Well, go, prepare your ſelf. But hark, what noiſe?
Heaven give your ſpirits comfort: by and by:
I hope it is ſome Pardon, or Reprieve
For the moſt gentle *Claudio*. Welcome, father.

Enter Duke.

Du. The beſt, and wholſom'ſt ſpirits of the night,
Invellop you, good *Provoſt*: Who call'd here of late?
Pro. Now ſince the Curphew rung.
Du. Not *Iſabel.*
Pro. No.
Du. They will then er't be long.
Pro. What comfort is for *Claudio*?
Du. There's ſome in hope.
Pro. It is a bitter Deputy.
Du. Not ſo, not ſo: his life is parallel'd
Even with the ſtroke and line of his great Juſtice:
He doth with holy abſtinence ſubdue
That in himſelf which he ſpurs on his power
To qualifie in others: were he meal'd with that
Which he corrects, then were he tyrannous;
But this being ſo, he's juſt. Now are they come.

This is a gentle *Provoſt*, ſeldom when
The ſteeled Gaoler is the friend of men:
How now? what noiſe? That ſpirit's poſſeſt with haſte
That wounds th' inſiſting Poſtern with theſe ſtrokes.

Pro. There he muſt ſtay until the Officer
Ariſe to let him in: he is call'd up.

Du. Have you no countermand for *Claudio* yet?
But he muſt die to morrow?

Pro. None, ſir, none.

Du. As near the dawning, *Provoſt*, as it is,
You ſhall hear more e're morning.

Pro. Happily.
You ſomething know: yet I believe there comes
No countermand: no ſuch example have we:
Beſides, upon the very ſiege of Juſtice, i.e. Seat
Lord *Angelo* hath to the publick ear,
Profeſt the contrary.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Du. This is his Lords man.

Pro. And here comes *Claudio*'s pardon.

Meſſ. My Lord hath ſent you this note,
And by me this further charge,
That you ſwerve not from the ſmalleſt Article of it,
Neither in time, matter, or other circumſtance.
Good morrow: for as I take it, it is almoſt day.

Pro. I ſhall obey him.

Du. This is his Pardon purchas'd by ſuch ſin,
For which the Pardoner himſelf is in:
Hence hath Offence his quick celerity,
When it is born in high Authority:
When Vice makes Mercy, Mercy's ſo extended,
That for the faults love, is th' Offender friended
Now Sir, what news?

Pro. I told you:
Lord *Angelo* (be-like) thinking me remiſs
In mine Office, awakens me
With this unwonted putting on, methinks ſtrangely;
For he hath not us'd it before.

Du. Pray let's hear.

The Letter.

Whatſoever you may hear to the contrary, let Claudio *be executed by four of the clock, and in the afternoon* Barnardine: *For my better ſatisfaction, let me have* Claudio's *head ſent me by five. Let this be duly performed with a thought that more depends on it than we muſt yet deliver. Thus fail not to do your Office, as you will anſwer it at your peril.*

What ſay you to this, ſir?

Du. What is that *Barnardine*, who is to be executed in th' afternoon?

Pro. A *Bohemian* born: but here nurſt up and bred,
One that is a priſoner, nine years old.

Du. How came it, that the abſent Duke had not either deliver'd him to his liberty, or executed him? I have heard it was ever his manner to do ſo.

Pro. His friends ſtill wrought Reprieves for him:
And indeed his fact, till now in the government of Lord *Angelo*, came not to an undoubtful proof.

Du. It is now apparent?

Pro. Moſt manifeſt, and not denied by himſelf.

Du. Hath he born himſelf penitently in priſon?
How ſeems he to be touch'd?

Pro. A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully, but as a drunken ſleep, careleſs, wreakleſs, and fearleſs of what's paſt, preſent, or to come: inſenſible of mortality, and deſperately mortal.

Du. He wants advice.

Pro. He will hear none: he hath evermore had the liberty of the priſon: give him leave to eſcape hence, he would not: drunk many times a day, if not many days entirely drunk. We have very oft awak'd him as if to carry him to Execution, and ſhew'd him a ſeeming Warrant for it; it hath not moved him at all.

Du. More of him anon: There is written in your brow, *Provoſt*, honeſty and conſtancy; if I read it not truly, my ancient skill beguiles me: but in the boldneſs of my cunning, I will lay my ſelf in hazard: *Claudio*, whom here you have warrant to execute, is no greater forfeit to the Law than *Angelo*, who hath ſentenc'd him. To make you underſtand this in a manifeſted effect, I crave but four days reſpite: for the which, you are to do me both a preſent and a dangerous courteſie.

Pro. Pray ſir, in what?

Du. In the delaying death.

Pro. Alack! how may I do it? Having the hour limited, and an expreſs command, under penalty, to deliver his head in the view of *Angelo*, I may make my caſe as *Claudio*'s, to croſs this in the ſmalleſt.

Du. By the Vow of mine Order, I warrant you,
If my inſtructions may be your guide:
Let this *Barnardine* be this morning executed,
And his head born to *Angelo*.

Pro. *Angelo* hath ſeen them both,
And will diſcover the favour.

Du. Oh, death's a great diſguiſer, and you may add to ſhave the head, and tie the beard, and ſay, it was the deſire of the penitent to be ſo barb'd before his death: you know the courſe is common. If any thing fall to you upon this, more than thanks and good fortune, by the Saint whom I profeſs, I will plead againſt it with my life.

Pro. Pardon me, good father; it is againſt my Oath.

Duke. Were you ſworn to the Duke, or to the Deputy?

Pro. To him, and to his Subſtitutes.

Du. You will think you have made no Offence, if the Duke avouch the juſtice of your dealing?

Pro. But what likelihood is in that?

Du. Not a reſemblance, but a certainty: yet ſince I ſee you fearful, that neither my coat, integrity, nor perſwaſion, can with eaſe attempt you, I will go further than I meant, to pluck all fears out of you: Look you ſir, here is the hand and ſeal of the Duke: you know the character, I doubt not, and the Signet is not ſtrange to you.

Pro. I know them both.

Du. The Contents of this is the return of the Duke; you ſhall anon over-read it at your pleaſure: where you ſhall find within theſe two days, he will be here. This is a thing which *Angelo* knows not; for he this very day receives Letters of ſtrange tenor, perchance of the Duke's death, perchance entering into ſome Monaſtery, but by chance nothing of what is writ. Look, th' unfolding ſtar calls up the ſhepherd: put not your ſelf into amazement, how theſe things ſhould be; all difficulties are but eaſie when they are known. Call your Executioner, and off with *Barnardine*'s head: I will give him a preſent ſhrift, and adviſe him for a better place. Yet you are amaz'd, but this ſhall abſolutely reſolve you: Come away, it is almoſt clear dawn. *Exit.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Clown.

Clo. I am as well acquainted here, as I was in our houſe of profeſſion: one would think it were Miſtris *Over-dons* own houſe; for here be many of her Old Cuſtomers: Firſt, here's Young Mr. *Raſh*: he's in for a Commodity of Brown Paper, and Old Ginger, nineſcore and ſeventeen Pounds; of which he made five Marks ready money: marry then, Ginger was not much in requeſt; for the Old Women were all dead. Then is there here one Mr. *Caper*, at the ſuit of Maſter *Three-Pile*, the

Mercer, for ſome four ſuits of Peach-colour'd Satten, which now peaches him a beggar. Then have we here young *Dizy*, and young Mr. *Deep-vow*, and Mr. *Copperſpure*, aud Maſter *Starve Lackey*, the Rapier and Dagger man, and young *Dropheire*, that kill'd luſty *Pudding*, and Mr. *Forth-light*, the *Tilter*, and brave Mr. *Shooty*, the great Traveller, and wild *Half-Canne*, that ſtabb'd Pots, and, I think, forty more, all great doers in our trade, and are now for the Lord's ſake.

Enter Abhorſon.

Abb. Sirrah, bring *Barnardine* hither.

Clo. Maſter *Barnardine*, you muſt riſe and be hang'd, Maſter *Barnardine*.

Abb. What hoa *Barnardine*.

Barnardine *within.*

Bar. A pox o' your throats: who makes that noiſe there?
What are you?

Clo. Your friend, ſir, the Hangman:
You muſt be ſo good, ſir, to riſe, and be put to death.

Bar. Away you Rogue, away, I am ſleepy.

Abb. Tell him, he muſt awake,
And that quickly too.

Clo. Pray Maſter *Barnardine*, awake till you are executed, and ſleep afterwards.

Abb. Go in to him, and fetch him out.

Clo. He is coming, ſir, he is coming: I hear his ſtraw ruſſle.

Enter Barnardine.

Abb. Is the Axe upon the block, ſirrah?

Clo. Very ready, ſir.

Bar. How now *Abhorſon*?
What's the news with you?

Abb. Truly ſir, I would deſire you to clap into your prayers: for look you, the Warrant's come.

Bar. You Rogue, I have been drinking all night,
I am not fitted for't.

Clo. Oh, the better, ſir: for he that drinks all night, and is hanged betimes in the morning, may ſleep the ſounder all the next day.

Enter Duke.

Abb. Look you, ſir, here comes your ghoſtly father: do we jeſt now think you?

Du. Sir, induced by my charity, and hearing how haſtily you are to depart, I am come to adviſe you, comfort you, and pray with you.

Bar. Friar, not I: I have been drinking hard all night, and will have more time to prepare me, or they ſhall beat out my brains with billets: I will not conſent to die this day, that's certain.

Du. Oh ſir, you muſt: and therefore I beſeech you look forward on the journey you ſhall go.

Bar. I ſwear I will not die to day for any man's perſwaſion.

Du. But hear you.

Bar. Not a word: if you have any thing to ſay to me, come to my Ward: for thence will not I to day. *Exit.*

Enter Provoſt.

Du. Unfit to live, or die: Oh gravel heart:
After him (fellows): bring him to the block.

Pro. Now ſir, how do you find the Priſoner?

Du. A crrature unprepar'd, unmeet for death:
And to tranſport him in the mind he is,
Were damnable.

Pro. Here in the priſon, father,
There died this morning of a cruel Fever,
One *Rogavine*, a moſt notorious Pirate,
A man of *Claudio*'s years: his beard and head
Juſt of colour. What if we do omit
This Reprobate, till he were well enclin'd,
And ſatisfie the Deputy with the viſage
Of *Rogozine*, more like to *Claudio*?

Du. Oh, 'tis an accident that heaven provides:
Diſpatch it preſently; the hour draws on
Prefixt by *Angelo*: See this be done,
And ſent according to command, whiles I
Perſwade this rude wretch willingly to die.

Pro. This ſhall be done (good father) preſently:
But *Barnardine* muſt die this afternoon:
And how ſhall we continue *Claudio*,
To ſave me from the danger that might come,
If he were known alive?

Du. Let this be done:
Put them in ſecret holds, both *Barnardine* and *Claudio*:
Ere twice the Sun hnth made his journal greeting
To yond generation, you ſhall find
Your ſafety manifeſted.

Pro. I am your free dependant. *Exit.*

Du. Quick, diſpatch, and ſend the head to *Angelo*.
Now will I write Letters to *Angelo*,
(The *Provoſt* he ſhall bear them) whoſe contents
Shall witneſs to him I am near at home:
And that by great injunctions I am bound
To enter publickly: him I'le deſire
To meet me at the conſecrated Fount,
A League below the City: and from thence,
By cold gradation, and weal-ballanc'd form,
We ſhall proceed with *Angelo*.

Enter Provoſt.

Pro. Here is the head, I'le carry it my ſelf.

Du. Convenient is it: Make a ſwift return;
For I would commune with you of ſuch things
That want no ear but yours.

Fro. I'le make all ſpeed. *Exit.*

Iſabel *within.*

Iſa. Peace hoa, be here.

Du. The tongue of *Iſabel*. She's come to know,
If yet her brother's pardon be come hither:
But I will keep her ignorant of her good,
To make her heavenly comforts of deſpair,
When it is leaſt expected.

Enter Iſabella.

Iſa. Hoa, by your leave.

Du. Good morning to you, fair and gracious daughter.

Iſa. The better given me by ſo holy a man:
Hath yet the Deputy ſent my brother's pardon?

Du. He hath releas'd him, *Iſabel*, from the World;
His head is off, and ſent to *Angelo*.

Iſa. Nay, but it is not ſo.

Du. It is no other.
Shew your wiſdom, daughter, in your cloſe patience.

Iſa. Oh, I will to him, and pluck out his eyes.

Du. You ſhall not be admitted to his ſight.

Iſa. Unhappy *Claudio*, wretched *Iſabel*:
Injurious World, moſt damned *Angelo*.

Du. This not hurts him, nor profits you a jot:
Forbear it therefore, give your cauſe to heaven:
Mark what I ſay, which you ſhall find
By every ſyllable a faithful verity.
The Duke comes home to morrow: nay, dry your Eyes:
One of our Covent, and his Confeſſor,
Gives me this inſtance: Already he hath carried
Notice to *Eſcalus* and *Angelo*,
Wo do prepare to meet him at the gates,
There to give up their power: if you can pace your wiſdom
In that good path that I would wiſh it go,
And you ſhall have your boſom on this wretch,
Grace of the Duke, Revenges to your heart,
And general Honour.

Iſa. I am directed by you.

Du. This Letter then to *Frier Peter* give:
'Tis that he ſent me of the Duke's return:
Say, by this token, I deſire his company
At *Mariana*'s houſe to night. Her cauſe, and yours,
I'le perfect him withal, and he ſhall bring you
Before the Duke: and to the head of *Angelo*
Accuſe him home and home. For my poor ſelf,

I am combined by a ſacred Vow,
And ſhall be abſent. Wend you with this Letter:
Command theſe fretting waters from your eyes
With a light heart: truſt not my holy Order
If I pervert your courſe: Who's here?

Enter Luci.

Luc. Good'even:
Frier, where's the *Provoſt*?

Duk. Not within, ſir.

Luc. Oh pretty *Iſabella*; I am pale at mine heart to ſee thine Eyes ſo red: thou muſt be patient; I am fain to dine and ſup with water and bran: I dare not for my head fill my belly. One fruitful Meal would ſet me to't: but they ſay, the Duke will be here to morrow. By my Troth, *Iſabel*, I lov'd thy brother: if the Old fantaſtical Duke of dark corners had been at home, he had lived.

Duk. Sir, the Duke is marvellous little beholding to your Reports; but the beſt is, he lives not in them.

Luc. Friar, thou knoweſt not the Duke ſo well as I do: he's a better Woodman than thou tak'ſt him for.

Duk. Well: you'l anſwer this one day. Fare ye well.

Luc. Nay, tarry, I'le go along with thee.
I can tell thee pretty tales of the Duke.

Duk. You have told me too many of him already, ſir, if they be trne: if not true, none were enough.

Luc. I was once before him for getting a Wench with child.

Duk. Did you ſuch a thing?

Luc. Yes marry did I; but I was fain to forſwear it;
They would elſe have married me to the rotten Medler.

Duk. Sir, your company is fairer than honeſt: Reſt you well.

Luc. By my troth I'le go with thee to the Iane's end: if baudy talk offend you, we'l have very little of it: nay, Friar, I am a kind of a Bur; I ſhall ſtick. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Angelo, *and* Eſcalus.

Eſc. Every Letter he hath writ, hath diſvouch'd other.

Ang. In moſt uneven and diſtracted manner, his actions ſhew much like to madneſs: pray heaven his wiſdom be not tainted: And why meet him at the gates, and dellver our authorities there?

Eſc. I gueſs not.

Ang. And why ſhould we proclaim it in an hour before his entring, that if any crave redreſs of injuſtice, they ſhould exhibit their petitions in the ſtreet?

Eſc. He ſhews his Reaſon for that: to have a diſpatch of Complants, and to deliver us from devices hereafter, which ſhall then have no power to ſtand againſt us.

Ang. Well: I beſeech you let it be proclaim'd betimes i'th' morn; I'le call you at your houſe: give notice to ſuch men of ſort and ſuit as are to meet him.

Eſc. I ſhall, ſir: fare you well. *Exit.*

Ang. Good night.
This deed unſhapes me quite, makes me unpregnant,
And dull to all proceedings. A defloured Maid,
And by an eminent body that enforc'd
The Law againſt it? But that her tender ſhame
Will not proclaim againſt her Maiden loſs,
How might ſhe tongue me? yet Reaſon dares her no;
For my authority bears off a credent bulk,
That no particular ſcandal once can touch,
But it confounds the breather. He ſhould have liv'd,
Save that his riotous youth, with dangerous ſenſe,
Might in the times to come, have ta'ne revenge
By ſo receiving a diſhonour'd life,
With ranſome of ſuch ſhame: Would yet he had liv'd.
Alack, when once our grace we have forgot,
Nothing goes right, we would, and we would not. *Exit.*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Duke, *and Frier* Peter.

Duk. Theſe Letters at fit time deliver me.
The *Provoſt* knows our purpoſe and our plot:
The matter being afoot, keep your inſtruction,
And hold you ever to our ſpecial drift,
Tho ſometimes you do blench from this to that,
As cauſe doth miniſter: Go call at *Flavia*'s houſe,
And tell him where I ſtay: give the like notice
To *Valencius*, *Rowland*, and to *Craſſus*,
And bid them bring the Trumpets to the gate:
But ſend me *Flavius* firſt.

Peter. It ſhall be ſpeeded well.

Enter Varrius.

Duk. I thank thee, *Varrius*; thou haſt made good haſte:
Come, we will walk: There's other of our friends
Will greet us here anon: my gentle *Varrius*. *Exeunt.*

Scena Sexta.

Enter Iſabella *and* Mariana.

Iſa. To ſpeak ſo indirectly I am loath:
I would ſay the truth; but to accuſe him ſo,
That is your part; yet I am adviſ'd to do it:
He ſays, to vail full purpoſe.

Mar. Be rul'd by him.

Iſa. Beſides, he tells me, that if peradventure
He ſpeak againſt me on the adverſe ſide,
I ſhould not think it ſtrange; for 'tis a Phyſick
That's bitter to ſweet end.

Enter Peter.

Mar. I would Frier *Peter*——

Iſa. Oh peace; the Frier is come.

Peter. Come I have found you out a ſtand moſt fit,
Where you may have ſuch vantage on the Duke,
He ſhall not paſs you.
Twice have the Trumpets ſounded:
The generous and graveſt Citizens
Have hent the gates, and very near upon
The Duke is entring:
Therefore hence away. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Duke, Varrius, Lords, Angelo, Eſcalus, Lucio, Citizens at ſeveral doors.

Duk. My very worthy Cozen, fairly met;
Our old and faithful friend, we are glad to ſee you.

Ang. Eſc. Happy return be to your Royal Grace.

Duk. Many and hearty thankings be to you both:
We have made enquiry of you, and we hear
Such goodneſs of your Juſtice, that our ſoul

Cannot but yeild you forth to publick thanks,
Forerunning more requital.
Ang. You make my bonds ſtill greater.
Du. Oh, your deſert ſpeaks loud, and I ſhould wrong
To lock it in the wards of covert boſom,
When it deſerves with Characters of Braſs,
A forted reſidence 'gainſt the tooth of time,
And razure of Oblivion: Give me your hand,
And let the ſubject ſee, to make them know,
That outward courteſies would fain proclaim
Favours that keep within: Come *Eſcalus*,
You muſt walk by us on our other hand:
And good ſupporters are you.
Enter Peter *and* Iſabella.
Pet. Now is your time:
Speak loud, and kneel before him.
Iſa. Juſtice, O Royal Duke, vail your regard
Upon a wrong'd (I would fain have ſaid, a Maid):
Oh worthy Prince, diſhonour not your Eye
By throwing it on any other Object,
Till you have heard me in my true complaint,
And give me Juſtice, Juſtice, Juſtice, Juſtice.
Du. Relate your wrongs;
In what, by whom? be brief:
Here is Lord *Angelo* ſhall give you Juſtice;
Reveal your ſelf to him.
Iſa. Oh worthy Duke,
You bid me ſeek Redemption of the Devil:
Hear me your ſelf; for that which I muſt ſpeak
Muſt either puniſh me, not being believ'd,
Or wring redreſs from you:
Hear me; Oh hear me here.
Ang. My Lord, her wits, I fear me, are not firm:
She hath been a ſuitor to me for her brother,
Cut off by courſe of Juſtice.
Iſa. By conrſe of Juſtice!
Ang. And ſhe will ſpeak moſt bitterly.
Iſa. Moſt ſtrange; but yet moſt truly will I ſpeak,
That *Angelo*'s forſworn: is it not ſtrange?
That *Angelo*'s a murtherer: is't not ſtrange?
That *Angelo* is an adulterous thief,
An hypocrite, a virgin violator:
Is it not ſtrange? and ſtrange?
Du. Nay, it is ten times ſtrange.
Iſa. It is not truer he is *Angelo*,
Than this is all as true as it is ſtrange:
Nay, it is ten times true; for truth is truth
To th' end of reckoning.
Du. Away with her: poor ſoul,
She ſpeaks this in th' infirmiry of ſenſe.
Iſa. Oh Prince, I conjure thee, as thou believ'ſt
There is another comfort than this World,
That thou neglect me not, with that Opinion,
That I am touch'd with madneſs: make not impoſſible
That which but ſeems unlike: 'tis not impoſſible
But one, the wicked'ſt Caitiffe on the ground,
May ſeem as ſhy, as grave, as juſt, as abſolute
As *Angelo*: even ſo may *Angelo*
In all his dreſſings, caracts, titles, forms,
Be an Arch-villain: believe it, Royal Prince,
If he be leſs, he's nothing; but he's more,
Had I more name for badneſs.
Du. By mine honeſty,
If ſhe be mad, as I believe no other,
Her madneſs hath the oddeſt frame of ſenſe,
Such a dependency of thing on thing,
As e're I heard in madneſs.
Iſa. O gracious Duke,
Harp not on that; nor do not baniſh Reaſon
For inequality; but let your Reaſon ſerve
To make the truth appear, where it ſeems hid,
And hide the falſe ſeems true.
Du. Many that are not mad
Have ſure more lack of Reaſon:
What would you ſay?
Iſa. I am the ſiſter of one *Claudio*,
Condemn'd upon the act of Fornication,
To loſe his head, condemn'd by *Angelo*:
I (in probation of a Siſterhood)
Was ſent to by my brother, one *Lucio*,
As then the Meſſenger.
Luc. That's I, and't like your Grace:
I came to her from *Claudio*, and deſir'd her
To try her gracious fortune with Lord *Angelo*,
For her poor brother's pardon.
Iſa. That's he indeed.
Du. You were not bid to ſpeak.
Luc. No, my good Lord,
Nor wiſh'd to hold my peace.
Du. I wiſh you now then:
Pray you take note of it: and when you have
A buſineſs for your ſelf, pray heaven you then
Be perfect.
Luc. I warrant your honour.
Du. The Warrant's for your ſelf: take heed to't.
Iſa. This Gentleman told ſomething of my tale.
Luc. Right.
Du. It may be right, but you are i' th' wrong
To ſpeak before your time: proceed.
Iſa. I went
To this pernicious Caitiff Deputy.
Du. That's ſomewhat madly ſpoken.
Iſa. Pardon it.
The phraſe is to the matter.
Du. Mended again: the matter: proceed.
Iſa. In brief, to ſet the needleſs by:
How I perſwaded, how I pray'd, and kneel'd,
How he refel'd me, and how I repli'd
(For this was of much length)! the vile concluſion
I now begin with grief and ſhame to utter.
He would not, but by gift of my chaſte body
To his concupiſcible intemperate luſt,
Releaſe my brother; and after much debatement,
My ſiſterly remorſe confutes mine honour,
And I did yeild to him: But the next morn betimes,
His purpoſe forfeiting, he ſends a Warrant
For my poor brother's head.
Du. This is moſt likely.
Iſa. Oh that it were as like as it is true.
Du. By heaven (fond wench), thou know'ſt not what thou (ſpeak'ſt;
Or elſe thou art ſuborn'd againſt his honour
In hateful practiſe: firſt, his Integrity
Stands without blemiſh: next, it imports no Reaſon,
That with ſuch vehemency he ſhould purſue
Faults proper to himſelf: if he had ſo offended,
He would have weigh'd thy brother by himſelf,
And not have cut him off: ſome one hath ſet you on:
Confeſs the truth, and ſay by whoſe advice
Thou cam'ſt here to complain.
Iſa. And is this all?
Then Oh you bleſſed Miniſters above,
Keep me in patience; and with ripened time,
Unfold the evil which is here wrapt up
In countenauce: Heaven ſhield your Grace from wo.
As I thus wrong'd, hence unbelieved go.
Du. I know you'ld fain be gone: An Officer:
To priſon with her: Shall we thus permit
A blaſting and a ſcandalous breath to fall
On him ſo near us? This needs muſt be practiſe:
Who knew of your intent, and coming hither?
Iſa. One that I would were here, *Frier Lodowick.*
Du. A ghoſtly Father belike:
Who knows that *Lodowick*?
Luc. My Lord, I know him; 'tis a medling Frier;
I do not like the man: had he been Lay, my Lord,
For certain words he ſpake againſt your Grace
In your retirement, I had ſwing'd him ſoundly.
Du. Words againſt me? this a good Frier belike,

And to ſet on this wretched woman here
Againſt our Subſtitute: Let this *Frier* be found.
Luc. But yeſternight, my Lord, ſhe and that *Frier*,
I ſaw them at the priſon: a ſawcy *Frier*,
A very ſcurvy fellow.
Pet. Bleſſed be your Royal Grace:
I have ſtood by, my Lord, and I have heard
Your Royal Ear abus'd: firſt hath this woman
Moſt wrongfully accus'd your Subſtitute,
Who is as free from touch, or ſoil with her,
As ſhe from one ungot.
Du. We did believe no leſs.
Know you that *Frier Lodowick* which ſhe ſpeaks of?
Pet. I know him for a man divine and holy;
Not ſcurvy, nor a temporary medler,
As he's reported by this Gentleman:
And on my truſt, a man that never yet
Did (as he vouches) miſreport your Grace.
Luc. My Lord, moſt villanouſly; believe it.
Pet. Well; he in time may come to clear himſelf;
But at this inſtant he is ſick, my Lord,
Of a ſtrange *Fever*: upon his meer Requeſt,
Being come to knowledg, that there was complaint
Intended againſt Lord *Angelo*, came I hither
To ſpeak, as from his mouth, what he doth know
Is true and falſe: and what he with his Oath,
And all probation, will make up full clear
Whenſoever he is convented: Firſt, for this woman,
To juſtifie this worthy Nobleman,
So vulgarly and perſonally accus'd,
Her ſhall you hear diſproved to her eyes,
Till ſhe her ſelf confeſs it.
Du. Good *Frier*, let's hear it:
Do you not ſmile at this, Lord *Angelo*?
Ah heaven! the vanity of wretched fools!
Give us ſome ſeats: come Couſin *Angelo*,
In this I'le be impartial: be you Judg
Of your own Cauſe: Is this the Witneſs, *Frier*?

Enter Mariana.

Firſt, let her ſhew her face, and after ſpeak.
Mar. Pardon, my Lord: I will not ſhew my face
Until my husband bid me.
Du. What, are you married?
Mar. No, my Lord.
Du. Are you a maid?
Mar. No, my Lord.
Du. A Widow then?
Mar. Neither my Lord.
Du. Why, are you nothing then? neither Maid, Widow, nor Wife?
Luc. My Lord, ſhe may be a Punk: for many of them are neither Maid, Widow, nor Wife.
Du. Silence that fellow: I would he had ſome cauſe to prattle for himſelf.
Luc. Well my Lord.
Mar. My Lord, I do confeſs I ne're was married,
And I confeſs beſides, I am no maid:
I have known my husband, yet my husband
Knows not that ever he knew me.
Luc. He was drunk then, my Lord; it can be no better.
Du. For the benefit of ſilence, would thou wert ſo too.
Luc. Well, my Lord.
Du. This is no Witneſs for Lord *Angelo*.
Mar. Now I come to't, my Lord.
She that accuſes him of Fornication,
In ſelf-ſame manner doth accuſe my husband,
And charges him, my Lord, with ſuch a time,
When I'le depoſe I had him in mine arms,
With all th' effect of Love.
Ang. Charges ſhe moe than me?
Mar. Not that I know.
Du. No? you ſay, your husband.
Mar. Why, juſt, my Lord, and that is *Angelo*,
Who thinks he knows, that he ne're knew my body;
But knows, he thinks, that he knows *Iſabels*.
Ang. This is a ſtrange abuſe: Let's ſee thy face.
Mar. My husband bids me; now I will unmask.
This is that face, thou cruel *Angelo*,
Which once thou ſwor'ſt was worth the looking on:
This is the hand which with a vow'd contract,
Was faſt belockt in thine: This is the body
That took away the match from *Iſabel*,
And did ſupply thee at thy Garden-houſe
In her imagin'd perſon.
Du. Know you this woman?
Luc. Carnally, ſhe ſays.
Du. Sirrah, no more.
Luc. Enough, my Lord.
Ang. My Lord, I muſt confeſs I know this woman;
And five years ſince there was ſome ſpeech of marriage
Betwixt my ſelf and her; which was broke off,
Partly for that her promis'd proportions
Came ſhort of compoſition; but in chief,
For that her Reputation was diſ-valued
In levity: ſince which time of five years,
I never ſpake with her, ſaw her, nor heard from her,
Upon my faith and honour.
Mar. Noble Prince,
As there comes light from heaven, and words from breath,
As there is ſenſe in truth, and truth in vertue,
I am affianced this man's Wife as ſtrongly
As words could make up Vows: And my good Lord,
But *Tueſday* night laſt gone, in's Garden-houſe
He knew me as a Wife. As this is true,
Let me in ſafety raiſe me from my knees;
Or elſe for ever be confixed here
A Marble Monument.
Ang. I did but ſmile till now.
Now, good my Lord, give me the ſcope of Juſtice:
My patience here is touch'd: I do perceive
Theſe poor informal women are no more
But inſtruments of ſome more mightier member
That ſets them on. Let me have way, my Lord,
To find this practice out.
Du. I, with my heart;
And puniſh them to your height of pleaſure.
Thou Fooliſh Frier, and thou pernicious woman,
Compact with her that's gone; think'ſt thou thy Oaths,
Tho they would ſwear down each particular Saint,
Were teſtimonies 'gainſt his worth and credit,
That's ſeal'd in approbation? You, Lord *Eſcalus*,
Sit with my Couſin; lend him your kind pains
To find out this abuſe, whence 'tis deriv'd.
There is another Frier that ſet them on;
Let him be ſent for.
Pet. Would he were here, my Lord; for he indeed
Hath ſet the women on to this complaint:
Your *Provoſt* knows the place where he abides;
And he may fetch him.
Du. Go, do it inſtantly:
And you my noble and well-warranted Couſin
Whom it concerns to hear this matter forth,
Do with your injuries as ſeems you beſt
In any chaſtiſement: I for a while
Will leave you; but ſtir not you till you have
Well determin'd upon theſe ſlanderers. *Exit.*
Eſc. My Lord, we'l do it throughly: Signior *Lucio*, did not you ſay, you knew that Frier *Lodowick* to be a diſhoneſt perſon?
Luc. *Cucullus non facit Monachum*; honeſt in nothing but in his cloathes, and one that hath ſpoke moſt villanous ſpeeches of the Duke.
Eſc. We ſhall intreat you to abide here till he come, and inforce them againſt him: we ſhall find this Frier a notable fellow.
Luc. As any in *Vienna* on my word.

Eſc. Call that ſame *Iſabel* here once again; I would ſpeak with her: pray you, my Lord, give me leave to queſtion; you ſhall ſee how I'le handle her.
Luc. Not better than he, by her own Report.
Eſc. Say you?
Luc. Marry ſir, I think if you handled her privately,
She ſhould ſooner confeſs; perchance publickly ſhe'ld be aſham'd.

Enter Duke, Provoſt, Iſabella.

Eſc. I will go darkly to work with her.
Luc. That's the way: for women are light at midnight.
Eſc. Come on, Miſtris: here's a Gentlewoman denies all that you have ſaid.
Luc. My Lord, here comes the Raſcal I ſpoke of,
Here with the *Provoſt*.
Eſc. In very good time: ſpeak not you to him till we call upon you.
Luc. Mum.
Eſc. Come ſir, did you ſet theſe women on to ſlander Lord *Angelo*? they have confeſs'd you did.
Du. 'Tis falſe.
Eſc. How? know you where you are?
Du. Reſpect to your great place; and let the Devil
Be ſometime honour'd for his burning throne.
VVhere is the Duke? 'tis he ſhould hear me ſpeak.
Eſc. The Duke's in us: and we will hear you ſpeak:
Look you ſpeak juſtly.
Du. Boldly at leaſt. But Oh poor ſouls,
Come you to ſeek the Lamb here of the Fox?
Good night to your Redreſs: is the Duke gone?
Then is your cauſe gone too: The Duke's unjuſt,
Thus to retort your manifeſt appeal,
And put your tryal in the Villain's mouth
VVhich here you come to accuſe.
Luc. This is the Raſcal: this is he I ſpoke of.
Eſc. VVhy, thou unreverend and unhallowed Frier:
Is't not enough thou haſt ſuborn'd theſe women,
To accuſe this worthy man; but in foul mouth,
And in the witneſs of his proper ear,
To call him Villain; and then to glance from him
To th' Duke himſelf, to tax him with injuſtice?
Take him hence; to th' Rack with him: we'l towze you
Joynt by joynt, but we will know his purpoſe:
VVhat? unjuſt?
Du. Be not ſo hot: the Duke dare
No more ſtretch this finger of mine, than he
Dare rack his own: his Subject am I not,
Nor here Provincial: My buſineſs in this State
Made me a looker on here in *Vienna*;
VVhere I have ſeen corruption boyl and bubble,
Till it o're-run the Stew: Laws for all faults,
But faults ſo countenanc'd, that the ſtrong ſtatutes
Stand like the Forfeits in a *Barber*'s-ſhop,
As much in mock as mark.
Eſc. Slander to th' State:
Away with him to priſon.
Ang. VVhat can you vouch againſt him, ſignior *Lucio*?
Is this the man that you did tell us of?
Luc. 'Tis he, my Lord: come hither Goodman Baldpate: do you know me?
Du. I remember you, ſir, by the ſound of your voice:
I met you at the priſon in the abſence of the Duke.
Luc. Oh, did you ſo? and do you remember what you ſaid of the Duke?
Du. Moſt notedly, ſir.
Luc. Do you ſo, ſir? And was the Duke a fleſh-monger, a fool, and a coward, as you then reported him to be?
Du. You muſt (ſir) change perſons with me, e're you make that my Report: you indeed ſpoke ſo of him, and much more, much worſe.
Luc. Oh thou damnable fellow! did not I pluck thee by the Noſe for thy ſpeeches?
Du. I proteſt, I love the Duke as I love my ſelf.
Ang. Hark how the Villain would cloſe now after his treaſonable abuſes.
Eſc. Such a fellow is not to be talk'd withal: Away with him to priſon: Where is the *Provoſt*? away with him to priſon: lay bolts enough upon him: let him ſpeak no more: away with thoſe Giglets too, and with the other confederate companion.
Du. Stay, ſir, ſtay a while.
Ang. What, reſiſts he? help him, *Lucio*.
Luc. Come ſir, come ſir, come ſir: foh ſir: why you bald-pated lying Raſcal: you muſt be hooded, muſt you? ſhow your knave's viſage, with a pox to you: ſhow your ſheep-biting face, and be hang'd an hour: will't not off?
Du. Thou art the firſt knave that e're mad'ſt a Duke.
Firſt, *Provoſt*, let me bail theſe gentle three:
Sneak not away, ſir; for the *Frier* and you
Muſt have a word anon: lay hold on him.
Luc. This may prove worſe than hanging.
Du. What you have ſpoke, I pardon: ſit you down:
We'l borrow place of him; Sir, by your leave:
Haſt thou or word, or wit, or impudence,
That yet can do thee Office? If thou haſt,
Rely upon it till my tale be heard,
And hold no longer out.
Ang. Oh my dread Lord,
I ſhould be guiltier than my guiltineſs,
To think I can be undiſcernable,
When I perceive your Grace, like power Divine,
Hath look'd upon my paſſes: Then, good Prince,
No longer *Seſſion* hold upon my ſhame;
But let my trial be mine own confeſſion:
Immediate ſentence then, and ſequent death,
Is all the grace I beg.
Du. Come hither, *Mariana*:
Say: was't thou ever contracted to this woman?
Ang. I was, my Lord.
Du. Go take her hence, and marry her inſtantly.
Do you the Office (*Frier*) which conſummate:
Return him here again: go with him, *Provoſt*. *Exit.*
Eſc. My Lord, I am more amaz'd at his diſhonour,
Than at the ſtrangeneſs of it.
Du. Come hither, *Iſabel*:
Your Frier is now your Prince: As I was then
Advertiſing, and holy to your buſineſs
(Not changing heart with habit), I am ſtill,
Atturnied at your ſervice.
Iſa. Oh give me pardon,
That I, your Vaſſal, have imploy'd and pain'd
Your unknown Soveraignty.
Du. You are pardon'd, *Iſabel*:
And now, dear Maid, be you as free to us.
Your brother's death, I know, ſits at your heart:
And you may marvel, why I obſcur'd my ſelf,
Labouring to ſave his life; and would not rather
Make raſh remonſtrance of my hidden power:
Then let him be ſo loſt: Oh moſt kind Maid,
It was the ſwift celerity of his death,
Which I did think with ſlower foot came on,
That brain'd my purpoſe: but peace be with him:
That life is better life, paſt fearing death,
Than that which lives to fear: make it your comfort,
So happy is your brother.

Enter Angelo, Maria, Peter, Provoſt.

Iſa. I do, my Lord.
Du. For this new-married man, approaching here,
Whoſe ſalt imagination yet hath wrong'd
Your well-defended honour; you muſt pardon
For *Mariana*'s ſake: But as he adjudg'd your brother,

Being criminal, in double violation
Of ſacred chaſtity, and of promiſe-breach,
Thereon dependant for your brothers life,
The very mercy of the Law crys out
Moſt audible, even from his proper tongue,
An *Angelo* for *Claudio*; death for death:
Haſte ſtill pays haſte, and leiſure anſwers leiſure;
Like doth quit like, and *Meaſure* ſtill for *Meaſure*:
Then *Angelo*, thy fault's thus manifeſted:
Which tho thou would'ſt deny, denies thee vantage.
We do condemn thee to the very Block
Where *Claudio* ſtoop'd to death; and with like haſte,
Away with him.
Mar. Oh my moſt gracious Lord,
I hope you will not mock me with a husband?
Du. It is your husband mock'd you with a husband,
Conſenting to the ſafe-guard of your honour,
I thought your marriage fit: elſe imputation,
For that he knew you, might reproach your life,
And choak your good to come: for his poſſeſſions,
Altho by confiſcation they are ours,
We do enſtate, and widow you withal,
To buy you a better husband.
Mar. Oh my dear Lord,
I crave no other, nor no better man.
Du. Never crave him: we are definitive.
Mar. Gentle my Leige.
Du. You do but loſe your labour.
Away with him to death: Now ſir, to you.
Mar. Oh my good Lord, ſweet *Iſabel*, take my part;
Lend me your knees, and all my life to come,
I'le lend you all my life to do you ſervice.
Du. Againſt all ſenſe you do importune her:
Should ſhe kneel down, in mercy of this fact,
Her brother's ghoſt his paved bed would break,
And take her hence in horror.
Mar. *Iſabel*:
Sweet *Iſabel*, do yet but kneel by me,
Hold up your hands, ſay nothing: I'le ſpeak all.
They ſay, beſt men are moulded out of faults;
And for the moſt, become much more the better
For being a little bad: So may my husband.
Oh *Iſabel*: will you not lend a knee?
Du. He dies for *Claudio*'s death.
Iſa. Moſt bounteous ſir,
Look, if it pleaſe you, on this man condemn'd,
As if my brother liv'd: I partly think,
A due ſincerity governed his deeds,
Till he did look on me: Since it is ſo,
Let him not die: my brother had but Juſtice,
In that he did the thing for which he di'd.
For *Angelo*, his act did not o're-take his bad intent,
And muſt be buried but as an intent
That periſh'd by the way: thoughts are no ſubjects;
Intents, but meerly thoughts.
Mar. Meerly, my Lord.
Du. Your ſuit's unprofitable: ſtand up, I ſay:
I have bethought me of another fault.
Provoſt, how came it *Claudio* was beheaded
At an unuſual hour?
Pro. It was commanded ſo.
Du. Had you a ſpecial Warrant for the deed?
Pro. No, my good Lord; it was by private meſſage.
Du. For which I do diſcharge you of your Office:
Give up your keys.
Pro. Pardon me, Noble Lord.
I thought it was a fault, but knew it not;
Yet did repent me after more advice;
For teſtimony whereof, one in the priſon,
That ſhould by private Order elſe have di'd,
I have reſerv'd alive.
Du. What's he?
Pro His name is *Barnardine*.
Du. I would'ſt thou haſt done ſo by *Claudio*:
Go fetch him hither; let me look upon him.
Eſc. I am ſorry one ſo learned, and ſo wiſe
As you, Lord *Angelo*, have ſtill appear'd,
Should ſlip ſo groſly, both in the heat of blood,
And lack of temper'd judgment afterward.
Ang. I am ſorry, that ſuch ſorrow I procure;
And ſo deep ſticks it in my penitent heart,
That I crave death more willingly than mercy:
'Tis my deſerving, and I do intreat it.

Enter Barnardine, *and* Provoſt, Claudio, Julietta.

Du. Which is that *Barnardine*?
Pro. This, my Lord.
Du. There was a *Frier* told me of this man:
Sirrah, thou art ſaid to have a ſtubborn ſoul,
That apprehends no further than this World,
And ſquar'ſt thy life accordingly: Thou'rt condemn'd;
But for thoſe earthly faults, I quit them all:
I pray thee take this mercy to provide
For better times to come: *Frier*, adviſe him;
I leave him to your hand. What muffled fellow's that?
Pro. This is another priſoner that I ſav'd,
Who ſhould have di'd when *Claudio* loſt his head,
As like almoſt to *Claudio* as himſelf.
Du. If he be like your brother, for his ſake
Is he pardon'd, and for your lovely ſake
Give me your hand, and ſay you will be mine;
He is my brother too: But fitter time for that:
By this Lord *Angelo* perceives he's ſafe:
Methinks I ſee a quickning in his eye:
Well, *Angelo*, your evil quits you well:
Look that you love your Wife: her worth worth yours.
I find an apt remiſſion in my ſelf:
And yet here's one in place I cannot pardon,
You, ſirrah, that knew me for a fool, a coward,
One all of Luxury, an aſs, a mad man:
Wherein have I ſo deſerv'd of you,
That you extol me thus?
Luc. 'Faith, my Lord, I ſpoke it but according to the trick: if you will hang me for it, you may: but I had rather it would pleaſe you, I might be whipt.
Du. Whipt firſt, ſir, and hang'd after.
Proclaim it, *Provoſt*, round about the City:
If any woman wrong'd by this lewd fellow
(As I have heard him ſwear himſelf, there's one
Whom he begot with child), let her appear,
And he ſhall marry her: the nuptial finiſh'd,
Let him be whip'd and hang'd.
Luc. I beſeech your Highneſs, do not marry me to a Whore: your Highneſs ſaid even now, I made you a Duke, good my Lord do not recompence me in making me a Cuckold.
Du. Upon mine honour thou ſhalt marry her:
Thy ſlanders I forgive, and therewithal
Remit thy other forfeits: take him to priſon.
And ſee our pleaſure herein executed.
Luc. Marrying a punk, my Lord, is preſſing to death,
Whipping and hanging.
Du. Slandering a Prince deſerves it.
She, *Claudio*, that you wrong'd, look you reſtore.
Joy to you, *Mariana*; love her, *Angelo*:
I have confeſs'd her, and I know her vertue.
Thanks, good friend *Eſcalus*, for thy much goodneſs:
There's more behind that is more gratulate;
Thanks *Provoſt* for thy care and ſecreſie;
We ſhall imploy thee in a worthier place:
Forgive him, *Angelo*, that brought you home
The head of *Rogozine* for *Claudio*'s;
Th' Offence pardons it ſelf. Dear *Iſabel*,
I have a motion much imports your good,
Whereto if you'l a willing ear incline,
What's mine is yours, and what is yours is mine:
So bring us to our Palace, where we'l ſhow
What's yet behind that's meet you all ſhould know.

The Scœne Vienna.

The Names of all the Actors.

Vincentio, *the Duke.*
Angelo, *the Deputy.*
Eſcalus, *an ancient Lord.*
Claudio, *a young Gentleman.*
Lucio, *a fantaſtique.*
2. *Other like Gentlemen.*
Provoſt.
Thomas, } 2. *Friers.*
Peter, }
Elbow, *a ſimple Conſtable.*
Froth, *a fooliſh Gentleman.*
Clown.
Abhorſon, *an Executioner.*
Barnardine, *a diſſolute priſoner.*
Iſabella, *ſiſter to* Claudio.
Mariana, *betrothed to* Angelo.
Juliet, *beloved of* Claudio.
Franciſco, *a Nun.*
Miſtris Over-don, *a Bawd.*

THE

Comedy of Errors.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter the Duke of Epheſus, *with the Merchant of* Syracuſa,
Jaylor, and other attendants.

Merchant.

PRoceed *Salinus* to procure my fall,
And by thy doom of death end woes (and all.
Duke. Merchant of *Syracuſe*, plead (no more:
I am not partial to infringe our (Laws:
The enmity and diſcord which of (late
Sprung from the rancorous Outrage of your Duke,
To Merchants, our well-dealing Countrymen,
Who wanting gilders to redeem their lives,
Have ſeal'd his rigorous ſtatutes with their bloods,
Excludes all pity from our threatning looks:
For ſince the mortal and inteſtine jars
'Twixt thy ſeditious Countrymen and us,
't hath in ſolemn Synods been decreed,
Both by the *Syracuſians* and our ſelves,
T'admit no traffick to our adverſe Towns:
Nay, more; if any born at *Epheſus*
Be ſeen at any *Syracuſian* Marts and Fairs:
Again, if any *Syracuſian* born,
Come to the Bay of *Epheſus*, he dies:
His goods confiſcate to the Duke's diſpoſe,
Unleſs a thouſand Marks be levied
To quit the penalty, and ranſome him:
Thy ſubſtance, valued at the higheſt rate,
Cannot amount unto a hundred Mark;
Therefore by Law thou art condemn'd to die.
Mer. Yet this my comfort, when your words are done,
My woes end likewiſe with the Evening Sun.
Du. Well, *Syracuſian*, ſay in brief the cauſe,
Why thou departed'ſt from thy native home?
And for what cauſe thou cam'ſt to *Epheſus*?
Mer. A heavier task could not have neen impos'd,
Than I to ſpeak my grief unſpeakable:
Yet that the World way witneſs, that my end
Was wrought by Nature, not by vile Offence,
I'le utter what my ſorrow gives me leave:
In *Syracuſe* was I born, and wed
Unto a woman, happy but for me;
And by me too, had not our hap been bad:
With her I liv'd in joy, our Wealth encreaſt
By proſperous Voyages I often made
To *Epidamium*, till my Factor's death:
And he great ſtore of goods at random leaving,
Drew me from kind embracements of my ſpouſe;
From whom my abſence was not ſix months old,
Before her ſelf (almoſt at fainting under
The pleaſing puniſhment that women bear)
Had made proviſion for her following me,
And ſoon, and ſafe arrived where I was:
There had ſhe not been long, but ſhe became
A joyful mother of two goodly ſons:
And, which was ſtrange, the one ſo like the other,
As could not be diſtinguiſh'd but by names.
That very hour, and in the ſelf-ſame Inn,
A poor mean woman was delivered
Of ſuch a burthen, Male-twins both alike:
Thoſe, for their parents were exceeding poor,
I bought, and brought up to attend my ſons.
My Wife not meanly proud of two ſuch boys,

Made daily motions for our home return:
Unwilling I agreed; alas! too ſoon we came aboard.
A league from *Epidamium* had we ſail'd
Before the always wind-obeying deep,
Gave any tragick inſtance of our harm:
But longer did we not retain much hope;
For what obſcured light the heavens did grant,
Did but convey unto our fearful minds
A doubtful warrant of immediate death;
Which tho my ſelf would gladly have embrac'd,
Yet the inceſſant weeping of my Wife,
Weeping before for what ſhe ſaw muſt come,
And piteous plainings of the pretty babes,
That mourn'd for faſhion, ignorant what to fear,
Forc't me to ſeek delays for them and me:
And this it was (for other means was none):
The Sailors ſought for ſafety by our boat,
And left the Ship then ſinking-ripe to us.
My Wife more careful for the latter born,
Had faſtened him unto a ſmall ſpare Maſt,
Such as Sea-faring men provide for ſtorms:
To him one of the other twins was bound,
Whil'ſt I had been like heedful of the other.
The children thus diſpos'd, my Wife, and I,
Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fixt,
Faſtned our ſelves at either end the Maſt,
And floating ſtraight, obedient to the ſtream,
Was carried towards *Corinth*, as we thought.
At length the Sun gazing upon the earth,
Diſperſt thoſe vapours that offended us;
And by the benefit of his wiſh'd light,
The Seas was calm, and we diſcovered
Two Ships from far, making amain to us:
Of *Corinth* that, of *Epidaurus* this;
But e're they came, Oh let me ſay no more;
Gather the ſequel by that went before.
Du. Nay, forward Old man, do not break off ſo;
For we may pity, tho not pardon thee.
Mer. Oh had the gods done ſo, I had not now
Worthily term'd them mercileſs to us:
For e're the Ships could meet by twice five leagues,
We were encountred by a mighty Rock;
Which being violently born up upon,
Our helpful Ship was ſplitted in the midſt:
So that in this unjuſt divorce of us,
Fortune had left to both of us alike,
What to delight in, what to ſorrow for,
Her part, poor ſoul, ſeeming as burdened,
With leſſer weight, but not with leſſer wo,
Was carried with more ſpeed before the wind,
And in our ſight they three were taken up
By Fiſhermen of *Corinth*, as we thought.
At length another Ship had ſeiz'd on us;
And knowing whom it was their hap to ſave,
Gave helpful welcome to their Shipwrackt gueſts,
And would have reft the Fiſhers of their prey,
Had not their Bark been very ſlow of ſail;
And therefore homeward did they bend their courſe.
Thus have you heard me ſever'd from my bliſs,
That by misfortunes was my life prolong'd,
To tell ſad ſtories of my own miſhaps.
Du. And for the ſakes of them thou ſorroweſt for,
Do me the favour to dilate at full,
What hath befall'n them and thee till now.
Mer. My youngeſt boy, and yet my eldeſt care,
At Eighteen years became inquiſitive
After his brother; and importun'd me,
That his attendant (for his caſe was like,
Reft of his brother, but retain'd his name)
Might bear him company in the queſt of him:
Whom whil'ſt I laboured of a love to ſee,
I hazarded the loſs of whom I lov'd.
Five Summers have I ſpent in fartheſt *Green*,
Roming clean through the bounds of *Aſia*,
And coaſting homeward, came to *Epheſus*:
Hopeleſs to find, yet loath to leave unſought,
Or that, or any place that harbours men:
But here muſt end the ſtory of my life,
And happy were I in my timely death,
Could all my travels warrant me they live.
Du. Hapleſs *Egeon*, whom the fates have markt
To bear th' extremity of dire miſhap:
Now truſt me, were it not againſt our Laws,
Againſt my Crown, my Oath, my Dignity,
Which Princes would, they may not diſanull,
My ſoul ſhould ſue as advocate for thee:
But tho thou art adjudged to the death,
And paſſed ſentence may not be recall'd,
But to our honours great diſparagement;
Yet will I favour thee in what I can;
Therefore, Merchant, I'le limit thee this day
To ſeek thy help by beneficial help:
Try all the friends thou haſt in *Epheſus*:
Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the ſum,
And live: if no, then thou art doom'd to die:
Jaylor, take him to thy cuſtody.
Jay. I will, my Lord.
Mer. Hopeleſs and helpleſs doth *Egeon* wend,
But to procraſtinate his liveleſs end. *Exeunt.*

Enter Antipholis, Erotes, *a* Merchant, *and* Dromio.

Mer. Therefore give out, you are of *Epidamium*,
Leſt that your goods be too ſoon confiſcate:
This very day a *Syracuſan* Merchant
Is apprehended for arrival here;
And not being able to buy out his life,
According to the Statute of the Town,
Dies e're the weary Sun ſets in the *Weſt*:
There is your money that I had to keep.
Ant. Go bear it to the Centaure, where we hoſt,
And ſtay there, *Dromio*, till I come to thee:
Till that I'le view the manners of the Town:
Within this hour it will be dinner-time:
Peruſe the traders, gaze upon the buildings,
And then return and ſleep within mine Inn;
For with long travel I am ſtiff and weary.
Get thee away.
Dro. Many a man would take you at your word,
And go indeed, having ſo good a means.
Exit Dromio.
Ant. A truſty villain, ſir, that very oft,
When I am dull with care and melancholly,
Lightens my humour with his merry jeſts.
What, will you walk with me about the Town,
And then go to the Inn and dine with me?
E. Mer. I am invited, ſir, to certain Merchants,
Of whom I hope to make much benefit:
I crave your pardon; ſoon at five a clock,
Pleaſe you, I'le meet with you upon the Mart,
And afterward conſort you till bed-time:
My preſent buſineſs calls me from you now.
Ant. Farewel till then: I will go loſe my life,
And wander up and down to view the City.
E. Mer. Sir, I commend you to your own content.
Exeunt.
Ant. He that commends me to my own content,
Commends me to the thing I cannot get:
I to the world am like a drop of water,
That in the Ocean ſeeks another drop,
Who falling there to find his fellow forth,
(Unſeen inquiſitive) confounds himſelf:
So I, to find a Mother and a Brother,
Inqueſt of him (unhappy) loſe my ſelf.

Enter Dromio *of* Epheſus.

Here comes the Almanack of my true date:
What now? How chance thou art return'd ſo ſoon.

E. Dro. Return'd ſo ſoon, rather approacht too late:
The Capon burns, the Pig falls from the ſpit:
The clock hath ſtrucken twelve upon the bell:
My Miſtris made it one upon my cheek:
She is ſo hot becauſe the meat is cold:
The meat is cold becauſe you come not home:
You come not home becauſe you have no ſtomach:
You have no ſtomach having broke your faſt:
But we that know what 'tis to faſt and pray,
Are penitent for your default to day.
Ant. Stop in your wind, ſir: tell me this I pray,
Where have you left the money that I gave you?
E. Dro. Oh, ſix pence that I had a *Wedneſday* laſt,
To pay the *Sadler* for my Miſtris Crupper?
The *Sadler* had it, ſir; I kept it not.
Ant. I am not in a ſportive humour now:
Tell me, and dally not, where is the money?
We being ſtrangers here, how dar'ſt thou truſt
So great a charge from thine own cuſtody?
E. Dro. I pray you jeſt, ſir, as you ſit at dinner:
I from my Miſtris come to you in poſt:
If I return, I ſhall be poſt indeed:
For ſhe will ſcour your fault upon my pate:
Methinks your maw, like mine, ſhould be your Cook,
And ſtrike you home without a meſſenger.
Ant. Come *Dromio*, come, theſe jeſts are out of ſeaſon;
Reſerve them till a merrier hour than this:
Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee?
E. Dro. To me, ſir? why, you gave no gold to me.
Ant. Come on, ſir knave, have done your fooliſhneſs,
And tell me how thou haſt diſpos'd thy charge?
E. Dro. My charge was but to fetch you from the Mart
Home to your houſe (the *Phœnix*, ſir), to dinner:
My Miſtris and her ſiſter ſtaies for you.
Ant. Now as I am a Chriſtian anſwer me,
In what ſafe place you have beſtow'd my money:
Or I ſhall break that merry ſconce of yours
That ſtands on tricks when I am undiſpos'd:
Where is the thouſand marks thou hadſt of me?
E. Dro. I have ſome marks of yours upon my pate:
Some of my Miſtris marks upon my ſhoulders:
But not a thouſand marks between you both.
If I ſhould pay your Worſhip thoſe again,
Perchance you will not bear them patiently.
Ant. Thy Miſtris marks? what Miſtris, ſlave, haſt thou?
E. Dro. Your Worſhip's Wife, my Miſtris at the *Phœnix*?
She that doth faſt till you come home to dinner:
And prays that you will hie you home to dinner.
Ant. What, wilt thou flout me thus unto my face,
Being forbid? There, take you that, ſir knave.
E. Dro. What mean you, ſir? for God ſake hold your hands:
Nay, and you will not, ſir, I'le take my heels.

Exit Dromio Ep.

Ant. Upon my life, by ſome device or other,
The Villain is o're-wrought of all my money.
Then ſay, this Town is full of cozenage:
As nimble Juglers that deceive the eye:
Dark-working Sorcerers that change the mind:
Soul-killing Witches that deform the body:
Diſguiſed Cheaters, prating Mountebanks;
And many ſuch like liberties of ſin:
If it prove ſo, I will be gone the ſooner:
I'le to the Centaur to ſeek this ſlave:
I greatly fear my money is not ſafe.

Exit.

Actus Secundus.

Enter Adriana, *Wife to* Antipholis Sereptus, *with* Luciana, *her Siſter.*

Adr. Neither my husband, nor the ſlave return'd,
That in ſuch haſte I ſent to ſeek his Maſter:
Sure, *Luciana*, it is two a clock.
Luc. Perhaps ſome Merchant hath invited him,
And from the Mart he's ſomewhere gone to dinner:
Good ſiſter, let us dine, and never fret:
A man is Maſter of his liberty:
Time is their Maſter; and when they ſee time,
They'le go or come: if ſo, be patient, ſiſter.
Adr. Why ſhould their liberty than ours be more?
Luc. Becauſe their buſineſs ſtill lies out adoor.
Adr. Look, when I ſerve him ſo, he takes it ill.
Luc. Oh, know he is the bridle of your will.
Adr. There's none but aſſes will be bridled ſo.
Luc. Why, head-ſtrong liberty is laſht with woe:
There's nothing ſituate under heavens eye,
But hath his bound in earth, in ſea, in skie.
The beaſts, the fiſhes, and the winged fowls,
Are their males ſubjects, and at their controuls:
Man more divine, the Maſter of all theſe,
Lord of the wide world, and wide watry ſeas,
Indued with intellectual ſenſe and ſoul,
Of more preheminence than fiſh and fowl,
Are Maſters to their females, and their Lords:
Then let your will attend on their accords.
Adr. This ſervitude makes you to keep unwed.
Luc. Not this, but troubles of the marriage-bed.
Adr. But were you wedded, you would bear ſome ſway.
Luc. Ere I learn love, I'le practiſe to obey.
Adr. How if your husband ſtart ſome other where?
Luc. Till he come home again I would forbear.
Adr. Patience unmov'd, no marvel tho ſhe pauſe;
They can be meek that have no other cauſe:
A wretched ſoul bruis'd with adverſity,
We bid be quiet when we hear it cry:
But were we burd'ned with like weight of pain,
As much, or more we ſhould our ſelves complain:
So thou that haſt no unkind mate to grieve thee,
With urging helpleſs patience would relieve me:
But if thou live to ſee like right bereft,
This fool-beg'd patience in thee will be left.
Luc. Well, I will marry one day but to try:
Here comes your man, now is your husbaad nigh.

Enter Dromio Eph.

Adr. Say, is your tardy Maſter now at hand?

E. Dro. Nay, he's at two hands with me, and that my two ears can witneſs.

Adr. Say, didſt thou ſpeak with him? know'ſt thou his mind?

E. Dro. I, I, he told his mind upon mine ear,
Beſhrew his hand, I ſcarce could underſtand it.

Luc. Spake he ſo doubtfully, thou could'ſt not feel his meaning?

E. Dro. Nay, he ſtruck ſo plainly, I could too well feel his blows; and withal ſo doubtfully, that I could ſcarce underſtand them.

Adr. But ſay, I prethee, is he coming home?
It ſeems he hath great care to pleaſe his wife.
E. Dro. Why, Miſtris, ſure my Maſter is horn-mad.
Adr. Horn-mad, thou villain?
E. Dro. I mean not Cuckold-mad;
But ſure he is ſtark mad:

When I deſir'd him to come home to dinner,
He ask'd me for a thouſand marks in gold:
'Tis dinner-time, quoth I: my gold, quoth he:
Your meat doth burn, quoth I: my gold, quoth he:
Will you come, quoth I? my gold, quoth he:
Where is the thouſand marks I gave thee, Villain?
The Pig, quoth I, is burn'd: my gold, quoth he:
My Miſtris, ſir, quoth I: hang up thy Miſtris;
I know not thy Miſtris; out on thy Miſtris.

Luc. Quoth who?

E.Dro. Quoth my Maſter: I know, quoth he, no houſe, no wife, no Miſtris: ſo that my errand, due unto my tongue, I thank him, I bare home upon my ſhoulders: for in concluſion, he did beat me there.

Adr. Go back again, thou ſlave, and fetch him home.

Dro. Go back again, and be new beaten home?
For God's ſake ſend ſome other Meſſenger.

Adr. Back, ſlave, or I will break thy pate acroſs.

Dro. And he will bleſs that croſs with other beating:
Between you I ſhall have a holy head.

Adr. Hence prating peaſant, fetch thy Maſter home.

Dro. Am I ſo round with you as you with me,
That like a foot-ball you do ſpurn me thus?
You ſpurn me hence, and he will ſpurn me hither:
If I laſt in this ſervice, you muſt caſe me in leather. *Exit.*

Luc. Fie, how impatience lowreth in your face!

Adr. His company muſt do his minions grace,
Whil'ſt I at home ſtarve for a merry look:
Hath homely age th' alluring beauty took
From my poor cheek? then he hath waſted it.
Are my diſcourſes dull? barren my wit?
If voluble and ſharp diſcourſe be marr'd,
Unkindneſs blots it more than Marble hard.
Do their gay Veſtments his affections bait?
That's not my fault; he's maſter of my ſtate.
What Ruines are in me that can be found,
By him not ruin'd? Then is he the ground
Of my defeatures. My decayed fair,
A ſunny look of his would ſoon repair.
But (too unruly Deer) he breaks the pale,
And feeds from home; poor I am but his ſtale.

Luc. Self-harming jealouſie; fie, beat it hence.

Ad. Unfeeling fools can with ſuch wrongs diſpenſe:
I know his eye doth homage other-where;
Or elſe what lets it but he would be here?
Siſter, you know he promiſed me a chain,
Would that alone, alone he would detain,
So he would keep fair quarter with his bed.
I ſee the Jewel beſt enamaled
Will loſe his beauty: yet the gold bides ſtill
That others touch, and often touching will:
Since that my beauty cannot pleaſe his eye,
I'le weep (what's left) away, and weeping die.

Luc. How many fond fools ſerve mad Jealouſie?

Exeunt.

Enter Antipholis Erotes.

Ant. The gold I gave to *Dromio* is laid up
Safe at the *Centaur*, and the heedful ſlave
Is wandred forth in care to ſeek me out
By computation, and mine hoſts report,
I could not ſpeak with *Dromio*, ſince at firſt
I ſent him from the Mart: ſee here he comes.

Enter Dromio Syracuſan.

How now, ſir? is your merry humour alter'd?
As you love ſtroaks, ſo jeſt with me again:
You know no *Centaur*? you receiv'd no gold?
Your Miſtris ſent to have me home to dinner?
My houſe was at the *Phœnix*? Waſt thou mad,
That thus ſo madly thou didſt anſwer me?

S. Dro. What anſwer, ſir? when ſpake I ſuch a word?

E. Ant. Even now, even here, not half an hour ſince.

S. Dro. I did not ſee you ſince you ſent me hence
Home to the *Centaur*, with the gold you gave me.

Ant. Villain, thou did'ſt deny the golds Receit,
And told'ſt me of a Miſtris, and a dinner.
For which I hope thou felt'ſt I was diſpleas'd.

S. Dro. I am glad to ſee you in this merry vein:
What means this jeſt, I pray you, Maſter, tell me?

Ant. Yea, do'ſt thou jeer and flout me in the teeth?
Think'ſt thou I jeſt? hold, take thou that, and that. *Beats Dro.*

S. Dro. Hold, ſir, for God's ſake, now your jeſt is earneſt:
Upon what bargain do you give it me?

Ant. Becauſe that I familiarly ſometimes
Do uſe you for my fool, and chat with you,
Your ſawcineſs will jeſt upon my love,
And make a Common of my ſerious hours.
When the Sun ſhines let fooliſh gnats make ſport,
But creep in crannies when he hides his beams:
If you will jeſt with me, know my aſpect,
And faſhion your demeanor to my looks;
Or I will beat this method in your ſconce.

S. Dro. Sconce, call you it? ſo you would leave battering, I had rather have it a head: and you uſe theſe blows long, I muſt get a ſconce for my head, and inſconce it too, or elſe I ſhall ſeek my wit in my ſhoulders: but I pray, ſir, why am I beaten?

Ant. Doſt thou not know?

S. Dro. Nothing, ſir, but that I am beaten.

Ant. Shall I tell you why?

S. Dro. I, ſir, and wherefore; for they ſay, every why hath a wherefore.

Ant. Why, firſt for flouting me, and then wherefore, for urging it the ſecond time to me.

S. Dro. Was there ever any man thus beaten out of ſeaſon, when in the Why and the Wherefore is neithet Rime nor Reaſon. Well, ſir, I thank you.

Ant. Thank me, ſir, for what?

S. Dro. Marry, ſir, for this ſomething that you gave me for nothing.

Ant. I'le make you amends next, to give you nothing for ſomething. But ſay, ſir, is it dinner-time?

S. Dro. No, ſir: I think the Meat wants that I have.

Ant. In good time, ſir; what's that?

S. Dro. Baſting.

Ant. Well, ſir, then 'twill be dry.

S. Dro. If it be, ſir, I pray you eat not of it.

Ant. Your Reaſon?

S. Dro. Leſt it make you chollerick, and purchaſe me another dry baſting.

Ant. Well, ſir, learn to jeſt in good time: there's a time for all things.

S. Dro. I durſt have denied that before you were ſo chollerick.

Ant. By what Rule, ſir?

S. Dro. Marry. ſir, by a Rule as plain as the plain bald pate of Father *Time* himſelf.

Ant. Let's hear it.

S. Dro. There's no time for a man to recover his hair that grows bald by Nature.

Ant. May he not do it by fine and recovery?

S. Dro. Yes, to pay a fine for a Periwig, and recover the loſt bait of another man.

Ant. Why, is Time ſuch a niggard of hair, being (as it is) ſo plentiful an excrement?

S. Dro. Becauſe it is a bleſſing that he beſtows on beaſts; and what he hath ſcanted them in hair, he hath given them in wit.

Ant. Why, but there's many a man hath more hair than wit.

S. Dro. Not a man of thoſe but he hath the wit to loſe his hair.

Ant. Why, thou didſt conclude hairy men plain dealers without wit.

S. Dro. The plainer dealer, the ſooner loſt; yet he loſeth it in a kind of jollity.

Ant. For what Reaſon?

S Dro. For two, and ſound ones too.

Ant. Nay, not ſound ones I pray you.

S. Dro. Sure ones then.

An. Nay, not ſure in a thing falſing.

S. Dro. Certain ones then.

An. Name them.

S. Dro. The one to ſave the money that he ſpends in trying; the other, that at dinner they ſhould not drop in his porrage.

An. You would all this time have prov'd, there is no time for all things.

S. Dro. Marry, and did, ſir; namely, no time to recover hair loſt by nature.

An. But your Reaſon was not ſubſtantial, why there is no time to recover.

S. Dro. Thus I mend it: Time himſelf is bald, and therefore to the World's end, will have bald followers.

An. I knew 'twould be a bald concluſion: but ſoft, who wafts us yonder?

Enter Adriana *and* Luciana.

Adr. I, I, *Antipholis*, look ſtrange and frown;
Some other Miſtris hath ſome ſweet aſpects:
I am not *Adriana*, nor thy wife.
The time was once, when thou unurg'd would'ſt vow,
That never words were muſick to thine ear,
That never Object pleaſing in thine eye,
That never touch well welcome to thy hand,
That never meat ſweet-ſavour'd in thy taſte,
Unleſs I ſpake, or look'd, or touch'd, or carv'd to thee.
How comes it now (my husband), Oh how comes it,
That thou art then eſtranged from thy ſelf?
Thy ſelf, I call it, being ſtrange to me:
That undividable Incorporate
Am better than thy dear ſelf's better part.
Ah do not tear away thy ſelf from me;
For know my love: as eaſie maiſt thou fall
A drop of water in the breaking gulf,
And take unmingled thence that drop again
Without addition or diminiſhing,
As take from me thy ſelf, and not me too.
How dearly would it touch thee to the quick,
Should'ſt thou hear I were licentious?
And that this body conſecrate to thee,
By Ruffian Luſt ſhould be contaminate?
Would'ſt thou not ſpit at me, and ſpurn at me,
And hurl the name of husband in my face,
And tear the ſtain'd skin of my Harlot-brow,
And from my falſe hand cut the Wedding-Ring,
And break it with a deep-divorcing-vow?
I know thou canſt; and therefore ſee thou do it.
I am poſſeſt with an adulterate blot;
My blood is mingled with the crime of luſt:
For if we two be one, and thou play falſe,
I do digeſt the poyſon of my fleſh,
Being ſtrumpeted by thy catagion.
Keep then fair league, and truce with thy true bed:
I live diſtain'd, thou undiſhonoured.

Ant. Plead you to me, fair dame? I know you not:
In *Epheſus* I am but two hours old,
As ſtrange unto your town as to your talk,
Who every word by all my wit being ſcann'd,
Wants wit in all one word to underſtand.

Luc. Fie, brother, how the World is chang'd with you:
When were you wont to uſe my ſiſter thus?
She ſent for you by *Dromio* home to dinner.

Ant. By *Dromio*?

Dro. By me.

Adr. By thee; and thus thou didſt return from him,
That he did buffet thee, and in his blows,
Denied my houſe for his, me for his Wiſe.

Ant. Did you converſe, ſir, with this Gentlewoman:
What is the courſe and drift of your compact?

S. Dro. I, ſir? I never ſaw her till this time.

Ant. Villain, thou lieſt; for even her very words
Didſt thou deliver to me on the Mart.

S. Dro. I never ſpake with her in all my life.

Ant. How can ſhe thus then call us by our names,
Unleſs it be by inſpiration?

Adr. How ill agrees it with your gravity,
To counterfeit thus groſly with your ſlave,
Abetting him to thwart me in my mood?
By it my wrong, you are from me exempt,
But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.
Come, I will faſten on this ſleeve of thine:
Thou art an Elm, my husband, I a Vine:
Whoſe weakneſs married to thy ſtronger ſtate,
Makes me with thy ſtrength to communicate:
If ought poſſeſs thee from me, it is droſs,
Uſurping Ivy, Brier, or idle Moſs,
Who all for want of pruning, with intruſion,
Infect thy Sap, and live on thy confuſion.

Ant. To me ſhe ſpeaks; ſhe moves me for her theam:
What, was I married to her in my dream?
Or ſleep I now, and think I hear all this?
What error drives our eyes and ears amiſs?
Until I know this ſure uncertainty,
I'le entertain the free'd fallacy.

Luc. Dromio, Go bid the ſervants ſpread for dinner.

S. Dro. Oh for my beads, I croſs me for a ſinner.
This is the *Fairy* land: Oh ſpight of ſpights:
We talk with Goblins, Owls, and Elves Sprights:
If we obey them not, this will enſue,
They'l ſuck our breath, or pinch us black and blew.

Luc. Why prait'ſt thou to thy ſelf,
Dromio, thou *Dromio*, ſnail, thou ſlug, thou ſot?

S. Dro. I am transformed, Maſter, am I not?

Ant. I think thou art in mind, and ſo am I.

S. Dro. Nay, Maſter, both in mind and in my ſhape.

Ant. Thou haſt thine own form.

S. Dro. No: I am an Ape.

Luc. If thou art chang'd to ought, 'tis to an Aſs.

S. Dro. 'Tis true, ſhe rides me, and I long for graſs.
'Tis ſo: I am an Aſs: elſe it could never be:
But I ſhould know her as well as ſhe knows me.

Adr. Come, come, no longer will I be a fool,
To put the finger in the eye and weep,
Whil'ſt Man and Maſter laughs my woes to ſcorn:
Come, ſir, to dinner: *Dromio*, keep the gate:
Husband, I'le dine above with you to day,
And ſhrive you of a thouſand idle pranks:
Sirrah, if any ask you for your Maſter,
Say, he dines forth, and let no creature enter:
Come ſiſter: *Dromio*, play the Porter well.

Ant. Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell?
Sleeping, or waking, mad, or well adviſ'd:
Known unto theſe, and to my ſelf diſguis'd?
I'le ſay as they ſay, and perſevere ſo:
And in this miſt at all adventures go.

S. Dro. Maſter, ſhall I be Porter at the gate?

Adr. I, and let none enter, leſt I break your pate.

Luc. Come, come, *Antipholis*, we dine too late.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Antipholis *of* Epheſus, *his man* Dromio, Angelo, *the* Goldſmith, *and* Balthazar *the* Merchant.

E. Ant. Good ſignior *Angelo*, you muſt excuſe us all:

My Wife is ſhrewiſh when I keep not hours;
Say, that I linger'd with you at your Shop
To ſee the making of her Carkaner,
And that to morrow you will bring it home.
But here's a villain that would face me down,
He met me on the Mart, and that I beat him,
And charg'd him with a thouſand Marks in gold;
And that I did deny my Wife and Houſe:
Thou drunkard thou, what did'ſt thou mean by this?
E. Dro. Say what you will, ſir, but I know what I know,
That you beat me at the Mart, I have your hand to ſhow:
If the skin were parchment, & the blows you gave were ink,
Your hand-writing would tell you what I think.
E. Ant. I think thou art an aſs.
E. Dro. Marry, ſo it doth appear
By the wrongs I ſuffer, and the blows I bear:
I ſhould kick being kickt; and being at that paſs,
You would keep from my heels, and beware of an aſs.
E. An. Y'are ſad, Signior *Balthazar*: pray God our cheer
May anſwer my good will, and your good welcome here.
Bal. I hold your dainties cheap, ſir, & your welcome dear.
E. Ant. Ah ſignior *Balthazar*, either at fleſh or fiſh,
A table-full of welcome makes ſcarce one dainty diſh.
Bal. Good meat, ſir, is common, that every churl affords.
Ant. And welcome more common; for that's nothing but words.
Bal. Small cheer, and great welcome, makes a merry feaſt.
Ant. I, to a niggardly Hoſt, and more ſparing Gueſt:
But tho my cates be mean, take them in good part;
Better cheer may you have, but not with better heart.
But ſoft; my door is lockt; go bid them let us in.
E. Dro. Maud, *Briget*, *Marian*, *Ciſly*, *Gillian*, *Ginn*.
S. Dro. Mome, Malt-horſe, Capon, Coxcombe, Idiot Patch.
Either get thee from the door, or ſit down at the hatch:
Doſt thou conjure for wenches, that thou call'ſt for ſuch ſtore,
When one is one too many? go get thee from the door.
E. Dro. What patch is made our porter? my Maſter ſtays in the ſtreet.
S. Dro. Let him walk from whence he came, leſt he catch cold on's feet.
E. Ant. Who talks within there? hoa, open the door.
S. Dro. Right, ſir, I'le tell you when, and you'l tell me wherefore.
Ant. Wherefore? for my dinner? I have not din'd to day.
S. Dro. Nor to day here you muſt not: come again when you may.
Ant. What art thou that keep'ſt me out from the houſe I owe?
S. Dro. The Porter for this time, ſir, and my name is *Dromio*.
E. Dro. O Villain, thou haſt ſtol'n both mine Office and my Name.
The one ne're got me credit, the other mickle blame:
If thou had'ſt bid *Dromio* to day in my place,
Thou woul'ſt have chang'd thy face for a name, or thy name for an aſs.

Enter Luce.

Luc. What a coile is there, *Dromio*? who are thoſe at the gate?
E. Dro. Let my Maſter in, *Luce*.
Luc. Faith, no; he comes too late; and ſo tell your Maſter.
E. Dro. O Lord, I muſt laugh: have at you with a *Proverb*.
Shall I ſet in my ſtaff.
Luc. Have at you with another; that's when? can you tell?
S. Dro. If thy name be called *Luce*, *Luce*, thou haſt anſwer'd him well.
Ant. Do you hear, you Minion, you'l let us in, I hope?
Luc. I thought to have askt you.
S. Dro. And you ſaid, no.
E. Dro. So, come, help, well ſtruck; there was blow for blow.
Ant. Thou baggage, let me in.
Luc. Can you tell for whoſe ſake?
E. Dro. Maſter, knock the door hard.
Luc. Let him knock till it ake.
Ant. You'l cry for this, Minion, if I beat the door down.
Luc. What needs all that, and a pair of ſtocks in the Town?

Enter Adriana.

Adr. Who is that at the door that keeps all this noiſe?
S. Dro. By my troth, your Town is troubled with unruly boys.
Ant. Are you there, Wife? you might have come before.
Adr. Your Wife, ſir knave? go get you from the door.
E. Dro. If you went in pain, Maſter, this knave would go ſore.
Ang. Here is neither cheer, ſir, nor welcome; we would fain have either.
Baltz. In debating which was beſt, we ſhall part with neither.
E. Dro. They ſtand at the door, Maſter; bid them welcome hither.
Ant. There is ſomething in the wind, that we cannot get in.
E. Dro. You would ſay ſo, Maſter, if your garments were thin.
Your Cake here is warm within: you ſtand here in the cold.
It would make a man as mad as a Buck to be ſo bought and ſold.
Ant. Go fetch me ſomething, I'le break ope the gate.
S. Dro. Break, any breaking here, and I'le break your knaves pate.
E. Dro. A man may break a word with you, ſir, and words are but wind,
I, and break it in your face, ſo he break it not behinde.
S. Dro. It ſeems thou want'ſt breaking; Out upon thee, hinde.
E. Dro. Here's too much: Out upon thee; I pray thee let me in.
S. Dro. I, when fowls have no feathers, and fiſh have no fin.
Ant. Well, I'le break in: go borrow me a Crow.
E. Dro. A crow without feather, Maſter, mean you ſo?
For a fiſh without a fin, there's a fowl without a feather:
If a crow help us in, ſirrah, we'l pluck a crow together.
Ant. Go, get thee gone, fetch me an Iron Crow.
Balth. Have patience, ſir: Oh let it not be ſo;
Herein you war againſt your Reputation,
And draw within the compaſs of ſuſpect,
Th'unviolated honour of your Wife.
Once this your long experience of your wiſdom,
Her ſober vertue, years, and modeſty,
Plead on your part ſome cauſe to you unknown;
And doubt not, ſir, but ſhe will well excuſe
Why at this time the doors are made againſt you.
Be rul'd by me, depart in patience,
And let us to the Tyger all to dinner,
And about evening come your ſelf alone,
To know the Reaſon of this ſtrange reſtraint:
If by ſtrong hand you offer to break in
Now in the ſtirring paſſage of the day,
A vulgar comment will be made of it;
And that ſuppoſed by the common Rout,
Againſt your yet ungalled eſtimation.

That may with foul intruſion enter in,
And dwell upon your grave when you are dead;
For ſlander lives upon ſucceſſion;
For ever hous'd where it once gets poſſeſſion.
Ant. You have prevail'd; I will depart in quiet,
And in deſpight of mirth mean to be merry:
I know a wench of excellent diſcourſe,
Pretty and witty, wild, and yet too gentle;
There will we dine: this woman that I mean,
My Wife (but I proteſt without deſert)
Hath oftentimes upbraided me withal:
To her will we to dinner: get you home,
And fetch the chain; by this I know 'tis made;
Bring it, I pray you, to the *Porpentine*;
For there's the houſe: That chain I will beſtow
(Be it for nothing but to ſpight my Wife)
Upon my hoſteſs there: good ſir, make haſte:
Since mine own doors refuſe to entertain me,
I'le knock elwſehere, to ſee if they'l diſdain me.
Ang. I'le meet you at that place, ſome hour, ſir, hence.
Ant. Do ſo: this jeſt ſhall coſt me ſome expence.
Exeunt.

Enter Luciana, *with* Antipholis *of* Syracuſa.

Julia. And may it be, that you have quite forgot
A husband's Office? Shall *Antipholis*,
Even in the ſpring of Love, thy Love-ſprings rot?
Shall love in buildings grow ſo ruinate?
If you did wed my ſiſter for her wealth,
Then for her wealths-ſake uſe her with more kindneſs:
Or if you like elſewhere, do it by ſtealth,
Muffle your falſe love with ſome ſhew of blindneſs:
Let not my ſiſter read it in your eye:
Be not thy tongue thy own ſhames Orator:
Look ſweet, ſpeak fair; become diſloyalty:
Apparel Vice like Vertues harbinger:
Bear a fair preſence, tho your heart be tainted;
Teach ſin the carriage of a holy Saint;
Be ſecret falſe: what need ſhe be acquainted?
What ſimple thief brags of his own attain?
'Tis double wrong to truant with your bed,
And let her read it in thy looks at board:
Shame hath a baſtard-frame, well managed;
Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word:
Alas poor women, make us not believe
(Being compact of credit), that you love us:
Tho others have the arm, ſhew us the ſleeve:
We in your motion run; and you may move us.
Then gentle brother, get you in again;
Comfort my ſiſter, chear her, call her Wife:
'Tis holy ſport to be a little vain,
When the ſweet breath of flattery conquers ſtrife,
S. Ant. Sweet Miſtris: what your name is elſe, I know not;
Nor by what wander you do hit of mine:
Leſs in your knowledg, and your grace you ſhow not,
Than our earths wonder, more than earth, divine.
Teach me, dear creature, how to think and ſpeak:
Lay open to my earthy groſs conceit:
Smother'd in errors, feeble, ſhadow, weak,
The foulded meaning of your words deceit:
Againſt my ſouls pure truth, why labour you,
To make it wander in an unknown field?
Are you a god? would you create me new?
Transform me then, and to your power I'le yeild.
But if that I am I; then well I know,
Your weeping ſiſter is no Wife of mine,
Nor to her bed a homage do I owe:
Far more, far more to you do I decline:
Oh train me not, ſweet Mermaid with thy note,
To drown me in thy ſiſters flood of tears:
Sing *Siren* for thy ſelf, and I will dote:
Spread o're the ſilver waves thy golden hairs,
And as a bed I'le take thee, and there lie:
And in that glorious ſuppoſition think,
He gains by death that hath ſuch means to die:
Let Love, being light, be drowned if ſhe ſink.
Luc. What, are you mad, that you do reaſon ſo?
Ant. Not mad, but mated, how, I do not know.
Luc. It is a fault that ſpringeth from your eye.
Ant. For gazing on your beams, fair Sun being by.
Luc. Gaze when you ſhould, and that will clear your ſight.
Ant. As good to wink, ſweet love, as look on night.
Luc. Why call you me, love? call my ſiſter ſo.
Ant. Thy ſiſters ſiſter.
Luc. That's my ſiſter.
Ant. No: it is my ſelf, mine own ſelfs better part:
Mine eyes clear eye, my dear hearts dearer heart,
My food, my fortune, and my ſweet hopes aim,
My ſole earths heaven, and my heavens claim.
Luc. All this my ſiſter is, or elſe ſhould be.
Ant. Call thy ſelf, ſiſter ſweet; for I am thee:
Thee will I love, and with thee lead my life:
Thou haſt no husband yet, nor I no wife:
Give me thy hand.
Luc. Oh ſoft ſir, hold you ſtill:
I'le fetch my ſiſter, to get her good will.

Enter Dromio, Siracuſa.

Ant. Why how now, *Dromie*, where runn'ſt thou ſo faſt?

S. Dro. Do you know me, ſir? Am I *Dromia*? Am I your man? Am I my ſelf?

Ant. Thou art *Dromio*, thou art my man, thou art thy ſelf.

Dro. I am an aſs, I am a womans man, and beſides my ſelf.

Ant. What womans man? and how beſides thy ſelf?

Dro. Marry ſir, beſides my ſelf, I am due to a woman. One that claims me, one that haunts me, one that will have me.

Ant. What claim lays ſhe to thee?

Dro. Marry ſir, ſuch claim as you would lay to your horſe; and ſhe would have me as a beaſt; not that I being a beaſt, ſhe would have me, but that ſhe being a very beaſtly creature, lays claim to me.

Ant. What is ſhe?

Dro. A very reverent body: I, ſuch a one as a man may not ſpeak of, without he ſay, ſir reverence: I have but lean luck in the match; and yet is ſhe a wondrous fat marriage.

Ant. How doſt thou mean, a fat marriage?

Dro. Marry ſir, ſhe's the Kitchin-wench, and all greaſe, and I know not what uſe to put her to, but to make a Lamp of her, and run from her by her own light. I warrant, her Rags, and the Tallow in them, will burn a *Poland* Winter: if ſhe lives till doomſday, ſhe'l burn a week longer than the whole World.

Ant. What complexion is ſhe of?

Dro. Swart, like my ſhooe, but her face nothing like ſo clean kept: for why? ſhe ſweats, a man may go overſhooes in the grime of it.

Ant. That's a fault that water will mend.

Dro. No, ſir, 'tis in grain; *Noah*'s flood could not do it.

Ant. What's her name?

Dro. *Nell*, ſir: but her name is three quarters; that's an Ell and three quarters will not meaſure her from hip to hip.

Ant. Then ſhe bears ſome breadth?

Dro. No longer from head to foot, than from hip to hip: ſhe is ſpherical, like a globe: I could find out Countries in her.

Ant. In what part of her body ſtands *Ireland*?

Dro. Marry ſir, in her buttocks; I found it out by the bogs.

Ant. Where *Scotland*?

Dro. I found it by the barrenneſs, hard in the palm of the hand.

Ant. Where *France*?

Dro. In her forehead, arm'd, and reverted, making war againſt her hair.

Ant. Where *England*?

Dro. I look'd for the chalky Cliffs, but I could find no whiteneſs in them: But I gueſs, it ſtood in her chin, by the ſalt Rheume that ran between *France* and it.

Ant. Where *Spain*?

Dro. Faith, I ſaw it not; but I felt it hot in her breath.

Ant. Where *America*, the *Indies*?

Bro. Oh ſir, upon her noſe, all o're embelliſhed with Rubies, Carbuncles, Saphires, declining their rich aſpect to the hot breath of *Spain*, who ſent whole Armadoes of Carracts to be ballaſt at her noſe.

Ant. Where ſtood *Belgia*, the *Netherlands*?

Dro. Oh ſir, I did not look ſo low. To conclude, this drudg, or Diviner, laid claim to me, call'd me *Dromio*, ſwore I was aſſur'd to her, told me what privy marks I had about me, as the marks on my ſhoulder, the Mole in my neck, the great Wart on my left arm, that I, amaz'd, ran from her, as a Witch. And I think, if my breaſt had not been made of faith, and my heart of ſteel, ſhe had transform'd me to a Curtal dog, and made me turn i' th' wheel.

Ant. Go hie thee preſently; poſt to the Road;
And if the wind blow any way from ſhore,
I will not harbour in this Town to night.
If any Bark put forth, come to the Mart;
Where I will walk till thou return to me:
If every one knows us, and we know none,
'Tis time I think to trudg, pack and be gone.

Dro. As from a Bear a man would run for life,
So fly I from her that would be my Wife. *Exit.*

Ant. There's none but Witches do inhabit here;
And therefore 'tis high time that I were hence:
She that doth call me husband, even my ſoul
Doth for a wife abhor: But her fair ſiſter,
Poſſeſt with ſuch a gentle ſoveraign grace,
Of ſuch inchanting preſence and diſcourſe,
Hath almoſt made me Traitor to my ſelf:
But leaſt my ſelf be guilty to ſelf-wrong,
I'le ſtop mine ears againſt the Mermaids ſong.

Enter Angelo *with the Chain.*

Ang. M. *Antipholis*:

Ant. I, that's my name.

Ang. I know it well ſir, lo, here's the Chain:
I thought to have tane you at the *Porpentine*:
The Chain unfiniſht made me ſtay thus long.

Ant. What is your will that I ſhall do with this?

Ant. What pleaſe your ſelf, ſir: I have made it for you.

Ant. Make it for me, ſir! I beſpoke it not.

Ang. Not once, not twice, but twenty times you have:
Go home with it, and pleaſe your Wife withal;
And ſoon at ſupper-time I'le viſit you,
And then receive my money for the Chain.

Ant. I pray you, ſir, receive the money now,
For fear you ne're ſee Chain, nor money more.

Ang. You are a merry man, ſir: fare you well. *Exit.*

Ant. What I ſhould think of this, I cannot tell:
But this I think, there's no man is ſo vain,
That would refuſe ſo fair an offer'd Chain.
I ſee a man here needs not live by ſhifts,
When in the ſtreets he meets ſuch golden gifts;
I'le to the Mart, and there for *Dromio* ſtay:
If any Ship put out, then ſtrait away. *Exit.*

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter a Merchant, Goldſmith, *and an* Officer.

Mer. You know ſince *Pentecoſt* the ſum is due;
And ſince I have not much importun'd you;
Nor now I had not, but that I am bound
To *Perſia*, and want Gilders for my Voyage:
Therefore make preſent ſatisfaction;
Or I'le attach you by this Officer.

Gold. Even juſt the ſum that I do owe to you,
Is growing to me by *Antipholis*;
And in the inſtant that I met with you,
He had of me a Chain: at five a clock
I ſhall receive the money for the ſame:
Pleaſeth you walk with me down to his houſe,
I will diſcharge my bond, and thank you too.

Enter Antipholis Epheſ. Dromio *from the Courtezans.*

Offi. That labour you may ſave: See where he comes

Ant. While I go to the *Goldſmith*'s houſe, go thou
And buy a Ropes end; that will I beſtow
Among my Wife, and their Confederates,
For locking me out of my doors by day:
But ſoft: I ſee the *Goldſmith*: get thee gone;
Buy thou a Rope, and bring it home to me.

Dro. I buy a thouſand pound a year; I buy a Rope.
Exit Dromio.

Eph. Ant. A man is well hope up that truſts to you:
I promiſed your preſence, and the Chain;
But neither Chain nor *Goldſmith* came to me:
Belike you thought our love would laſt too long
If it were chain'd together: and therefore came not.

Gold. Saving your merry humour, here's the Note,
How much your Chain weighs to the utmoſt Raccat;
The fineneſs of the Gold, and chargeful faſhion;
Which doth amount to three odd Duckets more
Than I ſtand debted to this Gentleman:
I pray you ſee him preſently diſcharg'd;
For he is bound to Sea, and ſtays but for it.

Ant. I am not furniſh'd with the preſent money:
Beſides, I have ſome buſineſs in the Town;
Good Signior take the ſtranger to my houſe,
And with you take the Chain, and bid my Wife
Diſburſe the ſum on the receipt thereof:
Perchance I will be there as ſoon as you.

Gold. Then you will bring the Chain to her your ſelf.

Ant. No: bear it with you, leſt I come not time enough.

Gold. Well ſir, I will: Have you the Chain about you?

Ant. And if I have not, ſir, I hope you have:
Or elſe you may return without your money.

Gold. Nay, come, I pray you, ſir, give me the Chain:
Both Wind and Tide ſtays for the Gentleman;
And I too blame have held him here too long.

Ant. Good Lord, you uſe this dalliance to excuſe
Your breach of promiſe to the *Porpentine*:
I ſhould have chid you for not bringing it;
But like a ſhrew, you firſt begin to brawl.

Mer. The hour ſteals on; I pray you, ſir, diſpatch.

Gold. You hear how he importunes me the Chain:

Ant. Why, give it to my Wife, and fetch your money.

Gold. Come, come, you know I gave it you even now.
Either ſend the Chain, or ſend me by ſome token.

Ant. Fie, now you run this humour out of breath:
Come, where's the Chain? I pray you let me ſee it.

Mer. My buſineſs cannot brook this dalliance:
Good ſir, ſay, whe'r you'l anſwer me, or no:
If not, I'le leave him to the Officer.
Ant. I anſwer you? Why ſhould I anſwer you?
Gold. The money that you owe me for the Chain.
Ant. I owe you none till I receive the Chain.
Gold. You know I gave it you half an hour ſince.
Ant. You gave me none: you wrong me much to ſay ſo.
Gold. You wrong me, ſir, in denying it:
Conſider how it ſtands upon my credit.
Mer. Well, Officer, arreſt him at my ſuit.
Offi. I do; and charge you in the Duke's Name to obey me.
Gold. This touches me in Reputation.
Either conſent to pay the ſum for me;
Or I attach you by this Officer.
Ant. Conſent to pay that I never had:
Arreſt me, fooliſh fellow, if thou dar'ſt.
Gold. Here is thy fee; arreſt him, Officer.
I would not ſpare my brother in this caſe,
If he ſhould ſcorn me ſo apparently.
Offi. I do arreſt you, ſir; you hear the ſuit.
Ant. I do obey thee till I give thee bail.
But ſirrah, you ſhall buy this ſport as dear
As all the metal in your ſhop will anſwer.
Gold. Sir, ſir, I ſhall have Law in *Epheſus*,
To your notorious ſhame, I doubt it not.

Enter Dromio Sira. *from the* Bay.

Dro. Maſter, there's a Bark of *Epidamium*,
That ſtays but till her Owner comes aboard;
Then, ſir, ſhe bears away. Our fraughtage, ſir,
I have convey'd aboard; and I have brought
The *Oyl*, the *Balſamum*, and *Aqua-vitæ*.
The Ship is in her trim; the merry wind
Blows fair from land: they ſtay for nought at all,
But for their Owner, Maſter, and your ſelf.
Ant. How now! a mad man! Why, thou peeviſh ſheep,
What Ship of *Epidamium* ſtays for me?
S. Dro. A Ship you ſent me to, to hire waftage.
Ant. Thou drunken ſlave, I ſent thee for a Rope;
And told thee to what purpoſe and what end.
S. Dro. You ſent me for a Ropes end as ſoon:
You ſent me to the *Bay*, ſir, for a Bark.
Ant. I will debate this matter at more leiſure,
And teach your ears to liſt me with more heed:
To *Adriana*, Villain, hie thee ſtrait:
Give her this key, and tell her in the Desk
That's cover'd o're with *Turkiſh* Tapiſtry,
There is a purſe of Duckets; let her ſend it:
Tell her, I am arreſted in the ſtreet;
And that ſhall bail me: hie thee ſlave; be gone:
On Officer to priſon till it come. *Exeunt.*
S. Dro. To *Adriana*, that is where we din'd;
Where *Dowſabel* did claim me for her husband:
She is too big, I hope, for me to compaſs:
Thither I muſt, altho againſt my will:
For Servants muſt their Maſters minds fulfil. *Exit.*

Enter Adriana *and* Luciana.

Adr. Ah *Luciana*, did he tempt thee ſo?
Might'ſt thou perceive auſterely in his eye,
That he did plead in earneſt, yea or no?
Look'd he or red or pale, or ſad or merrily?
What Obſervation mad'ſt thou in this caſe,
Of his heart's Meteors tilting in his face?
Luc. Firſt he denied you had in him no right.
Adr. He meant he did me none; the more my ſpight.
Luc. Then ſwore he, that he was a ſtranger here.
Adr. And true he ſwore, though yet forſworn he were.
Luc. Then pleaded I for you.
Adr. And what ſaid he?
Luc. That love I begg'd for you, he begg'd of me.
Adr. With what perſwaſion did he tempt thy love?
Luc. With words that in an honeſt ſuit might move:
Firſt, he did praiſe my beauty, then my ſpeech.
Adr. Did'ſt ſpeak him fair?
Luc. Have patience I beſeech.
Adr. I cannot, nor I will not hold me ſtill:
My tongue, tho not my heart, ſhall have his will.
He is deformed, crooked, old and ſere,
Ill-fac'd, worſe bodied, ſhapeleſs every where:
Vicious, ungentle, fooliſh, blunt, unkind,
Stigmatical in making, worſe the mind.
Luc. VVho would be jealous then of ſuch a one?
No evil loſt is wail'd when it is gone.
Adr. Ah! but I think him better than I ſay:
And yet would herein others eyes were worſe:
Far from her neſt the Lapwing cries away:
My heart prays for him, tho my tongue do curſe.

Enter S. Dromio.

Dro. Here: go: the desk, the purſe: ſweet now make haſte.
Luc. How haſt thou loſt thy breath?
S. Dro. By running faſt.
Adr. VVhere is thy Maſter, *Dromio*? Is he well?
S. Dro. No: he's in *Tartar limbo*; worſe than hell:
A devil in an everlaſting garment hath him;
One whoſe hard heart is button'd up with ſteel:
A Fiend, a Fairy, pitileſs and ruff:
A Wolf; nay, worſe, a fellow all in Buff;
A back-friend, a ſhoulder-clapper, one that countermands
The paſſages of allies, creeks, and narrow lands:
A hound that runs counter, and yet draws drifoot well;
One that before the Judgment carries poor ſouls to hell.
Adr. VVhy man, what is the matter?
S. Dro. I do not know the matter: he is reſted on the caſe.
Adr. VVhat, is he arreſted? tell me at whoſe ſuit?
S. Dro. I know not at whoſe ſuit he is arreſted: well:
but he's in a ſuit of buff which reſted him; that I can tell:
VVill you ſend him Miſtris Redemption, the money in his desk?
Adr. Go fetch it, ſiſter: this I wonder at.
Exit Luciana.
That he unknown to me ſhould be in debt:
Tell me, was he arreſted on a band?
S. Dro. Not on a band, but on a ſtronger thing;
A chain, a chain: do you not hear it ring?
Adr. VVhat, the chain?
S. Dro. No, the bell: 'tis time that I were gone:
It was Two e're I left him, and now the clock ſtrikes One.
Adr. The hour's come back! that did I never hear.
S. Dro. Oh yes; if any hour meet a Sergeant, a turns back for very fear.
Adr. As if *Time* were in debt: how fondly do'ſt thou reaſon?
S. Dro. *Time* is a very bankrout, and owes more than he's worth to ſeaſon.
Nay, he's a thief too: have you not heard men ſay,
That time comes ſtealing on by night and day?
If I be in debt and theft, and a Sergeant in the way,
Hath he not Reaſon to turn back an hour in a day?

Enter Luciana.

Luc. Go, *Dromio*; there's the money; bear it ſtraight,
And bring thy Maſter home immediately.
Come ſiſter, I am preſt down with conceit:
Conceit, my comfort and my injury.
Exit.

Enter Antipholis Siracuſian.

An. S. There's not a man I meet but doth ſalute me,
As if I were their well acquainted friend,
And every one doth call me by my name:
Some tender money to me, ſome invite me;
Some other give me thanks for kindneſſes;
Some offer me Commodities to buy.
Even now a tailor call'd me in his ſhop,
And ſhow'd me Silks that he had bought for me,
And therewithal took meaſure of my body.
Sure theſe are but imaginary wiles,
And Lapland Sorcerers inhabit here.

Enter Dromio, Sira.

S. Dro. Maſter, here's the gold you ſent me for: what have you got the picture of old *Adam* new apparel'd?

Ant. What gold is this? What *Adam* do'ſt thou mean?

S. Dro. Not that *Adam* that kept the Paradiſe: but that *Adam* that keeps the priſon; he that goes in the calves-skin, that was kil'd for the Prodigal: he that came behinde you ſir, like an evil Angel, and bid you forſake your liberty.

An. I underſtand thee not.

S. Dro. No? why tis a plain caſe: he that went like a Baſe Viol in a caſe of leather; the man ſir, that when Gentlemen are tired gives them a ſob, and reſts them: he ſir that takes pity on decayed men, and gives them ſuits of durance: he that ſets up his reſt to do more exploits with his Mace, than a Moris Pike.

Ant. What! thou mean'ſt an officer?

S. Dro. I ſir, the Serjeant of the Band: he that brings any man to anſwer it that breaks his Band; one that thinks a man alwayes going to bed, and ſaith, God give you good reſt.

Ant. Well ſir, there reſt in your foolery.
Is there any Ship puts forth to night? may we be gone?

S. Dro. Why ſir, I brought you word an hour ſince that the Bark *Expedition* put forth to night, and then, were you hindred by the Serjeant to tarry for the *Hoy Delay*, Here are the Angels that you ſent for to deliver you.

Ant. The fellow is diſtract, and ſo am I,
And here we wander in Illuſions:
Some bleſſed power deliver us from hence.

Enter a Curtizan.

Cur. Well met, well met, Maſter *Antipholis.*
I ſee ſir, you have found the Goldſmith now:
Is that the Chain you promis'd me to day?

Ant. Sathan avoid, I charge thee tempt me not.

S. Dro. Maſter, is this Miſtris *Sathan*?

Ant. It is the devil.

S. Dro. Nay, ſhe is worſe, ſhe is the devils dam: And here ſhe comes in the habit of a light wench, and thereof comes that the wenches ſay God dam me, That's as much to ſay, God make me a light wench. It is written they appear to men like angels of light, light is an effect of fire, and fire will burn: *ergo*, light wenches will burn, come not near her.

Cur. Your man and you are marvellous merry ſir.
Will you go with me, wee'll mend our dinner here?

S. Dro. Maſter, if you do, expect ſpoon-meat, or beſpeak a long ſpoon.

Ant. Why *Dromio?*

S. Dromio. Marry he muſt have a long ſpoon that muſt eat with the devil.

Ant. Avoid thou fiend, what tel'ſt thou me of ſupping?
Thou art, (as you are all) a ſorcereſſe?
I conjure thee to leave me, and be gone.

Cur. Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner,
Or for my Diamond the chain you promis'd,
And Ile be gone ſir, and not trouble you.

S. Dro. Some devils ask but the parings of ones nail, a ruſh, a hair, a drop of blood, a pin, a nut, a cherry-ſtone: but ſhe more covetous, would have a chain. Maſter be wiſe, and if you give it her, the devil will ſhake her Chain, and fright us with it.

Cur. I pray you ſir, my Ring, or elſe the Chain,
I hope you do not mean to cheat me ſo?

Ant. Avant thou witch: Come *Dromio* let us go:

S. Dro. Flie pride, ſays the Peacok, Miſtris that you know. *Exeunt.*

Cur. Now out of doubt *Antipholis* is mad,
Elſe would he never ſo demean himſelf,
A Ring he hath of mine worth forty Duckets,
And for the ſame he promis'd me a Chain,
Both one and other he denies me now:
The reaſon that I gather he is mad,
(Beſides this preſent inſtance of his rage,)
Is a mad tale he told to day at dinner,
Of his own doors being ſhut againſt his entrance;
Belike his wife acquainted with his fits,
On purpoſe ſhut the doors againſt his way.
My way is now to hie home to his houſe,
And tell his wife that being Lunatick,
He ruſh'd into my houſe, and took perforce
My Ring away. This courſe I fitteſt chooſe,
For forty Duckets is too much to loſe,

Enter Antipholis Epheſ. with a Jaylor.

An. Fear me not man, I will not break away,
Ile give thee ere I leave thee ſo much money,
To warrant thee as I am reſted for.
My wife is in a wayward mood to day,
And will not lightly truſt the meſſenger;
That I ſhould be attach'd in *Epheſus*,
I tell you 'twill ſound harſhly in her ears.

Enter Dromio Eph. *with a ropes end.*

Here comes my Man, I think he brings the money.
How now ſir? Have you that I ſent you for?

E. Dro. Here's that I warrant you will pay them all.

Anti. But where's the Money?

E. Dro. Why ſir, I gave the Money for the Rope.

Ant. Five hundred Duckets villain for a rope?

E. Dro. Ile ſerve you ſir, five hundred at the rate.

Ant. To what end did I bid thee hie thee home?

E. Dro. To a ropes end ſir, and to that end am I return'd.

Ant. And to that end ſir, I will welcome you.

Offi. Good ſir be patient.

E. Dro. Nay 'tis for me to be patient, I am in adverſity.

Offi. Good now hold thy tongue.

E. Dro. Nay, rather perſwade him to hold his hands.

Anti. Thou whorſon ſenſles Villain.

E. Dro. I would I were ſenſleſs ſir, that I might not feel your blows.

Anti. Thou art ſenſible in nothing but blows, and ſo is an Aſſe.

E. Dro. I am an Aſſe indeed, you may prove it by my long ears. I have ſerved him from the hour of my Nativity to this inſtant, and have nothing at his hands for my ſervice but blows. When I am cold, he heats me with beating; when I am warm, he cools me with beating: I am wak'd with it when I ſleep, rais'd with it when I ſit, driven out of doors with it when I go from home, welcom'd home with it when I return; nay I bear it on my ſhoulders, as a begger woont her brat, and I think when he hath lam'd me, I ſhall beg with it from door to door.

Enter Adriana, Luciana, Courtizan, and a Schoolmaſter, called Pinch.

Ant. Come go along, my wife is coming yonder.

E. Dro. Miſtris *reſpice finem*, reſpect your end, or rather thr propheſie like the Parrot, beware the ropes end.

Anti. Wilt thou ſtill talk? *Beats Dro.*

Cur. How ſay you now? Is not your husband mad?

Adri. His incivility confirms no leſſe:
Good Doctor *Pinch*, you are a Conjurer.

Eſtabliſh him in his true ſence again,
And I will pleaſe you what you will demand.
Luc. Alas how fiery and how ſharp he looks,
Cur. Mark, how he trembles in his extaſie.
Pinch. Give me your hand, and let me feel your pulſe.
Ant. There is my hand, and let it feel your ear.
Pinch. I charge thee Satan, hous'd within this man
To yeeld poſſeſſion to my holy prayers,
And to thy ſtate of darkneſs hie thee ſtraight,
I conjure thee by all the Saints in Heaven.
Ant. Peace doting wizard, peace; I am not mad.
Adr. Oh that thou wer't not, poor diſtreſſed ſoul.
Ant. You minion you, are theſe your Cuſtomers?
Did this companion with the ſaffron face
Revel and feaſt it at my houſe to day,
Whil'ſt upon me the guiltie doors were ſhut,
And I denied to enter in my houſe.
Adr. O husband, God doth know you din'd at home,
Where would you had remaind until this time,
Free from theſe ſlanders, and this open ſhame.
Ant. Din'd at home? Thou Villain, what ſayeſt thou?
Dro. Sir ſooth to ſay, you did not dine at home.
Ant. Were not my doors lockt up, and I ſhut out?
Dro. Perdie, your doors were lockt, and and you ſhut out.
Anti. And did not ſhe her ſelf revile me there?
Dro. Sans Fable, ſhe her ſelf revil'd you there.
Ant. Did not her Kitchen-maid rail, taunt, and ſcorn me?
Dro. Certis ſhe did, the Kitchen veſtal ſcorn'd you:
Ant. And did not I in rage depart from thence?
Dro. In veritie you did, my bones bear witneſs,
That ſince have felt the vigor of his rage.
Adr. It's good to ſmooth him in theſe contraries?
Pinch. It is no ſhame, the fellow finds his vain,
And yeelding to him, humors well his frenſie.
Ant. Thou haſt ſuborn'd the Goldſmith to arreſt me.
Adr. Alas, I ſent you Money to redeem you,
By *Dromio* here, who came in haſt for it.
Dro. Money by me? Heart and good will you might,
But ſurely Maſter not a rag of Money.
Ant. Wentſt not thou to her for a purſe of Duckets?
Adri. He came to me, and I deliver'd it.
Luci. And I am witneſs with her that ſhe did.
Dro. God and the Rope-maker bear me witneſs,
That I was ſent for nothing but a rope.
Pinch. Miſtris, both man and Maſter is poſſeſt,
I know it by their pale and deadly looks.
They muſt be bound and laid in ſome dark room.
Ant. Say wherefore didſt thou lock me forth to day,
And why doſt thou deny the bag of gold?
Adr. I did not gentle husband lock thee forth.
Dro. And gentle M. I receiv'd no gold:
But I confeſs ſir, that we were lock'd out.
Adr. Diſſembling Villain, thou ſpeak'ſt falſe in both.
Ant. Diſſembling harlot, thou art falſe in all,
And art confederate with a damned pack,
To make a loathſome abject ſcorn of me:
But with theſe nails I'le pluck out theſe falſe eyes,
That would behold in me this ſhameful ſport.
Enter three or four, and offer to bind him:
He ſtrives.
Adr. Oh bind him, bind him, let him not come near me.
Pinch. More company, the fiend is ſtrong within him.
Luc. Aye me poor man, how pale and wan he looks.
Ant. What, will you murther me, thon Jaylor thou?
I am thy priſoner, wilt thou ſuffer them to make a reſcue?
Offi. Maſters let him go: he is my priſoner, and you ſhall not have him.
Pinch. Go bind this man, for he is frantick too.
Adr. What wilt thou do, thou peeviſh Officer?
Haſt thou delight to ſee a wretched man
Do outrage and diſpleaſure to himſelf?
Offi. He is my priſoner, if I let him go,
The debt he owes will be requir'd of me.
Adr. I will diſcharge thee ere I go from thee,
Bear me forthwith unto his Creditor,
And knowing how the debt grows I will pay it.
Good Maſter Doctor ſee him ſafe convey'd
Home to my houſe, oh moſt unhappy day.
Ant. Oh moſt unhappy ſtrumpet.
Dro. Maſter, I am here entred in bond for you.
Ant. Out on the Villain, wherefore doſt thou mad me?
Dro. Will you be bound for nothing? be mad, good maſter, cry the devil.
Luc. God help poor ſouls, how idlely do they talk!
Adr. Go bear him hence, ſiſter go you with me:
Say now, whoſe ſuit is he arreſted at?
Exeunt. Manet Offic. Adri. Luci Courtizan.
Off. One *Angelo* a Goldſmith, do you know him?
Adr. I know the man: what is the ſum he owes?
Off. Two hundred Duckets.
Adr Say, how grows it due?
Off. Due for a Chain your husband had of him.
Adr. He did beſpeak a Chain for me, but had it not.
Cour. When as your husband all in rage to day.
Came to my houſe, and took away my Ring,
The Ring I ſaw upon his finger now,
Straight after did I meet him with a Chain,
Adr. It may be ſo, but I did never ſee it.
Come Jaylor, bring me where the Goldſmith is,
I long to know the truth hereof at large.
Enter Antipholis Siracuſian with his Rapier drawn,
and Dromio Sirac.
Luc. God for thy mercy, they are looſe again.
Adr. And come with naked ſwords,
Let's call more help to have them bound again.
Run all out.
Off. Away, they'l kill us.
Exeunt omnes, as faſt as may be, frighted.
S. Ant. I ſee theſe Witches are affraid of ſwords.
S. Dro. She that would be your wife, now ran from you.
Ant. Come to the Centaur, fetch our ſtuff from thence:
I long that we were ſafe and ſound aboard.

Dro. Faith ſtay here this night, they will ſurely do us no harm: you ſaw they ſpake us fair, give us gold, me thinks they are ſuch a gentle Nation, that but for the Mountain of mad fleſh that claims marriage of me, I could find in my heart to ſtay here ſtill, and turn Witch.

Ant. I will not ſtay to night for all the Town,
Therefore away, to get our ſtuff aboard. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scæna Prima.

Enter the Merchant and the Goldſmith

Gold. I am ſorry Sir that I have hindred you,
But I proteſt he had the Chain of me,
Though moſt diſhoneſtly he did deny it.
Mer. How is the man eſteem'd here in the Citie?
Gold Of very reverent reputation ſir,
Of credit infinite, highly belov'd.
Second to none that lives here in the Citie:
His word might bear my wealth at any time.
Mer. Speak ſoftly, yonder as I think he walks.
Enter Antipholis and Dromio again.
Gold. 'Tis ſo: and that ſelf-chain about his neck,
Which he forſwore (moſt monſtrouſly) to have.
Good ſir draw near to me, I'le ſpeak to him:
Signior *Antipholis*, wonder much
That you would put me to this ſhame and trouble,

And not without ſome ſcandal to your ſelf,
With circumſtance and oaths, ſo to deny
This chain, which now you wear ſo openly,
Beſide the charge, the ſhame, impriſonment,
You have done wrong to this my honeſt friend,
Who but for ſtaying on our Controverſie,
Had hoiſted ſail, and put to ſea to day:
This chain you had of me, can you deny it?
Ant. I think I had, I never did deny it.
Mer. Yes that you did ſir, and forſwore it too.
Ant. Who heard me to deny it or forſwear it?
Mer. Theſe ears of mine thou knowſt did hear thee:
Fie on thee wretch, 'tis pity that thou liv'ſt
To walk where any honeſt men reſort.
Ant. Thou art a Villain to impeach me thus,
Ile prove mine honour, and my honeſty
Againſt thee preſently, if thou dar'ſt ſtand:
Mer. I dare and do defie thee for a villain.
They draw. Enter Adriana, Luciana, Courtezan, and others.
Adr. Hold, hurt him not for Gods ſake, he is mad,
Some get within him, take his ſword away:
Binde *Dromio* too, and bear them to my houſe.
S. Dro. Run maſter run, for Gods ſake take a houſe,
This is ſome Priory, in, or we are ſpoil'd.
Exeunt to the Priory.
Enter Lady Abbeſſe.
Abb. Be quiet people; wherefore throng you hither?
Adr. Fetch my poor diſtracted husband hence;
Let us come in, that we may bind him faſt,
And bear him home for his recovery.
Gold. I knew he was not in his perfect wits.
Mer. I am ſorry now that I did draw on him.
Abb. How long hath this poſſeſſion held the man?
Adr. This week he hath been heavy, ſower, ſad,
And much different from the man he was:
But till this afternoon his paſſion
Ne're brake into extremity of rage.
Ab. Hath he not loſt much wealth by wrack at Sea,
Buried ſome dear friend, hath not elſe his eye
Stray'd his affection in unlawful love,
A ſin prevailing much in youthful men,
Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing.
Which of theſe ſorrows is he ſubject to?
Adr. To none of theſe except it be the laſt;
Namely, ſome love that drew him oft from home.
Ab. You ſhould for that have reprehended him.
Ad. Why ſo I did.
Ab. I, but not rough enough.
Ad. As roughly as my modeſty would let me.
Ab. Haply in private.
Ad. And in aſſemblies too.
Ab. I but not enough.
Ad. It was the copy of our conference.
In bed he ſlept not for my urging it,
At board he fed not for my urging it:
Alone, it was the ſubject of my Theam:
In company I often glanced it:
Still did I tell him, it was vild and bad.
Ab. And thereof came it that the man was mad.
The venomous clamours of a jealous woman,
Poyſons more deadly than a mad dogs tooth.
It ſeems his ſleeps were hindred by thy railing,
And thereof comes it that his head is light.
Thou ſai'ſt his meat was ſawc'd with thy upbraidings,
Unquiet meals makes ill digeſtions,
Thereof the raging fire of feaver bred,
And what's a Feaver but a fit of Madneſs?
Thou ſay'ſt his ſports were hindred by thy brawls,
Sweet recreation barr'd what doth enſue,
But muddy and dull melancholly, musing or moping
Kinſman to grim and comfortleſs deſpair,
And at her heels a huge infectious troop
Of pale diſtemperatures, and foes to life,
In food, in ſport, and life-preſerving reſt
To be diſturb'd, would mad or man or beaſt:
The conſequence is then, thy jealous fits
Have ſcar'd thy Husband from the uſe of wits.
Luc. She never reprehended him but mildly,
When he demean'd himſelf rough, rude and wildly.
Why hear you thoſe rebukes, and anſwer not?
Ad. She did betray me to my own reproof,
Good peeople enter and lay hold on him.
Ab. No, not a creature enters in my houſe.
Ad. Then let your ſervants bring my husband forth.
Ab. Neither: he took this place for ſanctuary,
And it ſhall priviledge him from your hands,
Till I have brought him to his wits again,
Or loſe my labour in aſſaying it.
Ad. I will attend my Husband, be his Nurſe,
Diet his ſickneſs, for it is my Office,
And will have no Attorney but my ſelf,
And therefore let me have him home with me.
Ab. Be patient, for I will not let him ſtir,
Till I have us'd the approved means I have,
With wholſome Sirrups, Drugs, and holy Prayers
To make of him a formal man again:
It is a branch and parcel of mine oath,
A charitable duty of my order,
Therefore depart and leave him here with me.
Ad. I will not hence, and leave my Husband here:
And ill it doth beſeem your holineſs
To ſeparate the Husband and the Wife.
Ab. Be quiet and depart, thou ſhalt not have him.
Luc. Complain unto the Duke of this indignity.
Ad. Come go, I will fall proſtrate at his feet,
And never riſe until my tears and prayers
Have won his Grace to come in perſon hither,
And take perforce my husband from the Abbeſſe. *Exeunt.*
Enter Merchant and Goldſmith.
Mer. By this I think the Dial points at five:
Anon I'me ſure the Duke himſelf in perſon
Comes this way to the Melancholly vale;
The place of death and ſorry execution,
Behind the ditches of the Abbey here.
Gold. Upon what cauſe?
Mer. To ſee a reverend *Syracuſian* Merchant,
Who put unluckily into this Bay
Againſt the Laws and Statutes of this Town,
Beheaded publickly for his offence.
Gold. See where they come, we wili behold his death.
Enter Adriana and Lucio.
Luc. Kneel to the Duke before he paſſe the Abbey.
Enter the Duke of Epheſus, and the Merchant of Syracuſe bareheaded, with the Headſman, and other Officers.
Duke. Yet once again proclaim it publickly,
If any friend will pay the ſumme for him,
He ſhall not die, ſo much we tender him.
Enter Adriana.
Adr. Juſtice moſt ſacred Duke againſt the Abbeſs.
Duke. She is a virtuous and a reverend Lady.
It cannot be that ſhe hath done thee wrong.
Ad. May it pleaſe your Grace, *Antipholis* my husband,
Whom *I* made Lord of me, and all I had,
(At your impotent Letter) this ill day,
A moſt outragious fit of madneſs took him,
That deſp'rately he hurried through the ſtreet,
With him his bondman, all as mad as he,
Doing diſpleaſure to the Citizens,
By ruſhing in their houſes: bearing thence
Rings, Jewels, any thing his rage did like.
Once did I get him bound, and ſent him home,
Whi'lſt to take order for the wrongs *I* went,
That here and there his fury had committed,
Anon, *I* wot not, by what ſtrong eſcape
He broke from thoſe that had the guard of him,
And with his mad attendant and himſelf,
Each one with ireful paſſion, with drawn Swords
Met us again, and madly bent on us,

Chac'd us away : till raiſing of more aid,
We came again to bind them : then they fled
Into this Abby, whither we purſu'd them ,
And here the Abbeſſe ſhuts the gates on us,
And will not ſuffer us to fetch him out,
Nor ſend him forth that we may bear him thence.
Thereſore moſt gracious Duke with thy command,
Let him be brought forth , and born hence for help.
Duke Long ſince thy husband ſerv'd me in my Wars,
And I to thee ingag'd a Princes word,
When thou did'ſt make him maſter of thy bed ,
To do him all the grace and good I could.
Go ſome of you knock at the Abbey gate,
And bid the Lady Abbeſs come to me :
I will determine this before I ſtir.

Enter a Meſſenger:

Meſſ. O Miſtris, Miſtris, ſhift and ſave your ſelf,
My maſter and his man are both broke looſe,
Beaten the Maids a row, and bound the Doctor,
Whoſe beard they have ſing'd off with brands of fire,
And ever as it blaz'd, they threw on him
Great pails of pudled myre to quench the hair ;
My Mr. preaches patience to him, and the while
His man with Sciſſors nicks him like a fool :
And ſure (unleſs you ſend ſome other preſent help)
Between them they will kill the Conjurer.
Ad. Peace fool, thy Maſter and his man are here,
And that is falſe thou doſt report to us.
Meſſ. Miſtris, upon my life I tell you true,
I have not breath'd almoſt ſince I did ſee it.
He cryes for you , and vows if he can take you,
To ſcorch your face, and to disfigure you. *Cry within.*
Hark, hark, I hear him Miſtris: flie, be gone.
Duke. Come, ſtand by me, fear nothing : guard with Halberds.
Ad. Ay me, it is my husband : witneſs you,
That he is born about inviſible,
Even now we hous'd him in the Abbey here.
And now hee's there, paſt thought of humane reaſon.

Enter E. Antipholis, and E. Dromio of Epheſus.

E. Ant. Juſtice moſt gracious Duke, oh grant me Juſtice,
Even for the ſervice that long ſince I did thee,
When I beſtrid thee in the wars, and took
Deep skars to ſave thy life , even for the blood
That then I loſt for thee, now grant me Juſtice.
Mer. Fat. Unleſs the fear of death doth make me dote, I ſee my ſon *Antipholis* and *Dromio.*
E. Ant. Juſtice (ſweet prince) againſt that woman (there :
She whom thou gav'ſt to me to be my wife ;
That hath abuſed and diſhonoured me.
Even in the ſtrength and height of injury :
Beyond imagination is the wrong
That She this day hath ſhameleſs thrown on me.
Duke. Diſcover how, and thou ſhalt find me juſt.
E. Ant. This day (great Duke) ſhe ſhut the doors upon me.
Whilſt ſhe with Harlots feaſted in my houſe.
Duke. A grievous fault : ſay woman didſt thou ſo ?
Ad. No, my good Lord. My ſelf, he, and my Siſter,
To day did dine together : ſo befall my ſoul,
As this is falſe he burthens me withall.
Luc. Ne're may I look on day , nor ſleep on night,
But ſhe tells to your Highneſs ſimple truth.
Gold. O perjur'd woman ! They are both forſworn,
In this the Mad man juſtly chargeth them.
E. Ant. My Liege, I am adviſed what I ſay,
Neither diſturb'd with the effect of Wine,
Nor heady-raſh provok'd with raging ire,
Albeit my wrongs might make one wiſer mad.
This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner ;
That Goldſmith there, were he not pack'd with her,
Could witneſs it : for he was with me then,
Who parted with me to go fetch a Chain,
Promiſing to bring it to the *Porpentine*
Where *Balthazar* and I did dine together.
Our dinner done, and he not coming thither,
I went to ſeek him. In the ſtreet I met him,
And in his company that Gentleman.
There did this perjur'd Goldſmith ſwear me down,
That I this day from him receiv'd the Chain,
Which God he knows, I ſaw not. For the which
He did arreſt me with an Officer.
I did obey, and ſent my Peſant home
For certain Duckets : he with none return'd.
Then fairly I beſpoke the Officer
To go in perſon with me to my houſe.
By th'way, we met my wife, her ſiſter and a rabble more
Of vild Confederates : Along with them
They brought one *Pinch*, a hungry lean-fac'd Villain ;
A meer Anatomy, a Mountebank,
A thred-bare Jugler, and Fortune-teller,
A needy-hollow-ey'd-ſharp-looking-wretch ;
A living dead man. This pernicious ſlave,
Forſooth took on him as a Conjurer :
And gazing in my eyes, feeling my pulſe,
And with no-face (as t'were) out-facing me,
Cryes out, I was poſſeſt. Then altogether
They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence,
And in a dark and dankiſh vault at home
There left me and my man, both bound together,
Till gnawing with my teeth my bonds aſunder,
I gain'd my freedome , and immediately
Ran hither to your Grace, whom I beſeech
To give me ample ſatisfaction
For theſe deep ſhames, and great indignities.
Gold. My Lord, in truth, thus far I witneſs with him :
That he din'd not at home, but was lock'd out.
Duke. But had he ſuch a Chain of thee, or no ?
Gold. He had my Lord, and when he ran in here,
Theſe people ſaw the Chain about his neck.
Mer. Beſides, I will be ſworn theſe ears of mine,
Heard you confeſs you had the Chain of him,
After you firſt forſwore it on the Mart,
And thereupon I drew my ſword on you :
And then you fled into this Abbey here,
From whence I think you are come by miracle.
E. Ant. I never came within theſe Abbey walls,
Nor ever didſt thou draw thy ſword on me :
I never ſaw the Chain, ſo help me heaven :
And this is falſe you burthen me withall.
Duke. Why what an intricate impeach is this ?
I think you all have drunk of *Circes* Cup :
If here you hous'd him, here he would have been.
If he were mad, he would not plead ſo coldly:
You ſay he din'd at home, the Goldſmith here
Denies that ſaying. Sirra, what ſay you ?
E. Dro. Sir, he din'd with her there , at the *Porpentine.*
Cur. He did, and from my finger ſnatch't that Ring.
E. Ant. 'Tis true (my Liege) this Ring I had of her.
Duke. Saw'ſt thou him enter at the Abbey here ?
Cur. As ſure (my Liege) as I do ſee your Grace,
Duke. Why this is ſtrange : Go call the Abbeſſe hither;
I think you are all mated, or ſtark mad. *Exit.*

Enter one to the Abbeſſe.

Fa. Moſt mighty Duke, vouchſafe me ſpeak a word :
Haply I ſee a friend will ſave my life,
And pay the ſumme that may deliver me.
Duke. Speak freely *Syracuſan* what thou wilt.
Fath. Is not your name ſir, call'd *Antipholis* ?
And is not that your bond-man *Dromio* ?
E. Dro. Within this hour I was his bondman ſir,
But he I thank him gnaw'd in two my cords,
Now am I *Dromio*, and his man unbound.
Fath. I am ſure both of you remember me.
Dro. Our ſelves we do remember ſir, by you :
For lately we were bound as you are now.
You are not *Pinches* Patient, are you Sir ?
Father. Why look you ſtrange on me ? you know me well.

E. Ant. I never ſaw you in my life till now.

Fa. Oh! grief hath chang'd me ſince you ſaw me laſt,
And careful hours with times deformed hand,
Have written ſtrange defeatures in my face:
But tell me yet, doſt thou not know my voice?

Ant. Neither.

Fat. Dromio, nor thou.

Dro. No truſt me ſir, nor I.

Fat. I am ſure thou doſt.

E. Dromio. I ſir, but I am ſure I do not, and whatſoever a man denies, you are now bound to believe him.

Fat. Not know my voice! oh times extremity,
Haſt thou ſo crack'd and ſplitted my poor tongue
In ſeven ſhort years, that here my only Son
Knows not my feeble Key of untun'd cares?
Tho now this grained face of mine be hid
In ſap-conſuming Winters drizled ſnow,
And all the Conduits of my blood froze up:
Yet hath my night of life ſome memory:
My waſting lamps ~~from~~ Some fading glimmer left;
My dull deaf ears a little uſe to hear:
All theſe old witneſſes; I cannot err.
Tell me, thou art my Son *Antipholis*.

Ant. I never ſaw my Father in my life.

Fa. But ſeven years ſince, in *Syracuſa* Boy,
Thou know'ſt we parted, but perhaps my Son,
Thou ſham'ſt to acknowledg me in miſery.

Ant. The Duke, and all that know me in the City,
Can witneſs with me that it is not ſo.
I ne're ſaw *Syracuſa* in my life.

Duk. I tell thee *Syracuſan*, twenty years
Have I been Patron to *Antipholis*,
During which time he ne're ſaw *Syracuſa*.
I ſee thy age, and dangers make thee dote.

Enter the Abbeſſe with Antipholis *Siracuſan, and Dromio Sirac.*

Abbeſs. Moſt mighty Duke, behold a man much wronged.

All gather to ſee them.

Adr. I ſee two husbands, or mine eyes deceive me.

Duke. One of theſe men is *genius* to the other:
And ſo of theſe which is the natural man,
And which the ſpirit? who deciphers them?

S. Dromio. I Sir am *Dromio*, command him away.

E. Dro. I Sir am *Dromio*, pray let me ſtay.

S. Ant. Egeon art thou not? or elſe his ghoſt.

S. Drom. Oh my old Maſter, who hath bound him here?

Abb. Who ever bound him, I will looſe his bonds,
And gain a husband by his liberty:
Speak old *Egeon*, if thou be'ſt the man
That had'ſt a Wife once call'd *Æmilia*,
That bore thee at a burthen two fair Sons?
Oh if thou be'ſt the ſame *Egeon*, ſpeak:
And ſpeak unto the ſame *Æmilia*.

Duke. Why here begins this morning ſtory right:
Theſe two *Antipholis*, theſe two ſo like,
And theſe two *Dromio*'s, one in ſemblance:
Beſides her urging of her wrack at Sea,
Theſe are the Parents to theſe children,
Which accidentally are met together.

Fat. If I dream not, thou art *Æmilia*,
If thou art ſhe, tell me where is that Son
That floated with thee on the fatal raft.

Abb. By men of *Epidamium*, he, and I,
And the twin *Dromio*, all were taken up;
But by and by, rude Fiſhermen of *Corinth*
By force took *Dromio* and my Son from them,
And me they left with thoſe of *Epidamium*.
What then became of them I cannot tell,
I, to this fortune that you ſee me in.

Duke. Antipholis thou cam'ſt from *Corinth* firſt.

S Ant. No ſir, not I, I came from *Syracuſe*.

Duke. Stay, ſtand apart, I know not which is which.

E. Ant. I came from *Corinth* my moſt gracious Lord.

E. Dro. And I with him.

E. Ant. Brought to this Town by that moſt famous Warriour,
Duke *Menaphon*, your moſt renowned Uncle.

Adr. Which of you two did dine with me to day?

S. Ant. I, gentle Miſtris.

Adr. And are not you my husband?

E. Ant. No, I ſay nay to that.

S. Ant. And ſo do I, yet did ſhe call me ſo:
And this fair Gentlewoman here
Did call me Brother. What I told you then,
I hope I ſhall have leiſure to make good,
If this be not a dream I ſee and hear.

Goldſmith. That is the Chain, Sir, which you had of me.

S. Ant. I think it be Sir, I deny it not.

E. Ant. And you ſir for this Chain arreſted me.

Gold. I think I did Sir, I deny it not.

Adr. I ſent you money Sir to be your bail
By *Dromio*, but I think he brought it not.

E. Dro. No, none by me.

S. Ant. This purſe of Duckets I receiv'd from you,
And *Dromio* my man did bring them me:
I ſee we ſtill did meet each others man,
And I was tane for him, and he for me,
And thereupon theſe errors are aroſe.

E. Ant. Theſe Duckets pawn I for my Father here.

Duk. It ſhall not need, thy Father hath his life.

Cur. Sir, I muſt have that Diamond from you.

E. Ant. There take it, and much thanks for my good cheer.

Abb. Renowned Duke, vouchſafe to take the pains
To go with us into the Abbey here,
And hear at large diſcourſed all our fortunes,
And all that are aſſembled in this place:
That by this ſympathized one days error,
Have ſuffered wrong. Go keep us company,
And we ſhall make full ſatisfaction.
Thirty three years have I been gone in travel
Of you my Sons, and till this preſent hour
My heavy burthens are delivered:
The Duke my Husband, and my children both,
And you the Kalenders of their Nativity,
Go to a Goſſips feaſt, and go with me,
After ſo long grief ſuch Nativity.

Duke. With all my heart i'le Goſſip at this feaſt.

Exeunt omnes. Manet the two Dromio's and two Brothers.

S. Dro. Maſter, ſhall I fetch your ſtuffe from ſhipboard?

E. An. Dromio, what ſtuffe of mine haſt thou imbark'd?

S. Dro. Your goods that lay at hoſt, ſir, in the Centaur.

S. Ant. He ſpeaks to me, I am your Maſter *Dromio*.
Come go with us, we'l look to that anon,
Embrace thy Brother there, rejoice with him. *Exit.*

S. Dro. There is a fat friend at your maſters houſe.
That kitchin'd me for you to day at dinner:
She now ſhall be my ſiſter, not my wife:

E. D. Methinks you are my glaſs, and not my brother:
I ſee by you, I am a ſweet fac'd youth,
Will you walk in to ſee their Goſſiping?

S. Dro. Not I Sir, you are my Elder.

E. Dro. That's a queſtion, how ſhall I try it.

S. D. We'l draw Cuts for the Signiority; till then, lead thou firſt.

E. Dro. Nay then thus.
VVe came into the world like Brother and Brother:
And now lets go hand in hand, not one before another.
Exeunt.

Much ado about Nothing.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Leonato *Governour of* Meſſina, [Innogen *his wife,*] Hero *his Daughter, and* Beatrice, *his Neece, with a Meſſenger.*

Leonato.

I Learn in this Letter, that *Don Peter* of *Arragon* comes this night to *Meſſina.*

Meſſ. He is very near by this: he was not three Leagues off when I left him.

Leon. How many Gentlemen have you loſt in this action?

Meſ. But few of any ſort, and none of name.

Leon. A victory is twice it ſelf, when the atchiever brings home full number: I find here that *Don Peter* hath beſtowed much honour on a young *Florentine*, called *Claudio.*

Meſ. Much deſerv'd on his part, and equally remembred by *Don Pedro*, he hath born himſelf beyond the promiſe of his age, doing in the figure of a Lamb, the ſeats of a Lion, he hath indeed better bettered expectation, than you muſt expect of me to tell you how.

Leo. He hath an Uncle here in *Meſſina* will be very much glad of it.

Meſ. I have already delivered him Letters, and there appears much joy in him, even ſo much, that joy could not ſhew it ſelf modeſt enough, without a badg of bitterneſs.

Leo. Did he break out into tears? i.e. he wept bitterly

Meſ. In great meaſure.

Leo. A kind overflow of kindneſs: there are no faces truer, than thoſe that are ſo waſh'd; how much better is it to weep at joy, than to joy at weeping?

Beat. I pray you, is Signior *Mountanto* return'd from the Wars, or no?

Meſ. I know none of that name, Lady, there was none ſuch in the Army of any ſort.

Leo. What is he that you ask for, Neece?

Hero. My Couſin means Signior *Benedick* of *Padua.*

Meſ. O he is return'd, and as pleaſant as ever he was.

Beat. He ſet up his Bills here in *Meſſina*, and challeng'd *Cupid* at the flight: and my Uncles fool reading the Challenge, ſubſcrib'd for *Cupid*, and challeng'd him at the Burbolt. I pray you, how many hath he kill'd and eaten in theſe wars? But how many hath he kill'd? for indeed, I promiſe to eat all of his killing.

Leon. 'Faith Neece, you tax Signior *Benedick* too much, but he'l meet with you, I doubt it not.

Meſ. He hath done good ſervice Lady, in thoſe wars.

Bea. You had muſty victuals, and he hath holp to eat it: he's a very valiant Trancher-man, he hath an excellent ſtomack.

Meſ. And a good Soldier too, Lady.

Beat. And a good Soldier to a Lady. But what is he to a Lord?

Meſ. A Lord to a Lord, a Man to a Man, ſtuſt with all honourable virtues.

Beat. It is ſo indeed, he is no leſs than a ſtuſt man: but for the ſtuffing well, we are all mortal.

Leon. You muſt not (ſir) miſtake my Neece, there is a kind of merry War betwixt Signior *Benedick* and her: they never meet, but there is a ſkirmiſh of Wit between them.

Beat. Alas, he gets nothing by that. In our laſt conflict, four of his five wits went halting off, and now is the whole man govern'd with one: ſo that if he have wit enough to keep himſelf warm, let him bear it for a difference between himſelf and his horſe. For it is all the wealth that he hath left, to be known a reaſonable creature. Who is his Companion now? He hath every month a new ſworn Brother.

Meſ. Is it poſſible?

Beat. Very eaſily poſſible: he wears his faith but as the faſhion of his hat, it ever changes with the next block.

Meſ. I ſee (Lady) the Gentleman is not in your books.

Beat. No, and he were, I would burn my ſtudy. But I pray you who is his Companion? Is there no young ſquarer now, that will make a voyage with him to the Devil?

Meſ. He is moſt in the company of the right noble *Claudio.*

Beat. O Lord, he will hang upon him like a diſeaſe: he is ſooner caught than the Peſtilence, and the taker runs preſently mad. God help the noble *Claudio*, if he have caught the *Benedick*, it will coſt him a thouſand pound ere it be cur'd.

Meſ. I will hold friends with you, Lady.

Beat. Do good friend.

Leo. You'l ne're run mad Neece.

Beat. No, not till a hot *January.*

Meſ. *Don Pedro* is approach'd.

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick, Balthazar, *and* John *the Baſtard.*

Pedro. Good Signior *Leonato*, you are come to meet your trouble: the faſhion of the world is to avoid coſt, and you encounter it.

Leon. Never came trouble to my houſe in the likeneſs of your Grace: for, trouble being gone, comfort ſhould remain: but when you depart from me, ſorrow abides, and happineſs takes his leave.

Pedro. You embrace your charge more willingly: I think this is your daughter.

Leo. Her Mother hath many times told me ſo.

Ben. Were you in doubt, that you askt her?

Leo. Signior *Benedick*, no, for then were you a Child.

Pedro. You have it full *Benedick*, we may gueſs by this, what you are, being a man, truly the Lady fathers her ſelf: be happy, Lady, for you are like an honourable father.

Ben. If Signior *Leonato* be her Father, ſhe would not have his head on her ſhoulders for all *Meſſina*, as like him as ſhe is.

Beat. I wonder that you will ſtill be talking, Signior *Benedick*, no Body marks you.

Ben. What my dear Lady Diſdain! are you yet living?

Beat. Is it poſſible diſdain ſhould die, while ſhe hath ſuch meet food to feed it, as Signior *Benedick*? Courteſie it ſelf muſt convert to diſdain, if you come in her preſence.

Ben. Then is Courteſie a turn-coat, but it is certain I am loved of all Ladies, only you excepted: and I would I could find in my heart that I had not an hard heart, for truly I love none.

Beat. A dear happineſs to women, they would elſe have been troubled with a pernicious Sutor. I thank God and my cold blood I am of your humour for that. I had rather hear my Dog bark at a Crow, than a man ſwear he loves me.

Ben. God keep your Ladiſhip ſtill in that mind, ſo ſome Gentleman or other ſhall ſcape a predeſtinate ſcratcht face.

Beat. Scratching could not make it worſe, and 'twere ſuch a face as yours ~~were~~.

Ben. Well you are a rare Parrat teacher.

Beat. A Bird of my tongue, is better than a Beaſt of yours.

Ben. I would my horſe had the ſpeed of your tongue, and ſo good a continuer; but keep your way a God's name, I have done.

Beat. You always end with a Jade's trick, I know you of old.

Pedro. This is the ſum of all: *Leonato*, Signior *Claudio*, and Signior *Benedick*; my dear friend *Leonato* hath invited you all, I tell you we ſhall ſtay here, at the leaſt a month, and he heartily prays ſome occaſion may detain us longer: I dare ſwear he is no hypocrite, but prays from his heart.

Leon. If you ſwear, my Lord, you ſhall not be forſworn; let me bid you welcome, my Lord, being reconciled to the Prince your Brother; I owe you all duty.

John. I thank you, I am not of many words, but I thank you.

Leon. Pleaſe it your Grace lead on?

Pedro. Your hand *Leonato*, we will go together.

Exeunt. *Manet Benedick and Claudio.*

Clau. *Benedick*, didſt thou note the daughter of Signior *Leonato.*

Ben. I noted her not, but I look'd on her.

Clau. Is ſhe not a modeſt young Lady?

Ben. Do you queſtion me as an honeſt man ſhould do, for my ſimple true judgment? or would you have me ſpeak after my cuſtom, as being a profeſſed tyrant to their ſex?

Clau. No, I prethee ſpeak in ſober judgment.

Ben. Why i'faith methinks ſhe's too low for an high praiſe, too brown for a fair praiſe, and too little for a great praiſe; only this commendation I can afford her, that were ſhe other than ſhe is, ſhe were unhandſome; and being no other but as ſhe is, I do not like her.

Clau. Thou think'ſt I am in ſport, I pray thee tell me truly how thou lik'ſt her.

Ben. Would you buy her, that you enquire after her?

Clau. Can the world buy ſuch a Jewel?

Ben. Yea, and a caſe to put it into, but ſpeak you this with a ſad brow? Or do you play the flouting Jack, to tell us *Cupid* is a good Hare-finder, and *Vulcan* a rare Carpenter: Come, in what Key ſhall a man take you to go in the Song.

Clau. In mine eye, ſhe is the ſweeteſt Lady that ever I lookt on.

Ben. I can ſee yet without Spectacles, and I ſee no ſuch matter: there's her Couſin, and ſhe were not poſſeſt with a fury, exceeds her as much in beauty, as the firſt of *May* doth the laſt of *December*: but I hope you have no intent to turn husband, have you?

Clau. I would ſcarce truſt my ſelf, tho I had ſworn the contrary, if *Hero* would be my wife.

Ben. Is't come to this? in faith hath not the world one man, but he will wear his cap with ſuſpition? ſhall I never ſee a batchelor of threeſcore again? go to i'faith, and thou wilt needs thruſt thy neck into a yoke, wear the print of it, and ſigh away Sundays: look, *Don Pedro* is returned to ſeek you.

Enter Don Pedro, John the Baſtard.

Pedr. What ſecret hath held you here, that you followed not to *Leonato*?

Bened. I would your Grace would conſtrain me to tell.

Pedro. I charge thee on thy allegiance.

Ben. You hear, Count *Claudio*, I cannot be ſecret as a dumb man, I would have you think ſo (but on my allegiance, mark you this, on my allegiance) he is in love, with whom? now that is your Graces part: mark how ſhort his anſwer is, *Hero*, *Leonato's* ſhort Daughter.

Clau. If this were ſo, ſo were it uttered.

Ben. Like the old Tale, my Lord, it is not ſo, nor 'twas not ſo: but indeed, God forbid it ſhould be ſo.

Clau. If my paſſion change not ſhortly, God forbid it ſhould be otherwiſe.

Pedro. Amen, if you love her, for the Lady is very well worthy.

Clau. You ſpeak this to fetch me in, my Lord.

Pedro. By my troth I ſpeak my thought.

Clau. And in faith, my Lord, I ſpoke mine.

Ben. And by my two faiths and troths, my Lord, I ſpeak mine.

Clau. That I love her, *I* feel.

Ped. That ſhe is worthy I know.

Ben. That I neither feel how ſhe ſhould be loved, nor know how ſhe ſhould be worthy, is the opinion that fire cannot melt out of me, I will dye in it at the ſtake.

Ped. Thou waſt ever an obſtinate Heretick in the deſpight of beauty.

Clau. And never could maintain his part, but in the force of his will.

Bene. That a woman conceived me, I thank her: that ſhe brought me up, I likewiſe give her moſt humble thanks: but that I will have a rechate winded in my forehead, or hang my bugle in an inviſible baldrick, all women ſhall pardon me: becauſe I will not do them the wrong to miſtruſt any, I will do my ſelf the right to truſt none: and the fine is, (for the which I may go the finer) I will live a Batchelor.

Ped. I ſhall ſee thee ere I die, look pale with love.

Ben. With anger, with ſickneſs, or with hunger, my Lord, not with love: prove that ever I looſe more blood with love, than I will get again with drinking, pick out mine eyes with a Ballet-makers pen, and hang me up at the door of a brothel-houſe for the ſign of blind *Cupid.*

Ped. Well, if ever thou do'ſt fall from this faith, thou wilt prove a notable argument.

Bene. If I do, hang me in a bottle like a Cat, and ſhoot at me, and he that hits me, let him be clapt on the ſhoulder, and call'd *Adam.*

Ped. Well, as the time ſhall try: in time the ſavage Bull doth bear the yoke.

Bene. The ſavage bull may, but if ever the ſenſible *Benedick* bear it, pluck off the bulls horns, and ſet them in my forehead, and let me be vildly painted, and in ſuch great Letetrs as they write, Here is good horſe to hire: let them ſignifie under my ſign, Here you may ſee *Benedick* the married man.

Clau. If this ſhould ever happen, thou wouldſt be horn mad.

Pe. Nay if *Cupid* have not ſpent all his Quiver in *Venice*, thou wilt quake for this ſhortly.

Bene. I look for an earthquake too then.

Ped. Well, you will temporize with the hours in the mean time, good Signior *Benedick*, repair to *Leonato's*, commend me to him, and tell him I will not fail him at ſupper, for indeed he hath made great preparation.

Bene. I have almoſt matter enough in me for ſuch an Embaſſage, and ſo I commit you.

Clau. To the tuition of God. From my houſe if I had it.

Pedro. The ſixth of *July*. Your loving friend, *Benedick*.

Bene. Nay mock not, mock not; the body of your diſcourſe is ſometime guarded with fragments, and the guards are but ſlightly baſted on neither: e're you flout old ends any further, examine your conſcience, and ſo I leave you.

basted
sew'd

Exit.

Clau. My Liege, your Highneſs now may do me good.

Ped. My love is thine to teach, teach it but how,

And thou ſhalt ſee how apt it is to learn
Any hard Leſſon, that may do thee good.
Clau. Hath *Leonato* any ſon my Lord?
Pedro. No child but *Hero.*, ſhe's his onely heir.
Doſt thou affect her, *Claudio*?
Clau. O my Lord,
When you went onward on this ended action,
I look'd upon her with a ſoulders eye,
That lik'd, but had a rougher task in hand,
Than to drive liking to the name of love:
But now I am return'd, and that war-thoughts
Have left their places vacant: in their rooms
Come thronged ſoft and delicate deſires,
All prompting me how fair young *Hero* is,
Saying *I* lik'd her ere I went to wars.
Pedro. Thou wilt be like a lover preſently,
And tire the hearer with a book of words:
If thou doſt love fair *Hero*, cheriſh it,
And I will break with her: waſt not to this end,
That thou began'ſt to twiſt ſo fine a ſtory?
Clau. How ſweetly do you miniſter to love,
That know loves grief by his complexion,
But leſt my liking might too ſuddain ſeem,
I would have ſalv'd it with a longer treatiſe.
Pedro. What need the bridge much broader then the floud?
The faireſt grant in the neceſſity:
Look what will ſerve, is fit: 'tis once, thou loveſt,
And *I* will fit thee with the remedy,
I know we ſhall have revelling to night,
I will aſſume thy part in ſome diſguiſe,
And tell fair *Hero* I am *Claudio*,
And in her boſome I'le unclaſp my heart,
And take her hearing priſoner with a force
And ſtrong incounter of my amorous tale:
Then after, to her father will *I* break,
And the concluſion is, ſhe ſhall be thine,
In practiſe let us put it preſently.

Enter Leonato and an old man, brother to Leonato.

Leo. How now brother, where is my couſin your ſon: hath he provided this muſick?

Old. He is very buſie about it; but brother, I can tell you news that you yet dream'd not of.

Leo. Are they good?

Old. As the event ſtamps them, but they have a good cover: they ſhew well outward: the Prince and Count *Claudio* walking in a thick Pleached alley in my orchard were thus over-heard by a man of mine: the Prince diſcovered to *Claudio* that he loved my Neece your daughter, and meant to acknowledge it this night in a dance, and he found her accordant, meant to take the preſent time by the top, and inſtantly break with you of it.

Leo. Hath the fellow any wit, that told you this?

Old. A good ſharp fellow, I will ſend for him, and queſtion him your ſelf.

Leo. No, no: we will hold it as a dream, till it appear it ſelf: but I will acquaint my daughter with all, that ſhe may be the better prepared for anſwer, if peradventure this be true: go you and tell her of it: couſins, you know what you have to do, O I cry you mercy friend, go you with me and I will uſe your skill, good couſin have a care this buſie time. *Exeunt*

Enter Sir John the Baſtard, and Conrade his companion.

Con. What the good year my Lord, why are you thus out of meaſure ſad?

John. There is no meaſure in the occaſion that breeds, therefore the ſadneſs is without limit.

Con You ſhall hear reaſon.

John. And when *I* have heard it, what bleſſing bringeth it?

Con. If not a preſent remedy, yet a patient ſufferance.

John. I wonder that thou (being, as thon ſaiſt thou art, born under *Saturn*) goeſt about to apply a mortall medecine to a mortifying miſchief: *I* cannot hide what I am: I muſt be ſad when I have cauſe, and ſmile at no mans jeſts; eat when I have ſtomach, and wait for no mans leiſure: ſleep when I am drowſie, and tend on no mans buſineſs; laugh when *I* am merry, and claw no man in his humour.

Con. Yea, but you muſt not make the full ſhow of this till you may do it without controllment; you have of late ſtood out againſt your brother, and he hath tane you newly into his grace, where it it is impoſſible you ſhould take root, but by the fair weather that you make your ſelf, it is needful that you frame the ſeaſon for your own harveſt-

John. I had rather be a canker in a hedge, than a roſe in his grace, and it beater fits my blood to be diſdain'd of all, then to faſhion a carriage to rob love from any: in this (though I cannot be ſaid to be a flattering honeſt man) it muſt not be denied but I am a plain dealing villain, I am truſted with a muzzel, and infranchiſed with a clog, therefore I have decreed, not to ſing in my cage: if I had my mouth, I would bite: if I had my liberty, I would do my liking: in the mean time, let me be that I am, and ſeek not to alter me.

Conr. Can you make no uſe of your diſcontent?

John. *I* will make all uſe of it, for I uſe it onely. Who comes here? what news *Borachio*.

Enter Borachio.

Bora. I came yonder from a great ſupper, the Prince your brother is royally entertained by *Leonato*, and I can give you intelligence of an intended marriage.

John Will it ſerve for any Model to build miſchief on? What is he for a fool that betroth's himſelf to unquietneſs?

Bor. Marry it is your brothers right hand.

John. Who, the moſt exquiſite *Claudio*?

Bor. Even he.

John. A proper ſquire; and who, and who which way looks he?

Bor. Marry on *Hero*, the daughter and Heir of *Leonato*.

John. A very forward March-chick, how come you to this?

Bor. Being entertain'd for a perſumer, as I was ſmoaking a muſty room, comes me the Prince and *Claudio*, hand in hand in ſad conference: I whipt behind the Arras, and there heard it agreed upon that the Prince ſhould wooe *Hero* for himſelf, and having obtain'd her, give her to Count *Claudio*.

John. Come, come, let us thither, this may prove food to my diſpleaſure, that young ſtart-up hath all the glory of my overthrow: if I can croſs him any way, I bleſs my ſelf every way; you are both ſure, and will aſſiſt me?

Conr. To the death my Lord.

John. Let us to the great ſupper, their cheer is the greater that I ſubdued, would the cook were of my mind: ſhall we go prove what's to be done?

Bor. We'll wait upon your Lordſhip.

Exeunt.

Actus Secundus.

Enter Leonato, his brother, his wife, Hero his daughter, and Beatrice his neece, and kinſman.

Leona. Was not Count *John* here at ſupper?

Brot. I ſaw him not.

Beat. How tartly that Gentleman looks; I never can ſee him, but I am heart-burn'd an hour after.

Hero. He is of a melancholly diſpoſition.

Beat. He were an excellent man that were made juſt in the mid-way between him and *Benedick*, the one is too like an image, and ſaies nothing, and the other too like my Ladies eldeſt ſon, evermore tatling.

Leon. Then half Signior *Benedick*'s tongue in Count

Johns mouth, and half Count *Johns* melancholly in Signior *Benedick's* face.

Beat. With a good leg and a good foot unckle, and money enough in his purſe, ſuch a man would win any woman in the world, if he could get her good will.

Leon. By my troth Neece, thou wilt never get hee ta husband, if thou be ſo ſhrewd of thy tongue.

Brot. Infaith ſhe's too curſt.

Beat. Too curſt is more than curſt, I ſhall leſſen Gods ſending that way: for it is ſaid, God ſends a curſt Cow ſhort horns, but to a Cow too curſt he ſends none.

Leon. So, by being too curſt, God will ſend no horns.

Beat. Juſt, if he ſend me no husband, for the which bleſſing, I am at him upon my knees every morning and evening: Lord, I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face, I had rather lie in the woollen.

Leon. You may light upon a husband that hath no beard.

Beat. What ſhould I do with him? dreſſe him in my apparel, and make him my waiting-gentlewoman? he that hath a beard is more than a youth: and he that hath no beard is leſſe then a man: and he that is more than a youth, is not for me: and he that is leſs than a man, I am not for him: therefore I will even take ſix pence in earneſt of the Bearherd and lead his Apes into hell.

Teon, Well then, go you into hell.

Beat. No, but to the gate, and there will the Devil meet me like an old Cuckold with his horns on his head, and ſay get you to heaven *Beatrice*, get you to heaven, here's no place for you maids, ſo deliver I up my Apes, and away to Saint *Peter*: for the heavens, he ſhews me where the Batchellors ſit, and there live we as merry as the day is long.

Brot. Well Neece, I truſt you will be rul'd by your father.

Beat. Yes faith, it is my couſins duty to make curtſie, and ſay, as it pleaſe you: but yet for all that couſin, let him be a handſom fellow, or elſe make another curtiſie, and ſay, father, as it pleaſes me.

Leon. Well Neece, I hope to ſee you one day fitted with a husband.

Beat. Not till God make men of ſome other mettal than earth; would it not grieve a woman to be overmaſtred with a piece of valiant duſt? to make account of her life to a clod of cold wayward marle? no Uncle, I'le none: *Adams* ſons are brethren, and truly I hold it a ſin to match in my kinred.

Leon. Daughter, remember what I told you, if the Prince do ſollicite you in that kind, you know your anſwer.

Beat. The fault will be in the muſick, couſin, if you be not woo'd in good time: if the Prince be too important, tell him there is meaſure in every thing, and ſo dance out the anſwer; for hear me *Hero*, wooing, wedding, and repenting, is as a Scotch jigge, a meaſure, and a ſinquepace: the firſt ſuit is hot and haſty like a Scotch jigg, (and full as fantaſtical) the wedding mannerly modeſt, (as a meaſure) full of ſtate and anchentry, and then comes repentance, and with his bad legs falls into the ſinquepace faſter and faſter, till he ſinks into his grave.

Leon. Couſin you apprehend paſſing ſhrewdly.

Beatrice. I have a good eye Uncle, I can ſee a Church by day light.

Leon. The revellers are entring brother, make good room.

Enter Prince, Pedro, Claudio, Benedicke, and Balthazar, or dumb John, Maskers with a drum.

Pedro. Lady, will you walk about with your friend?

Hero. So you walk ſoftly, and look ſweetly, and ſay nothing, I am yours for the walk, and eſpecially when I walk away.

Pedro. With me in your company.

Hero. I may ſay ſo when I pleaſe.

Pedro, And when pleaſe you to ſay ſo?

Hero. When I like your favour, for God defend the Lute ſhould be like the caſe.

Pedro. My viſor is *Philemons* roof, within the houſe is love.

Hero. Why then your viſor ſhould be thatcht.

Pedro. Speak low if you ſpeak Love.

Bene. Well, I would you did like me.

Mas. So would not I for your own ſake, for I have many ill qualities.

Bene. Which is one?

Mask. I ſay my prayers aloud.

Bene. I love you the better, the hearers may cry Amen.

Mas. God match me with a good dancer.

Balth. Amen.

Mas. And God keep him out of my ſight when the dance is done: anſwer Clerk.

Balth. No more words, the Clerk is anſwered.

Urſula. I know you well enough, you are Signior *Anthonio.*

Anth. At a word, I am not.

Urſula. I know you by the wagling of your head.

Anth. To tell you true, I counterfeit him.

Urſu. You could never do him ſo ill well unleſs you were the very man: here's his dry hand up and down, you are he, you are he.

Anth. At a word, I am not.

Urſula. Come, come, do you think I do noe know you by your excellent wit? can vertue hide it ſelf? go to, mumme, you are he, graces will appear, and there's an end.

Beat. Will you not tell me who told you ſo?

Bene. No, you ſhall pardon me.

Beat. Nor will you tell me who you are?

Bene. Not now.

Beat. That I was diſdainful, and that I had my good wit out of the hundred merry tales: well, this was Signior *Benedicke* that ſaid ſo.

Bene. What's he?

Beat. I am ſure you know him well enough.

Bene. Not I, believe me.

Beat. Did he never make you laugh?

Bene. I pray you what is he?

Beat. Why he is the Princes jeſter, a very dull fool, onely his gift is, in deviſing impoſſible ſlanders, none but Libertines delight in him, and the commendation is not in his wit, but in his villany, for he both pleaſeth men, and angers them, and then they laugh at him, and beat him; I am ſure he is in the fleet, I would he had boarded me.

Bene. When I know the Gentleman, I'le tell him what you ſay.

Beat. Do, do, hee'l but break a compariſon or two on me, which peradventure (not markt, or not laugh'd at) ſtrikes him into melancholly, and then there's a Partridge wing ſaved, for the fool will eat no ſupper that night. We muſt follow the Leaders.

Bene. In every good thing.

Bea. Nay, if they lead to any ill, I will leave them at the next turning. *Exeunt.*

Muſick for the dance.

John. Sure my brother is amorous on *Hero*, and hath withdrawn her father to break with him about it: the Ladies follow her, and but one viſor remains.

Bora. And that is *Claudio*, I know him by his bearing.

John Are not you Signior *Benedicke*?

Clau. You know me well, I am he.

John. Signior, you are very near my brother in his love, he is enamor'd on *Hero*, I pray you diſſwade him from her, ſhe is no equal for his birth: you may do the part of an honeſt man in it.

Clau. How know you he loves her?

John. I heard him ſwear his affection.

Bora. So did I too, and he ſwore he would marry her to night.

Joh. Come, let us to the banquet. *Exit manet. Clau.*

Clau. Thus anſwer I in name of *Benedick*,
But hear this ill news with the ears of *Claudio*:
'Tis certain ſo, the Prince woo's for himſelf:
Friendſhip is conſtant in all other things,
Save in the Office and affairs of love:
Therefore all hearts in love uſe their own tongues,
Let every eye negotiate for it ſelf,
And truſt no Agent: for beauty is a witch,
Againſt whoſe charms, faith melteth into blood:
This is an accident of hourly proof,
Which I miſtruſted not. Farewell therefore *Hero*.

Enter Benedicke.

Bene. Count *Claudio*.

Clau. Ye the ſame.

Bene. Come, will you go with me?

Clau. Whither?

Bene. Even to the next Willow, about your own buſineſs, Count. What faſhion will you wear the Garland of? About your neck, like a Uſurers chain? Or under your arm, like a Lieutenants ſcarf? You muſt wear it one way, for the Prince hath got your *Hero*.

Clau. I wiſh him joy of her.

Bene. Why that's ſpoken like an honeſt Drovier, ſo they ſell Bullocks: but did you think the Prince would have ſerved you thus?

Clau. I pray you leave me.

Bene. No no! you ſtrike like the blind-man, 'twas the boy that ſtole your meat? and you'll beat the poſt.

Clau. If it will not be, I'le leave you. *Exit.*

Bene. Alas poor hurt ſoul, now will he creep into ſedges: but that my Lady *Beatrice* ſhould know me, and not know me: the Princes fool! Ha? it may be I go under that title, becauſe I am merry: yet but ſo I am apt to do my ſelf wrong: I am not ſo reputed, it is the baſe (though bitter) diſpoſition of *Beatrice*, that puts the word into her perſon, and ſo gives me out: well, Ile be revenged as I may.

Enter the Prince.

Pedro. Now Signior, where's the Count? did you ſee him?

Bene. Troth my Lord, I have played the part of Lady Fame, I found him here as melancholly as a Lodge in a Warren; I told him, and I think, told him true, that your grace had got the will of this young Lady, and I offered him my company to a willow tree either to make him a garland, as being forſaken, or to bind him a rod, as being worthy to be whipt.

Pedro. To be whipt, what's his fault?

Bene. The flat tranſgreſſion of a School-boy, who being over-joyed with finding a birds neſt, ſhews it his companion, and he ſteals it.

Pedro. Wilt thou make a truſt, a tranſgreſſion? the tranſgreſſion is in the ſtealer.

Bene. Yet it had not been amiſs the rod had been made, and the garland too; for the garland he might have worn himſelf, and the rod he might have beſtowed on you, who (as I take it) have ſtoln his birds neſt.

Pedro. I will but teach them to ſing, and reſtore them to the owner.

Bene. If their ſinging anſwer your ſaying, by my faith you ſay honeſtly.

Pedro. The Lady *Beatrice* hath a quarrel to you, the Gentleman that danc'd with her, told her ſhe is much wrong'd by you.

Bene. O ſhe miſus'd me paſt the indurance of a block: an oak but with one green leaf on it, would have anſwered her: my very viſor began to aſſume life, and ſcold with her: ſhe told me, not thinking I had been my ſelf, that I was the Princes Jeſter, and that I was duller than a great thaw, hudling jeſt upon jeſt, with ſuch impoſſible conveiance upon me, that I ſtood like a man at a mark, with a whole army ſhooting at me: ſhe ſpeaks poyniards, and every word ſtabs me: if her breath were as terrible as terminations, there were no living near her, ſhe would infect to the north ſtar: I would not marry her, though ſhe were indowed with all that *Adam* had left him before he tranſgreſt, ſhe would have made *Hercules* have turnd ſpit, yea, and have cleft his club to make the fire too: come, talk not of her, you ſhall find her in the infernal Ate in good apparel. I would to God ſome ſcholar would conjure hee, for certainly while ſhe is here, a man may live as quiet in hell, as in a ſanctuary, and people ſin upon purpoſe, becauſe they would go thither, ſo indeed all diſquiet, horror, and perturbation follows her.

Enter Claudio, and Beatrice, Leonato, Hero.

Pedro. Look here ſhe comes.

Bene. Will your Grace command me any ſervice to the worlds end? I will go on the ſlighteſt errand now to the Antipodes that you can deviſe to ſend me on: I will fetch you a tooth-Picker now from the furtheſt inch of *Aſia*: bring you the length of *Preſter Johns* foot: fetch you a hair off the great *Chams* beard: do you any embaſſage to the Pigmies, rather then hold three words conference with this Harpy; you have no employment for me?

Pedro. None, but to deſire your good company.

Bene. O God ſir, heres a diſh I love not, I cannot indure this Ladies tongue. *Exit.*

Pedro. Come Lady, come, you have loſt the heart of Signior *Benedicke*.

Beat. Indeed my Lord, he lent it me a while, and I gave him uſe for it, a double heart for a ſingle one marry: once before he won it of me, with falſe dice, therefore your Grace may well ſay I have loſt it.

Pedro. You have put him down Lady, you have put him down.

Beat. So I would not he ſhould do me, my Lord, leſt I ſhould prove the mother of fools: I have brought Count *Claudio*, whom you ſent me to ſeek.

Pedro. Why how now Count, wherefore are you ſad?

Clau. Not ſad my Lord.

Pedro. How then? ſick?

Clau. Neither, my Lord.

Beat. The Count is neither ſad nor ſick, nor merry, nor well: but civil Count, civil as an Orange, and ſomething of a jealous complexion.

Pedro. Iſaith Lady, I think your blazon to be true, though I be ſworn, if he be ſo, his conceit is falſe: here *Claudio*, I have wooed in thy name, and fair *Hero* is won, I have broke with her father, and his good will obtained, name the day of marriage, and God give thee joy.

Leona. Count, take of me my daughter, and with her my fortunes: his grace hath made the match, and all grace ſay Amen to it.

Beat. Speak Count, 'tis your Qu.

Clau. Silence is the perfecteſt Herald of joy, I were but little happy if I could ſay, how much? Lady, as you are mine, I am yours; I give away my ſelf for you, and doat upon the exchange.

Beat. Speak couſin, or (if you cannot) ſtop his mouth with a kiſs, and let not him ſpeak neither.

Pedro. Infaith Lady you have a merry heart.

Beat. Yea my Lord I thank it, poor fool, it keeps on the windy ſide of care, my couſin tells him in his ear that he is in my heart.

Clau. And ſo ſhe doth coſin.

Beat. Good Lord for alliance: thus goes every one to the world but I, and I am ſun-burn'd, I may ſit in a corner and cry, heigh ho for a husband.

Pedro. Lady *Beatrice*, I will get you one.

Beat. I would rather have one of your fathers getting: hath your Grace ne're a brother like you? your father got excellent husbands, if a maid could come by them.

Prince. Will you have me? Lady.

Beat. No my Lord, unleſs I might have another for working-dayes, your Grace is too coſtly to wear every day: But I beſeech your Grace pardon me, I was born to ſpeak all mirth, and no matter.

Prince. Your ſilence moſt offends me, and to be merry beſt becomes you; for out of queſtion, you were born in a merry hour.

Beat. No ſure my Lord, my mother cryed, but then there was a ſtar danc'd, and under that I was born: couſins God give you joy.

Leon. Neece, will you look to thoſe things I told you of?

Beat. I cry you mercy Uuncle, by your Graces pardon. *Exit Beatrice.*

Prince. By my troth a pleaſant ſpirited Lady.

Leon. There's little of the melanchollly element in her my Lord, ſhe is never ſad, but when ſhe ſleeps, and not ever ſad then: for I have heard my daughter ſay, ſhe hath often dreamt of unhappineſs, and wak't her ſelf with laughing.

Pedro. She cannot indure to hear tell of a husband.

Leon. O, by no means, ſhe mocks all her wooers out of ſuit.

Prince. She were an excellent wife for *Benedicke.*

Leona. O lord, my Lord, if they were but a week married, they would talk themſelves mad.

Prince. Count *Claudio*, when mean you to go to Church?

Clau. To morrow my Lord, Time goes on crutches, till love have all his rites.

Leona. Not till Monday, my dear ſon, which is hence a juſt ſeven night, and a time too brief to, to have all things anſwer mind.

Prince. Come, you ſhake the head at ſo long a breathing, but I warrant thee *Claudio*, the time ſhall not go dully by us, I will in the *interim*, undertake one of *Hercules* labours, which is, to bring Signior *Benedicke* and the Lady *Beatrice* into a mountain of affection, th' one with th'other; I would fain have it a match, and I doubt not but to faſhion it, if you three will but miniſter ſuch aſſiſtance as I ſhall give you direction.

Leona. My Lord, I am for you, though it coſt me ten nights watchings.

Clau. And I my Lord.

Prin. And you too gentle *Hero.*

Hero. I will do any modeſt office, my Lord, to help my couſin to a good husband.

Prin. And *Benedicke* is not the unhopefulleſt husband that I know: thus far can I praiſe him, he is of a noble ſtrain, of approved valour, and confirmd honeſty. I will teach you how to humour your couſin, that ſhe ſhall fall in love with *Benedicke*, and I, with your two helps will ſo practiſe on *Benedicke*, that in deſpite of his quick wit, and his queaſie ſtomack, he ſhall fall in love with *Beatrice*: if we can do this, *Cupid* is no longer an Archer, his glory ſhall be ours, for we are the only love-gods, go with me, and I will tell you my drift. *Exeunt.*

Enter John and Borachio.

John. It is ſo, the Count *Claudio* ſhall marry the daughter of *Leonato.*

Bora. Yea my Lord, but I can croſs it.

John. Any bar, any croſs, any impediment, will be medicinable to me, I am ſick in diſpleaſure to him, and whatſoever comes athwart his affection, ranges evenly with mine; how canſt thou croſs this marriage?

Bor. Not honeſtly my Lord, but ſo covertly, that no diſhoneſty ſhall appear in me.

Joh. ſhew me briefly how.

Bor. I think I told your Lordſhip a year ſince, how much I am in the favour of *Margaret*, the waiting gentlewoman to *Hero.*

John. I remember.

Bor. I can at any unſeaſonable inſtant of the night, appoint her to look out at her Ladies chamber window.

John. What life is in that, to be the death of this marriage?

Bor. The poyſon of that lies in you to temper, go you to the Prince your brother, ſpare not to tell him, that he hath wronged his Honor in marrying the renowned *Claudio*, whoſe eſtimation do you mightily hold up, to a contaminated ſtale, ſuch a one as *Hero.*

John. What proof ſhall I make of that?

Bor. Proof enough, to miſuſe the Prince, to vex *Claudio*, to undo *Hero*, and kill *Leonato*; look you for any other iſſue?

John. Only to deſpite them, I will endeavour any thing.

Bor. Go then find me a meet hour, to draw on *Pedro*, and the Count *Claudio*, alone, tell them that you know that *Hero*, loves me, intend a kind of zeal both to the Prince and *Claudio*, (as in a love of your brothers honor who hath made this match) and his friends reputation, who is thus like to be cozen'd with the ſemblance of a maid, that you have diſcoverd thus: they will ſcarcely believe this without trial: offer them inſtances which ſhall bear no leſs likelihood, than to ſee me at her chamber window, hear me call *Margaret*, *Hero*, hear *Margaret* term me *Claudio*, and bring them to ſee this, the very night before the intended wedding, for in the mean time, I will faſhion the matter, that *Hero* ſhall be abſent, and there ſhall appear ſuch ſeeming truths of *Hero's* diſloyalty, that jealouſie ſhall be call'd aſſurance, and all the preparation overthrown.

Joh. Grow this to what adverſe iſſue it can, I will put it in practiſe: be cunning in the working this, and thy fee is a thouſand ducats.

Bor. Be thou conſtant in the accuſation, and my cunning ſhall not ſhame me.

John. I will preſently go learn their day of marriage. *Exit.*

Enter Benedicke *alone.*

Bene. Boy.

Boy. Signior.

Bene. In my chamber window lies a book, bring it hither to me in the orchard.

Boy. I am here already ſir. *Exit.*

Bene. I know that, but I would have thee hence, and here again. I do much wonder, that one man ſeeing how much another man is a fool, when he dedicates his behaviours to love, will after he hath laught at ſuch ſhallow follies in others, become the argument of his own ſcorn, by falling in love! and ſuch a man is *Claudio.* I have known when there was no muſick with him but the drum and the fiſe, and now had he rather hear the taber and the pipe: I have known when he would have walkt ten mile a foot, to ſee a good armor; and now will he lie ten nights awake carving the faſhion of a new dublet: he was wont to ſpeak plain, and to the purpoſe (like an honeſt man and a ſouldier) and now is he turn'd orthography, his words are a very fantaſtical banquet, juſt ſo many ſtrange diſhes: may I be ſo converted, and ſee with theſe eyes? I cannot tell, I think not? I will not be ſworn, but love may transform me to an oyſter, but I'le take my oath on it, till he have made an oyſter of me, he ſhall never make me ſuch a fool; one woman is fair, yet I am well: another is wiſe, yet I am well: another vertuous, yet I am well: but till all graces be in one woman, one woman ſhall not come in my grace: rich ſhe ſhall be, that's certain: wiſe, or I'le none; vertuous, or I'le never cheapen her: fair, or I'le never look on her: mild, or come not near me: Noble, or not for an Angel: of good diſcourſe: an excellent Muſitian, and her hair ſhall be of what colour it pleaſe God, ha! the Prince and Monſieur Love, I will hide me in the Arbor.

Enter Prince, Leonato, Claudio, and Jack Wilſon.

Prince. Come, ſhall we hear this muſick?

Claud. Yea my good Lord: how ſtill the evening is,
As huſht on purpoſe to grace harmony.

Prince. See you where *Benedick* hath hid himſelf?

Clau. O very well my Lord: the muſick ended,
We'l fit the kid-fox with a penny worth.

Prince. Come *Balthazar*, we'l hear that ſong again.

Balth. O good my Lord, tax not ſo bad a voice,
To ſlander muſick any more than once.

Prince. It is the witneſs ſtill of excellency,
To put a ſtrange face on his own perfection;
I pray thee ſing, and let me wooe no more.

Balth. Becauſe you talk of wooing, I will ſing,
Since many a wooer doth commence his ſuit,
To her he thinks not worthy, yet he woo's,
Yet will he ſwear he loves.

Prince. Nay pray thee come,
Or if thou wilt hold longer argument,
Do it in notes.

Balth. Note this before my notes,
There's not a note of mine that's worth the noting.

Prince. Why theſe are very crotchets that he ſpeaks,
Note notes forſooth, and nothing.

Bene. Now divine air, now is his ſoul raviſh't, is it not ſtrange that ſheeps guts ſhould hale ſouls out of mens bodies? well, a horn for my money when all's done.

The Song.

Sigh no more Ladies, ſigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever,
One foot in ſea, and one on ſhore,
To one thing conſtant never:
Then ſigh not ſo, but let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny,
Converting all your ſounds of woe,
Into hey nony, nony.

Sing no more ditties, ſing no more;
Of dumps ſo dull and heavy.
The fraud of men were ever ſo,
Since ſummer firſt was leavy,
Then ſigh not ſo, &c.

Prince. By my troth a good ſong.

Balth. And an ill ſinger my Lord.

Prince. Ha, no, no faith, thou ſing'ſt well enough for a ſhift

Bene. And he had been a dog that ſhould have howl'd thus, they would have hang'd him, and I pray God his bad voice bode no miſchief, I had as lieve have heard the night-raven, come what plague could have come after it.

Prince. Yea marry, doſt thou hear *Balthazar*? I pray thee get us ſome excellent muſick: for to morrow night we would have it at the Lady *Heroes* chamber window.

Balth. The beſt I can my lord. *Exit Balthazar.*

Prince. Do ſo, farewell. Come hither *Leonato*, what was it you told me of to day, that your Niece *Beatrice* was in love with Signior *Benedick*?

Clau. O I, ſtalk on, ſtalk on, the foul ſits. I did never think that Lady would have loved any man.

Leon. No, nor I neither; but moſt wonderful, that ſhe ſhould ſo doat on Signior *Benedick*, whom ſhe hath in all outward behaviours ſeemed ever to abhor.

Bene. Is't poſſible, ſits the wind in that corner?

Leon. By my troth my Lord, I cannot tell what to think of it, but that ſhe loves him with an inraged affection, it is paſt the infinite of thought.

Prince. May be ſhe doth but counterfeit.

Claud. Faith like enough.

Loon. O God! counterfeit? there was never counterfeit of paſſion came ſo near the life of paſſion as ſhe diſcovers it.

Prince. Why what effects of paſſion ſhews ſhe?

Claud. Bait the hook well, the fiſh will bite.

Leon. What effects my Lord? ſhe will ſit you, you heard my daughter tell you how.

Claud. She did indeed.

Prin. How, how I pray you? you amaze me, I would have thought her ſpirit had been invincible againſt all aſſaults of affection.

Leo. I would have ſworn it had, my Lord, eſpecially againſt *Benedick*

Bene. I ſhould think this a gull, but that the white-bearded fellow ſpeaks it: knavery cannot ſure hide himſelf in ſuch reverence.

Claud. He hath tane th' infection, hold it up.

Prince Hath ſhe made her affection known to *Benedick*?

Leonato. No, and ſwears ſhe never will, that's her torment.

Claud. 'Tis true indeed, ſo your daughter ſayes: ſhall I, ſayes ſhe, that have ſo oft encountred him with ſcorn, write to him that I love him?

Leo. This ſaies ſhe now when ſhe is beginning to write to him, ſhe'l be up twenty times a night, and there will ſhe ſit in her ſmock, till ſhe have writ a ſheet of paper: my daughter tells us all.

Cla. Now you talk of a ſheet of paper, I remember a pretty jeſt your daughter told us of.

Leon. O when ſhe had writ it, and reading it over, ſhe found *Benedick* and *Beatrice* between the ſheet.

Clau. That.

Leon. O ſhe tore the letter into a thouſand halfpence, raild at her ſelf, that ſhe ſhould be ſo immodeſt, to write to one that ſhe knew would flout her: I meaſure him ſaies ſhe, by my own ſpirit, for I ſhould flout him if he writ to me, yea though I love him, I ſhould.

Clau. Then down upon her knees ſhe falls, weeps, ſobs, beats her heart, tears her hair, prays, curſes; O ſweet *Benedick*, God give me patience.

Leon. She doth indeed, my daughter ſaies ſo, and the extaſie hath ſo much overborn her, that my daughter is ſometime afeard ſhe will do a deſperate out-rage to her ſelf, it is very true.

Prince. It were good that *Benedick* knew of it by ſome other, if ſhe will not diſcover it.

Clau. To what end? he would but make a ſport of it, and torment the poor Lady worſe.

Prin. And he ſhould, it were an alms to hang him; ſhe's an excellent ſweet Lady, and (out of all ſuſpition) ſhe is vertuous.

Clau. And ſhe is exceeding wiſe.

Prin. In every thing, but in loving *Benedick*.

Leon. O my Lord, wiſdome and blood combating in ſo tender a body, we have ten proofs to one, that blood hath the victory; I am ſorry for her, as I have juſt cauſe, being her Unkle, and her Guardian.

Prince. I would ſhe had beſtowed this dotage on me; I would have daft all other reſpects, and made her half my ſelf: I pray you tell *Benedick* of it, and hear what he will ſay.

Leon. Were it good think you?

Cla. *Hero* thinks ſurely ſhe will die, for ſhe ſaies ſhe will die, if he love her not, and ſhe will die ere ſhe make her love known, and ſhe will die if he woo her, rather than ſhe will bate one breath of her accuſtomed croſsneſs.

Prin. She doth well, if ſhe ſhould make tender of her love, 'tis very poſſible he'l ſcorn it, for the man (as you know all) hath a contemptible ſpirit.

Clau. He is a very proper man.

Prin. He hath indeed a good outward happineſs.

Clau. 'Fore God, and in my mind very wiſe.

Prin. He doth indeed ſhew ſome ſparks that are like wit.

Leon. And I take him to be valiant.

Prin. As *Hector*, I aſſure you, and in the managing of quarrels you may ſee he is wiſe, for either he avoids them with great diſcretion, or undertakes them with a Chriſtian like fear.

Leon. If he do fear God, a muſt neceſſarily keep peace; if he break the peace, he ought to enter into a quarrel with fear and trembling.

Prin. And ſo will he do, for the man doth fear God, howſoever it ſeems not in him, by ſome large jeſts he will make: well I am ſorry for your Niece, ſhall we go ſee *Benedick*, and tell him of her love?

Claud. Never tell him, my Lord, let her wear it out with good counſel.

Leon. Nay thats impoſſible, ſhe may wear her heart out firſt.

Prin. Well, we will hear further of it by your daughter, let it cool the while, I love *Benedick* well, and I could wiſh he would modeſtly examine himſelf, to ſee how much he is un worthy to have ſo good a Lady.

Leon. My Lord, will you walk? dinner is ready.

Clau. If he do not dote on her upon this, I will never truſt my expectation.

Prin. Let there be the ſame Net ſpread for her, and that muſt your daughter and her gentlewoman carry: the ſport will be, when they hold one an opinion of anothers dotage, and no ſuch matter, that's the Scene that I would ſee, which will be meerly a dumb ſhew: let us ſend her to call him in to dinner: *Exeunt.*

Ben. This can be no trick, the conference was ſadly born, they have the truth of this from *Hero*, they ſeem to pity the Lady: it ſeems her affections have the full bent: love me? why it muſt be requited: I hear how I am cenſur'd: they ſay I will bear my ſelf proudly, if I perceive the love come from her: they ſay too, that ſhe will rather dye than give any ſign of affection: I did never think to marry; I muſt not ſeem proud, happy are they that hear their detractions, and can put them to mending: they ſay the Lady is fair; 'tis a truth, I can bear them witneſs: and vertuous, 'tis ſo, I cannot reprove it: and wiſe, but for loving me, by my troth it is no addition to her wit, nor no great argument of her folly; for I will be horribly in love with her, I may chance have ſome odd quirks and remains of wit broken on me, becauſe I have rail'd ſo long againſt marriage: but doth not the appetite alter? a man loves the meat in his youth, that he cannot endure in his age. Shall quips and ſentences, and theſe paper-bullets of the brain awe a man from the career of his humour? No, the world muſt be peopled. When I ſaid I would dye a batchellor, I did not think I ſhould live till I were married: here comes *Beatrice:* by this day ſhe's a fair Lady, I do ſpy ſome marks of love in her.

Enter Beatrice.

Beat. Againſt my will I am ſent to bid you come in to dinner.

Ben. Fair *Beatrice*, I thank you for your pains.

Beat. I took no more pains for thoſe thanks, than you take pains to thank me; if it had been painful, I would not have come.

Ben. You take pleaſure then in the meſſage.

Beat. Yea, juſt ſo much as you may take upon a knives point, and choak a Daw withal: you have no ſtomach Signior, fare you well. *Exit.*

Ben. Ha, againſt my will I am ſent to bid you come in to dinner: there's a double meaning in that: I took no more pains for thoſe thanks, than you took pains to thank me; that's as much as to ſay, any pains that I take for you is as eaſie as thanks: if I do not take pity of her, I am a Villain; if I do not love her, I am a *Jew:* I will go get her picture.

Actus Tertius.

Enter Hero and two Gentlemen, Margaret and Urſula.

Hero. Good *Margaret* run thee to the parlour,
There ſhalt thou find my Couſin *Beatrice*
Propoſing with the Prince and *Claudio*,
Whiſper her ear, and tell her I and *Urſula*
Walk in the Orchard, and our whole diſcourſe
Is all of her; ſay that thou over-heardſt us,
And bid her ſteal into the pleached bower,
Where honey-ſuckles ripened by the ſun
Forbid the Sun to enter: like Favourites
Made proud by Princes, that advance their pride
Againſt that power that bred it, there will ſhe hide her,
To liſten to our purpoſe, this is thy office,
Bear thee well in it, and leave us alone.
Marg. I'le make her come I warrant preſently. *Exit.*
Hero. Now *Urſula* when *Beatrice* doth come,
As we do trace this alley up and down,
Our talk muſt onely be of *Benedick*;
When I do name him, let it be thy part
To praiſe him more than ever man did merit,
My talk to thee muſt be how *Benedick*
Is ſick in love with *Beatrice:* of this matter
Is little *Cupids* crafty arrow made,
That only wounds by hear-ſay: now begin.

Enter Beatrice.

For look where *Beatrice* like a Lapwing runs
Cloſe by the ground, to hear our conference.
Urſ. The pleaſant'ſt angling is to ſee the fiſh
Cut with her golden oars the ſilver ſtream,
And greedily devour the treacherous bait:
So angle we for B*eatrice*, who even now,
Is couched in the woodbine coverture,
Fear you not my part of the Dialogue.
Her. Then go we near her that her ear loſe nothing
Of the falſe ſweet bait that we lay for it:
No truly *Urſula*, ſhe is too diſdainful,
I know her ſpirits are as coy and wild,
As Haggerds of the rock. i.e. Wild [illegible] Hawks
Urſ. But are you ſure,
That Benedick loves *Beatrice* ſo intirely?
Her. So ſayes the Prince, and my new trothed Lord.
Urſ. And did they bid you tell her of it, Madam?
Her. They did intreat me to acquaint her of it,
But I perſwaded them, if they lov'd *Benedick*,
To wiſh him wraſtle with affection,
And never to let *Beatrice* know of it.
Urſ. Why did you ſo, doth not the Gentleman
Deſerve as full, as fortunate a bed,
As ever *Beatrice* ſhall couch upon?
Hero. O God of love! I know he doth deſerve,
As much as may be yielded to a man:
But nature never fram'd a womans heart,
Of prouder ſtuff then that of *Beatrice*:
Diſdain and Scorn ride ſparkling in her eye,
Miſ-prizing what they look on, and her wit
Values it ſelf ſo highly, that to her
All matter elſe ſeems weak: ſhe cannot love,
Nor take no ſhape nor project of affection;
She is ſo ſelf indeared.
Urſ. Sure I think ſo,
And therefore certainly it were not good
She knew his love, leſt ſhe make ſport at it.
Hero. Why you ſpeak truth, I never yet ſaw man,
How wiſe, how noble, young, how rarely featur'd.
But ſhe would ſpell him backward: if fair-fac'd,

She would ſwear the gentleman ſhould be her ſiſter:
If black, why Nature drawing of an antick,
Made a foul blot: if tall, a launce ill-headed:
If low, an agot very vildly cut:
If ſpeaking, why a vane blown with all winds,
If ſilent, why a block moved with none.
So turns ſhe every man the wrong ſide out,
And never gives to truth and Vertue that
Which ſimpleneſs and merit purchaſeth.
Urſ. Sure, ſure, ſuch carping is not commendable.
Hero. No, not to be ſo odd, and from all faſhions,
As *Beatrice* is, cannot be commendable.
But who dare tell her ſo? if I ſhould ſpeak,
She would mock me into air, O ſhe would laugh me
Out of my ſelf, preſs me to death with wit,
Therefore let *Benedick* like covered fire,
Conſume away in ſighs, waſt inwardly:
It were a bitter death, to die with mocks,
Which is as bad as die with tickling.
Urſ. Yet tell her of it, hear what ſhe will ſay.
Her. No, rather I will go to *Benedick*,
And counſel him to fight againſt his paſſion,
And truly Ile deviſe ſome honeſt ſlanders,
To ſtain my couſin with: one doth not know,
How much an ill word may impoiſon liking.
Urſ. O do not do your couſin ſuch a wrong.
She cannot be ſo much without true judgment,
Having ſo ſwift and excellent a wit
As ſhe is priz'd to have, as to refuſe
So rare a Gentleman as ſignior *Benedick*.
Her. He is the only man of *Italy*,
Alwaies excepted, my dear *Claudio*.
Urſ. I pray you be not angry with me, Madam,
Speaking my fancy: Signior *Benedick*,
For ſhape, for bearing, argument and valour
Goes formoſt in report through *Italy*.
Her. Indeed he hath an excellent good name.
Urſ. His excellence did earn it ere he had it:
When are you married Madam?
Her. Why every day to morrow, come go in,
I'le ſhew thee ſome attires, and have thy counſel,
Which is the beſt to furniſh me to morrow.
Urſ. She's tane I warrant you,
We have caught her Madam?
Hero. If it prove ſo, then loving goes by haps,
Some *Cupids* [illegible] with arrows, ſome with traps. *Exit.*
Beat. What fire is in my ears? can this be true?
Stand I condemn'd for pride and ſcorn ſo much?
Contempt, farwell, and maiden pride, adieu,
No glory lives behind the back of ſuch,
And *Benedick*, love on, I will requite thee,
Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand:
If thou doſt love, my kindneſs ſhall incite thee
To bind our loves up in a holy band.
For others ſay thou doſt deſerve, and I
Believe it better than reportingly. *Exit.*

Enter Prince, Claudio, Benedick, and Leonato.

Prince. I do but ſtay till your marriage be conſummate, and then I go toward *Arragon*.

Clau. I'le bring you thither my Lord, if you'l vouchſafe me.

Prin. Nay, that would be as great a ſoil in the new gloſs of your marriage, as to ſhew a child his new coat and forbid him to wear it. I will onely be bold with *Benedick* for his company; for from the crown of his head, to the ſole of his foot, he is all mirth, he hath twice or thrice cut *Cupids* bow-ſtring, and the little hang-man dare not ſhoot at him, he hath a heart as ſound as a bell, and the tongue is the clapper; for what his heart thinks, his tongue ſpeaks.

Ben. Gallants, I am not as I have been.

Leo. So ſay I; methinks you are ſadder.

Clau. I hope he be in love.

Prin. Hang him truant, there's no true drop of blood in him to be truly toucht with love; if he be ſad, he wants money.

Ben. I have the tooth-ach.

Prin. Draw it.

Ben. Hang it.

Clau. You muſt hang it firſt, and draw it afterwards.

Prin. What? ſigh for the tooth-ach.

Leon. Where is but a humour or a worm.

Ben. Well, every one cannot maſter a grief, but he that has it.

Clau. Yet ſay I, he is in love.

Prin. There is no appearance of fancy in him, unleſs it be a fancy that he hath to ſtrange diſguiſes, as to be a Dutchman to day, a Frenchman to morrow: unleſs he have a fancy to this foolery, as it appears he hath, he is no fool for fancy, as you would have it to appear he is.

Clau. If he be not in love with ſome woman, there is no believing old ſigns, a bruſhes his hat a mornings; What ſhould that bode?

Prin. Hath any man ſeen him at the Barbers?

Clau. No, but the Barbers man hath been ſeen with him, and the old ornament of his cheek hath already ſtuft tennis balls.

Leon. Indeed he looks younger than he did, by the loſs of a beard.

Prin. Nay a rubs himſelf with Civit, can you ſmell him out by that?

Clau. That's as much as to ſay, the ſweet youth's in love.

Prin. The greateſt note of it is his melancholy:

Clau. And when was he wont to waſh his face?

Prin. Yea, or to paint himſelf? for the which I hear what they ſay of him.

Clau. Nay, but his jeſting ſpirit, which is now crept into a lute-ſtring, and now govern'd by ſtops

Prin. Indeed that tells a heavy tale for him: conclude, he is in love.

Clau. Nay, but I know who loves him.

Prin. That would I know too, I watrant one that knows him not.

Clau. Yes, and his ill conditions, and in deſpight of all dies for him.

Prin. She ſhall be buried with her face upwards.

Ben. Yet is this no charm for the tooth-ake, old ſignior walk aſide with me, I have ſtudied eight or nine wiſe words to ſpeak to you, which theſe hobby-horſes muſt not hear.

Prin. For my life to break with him about *Beatrice*.

Clau. Tis even ſo, *Hero* and *Margaret* have by this played their parts with *Beatrice*, and then the two Bears will not bite one another when they meet.

Enter John the Baſtard.

Baſt. My Lord and brother, God ſave you.

Prin. Good den brother.

Baſt. If your leſure ſerv'd, I would ſpeak with you.

Prin. in private?

Baſt. If it pleaſe you; yet Count *Clandio* may hear; for what I would ſpeak of, concerns him.

Prin. What's the matter?

Baſt. Means your Lordſhip to be married to morrow?

Prin. You know he does.

Baſt. I know not that, when he knows what I know.

Clau. If there be any impediment, I pray you diſcover it.

Baſt. You may think I love you not, let that appear hereafter, and aim better at me by that I now will manifeſt; for my brother (I think, he holds you well, and in dearneſs of heart) hath holp to effect your enſuing marriage: ſurely ſute ill ſpent, and labour ill beſtowed.

Prin. Why, what's the matter?

Baſt. I came hither to tell you, and circumſtances ſhortned (for ſhe hath been too long a talking of) the Lady is diſloyal.

Clau. Who? *Hero*?

Baſt. Even ſhe, *Leonato's Hero*, your *Hero*, every mans *Hero*.

Clau. Diſloyal?

Baſt. The word is too good to paint out her wickedneſs; I could ſay ſhe were worſe: think you of a worſe title, and I will fit her to it: wonder not till further warrant: go but with me to night, you ſhall ſee her chamber window entred, even the night before her wedding-day, if you love her, then to morrow wed her: but it would better fit your Honour to change your mind.

Clau. May this be ſo?

Prin. I will not think it.

Baſt. If you dare not truſt that you ſee, confeſs not that you know: if you will follow me, I will ſhew you enough; and when you have ſeen more, and heard more, proceed accordingly.

Clau. If I ſee any thing to night why I ſhould not marry her to morrow in the congregation where I ſhould wed, there will I ſhame her.

Prin. And as I wooed for thee to obtain her, I will join with thee to diſgrace her.

Baſt. I will diſparage her no farther, till you are my witneſſes; bear it coldly but till night, and let the iſſue ſhew it ſelf.

Prin. O day untowardly turned.

Clau. O miſchief ſtrangely thwarting!

Baſt. O plague right well prevented! ſo will you ſay when you have ſeen the ſequel. *Exeunt.*

Enter Dogbery and his compartner, with the Watch.

Dog. Are you good men and true?

Verg. Yea, or elſe it were pity but they ſhould ſuffer ſalvation body and ſoul.

Dog. Nay, that were puniſhment too good for them, if they ſhould have any allegiance in them, being choſen for the Princes Watch.

Verg. Well, give them their charge neighbour *Dogbery*.

Dog. Firſt, Who think you the moſt diſartleſs man to be Conſtable?

Watch. 1. *Hugh Otecake*, ſir, or *George Seacole*; for they can write and read.

Dog. Come hither Neighbour *Seacole*, God hath bleſt you with a good Name, to be a well-favoured man, is the gift of Fortune, but to write and read comes by Nature.

VVatch. 2. Both which Maſter Conſtable

Dog. You have: I knew it would be your anſwer: well, for your favour ſir, why give God thanks, and make no boaſt of it; and for your writing and reading, let that appear when there is no need of ſuch vanity: you are thought here to be the moſt ſenſleſs and fit man for the Conſtable of the Watch; therefore bear you the Lanthorn; this is your charge: You ſhall comprehend all vagrom men, you are to bid any man ſtand in the Princes name.

VVatch. 2 How if a will not ſtand?

Dog. Why then take no note of him, but let him go, and preſently call the reſt of the Watch together, and thank God you are rid of a knave.

Verg. If he will not ſtand when he is bidden, he is none of the Princes ſubjects.

Dog. True, and they are to meddle with none but the Princes ſubjects: you ſhall alſo make no noiſe in the ſtreets: for, for the Watch to babble and talk, is moſt tollerable, and not to be endured.

VVatch. We will rather ſleep than talk; we know what belongs to a Watch.

Dog. Why you ſpeak like an ancient and moſt quiet Watchman, for I cannot ſee how ſleeping ſhould offend; only have a care that your bills be not ſtoln: well, you are to call at all the Alehouſes, and bid them that are drunk get them to bed.

VVatch. How if they will not?

Dog. Why then let them alone till they are ſober, if they make you not then the better anſwer, you may ſay they are not the men you took them for.

VVatch. Well ſir.

Dog. If you meet a thief, you may ſuſpect him by vertue of your office, to be no true man; and for ſuch kind of men, the leſs you meddle or make with them, why the more is for your honeſty.

VVatch. If we know him to be a thief, ſhall we not lay hands on him?

Dog. Truly by your office you may; but I think they that touch pitch will be defil'd: the moſt peaceable way for you, if you do take a thief, is, to let him ſhew himſelf what he is, and ſteal out of his company.

Verg. You have been always call'd a merciful man, partner.

Dog. Truly I would not hang a dog by my will, much more a man who hath any honeſty in him.

Verges. If you hear a child cry in the night, you muſt call to the Nurſe, and bid her ſtill it.

VVatch. How if the Nurſe be aſleep, and will not hear us?

Dog. Why then depart in peace, and let the child wake her with crying: for the Ewe that will not hear her Lamb when it baes, will never anſwer a Calf when it bleats.

Verges. 'Tis very true.

Dog. This is the end of the charge: you Conſtable are to preſent the Princes own perſon, if you meet the Prince in the night you may ſtay him.

Verges. Nay birlady that I think I cannot.

Dog. Five ſhillings to one on't with any man that knows the Statutes, he may ſtay him, marry not without the Prince be willing: for indeed the Watch ought to offend no man; and it is an offence to ſtay a man againſt his will.

Verges. Birlady I think it be ſo.

Dog. Ha, ah, ha, well maſters good night, and there be any matter of weight chances, call up me, keep your fellows counſel, and your own, and good night, come Neighbour.

VVatch. VVell maſters, we hear our charge, let us go ſit here upon the Church bench till two, and then all to bed.

Dog. One word more, honeſt neighbours. I pray you watch about Signior *Leonato's* door, for the wedding being there to morrow, there is a great coil to night, adieu, be vigilant I beſeech you. *Exeunt.*

Enter Borachio *and* Conrade.

Bor. VVhat, *Conrade*?

Watch. Peace, ſtir not.

Bor. *Conrade* I ſay.

Con. Here man, I am at thy elbow.

Bor. Maſs and my elbow itcht, I thought there would a ſcab follow.

Con. I will owe thee an anſwer for that, and now forward with thy tale.

Bor. Stand thee cloſe then under this Pent-houſe, for it drizles rain, and I will, like a true drunkard, utter all to thee.

Watch. Some treaſon maſters, yet ſtand cloſe.

Bor. Therefore know, I have earned of *Don John* a thouſand Ducats.

Con. Is it poſſible that any villany ſhould be ſo dear?

Bor. Thou ſhouldſt rather ask if it were poſſible any villany ſhould be ſo rich? for when rich villains have need of poor ones, poor ones may make what price they will.

Con. I wonder at it.

Bor. That ſhews thou art unconfirm'd, thou knoweſt that the faſhion of a doublet, or a hat, or a cloak, is nothing to a man.

Con. Yes, it is apparel.

Bor. I mean the faſhion:

Con. Yes the faſhion is the faſhion.

Bor. Tuſh, I may as well ſay the fool's the fool, but ſeeſt thou not what a deformed thief this faſhion is?

Watch. I know that deformed, a has been a vile thief this ſeven years, a goes up and down like a Gentleman: I remember his name.

Bor. Did'ſt thou not hear ſomebody?

Con. No, 'twas the vane on the houſe.

Bor. Seeſt thou not (I ſay) what a deformed thief this faſhion is, how giddily a turns about all the Hot-bloods, between fourteen and five and thirty, ſometimes faſhioning them like *Pharoes* ſoldiers in the rechie painting, ſometimes like god-Bell's prieſts in the old Church window, ſometime like the ſhaven *Hercules* in the ſmircht worm-eatan tapeſtry, where his Cod-piece ſeems as maſſie as his club.

Con. All this I ſee, and ſee that the faſhion wears out more apparel than the man; but art not thou thy ſelf giddy with the faſhion too, that thou haſt ſhifted out of thy tale into telling me of the faſhion?

Bor. Not ſo neither, but know that I have to night wooed *Margaret* the Lady *Hero*'s gentlewoman, by the name of *Hero*; ſhe leans me out at her miſtreſs chamber window, bids me a thouſand times good night: I tell this tale vildly: I ſhould firſt tell thee how the Prince *Claudio*, and my Maſter planted, and placed, and poſſeſſed by my Maſter *Don John*, ſaw afar off in the Orchard this amiable encounter.

Con. And thought thy *Margaret* was *Hero*?

Bor. Two of them did, the Prince and *Claudio*, but the devil my Maſter knew ſhe was *Margaret*, and partly by his oaths which firſt poſſeſt them, partly by the dark night which did deceive them, but chiefly by my villany, which did confirm any ſlander that *Don John* had made, away went *Claudio* enraged, ſwore he would meet her as he was appointed next morning at the Temple, and there. before the whole Congregation ſhame her with what he ſaw o're night, and ſend her home again without a Husband.

Watch. 1. We charge you in the Princes name ſtand.

Watch. 2. Call up the right maſter Conſtable, we have here recovered the moſt dangerous piece of lechery that ever was known in a Common-wealth.

Watch. 1. And one Deformed is one of them, I know him, a wears a lock.

Con. Maſters, maſters.

Watch. 2. You'l be made bring Deformed forth I warrant you.

Con. Maſters, never ſpeak, we charge you, let us obey you to go with us.

Bor. We are like to prove a goodly commodity, being taken up of theſe mens bills.

Con. A commodity in queſtion I warrrant you, come we'l obey you. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hero, and Margaret, and Urſula.

Hero. Good *Urſula* wake my Couſin *Beatrice*, and deſire her to riſe.

Urſu. I will Lady.

Hero. And bid her come hither.

Urſ. Well.

Mar. Troth, I think your other rebato were better.

Hero. No pray thee good *Meg* I'le wear this.

Mar. By my troth's not ſo good, and I warrant your Couſin will ſay ſo.

Hero. My Couſin's a fool, and thou art another, I'le wear none but this.

Mar. I like the new tire within excellently, if the hair were a thought browner: and your Gown's a moſt rare faſhion ifaith, I ſaw the dutcheſs of *Millains* Gown, that they praiſe ſo.

Hero. O that exceeds they ſay.

Mar. By my troth's but a Night-Gown in reſpect of yours, cloth a gold and cuts, and lac'd with ſilver, ſet with pearls down-ſleeves, ſide-ſleeves, and skirts, round, underborn with a blewiſh tinſel, but for a fine queint graceful and excellent faſhion, yours is worth ten on't.

Hero. God give me joy to wear it, for my heart is exceeding heavy.

Marg. 'Twill be heavier ſoon, by the weight of a man.

Hero. Fie upon thee, art not aſham'd?

Marg. Of what Lady? of ſpeaking honourably? is not marriage honourable in a beggar? is not your Lord honourable without marriage? I think you would have me ſay, ſaving your reverence a husband: and bad thinking do not wreſt true ſpeaking, Ile offend no body, is there any harm in the heavier for a husband? none I think, and it be the right husband, and the right wife, otherwiſe 'tis light and not heavy, ask my Lady *Beatrice* elſe, here ſhe comes.

Enter Beatrice.

Hero. Good morrow Coze.

Beat. Good morrow ſweet *Hero.*

Hero. Why how now? do you ſpeak in the ſick tune?

Beat. I am out of all other tune methinks.

Mar. Claps into Light a love, (that goes without a burden,) do you ſing it, and Ile dance it.

Beat. Ye light alove with your heels, then if your husband have ſtables enough, you'l look he ſhall lack no barns.

Mar. O illegitimate conſtruction! I ſcorn that with my heels.

Beat. 'Tis almoſt five a clock couſin, 'tis time you were ready, by my troth I am exceeding ill, hey ho.

Mar. For a hauk, a horſe, or a husband?

Beat. For the letter that begins them all, H.

Mar. Well, and you be not turn'd Turk, there's no more ſailing by the ſtar.

Beat. What means the fool trow?

Mar. Nothing I, but God ſend every one their hearts deſire.

Hero. Theſe gloves the Count ſent me, they are an excellent perfume.

Beat. I am ſtuft Couſin, I cannot ſmell.

Mar. A maid and ſtuft! there's a goodly catching of cold.

Beat. O God help me, God help me, how long have you profeſt apprehenſion?

Mar. Ever ſince you left it; doth not my wit become me rarely?

Beat. It is not ſeen enough, you ſhould wear it in your cap, by my troth I am ſick.

Mar. Get you ſome of this diſtill'd *carduus benedictus*, and lay it to your heart, it is the only thing for a qualm.

Hero. There thou prick'ſt her with a thiſsle.

Beat. *Benedictus*, why *benedictus*? you have ſome moral in this *benedictus.*

Mar. Moral? no by my troth, I have no moral meaning, I meant plain holy thiſsle, you may think perchance that I think you are in love, nay birlady I am not ſuch a fool to think what I liſt, nor I liſt not to think what I can, nor indeed I cannot think, if I would think my heart out of thinking, that you are in love, or that you will be in love, or that you can be in love: yet *Benedick* was ſuch another, and now is he become a man, he ſwore he would never marry, and yet now in deſpight of his heart he eats his meat without grudging, and how you may be converted I know not, but methinks you look with your eyes as other women do.

Beat. What pace is this thy tongue keeps?

Mar. Not a falſe gallop.

Enter Urſula.

Urſ. Madam, withdraw, the Prince, the Count, ſignior *Benedick*, *Don John*, and all the gallants of the town are come to fetch you to Church.

Hero. Help to dreſs me good coze, good *Meg*, good *Urſula.*

Enter Leonata, and the Conſtable and the Headborough.

Leonata. What would you with me, honeſt neighbour?

Conſt. Dog. Marry ſir I would have ſome confidence with you, that decerns you nearly.

Leon. Brief I pray you, for you ſee 'tis a buſie time with me.

Conſt. Dog. Marry this it is ſir.

Headb. Yes in truth it is ſir.

Leon. What is it my good friends?

Conſt. Dog. Goodman *Verges* ſir ſpeaks a little of the matter, an old man ſir, and his wits are not ſo blunt, as God help, I would deſire they were, but in faith honeſt as the skin between his brows.

Headb. Yes I thank God, I am as honeſt as any man living, that is an old man, and no honeſter than I.

Conſt. Dog. Compariſons are odorous, palabras, neighbour *Verges.*

Leon. Neighbours, you are tedious.

Conſt. Dog. It pleaſes your worſhip to ſay ſo, but we are the poor Dukes Officers, but truly for mine own part, if I were as tedious as a King, I could find in my heart to beſtow it all of your worſhip.

Leon. All thy tediouſneſs on me, ah?

Conſt. Dog. Yea, and 'twere a thouſand times more than 'tis, for I hear as good exclamation on your Worſhip as of any man in the City, and tho I be but a poor man, I am glad to hear it.

Headb. And ſo am I.

Leon. I would fain know what you have to ſay.

Headb. Marry ſir, our watch to night, excepting your worſhips preſence, have tane a couple of as arrant knaves, as any in *Meſſina.*

Conſt. Dog A good old man ſir, he will be talking as they ſay, when the age is in, the wit is out, God help us, it is a world to ſee: well ſaid yfaith neighbour *Verges*, well, God's a good man, and two men rides an horſe, one muſt ride behind, an honeſt ſoul yfaith ſir, by my troth he is, as ever broke bread, but God is to be worſhipt, all men are not alike, alas good neighbour.

Leon. Indeed neighbour he comes too ſhort of you.

Conſt. Dog. Gifts that God gives.

Leon. I muſt leave you.

Conſt. Dog. One word ſir, our watch have indeed comprehended two aſpitious perſons, and we would have them this morning examined before your worſhip.

Leon. Take their examination your ſelf, and bring it me, I am now in great haſt, as may appear unto you. [*Exit.*

Conſt. It ſhall be ſuffigance.

Leon. Drink ſome wine ere you go: fare you well.

Meſ. My Lord, they ſtay for you to give your daughter to her husband.

Leon. Ile wait upon them. I am ready.

Dough. Go good partner, go get you to *Francis Seecoale*, bid him bring his pen and inkhorn to the Goal; we are now to examine thoſe men.

Verges. And we muſt do it wiſely.

Dough. We will ſpare for no wit I warrant you; here's that ſhall drive ſome of them to a non-come, only get the learned writer to ſet down our excommunication, and meet me at the Goal. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus.

Enter Prince, Baſtard, Leonata, Frier, Claudio, Benedick, Hero, and Beatrice.

Leon. Come Frier *Francis*, be brief, only to the plain form of marriage, and you ſhall recount their particular duties afterwards.

Fran. You come hither my Lord to marry this Lady.

Clau. No.

Leon. To be married to her, Frier, you come to marry her.

Frier. Lady, you come hither to be married to this Count.

Hero. I do.

Frier. If either of you know any inward impediment why you ſhould not be conjoined, I charge you on your ſouls to utter it.

Clau. Know you any, *Hero*?

Hero. None my Lord.

Frier. Know you any, Count?

Leon. I dare make his anſwer, None.

Clau. O what men dare do! what men may do! what men daily do!

Ben. How now! interjections? why then, ſome be of laughing, as ha, ha, he.

Clau. Stand thee by Frier: father by your leave,
Will you with this freeand unconſtrained ſoul
Give me this maid your daughter?

Leon. As freely ſon, as God did give her me.

Clau. And what have I to give you back, whoſe worth
May counterpoiſe this rich and precious gift?

Prin. Nothing, unleſs you render her again.

Clau. Sweet Prince, you learn me noble thankfulneſs:
There *Leonata*, take her back again,
Give not this rotten Orange to your friend,
She's but the ſign and ſemblance of her honour:
Behold how like a maid ſhe bluſhes here!
O what authority and ſhew of truth
Can cunning ſin cover it ſelf withal!
Comes not that blood, as modeſt evidence,
To witneſs ſimple Vertue? would you not ſwear
All you that ſee her, that ſhe were a maid,
By theſe exteriour ſhews? But ſhe is none:
She knows the heat of a luxurious bed:
Her bluſh is guiltineſs, not modeſty.

Leon. What do you mean, my Lord?

Clau. Not to be married,
Not knit my ſoul to an approved wanton.

Leon. Dear my Lord, if you in your own proof,
Have vanquiſht the reſiſtance of your youth,
And made defeat of her virginity.

Clau. I know what you would ſay: if I have known her.
You will ſay, ſhe did imbrace me as a husband,
And to extenuate the forehand ſin: No *Leonato*,
I never tempted her with word too large,
But as a brother to his ſiſter, ſhewed
Baſhful ſincerity and comely love.

Hero. And ſeem'd I ever otherwiſe to you?

Clau. Out on thee ſeeming, I will write againſt it,
You ſeem to me as *Diana* in her Orb,
As chaſt as is the bud ere it be blown:
But you are more intemperate in your blood,
Than *Venus*, or thoſe pamper'd animals,
That rage in ſavage ſenſuality.

Hero. Is my Lord well, that he doth ſpeak ſo wide?

Leon. Sweet Prince, why ſpeak not you?

Prin. What ſhould I ſpeak?
I ſtand diſhonour'd that have gone about,
To link my dear friend to a common ſtale.

Leon. Are theſe things ſpoken, or do I but dream?

Baſt. Sir they are ſpoken, and theſe things are true.

Ben. This looks not like a nuptial.

Hero. True! O God!

Clau. *Leonato*, ſtand I here?
Is this the Prince? is this the Princes brother?
Is this face *Heroes*? are our eyes our own?

Leon. All this is ſo, but what of this my Lord?

Clau. Let me but move one queſtion to your daughter,
And by that fatherly and kindly power,
That you have in her, bid her anſwer truly.

Leon. I charge thee to do as thou art my child.

Hero. O God defend me, how am I beſet!
What kind of catechizing call you this?
Leon. To make you anſwer truly to your name.
Hero. Is it not *Hero?* who can blot that name
With any juſt reproach?
Clau. Marry that can *Hero*,
Hero it ſelf can blot out *Hero*’s vertue.
What a man was he, talkt with you yeſternight,
Out at your Window betwixt twelve and one?
Now if you are a Maid, anſwer to this.
Hero. I talkt with no man at that hour, my Lord.
Prin. Why then you are no maiden. *Leonata*,
I am ſorry you muſt hear: upon mine honour,
My ſelf, my brother, and this grieved Count
Did ſee her, hear her, at that hour laſt night,
Talk with a ruffian at her chamber window,
Who hath indeed moſt like a liberal villain
Confeſt the vile encounters they have had
A thouſand times in ſecret.
John, Fie, fie, they are not to be named my Lord,
Not to be ſpoken of,
There is not chaſtity enough in language,
Without offence, to utter them: thus pretty Lady
I am ſorry for thy much miſgovernment.
Claud. O *Hero*! what a *Hero* hadſt thou been,
If half thy outward graces had been placed
About thy thoughts and counſels of thy heart?
But fare thee well, moſt foul, moſt fair, farewell
Thou pure impiety, and impious purity,
For thee I’le lock up all the gates of Love,
And on my eyelids ſhall conjecture hang,
To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm,
And never ſhall it more be gracious.
Leon. Hath no mans dagger here a point for me?
Bea. Why how now couſin, wherefore ſink you down?
Baſt. Come, let us go: theſe things come thus to light,
Smother her ſpirits up.
Ben. How doth the Lady?
Beat. Dead I think, help Uncle,
Hero, Why *Hero*, Uncle, Signior *Benedick*, Frier.
Leon. O Fate! take not away thy heavy hand,
Death is the faireſt cover for her ſhame
That may be wiſht for.
Beat. How now couſin *Hero*?
Fri. Have comfort Lady.
Leo. Doſt thou look up?
Fri. Yea, wherefore ſhould ſhe not?
Leo. Wherefore? Why doth not every earthly thing
Cry ſhame upon her? Could ſhe here deny
The ſtory that is printed in her blood?
Do not live *Hero*, do not ope thine eyes:
For did I think thou would’ſt not quickly die,
Thought I thy ſpirits were ſtronger than thy ſhame’s
My ſelf would on the rearward of reproaches
Strike at thy life. Griev’d I, I had but one?
Chid I, for that at frugal natures frame?
One too much by thee: why had I one?
Why ever was’t thou lovely in my eyes?
Why had I not with charitable hand
Took up a beggars iſſue at my gate’s:
Who ſmeer’d thus, and mir’d with infamy,
I might have ſaid, no part of it is mine:
This ſhame derives it ſelf from unknown loins,
But mine, and mine I lov’d, and mine I prais’d,
And mine that I was proud on, mine ſo much,
That I my ſelf, was to my ſelf not mine:
Valuing of her, why ſhe, O ſhe is fal’n
Into a pit of Ink, that the wide ſea
Hath drops too few, to waſh her clean again,
And ſalt too little, which may ſeaſon give
To her foul tainted fleſh.
Ben. Sir, ſir, be patient: for my part, I am ſo attired in wonder, I know not what to ſay.
Beat. O on my ſoul my couſin is belied.
Ben. Lady were you her bedfellow laſt night?
Bea. No truly: not; although until laſt night,
I have this twelvemonth been her bedfellow.
Leon. Confirm’d, confirm’d, O that is ſtronger made
Which was before barr’d up with ribs of iron.
Would the Prince lie, and *Claudio* would he lie
Who lov’d her ſo, that ſpeaking of her foulneſs,
Waſh’d it with tears? Hence from her, let her die.
Fri. Hear me a little, for I have only been ſilent ſo long, and given way unto this courſe of fortune, by noting of the Lady, I have mark’d
A thouſand bluſhing apparitions,
To ſtart in her face, a thouſand innocent ſhame’s
In Angel whiteneſs bear away thoſe bluſhes,
And in her eye there hath appear’d a fire
To burn the errors that theſe Princes hold
Againſt her maiden truth. Call me a fool,
Truſt not my reading, nor my obſervations,
Which with experimental ſeal doth warrant
The tenure of my book: truſt not my age,
My reverence, calling, nor dignity,
If this ſweet Lady lie not guiltleſs here,
Under ſome biting error.
Leon. Frier, it cannot be;
Thou ſeeſt that all the Grace that ſhe hath left,
Is, that ſhe will not add to her damnation
A ſin of perjury, ſhe not denies it:
Why ſeek’ſt thou then to cover with excuſe,
That which appears in proper nakedneſs?
Fri. Lady, what man is he you are accus’d of?
Hero. They know that do accuſe me, I know none:
If I know more of any man alive
Than that which maiden modeſty doth warrant,
Let all my ſins lack mercy. O my Father,
Prove you that any man with me converſt,
At hour’s unmeet, or that I yeſternight
Maintain’d the change of words with any creature,
Refuſe me, hate me, torture me to death.
Fri. There is ſome ſtrange miſpriſion in the Prince.
Ben. Two of them have the very bent of honor,
And if their Wiſdom’s be miſled in this,
The practiſe of it lives in *John* the baſtard,
Whoſe ſpirits toil in frame of villanies.
Leon. I know not: if they ſpeak but truth of her,
Theſe hands ſhall tear her: If they wrong her honor,
The proudeſt of them ſhall well hear it.
Time hath not yet ſo dried this blood of mine,
Nor age ſo eat up my invention,
Nor fortune made ſuch havock of my means,
Nor my bad life reft me ſo much of friends,
But they ſhall find awaked in ſuch a kind,
Both ſtrength of limb, and policy of mind,
Ability in means, and choice of friends,
To quit me of them thoroughly.
Fri. Pauſe a while,
And let my counſel ſway you in this caſe,
Your daughter here the Princeſs (left for dead)
Let her a while be ſecretly kept in,
And publiſh it that ſhe is dead indeed:
Maintain a mourning oſtentation,
And on your Families old monument,
Hang mournful Epitaph’s, and do all rites,
That appertain unto a burial.
Leon. What ſhall become of this? What vvill this do?
Fri. Marry this vvell carried, ſhall on her behalf,
Change ſlander to remorſe, that is ſome good:
But not for that dream I on this ſtrange courſe,
But on this travel look for greater birth:
She dying, as it muſt be ſo maintain’d,
Upon the inſtant that ſhe vvas accus’d,
Shall be lamented, pitied, and excus’d
Of every hearer: for ſo it falls out,
That vvhat vve have, vve prize not to the worth,
Whiles vve enjoy it; but being lack’d and loſt,

VVhy

Why then we rack the value, then we find
The virtue that poſſeſſion would not ſhew us
Whiles it was ours; ſo will it fare with *Claudio*:
When he ſhall hear ſhe dyed upon his words,
Th' Idea of her life ſhall ſweetly creep
Into his ſtudy of imagination,
And every lovely Organ of her life,
Shall come apparell'd in more precions habit:
More moving, delicate, and full of life,
Into the eye aud proſpect of his ſoul,
Than when ſhe liv'd indeed: then ſhall he mourn,
If ever Love had intereſt in his Liver,
And wiſh he had not ſo accuſed her:
No, tho he thought his accuſation true:
Let this be ſo, and doubt not but ſucceſs
Will faſhion the event in better ſhape
Than I can lay it down in likelihood.
But if all aim but this be level'd falſe,
The ſuppoſition of the Ladies death
Will quench the wonder of her infamy.
And if it ſort not well, you may conceal her,
As beſt befits her wounded Reputation,
In ſome Recluſive and Religious life,
Out of all eyes, tongues, minds, and injuries.
Ben. Signior *Leonato*, let the Frier adviſe you,
And tho you know my inwardneſs and love
Is very much unto the Prince and *Claudio*,
Yet, by mine honour, I will deal in this
As ſecretly and juſtly, as your ſoul
Should with your body.
Leon. Being that I flow in grief,
The ſmalleſt twine may lead me.
Frier. 'Tis well conſented, preſently away,
For to ſtrange ſores, ſtrangely they ſtrain the cure:
Come Lady, dye to live, this Wedding-day
Perhaps is but prolong'd, have patience and endure. *Exit.*

Bene. Lady *Beatrice*, have you wept all this while?

Beat. Yea, and I will weep a while longer.

Bene. I will not deſire that.

Beat. You have no reaſon, I do it freely.

Bene. Surely I do believe your fair Couſin is wrong'd.

Beat. Ah how much might the man deſerve of me that would right her!

Bene. Is there any way to ſhew ſuch friendſhip?

Beat. A very even way, but no ſuch friend.

Bene. May a man do it?

Beat. It is a mans office, but not yours.

Bene. I do love nothing in the world ſo well as you; is not that ſtrange?

Beat. As ſtrange as the thing I know not: it were as poſſible for me to ſay, I loved nothing ſo well as you; but believe me not: and yet I lye not: I confeſs nothing, nor I deny nothing! I am ſorry for my Couſin.

Bene. By my Sword *Beatrice* thou lov'ſt me.

Beat. Do not ſwear by it and eat it.

Bene. I will ſwear by it that you love me; and I will make him eat it that ſays I love not you.

Beat. Will you not eat your word?

Bene. With no ſawce that can be deviſed to it: I proteſt I love thee.

Beat. Why then God forgive me.

Bene. What offence ſweet *Beatrice*?

Beat. You have ſtayed me in a happy hour: I was about to proteſt I loved you.

Bene. And do it with all thy heart.

Beat. I love you with ſo much of my heart, thar none is left to proteſt.

Bene. Come, bid me do any thing for thee.

Beat. Kill *Claudio*.

Bene. Ha! not for the wide World.

Beat. You kill me to deny: farewell.

Bene. Tarry ſweet *Beatrice*.

Beat. I am gone tho I am here: there is no love in you: nay I pray you let me go.

Bene. *Beatrice*.

Beat. Infaith I will go.

Bene. We'll be friends firſt.

Beat. You dare eaſier be friends with me, than fight with mine enemy.

Bene. Is *Claudio* thine enemy?

Beat. Is a not approved in the height a Villain, that hath ſlandered, ſcorned, diſhonoured my Kinſwoman? O that I were a man! What, bear her in hand until they come to take hands, and then with publick accuſation, uncovered ſlander, unmittigated rancour? O God that I were a man, I would eat his heart in the market-place.

Bene. Hear me *Beatrice*.

Beat. Talk with a man out at a Window: a proper ſaying.

Bene. Nay but *Beatrice*.

Beat. Sweet *Hero*, ſhe is wrong'd, ſhe is ſlandered, ſhe is undone.

Bene. But?

Beat. Princes and Counties! ſurely a princely teſtimony, a goodly Count-Comfect, a ſweet Gallant ſurely: O that I were a man for his ſake! or that I had any friend would be a man for my ſake! But manhood is melted into curteſies, valour into complement, and men are only turned into tongue, and trim ones too: he is now as valiant as *Hercules*, that only tells a lie, and ſwears it: I cannot be a man with wiſhing, therefore I will die a woman with grieving.

Bene. Tarry good *Beatrice*, by this hand I love thee.

Beat. Uſe it for my love ſome other way than ſwearing by it.

Bene. Think you in your ſoul the Count *Claudio* hath wrong'd *Hero*?

Beat. Yea, as ſure as I have a thought or a ſoul.

Bene. Enough. I am engag'd, I will challenge him, I will kiſs your hand, and ſo leave you: by this hand *Claudio* ſhall render me dear account: as you hear of me, ſo think of me: go comfort your couſin, I muſt ſay ſhe is dead, and ſo farewell. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Conſtables, Borachia, and the Town Clerk in Gowns.

Keeper. Is our whole diſſembly appeared?

Cowly. O a ſtool and cuſhion for the Sexton.

Sexton. Which be the Malefactors?

Andrew. Marry that am I, and my partner.

Cowly. Nay, that's certain, we have the exhibition to examine.

Sexton. But which are the offenders that are to be examined? let them come before Maſter Conſtable.

Kemp. Yea marry, let them come before me: what is your name friend?

Bor. *Borachio*.

Kemp. Pray write down *Borachio*. Yours ſirra?

Conr. I am a Gentleman ſir, and my name is *Conrade*.

Keep. VVrite down Maſter Gentleman *Conrade*: maſters, do you ſerve God? maſters, it is proved already that you are little better than falſe knaves, and it will go neer to be thought ſo ſhortly, how anſwer you for your ſelves?

Conr. Marry ſir, we ſay we are none.

Kemp. A marvellous witty fellow I aſſure you, but I will go about with him: come you hither ſirra, a word in your ear ſir; I ſay to you, it is thought you are falſe knaves.

Bor. Sir, I ſay to you, we are none.

Kemp. Well, ſtand aſide, 'fore God they are both in a tale: have you writ down they are none?

Sext. Maſter Conſtable, you go not the way to examine, you muſt call forth the VVatch that are their accuſers.

Kemp. Yea marry, that's the efteſt way, let the VVatch come forth: maſters, I charge you in the Princes name accuſe theſe men.

1. *Watc*

Watch. 1. This man ſaid ſir, that *Don John* the Princes brother was a villian.

Kemp. Write down, Prince *John* a villain: why this is flat perjury, to call a Princes brother villain.

Bor. Maſter Conſtable.

Kemp. Pray thee fellow peace, I do not like thy look, I promiſe thee.

Sexton. What heard you him ſay elſe?

Watch. 2. Marry that he had received a thouſand Dukats of *Don John*, for the accuſing the Lady *Hero* wrongfully.

Kemp. Flat Burglary as ever was committed.

Conſt. Yea by th'maſs that it is.

Sexton. What elſe fellow?

Watch. 1. And that Count *Claudio* did mean upon his words, to diſgrace *Hero* before the whole aſſembly, and not marry her.

Kemp. O villain! thou wilt be condemn'd into everlaſting redemption for this.

Sexton. What elſe?

Watch. This is all.

Sexton. And this is more maſters than you can deny, Prince *John* is this morning ſecretly ſtoln away: *Hero* was in this manner accus'd, in this very manner refus'd, and upon the grief of this ſuddenly died. Maſter Conſtable, let theſe men be bound, and brought to *Leonato*, I will go before, and ſhew him their examination.

Conſt. Come, let them be opinion'd.

Sext. Let them be in the hands of *Coxcomb.*

Kemp. God's my life, where's the Sexton? let him write down the Princes Officers *Coxcomb*: come, bind them; thou naughty varlet.

Cowley. Away, you are an aſs, you are an aſs.

Kemp. Doſt thou not ſuſpect my place? doſt thou not ſuſpect my years? O that he were here to write me down an aſs! but maſters, remember that I am an aſs: tho it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an aſs: No thou villain, thou art full of piety, as ſhall be prov'd upon thee by good witneſs, I am a wiſe fellow, and which is more, an officer, and which is more, a houſholder, and which is more, as pretty a piece of fleſh as any in *Meſſina*, and one that knows the Law, go to, and a rich fellow enough, go to, and a fellow that hath had loſſes, and one that hath two gowns, and every thing handſome about him, bring him away; O that I had been writ down an aſs! *Exit.*

Actus Quintus.

Enter Leonato and his brother.

Brother. If you go on thus, you will kill your ſelf,
And 'tis not wiſdom thus to ſecond grief,
Againſt your ſelf.
Leon. I pray thee ceaſe thy counſel,
Which falls into mine ears as profitleſs,
As water in a ſieve: give not me counſel,
Nor let no comfort elſe delight mine ear,
But ſuch a one whoſe wrongs doth ſute with mine.
Bring me a father that ſo lov'd his child,
Whoſe joy of her is overwhelm'd like mine.
And bid him ſpeak of patience,
Meaſure his woe the length and breadth of mine,
And let it anſwer every ſtrain for ſtrain,
As thus for thus, and ſuch a grief for ſuch,
In every lineament, branch, ſhape, and form:
If ſuch a one will ſmile and ſtroke his beard,
And hollow, wag, cry hem, when he ſhould groan,
Patch grief with proverbs, make misfortune drunk,
With candlewaſters: bring him yet to me,
And I of him will gather patience:
But there is no ſuch man; for brother, men
Can counſel, and give comfort to that grief,
Which they themſelves not feel, but taſting it,
Their counſel turns to paſſion, which before
Would give preceptial medicine to rage,
Fetter ſtrong madneſs in a ſilken thread,
Charm ach with air, and agony with words.
No, no, 'tis all mens office, to ſpeak patience
To thoſe that wring under the load of ſorrow:
But no mans vertue nor ſufficiency
To be ſo moral, when he ſhall endure
The like himſelf: therefore give me no counſel,
My griefs cry louder than advertiſement.
Broth. Therein do men from children nothing differ.
Leo. I pray thee peace, I will be fleſh and blood,
For there was never yet Philoſopher,
That could endure the tooth-ach patiently,
How ever they have writ the ſtile of gods,
And made a puſh at chance and ſufferance.
Broth. Yet bend not all the harm upon your ſelf,
Make thoſe that do offend you ſuffer too.
Leon. There thou ſpeak'ſt reaſon, nay I will do ſo,
My ſoul doth tell me, *Hero* is belied,
And that ſhall *Claudio* know, ſo ſhall the Prince,
And all of them that thus diſhonour her.

Enter Prince and Claudio.

Broth. Here comes the *Prince* and *Claudio* haſtily.
Prin. Good den, good den.
Clau. Good day to both of you.
Leon. Hear you my Lords?
Prin. We have ſome haſte *Leonato.*
Leo. Some haſte my Lord! well fare you well my Lord.
Are you ſo haſty now? well, all is one.
Prin. Nay do not quarrel with us, good old man.
Brot. If he could right himſelf with quarrelling,
Some of us would lye low.
Clau. Who wrongs him?
Leon Marry thou doſt wrong me, thou diſſembler thou:
Nay never lay thy hand upon thy ſword,
I fear thee not.
Clau. Marry beſhrew my hand,
If it ſhould give your age ſuch cauſe of fear,
Infaith my hand meant nothing to my ſword.
Leo. Tuſh, tuſh, man, never fleer and jeſt at me,
I ſpeak not like a dotard, nor a fool,
As under priviledg of age to brag,
What I have done, being young, or what would do,
Were I not old: know *Claudio* to thy head,
Thou haſt ſo wrong'd my innocent Child and me,
That I am forced to lay my reverence by,
And with grey hairs and bruiſe of many days,
Do challenge thee to trial of a man,
I ſay thou haſt beli'd mine innocent Child,
Thy ſlander hath gone through and through her heart,
And ſhe lies buried with her anceſtors:
O in a tomb where never ſcandal ſlept,
Save this of hers, fram'd by thy villany.
Clau. My villany?
Leon. Thine *Claudio*, thine I ſay.
Prin. You ſay not right old man.
Leon. My Lord, my Lord,
I'le prove it on his body if he dare,
Deſpight his nice fence, and his active practice,
His *May* of youth, and bloom of luſtyhood.
Clau. Away, I will not have to do with you.
Leo. Canſt thou ſo daffe me? thou haſt kill'd my child,
If thou kill'ſt me boy, thou ſhalt kill a man.
Bro. He ſhall kill two of us, and men indeed,
But that's no matter, let him kill one firſt,
Win me and wear me, let him anſwer me,
Come follow me boy, come ſir boy; come follow me
Sir boy, I'le whip you from your foyning fence,

Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will.

Leon. Brother.

Bro. Content your ſelf, God knows I lov'd my Neece;
And ſhe is dead, ſlander'd to death by villains,
That dare as well anſwer a man indeed,
As I dare take a Serpent by the tongue.
Boys, Apes, Braggarts, Jacks, Milkſops.

Leon. Brother *Anthony*.

Brot: Hold you content, what man? I know them, yea
And what they weigh, even to the utmoſt ſcruple,
Scambling, outfacing, faſhion-mongring boys,
That lye, and cog, and flout, deprave and ſlander:
Go antickly, and ſhow outward hidiouſneſs,
And ſpeak of half a dozen dangerous words,
How they might hurt their enemies if they durſt;
And this is all.

Leon. But brother *Anthony*.

Ant. Come 'tis no matter,
Do not you meddle, let me deal in this.

Pri. Gentlemen both, we will not wake your patience,
My heart is ſorry for your daughters death:
But on my honour ſhe was charg'd with nothing
But was true, and very full of proof.

Leon. My Lord, my Lord.

Prince. I will not hear you.

Enter Benedick.

Leon. No! come brother away, I will be heard.

Exeunt ambo.

Bro: And ſhall, or ſome of us will ſmart for it.

Prin. See, ſee, here comes the man he went to ſeek.

Clau. Now Signior, what news?

Ben. Good day my Lord:

Prin. Welcome Signior, you are almoſt come to part almoſt a fray.

Clau. We had like to have had our two noſes ſnapt off with two old men without teeth.

Prin. *Leonato* and his brother; what thinkſt thou? had we fought, I doubt we ſhould have been too young for them.

Ben. In falſe quarrel there is no true valour: I came to ſeek you both.

Clau. We have been up and down to ſeek thee, for we are high proof melancholly, and would fain have it beaten away: wilt thou uſe thy wit?

Ben. It is in my ſcabbard, ſhall I draw it?

Prin. Doſt thou wear thy wit by thy ſide?

Clau. Never any did ſo, tho very many have been beſide their wit: I will bid thee draw, as we do the Minſtrels draw to pleaſure us.

Prin. As I am an honeſt man he looks pale: art thou ſick, or angry?

Clau. What! Courage man: What tho care kill'd a Cat, thou haſt mettle enough to kill care.

Ben. Sir, I ſhall meet your Wit in the career, and you charge it againſt me: I pray you chuſe another ſubject.

Clau. Nay then give him another ſtaff, this laſt was broke croſs.

Prin. By this light he changes more and more: I think he be angry indeed.

Clau. If he be, he knows how to turn his girdle.

Ben. Shall I ſpeak a word in your ear?

Clau. God bleſs me from a challenge.

Ben. You are a Villain, I jeſt not, I will make it good how you dare, with what you dare, and when you dare: do me right, or I will proteſt your cowardiſe: you have kill'd a ſweet Lady, and her death ſhall fall heavy on you: let me hear from you.

Clau. Well I will meet you, ſo I may have good cheer.

Prin. What a feaſt?

Clau. I faith I thank him, he hath bid me to calves heads and a Capon, the which if I do not carve moſt curiouſly, ſay my knife's naught: ſhall I not find a Woodcock too?

Ben. Sir, your Wit ambles well, goes eaſily.

Prin. I'le tell thee how *Beatrice* prais'd thy Wit the other day: I ſaid thou hadſt a fine wit: true ſays ſhe, a fine little one: no, ſaid I, a great wit: right ſays ſhe, a great groſs one: nay ſaid I, a good wit: juſt ſaid ſhe, it hurts no body: nay ſaid I, the Gentleman is wiſe: certain ſaid ſhe, a wiſe Gentleman: nay ſaid I, he hath the tongues: that I believe, ſaid ſhe, for he ſwore a thing to me on *Monday* night, which he forſwore on *Tueſday* morning: there's a double tongue, there's two tongues. Thus did ſhe an hour together ttanſ-ſhape thy particular virtues, yer at laſt ſhe concluded with a ſigh, thou waſt the propereſt man in *Italy*.

Clau. For the which ſhe wept heartily, and ſaid ſhe car'd not.

Prin. Yea that ſhe did, but yet for all that, and if ſhe did not hate him deadly, ſhe would love him dearly, the old mans daughter told us all.

Clau. All, all, and moreover, God ſaw him when he was hid in the garden.

Prin. But when ſhall we ſet the ſalvage Bulls horns on the ſenſible *Benedick's* head?

Clau. Yea, and text underneath, Here dwells *Benedick* the married man.

Bene. Fare you well, Boy, you know my mind, I will leave you now to your goſſep-like humor, you break jeſts as braggards do their blades, which God be thanked hurt not: my Lord, for your many courteſies I thank you, I muſt diſcontinue your company, your Brother the Baſtard is fled from *Meſſina*: you have among you, killed a ſweet and innocent Lady, for my Lord Lack-beard there, he and I ſhall meet, and till then peace be with him.

Prin. He is in earneſt.

Clau. In moſt profound earneſt, and I'le warrant you, for the love of *Beatrice*.

Prince. And hath challeng'd thee.

Clau. Moſt ſincerely.

Prin. What a pretty thing man is, when he goes in his doublet and hoſe, and leaves off his wit?

Enter Conſtable, Conſtable, and Borachio.

Clau. He is then a Giant to an Ape, but then is an Ape a Doctor to ſuch a man.

Prin. But ſoft you, let me ſee, pluck up my heart, and be ſad, did he not ſay my brother was fled?

Conſt. Come you ſir, if Juſtice cannot tame you, ſhe ſhall ne're weigh more reaſons in her ballance, nay, and you be a curſing hypocrite once, you muſt be lookt to.

Prin. How now, two of my brothers men bound? *Borachio* one.

Clau. Harken after their offence, my Lord.

Prin. Officers, what offence have theſe men done?

Conſt. Marry ſir, they have committed falſe report, moreover they have ſpoken untruths, ſecondarily they are ſlanders, ſixth and laſtly, they have belyed a Lady, thirdly, they have verified unjuſt things, and to conclude, they are lying knaves.

Prin. Firſt I ask thee what they have done, thirdly I ask thee what's their offence, ſixth and laſtly why they are committed; and to conclude, What lay you to their charge?

Clau. Rightly reaſoned, and in his own diviſion, and by my troth, there's one meaning well ſuted.

Prin. Whom have you offended maſters, that you are thus bound to your anſwer? this learned Conſtable is too cunning to be underſtood, what's your offence?

Bor. Sweet Prince, let me go no farther to mine anſwer: do you hear me, and let this Count kill me: I have deceived even your very eyes: what your wiſdoms could not diſcover, theſe ſhallow fools have brought to light, who in the night heard me confeſſing to this man, how *Don John* your brother incenſed me to ſlander the Lady *Hero*, how you were brought into the Orchard, and ſaw me court *Margaret* in *Hero*'s garments, how you diſgrac'd her when you ſhould marry her: my villany they have upon record, which I had rather ſeal with my death, than repeat over to my ſhame; the Lady is dead upon mine and my maſters falſe accuſation: and briefly, I deſire nothing but the reward of a villain.

Prince. Runs not this ſpeech like iron through your blood?

Clau. I have drunk poiſon whiles he utter'd it.

Prin. But did my brother ſet thee on to this?

Bor. Yea, and paid me rich for the practice of it.

Prin. He is compos'd of treachery,
And fled he is upon this villany.

Clau. Sweet *Hero*, now thy image doth appear
In the rare ſemblance that I lov'd it firſt.

Conſt. Come bring away the plaintifs, by this time our *Sexton* hath informed Signior *Leonato* of the matter; and maiſters, do not forget to ſpecifie when time and place ſhall ſerve, that I am an Aſs.

Con. 2. Here, here comes maiſter Signior *Leonato*, and the Sexton too.

Enter Leonato.

Leon. Which is the Villain? let me ſee his eyes,
That when I note another man like him,
I may avoid him: which of theſe is he?

Bor If you would know your wronger, look on me.

Leon. Art thou, art thou the ſlave that with thy breath
Haſt kill'd mine innocent child?

Bor. Yea, even I alone.

Leon. No, not ſo Villain, thou beli'ſt thy ſelf;
Here ſtand a pair of honourable men,
A third is fled that had a hand in it:
I thank you Princes for my daughters death,
Record it with your high and worthy deeds,
'Twas bravely done, if you bethink you of it.

Clau. I know not how to pray your patience,
Yet I muſt ſpeak, chuſe your revenge your ſelf,
Impoſe me to what penance your invention
Can lay upon my ſin; yet ſinn'd I not,
But in miſtaking.

Prin. By my ſoul nor I;
And yet to ſatisfie this good old man,
I would bend under any heavy weight
That he'l enjoin me too.

Leon. You cannot bid my daughter live,
That were impoſſible; but I pray you both
Poſſeſs the people in *Meſſina* here,
How innocent ſhe died, and if your love
Can labour ought in ſad invention,
Hang her an Epitaph upon her Tomb,
And ſing it to her bones, ſing it to night:
To morrow morning come you to my houſe,
And ſince you could not be my ſon-in-law,
Be yet my Nephew: my brother hath a daughter,
Almoſt the copy of my child that's dead,
And ſhe alone is heir to both of us,
Give her the right you ſhould have giv'n her couſin,
And ſo dies my revenge.

Clau. O noble ſir!
Your overkindneſs doth wring tears from me:
I do embrace your offer, and diſpoſe
For henceforth of poor *Claudio.*

Leon. To morrow then I will expect your coming,
To night I take my leave: this naughty man
Shall face to face be brought to *Margaret*,
Who I believe was packt in all this wrong,
Hired to it by your brother.

Bor. No by my ſoul ſhe was not,
Nor knew not what ſhe did when ſhe ſpoke to me,
But always hath been juſt and vertuous,
In any thing that *I* do know by her.

Conſt. Moreover ſir, which indeed is not under white and black, this plaintif here, the offender did call me aſs; I beſeech you let it be remembred in his puniſhment; and alſo the Watch heard them talk of one Deformed; they ſay he wears a key in his ear, and a lock hanging by it, and borrows money in Gods name, the which he hath us'd ſo long, and never paid, that now men grow hard hearted, and will lend nothing for Gods ſake: pray you examine him upon that point.

Leon. I thank thee for thy care and honeſt pains.

Conſt. Your worſhip ſpeaks like a moſt thankfnl and reverend youth, and I praiſe God for you.

Leon. There's for thy pains.

Conſt. God ſave the foundation.

Leon. Go, I diſcharge thee of thy priſoner; and I thank thee.

Conſt. I leave an errant knave with your worſhip, which I beſeech your worſhip to correct your ſelf, for the example of others: God keep your worſhip, I wiſh your worſhip well; God reſtore you to health; I humbly give you leave to depart; and if a merry meeting may be wiſh'd, God prohibit it, come neighbour.

Leon. Until to morrow morning, Lords, farewel.

Exeun.

Brot. Farewel my Lords, we look for you to morrow.

Prin. We will not fail.

Clau. To night I'le mourn with *Hero.*

Leon. Bring you theſe fellows on, we'l talk with *Margaret*, how her acquaintance grew with this lewd fellow.

Exeunt

Enter Benedick and Margaret.

Ben. Pray thee ſweet Miſtreſs *Margaret*, deſerve well at my hands, by helping me to the ſpeech of *Beatrice.*

Mar. Will you then write me a Sonnet in praiſe of my beauty?

Ben. In ſo high a ſtile *Margaret*, that no man living ſhall come over it; for in moſt comely truth thou deſerveſt it.

Mar. To have no man come over me; why, ſhall I always keep below ſtairs?

Ben. Thy wit is as quick as the greyhounds mouth, it catches.

Mar. And yours as blunt as the Fencers foils, which hit but hurt not.

Ben. A moſt manly wit *Margaret*, it will not hurt a woman; and ſo I pray thee call *Beatrice*; I give thee the bucklers:

Mar. Give us the ſwords, we have bucklers of our own.

Ben. If you uſe them *Margaret*, you muſt put in the pikes with a vice, and they are dangerous weapons for Maids.

Mar. Well, I will call *Beatrice* to you, who I think hath legs. *Exit Margaret.*

Ben. And therefore will come. The god of love that ſits above, and knows me, and knows me how pitiful I deſerve, I mean in ſinging; but in loving, *Leander* the good ſwimmer, *Troilous* the firſt employer of panders, and a whole book full of theſe *quondam* carpet-mongers, whoſe names yet run ſmoothly in the even rode of a blank verſe, why they were never ſo truly turned over, as my poor ſelf in love; marry I cannot ſhew it in rime, I have tried, I can find out no rime to Lady but bady, an innocents rime; for ſcorn, horn, a hard rime; for ſchool, fool, a babling rime; very ominous endings, no, I was not born under a riming Planet; for I cannot woo in feſtival terms.

Enter Beatrice.

Sweet *Beatrice*, wouldſt thou come when I call'd thee?

Beat. Yea Signior, and depart when you bid me.

Ben. O ſtay but till then.

Beat. Then, is ſpoken; fare you well now; and yet ere I go, let me go with that I came, which is, with knowing what hath paſt between you and *Claudio.*

Ben. Only foul words, and thereupon I will kiſs thee.

Beat. Foul words and foul wind, and foul wind is but foul breath, and foul breath is noiſome, therefore I will depart unkiſt.

Ben. Thou haſt frighted the word out of his right ſence, ſo forcible is thy wit; but I muſt tell thee plainly, *Claudio* undergoes my challenge, and either I muſt ſhortly hear from him, or I will ſubſcribe him a coward; and I pray thee now tell me, for which of my bad parts didſt thou firſt fall in love with me?

Beat. For them all together, which maintain'd ſo politick a ſtate of evil, that they will not admit any good part to intermingle with them: but for which of my good parts did you firſt ſuffer love for me?

Ben. Suffer love! a good epithete, I do ſuffer love indeed, for I love thee againſt my will.

Beat. In ſpight of your heart, I think; alas poor heart, if you ſpight it for my ſake, I will ſpight it for yours, for I will never love that which my friend hates.

Ben. Thou and I are too wiſe to woo peaceably.

Beat. It appears not in this confeſſion, there's not one wiſe man among twenty that will praiſe himſelf.

Ben. An old, an old inſtance *Beatrice,* that liv'd in the time of good neighbours, if a man do not erect in this age his own Tomb ere he dyes, he ſhall live no longer in monuments than the Bells ring, and the Widow weeps.

Beat. And how long is that think you?

Ben. Queſtion, why an hour in clamour, and a quarter in thewm; therefore it is moſt expedient for the wiſe, if Don Worm (his conſcience) find no impediment to the contrary, to be the trumpet of his own virtues, as I am to my ſelf ſo much for praiſing my ſelf, who I my ſelf will bear witneſs is praiſe-worthy; nnd now tell me how doth your couſin?

Beat. Very ill.

Ben. And how do you?

Beat. Very ill too.

Enter Urſula.

Ben. Serve God, love me, and mend; there will I leave you too, for here comes one in haſte.

Urſ. Madam you muſt come to your Uncle, yonders old coil at home, it is proved my Lady *Hero* hath been falſly accus'd, the Prince and *Claudio* mightily abuſed, and *Don John* is the author of all, who is fled and gone; will you come preſently?

Beat. Will you go hear this news Signior?

Ben. I will live in thy heart, dye in thy lap, and be buried in thy eyes: and moreover I will go with thee to thy Unkles. *Exeunt.*

Enter Claudio, Prince, and three or four with Tapers.

Clau. Is this the monument of *Leonato*?
Lord. It is my Lord. *Epitaph.*

Done to death by ſlanderous tongues,
Was the Hero *that here lies:*
Death in guerdon of her wrongs,
Gives her fame which never dies:
So the life that di'd with ſhame,
Lives in death with glorious fame.
Hang thou there upon the tomb,
Praiſing her when I am dumb.

Clau. Now muſick ſound and ſing your ſolemn hymn.

Song.

Pardon goddeſs of the night,
Thoſe that ſlew thy Virgin knight,
For the which with ſongs of wo,
Round about her tomb they go.
Midnight aſſiſt our moan,
Help us to ſigh aud groan.
Heavily, heavily.
Graves yawn and yield your dead,
Till death be uttered,
Heavenly, heavenly.

Le. Now unto thy bones good night, yearly will I do (this righr.
Prin. Good morrow maſters, put your torches out,
The Wolves have prey'd, and look, the gentle day
Before the wheels of *Pkœbus,* round about
Dapples the drowſie Eaſt with ſpots of grey:
Thanks to you all, and leave us, fare you well.
Clau. Good morrow maſters, each his ſeveral way.
Prnſ. Come let us hence, and put on other weeds,
And then to Leonato's we will go.
Clau. And *Hymen* now with luckier iſſue ſpeed,
Than this for whom we rendred up this wo. *Exeunt.*

Enter Leonato, Benedick, *Margaret, Urſula, Old man,*
Frier, Hero.

Frier. Did I not tell you ſhe was innocent?
Leon. So are the Prince and *Claudio* who accus'd her,
Upon the error that you heard debated.
But *Margaret* was in ſome fault for this;
Although againſt her will as it appears,
In the true courſe of all the queſtion.
Old. Well, I am glad that all things ſort ſo well.
Ben. And ſo am I, being elſe by faith enforc'd
To call young Claudio to a reckoning for it.
Leon. Well daughter, and young Gentlewomen all,
Withdraw into a chamber by your ſelves,
And when I ſend for you, come hither mask'd:
The Prince and C*laudio* promis'd by this hour
To viſit me; you know your office brother,
You muſt be father to your brothers daughter,
And give her to young Claudio. *Exeunt* Ladies.
Old. Which I will do with confirm'd countenance.
Ben. Frier, I muſt intreat your pains, I think.
Frier. To do what Signior?
Ben. To bind me, or undo me, one of them:
Signior L*eonato,* truth it is good Signior,
Your Neece regards me with an eye of favour.
Old. That eye my daughter lent her, 'tis moſt true.
Ben. And I do with an eye of love requite her.
Leon. The ſight whereof I think you had from me,
From C*laudio* and the Prince; but what's your will?
Ben. Your anſwer ſir is enigmatical,
But for my will, my will is, your good will
May ſtand with ours, this day to be conjoin'd
I'th ſtate of honourable marriage,
In which good I ſhall deſire your help.
Leon. My heart is with your liking.
Frier. And my help.
Enter Prince and Claudio *with attendants.*
Prin. Good morrow to this fair aſſembly.
Leon. Good morrow Prince, good morrow C*laudio,*
We here attend you; are you yet determin'd
To day to marry with my brothers daughter?
Clau. I'le hold my mind were ſhe an *Ethiope.*
Leon. Call her forth brother, here's the Frier ready.
Prin. Good morrow Benedick, why what's the matter
That you have ſuch a *February* face,
So full of froſt, of ſtorm, of cloudineſs?
Clau. I think he thinks upon the ſavage bull:
Tuſh, fear not man, wee'l tip thy horns with gold,
And ſo all *Europe* ſhall rejoyce at thee,
As once *Europe* did at luſty *Jove,*
When he would play the noble beaſt in love.
Ben. Bull *Jove* ſir, had an amiable low,
And ſome ſuch ſtrange bull leapt your fathers cow.
And got a calf in that ſame noble feat,
Much like to you, for you have juſt his bleat.
Enter brother, Hero, Beatrice, *Margaret, Urſula.*
Clau. For this I owe you; here comes other recknings.
Which is the Lady I muſt ſeize upon!

Leon. This ſame is ſhe, and I do give you her.

Clau. Why then ſhe's mine, ſweet let me ſee your face.

Leon. No that you ſhall not, till you take her hand,
Before this Frier, and ſwear to marry her.

Clau. Give me your hand before this holy Frier,
I am your husband if you like of me.

Hero. And when I liv'd I was your other wife,
And when you lov'd, you were my other husband.

Clau. Another *Hero*?

Hero. Nothing certainer.
One *Hero* died but I do live,
And ſurely as I live I am a maid.

Prin. The former *Hero*, *Hero* that is dead.

Leon. She died my Lord, but whiles her ſlander liv'd.

Frier. All this amazement can I qualifie,
When after that the holy rites are ended,
I'le tell thee largely of fair *Hero's* death:
Mean time let wonder ſeem familiar,
And to the chappel let us preſently.

Ben. Soft and fair Frier, which is *Beatrice*?

Beat. I anſwer to that name, what is your will?

Ben. Do not you love me?

Beat. Why, no more than reaſon.

Ben. Why then your Uncle, and the Prince, & *Claudio*,
have been deceived, they ſwore you did.

Beat. Do not you love me?

Ben. Troth no, no more than reaſon.

Beat. Why then my Couſin *Margaret* and *Urſula*
Are much deceiv'd, for they did ſwear you did.

Ben. They ſwore you were almoſt ſick for me.

Beat. They ſwore you were well-nigh dead for me.

Ben. 'Tis no matter, then you do not love me?

Beat. No truly, but in friendly recompence.

Leon. Come Couſin, I am ſure you love the Gentleman.

Clau. And I'le be ſworn upon't that he loves her,
For here's a paper written in his hand,
A halting Sonnet of his own pure brain,
Faſhioned to *Beatrice*.

Hero. And here's another,
Writ in thy couſins hand, ſtolen from her pocket,
Containing her affection unto *Benedick*.

Ben. A miracle, here's our own hands againſt our hearts: come I will have thee, but by this light I take thee for pity.

Beat. I would not deny you, but by this good day, I yield upon great perſwaſion, and partly to ſave your life, for as I told, you were in a conſumption.

Leon. Peace, I will ſtop your mouth.

Prin. How doſt thou *Benedick* the married man?

Ben. I'le tell thee what Prince, a Colledge of witty-crackers cannot flout me out of my humour; doſt thou think I care for a Satyr or an Epigram? no, if a man will be beaten with brains, a ſhall wear nothing handſome about him: in brief, ſince I do purpoſe to marry, I will think nothing to any purpoſe that the world can ſay againſt it: and therefore never flout at me, for what I have ſaid againſt it: for man is a giddy thing, and this is my concluſion: for thy part *Claudio*, I did think to have beaten thee, but in that thou art like to be my kinſman, live unbruis'd, and love my couſin.

Clau. I had well hoped thou would'ſt have denied *Beatrice* that I might have cudgel'd thee out of thy ſingle life, to make thee a double dealer, which out of queſtion thou will be, if my Couſin no not look exceeding narrowly to thee.

Ben. Come, come, we are friends, let's have a dance ere we are married, that we may lighten our own hearts, and our wives heels.

Leon. We'll have dancing afterwards.

Ben. Firſt, of my word, therefore play muſick. *Prince*, thou art ſad, get thee a wife, get thee a wife, there is no ſtaff more reverend than one tipt with *horn*. *Enter Meſ.*

Meſſen. My Lord, your brother *John* is tane in flight,
And brought with armed men back to *Meſſina*.

Ben. Think not on him till to morrow, I'le deviſe the brave puniſhments for him: ſtrike up Pipers. *Dance.*

Love's Labour's loſt.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Ferdinand King of Navarre, Biron, Longavile, and Dumaine.

Ferdinand.

Let Fame, that all hunt after in their lives,
Live regiſtred upon our brazen tombs,
And then grace us in the diſgrace of death:
When ſpight of cormorant devouring Time,
Th'endeavour ſo this preſent breath may buy
That honour which ſhall bate his Sythes keen edge,
And make us heirs of all eternitie.
Therefore brave Conquerors (for ſo you are)
That war againſt your own affections,
And the huge Army of the worlds deſires;
Our late Edict ſhall ſtrongly ſtand in force,
Navar ſhall be the wonder of the world.
Our Court ſhall be a little Academy,
Still and contemplative in living Art.
You three, *Biron*, *Dumaine*, and *Longavile*,
Have ſworn for three years term to live with me,
My fellow Scholars, and to keep thoſe ſtatutes
That are recorded in this ſcedule here.
Your oaths are paſt, and now ſubſcribe your names:
That his own hand may ſtrike his honour down,
That violates the ſmalleſt branch herein:
If you are arm'd to do as ſworn to do,
Subſcribe to your deep oaths, and keep them too.

Long. I am reſolv'd, 'tis but a three years faſt:
The mind ſhall banquet, though the body pine,
Fat paunches have lean pates: and dainty bits
Make rich the ribs, but bankerout the wits.

Dum. My loving Lord, *Dumaine* is mortified,
The groſſer manner of theſe worlds delights,
He throws upon the groſs worlds baſer ſlaves:
To love, to wealth, to pomp, I pine and die,
With all theſe living in Philoſophy.
Biron. I can but ſay their proteſtation over,
So much (dear Liege) I have already ſworn,
That is, to live and ſtudy here three years.
But there are other ſtrict obſervances:
As not to ſee a woman in that term,
Which I hope well is not enrolled there.
And one day in a week to touch no food:
And but one meal on every day beſide:
The which I hope is not enrolled there.
And then to ſleep but three hours in the night,
And not be ſeen to wink of all the day.
When I was wont to think no harm all night,
And make a dark night too of half the day:
Which I hope well is not enrolled there.
O, theſe are barren tasks, too hard to keep,
Not to ſee Ladies, ſtudy, faſt, not ſleep.
Ferd. Your oath is paſt to paſs away from theſe.
Biron. Let me ſay no my Liege, and if you pleaſe.
I onely ſwore to ſtudy with your Grace,
And ſtay here in your Court for three years ſpace.
Long. You ſwore to that *Biron*, and to the reſt.
Bir. By yea and nay ſir, then I ſwore in jeſt.
What is the end of ſtudy, let me know?
Ferd. Why that to know which elſe we ſhould not know.
Bir. Things hid and bar'd (you mean) from common ſence.
Ferd. I, that is ſtudies god-like recompence.
Bir. Come on then, I will ſwear to ſtudy ſo,
To know the thing I am forbid to know:
As thus, to ſtudy where I well may dine,
When I to faſt expreſly am forbid.
Or ſtudy where to meet ſome Miſtreſs fine,
When Miſtreſſes from common ſenſe are hid.
Or having ſworn too hard a keeping oath,
Study to break it, and not break my troth.
If ſtudies gain be thus, and this be ſo,
Study knows that which yet it doth not know.
Swear me to this, and I will ne're ſay no.
Ferd. Theſe be the ſtops that hinder ſtudy quite,
And train our intellects to vain delight.
Bir. Why? all delights are vain, and that moſt vain,
Which with pain purchas'd, doth inherit pain,
As painfully to pore upod a book,
To ſeek the light of truth, while truth the while
Doth falſly blind the eye-ſight of his look:
Light ſeeking light, doth light beguile:
So ere you find where light in darkneſs lies,
Your light grows dark by loſing of your eyes.
Study me how to pleaſe the eye indeed,
By fixing it upon a fairer eye,
Who dazling ſo, that eye ſhall be his heed,
And give him light that it was blinded by.
Study is like the heavens glorious *Sun*,
That will not be deep ſearch'd with ſawcy looks:
Small have continual plodders ever won,
Save baſe authority from others Books.
Theſe earthly Godfathers of heavens lights,
That give a name to every fixed ſtar,
Have no more profit of their ſhining nights,
Than thoſe that walk, and wot not what they are.
Too much to know, is to know nought but fame:
And every Godfather can give a name.
Ferd. How well he's read, to reaſon againſt reading.
Dum. Proceeded well, to ſtop all good proceeding.
Long. He weeds the Corn, and ſtill lets grow the weeding.
Bir. The Spring is near, when Green Geeſe are a breeding.
Dum. How follows that?
Bir. Fit in his place and time.
Dum. In reaſon nothing.
Bir. Something then in rime.
Long. *Biron* is like an envious ſneaping Froſt,
That bites the firſt-born Infants of the Spring.
Bir. Well, ſay I am, why ſhould proud Summer boaſt,
Before the birds have any cauſe to ſing?
Why ſhould I joy in any abortive birth?
At Chriſtmas I no more deſire a Roſe,
Than wiſh a Snow in *May*'s new ſangled ſhows:
But like of each thing that in ſeaſon grows.
So you to ſtudy now it is too late,
That were to climb o're the houſe t' unlock the gate.
Ferd. Well, ſit you out; go home *Biron*: adieu.
Bir. No my good Lord, I have ſworn to ſtay with you.
And though I have for barbariſme ſpoke more,
Than for that Angel knowledge you can ſay,
Yet confident I'le keep what I have ſwore,
And bide the penance of each three years day.
Give me the Paper, let me read the ſame,
And to the ſtrict'ſt decrees I'le write my name.
Ferd. How well this yielding reſcues thee from ſhame.
Bir. *Item*, That no woman ſhall come within a mile of my Court.
Hath this been proclaimed?
Long. Four dayes agoe.
Bir. Let's ſee the penalty.
On pain of loſing her tongue.
Who deviſ'd this penalty?
Lon. Marry that did I.
Bir. Sweet Lord, and why?
Long. To fright them hence with that dread penalty:
A dangerous Law againſt gentility.
Item, If any man be ſeen to talk with a woman within the term of three years, he ſhall endure ſuch publick ſhame as the reſt of the Court ſhall poſſibly deviſe.
Bir. This article my Liege your ſelf muſt break,
For well you know here comes in Embaſſie
The *French* Kings daughter, with your ſelf to ſpeak;
A Maid of Grace and compleat Majeſty,
About ſurrender up of *Aquitain*
To her decrepit, ſick, and bed-rid Father.
Therefore this Article is made in vain,
Or vainly comes the admired Princeſs hither.
Ferd. What ſay you Lords?
Why, this was quite forgot.
Bir. So ſtudy evermore is overſhot,
While it doth ſtudy to have what it would,
It doth forget to do the thing it ſhould:
And when it hath the thing it hunteth moſt,
'Tis won as Towns with fire; ſo won, ſo loſt.
Ferd. We muſt of force diſpence with this Decree,
She muſt lie here on meer neceſſity.
Bir. Neceſſity will make us all forſworn
Three thouſand times within this three years ſpace:
Fot every man with his affects is born,
Not by might, maſtered, but by ſpecial grace.
If I break faith, this word ſhall break for me,
I am forſworn on meer neceſſitie.
So to the Laws at large I write my name,
And he that breaks them in the leaſt degree
Stands in attainder of eternal ſhame.
Suggeſtions are to others as to me:
But I believe although I ſeem ſo loth,
I am the laſt that will laſt keep his oath.
But is there no quick recreation granted?
Ferd. I that there is, our Court you know is haunted
With a conceited Traveller of *Spain*,
A man in all the world, new faſhion, planted,
That hath a mint of phraſes in his brain:
One whom the muſick of his own vain tongue,
Doth raviſh like inchanting harmony:
A man of complements, whom right and wrong
Have choſe as umpire of their mutinie.

This child of fancie, that *Armado* hight,
For interim to our ſtudies ſhall relate,
In high-born words the worth of many a Knight:
From tawny *Spain* loſt in the worlds debate.
How you delight my Lords, I know not I.
But I proteſt I love to hear him lie,
And I will uſe him for my Miniſtrelſie.

Bir. *Armado* is a moſt illuſtrious wight,
A man of fire, new words, faſhions own Knight,

Long. *Coſtard* the ſwain, and he ſhall be our ſport,
And ſo to ſtudy, three years is but ſhort.

Enter a Conſtable with Coſtard with a Letter.

Conſt. Which is the Dukes own perſon.

Bir. This fellow, what would'ſt?

Con. I my ſelf reprehend his own perſon, for I am his Graces Tharborough: But I would ſee his own perſon in fleſh and blood.

Bir. This is he.

Con. Signior *Arme*, *Arme* commends you.
There's villany abroad, this letter will tell you more.

Clow. Sir, the contemps thereof are as touching me.

Ferd. A Letter from the magnificent *Armado.*

Bir. How low ſoever the matter, I hope in God for high words.

Long. A high hope for a low heaven, God grant us patience.

Bir To hear, or forbear hearing.

Long. To hear meekly ſir, and to laugh moderately, or to forbear both.

Bir. Well ſir, be it as the ſtile ſhall give us cauſe to climb in the merrineſs.

Clow. The matter is to me ſir, as concerning *Jaquenetta.* The manner of it is, I was taken with the manner.

Bir. In what manner?

Clow In manner and form, following ſir, all thoſe three. I was ſeen with her in the Mannor houſe, ſitting with her upon the Form, and taken following her into the Park: which put together, is in manner and form following. Now ſir, for the Manner: is the manner of a man to ſpeak to a Woman; for the Form in ſome form.

Bir. For the following ſir.

Clow. As it ſhall follow in my correction, and God defend the right.

Ferd. Will you hear this Letter with attention?

Bir. As we would hear an Oracle.

Clow Such is the ſimplicity of man to hearken after the fleſh.

Ferd. *GReat Deputy, the Welkins Vicegerent, and ſole dominator of* Navar, *my ſouls earths* God, *and bodies foſtring Patron:*

Coſt. Not a word of *Coſtard* yet.

Ferd. *So it is.*

Coſt. It may be ſo: but if he ſay it is ſo, he is in telling true: but ſo.

Ferd. *Peace,*

Clow. Be to me, and every man that dares not fight.

Ferd. *No words,*

Clow. Of other mens ſecrets I beſeech you.

Ferd. *So it is, beſieged with ſable coloured melancholly, I did commend the black oppreſſing humour to the moſt wholeſome Phyſick of thy health-giving ayre: And as I am a Gentleman, betook my ſelf to walk: the time When? about the ſixt hour, When beaſts moſt graſe, birds beſt peck, and men ſit down to that nouriſhment which is called Supper: So much for the time when. Now for the ground Which? which I mean I walkt upon, it is ycleped, Thy Park. Then for the place Where, where I mean I did incounter that obſcene and moſt prepoſterous event that draweth from my ſnow white Pen the Ebon-coloured Ink, which here thou vieweſt, beholdeſt, ſurveyeſt. or ſeeſt. But to the place Where: it ſtandeth North North Eaſt and by Eaſt from the Weſt corner of thy curious knotted Garden. There did I ſee that low ſpirited Swain, that baſe Minow of thy mirth,* (Clown. Me?) *that unlettered ſmall-knowing ſoul,* (Clou Me?) *that ſhallow vaſſal* (Clow. Still me?) *which as I remember, hight* Coſtard, (Clow. O me) *ſorted and conſorted contrary to thy eſtabliſhed proclaimed Edict and Continent Canon: Which with, O with, but with this I paſſion to ſay wherewith.*

Clown. With a Wench.

Ferd. *With a child of our Grandmother* Eve, *a female; or, for thy more underſtanding, a woman: him, I (as my ever eſteemed duty pricks me on) have ſent to thee, to receive the meed of puniſhment by the ſweet Graces Officer* Anthony Dull, *a man of good repute, carriage, bearing, and eſtimation.*

Ant. Me, an't ſhall pleaſe you? I am *Anthony Dull.*

Ferd. *For* Jaquenetta (*ſo is the weaker veſſel called*) *which* I *apprehended with the aforeſaid ſwain,* I *keep her as a veſſel of thy Laws fury, and ſhall at the leaſt of thy ſweet notice, bring her to trial. Thine in all complements of devoted and heart-burning heat of duty,*

Don Adriana de Armado.

Bir. This is not ſo well as I looked for, but the beſt that ever I heard.

Ferd. I the beſt for the worſt. But ſirra, What ſay you to this?

Clown. Sir I confeſs the Wench.

Ferd. Did you hear the Proclamation?

Clown. I do confeſs much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of it.

Ferd. It was proclaimed a years impriſonment to be taken with a Wench.

Clown. I was taken with none ſir, I was taken with a Damoſel.

Ferd. Well, it was proclaimed Damoſel.

Clo. This was no damoſel neither ſir, ſhe was a Virgin.

Ferd. It is ſo varied too, for it was proclaimed Virgin.

Clown. If it were, I deny her Virginity: I was taken with a Maid.

Ferd. This Maid will not ſerve your turn ſir.

Clown. This Maid will ſerve my turn ſir.

Ferd. Sir I will pronounce your ſentence: You ſhall faſt a week with Bran and Water.

Clown. I had rather pray a Month with Mutton and Porridge.

Ferd. And *Don Armado* ſhall be your Keeper.
My Lord *Biron*, ſee him deliver'd ore,
And go we Lords to put in practice that
Which each to other hath ſo ſtrongly ſworn. *Exeunt.*

Bir. I'le lay my head to any good mans Hat,
Theſe oaths and Laws will prove an idle ſcorn.
Sirra, come on.

Clown. I ſuffer for the truth ſir: for true it is, I was taken with *Jaquenetta*, and *Jaquenetta* is a true Girl, and therefore welcome the ſowr cup of proſperity: affliction may one day ſmile again, and untill then ſit down ſorrow.

Enter Armado a Braggart, and Moth his Page.

Brag. Boy, What ſign is it when a man of great ſpirit grows melancholy?

Boy. A great ſign ſir, that he will look ſad.

Brag. Why? ſadneſs is one and the ſelf-ſame thing, dear Imp.

Boy. No, no, O Lord ſir, no.

Brag. How canſt thou part ſadneſs and melancholy, my tender *Juvenal*?

Boy. By a familiar demonſtration of the working, my tough Signior.

Brag. Why tough Signior? Why tough Signior?

Boy. Why tender *Juvenal*? Why tender *Juvenal!*

Brag. I ſpoke it tender *Juvenal*, as a congruent epitheton, appertaining to thy young dayes, which we may nominate tender.

Boy. And I tough Signior, as an appertinent title to your old time, which we may name tough.

Brag. Pretty and apt.

Boy. How mean you ſir, I pretty and my ſaying apt? or I apt, and my ſaying pretty?

Brag. Thou pretty, becauſe little.

Boy. Little pretty, becauſe little: wherefore apt?

Brag. And therefore apt, becauſe quick.

Boy. Speak you this in my praiſe, Maſter?

Brag. In thy condign praiſe.

Boy. I will praiſe an Eele with the ſame praiſe.

Brag. What? that an Eele is ingenious?

Boy. That an Eele is quick.

Brag. I do ſay thou art quick in anſwers. Thou heat'ſt my blood.

Boy. I am anſwer'd ſir.

Brag. I love not to be croſt.

Boy. He ſpeaks the clean contrary, croſſes love not him.

Brag. I have promis'd to ſtudy 3 years with the Duke.

Boy. You may do it in an hour ſir.

Brag. Impoſſible.

Boy. How many is one thrice told?

Brag. I am ill at reckoning, it fits the ſpirit of a Tapſter.

Boy. You are a Gentleman and a Gameſter ſir.

Brag. I confeſs both, they are both the varniſh of a compleat man.

Boy. Then I am ſure you know how much the groſs ſum of deuſ-ace amounts to.

Brag. It doth amount to one more than two.

Boy. Which the baſe vulgar call three. *Bra.* True.

Boy. Why ſir is this ſuch a piece of ſtudy? Now here's three ſtudied, ere you'l thrice wink, and how eaſie it is to put years to the word three, and ſtudy three years in two words, the dancing-horſe will tell you.

Brag. A moſt fine figure.

Boy. To prove you a Cypher.

Brag. I will hereupon confeſs I am in love: and as it is baſe for a Souldier to love: ſo am I in love with a baſe Wench. If drawing my ſword againſt the humour of affection, would deliver me from the reprobate thought of it, I would take Deſire priſoner, and ranſome him to any French Courtier for a new deviſ'd courteſie. I think ſcorn to ſigh, me thinks I ſhould out-ſwear *Cupid*. Comfort me boy, What great men have been in love?

Boy. *Hercules*, Maſter.

Brag. Moſt ſweet *Hercules*: more authority dear boy, name more; and ſweet my child, let them be men of good repute and carriage.

Boy. *Sampſon*, Maſter, he was a man of good carriage, great carriage: for he carried the Town Gates on his back like a Porter; and he was in love.

Brag. O well-knit *Sampſon*, ſtrong-joynted *Sampſon*; I do excel thee in my Rapier, as much as thou didſt me in carrying Gates. I am in love too. Who was *Sampſons* Love my dear *Moth*?

Boy. A woman, Maſter.

Brag. Of what complexion?

Boy. Of all the four, or the three, or the two, or one of the four.

Brag. Tell me preciſely of what complexion?

Boy. Of the Sea-water Green, ſir.

Brag. Is that one of the four complexions?

Boy. As I have read ſir, and the beſt of them too.

Brag. Green indeed is the colour of Lovers: but to have a Love of that colour, me thinks *Sampſon* had ſmall reaſon for it. He ſurely affected her for her wit.

Boy. It was ſo ſir, for ſhe had a green wit.

Brag. My Love is moſt immaculate white and red.

Boy. Moſt immaculate thoughts Maſter, are mask'd under ſuch colours.

Brag. Define, define, well educated infant.

Boy. My Fathers wit, and my Mothers tongue aſſiſt me.

Brag. Sweet invocation of a child, moſt pretty and pathetical.

Boy. If ſhe be made of white and red,
Her faults will ne're be known:
For bluſhing cheeks by faults are bred,
And fears by pale white ſhown:
Then if ſhe fear, or be to blame,
By this you ſhall not know,
For ſtill her cheeks poſſeſs the ſame,
Which native ſhe doth owe.

A dangerous rime Maſter againſt the reaſon of white and red.

Brag. Is there not a ballet boy, of the King and the beggar?

Boy. The world was very guilty of ſuch a ballet, ſome three ages ſince, but I think now 'tis not to be found: or if it were, it would neither ſerve for the writing, nor the tune.

Brag. I will have that ſubject newly writ o're, that I may example my digreſſion by ſome mighty preſident. Boy, I do love that Countrey Girl that I took in the Park with the rational Hind *Coſtard*: ſhe deſerves well.

Boy. To be whip'd, and yet a better Love than my Maſter.

Brag. Sing boy, my ſpirit grows heavy in love.

Boy. And that's great marvel, loving a light Wench.

Brag. I ſay ſing.

Boy. Forbear till this company be paſt.

Enter Clown. Conſtable, and Wench.

Conſt. Sir, the Dukes pleaſure is, that you keep *Coſtard* ſafe, and you muſt let him take no delight, nor no pennance, but he muſt faſt three dayes a week: for this Damſel, I muſt keep her at the Park, ſhe is allow'd for the Day-woman. Fare you well. *Exit.*

Brag. I do betray my ſelf with bluſhing: Maid.

Maid. Man.

Brag. I will viſit thee at the Lodge.

Maid. That's here by.

Brag. I know where it is ſituate.

Maid. Lord how wiſe you are.

Brag. I will tell thee wonders.

Maid. With that face?

Brag. I love thee.

Maid. So I heard you ſay.

Brag. And ſo farewell.

Maid. Fair weather after you.
Come *Jaquenetta*, away. *Exeunt.*

Brag. Villain thou ſhalt faſt for thy offences ere thou be pardoned.

Clo. Well ſir, I hope when I do it, I ſhall do it on a full ſtomack.

Brag. Thou ſhalt be heavily puniſhed.

Clo. I am more bound to you than your fellows, for they are but lightly rewarded.

Con. Take away this Villain, ſhut him up.

Boy. Come you tranſgreſſing ſlave, away.

Clow. Let me not be pent up ſir, I will be faſt being looſe.

Boy. No ſir, that were faſt and looſe; thou ſhalt to priſon.

Clow. Well, if ever I do ſee the merry dayes of deſolation that I have ſeen, ſome ſhall ſee.

Boy. What ſhall ſome ſee?

Clow. Nay nothing, Maſter *Moth*, but what they look upon. It is not for priſoners to be ſilent in their words, and therefore I will ſay nothing: I thank God, I have as little patience as another man, and therefore I can be quiet. *Exit.*

Brag. I do affect the very ground (which is baſe) where her ſhooe (which is baſer) guided by her foot (which is baſeſt) doth tread. I ſhall be forſworn (which is a great argument of falſhood) if I love. And how can that be true love, which is falſly attempted? Love is a familiar, Love is a Devil; there is no evil Angel but Love, yet *Sampſon* was ſo tempted, and he had an excellent ſtrength: Yet was *Solomon* ſo ſeduced, and he had a very good wit. *Cupids* But-ſhaft is too hard for *Hercules* Club, and therefore too much odds for a *Spaniards* Rapier: the firſt and ſecond cauſe will not ſerve my turn: the *Paſſado* he reſpects not, the *Duello* he regards not; his diſgrace is to be called boy, but his glory is to ſubdue men. Adieu Valour, ruſt Rapier, be ſtill Drum, for your manager is in love; yea, he loveth. Aſſiſt me ſome extemporal God of Rime, for I am ſure I ſhall turn Sonnet. Deviſe Wit, Write Pen, for I am for whole volumes in Folio.

Finis Actus Primi.

Actus Secundus.

Enter the Princeſs of France, with three attending Ladies, and three Lords.

Boyet. Now Madam ſummon up your deareſt ſpirits,
Conſider whom the King your Father ſends:
To whom he ſends, and what's his Embaſſie.
Your ſelf, held precious in the worlds eſteem,
To parlee with the ſole inheritour
Of all perfections that a man may owe,
Matchleſs *Navarre*: the plea of no leſs weight
Than *Aquitain*, a Dowry for a Queen.
Be now as prodigal of all dear grace,
As Nature was in making Graces dear,
When ſhe did ſtarve the general world beſide,
And prodigally gave them all to you.
Prin. Good L. *Boyet*, my beauty though but mean,
Need not the painted flouriſh of your praiſe:
Beauty is bought by judgement of the eye,
Not uttered by baſe ſale of Chapmens tongues.
I am leſs proud to hear you tell my worth,
Than you much willing to be counted wiſe,
In ſpending thus your wit in praiſe of mine.
But now to task the tasker; good *Boyet*,
You are not ignorant, all-telling fame
Doth noyſe abroad *Navarre* hath made a vow,
Till painful ſtudy ſhall out-wear three years,
No woman may approach his ſilent Court:
thus Therefore to's ſeemeth it a needful courſe,
Before we enter his forbidden Gates,
To know his pleaſure, and in that behalf
Bold of your worthineſs, we ſingle you,
As our beſt moving fair Sollicitor:
Tell him the Daughter of the King of *France*,
On ſerious buſineſs, craving quick diſpatch,
Importunes perſonal conference with his Grace.
Haſt, ſignifie ſo much, while we attend,
Like humble viſag'd Sutors his high will.
Boyet. Proud of imployment, willingly I go. *Exit.*
Prin. All pride is willing pride, and your's is ſo:
Who are the Votaries my 'loving Lords, that are Vow-fellows with this virtuous Duke?
Lor. Longavile is one.
Prin. Know you the man?
1 *Lad.* I knew him Madam at a Marriage Feaſt,
Between L *Perigort*, and the beauteous heir
Of *Jaques Faulconbridge* ſolemnized.
In *Normandy* ſaw I this *Longavile*,
A man of Soveraign parts he is eſteem'd:
Well fitted in the Arts, glorious in arms:
Nothing becomes him ill that he would well.
The only ſoil of his fair virtues gloſs,
(If virtues gloſs will ſtain with any ſoil,)
Is a ſharp wit match'd with too blunt a will:
Whoſe edge hath power to cut, whoſe will ſtill wills,
It ſhould none ſpare that come within his power.
Prin. Some merry mocking Lord, is't ſo?
Lad. 1. They ſay ſo moſt, that moſt his humours know.
Prin. Such ſhort liv'd wits do wither as they grow.
Who are the reſt?
2. *Lad.* The young *Dumain*, a well accompliſh'd youth,
Of all that Virtue love, for Virtue loved.
Moſt power to do moſt harm, leaſt knowing ill:
For he hath wit to make an ill ſhape good,
And ſhape to win grace though he had no wit.
I ſaw him at the Duke *Alanzoes* once,
And much too little of that good I ſaw,
Is my report to his great worthineſs.
Roſa. Another of theſe Students at that time,
Was there with him, as I have heard a truth.
Biron they call him, but a merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never ſpent an hours talk withall.
His eye begets occaſion for wit,
For every object that the one doth catch,
The other turns to a mirth-moving jeſt,
Which his fair tongue (conceits Expoſitor)
Delivers in ſuch apt and gracious words,
That aged ears play Truant at his Tales,
And younger hearings are quite raviſhed.
So ſweet and voluble is his diſcourſe.
Prin. God bleſs my Ladies, are they all in love?
That every one her own hath garniſhed,
With ſuch bedecking ornaments of praiſe?
Ma. Here comes *Boyet*

Enter Boyet.

Prin. Now, now what admittance Lord?
Boyet. *Navarre* had notice of your fair approach;
And he and his Competitors in oath,
Were all addreſt to meet you gentle Lady
Before I came: Marry thus I have learnt,
He rather means to lodge you in the field,
Like one that comes here to beſiege his Court,
Than ſeek a diſpenſation for his oath,
To let you enter his unpeopled houſe.

Enter Navar, Longavile, Dumain, and Birone.

Here comes *Navarre.*
Nav. Fair Princeſs welcome to the Court of *Navar.*
Prin. Fair I give you back again, and welcome I have not yet: the roof of this Court is too high to be yours, and welcome to the wide fields, too baſe to be mine.
Nav. You ſhall be welcome Madam to my Court.
Prin. I will be welcome then, Conduct me thither:
Na. Here me dear Lady, I have ſworn an oath,
Prin. Our Lady help my Lord, he'll be forſworn.
Nav. Not for the world, fair Madam, by my will.
Prin. Why, will ſhall break it will, and nothing elſe.
Nav. Your Ladiſhip is ignorant what it is.
Prin. Were my Lord ſo, his ignorance were wiſe,
Where now his knowledge muſt prove ignorance.
I hear your Grace hath ſworn out Houſe-keeping:
'Tis deadly ſin to keep that oath my Lord,
And ſin to break it:
But pardon me I am too ſudden bold,
To teach a Teacher ill beſeemeth me,
Vouchſafe to read the purpoſe of my coming,
And ſuddenly reſolve me in my ſuit.
Nav. Madam, I will, if ſuddenly I may.
Prin. You will the ſooner that I were away,
For you'l prove perjur'd if you make me ſtay.

Bir. Did not I dance with you in *Brabant* once?
Roſa. Did not I dance with you in *Brabant* once?
Bir. I know you did.
Roſa. How needleſs was it then to ask the queſtion?
Bir. You muſt not be ſo quick.
Roſ. 'Tis long of you that ſpur me with ſuch queſtions.
Bir. Your wit's too hot, it ſpeeds too faſt, 'twill tire.
Roſa. Not till it leave the Rider in the mire.
Bir. What time a day?
Roſa. The hour that fools ſhould ask.
Bir. Now fair befall your mask.
Roſa. Fair falls the face it covers.
Bir. And ſend you many lovers.
Roſa. Amen, ſo you be none.
Bir. Nay then will I be gone.
Fer. Madam, your father here doth intimate
The payment of a hundred thouſand Crowns,
Being but th' one half of an intire ſum,
Disburſed by my father in his wars.
But ſay that he, or we, as neither have
Receiv'd that ſum; yet there remains unpaid
A hundred thouſand more: in ſurety of the which,
One part of *Aquitain* is bound to us,
Although not valued to the moneys worth.
If then the King your father will reſtore
But that one half which is unſatisfied,
We will give up our right in *Aquitain*,
And hold fair friendſhip with his Majeſty:
But that it ſeems he little purpoſeth,
For here he doth demand to have repaid,
An hundred thouſand Crowns, and not demands
One payment of an hundred thouſand Crowns,
To have his title live in *Aquitain*.
Which we much rather had depart withall,
And have the money by our father lent,
Then *Aquitain*, ſo guelded as it is.
Dear Princeſs, were not his requeſts ſo far
From reaſons yielding, your fair ſelf ſhould make
A yielding 'gainſt ſome reaſon in my breſt,
And go well ſatisfied to *France* again.
Prin. You do the King my Father too much wrong,
And wrong the reputation of your name,
In ſo unſeeming to confeſs receit
Of that which hath ſo faithfully been paid.
Fer. I do proteſt I never heard of it,
And if you prove it, I'le repay it back
Or yield up *Aquitain*.
Prin. We arreſt your word:
Boyet, you can produce acquittances
For ſuch a ſum, from ſpecial Officers,
Of *Charles* his Father.
Fer. Satisfie me ſo.
Boyet. So pleaſe your Grace, the packet is not come.
Where that and other ſpecialties are bound;
To morrow you ſhall have a ſight of them:
Fer. It ſhall ſuffice me; at which enterview,
All liberal reaſon would I yield unto:
Mean time, receive ſuch welcome at my hand,
As Honor, without breach of Honor may
Make tender of, to thy true worthineſs.
You may not come fair Princeſs in my gates,
But here without you ſhall be ſo receiv'd,
As you ſhall deem your ſelf lodg'd in my heart,
Though ſo deni'd farther harbour in my houſe:
Your own good thoughts excuſe me, and farewel,
To morrow we ſhall viſit you again.
Prin. Sweet health and fair deſires conſort your grace.
Fer. Thy own wiſh, wiſh I thee, in every place. *Exit.*
Boy. Lady, I will commend you to my own heart.
La. Ro. Pray you do my commendations,
I would be glad to ſee it.
Boy. I would you heard it groan.
La. Ro. Is the ſoul ſick?
Boy. Sick at the heart.
La. Ro. Alack let it blood.
Boy. Would that do it good?
La. Ro. My Phyſick ſayes I.
Boy. Will you prick't with your eye,
La. Ro, *No poynt*, with my knife.
Boy. Now God ſave thy life.
La. Ro. And yours from long living,
Bir. I cannot ſtay thanksgiving. *Exit.*

Enter Dumain.

Dum. Sir, I pray you a word: what Lady is that ſame?
Boy. The heir of *Alanſon*, *Roſaline* her name.
Dum. A gallant Lady, Mounſieur fare you well. *Exit.*
Enter Longavile.
Long. I beſeech you a word: what is ſhe in the white?
Boy. A woman ſometimes, if you ſaw her in the light.
Long. Perchance light in the light: I deſire her name.
Boy. She hath but one for her ſelf,
To deſire that were a ſhame.
Lon. Pray you ſir, whoſe daughter?
Boy. Her mothers, I have heard.
Lon. Gods bleſſing a your beard.
Boy. Good ſir be not offended.
She is an heir of *Faulconbridge*.
Long. Nay, my choller is ended:
She is a moſt ſweet Lady.
Boy. Not unlike ſir, that may be. *Exit Long.*
Enter Biron.
Bir. What's her name in the Cap?
Boy. *Katherine* by good hap.
Bir. Is ſhe wedded, or no
Boy. To her will ſir, or ſo.
Bir. You are welcome ſir, adieu.
Boy. Farewel to me ſir, and welcome to you. *Exit.*
La. Ma. That laſt is *Biron*, the merry mad-cap Lord.
Not a word with him, but a jeſt.
Boy. And every jeſt but a word.
Pri. It was well done of you to take him at his word.
Boy. I was as willing to grapple, as he was to boord.
Lad. Ma. Two hot Sheeps marry;
And wherefore not Ships? (lips.
Boy. No ſheep (ſweet Lamb) unleſs we feed on your
La. You ſheep and I paſture; ſhall that finiſh the jeſt?
Boy. So you grant paſture for me.
La. Not ſo gentle beaſt.
My Lips are no Common, though ſeveral they be.
Boy. Belonging to whom?
La. To my fortunes and me.
Prin. Good wits will be jangling, but gentles agree.
This civil war of wits were much better uſed
On *Navar* and his book-men, for here 'tis abuſed.
Boy. If my obſervation (which very ſeldome lyes
By the hearts ſtill rhetorick, diſcloſed with eyes)
Deceive me not now, *Navar* is infected.
Prin. With what?
Boy. With that which we Lovers intitle affected;
Prin Your reaſon.
Boy. Why all his behaviours do make their retire
To the court of his eye, peeping thorough deſire.
His heart like an Agot with your print impreſſed,
Proud with his form, in his eye pride expreſſed:
His tongue all impatient to ſpeak and not ſee,
Did ſtumble with haſt in his eye-ſight to be.
All ſenſes to that ſence did make their repair,
To feel only looking on faireſt of fair:
Me thought all his ſenſes were lock'd in his eye,
As Jewels in Criſtal for ſome Prince to buy: (glaſt.
Who tendring their own worth from whence they were
Did point out to buy them along as you paſt.
His faces own margent did coat ſuch amazes,
That all eyes ſaw his eyes inchanted with gazes.
I'le give you *Aquitain*, and all that is his,
And you give him for my ſake, but one loving kiſs.

Prin. Come to our Pavillion, *Boyet* is diſpoſed.

Boy. But to ſpeak that in words, which his eye, hath
I only have made a mouth of his eye, (diſclos'd,
By adding a tongue, which I know will not lye.

Lad. Ro. Thou art an old Love-monger, and ſpeakeſt ſkillfully.

Lad. Ma. He is *Cupids* Grandſather, and learns news of him.

Lad. 2. Then was *Venus* like her mother, for her father is but grim.

Boy. Do you hear my mad Wenches?

Lad. 1. No.

Boy What then, do you ſee?

Lad. 2. I, our way to be gone.

Boy. You are too hard for me. *Exeunt omnes.*

Actus Tertia.

Enter Braggart, and Boy.

Song.

Brag. Warble child, make paſſionate my ſenſe of hearing.

Boy. Concolinell.———

Brag. Sweet Ayer, go tenderneſs of years: take this Key, give inlaregment to the ſwain, bring him feſtinatly hither: I muſt imploy him in a letter to my Love.

Boy. Will you win your love with a French braul?

Brag. How meaneſt thou, brauling in French?

Boy. No my compleat maſter, but to jigg off a tune at the tongues end, canary to it with the feet, humour it with turning up your eye: ſigh a note and ſing a note, ſometime through the throat: if you ſwallowed love with ſinging, love ſometime through the noſe, as if you ſnuft up love by ſmelling love, with your hat penthouſe-like o're the ſhop of your eyes, with your arms croſt on your thinbelly doublet (like a Rabbet on a ſpit) or your hands in your pocket, like a man after the old painting, and keep not too long in one tune, but a ſnip and away: theſe are complements, theſe are humours, theſe betray nice wenches that would be betrayed without theſe, and make them men of note: do you note men that moſt are affected to theſe?

Brag. How haſt thou purchaſed this experience?

Boy. By my Pen of obſervation.

Brag. But O, but O.

Boy. The Hobby-horſe is forgot.

Brag. Call'ſt thou my love Hobby-horſe.

Boy. No Maſter, the Hobby-horſe is but a Colt, and your Love perhaps, a Hackney:
But have you forgot your Love?

Brag. Almoſt I had.

Boy. Negligent ſtudent, learn her by heart.

Brag. By heart, and in heart boy.

Boy. And out of heart Maſter: all thoſe three I will prove.

Brag. What wilt thou prove?

Boy. A man, if I live (and this) by, in, and without, upon the inſtant: by heart you love her, becauſe your heart cannot come by her: in heart you love her, becauſe your heart is in love with her: and out of heart you love her, being out of heart that you cannot enjoy her.

Brag. I am all theſe three.

Boy. And three times as much more, and yet nothing at all.

Brag. Fetch hither the Swain, he muſt carry me a letter.

Boy. A meſſage well ſympathiz'd, a Horſe to be embaſſador for an Aſs.

Brag. Ha, ha, What ſayeſt thou?

Boy. Marry ſir, you muſt ſend the Aſs upon the Horſe, for he is very ſlow gated: but I go.

Brag. The way is but ſhort, away.

Boy. As ſwift as Lead ſir.

Brag. Thy meaning pretty ingenious, is not Lead a metal heavy, dull, and ſlow?

Boy. Minime honeſt Maſter, or rather Maſter no.

Brag. I ſay Lead is ſlow.

Boy You are too ſwift ſir to ſay ſo.
Is that Lead ſlow which is fir'd from a Gun?

Brag. Sweet ſmoak of Rhetorick,
He reputes me a Cannon, and the Bullet that's he:
I ſhoot thee at the Swain.

Boy. Thump then, and I flee. *Exit.*

Brag. A moſt acute Juvenal, voluble and free of grace,
By thy favour ſweet Welkin, I muſt ſigh in thy face.
Moſt rude melancholly, Valour gives the place.
My Herald is return'd.

Enter Page, and Clowu.

Pag. A wonder Maſter, here's a *Coſtard* broken in ſhin.

Arm. Some Enigma, ſome riddle, no *Lenvoy* begin.

Clow. No egma, no riddle, no *Lenvoy*, no ſalve, in the male ſir. O ſir, Plantan, a plain Plantan: no *Lenvoy*, no *Lenvoy*, or ſalve ſir, but Plantan.

Arm. By vertue thou inforceſt laughter, thy ſilly thought, my ſpleen, the heaving of my lungs provokes me to ridiculous ſmiling: O pardon me my ſtars, doth the inconſiderate take *ſalve* for *Lenvoy*, and the world *Lenvoy* for a *ſalve?*

Pag. Do the wiſe think them other, is not *Lenvoy* a *ſalve.*

(plain
Arm. No *Page*, it is an epilogue or diſcourſe to make
Some obſcure precedence that hath tofore been ſain.
Now will I begin your moral, and do you follow with my *Lenvoy.*

The Fox, the Ape, and the humble-bee,
Were ſtill at odds, being but three.

Page. Until the Gooſe came out of door,
Staying the odds by adding four.
A good *Lenvoy*, ending in the Gooſe: would you deſire more?

(flat
Clow. The Boy hath ſold him a bargain, a Gooſe, that's
Sir, your penny-worth is good, and your Gooſe be fat.
To ſell a bargain well is as cunning as faſt as looſe:
Let me ſee a fat *Lenvoy*, I that's a fat Gooſe.

Arma. Come hither, come hither:
How did this argument begin?

Boy. By ſaying that a *Coſtard* was broken in a ſhin.
Then call'd you for a *Lenvoy.*

Clow. True, and I for a Plantan:
Thus came your argument in:
Then the boys fat *Lenvoy*, the Gooſe that you bought,
And he ended the market. Proverbial—

Arma. But tell me: How was there a *Coſtard* broken in a ſhin?

Pag. I will tell you ſenſibly.

Clow. Thou haſt no feeling of it *Moth*,
I will ſpeak that *Lenvoy.*
I *Coſtard* running out, that was ſafely within,
Fell over the threſhold, and broke my ſhin.

Arm. We will talk no more of this matter,

Clow. Till there be more matter in the ſhin.

Arm. Sirra *Coſtard*, I will infranchiſe thee.

Clow. O, marry me to one *Francis*, I ſmell ſome *Lenvoy*, ſome Gooſe in this.

Arm. By my ſweet ſoul, I mean, ſetting thee at liberty. Enfreedoming thy perſon; thou wert immured, reſtrained, captivated, bound.

Clow. True, true, and now you will be my purgation and let me looſe.

Arm. I give thee thy liberty, ſet thee from durance, and in lieu thereof, impoſe on thee nothing but this: Bear this ſignificant to the countrey Maid *Jaquenetta:* there is remuneration, for the beſt ward of mine honors is rewarding my dependants. *Moth*, follow.——— *Exit.*

Pag. Like the ſequel I.
Signior *Coſtard* adieu.

Clo. My ſweet ounce of mans fleſh, my in-cony Jew :
Now will I look to his remuneration.
Remuneration, O, that's the Latin word for three-farthings : Three farthings remuneration, What's the price of this yncle ? i.de. no,I'le give you a remuneration: Why ? It carries its remuneration : Why ? It is a fairer name than a French-Crown. I will never buy and ſell out of this word.

Enter Birone.

Bir. O my good knave *Coſtard*, exceedingly well met.
Clow. Pray you ſir, How much Carnation Ribbon may a man buy for a remuneration ?
Bir. What is a remuneration ?
Coſt. Marry ſir, half penny farthing.
Bir. O, Why then three farthings worth of ſilk.
Coſt. I thank your worſhip, God be wy you.
Bir. O ſtay ſlave, I muſt employ thee :
As thou wilt win my favour, good my knave,
Do one thing for me that I ſhall intreat.
Clow. When would you have it done ſir ?
Bir. O this after-noon.
Clow. Well, I will do it ſir : Fare you well.
Bir. O thou knoweſt not what it is.
Clow. I ſhall know ſir when I have done it.
Bir. Why villain, thou muſt know it firſt-
Clow. I will come to your worſhip to morrow morning.
Bir. It muſt be done this after-noon,
Hark ſlave, it is but this:
The Princeſs comes to hunt here in the Park :
And in her train there is a gentle Lady :
When tongues ſpeak ſweetly, then they name her name,
And *Roſaline* they call her, ask for her :
And to her white hand ſee thou do commend
This ſeal'd up counſel. There's thy guerdon : go.

Clow. Guerdon, O ſweet Guerdon, better than remuneration, a leavenpence-farthing better : moſt ſweet guerdon. I will do it ſir in print : guerdon, remuneration. *Exit.*

Bir. O ! and I forſooth in love,
I that have been loves whip ?
A very beadle to a humorous ſigh : A Critick ;
Nay, a night-watch Conſtable.
A domineering pedant o're the boy,
Than whom no mortal ſo magnificent:
This wimpled, whining, purblind waiward boy,
This ſignior *Junio*'s giant dwarf, don *Cupid*,
Regent of Love-rimes, Lord of folded arms,
Th'anointed ſoveraign of ſighs and groans:
Liege of all loyterers, and malecontents :
Dread Prince of Plackets, King of Codpeeces.
Sole Emperator, and great general
Of trotting Parators (O my little heart) :
And I to be a Corporal of his field,
And wear his colours like a Tumblers hoop ?
What ? I love ! I ſue ! I ſeek a wife,
A woman, that is like a German Clock,
Still a repairing : ever out of frame,
And never going aright, being but a Watch :
But being watch'd, that it may ſtill go right.
Nay to be perjur'd, which is worſt of all :
And among three, to love the worſt of all,
A whitely wanton with a velvet brow,
With two pitch balls ſtuck in her face for eyes,
I, and by heaven, one that will do the deed,
Tho *Argus* were her Eunuch and her guard :
And I to ſigh for her ! to watch for her !
To pray for her, go to : it is a plague
That *Cupid* will impoſe for my neglect
Of his Almighty, dreadful, little might.
Well, I will love, write, ſigh, pray, ſue and groan,
Some men muſt love my Lady, and ſome *Joan*.

Actus Quartus.

Enter the Princeſs, a Foreſter, her Ladies,
and her Lords.

Prin. Was that the King that ſpur'd his horſe ſo hard,
Againſt the ſteep unriſing of the hill ?
Boy. I know not, but I think it was not he.
Prin. VVho e're a was, a ſhew'd a mounting mind :
VVell Lords, to day we ſhall have our diſpatch,
On Saturday we will return to *France.*
Then *Forreſter* my friend VVhere is the Buſh
That we muſt ſtand and play the murtherer in ?
For. Hereby upon the edg of yonder Coppice,
A ſtand where you may make the faireſt ſhoot.
Prin. I thank my beauty, I am fair that ſhoot,
And thereupon thou ſpeak'ſt the faireſt ſhoot.
For. Pardon me, for I meant not ſo.
Prin. VVhat, what ? Firſt praiſe me, then again ſay no.
O ſhort-liv'd pride. Not fair ? alack for wo.
For. Yes Madam, fair.
Prin. Nay, never paint me now,
Where fair is not, praiſe cannot mend the brow.
Here (good my glaſs) take this for telling true :
Fair payment for foul words is more than due.
For. Nothing but fair is that which you inherit
Prin. See, ſee, my beauty will be ſav'd by merit.
O hereſie in fair, fit for theſe days,
A giving hand tho foul ſhall have the praiſe.
But come, the bow : Now mercy goes to kill,
And ſhooting well, is then accounted ill.
Thus will I ſave my credit in the ſhoot,
Not wounding pity would not let me do't:
If wounding, then it was to ſhew my skill,
That more for praiſe than purpoſe meant to kill.
And out of queſtion, ſo it is ſometimes.
Glory grows guilty of deteſted crimes,
When for Fames ſake to praiſe an outward part,
VVe bend to that, the working of the heatt.
As I for praiſe alone now ſeek to ſpill
The poor Dears blood, that my heart means no ill.
Boy, Do not curſt wives hold that ſelf-ſoveraignty
Only for praiſe ſake, when they ſtrive to be
Lords o're their Lords ?
Prin. Only for praiſe, and praiſe we may afford,
To any Lady that ſubdues a Lord.

Enter Clown.

Boy. Here comes a member of the common-wealth.

Clow. God dig-you-den all, pray you which is the head Lady ?

Prin. Thou ſhalt know her, fellow, by the reſt that have no heads.

Clo. VVhich is the greateſt Lady, the higheſt ?
Prin. The thickeſt, and the talleſt,
Clo. The thickeſt, and the talleſt ; it is ſo, truth is truth.
And your waſt Miſtris, were as ſlender as my wit,
One a theſe maids girdles for your waſte ſhould be fit.
Are not you the chief woman ? You are the thickeſt here.
Prin What's your will ſir ? What's your will ?
Clow. I have a Letter from Mounſieur *Birone*;
To one Lady *Roſaline*,
Prin. O thy letter, thy letter : He's a good friend of mine.
Stand aſide good bearer.
Boyet. You can carve,
Break up this Capon,

Boy. I am bound to ſerve.
This Letter is miſtook: it importeth none here:
It is writ to *Jaquenetta.*

Prin. We will read it, I ſwear.
Break the neck of the wax, and every one give ear.

Boyet reads.

BY heaven, that thou art fair, is moſt infallible: true that thou art beauteous: truth it ſelf that thou art lovely; more fairer than fair, beautiful than beautious, truer than truth it ſelf; have commiſeration on thy heroical Vaſſal. The magnanimous and moſt illuſtrate King *Cophetua* ſet eye upon the pernicious and indubitate Begger *Zenelophon*; and he it was that might rightly ſay, *Veni, vidi, vici*; VVhich to anatomize in the vulgar, O baſe and obſcure vulgar; *vidilicet*, he came, ſaw and overcame; he came one; ſee two, overcame three. Who came? the King. VVhy did he come? to ſee. Why did he ſee? to overcome. To whom came he? to the begger. What ſaw he? the begger. Who overcame he? the begger. The concluſion is victory, On whoſe ſide? the Kings; the captive is inrich'd; On whoſe ſide? the beggers. The cataſtrophe is a Nuptial: On whoſe ſide? the Kings: no, on both in one, or one in both: I am the King, (for ſo ſtands the compariſon) thou the beggar, for ſo witneſſeth thy lowlineſs. Shall I command thy love? I may. Shall I enforce thy love? I could. Shall I entreat thy love? I will. What ſhalt thou exchange for rags? Robes: for tittles? titles: for thy ſelf, me? Thus expecting thy reply, I prophane my lips on thy foot, my eyes on thy picture, and my heart on thy every part:

Thine in the deareſt deſign of induſtry,

Don Adriana de Armado:

Thus doſt thou hear the Nemean Lion roar,
'Gainſt thee thou Lamb, that ſtandeſt as his prey:
Submiſſive fall his princely feet before,
And he from forrage will incline to play:
But if thou ſtrive (poor ſoul) what art thou then?
Food for his rage, repaſture for his den.

Prin. VVhat plume of feather is he that indited this
Letter? What vain? What Weathercock? Did you ever hear better?

Boy. I am much deceived, but I remember the ſtile.

Prin. Elſe your memory is bad, going o're it e're while.

Boy. This *Armado* is a *Spaniard* that keeps here in court,
A Phantaſme, a Monarcho, and one that makes ſport
To the Prince and his Book-mates.

Prin. Thou fellow, a word:
Who gave thee this letter?

Clow. I told you, my Lord.

Prin. To whom ſhould'ſt thou give it?

Clow. From my Lord to my Lady.

Prin. From which Lord to which Lady?

Clow. From my Lord *Berown*, a good maſter of mine,
To a Lady of *France* that he called *Roſaline.*

Prin. Thou haſt miſtaken his letter. Come Lords away.
Here ſweet, put up this, 'twill be thine another day.
Exeunt.

Boy. Who is the ſhooter? who is the ſhooter?

Roſa. Shall I teach you to know?

Boy. I my continent of beauty.

Roſa. Why ſhe that bears the Bow. Finely put off.

Boy. My Lady goes to kill horns, but if thou marry,
Hang me by the neck, if horns that year miſcarry.
Finely put on.

Roſa. Well then, I am the ſhooter.

Boy. And who is your Dear?

Roſa. If we chooſe by horns, your ſelf come not near. Finely put on indeed.

Mari. You ſtill wrangle with her, *Boyet* and ſhe ſtrikes at the brow.

Boy. But ſhe her ſelf is hit lower:
Have I hit her now.

Roſa. Shall I come upon thee with an old ſaying, that was a man when King *Pippin* of *France* was a little boy, as touching the hit it.

Boy. So I may anſwer thee with one as old, that was woman when Queen *Guinover* of *Brittain* was a little wench as touching the hit it.

Roſa. Thou canſt not hit it, hit it, hit it.
Thou canſt not hit it my good man.

Boy. I cannot, cannot, cannot:
And I cannot another can. *Exit.*

Clo. By my troth moſt pleaſant, how both did fit it.

Mar. A mark marvellous well ſhot, for they both did hit it.

Boy. A mark, O mark but that mark: a mark ſays my Lady.
Let the mark have a prick in't, to meet at, if it may be.

Mar. Wide a'th bow hand, i'faith your hand is out.

Clo. Indeed a'muſt ſhoot nearer, or he'l ne're hit the clout.

Boy. And if my hand be out, then belike your hand is in.

Clo. Then will ſhe get the upſhot by cleaving the Pin.

Mar. Come, come, you talk greaſily, your lips grow foul.

Clo. She's too hard for you at pricks, ſir, challenge her to bowl.

Boy. I fear too much rubbing, good night my good Owl.

Clo. By my ſoul a Swain, a moſt ſimple Clown.
Lord, Lord! how the Ladies and I have put him down.
O my troth moſt ſweet jeſts, moſt incony vulgar wit,
When it comes ſo ſmoothly off, ſo obſcenely, as it were, ſo fit.
Armado ath to ſide, O a moſt dainty man.
To ſee him walk before a Lady, and to bear her Fan.
To ſee him kiſs his hand, and how moſt ſweetly a will ſwear:
And his Page at other ſide, that handful of wit,
Ah heavens, it is a moſt pathetical nit.
Sowla, Sowla. *Exeunt.*

Shout within.

Enter Dull. Holofernes, the Pedant. and Nathaniel.

Nath. Very reverent ſport truly, and done in the teſtimony of a good conſcience.

Ped. The Dear was (as you know) ſanguis in blood, ripe as a Pomwater, who now hangeth like a Jewel in the ear of *Cœlo* the sky, the welkin the heaven, and anon falleth like a Crab on the face of *Terra*, the ſoil, the land, the earth.

Curat. Nath. Truly Maſter *Holofernes*, the epithetes are ſweetly varied like a ſcholar at the leaſt: but ſir I aſſure ye, it was a Buck of the firſt head.

Hol. Sir *Nathaniel*, *haud credo.*

Dul. 'Twas not a *haud credo*, 'twas a Pricket.

Hol. Moſt barbarous intimation: yet a kind of anſinuation, as it were *in via*, in way of explication *facere*: as it were replication, or rather *oſtentare*, to ſhow as it were his inclination after his undreſſed, unpoliſhed, uneducated, unpruned, untrained, or rather unlettered, or rathereſt unconfirmed faſhion, to inſert again my *haud credo* for a Deer:

Dul. I ſaid the Deer was not a *haud credo*, 'twas a Pricket.

Hol. Twice ſod ſimplicity, *bis coctus*; O thou monſter ignorance, how deformed doeſt thou look?

Nath. Sir he hath never fed on the dainties that are bred in a book.

He hath not eat paper as it were ;
He hath not drunk ink.
His intellect is not repleniſhed, he is only an animal, only ſenſible in the duller parts ; and ſuch barren plants are ſet before us, that we thankful ſhould be ; which we taſte, and feeling, are for thoſe parts that do fructifie in us more than he.
For as it would ill become me to be vain, indiſcreet, or a fool ;
So were there a patch ſet on Learning, to ſee him in a School.
But *omne bene* ſay I, being of an old Fathers mind,
Many can brook the weather, that love not the wind.

Dul. You two are book-men ; Can you tell by your wit, What was a month old at *Caius* birth, that's not five weeks old as yet ?

Hol. *Dictiſſima* goodman *Dull*, *Dictiſſima* goodman *Dull*.

Dull What is *dictinna* ?

Nath. A title to *Phebe*, to *Luna*, to the *Moon*.

Hol. The Moon was a month old when *Adam* was no more.
And wrought not to five-weeks when he came to five-ſcore.
Th'alluſion holds in the Exchange.

Dull. 'Tis true indeed, the Colluſion holds in the Exchange.

Hol. God comfort thy capacity, I ſay the alluſion holds in the Exchange.

Dull. And I ſay the polluſion holds in the Exchange ; for the Moon is never but a month old ; and I ſay beſide that, 'twas a Pricket that the Princeſs kill'd.

Hol. Sir *Nathaniel*, will you hear an extemporal Epitaph on the death of the Dear, and to humour the ignorant call'd the Dear, the Princeſs kill'd a Pricket.

Nath. *Perge* good Maſter *Holofernes, perge*, ſo it ſhall pleaſe you to abrogate ſcurrillity.

Hol. I will ſomething effect the Letter, for it argues facility.

The praiſefull Princeſs pierc'd ond prickt
a pretty pleaſing pricket.
Some ſay a Sore, but not a ſore,
till now made ſore with ſhoot ing
The Dogs did yell, put ell to Sore,
then Sorel jumps from Thicket ;
Or Pricket-ſore, or elſe Sorell,
the people fall a hooting.
If Sore be ſore, then ell to Sore,
makes fifty ſores O ſorell ;
Of one ſore I an hundred make
by adding but one more L.

Nath. A rare talent.

Dul. If a talent be a claw, look how he claws him with a talent.

Nath. This is a gift that I have ſimple ; ſimple, a fooliſh extravagant ſpirit, full of forms, figures, ſhapes, objects, Ideas, apprehenſions, motions, revolutions. Theſe are begot in the ventricle of memory, nouriſht in the womb of primater, and delivered upon the mellowing of occaſion ; but the gift is good in thoſe in whom it is acute, and I am thankful for it.

Hol. Sir, I praiſe the Lord for you, and ſo may my Pariſhioners, for their Sons are well tutor'd by you, and their Daughters profit very greatly under you ; you are a good member of the common-wealth.

Nath. *Me hercule*, If their Sons be ingenuous, they ſhall want no inſtruction ; If their Daughters be capable, I will put it to them. But *Vir ſapit, qui pauca loquitur*, a ſoul Feminine ſaluteth us.

Enter Jaquenetta and the Clown

Jaque. God give you good morrow Maſter *Parſon*.

Nath. Maſter *Parſon, quaſi perſon* And if one ſhould be perſt, Which is the one ?

Clow. Marry Maſter Schoolmaſter , he that is likeſt to a hogſhead.

Nath. Of perſing a Hogſhead, a good cluſter of conceit in a turph of Earth, fire enough for a Flint, Pearl enough for a Swine : 'tis pretty, it is well.

Jaqu. Good Maſter *Parſon* be ſo good as read me this Letter , it was given me by *Coſtard*, and ſent me from *Don Armatho*. I beſeech you read it.

Nath. *Fauſte precor gelida, quando , pecus omne ſub-umbra, ruminat*, and ſo forth. Ah good old *Mantuan*, I may ſpeak of thee as the traveller doth of *Venice*, *Venechi, venache a, qui non te vide, i non te piaech*. Old *Mantuan*, old *Mantuan*. Who underſtandeth thee not, *ut re ſol la miſa*. Under pardon ſir, What are the contents ? or rather as *Horace* ſaies in his, What ! my ſoul verſes.

Hol. I ſir, and very learned.

Nath. Let me hear a ſtaff, a ſtanza , a verſe, *Lege domine*.

If Love make me forſworn, how ſhall I ſwear to love ?
Ah, never faith could hold, if not to beauty vowed,
Though to my ſelf forſworn, to thee I'le faithfuly prove.
Thoſe thoughts to me were Oakes, to thee like Oſiers bowed,
Study his byas leaves, and makes his book thine eyes.
VVhere all thoſe pleaſures live , that art would comprehend.
If knowledg be the mark, to know thee ſhall ſuffice,
VVell learned is that tongue, that well can thee commend,
All ignorant that ſoul, that ſees thee without wonder.
Which is to me ſome praiſe, that I thy parts admire ;
Thy eye *Joves* lightning bears , thy voice his dreadſul thunder.
Which not to anger bent, is muſick, and ſweet fire.
Celeſtial as thou art, Oh pardon love this wrong,
That ſings heavens praiſe, with ſuch a earthly tongue.

Pedro. You find not the apoſtraphes , and ſo miſs the accent. Let me ſuperviſe the cangenet.

Nath. Here are only numbers ratified , but for the elegancy, facility, and golden cadence of poeſie *caret : Ovidius Naſo* was the man. And why indeed *Naſo* , but for ſmelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy ? the jerks of invention imitary is nothing : So doth the Hound his maſter , the Ape his keeper , the tyred Horſe his rider : But *Damoſella Virgin* , Was this directed to you ?

Jaque. I ſir, from one Mounſieur *Birone* , one of the ſtrange Queens Lords.

Nath. I will overglance the ſuperſcript.
To the ſnow-white hand of the moſt beauteous Lady, Roſaline. I will look again on the intellect of the Letter, for the nomination of the party written, to the perſon written unto.
Your Ladiſhips in all deſired employment , Birone.

Per. Sir *Holofernes*, this *Berown* is one of the Votaries with the King , and here he hath framed a Letter to a ſequent of the ſtranger Queens ; which accidentally , or by the way of progreſſion , hath miſcarried. Trip and go my ſweet, deliver this Paper into the hand of the King, it may concern much ; ſtay not thy complement, I forgive thy duty , adieu.

Maid. Good *Coſtard* go with me.
Sir God ſave your life.

Coſt. Have with thee my girl. *Exit.*

Hol. Sir you have done this in the fear of God very religiouſly : and as a certain father ſaith———

Ped. Sir, tell not me of the father, I do fear coulourable colours. But to return to the Verſes, did they pleaſe you Sir *Nathaniel* ?

Nath. Marvellous well for the Pen.

Peda. I do dine to day at the fathers of a certain Pupill

Pill of mine, where if (being repaſt) it ſhall pleaſe you to gratifie the table with a grace, I will on my priviledge I have with the parents of the foreſaid Child and Pupil, undertake your *bien venuto*, where I will prove thoſe Verſes to be very unlearned, neither ſavoouring of Poetry, Wit or Invention. I beſeech your Society.

Nath. And thank you too: for ſociety (ſaith the text) is the happineſs of life.

Peda. And certes the text moſt infallibly concludes it. Sir I do invite you too, you ſhall not ſay me nay: *Pauca verba.*
Away, the gentles are at their game, and we will to our recreation.

Exeunt.

Enter Biron with a Paper in his hand, alone.

Biro. The King he is hunting the Dear.
I am courſing my ſelf.
They have pitcht a Toyl, I am toyling in a pitch, pitch that defiles; defile, a foul word: Well, ſet thee down ſorrow; for ſo they ſay the fool ſaid, and ſo ſay I, and I the fool: Well proved wit. By the Lord this Love is as mad as *Ajax*, it kills ſheep, it kills me, I a ſheep: Well proved again a my ſide. I will not love; if I do, hang me: i'fath I will not. O but her eye: by this light, but for her eye, I would not love her; yes, for her ~~to her~~ eyes. Well, I do nothing in the world but lye and ~~lye~~ in my throat. By heaven I do love, and it hath taught me to Rime, and to be mallicholly: and here is part of my Rime, and here my mallicholly. Well, ſhe hath one a'my Sonnets already, the Clown bore it, the Fool ſent it, and the Lady hath it: ſweet Clown, ſweeter Fool, ſweeteſt Lady. By the world, I would not care a pin, if the other three were in. Here comes one with a paper, God give him grace to groan.

two

He ſtands aſide. *The King entreth.*

King. Ay me.

Bir. Shot by heaven; proceed ſweet *Cupid*, thou haſt thumpt him with thy birdoolt under the left pap: in faith ſecrets.

burbolt

King. So ſweet a kiſs the golden Sun gives not,
To thoſe freſh morning drops upon the Roſe,
As thy eye-beams when their freſh Rayes heve ſmot
The night of dew that on my cheeks down flows,
Nor ſhines the ſilver Moon one half ſo bright,
Through the tranſparent boſome of the deep,
As doth my face through tears of mine give light:
Thou ſhin'ſt in every tear that I do weep,
No drop, but as a Coach doth carry thee,
So rideſt thou triumphing in my woe.
Do but behold the tears that ſwell in me,
And they thy glory through my grief will ſhew:
But do not love thy ſelf, then thou wilt keep
My tears for glaſſes; and ſtill make me weep.
O Queen of Queens, how far doſt thou excel,
No thought can think, nor tongue of mortal tell
How ſhall ſhe know my griefs; I'le drop the paper,
Sweet leaves ſhade folly. Who is he comes here?

Enter Longavile. *The King ſteps aſide.*

What! *Longavile!* and reading: liſten ear.

Bir. Now in thy likeneſs one more fool appears.

Long. Ay me, I am forſworn.

Bir. Why he comes in like a perjur'd, wearing papers.

Long. In love I hope, ſweet fellowſhip in ſhame.

Bir. One drunkard loves another of the name.

Lon. Am I the firſt that have been perjur'd ſo? (know,

Bir. I could put thee in comfort: not by two, that I
Thou makeſt the triumphry, the corner cap of ſociety,
The ſhape of Loves Tiburn, that hangs up ſimplicity.

Lon. I fear theſe ſtubborn lines lack power to move.
O ſweet *Maria*, Empreſs of my love,
Theſe numbers will I tear, and write in proſe.

Bir. O Rimes are guards on wanton *Cupids* hoſe,
Disfigure not his ſhop.

Lon This ſame ſhall go. *He reads the Sonnet.*

Did not the heavenly Rhetorick of thine eye,
Gainſt whom the world cannot hold argument,
Perſwade my heart to this falſe perjury?
Vows for thee broke deſerve not puniſhment.
A woman I forſwore, but I will prove,
Thou being a Goddeſs, I forſwore not thee.
My Vow was earthy, thou a heavenly Love.
Thy grace being gain'd, cures all diſgrace in me.
Vows are but breath, and breath a vapour is,
Then thou fair Sun, which on my earth doſt ſhine,
Exhal'ſt this vapour-vow; in thee it is:
If broken then, it is no fault of mine:
If by me broke, what fool is not ſo wiſe,
To loſe an oath, to win a Paradiſe?

Bir. This is the liver vein, which makes fleſh a deity;
A green Gooſe, a Goddeſs, pure, pure Idolatry.
God amend us, God amend, we are much out o'th' way.

Enter Dumaine.

Lon. By whom ſhall I ſend this! (Company?) Stay.

Bir. All hid, all hid, an old infant ine play, infantine
Like a demy God, here ſit I in the ſky,
And wretched fools ſecrets heedfully o're eye.
More Sacks to the Mill! O heavens I have my wiſh,
Dumain transform'd; four Woodcocks in a diſh.

Dum. O moſt divine *Kate.*

Biro. O moſt prophane coxcomb.

Dum. By heaven the wonder of a mortal eye.

Bir. By earth ſhe is not; corporal, there you lye.

Dum. Her amber hairs for fowl hath Amber coted. quoted

Bir. An Amber coloured Raven was well noted,

Dum. As upright as the Cedar.

Bir. Stoop I ſay, her ſhoulder is with child.

Dum. As fair as day.

Bir. I as ſome days, but then no ſun muſt ſhine.

Dum. O that I had my wiſh?

Long. And I had mine.

Kin. And mine too, good Lord.

Bir. Amen, ſo I had mine. Is not that a good word?

Dum. I would forget her, but a Feaver ſhe
Reigns in my blood, and will remembred be.

Bir. A Feaver in your blood! why then inciſion
Would let her out in Sawcers, ſweet miſpriſion.

Dum. Once more I'le read the Ode that I have writ.

Bir. Once more I'le mark how Love can vary Wit.

Dumain reads his Sonnet.

On a day, alack the day:
Love, whoſe Every *Month is ~~every~~ May,*
Spi'd a bloſſome paſſing fair,
Playing in the wanton air:
Through the Velvet leaves, the wind,
All unſeen, can paſſage find.
That the Lover ſick to death,
Wiſh'd himſelf the heavens breath.
Air, (quoth he) thy cheeks to blow,
Air, would I might triumph ſo.
But alack my hand is ſworn,
Ne're to pluck thee from thy throne: thorn
Vow alack for youth unmeet,
Youth ſo apt to pluck a ſweet.
Do not call it ſin in me,
That I am forſworn for thee.
Thou for whom een *Love would ſwear,*
Juno *but an Ethiop were,*
And deny himſelf for Jove,
Turning mortal for thy Love.

This will I ſend, and ſomething elſe more plain,
That ſhall expreſs my true-loves faſting pain,
O would the *King*, *Biron*, and *Longavile*,

*

Were Lovers too, ill to example ill,
Would from my fore-head wipe a perjur'd note :
For none offend, where all alike do dote.
Lon. *Dumain*, thy Love is far from charity,
That in Loves grief deſir'ſt ſociety :
You may look pale, but I ſhould bluſh I know,
To be o're-heard, and taken napping ſo.
King. Come ſir, you bluſh, as his, your caſe is ſuch,
You chide at him, offending twice as much.
You do not love *Maria*, *Longavile*,
Did never Sonnet for her ſake compile ;
Nor never lay his wreathed arms athwart
His loving boſome, to keep down his heart.
I had been cloſely ſhrowded in this buſh
And markt you both, and for you both did bluſh.
I heard your guilty Rimes, obſerv'd your faſhion ;
Saw ſighs reek from you, noted well your paſſion.
Ay me, ſayes one ! O *Jove*, the other cries !
Her hairs were Gold, Cryſtal the others eyes.
You would for Paradiſe break faith and troth,
And *Jove* for your Love would infringe an oath.
What will *Birone* ſay when that he ſhall hear
A faith infringed, which ſuch zeal did ſwear ?
How will he ſcorn ? how will he ſpend his wit ?
How will he triumph, leap, and laugh at it ?
For all the wealth that ever I did ſee,
I would not have him know ſo much by me.
Bir. Now ſtep I forth to whip hypocriſie.
Ah good my Liege, I pray thee pardon me.
Good heart, What grace haſt thou thus to reprove
Theſe worms for loving, that are moſt in love ?
Your eyes do make no couches in your tears,
There is no certain Princeſs that appears.
You'll not be perjur'd, 'tis a hateful thing :
Tuſh, none but Minſtrels like of Sonnetting.
But are you not aſham'd ? nay, are you not
All three of you, to be thus much o're ſhot ?
You found his Moth, the King your ~~Moth~~ did ſee : mote
But I a Beam do find in each of three.
O what a Scene of fool'ry have I ſeen,
Of ſighs, of groans, of ſorrow, and of teen ?
O me, with what ſtrict patience have I ſat,
To ſee a King transformed to a Gnat ?
To ſee great *Hercules* whipping a Gigge,
And profound *Solomon* tuning a Jygge ?
And *Neſtor* play at puſh-pin with the boyes,
And *Critick Tymon* laugh at idle toyes.
Where lies thy grief ? O tell me good *Dumain* ;
And gentle *Longavile*, where lies thy pain ?
And where my Lieges ? all about the breaſt.
A Candle hoa !
Kin. Too bitter is thy jeſt,
Are we betrayed thus to thy over-view ?
Bir. Not you by me, but I betrayed to you.
I that am honeſt, I that hold it ſin
To break the vow I am ingaged in.
I am betray'd by keeping company
With men, like men of ſtrange inconſtancy.
When ſhall you ſee me write a thing in rime ?
Or groan for *Joan* ? or ſpend a minutes time
In pruning me ? when ſhall you hear that I will praiſe a hand, a foot, a face, an eye : a gate, a ſtate, a brow, a breaſt, a waſt, a leg, a limb ?
Kin. Soft, whither away ſo faſt ?
A true man, or a thief, that gallops ſo.
Bir. I poſt from Love, good Lover let me go.

Enter Jaquenetta, and Clown.

Jaque. God bleſs the king.
Kin. What Preſent haſt thou there ?
Clo. Some certain treaſon.
Kin. What makes treaſon here ?
Clo. Nay it makes nothing ſir.
Kin. If it mar nothing neither,
The treaſon and you go in Peace together.
Jaque. I beſeech your Grace let this Letter be read,
Our perſon miſdoubts it : it was treaſon he ſaid.
Kin. *Birone*, read it over. *He reads the Letter.*
Where hadſt thou it ?
Jaque. Of *Coſtard*.
Kin. VVhere hadſt thou it ?
Coſt. Of *Dun Adramadio*, *Dun Adramadio*.
Kin. How now, what mean you ? why doſt thou tear it ?
Bir. A toy my Liege, a toy : your grace needs not fear it.
Long. It did move him to paſſion, and therefore let's hear it.
Dum. It is *Birones* writing, and here is his name.
Bir. Ah you whoreſon loggerhead, you were born to do me ſhame.
Bir. Guilty my Lord, guilty : I confeſs, I confeſs.
King. What ?
Bir. That you three fools, lackt me fool, to make up the meſs.
He, he, and you : and you my Liege, and I,
Are pick-purſes in Love, and we deſerve to dye.
O diſmiſs this audience, and I ſhall tell you more.
Dum. Now the number is even.
Bir. True, true, we are four : will theſe Turtles be gone ?
Kin. Hence ſirs, away. *Exit.*
Clo. Walk aſide the true folk, and let the traytors ſtay
Bir. Sweet Lords, ſweet Lovers, O let us imbrace :
As true we are as fleſh and blood can be.
The Sea will ebb and flow, heaven will ſhew his face :
Young blood doth not obey an old decree.
We cannot croſs the cauſe why we were born :
Therefore of all hands muſt we be forſworn.
King. What did theſe rent lines ſhew ſome love of thine ?
Bir. Did they, quoth you ? Who ſees the heavenly (*Roſaline*,
That (like a rude and ſavage man of *Inde*)
At the firſt opening of the gorgeous Eaſt,
Bows not his vaſſal head, and ſtrucken blind,
Kiſſes the baſe ground with obedient breaſt ?
VVhat peremptory Eagle-ſighted eye
Dares look upon the heaven of her brow,
That is not blinded by her Majeſty ?
Kin. What zeal, what fury hath inſpir'd thee now ?
My Love (her Miſtris) is a gracious Moon,
She (an attending Star) ſcarce ſeen a light.
Bir. My eyes are then no eyes, nor I *Birone*.
O but for my Love, day would turn to night,
Of all complexions the cull'd ſoveraignty,
Do meet as at a Fair in her Fair cheek,
Where ſeveral Worthies make one dignity,
Where nothing wants, that want it ſelf doth ſeek.
Lend me the flouriſh of all gentle tongues,
Fie painted Rhetorick, O ſhe needs it not,
To things of ſale, a ſellers praiſe belongs :
She paſſes praiſe, then praiſe too ſhort doth blot.
A withered Hermite, five ſcore winters worn,
Might ſhake off fifty, looking in her eye :
Beauty doth varniſh Age, as if new born,
And gives the Crutch the Cradles infancy.
O 'tis the Sun that maketh all things ſhine.
Kin. By heaven, thy Love is black as Ebony.
Bir. Is Ebony like her ? O word divine ?
A Wife of ſuch Wood were felicity.
O who can give an oath ? where is a book ?
That I may ſwear beauty doth beauty lack,
If that ſhe learn not of her eye to look :
No face is fair that is not full ſo black.
Kin. O paradox, black as the badge of hell,
The hue of Dungeons, and the ſchool of Night : ſtole
And beauties creſt becomes the heavens well.
Bir. Devils ſooneſt tempt reſembling ſpirits of Light.
O, if in black my Ladies brow be deckt,

It mourns, that painting and uſurping hair
Should raviſh doters with a falſe aſpect:
And therefore is ſhe born to make black fair.
Her favour turns the faſhion of the dayes,
For native Blood is counted painting now:
And therefore red that would avoid diſpraiſe,
Paints its ſelf black, to imtate her brow.
Dum. To look like her are Chimney-Sweepers black.
Lon. And ſince her time, are Colliers counted bright.
King. And *Ethiops* of their ſweet complexion crack.
Dum. Dark needs no Candles now, for Dark is light.
Bir. Your Miſtreſſes dare never come in rain,
For ſear their Colours ſhould be waſht away.
Kin. 'Twere good yours did: for ſir to tell you plain,
I'le find a fairer face not waſht to day.
Bir. I'le prove her fair, or talk till Dooms-day here.
Kin. No Devil will fright thee then ſo much as ſhe.
Dum. I never knew man hold vile ſtuff ſo dear.
Lon. Look, here's thy love, my foot and her face ſee.
Bir. O if the ſtreets were paved with thine Eyes,
Her feet were much too dainty for ſuch tread.
Dum. O vile, then as ſhe goes, what upward lyes?
The ſtreet ſhould ſee as ſhe walk'd over Head.
Kin. But what of this, are we not all in Love?
Bir. Nothing ſo ſure, and thereby all forſworn.
Kin. Then leave this chat, and good *Birone* now prove
Our loving lawful, and our faith not torn.
Dum. I marry there, ſome flattery for this evil.
Long. O ſome authority how to proceed,
Some tricks, ſome quillets, how to cheat the devil.
Dum. Some ſalve for Perjury.
Bir. O 'tis more than need.
Have at you then affections, men at arms,
Conſider what you firſt did ſwear unto:
To faſt, to ſtudy, and to ſee no Woman:
Flat Treaſon 'gainſt the Kingly ſtate of youth.
Say, Can you faſt? your ſtomacks are too young:
And abſtinence ingenders maladies.
And where that you have vow'd to ſtudy (Lords)
In that each of you have forſworn his Book.
Can you ſtill dream and pore, and thereon look?
For when would you, my Lord or you,
Have found the ground of ſtudies Excellence,
Without the Beauty of a Womans face;
From Womens eyes this Doctrine I derive,
They are the Ground, the Books, the Academs,
From whence doth ſpring the true *Promethean* fire.
Why, univerſal plodding, poyſons up
The nimble Spirits in the arteries;
As motion and long action tires
The ſinnowy vigour of the Traveller.
Now for not looking on a Womans face,
You have in that forſworn the uſe of Eyes:
And ſtudy too, the cauſer of your vow.
For where is any Author in the World,
Teaches ſuch Beauty as a Womans Eye:
Learning is but an adjunct to our ſelf,
And where we are, our Learning likewiſe is.
Then when our ſelves we ſee in Ladies Eyes,
Do we not likewiſe ſee our Learning there?
O, we have made a Vow to ſtudy, Lords,
And in that vow we have forſworn our Books:
For when would you (my Liege) or you, or you,
In Leaden contemplation have found out
Such fiery Numbers as the prompting Eyes
Of Beauties tutors have enrich'd you with?
Other ſlow Arts entirely keep the brain;
And therefore finding barren practiſers,
Scarce ſhew a harveſt of their heavy toyle.
But Love firſt learned in a Ladies Eyes,
Lives not alone immured in the brain:
But with the motion of all Elements,
Courſes as ſwift as thought in every power,
And gives to every power a double power,
Above their functions and their Offices.
It adds a precious ſeeing to the Eye:
A Lovers eyes will gaze an Eagle blind.
A Lovers ear will hear the loweſt ſound.
When the ſuſpitious head of Theft is ſtopt,
Loves feeling is more ſoft and ſenſible,
Than are the tender Horns of Cockled Snayles.
Loves Tongue proves dainty *Bacchus*, groſs in taſte;
For Valour, is not Love a *Hercules*?
Still climing trees in the *Heſperides*.
Subtil as a *Sphinx*, as ſweet and muſical,
As bright *Appollo's* Lute, ſtrung with his Hair.
And when Love ſpeaks, the voice of all the gods,
Make Heaven drowſie with the Harmony.
Never durſt Poet touch a Pen to write,
Until his Ink were tempred with Loves ſighs:
O then his Lines would raviſh ſavage Ears;
And plant in Tyrants mild humility.
From Womens Eyes this Doctrine I derive:
They ſparkle ſtill the right *Promethean* fire,
They are the Books, the Arts, the Academes,
That ſhew, contain, and nouriſh all the World:
Elſe none at all in ought proves excellent:
Then Fools you were theſe Women to forſwear.
Or keeping what is ſworn, you will prove fools.
For wiſdoms ſake, (a word that all men love)
Or for Loves ſake, a word that loves all men:
Or for Mens ſake, the Author of theſe Women,
Or Womans ſake, by whom we men are men,
Let us once loſe our oaths, to find our ſelves;
Or elſe we loſe our ſelves, to keep our Oaths.
It is Religion to be thus forſworn,
For Charity it ſelf fulfills the Law;
And who can ſever Love from Charity?
Kin. Saint *Cupid* then, and Soldiers to the Field,
Bir. Advance your ſtandards, and upon them Lords:
Pell, mell, down with them: but be firſt adviſ'd,
In conflict that you get the Sun of them.
Lon. Now to plain dealing, lay theſe glozes by,
Shall we reſolve to wooe theſe Girls of *France*,
Kin. And win them too; therefore let us deviſe,
Some entertainment for them at their Tents.
Bir. Firſt from the Park let us conduct them thither,
Then homeward every man attach the hand
Of his fair Miſtreſs: in the Afternoon
We will with ſome ſtrange paſtime ſolace them:
Such as the ſhortneſs of the time can ſhape,
For Revells, Dances, Masks, and merry hours,
Forerun fair Love, ſtrewing her way with Flowers.
Kin. Away, away, no time ſhall be omitted,
That will be time, and may by us be fitted.
Bir. Alone, alone ſowed Cockell, reap'd no Corn,
And Juſtice always whirls in equal meaſure:
Light Wenches may prove plagues to men forſworn,
If ſo, our Copper buys no better Treaſure.
Exeunt.

Actus Quartus.

Enter the Pedant, Curate, *and* Dull.

Ped. Satis quid ſufficit.

Cur. I praiſe God for you ſir, your reaſons at Dinner have been ſharp and ſententious: pleaſant without ſcurrility, witty without affectation, audacious without impudency, learned without opinion, and ſtrange without Hereſie: I did converſe this *quondam* day with a companion of the Kings, who is intituled, nominated or called, *Don Adriano de Armatho.*

Ped. Novi hominem tanquam te. His humour is lofty, his diſcourſe peremptory; his Tongue filed, his Eye ambitious; his Gate Majeſtical, and his general behaviour vain, ridiculous, and thraſonical. He is too picked, too ſpruce, too affected, too odd, as it were, too peregrinate, as I may call it.

Curat. A moſt ſingular and choice Epithet,

Draw's out his Table-book.

Ped. He draweth out the thred of his verboſity, finer than the ſtaple of his argument. I abhor ſuch phanatical phantaſms, ſuch inſociable and point deviſe companions, ſuch rackers of ortagraphy, as to ſpeak dout fine, when he ſhould ſay doubt; det, when he ſhould pronounce debt; debt, not det: he clepeth a Calf, Cauf: half, hauf: neighbour *vocatur* nebour; neigh abreviated ne: this is abhominable, which we would call abominable: it inſinuateth me of infamy: *ne intelligis domine*, to make frantick, lunatick.

Cura. Laus deo, bene intelligo.

Peda. Bome boon for boon preſcian, a little ſearch, 'twill ſerve.

Enter Braggart, Boy.

Curat. Vides-ne quis venit? *Peda. Video, & gaudeo.*

Brag. Chirra. *Peda. Quare* Chirra, not Sirra?

Brag. Men of peace well incountred.

Peda. Moſt military ſir, ſalutation.

Boy They have been at a great feaſt of Languages, & ſtole the ſcraps.

Clo. O they have lived long on the alms-basket of words. I marvel thy Maſter hath not eaten thee for a word, for thou art not ſo long by the head as honorificabilitudinitatibus: Thou art eaſier ſwallowed than a flap-dragon. *Page.* Peace, the peal begins.

Brag. Monſieur, are you not lettered?

Page. Yes, yes, he teaches boys the Horn-book:
What is Ab ſpeld backward with the horn on his head?

Peda. Ba, *pueritia* with a horn added.

Pag. Ba moſt ſilly Sheep, with a horn: you hear his learning.

Peda Quis quis, thou Conſonant?

Page The laſt of the five vowels, if you repeat them, or the fifth if I.

Peda I will repeat them: a e I.

Page The Sheep, the other two concludes it o u.

Brag. Now by the ſalt wave of the mediteraneum, a ſweet tutch, a quick venew of wit, ſnip ſnap, quick and home, it rejoiceth my intellect, true wit.

Page Offered by a child to an old man: which is wit-old.

Peda What is the figure? What is the figure? *Page.* Horns.

Peda Thou diſputeſt like an Infant: go, whip thy Gigg.

Page Lend me your horn to make one, and I will whip about your infamy *unum cita* a gigg of a Cuckolds horn.

Clown And I had but one penny in the world, thou ſhouldſt have it to buy Ginger-bread: Hold, there is the very Remuneration I had of thy Maſter, thou half-penny purſe of wit, thou Pidgeon-egg of diſcretion. O, and the heavens were ſo pleaſed, that thou wert but my Baſtard; What a joyful father wouldſt thou make me? Go to, thou haſt it *ad dunghil*, at the fingers ends, as they ſay.

Peda Oh, I ſmell falſe Latin, *dunghel* for *unguem.*

Brag. Artſ-man preambulat, we will be ſingled from the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the Charge-houſe on the top of the Mountain? *Peda* Or *Mons* on the hill.

Brag. At your ſweet pleaſure, for the Mountain.

Peda I do *ſans queſtion.*

Brag. Sir, it is the Kings moſt ſweet pleaſure and affection, to congratulate the Princeſs at her Pavillion, in the *poſteriors* of this day, which the rude multitude call the after-noon.

Peda The *poſterior* of the day, moſt generous ſir, is liable, congruent, and meaſurable for the after-noon: the word is well culd, choice, ſweet, and apt, I do aſſure you ſir, I do aſſure.

Brag. Sir, the King is a noble Gentleman, and my familiar, I do aſſure ye very good friend: for what is inward between us, let it paſs. I do beſeech thee, remember thy curteſie. I beſeech thee apparel thy head: and among other importunate and moſt ſerious deſigns, and of great import indeed too: but let that paſs, for I muſt tell thee it will pleaſe his Grace (by the world) ſometime to lean upon my poor ſhoulder, and with his royal finger thus dally with my excrement, with my muſtachio; but, ſweet heart, let that paſs. By the world I recount no fable, ſome certain ſpecial honours it pleaſeth his Greatneſs to impart to *Armado* a Souldier, a man of travel, that hath ſeen the world: but let that paſs; the very all of all is: but ſweet heart, I do implore ſecrecy, that the King would have me preſent the Princeſs (ſweet chuck) with ſome delightful oſtentation, or ſhow, or pageant, or antick, or fire-work: Now underſtanding that the Curate and your ſweet ſelf are good at ſuch eruptions, and ſudain breaking out of mirth (as it were) I have acquainted you withal, to the end to crave your aſſiſtance.

Ped. Sir, you ſhall preſent before her the Nine Worthies. Sir *Holofernes*, as concerning ſome entertainment of time, ſome ſhow in the poſterior of this day, to be rendred by our aſſiſtants at the Kings command: and this moſt gallant, illuſtrate and learned Gentleman, before the Princeſs: I ſay none ſo fit to preſent the Nine Worthies.

Curate Where will you find men worthy enough to preſent them?

Ped. Joſua, your ſelf: my ſelf, and this gallant gentleman *Judas Machabeus*, this Swain (becauſe of his great limm or joint) ſhall paſs *Pompey* the great, the Page *Hercules.*

Brag. Pardon ſir, error: he is not quantity enough for that Worthies thumb, he is not ſo big as the end of his Club.

Ped. Shall I have audience? he ſhall preſent *Hercules* in minority: his *enter* and *exit* ſhall be ſtrangling a Snake; and I will have an Apology for that purpoſe.

Pag. An excellent device: ſo if any of the audience hiſs, you may cry, Well done *Hercules*, now thou cruſheſt the Snake; that is the way to make an offence gracious, tho few have the grace to do it.

Brag. For the reſt of the Worthies?

Ped. I will play three my ſelf. *Pag.* Thrice worthy Gentieman.

Brag. Shall I tell you a thing? *Ped.* We attend.

Bra. We will have, if this fadge not, an Antique. I beſeech you follow.

Ped. Via good-man *Dull*, thou haſt ſpoken no word all this while.

Dull Nor underſtood none neither ſir.

Ped. Alone, we will employ thee.

Dull. Ile make one in a dance, or ſo: or will play on the taber to the Worthies, and let them dance the hey.

Ped. Moſt *Dull*, honeſt *Dull*, to our ſport away. *Exit*

Enter Princeſs, and Ladies.

Prin. Sweet hearts, we ſhall be rich ere we depart,
If fairings come thus plentifully in.
A Lady wall'd about with Diamonds; look you, what I have from the King. *Roſa.* Madam, came nothing elſe along with that?

Prin. Nothing but this: yes, as much love in Rime,
As would be cram'd up in a ſheet of paper,
Writ on both ſides the leaf, margent and all,
That he was fain to ſeal on *Cupids* name.

Roſa. That was the way to make his god-head wax;
For he hath been five thouſand years a boy.

Kath. I, and a ſhrewd unhappy gallows too.

Roſa. You'll ne're be friends with him, a kild your ſiſter.

Kath He made her melancholly, ſad and heavy,
And ſo ſhe died; had ſhe been light like you,
Of ſuch a merry nimble ſtirring ſpirit,
She might have been a Grandam ere ſhe died.
And ſo may you; For a light heart lives long.

Roſa. What's your dark meaning mouſe of this light word?

Kath A light condition in a beauty dark.

Roſa. We need more light to find your meaning out.

Kath. You'l mar the light by taking it in ſnuff:
Therefore I'le darkly end the argument.

Roſ. Look what you do, you do it ſtill i'th dark.

Kath. So do not you, for you are a light Wench.

Roſ. Indeed I weigh not you, and therefore light.

Kat. You weigh me not, O that's you care not for me.

Roſ. Great reaſon: for paſt care, is ſtill paſt cure.

Prin. Well handled both; a ſet of wit well played.
But *Roſaline* you have a favour too? Who ſent it? and what is it?

Roſ. I would you knew.
And if my face were but as fair as yours,
My favour were as great, be witneſs this.
Nay I have Verſes too, I thank *Birone*,
The numbers true, and were the numbring too,
I were the faireſt goddeſs on the ground.
I am compar'd to twenty thouſand fairies.
O he hath drawn my picture in his letter.

Pri. Any thing like? *Roſ.* Much in the letters, nothing in the praiſe.

Prin. Beauteous Ink; a good concluſion.

Kat. Fair as a text B in a Copy-book.

Roſ. Ware penſils. How? let me not die your debtor,
My red Dominical, my golden letter.
O that your face were full of Oes.

Prin. A pox of that jeſt, and I beſhrew all ſhrows:
But *Katharine* what was ſent to you
From fair *Dumain*? *Kath.* Madam, this Glove.

Prin. Did he not ſend you twain?

Kath. Yes Madam; and moreover,
Some thouſand Verſes of a faithful Lover.
A huge tranſlation of hypocriſie,
Vildly compil'd, profound ſimplicity.

Mar. This, and theſe Pearls, to me ſent *Longavile.*
The letter is too long by half a mile.

Prin. I think no leſs; Doſt thou not wiſh in heart
The Chain were longer, and the letter ſhort?

Mar. I, or I would theſe hands might never part.

Prin. We are wiſe girls, to mock our lovers ſo.

Roſ. They are worſe fools to purchaſe mocking ſo.
That ſame *Birone* I'le torture ere I go.
O that I knew he were but in by th'week,
How *I* would make him fawn, and beg, and ſeek,
And wait the ſeaſon, and obſerve the times,
And ſpend his prodigal wits in bootleſs rimes,
And ſhape his ſervice all to my beheſts,
And make him proud to make me proud with jeſts.
So pertaunt like would I o'reſway his ſtate,
That he ſhould be my fool, and I his fate.

Prin. None are ſo ſurely caught, when they are catch'd,
As wit turn'd fool; folly in wiſdom hatch'd,
Hath wiſdoms warrant, and the help of School,
And wits own grace to grace a learned Fool.

Roſ. The blood of youth burns not in ſuch exceſs,
As gravities revolt to wantonneſs

Mar. Folly in fools bears not ſo ſtrange a note,
As fool'ry in the Wiſe, when wit doth dote:
Since all the power thereof it doth apply,
To prove by Wit, worth in ſimplicity.

Enter Boyet.

Prin. Here comes *Boyet,* and mirth in his face.
Boy. O, I am ſtab'd with laughter, Where's her Grace?
Prin. Thy news *Boyet?* *Boy.* Prepare Madam, prepare.
Arm Wenches arm, incounters mounted are
Againſt your peace, Love doth approach, diſguis'd:
Armed in arguments, you'll be ſurpris'd.
Muſter your Wits, ſtand in your own defence,
Or hide your heads like Cowards, and flye hence.
Prin. Saint *Dennis,* to Saint *Cupid;* What are they
That chargeth their breath againſt us? Say ſcout, ſay.
Boy. Under the cool ſhade of a Sycamore,
I thought to cloſe mine eyes ſome half an hour?
When lo to interrupt my purpos'd reſt,
Toward that ſhade I might behold addreſt
The King and his companions; warily
I ſtole into a neighbour thicket by,
And over-heard, what you ſhall over-hear:
That by and by diſguis'd they will be here.
Their Herald is a pretty knaviſh Page,
That well by heart hath con'd his embaſſage,
Action and accent did they teach him there.
Thus muſt thou ſpeak, and thus thy body bear.
And ever and anon they made a doubt,
Preſence majeſtical would put him out:
For, quoth the King, an Angel ſhalt thou ſee?
Yet fear not thou, but ſpeak audaciouſly.
The Boy reply'd, an Angel is not evil;
I ſhould have feard her, had ſhe been a Devil.
With that all laugh'd, and clap'd him on the ſhoulder,
Making the bold wag by their praiſes bolder.
One rub'd his elbow thus, and fleer'd, and ſwore,
A better ſpeech was never ſpoke before.
Another with his finger, and his thumb,
Cry'd *via,* we will do't, come what will come.
The third he caperd and cryed, All goes well.
The fourth turn'd on the toe, and down he fell;
With that they all did tumble on the ground,
With ſuch a zealous laughter, ſo profound,
That in this ſpleen ridiculous, appears,
To check their folly paſſions, ſolemn tears.
Prin. But what, but what, come they to viſit us?
Boy. They do, they do; and are apparel'd thus,
Like *Muſcovites,* or *Ruſſians,* and I gueſs,
Their purpoſe is to parlee, court, and dance,
And every one his Love-feat will advance
Unto his ſeveral Miſtreſs: Which they'll know
By favours ſev'ral, which they did beſtow.
Prin. And will they ſo? the Gallants ſhall be taskt;
For Ladies, we will every one be maskt:
And not a man of them ſhall have the grace
Deſpight of ſute, to ſee a Ladies face.
Hold *Roſaline,* this Favour thou ſhalt wear,
And then the King will court thee for his Dear:
Hold, take thou this my ſweet, and give me thine,
So ſhall *Biron* take me for *Roſaline.*
And change your Favours too, ſo ſhall your Loves
Woo contrary, deceiv'd by theſe removes.
Roſ. Come on then, wear the favours moſt in ſight.
Kath. But in this changing, What is your intent?
Prin. The effect of my intent is to croſs theirs;
They do it but in mocking merriment,
And mock for mock is onely my intent.
Their ſeveral Counſels they unboſom ſhall
To Loves miſtook, and ſo be mockt withal:
Upon the next occaſion that we meet
With Viſages diſplayed to talk and greet.
Roſ. But ſhall we dance, if they deſire us to't?
Prin. No, to the death we will not move a foot,
Nor to their pen'd ſpeech render we no grace:
But while 'tis ſpoke, each turn away her face.
Boy. Why that contempt will kill the keepers heart,
And quite divorce his memory from his part.
Prin. Therefore I do it, and I make no doubt,
The reſt will ne're come in, if he be out.
There's no ſuch ſport, as ſport by ſport orethrown;
To make theirs ours, and ours none but our own;
So ſhall we ſtay mocking intended game,
And they well mockt, depart away with ſhame. *Sound.*
Boy. The Trumpet ſounds, be maskt, the maskers come.

Enter Blackmoors with muſick, the Boy with a ſpeech, and the reſt of the Lords diſguiſed.

Pag. All hail, the richeſt Beauties on the earth.
Bir. Beauties no richer than rich Taffata.
Pag. A holy parcel of the faireſt dames that ever turn'd their backs to mortal views. The Ladies turn their back to him.
Bir. Their eyes villain, their eyes.
Pag. That ever turn'd their eyes to mortal views. *Out.*
Bir. True, out indeed.
Pag. Out of your favours heavenly ſpirit, vouchſafe not to behold.
Bir. Once to behold, rogue.
Pag. Once to behold with your ſun beamed-eyes;
With your ſun-beamed eyes.
Bir, They will not anſwer to that Epithete,
You were beſt call it Daughter-beamed eyes.
Pag. They do not mark me, and that brings me out.
Bir Is this your perfectneſs? be gone you rogue.
Roſ. What would theſe ſtrangers?
Know their minds *Boyet.*
If they do ſpeak our language, 'tis our will
That ſome plain man recount their purpoſes.
Know what they would?
Boy. What would you with the Princeſs?
Bir. Nothing but peace, and gentle viſitation.
Roſ. What would they, ſay they?
Boy. Nothing but peace, and gentle viſitation.
Roſ. Why that they have, and bid them ſo be gone.
Boy. She ſays you have it, and you may be gone.
Kin. Say to her we have meaſured many miles,
To tread a meaſure with you on the graſs.
Boy. They ſay that they have meaſured many a mile,
To tread a meaſure with you on this graſs.
Roſ. It is not ſo. Ask them how many inches
Is in one mile? If they have meaſured many,
The meaſure then of one is eaſily told.
Boy. If to come hither, you have meaſur'd miles,
And many miles: the Princeſs bids you tell,
How many inches doth fill up one mile?
Bir. Tell her we meaſure them by weary ſteps.
Boy She hears her ſelf. *Roſ.* How many weary ſteps
Of many weary miles you have ore-gone,
Are numbred in the travel of one mile?
Bir. We number nothing that we ſpend for you,
Our duty is ſo rich, ſo infinite,
That we may do it ſtill without accompt.
Vouchſafe to ſhew the ſunſhine of your face,
That we (like ſavages) may worſhip it.
Roſ. My face is but a moon, and clouded too.
Kin. Bleſſed are clouds, to do as ſuch clouds do.
Vouchſafe bright Moon on theſe thy ſtars to ſhine,
(Thoſe clouds removed) upon our watery eyne,
Roſ. O vain petitioner, beg a greater matter,
Thou now requeſts but Moon-ſhine in the water.
Kin. Then in our meaſure, vouchſafe but one change;
Thou bidſt me beg, this begging is not ſtrange.
Roſ. Play muſick then; nay you muſt do it ſoon.
Not yet no dance; thus change I like the moon.
Kin. Will you not dance; How come you thus eſtranged?
Roſ. You took the Moon at full, but now ſhe's changed.
Kin. Yet ſtill ſhe is the Moon, and I the Man.
Roſ. The muſick plays, vouchſafe ſome motion to it;
Our ears vouchſafe it. *Kin.* But your legs ſhould do it.
Roſ. Since you are ſtrangers, and come here by chance,
We'll not be nice, take hands, we will not dance.
Kin. Why take you hands then?
Roſ. Onely to part friends.
Curt'ſie ſweet hearts, and ſo the Meaſure ends.
Kin. More meaſure of this meaſure; be not nice.
Roſ. We can afford no more at ſuch a price.
Kin. prize your ſelves then; what buys your company?
Roſ. Your abſence onely. *Kin.* That can never be.
Roſ. Then cannot we be bought; and ſo adieu,
Twice to your Viſor, and half once to you.
Kin. If you deny to dance, let's hold more chat.
Roſ. In private then. *Kin.* I am beſt pleas'd with that.
Bir. White-handed Miſtriſs, one ſweet word with thee.
Prin. Hony, and Milk, and Sugar; there is three.
Bir. Nay then two treys, and if you grow ſo nice;
Methegline, Wort, and Malmſey; well run dice:
There's half a dozen ſweets.
Prin. Seventh ſweet adieu, ſince you can cog.
Ile play no more with you. *Bir.* One word in ſecret.
Prin. Let it not be ſweet. *Bir.* Thou griev'ſt my gall.
Prin. Gall, bitter. *Bir.* Therefore meet.
Du. Will you vouchſafe with me to change a word?
Mar. Name it. *Dum.* Fair Lady:
Mar. Say you ſo? Fair Lord; Take you that for your fair Lady.
Dum. Pleaſe it you, As much in private, and I'le bid adieu.
Mar. What, was your vizard made without a tongue?
Long. I know the reaſon Lady why you ask.
Mar. O for your reaſon, quickly ſir, I long.
Long. You have a double tongue within your mask.
And would afford my ſpeechleſs vizard half.
Mar. Veal quoth the *Dutch*-man; is not Veal a Calf?
Long. A Calf fair Lady. *Mar.* No, a fair Lord Calf.
Long. Let's part the word. *Mar.* No, Ile not be your half;
Take all and wean it, it may prove an Ox.
Long. Look how you But to your ſelf in theſe ſharp mocks.
Will you give horns chaſt Lady? Do not ſo.
Mar. Then die a Calf before your horns do grow.
Long. One word in private with you ere I die.

Mar. Bleat ſoftly then, the Butcher hears you cry.
Boy. The tongues of mocking Wenches are as keen
As is the Razors Edge inviſible:
Cutting a ſmaller hair than may be ſeen,
Above the ſence of ſence ſo ſenſible:
Seemeth their conference, their conceits have wings,
Fleeter than Arrows, Bullets, Wind, thought, ſwifter things.
Roſ. Not one word more my Maids, break off, break off.
Bir. By Heaven all dry beaten with pure ſcoff.
Kin. Farewel mad Wenches, you have ſimple Wits.
Exeunt.
Prin. Twenty Adieus my frozen *Moſcovites.*
Are theſe the breed of Wits ſo wondred at ?
Boy. Tapers they are, with your ſweet breaths puſt out.
Roſ. Well-liking Wits they have, groſs, groſs, fat, fat.
Prin. O Poverty in Wit, Kingly poor flout.
Will they not (think you) hang themſelves to Night ?
Or ever but in Vizards ſhew their faces.
This pert *Birone* was out of count'nance quite:
Roſ. O! They were all in lamentable caſes:
The King was weeping-ripe for a good word.
Prin. *Birone* did ſwear himſelf out of all ſuit:
Mar. *Dumaine* was at my Service, and his Sword:
No point (quoth I:) my Servant ſtraight was mute.
Kat. Lord *Longavile* ſaid I came o're his Heart;
And trow you what he call'd me?
Prin. Qualm perhaps.
Kat. Yes in good faith.
Prin. Go Sickneſs as thou art.
Roſ. Well, better wits have worn plain ſtatute caps,
But will you hear, the King is my Love ſworn.
Prin. And quick *Birone* hath plighted faith to me.
Kat. And *Longavile* was for my Service born.
Mar. *Dumain* is mine as ſure as bark on Tree.
Boy. Madam, and pretty Miſtreſſes give ear,
Immediately they will again be here
In their own ſhapes: for it can never be,
They will digeſt this harſh Indignity:
Prin. Will they return ?
Boy. They will, they will, God knows,
And leap for joy, though they are lame with Blows:
Therefore change Favours, and when they repair,
Blow like ſweet Roſes, in this *Summer* Air.
Prin. How blow? how blow? ſpeak to be underſtood.
Boy. Fair Ladies maskt, are Roſes in their bud:
Diſmaskt, their damask ſweet comixture ſhown,
Are Angels vailing Clouds, or Roſes blown.
Prin. Avaunt perplexity: What ſhall we do,
If they return in their own ſhapes to woo?
Roſ. Good Madam, if by me you'l be adviſ'd,
Let's mock them ſtill as well known as diſguis'd:
Let us complain to them what fools were here,
Diſguis'd like Muſcovites in ſhapeleſs Gear:
And wonder what they were, and to what end
Their ſhallow ſhows, and Prologue vildely pen'd,
And their rough carriage ſo ridiculous,
Should be preſented at our Tent to us.
Boy. Ladies, withdraw, the Gallants are at hand.
Prin. Whip to our Tents, as *Roes* run o're the Land.
Exeunt.

Enter the King and the reſt.

King. Fair ſir, God ſave you. Where's the Princeſs ?
Boy Gone to her Tent.
Pleaſe it your Majeſty command me any Service to her ?
King. That ſhe vouchſafe me audience for one word.
Boy. I will, and ſo will ſhe, I know my Lord. *Exit.*
Bir. This fellow picks up wit as Pigeons Peas,
And utters it again, when *Jove* doth pleaſe.
He is Wits Pedler, and retails his Wares
At Wakes, and Waſſels, Meetings, Markets, Fairs:
And we that ſell by groſs, the Lord doth know,
Have not the grace to grace it with ſuch ſhow.
This Gallant pins the Wenches on his Sleeve:
Had he been *Adam*, he had tempted *Eve.*
He can carve too, and liſp: Why this is he,
That Kiſt away his hand in courteſie.
This is the Ape of Fortune, *Monſieur* the nice,
That when he plays at Tables, chides the Dice
In honourable Terms: nay he can ſing
A mean moſt meanly, and in Uſhering
Mend him who can; the Ladies call him ſweet:
The ſtairs as he treads on them kiſs his Feet.
This is the flower that ſmiles on every one,
To ſhew his Teeth as white as Whale his Bone.
And Conſciences that will dye in Debt,
Pay him the Duty of Honey-tongued *Boyet.*
Kin. A Bliſter on his ſweet Tongue with my Heart,
That put *Armadoes* Page out of his part.

Enter Ladies.

Bir. See where it comes. Behaviour what wert thou,
Till this mad-man ſhew'd thee ? And what art thou now ?
Kin. All hail ſweet Madam, and fair time of day.
Prin. Fair in all Hail is is foul, as I conceive.
Kin. Conſtrue my ſpeeches better if you may.
Prin. Then wiſh me better, I will give you leave.
Kin. We came to viſit you, and purpoſe now
To lead you to out Court, vouchſafe it then.
Prin. This Field ſhall hold me, and ſo hold your vow:
Nor God, nor I, delights in perjur'd men.
Kin. Rebuke me not for that which you provoke.
The vertue of your eye muſt break my oath.
Pr. You nickname vertue: Vice you ſhould have ſpoke:
For vertues office never breaks mens troth.
Now by my Maiden honour, yet as pure
As the unſullied Lilly, I proteſt,
A World of torments though I ſhould endure,
I would not be your houſes gueſt:
So much I hate a breaking cauſe to be,
Of Heavenly oaths, vow'd with integrity.
Kin. O you have liv'd in deſolation here,
Unſeen, unviſited, much to our ſhame.
Prin. Not ſo my Lord, it is not ſo I ſwear,
We have had paſtimes here, and pleaſant game,
A Meſs of Ruſſians left us but of late.
Kin. How Madam? Ruſſians?
Prin. I in truth, my Lord.
Trim gallants, full of Courtſhip and of State.
Roſ. Madam ſpeak true. It is not ſo my Lord;
My Lady (to the manner of the days)
In courteſie gives undeſerving praiſe.
We four indeed confronted were with four,
In Ruſſian habit: Here they ſtay'd an hour,
And talk'd apace: and in that hour (my Lord)
They did not bleſs us with one happy word.
I dare not call them fools; but I think,
When they are thirſty, fools would fain have drink.
Bir. This jeſt is dry to me. Fair, gentle, ſweet,
Your wit makes wiſe things fooliſh, when we greet
With eyes beſt ſeeing, Heavens fiery Eye,
By light we loſe light; your capacity
Is of that nature, as to your huge ſtore
Wiſe things ſeem fooliſh, and rich things but poor.
Roſ. This proves you wiſe and rich; for in my Eye--
Bir. I am a Fool, and full of Poverty.
Roſ. But that you take what doth to you belong,
It were a fault to ſnatch words from my Tongue.
Bir. O, I am yours, and all that I poſſeſs.
Roſ. All the Fool mine.
Bir. I cannot give you leſs.
Roſ. Which of the Vizards was it that you wore ?
Bir. Where? when? What Vizard ?
Why demand you this ?

Roſ. There, then, that vizard, that ſuperfluous caſe,
That hid the worſe, and ſhew'd the better face.
Kin. We are deſcried,
They'l mock us now down right.
Duk. Let us confeſs and turn it to a jeſt.
Prin. Amaz'd my Lord? Why looks your Highneſs ſad?
Roſ. Help hold his brows, he'l ſwound: why look you pale?
Sea-ſick I think, coming from *Muſcovy.*
Bir. Thus pour the ſtars down plagues for perjury.
Can any face of braſs hold longer out?
Here ſtand I, Lady, dart thy skill at me,
Bruiſe me with ſcorn, confound me with a flout,
Thruſt thy ſharp wit quite through my ignorance;
Cut me to pieces with thy keen conceit;
And I will wiſh thee never more to dance,
Nor never more in *Ruſſian* habit wait.
O! never will I truſt to ſpeeches pen'd,
Nor to the motion of a School-boys tongue,
Nor never come in vizards to my friend,
Nor wooe in rime like a blind-harpers ſong,
Taffata phraſes, ſilken terms preciſe,
Three-pil'd Hyperboles, ſpruce affection;
Figures pedantical, theſe ſummer flyes,
Have blown me full of maggot oſtentation,
I do forſwear them, and I here proteſt,
By this white Glove (how white the hand God knows)
Henceforth my wooing mind ſhall be expreſt
In ruſſet yeas, and honeſt kerſie noes.
And to begin Wench, ſo God help me law,
My love to thee is ſound, *ſans* crack or flaw.
Roſ. Sans, Sans, I pray you.
Bir. Yet I have a trick
Of the old rage: bear with me, I am ſick.
I'le leave it by degrees: both let us ſee,
Write *Lord have mercy on us,* and thoſe three,
They are infected, in their hearts it lies,
They have the plague, and caught it of your eyes:
Theſe Lords are viſited, you are not free:
For the Lords tokens on you both I ſee.
Prin. No, they are free that gave theſe tokens to us.
Bir. Our ſtates are forfeit, ſeek not to undo us.
Roſ. It is not ſo; for how can this be true,
That you ſtand forfeit, being thoſe that ſue.
Bir. Peace, for I will not have to do with you.
Roſ. Nor ſhall not, if I do as I intend.
Bir. Speak for your ſelves, my wit is at an end.
King. Teach us ſweet Madam, for our rude tranſgreſſion, ſome fair excuſe.
Prin. The faireſt is confeſſion.
Were you not here but even now diſguis'd?
Kin. Madam, I was.
Prin. And were you well adviſ'd?
Kin. I was, fair Madam.
Prin. When you then were here,
What did you whiſper in your Ladies ear?
Kin. That more than all the world I did reſpect her.
Prin. When ſhe ſhall challenge this, you will reject her.
Kin. Upon my honour no.
Prin Peace, peace, forbear:
Your oath once broke, you force not to forſwear.
Kin Deſpiſe me when I break this oath of mine.
Prin. I will, and therefore keep it, *Roſaline,*
What did the *Ruſſian* whiſper in your ear?
Roſ. Madam, he ſwore that he did hold me dear
As precious eye-ſight, and did value me
Above this World: adding there moreover,
That he would Wed me, or elſe die my Lover.
Prin. God give thee joy of him; the Noble Lord
Moſt honourably doth uphold his word.
Kin. What mean you Madam?
By my life, my troth,
I never ſwore this Lady ſuch an oath.
Roſ. By heaven you did, and to confirm it plain,
You gave me this. But take it ſir again.
Kin. My faith and this, to th' Princeſs I did give,
I knew her by this Jewel on her ſleeve.
Prin. Pardon me ſir, this Jewel did ſhe wear,
And Lord *Birone* (I thank him) is my dear.
What? Will you have me, or your Pearl again?
Bir. Neither of either, I remit both twain.
I ſee the trick on't: Here was a conſent,
Knowing aforehand of our merriment,
To daſh it like a Chriſtmaſs Comedy.
Some carry-tale, ſome pleaſe-man, ſome ſlight *Zany,*
Some mumble-news, ſome trencher-knight, ſome Dick
That ſmiles his cheek in years and knows the trick
To make my Lady laugh, when ſhe's diſpos'd,
Told our intents before: which once diſclos'd,
The Ladies did change Favours, and then we
Following the ſigns, woo'd but the ſign of ſhe.
Now to our perjury, to add more terror,
We are again forſworn in will and error.
Much upon this it is: and might not you
Foreſtal our ſport, to make us thus untrue?
Do not you know my Ladies foot byth' ſquare?
And laugh upon the apple of her eye?
And ſtand between her back ſir, and the fire,
Holding a trencher, jeſting merrily?
You put our Page out: go, you are allow'd
Die when you will, a ſmock ſhall be your ſhrow'd.
You leer upon me, do you? There's an eye
Wounds like a Leaden ſword.
Boy. Full merrily hath this brave manager, this carreer been run.
Bir. Lo, he is tilting ſtraight. Peace, I have done.

Enter Clown.

partest
Welcome pure wit, thou prat'ſt a fair fray.
Clo. O Lord ſir, they would know
Whether the three Worthies ſhall come in, or no.
Bir. What, are there but three?
Clo. No ſir, but it is vara fine,
For every one purſents three.
Bir. And three times thrice is nine.
Clo. Not ſo ſir, under correction ſir, I hope it is not ſo. You cannot beg us ſir, I can aſſure you ſir, we know what we know: I hope three times thrice ſir.
Bir. Is not nine.
Clo. Under correction ſir, we know where-until it doth amount.
Bir. By *Jove,* I alwayes took three threes for nine.
Clo. O Lord ſir, it were pity you ſhould get your living by reckoning ſir.
Bir. How much is it?
Clo. O Lord ſir, the parties themſelves, the actors ſir, will ſhew where-until it doth amount: for mine own part, I am (as they ſay, but to perfect one man in one poor man) *Pompion* the great ſir.
Bir. Art rhou one of the Worthies?
Clo. It pleaſed them to think me worthy of *Pompey* the great: for mine own part, I know not the degree of the Worthy, but I am to ſtand for him.
Bir. Go, bid them prepare. *Exit.*
Clo. We will turn it finely off ſir, we will take ſome care.
King. *Birone,* they will ſhame us;
Let them not approach.
Bir. We are ſhame-proof, my Lord: and 'tis ſome policy, to have one ſhew worſe than the King and his company.
Kin. I ſay they ſhall not come.
Prin. Nay my good Lord, let me o're rule you now;
That ſport beſt pleaſes, that doth leaſt know how.
Where Zeal ſtrives to content, and the contents

Dies, in the Zeal of that which it preſents :
Their form confounded, makes moſt form in Mirth,
When great things labouring periſh in their Birth.
Bir. A right deſcription of our ſport my Lord.

Enter Braggart.

Brag. Anointed, I implore ſo much expence of thy Royal ſweet breath, as will utter a brace of words.
Prin. Doth this man ſerve God ?
Bir. Why ask you ?
Prin. He ſpeaks not like a man of God's making.
Brag. That's all one, my fair ſweet honey Monarch : For I proteſt, the Schoolmaſter is exceeding fantaſtical : Too too vain, too too vain. But we will put it (as they ſay) to *Fortuna delaguar.* I wiſh you the peace of mind moſt Royal Cupplement.
King: Here is like to be a good preſence of Worthies ; He preſents *Hector* of *Troy*, the Swain *Pompey* the great, the Pariſh-Curate, *Alexander*, *Armadoes* Page *Hercules*, the Pedant *Judas Machabeus*: And if theſe four Worthies in their firſt ſhew thrive, theſe Four will change Habits, and preſent the other Five.
Bir. There is five in the firſt ſhew.
Kin. You are deceived, 'tis not ſo.
Bir. The Pedant, the *Braggart*, the Hedge-Prieſt, the Fool, and the Boy.
A bare throw at Novum, and the whole World again,
Cannot prick out five ſuch, take each one in's vain.
Kin. The Ship is under Sail, and here ſhe comes amain.

Enter Pompey.

Clo. I *Pompey am.*
Boy. You lye, you are not he.
Clo. *I Pompey am.*
Boy. With Libbards head on Knee.
Bir. Well ſaid old mocker,
I muſt needs be friends with thee.
I Pompey am, Pompey ſurnam'd the big.
Du. The Great.
Clo. It is great ſir : *Pompey ſurnam'd the great.*
That oft in Field, with Targe and Shield.
did make my Foe to ſweat :
And travelling along this coaſt, I here am come by chance,
And lay my Arms before the Legs of this ſweet Laſs of France.
If your Ladyſhip would ſay thanks *Pompey*, I had done.
Prin. Great thanks great *Pompey*.
Clo. 'Tis not ſo much worth : but I hope I was perfect. I made a little fault in great.
Bir. My hat to a Half-penny, *Pompey* proves the beſt Worthy.

Enter Curate, for Alexander.

Curat. When in the World I liv'd, I was the World's Commande.
By Eaſt, Weſt, North, and South, I ſpread my conquering Might.
My Scutcheon plain declares that I am Aliſander.
Boy. Your noſe ſaies no, you are not :
For it ſtands too right.
Bir. Your Noſe ſmells no, in this moſt tender ſmelling Knight.
Prin. The Conqueror is diſmaid :
Proceed good *Alexander*.
Cur. When in the World I lived, I was the Worlds Commander.
Boy. Moſt true, 'tis right ; you were ſo *Aliſander*.
Bir. *Pompey* the great.
Clo. Your Servant and *Coſtard*.
Bir. Take away the Conqueror, take away *Aliſander*.
Clo. O Sir, you have overthrown *Aliſander* the Conqueror : you will be ſcrap'd out of the painted cloth for this : your Lion that holds the Pollax ſitting on a Cloſe-ſtool, will be given to *Ajax*. He will be the ninth Worthy. A Conqueror, and afraid to ſpeak ? Run away for ſhame *Aliſander*. There an't ſhall pleaſe you : a fooliſh mild man, an honeſt man, look you, and ſoon daſh'd. He is a marvellous good Neighbour inſooth. and a very good Bowler : but for *Aliſander*, alas you ſee, how 'tis a little ore-parted. But there are Worthies a coming, will ſpeak their mind in ſome other ſort.
Clo. Stand aſide good *Pompey*. *Exit Clo.*

Enter Pedant for Judas, *and the Boy for* Hercules.

Ped. Great *Hercules* is preſented by this Imp,
Whoſe Club kill'd *Cerberus* that three-Headed *Canus*,
And when he was a Babe, a Child, a ſhrimp,
Thus did he ſtrangle Serpents in his *Manus* :
Quoniam, he ſeemeth in minority;
Ergo, I come with this Apology.
Keep ſome ſtate in thy *Exit*, and vaniſh. *Exit Boy.*
Ped Judas *I am.*
Dum. A Judas ?
Ped. Not Iſcariot Sir.
Judas *I am, yclipped Machabeus.*
Dum. Judas, Machabeus clipt, is plain *Judas* ?
Bir. A kiſſing Traitor. How art thou prov'd *Judas* ?
Ped. Judas *I am.*
Dum. The more ſhame for you *Judas*.
Ped. What mean you ſir ?
Boy. To make *Judas* hang himſelf.
Ped. Begin ſir, you are my Elder.
Bir. Well followed, *Judas* was hang'd on an Elder.
Ped. I will not be put out of countenance.
Bir. Becauſe thou haſt no Face.
Ped. What is this.
Boy. A Cittern Head.
Dum. The head of a Bodkin.
Bir. A Deaths face in a Ring.
Lon. The face of an old Roman coyn, ſcarce ſeen.
Boy. The Pummel of *Cæſars* Faulchion.
Dum. The carv'd-bone face on a Flask.
Bir. St. *Georges* half Cheek in a brooch.
Dum. I and in a brooch of Lead.
Bir. I, and worn in the Cap of a Tooth-drawer. And now forward, for we have put thee in countenance.
Ped. You have put me out of countenance.
Bir. Falſe, we have given thee faces.
Ped. But you have outfac'd them all.
Bir. And thou wert a Lion we would do ſo.
Boy. Therefore as he is an Aſs, let him go :
And ſo adieu ſweet *Jude*. Nay, why doſt thou ſtay ?
Dum. For the latter end of his Name.
Bir. For the *Aſs* to the *Jude* : give it him. *Jud-as* away.
Ped. This is not generous, not gentle, not humble.
Boy. A light for Monſieur *Judas*, it grows dark he may ſtumble.
Prin. Alas poor *Machabeus*, how hath he been baited.

Enter Braggart.

Bir. Hide thy Head *Achilles*, here comes *Hector* in Arms.
Dum. Tho my mocks come home by me, I will now be merry.
King. *Hector* was but a Trojan in reſpect of this.
Boy But this is *Hector* ?
Kin. I think *Hector* was not ſo clean timber'd,
Lon. His Leg is too big for *Hector*.
Dum. More Calf certain.
Boy. No ; he is beſt indued with the ſmall.
Bir. This can't be *Hector*.

Dum. He's a god or a Painter, for he makes faces.

Brag. *The Armipotent Mars, of Launces the almighty, gave Hector a gift.*

Dum. A gilt Nutmeg.

Bir. A Lemon.

Lon. Stuck with Cloves.

Dum. No cloven.

Brag. *The Armipotent Mars, of Launces the almighty, gave Hector a gift, the Heir of Illion;*
A man ſo breathed, that certain he would fight: yea
From Morn till Night, out of his Pavillion.
I am that Flower.

Dum. That Mint.

Long. That Cullambine.

Brag. Sweet Lord *Longavile* rein thy Tongue.

Lon. I muſt rather give it the Rein: for it runs againſt *Hector.*

Dum. I, and *Hector's* a Grey-hound.

Brag. The ſweet War-man is dead and rotten,
Sweet chucks, beat not the bones of the buried:
But I will forward with my device;
Sweet Royalty beſtow on me the ſence of Hearing.

Birone ſteps forth.

Prin. Speak brave *Hector,* we are much delighted.

Brag. I do adore thy ſweet Graces ſlipper.

Boy. Loves here by the foot.

Dum. He may not by the Yard.

Brag. *This Hector far ſurmounted Hanniball.*

The party is gone.

Clo. Fellow *Hector*, ſhe is gone; ſhe is two Months on her way.

Brag. What meaneſt thou?

Clow. Faith unleſs you play the honeſt Trojan, the poor Wench is caſt away: ſhe's quick, the Child brags in her belly already: 'tis yours.

Brag. Doſt thou inſamonize me among Potentates? Thou ſhalt die.

Clo. Then ſhall *Hector* be whipt for *Jaquenetta* that is quick by him; and hang'd for *Pompey,* that is dead by him.

Dum. Moſt rare *Pompey.*

Boy. Renowned *Pompey.*

Bir. Greater than great, great, great, great *Pompey*: *Pompey* the Huge.

Dum. *Hector* trembles.

Bir. *Pompey* is moved, more Atees, more Atees ſtir them or ſtir them on.

Dum. *Hector* will Challenge him.

Bir. I, if a have no more mans blood in's belly, than will ſup a Flea.

Brag. By the North-pole I do Challenge thee.

Clo. I will not fight with a Pole like a Northern man; I'le ſlaſh, I'le do it by the Sword: I pray you let me borrow my Arms again.

Dum. Room for the incenſed Worthies.

Clo. I'le do it in my Shirt.

Dum. Moſt reſolute *Pompey.*

Pag. Maſter, let me take you a button-hole lower. Do you not ſee *Pompey* is uncaſing for the Combat: what mean you? you will loſe your Reputation.

Brag. Gentlemen and Soldiers pardon me, I will not Combate in my Shirt.

Du. You may not deny it, *Pompey* hath made the challenge.

Brag. Sweet bloods, I both may, and will.

Bir. What reaſon have you for't?

Bra. The naked truth of it is, I have no Shirt,
I go woolward for Panance.

Boy. True, and it was enjoyned him in *Rome* for want of Linnen: ſince when, I'le be ſworn he wore none, but a Diſhclout of *Jaquenettaes,* and that he wears next his Heart for a favour.

Enter a Meſſenger, Monſieur Marcade.

Mar. God ſave you Madam.

Prin. Welcome *Marcade,* but that thou interrupteſt our merriment.

Marc. I am ſorry Madam, for the news I bring is heavy in in my Tongue. The King your Father.

Prin. Dead for my life.

Mar. Even ſo: My tale is told.

Bir. Worthies away, the Scene begins to Cloud,

Bra. For mine own part, I breathe free Breath: I have ſeen the day of wrong, through the little hole of Diſcretion, and I will right my ſelf like a Soldier.

Exeunt Worthies.

Kin. How fare's your Majeſty?

Prin. *Boyet* prepare, I will away to night.

Kin. Madam not ſo, I do beſeech you ſtay.

Prin. Prepare I ſay. I thank you gracious Lords
For all your fair endeavours and entreats:
Out of a new ſad ſoul, that you vouchſafe,
In your rich Wiſdom to excuſe or hide,
The liberal oppoſition of our ſpirits,
If over-boldly we have born our ſelves,
In the converſe of breath (your gentleneſs
Was guilty of it.) Farewel worthy Lord:
An heavy heart bears not an humble Tongue.
Excuſe me ſo, coming ſo ſhort of thanks,
For my great ſuit ſo eaſily obtain'd.

Kin. The extream parts of time, extreamly forms
All cauſes to the purpoſe of his ſpeed
And often at his very looſe decides
That, which long proceſs of time could not arbitrate.
And though the mourning brow of progeny
Forbid the ſmiling courteſie of Love;
The holy ſuit which fain it would convince,
Yet ſince Love's Argument was firſt on foot,
Let not the cloud of Sorrow juſtle it
From what it purpoſed: ſince to wail friends loſt,
Is not by much ſo wholeſome profitable,
As to rejoice at friends but newly found.

Prin. I underſtand you not, my griefs are double.

Bir. Honeſt plain words, beſt pierce the cares of grief,
And by theſe badges underſtand the King,
For your fair ſakes have we neglected time,
Play'd foul play with our oaths: your beauty Ladies
Hath much deformed us, faſhioning our humours
Even to the oppoſed end of our intents.
And what in us hath ſeem'd ridiculous,
As Love is full of unbefitting ſtrains,
All wanton as a child, skipping and vain.
Form'd by the Eye, and therefore like the Eye,
Full of ſtraying ſhapes, of habits, and of forms,
Varying in Subjects as the Eye doth rowl,
To every varied object in his glance:
Which party-coated, preſence of looſe Love
Put on by us, if in your heavenly eyes,
Have misbecom'd our oaths and gravities,
Thoſe heavenly eyes that look into theſe faults,
Suggeſted us to make: therefore Ladies
Our Love being yours, the Errour that Love makes
Is likewiſe yours. We to our ſelves prove falſe,
By being once falſe, for ever to be true
To thoſe that make us both, fair Ladies you,
And even that falſhood in it ſelf a Sin,
Thus purifies it ſelſ, and turns to grace.

Prin. We have receiv'd your Letters, full of Love:
Your favours, the Embaſſadors of Love.
And in our Maiden Council rated them
At courtſhip, pleaſant jeſt, and courteſie,
As bumbaſt, and as lining to the time:
But more devout than theſe are our reſpects
Have we not been, and therefore met your Loves
In their own faſhion, like a Merriment.

Du. Our Letters Madam, ſhew'd much more than jeſt.
Long. So did our looks.
Roſa. We did not coat them ſo. quote
King. Now at the ~~lateſt~~ Minute of the Hour,
Grant us your loves.
Prin. A time methinks too ſhort,
To make a World-with-out end bargain in;
No, no, my Lord, your Grace is perjur'd much,
Full of dear guiltineſs, and therefore this:
If for my Love (as there is no ſuch cauſe)
You will do ought, this ſhall you do for me,
Your Oath I will not truſt: but go with ſpeed
To ſome forlorn and naked Hermitage,
Remote from all the pleaſures of the World:
There ſtay, until the Twelve Celeſtial Signs
Have brought about their annual reckoning.
If this auſtere inſociable life,
Change not your offer made in heat of Blood:
If Froſts, and Faſts, hard Lodging, and thin Weeds
Nip not the gaudy bloſſoms of your Love,
But that it bear this trial, and laſt love:
Then at the expiration of the year,
Come challenge me, challenge by theſe Deſerts,
And by this Virgin palm, now kiſſing thine,
I will be thine; and till that inſtant ſhut
My woful ſelf up in a mourning houſe,
Raining the Teers of Lamentation,
For the remembrance of my Fathers death.
If this thou do deny, let our hands part,
Neither intituled in the others heart.
King. If this, or more than this, I would deny,
To flatter up theſe powers of mine with reſt,
The ſudden hand of death cloſe up mine eye:
Hence ever then, my Heart is in thy Breaſt.
Bir. And what to my Love? and what to me?
Roſ. You muſt be purged too, your Sins are rack'd,
You are attaint with fault and Perjury:
Therefore if you my favour mean to get,
A Twelve-month ſhall you ſpend, and never reſt,
But ſeek the weary beds of people ſick.
Dum. But what to me my Love? but what to me?
Kat. A Wife, a Beard, fair Health and Honeſty;
With three-fold love, I wiſh you all theſe three.
Dum. O ſhall I ſay, I thank you gentle Wife?
Kat. Not ſo my Lord, a Twelve-month and a day,
I'le mark no words that ſmooth-fac'd Wooers ſay.
Come when the King doth to my Lady come:
Then if I have much love, I'le give you ſome.
Dum I'le ſerve thee true and faithfully till then.
Kath. Yet ſwear not, leaſt ye be forſworn agen.
Long. What ſays *Maria*?
Mari. At the Twelve-months end,
I'le change my black Gown, for a faithful Friend.
Son. I'le ſtay with patience: but the time is long.
Mari. The liker you, few taller ar ſo young.
Bir. Studies my Lady? Miſtreſs, look on me,
Behold the Window of my Heart, mine Eye:
What humble Suit attends thy anſwer there,
Impoſe ſome ſervice on me for my Love.
Roſa. Oft have I heard of you my Lord *Birone*,
Before I ſaw you: and the Worlds large tongue
Proclaims you for a man repleat with mocks,
Full of compariſons, and wounding flouts,
Which you on all Eſtates will execute,
That lye within the mercy of your Wit,
To weed this Wormwood from your fruitful brain,
And therewithal to win me, if you pleaſe,
Without the which I am not to be won;
You ſhall this Twelve-month term from day to day,
Viſit the ſpeechleſs Sick, and ſtill converſe
With groaning wretches: and your task ſhall be,
With all the fierce endeavour of your Wit,
To enforce this pained impotent to ſmile.
Bir. To move wild laughter in the throat of Death?
It cannot be, it is impoſſible:
Mirth cannot move a Soul in Agony.
Roſa. Why that's the way to choak a gibing ſpirit,
Whoſe influence is begot of that looſe grace,
Which ſhallow laughing hearers give to Fools:
A jeſts proſperity, lies in the Ear
Of him that hears it, never in the Tongue
Of him that makes it: then, if ſickly ears,
Deaft with the clamours of their own dear groans,
Will hear your idle ſcorns; continue then,
And I will have you, and that fault withal;
But if they will not, throw away that Spirit,
And I ſhall find you empty of that fault,
Right joyful of your Reformation.
Bir. A Twelve-month? Well, befall what will befall,
I'le jeſt a Twelve-month in an Hoſpital.
Prin. I, ſweet my Lord, and ſo I take my leave.
King No Madam, we will bring you on your way.
Bir. Our wooing doth not end like an old Play:
Jack hath not Jill: theſe Ladies courteſie
Might well have made our ſport a Comedy.
King Come ſir, it wants a Twelve-month and a day,
And then 'twill end.
Bir. That's too long for a Play.

Enter Braggart.

Brag. Sweet Majeſty vouchſafe me.
Prin. Was not that *Hector*?
Dum. The worthy Knight of *Troy*.
Brag. I will kiſs thy Royal Finger, and take leave.
I am a Votary, I have vow'd to *Jaquenetta* to hold the Plough for her ſweet love three years. But moſt eſteemed greatneſs, will you hear the Dialogue that the two Learned men have complied, in praiſe of the Owl and the Cuckow? It ſhould have followed in the end of our Shew.
Kin. Call them forth quickly, we will do ſo.
Brag. Halla, Approach.

Enter all.

This ſide is *Hiems*, Winter.
This, *Ver*, the Spring: the one maintained by the Owl,
The other by the Cuckow.
Ver. begin.

The Song.

When Daſies pied, and Violets blew,
And Cuckow-buds of yellow hue:
And Lady Smocks all Silver white,
Do paint the Medows with delight,
The Cuckow then on every Tree
Mocks Married men; for thus Sings he,
Cuckow.
Cuckow, Cuckow: O word of fear,
Unpleaſing to a Married Ear.

When Shepherds Pipe on Oaten Straws,
And merry Larks are Ploughmens Clocks:
When Turtles tread, and Rooks and Daws,
And maidens bleach their Summer Smocks:
The Cuckow then on every Tree
Mocks married men; for thus Sings he,
Cuckow.
Cuckow, Cuckow: O word of fear,
Unpleaſing to a Married Ear.

Winter.

When Iſickles hang by the Wall,
And Dick the Shepheard blows his Nail;
And Tom bears Logs into the Hall,
And Milk comes frozen home in Pail:

When blood is nipt, and wayes be foul,
Then nightly ſings the ſtaring Owle
Tu-whit-to-who.
A merry note,
While greaſie Jone *doth keel the pot.*

When all aloud the Wind doth blow,
And coffing drowns the parſons Saw:
And Birds ſit brooding in the Snow,
And Marrians *Noſe looks red and raw:*
When roſted Crabs hiſs in the bowl,
Then nightly ſings the ſtaring Owle,
Tu-whit, to-who
A merry note,
VVhile greaſie Jone *doth keel the pot.*

Brag. The words of *Mercury*
Are harſh after the Songs of *Apollo*:
You that way; we this way.

Exeunt omnes.

A Midſummers nights Dream.

Actus Primus.

Enter Theſeus, Hippolita, with others.

Theſeus.
NOw fair *Hippolita*, our nuptial hour
Draws on apace: four happy dayes
bring in how ſlow
Another Moon: but oh, me thinks,
This old Moon wanes? She lingers my
deſires
Like to a ſtep-dame or a Dowager,
Long withering out a young mans revenue.
Hip. Four dayes will quickly ſteep themſelves in nights,
Four nights will quickly dream away the time:
And then the Moon, like to a ſilver bow,
Now bent in heaven, ſhall behold the night
Of our ſolemnities.
The. Go *Philoſtrate*,
Stir up the *Athenian* youth to merriments,
Awake the pert and nimble ſpirit of mirth,
Turn melancholly forth to Funerals:
The pale companion is not for our pomp.
Hippolita, I woo'd thee with my ſword,
And won thy love, doing thee injuries:
But I will wed thee in another key,
With pomp, with triumph, and with revelling.

Enter Egeus and his daughter Hermia, Lyſander,
and Demetrius.

Ege. Happy be *Theſeus*, our renowned Duke.
The. Thanks good *Egeus*: what's the news with thee?
Ege. Full of vexation, come I, with complaint
Againſt my child, my daughter *Hermia.*

Stand forth Demetrius.

My Noble Lord,
This man hath my conſent to marry her.

Stand forth Lyſander.
And my gracious Duke,
This hath bewitch'd the boſome of my child:
Thou, thou *Lyſander*, thou haſt given her rimes,
And interchang'd love-token with my child:
Thou haſt by Moon-light at her window ſung,
With faining voice, verſes of faining love,
And ſtoln the impreſſion of her fantaſie,
With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawds conceites,
Knacks, trifles, Noſegayes, ſweet-meats (meſſengers
Of ſtrong prevailment in unhardned youth)
With cunning haſt thou filch'd my daughters heart,
Turn'd her obedience (which is due to me)
To ſtubborn harſhneſs. And my gracious Duke,
Be it ſo ſhe will not here before your Grace,
Conſent to marry with *Demetrius*,
I beg the ancient priviledge of *Athens*,
As ſhe is mine, I may diſpoſe of her;
Which ſhall be either to this Gentleman,
Or to her death, according to our Law,
Immediatley provided in that caſe.
The. What ſay you *Hermia*? be adviſ'd fair Maid.
To you your Father ſhould be as a God;
One that compos'd your beauties; yea, and one
To whom you are but as a form in wax
By him imprinted: and within his power,
To leave the figure, or disfigure it:
Demetrius is a worthy Gentleman.
Her. So is *Lyſander.*
The. In himſelf he is.
But in this kind, wanting your Fathers voice
The other muſt be held the worthier.
Her. I would my Father look'd but with my eyes.
The. Rather your eyes muſt with his judgement look.
Her. I do intreat your Grace to pardon me,
I know not by what power I am made bold.
Nor how it may concern my modeſty
In ſuch a preſence here to plead my thoughts:
But I beſeech your Grace, that I may know
The worſt that may befall me in this caſe,
If I refuſe to wed *Demetrins.*
The. Either to die the death, or to abjure
For ever the ſociety of men.
Therefore fair *Hermia* queſtion your deſires,
Know of your youth, examine well your blood.
Whether (if you yield not to your Fathers choice)
You can endure the livery of a Nun,
For aye to be in ſhady Cloiſter mew'd,
To live a barren ſiſter all your life,
Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitleſs Moon,

Thrice bleſſed they that maſter ſo their Blood,
To undergo ſuch Maiden Pilgrimage.
But earthlier happy is the Roſe diſtill'd,
Than that which withering on the virgin thorn,
Grows, Lives, and Dies, in ſingle bleſſedneſs.
Her. So will I grow, ſo live, ſo die, my Lord,
Ere I will yield my virgin Patent up
Unto his Lordſhip, to whoſe unwiſhd yoak,
My ſoul conſents not to give ſoveraignty.
The. Take time to pauſe, and by the next New Moon,
The ſealing day betwixt my Love and me,
For everlaſting bond of fellowſhip.
Upon that day either prepare to die,
For diſobedience to your Fathers will,
Or elſe to wed *Demetrius* as he would,
Or on *Dianaes* Altar to proteſt
For aye, auſterity and ſingle life.
Dem. Relent ſweet *Hermia*, and *Lyſander*, yield
Thy crazed title to my certain right.
Lyſ. You have her Fathers Love, *Demetrius*:
Let me have *Hermiaes*: do you marry him.
Egeus. Scornful *Lyſander*: true, he hath my Love;
And what is mine, my Love ſhall render him.
And ſhe is mine, and all my right of her
I do eſtate unto *Demetrius*.
Lyſ. I am my Lord, as well deriv'd as he,
As well poſſeſt: my Love is more than his;
My fortunes every way as fairly rank'd
(If not with vantage) as *Demetrius*:
And (which is more than all theſe boaſts can be)
I am belov'd of beauteous *Hermia*.
Why ſhould not I then proſecute my right?
Demetrius, I'le avouch it to his head,
Made Love to *Nedars* Daughter, *Helena*,
And won her ſoul: and ſhe (ſweet Lady) dotes,
Devoutly dotes, dotes in Idolatry,
Upon this ſpotted and inconſtant man.
The. I muſt confeſs, that I have heard ſo much,
And with *Demetrius* thought to have ſpoke thereof:
But being over-full of ſelf-affairs,
My mind did loſe it. But *Demetrius* come,
And come *Egeus*, you ſhall go with me,
I have ſome private ſchooling for you both.
For you fair *Hermia*, look you arm your ſelf,
To fit your fancies to your Fathers will;
Or elſe the Law of *Athens* yields you up
(Which by no means we may extenuate)
To death, or to a vow of ſingle life.
Come my *Hippolita*, what cheer my Love?
Demetrius and *Egeus* go along:
I muſt employ you in ſome buſineſs
Againſt our nuptials, and confer with you
Of ſomething nearly that concerns your ſelves.
Ege. With duty and deſire we follow you. *Exeunt.*

Manet Lyſander and Hermia.

Ly. How now my Love? VVhy is your cheek ſo pale?
How chance the Roſes there do fade ſo faſt?
Her. Belike for want of Rain, which I could well
Beteem them from the tempeſt of mine eyes.
Lyſ. *Hermia*, for ought that ever I could Read,
Could ever hear by Tale or Hiſtory,
The courſe of true love never did run ſmooth,
But either it was different in blood.
Her. O croſs! too high to be enthrall'd to love.
Lyſ. Or elſe miſgraffed, in reſpect of years.
Her. O ſpight! too old to be engag'd too young.
Lyſ. Or elſe it ſtood upon the choice of Merit.
Her. O hell! to chooſe love by anothers eye.
Lyſ. Or if there were a ſympathy in choice,
VVar, death, or ſickneſs, did lay ſiege to it;
Making it momentary, as a ſound:
Swift as a ſhadow, ſhort as any dream,
Brief as the lightning in the collied night,
That (in a ſpleen) unfolds both heaven and earth;
And ere a man hath power to ſay, behold,
The jaws of darkneſs do devour it up,
So quick bright things come to confuſion.
Her. If then true Lovers have been ever croſt,
It ſtands as an Edict in deſtiny:
Then let us teach our trial patience,
Becauſe it is a cuſtomary croſs,
As due to Love, as thoughts, and dreams, and ſighs,
VViſhes and Tears, poor Fancies followers.
Lyſ. A good perſwaſion; therefore hear me *Hermia*,
I have a VVidow Aunt, a Dowager,
Of great revenue, and ſhe hath no Child:
From *Athens* is her houſe remov'd ſeven leagues,
And ſhe reſpects me as her only Son:
There gentle *Hermia*, may I marry thee,
And to that place, the ſharp Athenian Law
Cannot purſue us. If thou lov'ſt me, then
Steal forth thy Fathers houſe to morrow night;
And in the VVood, a League without the Town,
(VVhere I did meet thee once with *Helena*,
To do obſervance for a morn of *May*)
There will I ſtay for thee.
Her. My good *Lyſander*,
I ſwear to thee, by *Cupid's* ſtrongeſt bow,
By his beſt arrow with the golden head,
By the ſimplicity of *Venus* Doves,
By that which knitteth ſouls, and proſpers love,
And by that fire which burn'd the *Carthage* Queen,
VVhen the falſe Trojan under ſail was ſeen,
By all the vows that ever men have broke,
(In number more than ever women ſpoke)
In that ſame place thou haſt appointed me,
To morrow truly will I meet with thee.
Lyſ. Keep promiſe Love: look here comes *Helena*.

Enter Helena.

Her. God ſpeed fair *Helena*, whither away?
Hel. Call you me fair? that fair again unſay,
Demetrius loves you fair: O happy fair!
Your eyes are load-ſtars, and your tongues ſweet ayr
More tuneable then Lark to Shepherds ear,
VVhen VVheat is green, when Haw thorn Buds appear.
Sickneſs is catching: O were favour ſo,
Your words I'de catch, fair *Hermia* ere I go,
My ear ſhould catch your voice, my eye, your eye,
My tongue ſhould catch your tongues ſweet melody.
VVere the VVorld mine, *Demetrius* being bated,
The reſt I'le give to be to you tranſlated.
O teach me how you look, and with what art
You ſway the motion of *Demetrius* heart.
Her. I frown upon him, yet he loves me ſtill.
Hel. O that your frowns would teach my ſmiles ſuch ſkill.
Her. I give him curſes, yet he gives me love.
Hel. O that my prayers could ſuch affection move.
Her. The more I hate, the more he follows me.
Hel. The more I love, the more he hateth me.
Her. His folly *Helena* is none of mine.
Hel. None but your beauty, would that fault were mine.
Her. Take comfort: he no more ſhall ſee my face,
Lyſander and my ſelf will fly this place.
Before the time I did *Lyſander* ſee,
Seem'd *Athens* like a paradiſe to me.
O then, what graces in my Love do dwell,
That he hath turn'd a Heaven into Hell?
Lyſ. *Helen*, to you our minds we will unfold,
To morrow night when *Phœbe* doth behold
Her ſilver viſage in the watry glaſs,
Decking with liquid pearl, the bladed graſs
(A time that Lovers flights doth ſtill conceal)
Through *Athens* gate, have we deviſ'd to ſteal.
Her. And in the wood, where often you and I,
Upon faint Primroſe beds were wont to lye,
Emptying our boſomes of their counſel ſwell'd;

There my *Lyſander*, and my ſelf ſhall meet,
And thence from *Athens* turn away our eyes,
To ſeek new friends and ſtrange companions,
Farewel ſweet play-fellow, pray thou for us,
And good luck grant thee thy *Demetrius.*
Keep word *Lyſander*, we muſt ſtarve our ſight,
From lovers ſood, till morrow deep midnight.
Exit Hermia.

Lyſ. I will my *Hermia. Helena* adieu,
As you on him, *Demetrius* dotes on you.
Exit Lyſander.

Hell. How happy ſome, o're otherſome can be?
Through *Athens* I am thought as fair as ſhe.
But what of that? *Demetrius* thinks not ſo:
He will not know, what all, but he doth know,
And as he errs, doting on *Hermiaes* eyes;
So I, admiring of his qualities:
Things baſe and vile, holding no quantity,
Love can tranſpoſe to form and dignity,
Love looks not with the eyes, but with the minde,
And therefore is wing'd *Cupid* painted blind.
Nor hath loves mind of any judgment taſte:
Wings and no eyes, figure, unheedy haſt.
And therefore is Love ſaid to be a Child,
Becauſe in choice he often is beguil'd,
As waggiſh Boys themſelves in game forſwear;
So the Boy Love is perjur'd every where.
For ere *Demetrius* lookt on *Hermiaes* eyn,
He hail'd down oths that he was only mine.
And when this Hail ſome heat from *Hermia* felt,
So he diſſolv'd, and ſhowres of oaths did melt.
I will go tell him of fair *Hermiaes* flight:
Then to the Wood will he to morrow night
Purſue her; and for his intelligence,
If I have thanks, it is a dear expence:
But herein mean I to enrich my pain,
To have his ſight thither, and back again. *Exit.*

Enter Quince the Carpenter, Snug the Joyner, Bottom the Weaver, Flute the Bellows-mender, Snowt the Tinker, and Starveling the Taylor.

Qu. Is all our company here?

Bot. You were beſt to call them generally, man by man, according to the ſcrip.

Qu. Here is the ſcrowl of every mans name, which is thought fit through all *Athens*, to play in our Enterlude before the Duke and the Dutcheſs, on his wedding day at night.

Bot. Firſt, good *Peter Quince*, ſay what the Play treats on; then Read the Names of the Actors; and ſo grow on to appoint.

Qu. Marry our Play is the moſt lamentable Comedy, and moſt cruel death of *Pyramus* and *Thisby*.

Bot. A very good piece of work I aſſure you, and a merry. Now good *Peter Quince*, call forth your Actors by the ſcrowl. Maſters ſpread your ſelves.

Quince. Anſwer as I call you. *Nick Bottom* the Weaver.

Bottom. Ready: name what part I am for, and proceed.

Quince. You *Nick Bottom* are ſet down for *Pyramus.*

Bot. What is *Pyramus*, a Lover, or a Tyrant?

Quince. A Lover that kills himſelf moſt gallantly for Love.

Bot. That will ask ſome tears in the true performing of it; if I do it, let the audience look to their eyes; I will move ſtorms; I will condole in ſome meaſure. To the reſt yet, my chief humour is for a Tyrant; I could play *Ercles* rarely, or a part to tear a Cat in, to make all ſplit to raging Rocks, and ſhivering Shocks ſhall break the Locks of Priſon Gates, and *Phibbus* carre ſhall ſhine from far, and make and mar the fooliſh Fates. This was lofty. Now name the reſt of the Players. This is *Ercles* vein, a Tyrants vein: a Lover is more condoling.

Quin. Francis Flute the Bellows-mender.

Flu. Here *Peter Quince.*

Qu. You muſt take *Thisbie* on you.

Flu. What is *Thisbie*, a wandring Knight?

Qu. It is the Lady that *Pyramus* muſt Love.

Flu. Nay faith, let not me play a woman, I have a Beard coming.

Qu. That's all one, you ſhall play it in a Mask, and you may ſpeak as ſmall as you will.

Bot. And I may hide my face, let me play *Thisbie* too; I'le ſpeak in a monſtrous little voice, *Thiſne, Thiſne*, ah *Pyramus* my lover dear, thy *Thisbie* dear, and Lady dear.

Quin. No no, you muſt play *Pyramus*; and *Flute* you *Thisbie.*

Bot. Well, proceed.

Qu. Robin Starveling, the Taylor.

Star. Here *Peter Quince.*

Quince. Robin Starveling, you muſt play *Thisbies* Mother?

Tom Snowt, the Tinker.

Snowt. Here *Peter Quince.*

Qu. You *Pyramus* father; my ſelf, *Thisbies* father; *Snug*, the Joyner, you the Lyons part; and I hope there is a Play fitted.

Snug. Have you the Lyons part written? pray you if it be, give it me, for I am ſlow of ſtudy.

Qu. You may do it *Extempore*, for it is nothing but roaring.

Bot. Let me play the Lyon too, I will roar, that I will do any mans heart good to hear me. I will roar, that I will make the Duke ſay, Let him roar again, let him roar again.

Qu. If you ſhould do it too terribly, you would fright the Dutcheſs and the Ladies, that they would ſhrike, and that were enough to hang us all.

All. That would hang us every mothers ſon.

Bottome. I grant you friend, if that you ſhould fright the Ladies out of their Wits, they would have no more diſcretion but to hang us: but I will aggravate my voice ſo, that I will roar you as gently as any ſucking Dove; I will roar and 'twere any Nightingal.

Quince. You can play no part but *Pyramus*, for *Pyramus* is a ſweet-fac'd man, a proper man as one ſhall ſee in a ſummers day; a moſt lovely Gentleman-like-man, therefore you muſt needs play *Pyramus.*

Bot. Well, I will undertake it. What Beard were I beſt to play it in?

Quin Why, what you will.

Bot. I will diſcharge it, in either your ſtraw-colour beard, your orange-tawny beard, your purple in grain beard, or your French-crown colour'd beard, your perfect yellow.

Quin. Some of your French-Crowns have no hair at all, and then you will play bare-fac'd. But maſters here are your parts, and I am to entreat you, requeſt you, and deſire you, to con them by to morrow night: and meet me in the palace wood, a mile without the Town, by Moon-light, there we will rehearſe: for if we meet in the City, we ſhall be dog'd with company, and our devices known. In the mean time, I will draw a Bill of properties, ſuch as our Play wants. I pray you fail me not.

Bot. We will meet, and there we may rehearſe more obſcenely and courageouſly. Take pain, be perfect, adieu.

Quin. At the Dukes oak we meet.

Bot. Enough, hold or cut bow-ſtrings. *Exeunt.*

Isabella [illegible]

Actus Secundus.

Enter a Fairie at one door, and Robin Good-fellow at another.

Rob. How now ſpirit, whither wander you?
Fai. Over hill, over dale, through buſh, through briar,
Over park, over pale, through flood, through fire,
I do wander every where, ſwifter than the Moons ſphere;
And I ſerve the Fairy Queen, to dew her orbs upon the green.
The Cowſlips tall, her penſioners be,
In their gold coats, ſpots you ſee,
Thoſe be Rubies, Fairy-favours,
In thoſe freckles, live their ſavors:
I muſt go ſeek ſome dew drops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowſlips ear.
Farewel thou Lob of ſpirits, I'le be gon,
Our Queen and all her Elves come here anon.
Rob. The King doth keep his Revels here to night,
Take heed the Queen come not within his ſight,
For *Oberon* is paſſing fell and wrath,
Becauſe that ſhe, as her attendant, hath
A lovely boy ſtoln from an Indian King,
She never had ſo ſweet a changeling,
And jealous *Oberon* would have the child
Knight of this train, to trace the Forreſts wild.
But ſhe (per-force) with-holds the loved boy,
Crowns him with flowers, and makes him all her joy
And now they never meet in grove, or green,
By fountain clear, or ſpangled ſtar-light ſheen,
But they do ſquare, that all their Elves for fear
Creep into Acorn cups and hide them there.
Fai. Either I miſtake your ſhape and making quite,
Or elſe you are that ſhrew'd and knaviſh ſpirit
Cal'd *Robin Good-fellow.* Are you not he,
That fright the maidens of the Vilagree
Skim milk, and ſometimes labour in the Quern,
And bootleſs make the breathleſs huſwife chern,
And ſometime make the drink to bear no barme,
Miſlead night-wanderers, laughing at their harm,
Thoſe that *Hobgoblin* call you, and ſweet *Puck*,
You do their work, and they ſhall have good luck.
Are not you he?
Rob. Thou ſpeak'ſt aright;
I am that merry wanderer of the night:
I jeſt to *Orberon*, and make him ſmile,
When I a fat and bean-fed Horſe beguile,
Neighing in likeneſs like a filly foal,
And ſometimes lurk I in a Goſſips bowl,
In very likeneſs of a roaſted crab:
And when ſhe drinks, againſt her lips I bob,
And on her withered dewlop pour the Ale.
The wiſeſt Aunt telling the ſaddeſt tale,
Sometime for three-foot ſtool, miſtaketh me,
Then ſlip I from her bum, down topples ſhe,
And tailour cries, and falls into a coffe.
And then the whole quire hold their hips, and loffe,
And waxen in their mirth, and neeze, and ſwear,
A merrier hour was never waſted there.
But room Fairy, here comes *Oberon.*
Fai. And here my Miſtreſs:
Would that we were gone.

Enter King of Fairies at one door with his train, and the Queen at another with hers.

Ob. Ill met by Moon-light,
Proud *Titania.*
Qu. What, jealous *Oberon*? Fairy skip hence,
I have forſworn his bed and company.
Ob. Tarry raſh Wanton, am not I thy Lord?
Qu. Then I muſt be thy Lady: but I know
When thou waſt ſtoln away from Fairy Land,
And in the ſhape of *Corin*, ſat all day,
Playing on pipes of Corn, and verſing love
To amorous *Phillida.* Why art thou here
Come from the fartheſt ſteep of *Indta*?
But that forſooth the bouncing *Amazon*
Your buskin'd Miſtreſs, and your Warriour love,
To *Theſeus* muſt be Wedded, and you come,
To give their bed joy and proſperity.
Ob. How canſt thou thus for ſhame, *Titania*,
Glance at my credit, with *Hippolita*?
Knowing I know thy love to *Theſeus*?
Didſt thou not lead him through the glimmering night
From *Peregenia*, whom he raviſhed?
And make him with fair Eagles break his faith
With *Ariadne*, and *Antiopa*?
Qu. Theſe are the forgeries of jealouſie,
And never ſince the middle Summers ſpring,
Met we on hill, in dale, forreſt, or mead,
By paved fountain, or by ruſhy brook,
Or in the beached margent of the ſea,
To dance our ringlets to the whiſtling wind,
But with thy brawls thou haſt diſturb'd our ſport.
Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain,
As in revenge have ſuck'd up from the ſea,
Contagious foggs: Which falling in the land,
Hath every petty River made ſo proud,
That they have over-born their Continents.
The Oxe hath therefore ſtretch'd his yoak in vain,
The Ploughman loſt his ſweat, and the green Corn
Hath rotted, ere his youth attain'd a beard:
The fold ſtands empty in the drowned field,
And Crows are fatted with the murrion flock,
The Nine-mens-morris is fill'd up with mud,
And the queint Mazes in the wanton green,
For lack of tread are undiſtinguiſhable.
The humane mortals want their winter here,
No night is now with hymn, or carol bleſt;
Therefore the Moon (the governeſs of flouds)
Pale in her anger, waſhes all the air;
That Rheumatick diſeaſes do abound.
And through this diſtemperature, we ſee,
The ſeaſons alter; hoary headed froſts
Fall in the freſh lap of the crimſon Roſe,
And on old *Hyems* chin and Icy crown,
An odorous Chaplet of ſweet Summer buds
Is as in mockery ſet. The Spring, the Summer,
The chiding Autumn, angry Winter change
Their wonted Liveries, and the amazed world,
By their increaſe, now knows not which is which:
And this ſame progeny of evill comes
From our debate, from our diſſention,
We are their parents and original.
Ob. Do you amend it then, it lies in you,
Why ſhould *Titania* croſs her *Orberon*?
I do but beg a little changeling boy,
To be my Henchman.
Qu. Set your heart at reſt,
The Fairy-land buys not the child of me.
His mother was a Votreſs of my Order,
And in the ſpiced *Indian* air by night
Full often ſhe hath goſſipt by my ſide,
And ſat with me on *Neptunes* yellow ſands,
Marking th'embarked traders of the flood,
When we laught to ſee the ſails conceive,
And grow big bellied with the wanton wind:
Which ſhe with pretty and with ſwimming gate.
Following (her womb then rich with my young ſquire)
Would imitate, and ſail upon the Land,
To fetch me trifles and return again,
As from a voyage rich with merchandize.
But ſhe being mortal of that boy did dye,

And for her ſake I do rear up her boy,
And for her ſake I will not part with him.
Ob. How long within this Wood intend you ſtay?
Qu. Perchance till after *Theſeus* Wedding-day.
If you will patiently dance in our Round,
And ſee our Moon-light Revels, go with us;
If not, ſhun me and I will ſpare your haunts.
Ob. Give me that boy, and I will go with thee.
Qu. Not for thy Fairy Kingdom. Fairies away:
We ſhall chide down right, if I longer ſtay. *Exeunt.*
Ob. Well, go thy way: thou ſhalt not from this grove,
Till I torment thee for this Injury.
My gentle *Puck* come hither; thou remembreſt
Since I ſat upon a promontory,
And heard a Mear-maid on a Dolphins back,
Uttering ſuch Dulcet and Harmonious breath,
That the rude Sea grew civil at her Song,
And certain Stars ſhot madly from their Sphears,
To hear the Sea-maids Muſick.
Pu. I remember.
Ob. That very time I ſa~~y~~w (but thou could'ſt not)
Flying between the cold Moon and the Earth,
Cupid all arm'd; a certain aim he took
At a fair Veſtal, Throned by the *Weſt*,
And loos'd his Love-ſhaft ſmartly from his Bow,
As it would pierce a hundred thouſand hearts,
But I might ſee young *Cupids* fiery ſhaft
Quench in the chaſt beams of the watry Moon;
And the Imperial Votreſs paſſed on,
In Maiden meditation, fancy-free.
Yet mark'd I where the bolt of *Cupid* fell.
It fell upon a little *Weſtern* Flower:
Before, Milk-white: now purple with loves wound,
And maidens call it, Love in Idleneſs.
Fetch me that Flower; the Herb I ſhew'd thee once,
The juice of it, on ſleeping Eye-lids laid,
Will make a Man or Woman madly dote
Upon the next live Creature that it ſees.
Fetch me this herb, and be thou here again,
Ere the *Leviathan* can ſwim a league.
Pu. I'le put a Girdle about the Earth in forty Minutes. *Exit.*

Ob. Having once this juice,
I'le watch *Titania*, when ſhe is aſleep,
And drop the liquor of it in her eyes:
The next thing when ſhe waking looks upon,
(Be it on Lyon, Bear, or Wolf, or Bull,
On medling Monkey, or on buſy Ape)
She ſhall purſue it, with the Soul of Love.
And ere I take this Charm off from her ſight,
(As I can take it with another herb)
I'le make her render up her Page to me.
But who comes here? I am inviſible,
And I will over-hear their conference.

Enter Demetrius, Helena *following him.*

Dem. I love thee not, therefore purſue me not.
Where is *Lyſander*, and fair *Hermia*?
The one I'e ſtay, the other ſtayeth me.
Thou told'ſt me they were ſtoln into this wood;
And here am I, and wood within this wood,
Becauſe I cannot meet my *Hermia*.
Hence get thee gone, and follow me no more.
Hel. You draw me you hard-hearted Adamant, i. e. Magnet
But yet you draw not Iron; for my heart
Is true as Steel. Leave you your power to draw,
And I ſhall have no power to follow you.
Dem. Do I entice you? do I ſpeak you fair?
Or rather do I not in plaineſt truth,
Tell you I do not, nor I cannot love you?
Hel. And even for that do I love thee the more;
I am your Spaniel, and *Demetrius*,
The more you beat me, I will fawn on you.
Uſe me but as your Spaniel, ſpurn me, ſtrike me,
Neglect me, loſe me; only give me leave
(Unworthy as I am) to follow you.
What worſer place can I beg in your Love,
(And yet a place of high reſpect with me)
Than to be uſed as you do your Dog?
Dem. Tempt not too much the hatred of my Spirit,
For I am ſick when I do look on thee.
Hel. And I am ſick when I look not on you.
Dem. You do impeach your modeſty too much,
To leave the City, and commit your ſelf
Into the hands of one that loves you not,
To truſt the opportunity of Night,
And the ill counſel of a deſert place,
With the rich worth of your virginity.
Hel. Your virtue is my priviledge: for that
It is not night when I do ſee your face.
Therefore I think I am not in the Night,
Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company,
For you in my reſpect are all the World.
Then how can it be ſaid I am alone,
When all the World is here to look on me?
Dem. I'le run from thee and hide me in the brakes,
And leave thee to the mercy of wild Beaſts.
Hel. The wildeſt hath not ſuch a heart as you;
Run when you will, the ſtory ſhall be chang'd:
Appollo flies, and *Daphne* holds the Chace;
The Dove purſues the Griffin, the mild Hind
Makes ſpeed to catch the Tyger. Bootleſs ſpeed,
When Cowardiſe purſues, and Valour flies.
Dem. I will not ſtay thy queſtions, let me go;
Or if you follow me, do not believe,
But I ſhall do thee miſchief in the VVood.
Hel. I, in the Temple, in the Town, and Field.
You do me miſchief. Fye *Demetrius*,
Your wrongs do ſet a ſcandal on my Sex:
We cannot fight for Love, as men may do;
We ſhould be woo'd, and were not made to wooe.
I follow thee, and make a Heaven of Hell,
To dye upon the hand I love ſo well *Exit.*
Ob. Fare thee well Nymph, ere he do leave this Grove.
Thou ſhalt fly him, and he ſhall ſeek thy love.
Haſt thou the flower there? Welcome wanderer.

Enter Puck.

Pu. I, there it is.
Ob. I pray thee give it me.
I know a bank where the wild Time blows,
Where the Oxſlips and the nodding Violet grows,
Quite over Cannoped with luſcious Woodbine,
With ſweet musk Roſes, and with Eglantine,
There ſleeps *Titania*, ſometime of the Night,
Lull'd in theſe flowers, with dances and delight:
And there the Snake throws her enammel'd Skin,
VVeed wide enough to wrap a Fairy in.
And with the juice of this I'le ſtreak her Eyes,
And make her full of hateful Fantaſies.
Take thou ſome of it, and ſeek through this Grove;
A ſweet *Athenian* Lady is in Love
With a diſdainful youth: annoint his Eyes,
But do it when the next thing he eſpies,
May be the Lady. Thou ſhalt know the man,
By the *Athenian* Garments he hath on.
Effect it with ſome care, that he may prove
More fond on her, than ſhe upon her love;
And look thou meet me, ere the firſt Cock crow.
Pu. Fear not my Lord, your ſervant ſhall do ſo. *Exit.*

Enter Queen of Fairies, *with her Train.*

Qu. Come, now a Roundel, and a Fairy Song:
Then for the third part of a Minute hence,
Some to kill Kankers in the Musk Roſe buds,
Some war with Reremiſe, for their leathern wings,
To make my ſmall Elves Coats, and keep ſome back

The Clamorous *Owl* that Nightly hoots and wonders
At our queint ſpirits : Sing me now a ſleep,
Then to your offices, and let me reſt.

Fairies Sing

You ſpotted Snakes with double tongue,
Thorny Hedgehoggs be not ſeen,
Newts and blind worms do no wrong,
Come not near our Fairy Queen.
Philomele with melodie.
Sing in your ſweet Lullaby,
Lulla, lulla, lullaby, lulla lulla, lullaby :
Never harm, nor ſpell, nor Charm.
Come our lovely Lady nye,
So good night with Lullaby.
2. *Fairy.*
Weaving Spiders come not here;
Hence you long leg'd Spinners, hence :
Beetles black approach not near :
Worm nor Snayl do no offence.
Philomele with melody, &c.
1. *Fairy.*
Hence away ; now all is well :
One aloof, ſtand Centinel.

Enter Oberon.

Ob. What thou ſeeſt when thou doſt wake,
Do it for thy true Love take :
Love and Languiſh for his ſake
Be it Ounce, or *Cat*, or *Bear*,
Pard, or *Boar*, with briſtled Hair,
In thy eye that ſhall appear,
When thou wak'ſt, it is thy dear,
Wake when ſome vile thing is near.

Enter Lyſander and Hermia.

Lyſ. Fair love, you faint with wandring in the Woods ;
And to ſpeak troth, I have forgot our way :
We'l reſt us *Hermia*, if you think it good,
And tarry for the comfort of the day.
Her. Be it ſo *Lyſander* ; find you out a Bed,
For I upon this Bank will reſt my Head.
Lyſ. One Turf ſhall ſerve as Pillow for us both,
One Heart, one Bed, two Boſoms, and one Troth.
Her. Nay good *Lyſander*, for my ſake my dear,
Lie further off yet, do not lie ſo near.
Lyſ. O take the ſence ſweet, of my innocence,
Love takes the meaning, in Loves conference,
I mean that my Heart unto yours is knit,
So that but one heart can you make of it.
Two Boſoms interchanged with an oath,
So then two Boſoms, and a ſingle Troth.
Then by your ſide, no Bed-room me deny
For lying ſo, *Hermia*, I do not lye.
Her. *Lyſander* riddles very prettily ;
Now much beſhrew my manners, and my pride,
If *Hermia* meant to ſay, *Lyſander* li'd.
But gentle friend, for Love and Curteſy
Lye further off in human Modeſty,
Such ſeparation, as may well be ſaid
Becomes a Vertuous Batchelor, and a Maid,
So far be diſtant, and good night ſweet Friend :
Thy Love ne're alter till thy ſweet Life end.
Lyſ. Amen, amen, to that fair Prayer ſay I,
And then end Life, when I end Loyalty :
Here is my Bed, ſleep give thee all his Reſt.
Her. With half that wiſh, the wiſhers eyes be preſt.
They ſleep.

Enter Puck

Pu. Through the Forreſt have I gone,
But *Athenian* find I none,
On whoſe eyes I might approve
This Flowers force in ſtirring Love:
Night and ſilence : who is here ?
Weeds of *Athens* he doth wear ;
This is he (my Maſter ſaid)
Deſpiſed the *Athenian* Maid ;
And here the Maiden ſleeping ſound,
On the dank and durty ground
Pretty ſoul, ſhe durſt not lye
Near this lack-love, this kill curteſy.
Churl upon the eyes I throw
All the power this Charm doth owe ;
When thou wak'ſt, let Love forbid
Sleep his ſeat on thy eye-lid.
So awake when I am gon ;
For I muſt now to *Oberon.* *Exit.*

Enter Demetrius *and* Helena *running.*

Hel. Say, tho thou kill me, ſweet *Demetrius.* Stay
De. I charge thee hence, and do not haunt me thus.
Hel. O wilt thou Darling leave me ? do not ſo.
De. Stay on thy peril, I alone will go.
Exit Demetrius.
Hel. O I am out of breath, in this fond chace,
The more my Prayer, the leſſer is my Grace.
Happy is *Hermia*, whereſore ſhe lies :
For ſhe hath bleſſed and attractive eyes.
How came her eyes ſo bright ? Not with ſalt tears.
If ſo, my eyes are oftner waſht then hers.
No, no, I am as ugly as a *Bear.*
For Beaſts that meet me, run away for fear,
Therefore no marvel, tho *Demetrius*
Do as a monſter, fly my preſence thus.
What wicked and diſſembling glaſs of mine,
Made me compare with *Hermia's* ſphery eyn ?
But who is here ? *Lyſander* on the Ground :
Dead or a ſleep ? I ſee no Blood, no Wound.
Lyſander, if you live, good Sir awake.
Lyſ. And run through fire I will for thy ſweet ſake.
Tranſparent *Helena*, nature here ſhews art,
That through thy Boſom makes me ſee thy Heart,
Where *Demetrius* ? Oh how fit a word
Is that vile name, to periſh on my Sword ?
Hel. Do not ſay ſo, *Lyſander*, ſay not ſo ;
What tho he love your *Hermia* ? Lord, what tho ?
Yet *Hermia* ſtill Loves you, then be content
Lyſ. Content with *Hermia* ? No I do repent
The tedious minutes I with her have ſpent.
Not *Hermia*, but *Helena* now I love :
Who will not change a Raven for a Dove ?
The will of man is by his reaſon ſway'd :
And reaſon ſays you are the worthier Maid.
Things growing are not ripe until their Seaſon :
So I being young, till now ripe not to Reaſon,
And touching now the point of human skill,
Reaſon becomes the Marſhal to my will,
And leads me to your eyes, where I orelook
Loves ſtories, written in Loves richeſt Book.
Hel. Wherefore was I to this keen mockery born?
When at your hands did I deſerve this ſcorn ?
Is't not enough, is't not enough, young man,
That I did never, no nor never can
Deſerve a ſweet look from *Demetrius* eye,
But you muſt flout my inſufficiency ?
Good troth you do me wrong (good ſooth you do)
In ſuch diſdainful manner, me to wooe.
But fare you well : perforce I muſt confeſs,
I thought you Lord of more true gentleneſs.
Oh, that a Lady of one man refus'd,
Should of another therefore be abus'd. *Exit*
Lyſ. She ſees not *Hermia*, ſleep thou there, Hermia
And never maiſt thou come *Lyſander* near :
For as a ſurfeit of the ſweeteſt things
The deepeſt loathing to a ſtomach brings,
Or as the hereſies that men do leave,
Are hated moſt of thoſe that did deceive :
So thou, my ſurfeit, and my hereſy,

Of all be hated: but the moſt of me,
And all my powers addreſs your love and might,
To honour *Helen*, and to be her Knight. *Exit.*

Her. Help me *Lyſander*, help me, do thy beſt.
To pluck this crawling Serpent from my breſt
Aye me, for pity, what a dream was here?
Lyſander look, how I do quake with fear,
Me-thought a Serpent eat my Heart away,
And yet ſate ſmiling at his cruel prey.
Lyſander, what remov'd? *Lyſander*, Lord,
What out of hearing, gone? No ſound, no word?
Alack where are you? ſpeak and if you hear:
Speak of all Loves; I ſwound almoſt with fear.
No, then I well perceive you are not nigh,
Either death or you I'le find immediately. *Exit.*

Actus Tertius.

Enter the Clowns.

Bot. Are we all met?

Quin. Par, pat, and here's a marvailous convenient place for our rehearſal. This green plat ſhall be our ſtage; this hauthorn brake our tyring Houſe, and we will do it in action, as we will do it before the Duke.

Bot. Peter Quince?

Peter. What ſaiſt thou bully *Bottome*?

Bot. There are things in this Comedy of *Piramus* and *Thisby*, that will never pleaſe. Firſt, *Piramus* muſt draw a Sword to kill himſelf; which the Ladies cannot abide. How anſwer you that?

Snout. Berlaken, a parlous fear.

Star. I believe we muſt leave the killing out, when all is done.

Bot. Not a whit, I have a device to make all well. Write me a Prologue, and let the Prologue ſeem to ſay, We will do no harm with our Swords, and that *Pyramus* is not kill'd indeed; and for the more better aſſurance, tell them, that I *Pyramus* am not *Pyramus*, but *Bottome* the Weaver; this will put them out of fear.

Quin. Well, we will have ſuch a Prologue, and it ſhall be written in eight and ſix.

Bot. No, make it two more, let it be written in eight and eight.

Snout. Will not the Ladies be afear'd of the Lion?

Star. I fear it, I promiſe you.

Bot. Maiſters, you ought to conſider with your ſelves, to bring in (God ſhield us) a Lion among Ladies, is a moſt dreadful thing. For there is not a more fearful wild fowl than your Lion living; and we ought to look to it.

Snout. Therefore another Prologue muſt tell he is not a Lion.

Bot. Nay, you muſt name his name, and half his face muſt be ſeen through the Lions neck, and he himſelf muſt ſpeak through, ſaying thus, or to the ſame defect; Ladies, or Fair Ladies, I would wiſh you, or I would requeſt you, or I would intreat you, not to fear, not to tremble; my Life for yours. If you think I come hither as a Lion, it were pity of my Life. No, I am no ſuch thing, I am a man as other men are; and there indeed let him name his name, and tell him plainly he is *Snug* the Joiner.

Quince. Well, it ſhall be ſo; but there is two hard things, that is, to bring the Moon-Light into a Chamber; for you know, *Pyramus* and *Thisby* meet by Moon-light.

Snug. Doth the Moonſhine that Night we play our Play?

Bot. A Calender, a Calender, look in the Almanack, find out Moon-ſhine, find out Moon-ſhine.

Enter Puck.

Quin. Yes, it doth ſhine that night.

Bot. Why then may you leave a Caſement of the great Chamber window (where we play) open, and the Moon may ſhine in at the Caſemenr.

Qu. I, or elſe one muſt come in with a buſh of thorns and a lanthorn, and ſay he comes to disfigure, or to preſent the perſon of Moon-ſhine. Then there is another thing, we muſt have a wall in the great Chamber; for *Piramus* and *Thisby* (ſays the ſtory) did talk through the chink of a wall.

Snug. You can never bring in a wall. What ſay you *Bottome?*

Bot. Some man or other muſt preſent wall, and let him have ſome Plaſter, or ſome Lome, or ſome rough-caſt about him, to ſignify wall; or let him hold his fingers thus: and through that cranny ſhall *Pyramus* and *Thisby* whiſper,

Quin. If that may be, then all is well. Come, ſit down every mothers ſon, and rehearſe your parts. *Pyramus* you begin; when you have ſpoken your ſpeech, enter into that Brake, and ſo every one according to his cue.

Enter Robin.

Rob. What hempen home-ſpuns have we ſwaggering here
So near the Cradle of the *Fairy* Queen?
What, a Play toward? I'le be an auditor;
An actor too perhaps, if I ſee cauſe.

Qu. Speak *Pyramus*: *Thisby* ſtand forth.

Pir. *Thisby*, the flowers of odious ſavours ſweet.

Quin. Odours, odours.

Pir. Odours ſavors ſweet,
So hath thy breath, my deareſt *Thisby* dear.
But hark, a voice; ſtay thou but here a while,
And by and by I will to thee appear. *Exit. Pir.*

Puck. A ſtranger *Pyramus*, then ere plaid here.

Thisb. Muſt I ſpeak now?

Pet. I marry muſt you. For you muſt underſtand he goes but to ſee a noiſe that he heard, and is to come again.

This. Moſt radiant *Pyramus*, moſt Lilly white of hue,
Of colour like the red Roſe on triumphant Bryer,
Moſt brisky Juvenal, and eke moſt lovely Jew,
As true as trueſt horſe, that yet would never tire.
Ile meet thee *Piramus*, at *Ninnies* Tomb.

Pet. *Ninus* Tomb, man: why, you muſt not ſpeak that yet; that you anſwer to *Piramus*; you ſpeak all your part at once, cues and all. *Piramus* enter, your cue is paſt: it is never tire.

Thisb. O, as true as trueſt Horſe, that yet would never tire:

Pir. If I were fair, *Thisby* I were only thine.

Pet. O monſtrous. O ſtrange. We are hanted; pray maſters, fly maſters, help.

The Clowns Exeunt.

Puck. Ile follow you, Ile lead you about a Round,
Through bog, through buſh, through brake, through bryer,
Sometimes a *Horſe* Ile be, ſometimes a *Hound*;
A *Hog*, a Headleſs *Bear*, ſometimes a fire,
And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and rore and burn,
Like *Horſe*, *Hound*, *Hog*, *Bear*, fire, at every turn. *Exit.*

Enter Piramus *with the Aſs Head.*

Bot. why do they run away? This is a knavery of them to make me afeard. *Enter* Snout.

Sn. O *Bottome*, thou art chang'd; What do I ſee on thee?

Bot. What do you ſee? You ſee an Aſs-head of your own, do you?

Enter Peter Quince.

Pet. Bleſs thee *Bottome*, bleſs thee; thou art tranſlated. *Exit.*

Bot. I ſee their knavery, this is to make an aſs of me, to fright me if they could; but I will not ſtir from this place, do what they can. I will walk up and down here, and will ſing that they ſhall hear I am not afraid.

The Wooſel cock, ſo black of hue.
With Orenge-tawny bill.
The Throſtle will his note ſo true,
The Wren and little quill.

Tita. What Angel wakes me from my flowry bed?

Bot. The Finch, the Sparrow, and the Lark,
The plainſong Cuckow gray;
Whoſe note full many a man doth mark,
And dares not anſwer, nay:
For indeed, who would ſet his wit to ſo fooliſh a bird?
Who would give a bird the lye, tho he cry Cuckow, never ſo?

Tita. I pray thee gentle mortal, ſing again,
Mine ear is much enamoured of thy note;
On the firſt view to ſay, to ſwear I love thee.
So is mine eye enthralled to thy ſhape.
And thy fair vertues force (perforce) doth move me.

Bot. Methinks maiſtreſs, you ſhould have little reaſon for that: and yet to ſay the truth, reaſon and love keep little company together, now-a-days. The more the pity, that ſome honeſt neighbours will not make them friends. Nay, I can gleek upon occaſion.

Tita. Thou art as wiſe as thou art beautiful.

Bot. Not ſo neither: but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I have enough to ſerve mine own turn.

Tita. Out of this wood, do not deſire to go,
Thou ſhalt remain here, whether thou wilt or no.
I am a ſpirit of no common rate:
The Summer ſtill doth tend upon my ſtate,
And I do love thee; therefore go with me,
I'le give thee Fairies to attend on thee;
And they ſhall fetch thee Jewels from the deep,
And ſing, while thou on preſſed flowers doth ſleep:
And I will purge thy mortal groſsneſs ſo,
That thou ſhalt like an airy ſpirit go.

Enter Peaſe-bloſſom, Cobweb, Moth, Muſtard-ſeed, and four Fairies.

Fair. Ready; and I, and I, and I, Where ſhall we go?

Tita. Be kind and courteous to this Gentleman.
Hop in his walks, and gambole in his eye,
Feed him with Apricocks and Dewberies,
With purple Grapes, green Figs, and Mulberries,
The hony-bags ſteal from the Humble Bees,
And for night-tapers crop their waxen thighs.
And light them at the fiery Glow-worms eyes,
To have my love to bed, and to ariſe:
And pluck the wings from painted Butterflies,
To fan the Moon beams from his ſleeping eyes.
Nod to him Elves, and do him courteſies.

1. *Fai.* Hail mortal, hail.

2 *Fai.* Hail.

3. *Fai.* Hail.

Bot. I cry your worſhips mercy heartily, I beſeech your worſhips name.

Cob. *Cobweb.*

Bot. I ſhall deſire you of more acquaintance, good Maſter *Cobweb*: if I cut my finger, I ſhall make bold with you.
Your name honeſt Gentleman?

Peaſ. *Peaſe-Bloſſom.*

Bot. I pray you commend me to Miſtreſs *Squaſh* your Mother, and to Maſter *Peeſcod* your Father. Good Maſter *Peaſe-bloſſom*, I ſhall deſire of you more acquaintance too. Your name I beſeech you ſir?

Muſ. *Muſtard-ſeed.*

Bot. Good Maſter *Muſtard-ſeed*; I know your patience well: that ſame cowardly gyant-like Oxe-beef hath devoured many a Gentleman of your houſe. I promiſe you, your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now. I deſire your more acquaintance, good Maſter *Muſtard-ſeed.*

Tita. Come wait upon him, lead him to my bower.
The Moon methinks, looks with a watry eye,
And when ſhe weeps, weep every little flower,
Lamenting ſome enforced chaſtity.
Tye up my Lovers tongue, bring him ſilently. *Exit.*

Enter King of Fairies, ſolus.

Ob. I wonder if *Titania* be awak't:
Then what it was that next came in her eye,
Which ſhe muſt dote on in extremity.

Enter Puck.

Here comes my meſſenger: how now mad ſpirit,
What night-rule now about this haunted Grove?

Puck. My Miſtreſs with a monſter is in love,
Near to her cloſe and conſecrated bower,
While ſhe was in her dull and ſleeping hour,
A crew of patches, rude Mechanicals,
That work for bread upon *Athenian* ſtalls,
Were met togethet to rehearſe a Play,
Intended for great *Theſeus* nuptial day.
The ſhalloweſt thick-skin of that barren ſort,
Who *Pyramus* preſented, in their ſport,
Forſook his Scene, and entred in a brake,
When I did him at this advantage take,
An Aſſes nole I fixed on his head;
Anon his *Thisbie* muſt be anſwered,
And forth my Mimick comes: when they him ſpie,
As wild-Geeſe, that the creeping Fowler eye,
Or ruſſet-pated choughs, many in ſort,
(Riſing and cawing at the Guns report)
Sever themſelves, and madly ſweep the sky:
So at his ſight, away his fellows flie,
And at our ſtamp, here o're and o're one falls:
He murder cries, and help from *Athens* calls.
Their ſenſe thus weak, loſt with their fears thus ſtrong,
Made ſenſeleſs things begin to do them wrong.
For briars and thorns at their apparel ſnatch,
Some ſleeves, ſome hats, from yielders all things catch,
I led them on in this diſtracted fear,
And left ſweet *Pyramus* tranſlated there:
When in that moment (ſo it came to paſs)
Titania wak't, and ſtraightway lov'd an Aſs.

Ob. This falls out better than I could deviſe:
But haſt thou yet latch't the *Athenian* eyes,
With the love juice as I did bid thee do?

Rob. I took him ſleeping (that is finiſht too)
And the *Athenian* Woman by his ſide,
That when he wak't, of force ſhe muſt be ey'd.

Enter Demetrius and Hermia.

Ob. Stand cloſe, this is the ſame *Athenian.*

Rob. This is the woman, but not this the man.

Dem. O why rebuke you him that loves you ſo?
Lay breath ſo bitter on your bitter fo.

Her. Now I but chide, but I ſhould uſe thee worſe.
For thou I fear haſt given me cauſe to curſe,
If thou haſt ſlain *Lyſander* in his ſleep.
Being ore ſhooes in blood, plunge in the deep, and kill me too:
The Sun was not ſo true unto the day,
As he to me. Would he have ſtollen away,
From ſleeping *Hermia*? I'le believe as ſoon
This whole earth may be bord, and that the Moon
May through the Center creep, and ſo diſpleaſe
Her brothers noon-tide, with th' *Antipodes*,
It cannot be but thou haſt murdred him,

So ſhould a murtherer look, ſo dead, ſo grim.
Dem. So ſhould the murtherer look, and ſo ſhould I,
Pierc't through the heart with your ſtern cruelty:
Yet you the murderer looks as bright as clear,
As yonder *Venus* in her glimmering ſphear.
Her. What's this to my *Lyſander*? Where is he?
Ah good *Demetrius*, wilt thou give him me?
Dem. I'de rather give his carkaſs to my hounds.
Her. Out dog, out cur, thou driv'ſt me paſt the bounds
Of Maidens patience. Haſt thou ſlain him then?
Henceforth be never numbred among men.
Oh, once tell true, and even for my ſake,
Durſt thou a lookt upon him, being awake?
And haſt thou kill'd him ſleeping? O brave tutch:
Could not a worm, an Adder do ſo much?
An adder did it, for with doubler tongue
Than thine, (thou ſerpent) never adder ſtung.
Dem. You ſpend your paſſion on a miſpriz'd mood,
I am not guilty of *Lyſander's* blood:
Nor is he dead for ought that I can tell.
Her. I pray thee tell me then that he is well.
Dem. And if I could, what ſhould I get therefore?
Her. A priviledg never to ſee me more;
And from thy hated preſence part I: ſee me no more
Whether he be dead or no. *Exit.*
Dem. There is no following her in this fierce vein,
Here therefore for a while I will remain.
So ſorrows heavineſs doth heavier grow:
For debt that bankrout ſlip doth ſorrow owe,
Which now in ſome ſlight meaſure it will pay,
If for his tender here I make ſome ſtay. *Lie down.*
Ob. What haſt thou done? Thou haſt miſtaken quite,
And laid thy love juice on ſome true-loves ſight:
Of thy miſpriſion muſt perforce enſue
Some true love turn'd, and not a falſe turn'd true.
Rob. Then fate o're rules, that one man holding troth,
A million fail, confounding oath on oath.
Ob. About the wood, go ſwifter than the wind,
And *Helena* of *Athens* look thou find.
All fancy-ſick ſhe is, and pale of cheer,
With ſighs of love, that coſts the freſh blood dear.
By ſome illuſion ſee thou bring her here.
I'le charm his eyes againſt ſhe doth appear,
Rob. I go, I go, look how I go,
Swifter than arrow from the *Tartars* bow. *Exit.*
Ob. Flower of this purple die,
Hit with *Cupids* archery,
Sink in apple of his eye,
When his love he doth eſpy,
Let her ſhine as glorioufly
As the *Venus* of the sky.
When thou wak'ſt if ſhe be by
Beg of her for remedy.

Enter Puck.

Puck. Captain of our Fairy band,
Helena is here at hand,
And the youth miſtook by me,
Pleading for a lovers fee.
Shall we their fond Pageant ſee?
Lord, what fools theſe mortals be!
Ob. Stand aſide: the noiſe they make,
Will cauſe *Demetrius* to awake.
Puck. Then will two at once wooe one,
That muſt needs be ſport alone:
And thoſe things do beſt pleaſe me,
That befal prepoſterouſly.

Enter Lyſander and Helena.

Lyſ. Why ſhould you think that I ſhould wooe in ſcorn?
Scorn and deriſion never comes in tears.
Look when I vow, I weep, and vows ſo born,
In their nativity all truth appears.
How can theſe things in me ſeem ſcorn to you?
Bearing the badg of faith to prove them true.
Hel. You do advance your cunning more and more,
When truth kills truth, O deviliſh holy fray!
Theſe vows are *Hermia's*. Will you give her o're?
Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh.
Your vows to her and me, (put in two ſcales)
Will even weigh, and both as light as tales.
Lyſ. I had no judgment when to her I ſwore.
Hel. Nor none in my mind, now you give her ore.
Lyſ. *Demetrius* loves her, and he loves not you. *Awa.*
Dem. O *Helen*, goddeſs, nymph, perfect, divine,
To what? my love, ſhall I compare thine eyne,
Chryſtal is muddy, O how ripe in ſhow,
Thy lips, thoſe kiſſing cherries, tempting grow!
That pure congealed white, high *Taurus* ſnow,
Fann'd with the Eaſtern wind, turns to a Crow,
When thou hold'ſt up thy hand. O let me kiſs
This Princeſs of pure white, this ſeal of bliſs.
Hel. O ſpight, O hell, I ſee you are all bent
To ſet againſt me, for your merriment:
If you were civil, and knew courteſie,
You would not do me thus much injury.
Can you not hate me as I know you do,
But you muſt join in ſouls to mock me too?
If you are men, as men you are in ſhow,
You would not uſe a gentle Lady ſo?
To vow, and ſwear, and ſuperpraiſe my parts,
When I am ſure you hate me with your hearts.
You both are Rivals, and love *Hermia*,
And now both Rivals to mock *Helena*.
A trim exploit, a manly enterprize,
To conjure tears up in a poor maids eyes,
With your deriſion; none of noble ſort,
Would ſo offend a Virgin, and extort
A poor ſouls patience, all to make you ſport.
Lyſ. You are unkind *Demetrius*; be not ſo,
For you love *Hermia*; this you know I know;
And here with all good will, with all my heart,
In *Hermia's* love I yield you up my part;
And yours of *Helena*, to me bequeath,
Whom I do love, and will do to my death.
Hel. Never did mockers waſte more idle breath.
Dem. *Lyſander*, keep thy *Hermia*, I will none:
If e're I lov'd her, all that love is gone.
My heart to her, but as gueſt-wiſe ſojourn'd,
And now to *Helen* it is home return'd,
There to remain.
Lyſ. It is not ſo.
Dem. Diſparage not the faith thou doſt not know,
Leſt to thy peril thou abide it dear.
Look where thy Love comes, yonder is thy dear.

Enter Hermia.

Her. Dark night, that from the eye his function takes
The ear more quick of apprehenſion makes.
Wherein it doth impair the ſeeing ſenſe,
It pays the hearing double recompence.
Thou art not by mine eye, *Lyſander* found,
Mine ear, (I thank it) brought me to that ſound.
But why unkindly didſt thou leave me ſo?
Lyſand. Why ſhould he ſtay whom love doth preſs (to go?
Her. What love could preſs *Lyſander* from my ſide?
Lyſ. *Lyſanders* love, (that would not let him bide)
Fair *Helena*, who more engilds the night,
Than all yon fiery o's and eyes of light.
Why ſeek'ſt thou me? Could not this make thee know,
The hate I bear thee, made me leave thee ſo?
Her. You ſpeak not as you think: it cannot be.
Hel. Lo, ſhe is one of this confederacy,
Now I perceive they have conjoin'd all three,
To faſhion this falſe ſport in ſpight of me.
Injurious *Hermia*, moſt ungrateful maid,
Have you conſpired, have you with theſe contriv'd

To bait me, with this foul deriſion ?
Is all the Counſel that we two have ſhar'd,
The Siſters vows, the hours that we have ſpent,
When we have chid the haſty footed time,
For parting us ; O, and is all forgot ?
All School-days friendſhip, child-hoods Innocence ?
We, *Hermia*, like two Artificial gods,
Have with our Needles, Created both one flower,
Both on one Sampler, ſitting on one Cuſhion ;
Both warbling of one Song, both in one Key ;
As if our hands, our ſides, voices, and minds
Had been incorporate. So we grew together ,
Like to a double cherry, ſeeming parted,
But an Union in partition,
Two lovely Berries molded on one Stem,
So with two ſeeming bodies, but one heart,
Two of the firſt life, coats in Heraldry,
Due but to one, and crowned with one Creſt.
And will you rent our ancient love aſunder,
To join with men in ſcorning your poor Friend ?
It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly.
Our ſex as well as I may chide you for it,
Though I alone do feel the Injury.
Her. I am amazed at your paſſionate words,
I ſcorn you not ; it ſeems that you ſcorn me.
Hel. Have you not ſet *Lyſander*, as in ſcorn
To follow me, and praiſe my Eyes and face ?
And made your other love, *Demetrius*
(Who even but now did ſpurn me with his foot)
To call me Goddeſs, Nymph, Divine, and rare,
Precious , Celeſtial ? Wherefore ſpeaks he this
To her he hates ? And wherefore doth *Lyſander*
Deny your love (ſo rich within his Soul)
And tender me (forſooth) affection,
But by your ſetting on, by your conſent ?
What though I be not ſo in grace as you,
So hung upon with Love, ſo fortunate ?
(But miſerable moſt, to love unlov'd)
This you ſhould pity rather than deſpiſe.
Her. I underſtand not what you mean by this.
Hel. I do, perſever, counterfeit ſad looks.
Make mouths upon me when I turn my back,
Wink each at other, hold the ſweet jeſt up :
This ſport well carried, ſhall be Chronicled.
If you have any pity, grace, or manners,
You would not make me ſuch an Argument :
But fare ye well, 'tis partly mine own fault,
Which death or abſence ſoon ſhall remedy.
Lyſ. Stay gentle *Helena*, hear my excuſe.
My Love, my Soul, fair *Helena*.
Hel. O excellent !
Her. Sweet, do not ſcorn her ſo.
Dem. If ſhe cannot entreat, I can compel.
Lyſ. Thou canſt compel no more than ſhe entreat.
Thy threats have no more ſtrength than her weak praiſe.
Helen. I love thee, by my Life I do ;
I ſwear by that which I will loſe for thee,
To prove him falſe that ſays I love thee not.
Dem. I ſay, I love thee more than he can do.
Lyſ. If thou ſay ſo, withdraw and prove it too:
Dem: Quick, come.
Her. *Lyſander*, whereto tends all this ?
Lyſ. Away you *Ethiope.*
Dem. No, no, Sir, ſeem to break looſe ;
Take on as you would follow,
But yet come not ; you are a tame man, go.
Lyſ. Hang off thou Cat, thou but ; vile thing let looſe,
Or I will ſhake thee from me like a Serpent.
Her. Why are you grown ſo rude ?
What change is this, ſweet Love ?
Lyſ. Thy love ? out tawny *Tartar*, out ;
Out loathed Medicine ; O hated poyſon hence.
Her. Do you not jeſt ?
Hel. Yes ſooth, and ſo do you.
Lyſ. *Demetrius*, I will keep my word with thee.
Dem. I would I had your bond : for I perceive
A weak bond holds you ; I'le not truſt your word.
Lyſ. What, ſhould I hurt her, ſtrike her, kill her dead ?
Although I hate her, I'l not harm her ſo.
Her. What, can you do me greater harm than harm ?
Hate me. wherefore ? O me, what news my Love ?
Am not I *Hermia* ? are not you *Lyſander* ?
I am as fair now, as I was ere while.
Since Night you lov'd me ; yet ſince night you left me:
Why then you left me (O the Gods forbid)
In earneſt, ſhall I ſay ?
Lyſ. I, by my Life ?
And never did deſire to ſee thee more.
Therefore be out of hope, of queſtion, of doubt,
Be certain, nothing truer : 'tis no jeſt,
That I do hate thee, and love *Helena.*
Her. O me, you jugler, you canker-bloſſom,
You thief of Love ; what have you come by night,
And ſtoln my Loves heart from him ?
Hel. Fine ifaith :
Have you no modeſty, no maiden ſhame,
No touch of baſhfulneſs ? what will you tear
(Impatient anſwers from my gentle tongue)
Fie, fie, you counterfeit, you puppet, you.
Her. Puppet ? why ſo ? I, that way goes the game.
Now I perceive that ſhe hath made compare
Between our ſtatures ; ſhe hath urg'd her height,
And with her perſonage, her tall perſonage,
Her height (forſooth) ſhe hath prevail'd with him.
And are you grown ſo high in his eſteem,
Becauſe I am ſo dwarfiſh , and ſo low ?
How low am I, thou painted Maypole ? Speak,
How low am I ? I am not yet ſo low ,
But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.
Hel. I pray you though you mock me, Gentlemen,
Let her not hurt me, I was never curſt :
I have no gift at all in ſhrewiſhneſs ;
I am a right Maid for my Cowardize ;
Let her not ſtrike me : you perhaps may think,
Becauſe ſhe's ſomething lower than my ſelf,
That I can match her.
Her. Lower ? hark again.
Hel. Good *Hermia*, do not be ſo bitter with me,
I evermore did love you *Hermia* ,
Did ever keep your Counſels, never wronged you,
Save that in Love unto *Demetrius*,
I told him of your ſtealth into this Wood.
He followed you, for love I followed him,
But he hath chid me hence, and threatned me
To ſtrike me, ſpurn me, nay to kill me too ;
And now, ſo you will let me quiet go,
To *Athens* will I bear my folly back,
And follow you no further. Let me go.
You ſee how ſimple, and how fond I am.
Her. Why get you gone ; who is't that hinders you ?
Hel. A fooliſh heart, that I leave here behind.
Her. What with *Lyſander* ?
Hel. With *Demetrius.*
Lyſ. Be not afraid, ſhe will not harm thee *Helena*.
Dem. No ſir, ſhe ſhall not, though you take her part.
Hel. O, when ſhe's angry, ſhe is keen and ſhrewd,
She was a vixen when ſhe went to School ;
And though ſhe be but little ſhe is fierce.
Her. Little again ? nothing but low and little ?
Why will you ſuffer her to flout me thus ?
Let me come to her.
Lyſ. Get you gone you Dwarf,
You *Minimus*, of hindring knot-Graſs made,
You Bead, you Acorn.
Dem. You are too officious,
In her behalf that ſcorns your ſervices.
Let her alone, ſpeak not of *Helena*,
Take not her part. For if thou doſt intend

Never ſo little ſhew of Love to her,
Thou ſhalt abide it.
Lyſ. Now ſhe holds me not,
Now follow if thou dar'ſt, to try whoſe right,
Of thine or mine is moſt in *Helena.*
Dem. Follow? Nay, I'le go with thee Cheek by Jowl.
Exit Lyſander *and* Demetrius.

Her. You Miſtreſs, all this coyl is long of you,
Nay, go not back.
Hel. I will not truſt you I,
Nor longer ſtay in your curſt Company.
Your hands than mine are quicker for a fray,
My Legs are longer though to run away. *Exeunt.*

Enter Oberon *and* Puck.

Ob. This is thy negligence, ſtill thou miſtak'ſt,
Or elſe committ'ſt thy knaveries willingly.
Puck. Believe me, King of ſhadows, I miſtook,
Did not you tell me, I ſhould know the Man,
By the *Athenian* Garments he hath on?
And ſo far blameleſs proves my enterpriſe,
That I have nointed an *Athenian*'s Eyes,
And ſo far am I glad, it ſo did ſort,
As this their jangling I eſteem a ſport.
Ob. Thou ſeeſt theſe Lovers ſeek a place to fight,
Hie therefore *Robin*, overcaſt the Night,
The ſtarry Welkin cover thou anon,
With drooping Fogg as black as *Acheron*,
And lead theſe teſty Rivals ſo aſtray,
As one come not within anothers way.
Like to *Lyſander*, ſometime frame thy Tongue,
Then ſtir *Demetrius* up with bitter wrong;
And ſometime rail thou like *Demetrius*;
And from each other look thou lead them thus,
Till o're their brows, death-counterſeiting ſleep
With leaden Legs, and Battie-wings doth creep;
Then cruſh this Herb into *Lyſanders* eye,
Whoſe Liquor hath this virtuous property,
To take from thence all errour, with his might,
And make his Eye-balls rowl with wonted ſight.
When they next wake, all this deriſion
Shall ſeem a Dream, and fruitleſs viſion,
And back to *Athens* ſhall the Lovers wend
With League, whoſe date till death ſhall never end.
Whiles I in this affair do thee imploy,
I'le to my Queen, and beg her *Indian* Boy;
And then I will her charmed Eye releaſe
From Monſters view, and all things ſhall be Peace.
Puck. My Fairy Lord, this muſt be done with haſte,
For Nights-ſwift Dragons cut the Clouds full faſt,
And yonder ſhines *Aurora's* harbinger;
At whoſe approach Ghoſts wandring here and there,
Troop home to Church-yards; damned Spirits all,
That in croſs-ways and floods have burial,
Already to their Wormy beds are gone,
For fear leſt day ſhould look their ſhames upon,
They wilfully exile themſelves from light,
And muſt for aye conſort with black-brow'd Night.
Ob. But we are ſpirits of another ſort:
I with the morning Love have oft made ſport,
And like a Forreſter, the groves may tread,
Even till the Eaſtern Gate all fiery red,
Opening on *Neptune*, with fair bleſſed beams,
Turns into yellow Gold, his ſalt green ſtreams.
But notwithſtanding haſte, make no delay:
We may effect this buſineſs yet ere day.
Puck. Up and down, up and down, I will lead them up and down: I am fear'd in Field and Town, *Goblin*, lead them up and down: here comes one.

Enter Lyſander.

Lyſ. Where art thou, proud *Demtrius*?
Speak thou now.
Rob. Here villain, drawn and ready. Where art thou?
Lyſ. I will be with thee ſtraight.
Rob. Follow me then to plainer Ground.
Enter Demetrius.
Dem. Lyſander, ſpeak again;
Thou runaway, thou Coward, art thou fled?
Speak in ſome buſh: Where doſt thou hide thy Head?
Rob. Thou Coward art thou begging to the Stars,
Telling the Buſhes that thou look'ſt for Wars,
And wilt not come? come Recreant, come thou Child,
I'le whip thee with a Rod, he is defil'd
That draws a Sword on thee.
Dem. Yea, art thou there?
Ro. Follow my voice, wee'l try no man-hood here. *Exit.*
Lyſ. He goes before me, and ſtill dares me on,
When I come where he calls me, then he's gone.
The Villain is much lighter heel'd than I:
I followed faſt, but faſter he did flye; *ſhifting places.*
That faln am I in dark uneven way,
And here will reſt me. Come thou gentle day: *lye down.*
For if but once thou ſhew me thy gray light,
I'le find *Demetrius*, and revenge this ſpight.
Enter Robin *and* Demetrius.
Rob. Ho, ho, ho, coward why com'ſt thou not?
Dem. Abide me, if thou dar'ſt. For well I wot,
Thou runn'ſt before me, ſhifting every place,
And dar'ſt not ſtand, nor look me in the face.
Where art thou?
Rob. Come hither, I am here.
Dem. Nay then thou mock'ſt me; thou ſhalt buy this dear,
If ever I thy face by day-light ſee.
Now go thy way: faintneſs conſtraineth me,
To meaſure out my length on this cold bed,
By days approach look to be viſited.

Enter Helena.

Hel. O weary night, O long and tedious night,
Abate thy hours, ſhine comforts from the *Eaſt*,
That I may back to *Athens* by day-light,
From theſe that my poor company deteſt,
And ſleep that ſometimes ſhuts up ſorrows eye,
Steal me a while from mine own company. *Sleep.*
Rob. Yet but three? come one more,
Two of both kinds makes up four.
Here ſhe comes, curſt and ſad,
Cupid is a knaviſh Lad,
Thus to make poor Females mad.
Enter Hermia.
Her. Never ſo weary, never ſo in woe;
Bedabbled with the dew, and torn with briars,
I can no further crawl, no further go;
My Legs can keep no pace with my deſires.
Here will I reſt me till the break of day,
Heavens ſhield *Lyſander*, if they mean a fray.
Rob. On the ground ſleep ſound,
I'le apply your eye, gentle lover, Remedy.
When thou wak'ſt, thou tak'ſt
True delight in the ſight of thy former Ladies eye,
And the Country Proverb known,
That every man ſhould take his own,
In your waking ſhall be ſhown.
Jack ſhall have *Jill*, naught ſhall go ill,
The man ſhall have his Mare again, and all ſhall be well.

They ſleep all the Act.

Actus Quartus.

Enter Queen of Fairies, *and Clown, and* Fairies, *and the King behind them.*

Tita. Come, ſit thee down upon this flowry bed,
While I thy amiable cheeks do coy, cloy

And ſtick muſk roſes in thy ſleck ſmooth head,
And kiſs thy ſair large ears my gentle joy.
Clo. Where's *Peaſe Bloſſome* !
Peaſe. Ready.
Clo. Scratch my head, *Peaſe-Bloſſome.* Where's Mounſieur *Cobweb* ?
Cob. Ready.
Clo. Mounſieur *Cobweb*, good Mounſieur get your weapons in your hand, and kill me a red hipt humble-Bee on the top of a thiſtle ; and good Mounſieur bring me the hony bag. Do not fret your ſelf too much in the action, Mounſieur ; and good Mounſieur have a care the honey bag break not. I would be loth to have you overflown with a honey-bag ſignior. Where's Mounſieur *Muſtardſeed* ?
Mnſ. Ready.
Clo. Give me your news, Mounſieur *Muſtard*,
Pray you leave your curteſie good Mounſieur.
Muſ. What's your will ?
Clo. Nothing good Mounſieur, but to help *Cavalero Cobweb* to ſcratch. I muſt to the Barbers, Mounſieur, for methinks I am marvellous hairy about the face. And I am ſuch a tender aſs, if my hair do but tickle me, I muſt ſcratch.
Tita. What, wilt thou hear ſome muſick, my ſweet love ?
Clo. I have a reaſonable good ear in muſick. Let us have the tongs and the bones.

Muſick Tongs, Rural Muſick.

Tita. Or ſay ſweet Love, what thou deſireſt to eat.
Clo. Truly a peck of Provender ; I would munch your good dry Oats. Methinks I have a great deſire to a bottle of hay : good hay, ſweet hay hath no fellow.
Tſta. I have a venturous Fairy,
That ſhall ſeek the Squirrels hoard,
And fetch thee new nuts.
Clo. I had rather have a handful or two of dried peaſe. But I pray you let none of your people ſtir me, I have an expoſition of ſleep come upon me.
Tita. Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms,
Fairies be gone, and be always away.
So doth the woodbine, the ſweet Honiſuckle,
Gently entwiſt ; the female Ivy ſo
Enrings the barky fingers of the Elm,
O how I love thee ! how I dote on thee ?

Enter Robin Goodfellow, and Oberon.

Ob. Welcome good *Robin* :
Seeſt thon this ſweet ſight ?
Her dotage now I do begin to pity.
For meeting her of late behind the wood,
Seeking ſweet favors for this hateful fool,
I did upbraid her, and fall out with her.
For ſhe his hairy temples then had rounded ,
With coronet of freſh and fragrant flowers
And that ſame dew which ſometime on the buds,
Was wont to ſwell like round and orient pearls ;
Stood now within the pretty flouriets eyes,
Like tears that did their own diſgrace bewail.
When I had at my pleaſure taunted her,
And ſhe in mild terms begg'd my patience,
I then did ask of her, her changeling child,
Which ſtraight ſhe gave me, and her Fairy ſent
To bear him to my Bower in Fairy Land.
And now I have the Boy, I will undo
This hateful imperfection of her eyes,
And gentle *Puck*, take this transformed ſcalp
From off the head of this *Athenian ſwain* :
That he awaking when the other do,
May all to *Athens* back again repair,
And think no more of this nights accidents,
But as the fierce vexation of a dream.
But firſt I will relaſe the Fairy Queen.

*

Be thou as thou waſt wont to be ;
See as thou waſt wont to ſee.
Dians bud, or Cupids flower,
Hath ſuch force and bleſſed power.

Now my *Titania* wake you my ſweet Queen.
Tita. My *Oberon*, what viſions have I ſeen !
Methought I was enamoured of an aſs.
Ob. There lies your love.
Tita. How came theſe things to paſs ?
Oh how mine eyes do loath this viſage now !
Ob. Silence a while. *Robin* take off his head.
Titania, muſick call, and ſtrike more dead
Than common ſleep : of all theſe find the ſenſe.
Tita. Muſick, ho muſick, ſuch as charmeth ſleep.
Muſick ſtill.
Rob. When thou awak'ſt, with thine own fools eyes peep. (me,
Ob. Sound muſick ; come my Queen, take hand with
And rock the ground whereon theſe ſleepers be.
Now thou and I are new in amity,
And will to morrow midnight ſolemnly
Dance in Duke *Theſeus* houſe triumphantly,
And bleſs it to all fair poſterity.
There ſhall theſe pairs of faithful Lovers be
Wedded with *Theſeus* all in jollity.
Rob. Fair King attend, and mark,
I do hear the morning Lark.
Ob. Then my Queen in ſilence ſad,
Trip we after the nights ſhade ;
We the Globe can compaſs ſoon,
Swifter than the wandring Moon.
Tita. Come my Lord, and in our flight,
Tell me how it came this night,
That I ſleeping here was found,
Sleepers lie ſtill.
With theſe mortals on the ground. *Exeunt.*
Wind Horns.
Enter Theſeus, Egæus, Hippolita and all his train.
Theſ. Go one of you, find out the Forreſter,
For now our obſervation is performed .
And ſince we have the vaward of the day,
My Love ſhall hear the muſick of my hounds.
Uncouple in the Weſtern valley, let them go ;
Diſpatch I ſay, and find the Forreſter.
VVe will fair Queen, up to the Mountains top,
And mark the muſical confuſion
Of hounds, and eccho in conjunction.
Hip. I was with *Hercules* and *Cadmus* once,
VVhen in a wood of *Creet* they bayed the Bear
VVith hounds of *Sparta*, never did I hear
Such gallant chiding. For beſides the groves,
The Skies, the Fountains, every Region near,
Seem'd all one mutual cry. I never heard
So muſical a diſcord, ſuch ſweet thunder.
Theſ. My hounds are bred out of the *Spartan* kind,
So flew'd, ſo ſanded, and their heads are hung
VVith ears that ſweep away the morning dew,
Crook-kneed, and dew-lapt, like *Theſſalonian* Bulls,
Slow in purſuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,
Each under each. A cry more tuneable
VVas never hallowed to, nor cheer'd with horn,
In *Creet*, in *Sparta*, nor in *Theſſaly* :
Judge when you hear. But ſoft, what nymphs are theſe ?
Eg. My Lord, this is my daughter here aſleep,
And this *Lyſander*, this *Demetrius* is,
This *Helena*, old *Nedars Helena*,
I wonder of this being here together.
Theſ. No doubt they roſe up early, to obſerve Rite
The right of *May* , and hearing our intent,
Came here in grace of our ſolemnity.
But ſpeak *Egæus*, is not this the day
That *Hermia* ſhould give anſwer of her choice ?

Egæ. It is my Lord.
Theſ. Go bid the Huntſmen wake them with their Horns.

Horns, and they wake.
Shout within, they all ſtart up.

Theſ. Good morrow friends: Saint *Valentine* is paſt.
Begin theſe wood-birds but to couple now?
Lyſ. Pardon my Lord.
Theſ. I pray you all ſtand up.
I know you two are Rival enemies:
How comes thus gentle concord in the world,
That hatred is ſo far from jealouſie,
To ſleep by hate, and fear no enmity?
Lyſ. My Lord, I ſhall reply amazedly,
Half ſleep, half waking. But as yet I ſwear,
I cannot truly ſay how I came here.
But as I think (for truly would I ſpeak),
And now I do bethink me, ſo it is;
I came with *Hermia* hither: Our intent
Was to be gone from *Athens*, where we might be
Without the peril of the *Athenian* Law.
Egæ. Enough, enough, my Lord; you have enough:
I beg the Law, the Law, upon his head;
They would have ſtol'n away, they would *Demetrius*,
Thereby to have defeated you and me:
You of your wife, and me of my conſent:
Of my conſent, that ſhe ſhould be your wife.
Dem. My Lord, fair *Helen* told me of their ſtealth,
Of this their purpoſe hither, to this wood,
And I in fury hither followed them:
Fair *Helena*, in fancy followed me.
But my good Lord, I wot not by what power
(But by ſome power it is) my love
To *Hermia* (melted as the ſnow)
Seems to me now as the remembrance of an idle gaude,
Which in my childhood I did doat upon:
And all the faith, the vertue of my heart,
The object and the pleaſure of mine eye,
Is only *Helena.* To her, my Lord,
Was I betroth'd ere I ſee *Hermia*;
But like a ſickneſs did I loath this food:
But as in health, come to my natural taſte,
Now do I wiſh it, love it, long for it,
And will for evermore be true to it.
Theſ. Fair Lovers, you are fortunately met;
Of this diſcourſe we ſhall hear more anon.
Egæus, I will over-bear your will;
For in the Temple, by and by with us,
Theſe couples ſhall eternally be knit.
And for the morning now is ſomething worn,
Our purpos'd hunting ſhall be ſet aſide.
Away, with us to *Athens*; three and three,
We'l hold a Feaſt in great ſolemnity.
Come *Hippolita.* *Exit Duke and Lords.*
Dem. Theſe things ſeem ſmall and undiſtinguiſhable,
Like far-off mountains turned into clouds.
Her. Methinks I ſee theſe things with parted eye,
When every thing ſeems double.
Hel. So methinks:
And I have found *Demetrius*, like a Jewel,
Mine own, and not mine own.
Dem. It ſeems to me,
That we ſleep, we dream. Do not you think
The Duke was here, and bid us follow him?
Her. Yea, and my Father.
Hel. And *Hippolita.*
Lyſ. And he bid us follow to the Temple.
Dem. Why then we are awake; let's follow him, and by the way let us recount our dreams.
Bottome *wakes.* *Exit Lovers.*

Clo. When my Cue comes, call me, and I will anſwer. My next is, moſt fair *Piramus*, Hey ho, *Peter Quince*? *Flute* the Bellows-mencer? *Snout* the Tinker? *Starvling*? God's my Life! Stol'n hence, and left me aſleep. I have had a moſt rare Viſion. I had a dream paſt the wit of man to ſay what dream it was. Man is but an Aſs, if he go about to expound this dream. Methought I was, there is no man can tell what. Methought I was, and methought I had. But man is but a patch'd fool, if he will offer to ſay what methought I had. The eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not ſeen; man's hand is not able to taſte, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report what my dream was. I will get *Peter Quince* to write a Ballad of this dream; it ſhall be called *Bottome*'s *Dream*, becauſe it hath no bottom; and I will ſing it in the latter end of a play, before the Duke. Peradventure, to make it the more gracious, I ſhall ſing it at her death. *Exit.*

Enter Quince, Flute, Thisby, Snout, *and* Starvling.

Qui. Have you ſent to *Bottome*'s houſe? Is he come home yet?

Star. He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt he is tranſported.

Thiſ. If he come not, then the play is marr'd. It goes forward, doth it?

Qui. It is not poſſible: you have not a man in all *Athens* able to diſcharge *Piramus* but he.

Thi. No, he hath ſimply the beſt wit of any handycraſt man in *Athens.*

Qui. Yea, and the beſt perſon too; and he is a very Paramour for a ſweet voice.

Thi. You muſt ſay, Paragon, A Paramour is (God bleſs us) a thing of naught.

Enter Snug *the Joiner.*

Snug. Maſters, the Duke is coming from the Temple, and there is two or thtee Lords and Ladies more married. If our ſport had gone forward, we had all been made men.

Thiſ. O ſweet Bully *Bottome*: thus hath he loſt ſix pence a day, during his life; he could not have ſcaped ſix pence a day. And the Duke had not given him ſix pence a day for playing *Piramus*, I'le be hang'd. He would have deſerved it. Six pence a day in *Piramus*, or nothing.

Enter Bottome.

Bot. Where are theſe lads? Where are theſe hearts?

Qui. *Bottome*, O moſt couragious day! O moſt happy hour!

Bot. Maſters, I am to diſcourſe wonders; but ask me not what; for if I tell you, I am no true *Athenian.* I will tell you every thing as it fell out.

Qui. Let us hear, ſweet *Bottome.*

Bot. Not a word of me: All that I will tell you, is that the Duke hath dined. Get your Apparel together, good Strings to your Beards, new Ribbands to your Pumps, meet preſently at the Palace, every man look o're his Part: for the ſhort and the long is, our Play is preferred: In any caſe let *Thisby* have clean linnen: and let not him that plays the Lion, pare his Nails; for they ſhall hang out for the Lion's Claws. And moſt dear Actors, eat no Onions, nor Garlick; for we are to utter ſweet breath; and I do not doubt to hear them ſay, it is a ſweet Comedy. No more words: away, go away. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus.

Enter Theſeus, Hippolita, Egæus *and his Lords.*

Hip. 'Tis ſtrange, my *Theſeus*, that theſe Lovers ſpeak of.
Theſ. More ſtrange than true. I never may believe
Theſe antick fables, nor theſe Fairy toys,
Lovers and mad men have ſuch ſeething brains,
Such ſhaping phantaſies, that apprehend more
Than cool reaſon ever comprehends.
The Lunatick, the Lover, and the Poet,
Are of imagination all compact.
One ſees more devils than vaſt hell can hold;
That is the mad man. The Lover, all as frantick,
Sees *Helen*'s beauty in a brow of *Egypt.*
The Poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven.
And as imagination bodies forth the forms of things
Unknown; the Poet's pen turns them to ſhapes,
And gives to air nothing, a local habitation,
And a name. Such tricks hath ſtrong imagination,
That if it would but apprehend ſome joy,
It comprehends ſome bringer of that joy,
Or in the night, imagining ſome fear,
How eaſie is a buſh ſuppos'd a Bear?
Hip. But all the ſtory of the night told over,
And all their minds transfigur'd ſo together,
More witneſſeth than fancies images,
And grows to ſomething of great conſtancy;
But howſoever, ſtrange, and admirable.

Enter Lovers; Lyſander, Demetrius, Hermia, *and* Helena.

Theſ. Here come the Lovers, full of joy and mirth.
Joy, gentle friends, joy, and freſh days of Love
Accompany your hearts.
Lyſ. More than to us,
Wait in your royal walks, your board, your bed.
Theſ. Come now, what masks, what dances ſhall we have,
To wear away this long age of three hours,
Between our after-ſupper, and bed-time?
Where is our uſual manager of mirth?
What Revels are in hand? Is there no play,
To eaſe the anguiſh of a torturing hour?
Call *Egæus.*
Egæus. Here, mighty *Theſeus.*
Theſ. Say, what abridgement have you for this evening?
What mask? What muſick? How ſhall we beguile
The lazy time, if not with ſome delight?
Eg. There is a brief how many ſports are rife:
Make choice of which your Highneſs will ſee firſt.
Lyſ. The battel with the Centaur to be ſung
By an *Athenian* Eunuch, to the Harp.
Theſ. We'l none of that. That have I told my love
In glory of my kinſman *Hercules.*
Lyſ. The riot of the tipſie *Bachinals*,
Tearing the *Thraſian* ſinger in their rage.
Theſ. That is an old device, and it was plaid
When I from *Thebes* came laſt a Conqueror.
Lyſ. The thrice three Muſes, mourning for the death of Learning, late deceaſt in beggary.
Theſ. That is ſome Satyr keen and critical,
Not ſorting with a nuptial ceremony.
Lyſ. A tedious brief Scene of young *Piramus*,
And his love *Thisby*; very tragical mirth.

Theſ. Merry and tragical? Tedious and brief? That is, hot ice, and wondrous ſtrange ſnow. How ſhall we find the concord of this diſcord?

Eg. A Play there is, my Lord, ſome ten words long,
Which is as brief as I have known a Play;
But by ten words, my Lord, it is too long,
Which makes it tedious: for in all the Play
There is not one word apt, one Player fitted.
And tragical, my noble Lord, it is:
For *Piramus* therein doth kill himſelf.
Which when I ſaw rehearſt, I muſt confeſs,
Made mine eyes water: but more merry tears
The paſſion of loud laughter never ſhed.
Theſ. What are they that do play it?
Eg. Hard handed men, that work in *Athens* here,
Which never labour'd in their minds till now;
And now have toiled their unbreathed memories
With this ſame Play, againſt your Nuptials.
Theſ. And we will hear it.
Phil. No, my noble Lord, it is not for you. I have heard
It over, and it is nothing, nothing in the world,
Unleſs you can find ſport in their intents,
Extreamly ſtretcht, and cond with cruel pain,
To do you ſervice.
Theſ. I will hear that Play: For never any thing
Can be amiſs, when ſimpleneſs and duty tender it.
Go bring them in, and take your places, Ladies.
Hip, I love not to ſee wretchedneſs o're charged,
And duty in his ſervice periſhing.
Theſ. Why gentle ſweet, you ſhall ſee no ſuch thing.
Hip. He ſays they can do nothing in this kind.
Theſ. The kinder we, to give them thanks for nothing.
Our ſport ſhall be, to take what they miſtake;
And what poor duty cannot do, noble reſpect
Takes it in might, not merit.
Where I have come, great Clerks have purpoſed
To greet me with premeditated welcomes;
Where I have ſeen them ſhiver, and look pale,
Make periods in the midſt of ſentences,
Throttle their practiz'd accent in their fears,
And in concluſion, dumbly have broke off,
Not paying me a welcome. Truſt me ſweet,
Out of this ſilence yet, I pickt a welcome:
And in the modeſty of fearſul duty,
I read as much as from the ratling tongue
Of ſawcy and audacious eloquence.
Love therefore, and tongue-tide ſimplicity,
In leaſt, ſpeak moſt, to my capacity.
Eg. So pleaſe your Grace, the Prologue is addreſt.
Du. Let him approach. *Flor. Trum.*

Enter Prologue. *Quince.*

Pro. If we offend, it is with our good will.
That you ſhould think we come not to offend,
But with good will. To ſhew our ſimple skill,
That is the true beginning of our end.
Conſider then, we come but in deſpight.
We do not come as minding to content you,
Our true intent is. All for your delight,
We are not here. That you ſhould here repent you,
The Actors are at hand; and by their ſhow,
You ſhall know all, that you are like to know.
Theſ. This fellow doth not ſtand upon points.

Lyſ. He hath rid his Prologue, like a rough Colt: he knows not the ſtop. A good moral, my Lord. It is not enough to ſpeak, but to ſpeak true.

Hip. Indeed he hath plaid on his Prologue, like a child on the Recorder, a ſound, but not in government.

Theſ. His ſpeech was like a tangled chain; nothing impaired, but all diſordered. Who is the next?

Tawyer *with a Trumpet before them.*

Enter Pyramus, *and* Thisby, Wall, Moon-ſhine, *and* Lion.

Pro. Gentles, perchance you wonder at this ſhow;
But wonder on, till truth make all things plain.
This man is *Piramus*, if you would know;

This beauteous Lady, *Thisby* is certain.
This man with lime and rough-caſt, doth preſent
Wall, the vile wall, which did theſe lovers ſunder :
And through wall's chink (poor ſouls) they are content
To whiſper. At the which, let no man wonder.
This man with Lanthorn, dog, and buſh of thorn,
Preſenteth Moon-ſhine : For if you will know,
By Moon-ſhine did theſe Lovers think no ſcorn
To meet at *Ninus* tomb, there, there to wooe :
This grizly beaſt (which Lion hight by name)
The truſty *Thisby*, coming firſt by night,
Did ſcare away, or rather did affright :
And as ſhe fled, her Mantle ſhe did fall ;
Which Lion vile with bloody mouth did ſtain.
Anon comes *Piramus*, ſweet youth and tall,
And finds his gentle *Thisbies* Mantle ſlain ;
Whereat, with blade, with bloody blameful blade,
He bravely broach'd his boiling bloody breaſt,
And *Thisby*, tarrying in the Mulberry ſhade,
His dagger drew, and died. For all the reſt,
Let *Lion*, *Moon-ſhine*, *Wall*, and Lovers twain,
At large diſcourſe, while here they do remain.

Exit all but Wall.

Theſ. I wonder if the Lion be to ſpeak.

Dem. No wonder, my Lord ; one Lion may, when many Aſſes do.

Exit Lion, Thisby, *and* Moon ſhine.

Wall. In this ſame interlude, it doth befall,
That I, one *Snowt* (by name) preſent a wall :
And ſuch a wall, as I would have you think,
That had in it a crannied hole or chink ;
Through which the Lovers, *Piramus* and *Thisby*,
Did whiſper often very ſecretly.
This loam, this rough-caſt, and this ſtone doth ſhew,
That I am that ſame Wall ; the truth is ſo.
And this the cranny is, right and ſiniſter,
Through which the fearful Lovers are to whiſper.

Theſ. Would you deſire Lime and Hair to ſpeak better?

Dem. It is the wittieſt partition that ever I heard diſcourſed, my Lord,

Theſ. *Piramus* draws near the wall : ſilence.

Enter Pyramus.

Pyr O grim look'd night! O night with hue ſo black!
O night, which ever art, when day is not!
O night, O night, alack, alack, alack,
I fear my *Thisbies* promiſe is forgot.
And thou, O wall, thou ſweet and lovely wall,
That ſtands between her father's ground and mine,
Thou wall, O wall, O ſweet and lovely wall,
Shew me thy chink, to blink through with mine eyn.
Thanks courteous wall ; *Jove* ſhield thee well for this.
But what ſee I? No *Thisby* do I ſee.
O wicked wall, through whom I ſee no bliſs,
Curſt be thy ſtones for thus deceiving me.

Theſ. The wall methinks, being ſenſible, ſhould curſe again.

Pyr. No in truth ſir, he ſhould not. *Deceiving me*,
Is *Thisbies* cue ; ſhe is to enter, and I am to ſpy
Her through the wall. You ſhall ſee it will fall.

Enter Thisby.

Pat as I told you ; yonder ſhe comes.

Thiſ. O wall, full often haſt thou heard my moans,
For parting my fair *Pyramus* and me.
My cherry lips hath often kiſt thy ſtones ;
Thy ſtones with Lime and Hair knit up in thee.

Pyr. I hear a voice ; now will I to the chink,
To ſpy and I can ſee my *Thisbies* face. *Thisby?*

Thiſ. My love thou art, my love I think.

Pyr. Think what thou wilt, I am thy lovers grace,
And like *Limander* am I truſty ſtill.

Thiſ. And like *Helen*, till the Fates me kill.

Pyr. Not *Shafalus* to *Procrus* was ſo true.

Thiſ. As *Shafalus* to *Procrus*, I to you.

Pyr. O kiſs me through the hole of this vile wall.

Thiſ. I kiſs the wall's hole, not your lips at all.

Pyr. Wilt thou at *Ninnies* tomb meet me ſtraightway?

Thiſ. Tide life, tide death, I come without delay.

Wall. Thus have I *VVall*, my part diſcharged ſo :
And being done, thus *VVall* away doth go. *Exit Clow.*

Duk. Now is the moral down between the two Neighbours.

Dem. No remedy, my Lord, when walls are ſo wilful, to hear without warning. × ~~[illegible]~~ to be here or come here

Dut. This is the ſillieſt ſtuff that e're I heard.

Duk. The beſt in this kind are but ſhadows, and the worſt are no worſe, if imagination amend them.

Dut. It muſt be your imagination then, and not theirs.

Duk. If we imagine no worſe of them than they of themſelves, they may paſs for excellent men. Here comes two noble beaſts, in a Man and a Lion.

Enter Lion, *and* Moon-ſhine

Lion. You Ladies, you (whoſe gentle hearts do fear
The ſmalleſt monſtrous Mouſe that creeps on floor)
May now perchance both quake and tremble here,
When Lion rough in wildeſt rage doth roar.
Then know that I, one *Snug* the Joiner am
No A Lion fell, nor ~~elſe~~ yet no Lion's dam :
For if I ſhould as Lion come in ſtriſe
Into this place, 'twere pity of my life.

Duk. A very gentle beaſt, and of a good conſcience.

Dem. The very beſt at a beaſt, my Lord, that e're I ſaw.

Liſ. This Lion is a very Fox for his valour.

Duk. True, and a Gooſe for his diſcretion.

Dem. Not ſo, my Lord : for his valour cannot carry his diſcretion, and the Fox carries the Gooſe.

Duk. His diſcretion I am ſure cannot carry his valour : for the Gooſe carries not the Fox. It is well : leave it to his diſcretion, and let us hearken to the Moon.

Moon. This Lanthorn doth the horned Moon preſent.

Dem. He ſhould have worn the horns on his head.

Duk. He is no creſcent, and his horns are inviſible, within the circumference.

Moon. This Lanthorn doth the horned Moon preſent :
My ſelf, the man i'th Moon doth ſeem to be.

Duk. This is the greateſt error of all the reſt : the man ſhould be put into the Lanthorn : How is it elſe the man i' th' Moon?

Dem. He dares not come there for the candle ;
For you ſee it is already in ſnuff.

Dut. I am weary of this Moon ; would he would change.

Duk. It appears by his ſmall light of diſcretion, that he is in the wane : but yet in courteſie, in all reaſon, we muſt ſtay the time.

Lyſ. Proceed Moon.

Moon. All that I have to ſay, is to tell you, that the Lanthorn is the Moon ; I, the man in the Moon ; this thorn buſh, my thorn buſh ; and this dog, my dog.

Dem. Why all theſe ſhould be in the Lanthorn : for they are in the Moon. But ſilence ; here comes *Thisby*.

Enter Thisby.

Thiſ. This is old *Ninnies* tomb : where is my love?

Lion. Oh.

The Lion *roars,* Thisby *runs off.*

Dem. Well roar'd Lion.
Duk. Well run *Thisby.*
Dut. Well ſhone Moon.
Truly the Moon ſhines with a good grace.
Duk. Well mouz'd Lion. mouth'd
Dem. And then came *Piramus.*
Lyſ. And ſo the Lion vaniſht.

Enter Piramus.

Pir. Sweet Moon, I thank thee for thy ſunny beams;
I thank thee Moon, for ſhining now ſo bright:
For by thy gracious, golden, glittering ſtreams,
I truſt to taſte of trueſt *Thisbies* ſight.
But ſtay: O ſpight! but mark, poor Knight,
What dreadful dole is here?
Eyes do you ſee! How can it be!
O dainty Duck: O Deer!
Thy Mantle good; what ſtain'd with blood!
Approach you Furies fell:
O Fates! come, come: Cut thred and thrum,
Quail, cruſh, conclude, and quell.
Duk. This paſſion, and the death of a dear friend,
Would go near to make a man look ſad.
Dut. Beſhrew my heart, but I pity the man.
Pir. O wherefore Nature didſt thou Lions frame?
Since Lion vild hath here deflour'd my Deer:
Which is: no, no, which was the faireſt Dame
That liv'd, that lov'd, that lik'd, that look'd with cheer.
Come tears, confound: Out ſword, and wound
The pap of *Piramus:*
I, that left pap, where heart doth hop:
Thus die I, thus, thus, thus.
Now am I dead, now am I fled, my ſoul is in the sky;
Tongue loſe thy light, Moon take thy flight,
Now die, die, die, die, die.
Dem. No die, but an ace for him; for he is but one.
Lyſ. Leſs than an ace man; For he is dead; he is nothing.
Duk. With the help of a Surgeon he might yet recover, and prove an Aſs.
Dut. How chance the Moon-ſhine is gone before?
Thisby comes back, and finds her Lover.

Enter Thisby.

Duk. She will find him by ſtar-light.
Here ſhe comes; and her paſſion ends the play.
Dut. Methinks ſhe ſhould not uſe a long one for ſuch a *Piramus:* I hope ſhe will be brief.
Dem. A moth will turn the ballance, which *Piramus,* which *Thisby* is the better.
Lyſ. She hath ſpied him already with thoſe ſweet eyes.
Dem. And thus ſhe means, *videlicet.*
Thiſ. Aſleep, my Love? What, dead, my Dove?
O *Piramus* ariſe:
Speak, ſpeak. Quite dumb? Dead, dead? A tomb
Muſt cover my ſweet eyes.
Theſe lilly lips, this cherry noſe, +Brows
Theſe yellow cowſlip cheeks
Are gone, are gone: Lovers make moan.
His eyes were green as Leeks.
O ſiſters three, come, come to me,
With hands as pale as milk;
Lay them in gore, ſince you have ſhore
With ſheers, this thread of ſilk.
Tongue not a word; Come truſty ſword;
Come blade, my breaſt imbrue:
And farewel friends, thus *Thisby* ends;
Adieu, adieu, adieu.
Duk. *Moon-ſhine* and *Lion* are left to bury the dead.
Dem. I, and *VVall* too.
Bot. No, I aſſure you, the Wall is down that parted their Fathers. Will it pleaſe you to ſee the Epilogue, or to hear a Bergomask dance, between two of our Company?
Duk. No Epilogue, I pray you; for your play needs no excuſe. Never excuſe; for when the Players are all dead, there need none to be blamed. Marry, if he that writ it had plaid *Piramus,* and hung himſelf in *Thisbies* garter, it would have been a fine Tragedy: and ſo it is truly, and very notably diſcharg'd. But come, your Burgomask; let your Epilogue alone.
The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve.
Lovers, to bed, 'tis almoſt *Fairy* time.
I fear we ſhall out-ſleep the coming morn,
As much as we this night have over-watcht.
This palpable groſs play hath well beguil'd
The heavy gate of night. Sweet friends to bed.
A fortnight hold we this ſolemnity,
In nightly Revels, and new jollity. *Exeunt.*

Enter Puck.

Puck. Now the hungry Lions roars,
And the Wolf beholds the Moon:
Whileſt the heavy Ploughman ſnoars,
All with weary task fore-done.
Now the waſted brands do glow,
Whil'ſt the ſcritch-owl, ſcritching loud,
Puts the wretch that lies in woe,
In remembrance of a ſhrowd.
Now it is the time of night,
That the graves, all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his ſpright,
In the Church-way paths to glide;
And we *Fairies,* that do run,
By the triple *Hecates* team,
From the preſence of the Sun,
Following darkneſs like a dream,
Now are frolick; not a Mouſe
Shall diſturb this hallowed houſe.
I am ſent with broom before,
To ſweep the duſt behind the door.

Enter King and Queen of Fairies *with their train.*

Ob. Through the houſe give glimmering light,
By the dead and drowſie fire,
Every Elf and Fairy ſpright,
Hop as light as bird from brier,
And this Ditty after me, ſing and dance ye trippingly.
Tita. Firſt rehearſe this ſong by roat,
To each word a warbling note.
Hand in hand, with Fairy grace,
Will we ſing and bleſs this place.

The Song.

Now until the break of day,
Through this houſe each Fairy *ſtray,*
To the beſt Bride-bed will we,
Which by us ſhall bleſſed be;
And the iſſue there create,
Ever ſhall be fortunate:
So ſhall all the couples three,
Ever true in loving be:
And the blots in Natures hand,
Shall not in their iſſue ſtand;
Never mole, harelip, nor ſcar,
Nor mark prodigious, ſuch as are
Deſpiſed in Nativity,
Shall upon their children be.
With this field dew conſecrate,
Every Fairy *take his gate,*
And each ſeveral chamber bleſs,
Through this Palace with ſweet peace,

Ever ſhall in ſafety reſt,
And the owner of it bleſt.
Trip away, make no ſtay;
Meet me all by break of day.

Robin. If we ſhadows have offended,
Think but (this, and all is mended)
That you have but ſlumbred here,
While theſe viſions did appear.
And this weak and idle theam,
No more yielding but a dream.
Gentles, do not reprehend;
If you pardon, we will mend.
And as I am honeſt *Puck*,
If we have unearned luck,
Now to ſcape the Serpent's tongue,
We will make amends e're long:
Elſe the *Puck* a liar call.
So good night unto you all.
Give me your hands, if we be friends,
And *Robin* ſhall reſtore amends.

THE
Merchant of Venice.

Actus Primus.

Enter Anthonio, Solarino, *and* Salanio.

Anth.
IN ſooth I know not why I am ſo ſad,
It wearies me: you ſay it wearies you;
But how I caught it, found it, or came
(by it;
What ſtuff 'tis made of, whereof it is
(born,
I am to learn: and ſuch a Want-wit ſad-
(neſs makes of me,
That I have much a-do to know my ſelf.
Sal. Your mind is toſſing on the Ocean,
There where your Argoſies with portly ſail,
Like Signiors and rich Burgers on the flood,
Or as it were the Pageans of the ſea,
Do over-peer the petty Traffickers
That curtſie to them, do them reverence,
As they fly by them with their woven wings.
Sola. Believe me, ſir, had I ſuch venture forth,
The better part of my affections would
Be with my hopes abroad. I ſhould be ſtill
Plucking the graſs, to know where ſits the wind,
Peering in Maps for ports, and peers, and roads:
And every object that might make me fear
Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt,
Would make me ſad.
Sal. My wind cooling my broth,
Would blow me to an Ague, when I thought
What harm a wind too great might do at ſea.
I ſhould not ſee the ſandy hour-glaſs run,
But I ſhould think of ſhallows, and of flats,
And ſee my wealthy *Andrew* docks in ſand,
Vailing her high top lower than her ribs,
To kiſs her burial: Should I go to Church,
And ſee the holy Edifice of ſtone,
And not bethink me ſtraight of dangerous rocks,
Which touching but my gentle Veſſel's ſide,
Would ſcatter all her ſpices on the ſtream,
Enrobe the roaring waters with my ſilks,
And in a word, but even now worth this,
And now worth nothing. Shall I have the thought
To think on this, and ſhall I lack the thought,
That ſuch a thing bechanc'd would make me ſad?
But tell not me, I know *Anthonio*
Is ſad to think upon his Merchandize.
Anth. Believe me, no, I thank my fortune for it,
My ventures are not in one bottom truſted,
Nor to one place; nor is my whole eſtate
Upon the fortune of this preſent year:
Therefore my Merchandize makes me not ſad.
Sola. Why then you are in love.
Anth. Fie, fie.
Sola. Not in love neither! then let us ſay you are ſad
Becauſe you are not merry; and 'twere as eaſie
For you to laugh and leap, and ſay you are merry,
Becauſe you are not ſad. Now by my two-headed *Janus*,
Nature hath fram'd ſtrange fellows in her time;
Some that will evermore peep through their eyes,
And laugh like Parrots at a bag-piper;
And other of ſuch vinegar aſpect,
That they'l not ſhew their teeth in way of ſmile,
Though *Nectar* ſwear the jeſt be laughable.

Enter Baſſanio, Lorenſo, *and* Gratiano.

Sola. Here comes *Baſſanio*,
Your moſt noble Kinſman,
Gratiano, and *Lorenſo*. Fare ye well;
We leave you now with better company.
Sola. I would have ſtaid till I had made you merry,
If worthier friends had not prevented me.
Anth. Your worth is very dear in my regard.
I take it your own buſineſs calls on you,
And you embrace th' occaſion to depart.
Sal. Good morrow, my good Lords.
Baſſ. Good Signiors both, when ſhall we laugh? ſay
when?
You grow exceeding ſtrange; muſt it be ſo?
Sal. We'l make our leiſures to attend on yours.
Exeunt Solarino, *and* Solanio.

Lord. My Lord *Baſſanio*, ſince you have found *Anthonio*,

We two will leave you, but at dinner-time
I pray you have in mind where we muſt meet.
Baſſ. I will not fail you.
Grat. You look not well, ſignior *Anthonio*;
You have too much reſpect upon the world:
They loſe it that do buy it with much care.
Believe me, you are marvellouſly chang'd.
Anth. I hold the world but as the world, *Gratiano*,
A ſtage, where every man muſt play a part,
And mine a ſad one.
Grat. Let me play the fool,
With mirth and laughter: let old wrincles come,
And let my Liver rather heat with Wine,
Than my heart cool with mortiſying groans.
Why ſhould a man, whoſe blood is warm within,
Sit like his Grandſire cut in *Alablaſter*?
Sleep when he wakes, and creep into the *Jaundies*,
By being peeviſh? I tell thee what, *Anthonio*,
I love thee, and it is my love that ſpeaks:
There are a ſort of men, whoſe viſages
Do cream and mantle like a ſtanding pond,
And do a wilful ſtilneſs entertain,
With purpoſe to be dreſt in an opinion
Of wiſdom, gravity, profound conceit,
As who ſhould ſay, I am, ſir, an Oracle,
And when I ope my lips, let no dog bark.
O my *Anthonio*, I do know of theſe,
That therefore only are reputed wiſe,
For ſaying nothing; when I am very ſure,
If they ſhould ſpeak, would almoſt damn thoſe ears,
Which hearing them, would call their brothers fools.
I'le tell thee more of this another time.
But fiſh not with this melancholly bait,
For this fool Gudgion, this opinion:
Come good *Lorenzo*, fare ye well a while,
Ile end my exhortation after dinner.
Lor. Well, we will leave you then till dinner-time.
I muſt be one of theſe ſame dumb wiſe men;
For *Gratiano* never lets me ſpeak.
Gra. Well, keep me company but two years moe,
Thou ſhalt not know the ſound of thine own tongue.
Anth. Fare you well; I'le grow a talker for this gear. leer
Gra. Thanks i' faith; for ſilence is only commendable
In a Neats Tongue dri'd, and a maid not vendible. *Exit.*
Anth. It is that any thing now.

Baſſ. Gratiano ſpeaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in all *Venice*: his reaſons are two grains of wheat hid in two buſhels of chaff: you ſhall ſeek all day e're you find them; and when you have them, they are not worth the ſearch.

Anth. Well: tell me now what Lady is the ſame
To whom you ſwore a ſecret pilgrimage,
That you to day promis'd to tell me of?
Baſſ. 'Tis not unknown to you, *Anthonio*,
How much I have diſabled mine eſtate,
By ſomething ſhewing a more ſwelling port
Than my faint means would grant coutinuance:
Nor do I now make moan to be abridg'd
From ſuch a noble rate; but my chief care
Is to come fairly off from the great debts
Wherein my time, ſomething too prodigal,
Hath left me gag'd: to you, *Anthonio*,
I owe the moſt in money, and in love,
And from your love I have a warranty
To unburthen all my plots and purpoſes,
How to get clear of all the debts I owe.
Anth. I pray you good *Baſſanio*, let me know it,
And if it ſtands as you your ſelf ſtill do,
Within the eye of honour, be aſſur'd
My purſe, my perſon, my extreameſt means
Lie all unlock'd to your occaſions.
Baſſ. In my ſchool days, when I had loſt one ſhaft,
I ſhot his fellow of the ſelf-ſame flight
The ſelf-ſame way, with more adviſed watch,
To find the other forth; and by adventuring both,
I oft found both. I urge this child-hood proof,
Becauſe what follows is pure innocence.
I owe you much, and like a wilful youth,
That which I owe is loſt: but if you pleaſe
To ſhoot another arrow that ſelf way
Which you did ſhoot the firſt, I do not doubt,
As I will watch the aim: Or to find both,
Or bring your latter hazard back again,
And thankfully reſt debtor for the firſt.
Anth. You know me well, and herein ſpend but time
To wind about my love with circumſtance;
And out of doubt you do to me more wrong,
In making queſtion of my uttermoſt,
Than if you had made waſte of all I have:
Then do but ſay to me, what ſhould I do,
That in your knowledg may by me be done,
And I am preſt unto it: therefore ſpeak.
Baſſ. In *Belmont* is a Lady richly left,
And ſhe is fair, and fairer than that word,
Of wondrous vertues: ſometimes from her eyes,
I did receive fair ſpeechleſs meſſages:
Her name is *Portia*, nothing undervalu'd
To *Cato*'s daughter, *Brutus'Portia*:
Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth;
For the Four winds blow in from every coaſt
Renowned ſutors; and her ſunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece,
Which makes her ſeat of *Belmont Cholches* ſtrond,
And many *Jaſons* come in queſt of her.
O my *Anthonio*, had I but the means
To hold a rival place with one of them,
I have a mind preſages me ſuch thriſt,
That I ſhould queſtionleſs be fortunate.
Anth. Thou know'ſt that all my fortunes are at ſea,
Neither have I money, nor commodity
To raiſe a preſent ſum; therefore go forth,
Try what my credit can in *Venice* do,
That ſhall be rack'd even to the uttermoſt,
To furniſh thee to *Belmont* to fair *Portia*.
Go preſently enquire, and ſo will I,
Where money is, and I no queſtion make
To have it of my truſt, or for my ſake. *Exeunt.*

Enter Portia *with her waiting-woman* Nериſſa.

Por. By my troth, *Neriſſa*, my little body is weary of this great world.

Ner. You would be, ſweet Madam, if your miſeries were in the ſame abundance as your good fortunes are: and yet for ought I ſee, they are as ſick that ſurfeit with too much, as they that ſtarve with nothing; therefore it is no ſmall happineſs to be ſeated in the mean; ſuperfluity comes ſooner by white hairs, but competency lives longer.

Por. Good ſentences, and well pronounc'd.

Ner. They would be better if well followed.

Por. If to do were as eaſie as to know what were good to do, Chappels had been Churches, and poor mens Cottages Princes Palaces: It is a good Divine that follows his own inſtructions: I can eaſier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching. The brain may deviſe laws for the blood, but a hot temper leaps o're a cold decree; ſuch a hare is Madneſs, the Youth, to skip o're the meſhes of good counſel, the Cripple: But this reaſon is not in faſhion to chuſe me a husband: O me, the word chuſe! I may neither chuſe whom I would, nor refuſe whom I diſlike, ſo is the will of a living daughter curb'd by the will of a dead father: is it not hard, *Neriſſa*, that I cannot chuſe one, nor refuſe none?

Ner. Your Father was ever vertuous; and holy men at their death have good inſpirations; therefore the lottery that he hath deviſed in theſe three cheſts of Gold, Silver, and Lead; whereof who chuſes his meaning, chuſes you, will no doubt never be choſen by any rightly but one who you ſhall rightly love: bnt what warmth is there in your affection towards any of theſe Princely ſuters that are already come?

Por. I pay thee over-name them, and as thou nameſt them, I will deſcribe them, and according to my deſcription, level at my affection.

Ner. Firſt there is the Neopolitan Prince.

Por. I that's a colt indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horſe, and he makes it a great appropriation to his own good parts that he can ſhew himſelf: I am much afraid my Lady his mother plaid falſe with a Smith.

Ner. Then is there the County *Palentine.*

Por. He doth nothing but frown (as who ſhould ſay and you will not have me, chuſe: he hears merry tales and ſmiles not, I fear he will prove the weeping Philoſopher when he grows old, being ſo full of unmannerly ſadneſs in his youth.) I had rather to be married to a deaths head with a bone in his mouth, than to either of theſe: God defend me from theſe two.

Ner. How ſay you by the *French* Lord, Mounſieur *Le Boun?*

Por. God made him, and therefoee let him paſs for a man; in truth I know it is ſin to be a mocker, but he! why he hath a horſe better than the *Neapolitans*, a better bad habit of frowning than the Count *Palentine*, he is every man in no man, if a Taſſel ſing, he falls ſtraight a capring, he will fence with his own ſhadow. If I ſhould marry him, I ſhould marry twenty husbands: if he would deſpiſe me, I would forgive him, for if he love me to madneſs, I ſhould never requite him.

+Swing

Ner. What ſay you then to *Fauconbridge*, the young Baron of *England*?

Por. You know I ſay nothing to him, for he underſtands not me, nor I him: he hath neither *Latine*, *Freneh*, nor *Italian*, and you will come into the Court and ſwear that I have a poor penny-worth in the *Engliſh*: he is a proper mans picture, but alas who can converſe with a dumb ſhow? how odly he is ſuited, I think he bought his doublet in *Italy*, his round hoſe in *France*, his bonnet in *Germany*, and his behaviour every where.

Ner. What think you of the other Lord his neighbour?

Por. That he hath a neighbourly charity in him, for he borrowed a box of the ear of the *Engliſh-man*, and ſwore he would pay him again when he was able. I think the *Frenchman* became his ſurety, and ſealed under for another.

Ner. How like you the young *Germain* the Duke of *Saxonies* Nephew?

Por. Very vildely in the morning when he is ſober, and moſt vildely in the afternoon when he is drunk; when he is beſt, he is a little worſe then a man, and when he is worſt, he is little better then a beaſt: and the worſt fall that ever fell, I hope I ſhall make ſhiſt to go without him.

Ner. If he ſhould offer to chuſe, and chuſe the right Casket, you ſhould refuſe to perform your Fathers will, if you ſhould refuſe to accept him.

Por. Therefore for fear of the worſt, I pray thee ſet a deep *Glaſs* of *Renniſh-wine* on the contrary *Casket*, for if the Devil be within, and the temptation without, I know he will chuſe it. I will do any thing *Neriſſa* ere I will be married to a ſpunge.

Ner. You need not fear Lady the having any of theſe Lords, they have acquainted me with their determinations, which is indeed to return to their home, and to trouble you with no more ſuit, unleſs you may be won by ſome other ſort than your Fathers impoſition, depending on the Caskets.

Por. If I live to be as old as *Sibilla*, I will die as chaſt as *Diano*: unleſs I be obtained by the manner of my Fathers will: I am glad this parcel of wooers are ſo reaſonable, for there is not one among them but I doat on his very abſence: and wiſh them a fair daparture.

Ner. Do you not remember, Lady, in your Fathers time, a *Venetian*, a Scholar and a Souldier that came hither in company of the Marqueſs of *Mounferrat?*

Por. Yes, yes, it was *Baſſanio*, as I think, ſo was he call'd.

Ner. True Madam, he of all the men that ever my fooliſh eyes look'd upon, was the beſt deſerving a fair Lady.

Por. I remember him well, and I remember him worthy of thy praiſe.

Enter a Serving-man.

Ser. The four ſtrangers ſeek you Madam to take their leave: and there is a fore-runner come from a fiſt,
The Prince of *Morocco*, who brings word the Prince his
Maſter will be here to night.

Por. If I could bid the fiſt welcome with ſo good heart as I can bid the other four farewel, I ſhould be glad of his approach: if he have the condition of a Saint, and the complexion of a Devil, I had rather he ſhould ſhrive me than wive me. Come *Neriſſa*, ſirra go before; whiles we ſhut the gate upon one wooer, another knocks at the door. *Exeunt.*

Enter Baſſania *with* Shylock *the* Jew.

Shy. Three thouſand Ducats, well.

Baſſ. I ſir, for three months.

Shy. For three months, well.

Baſſ. For the which, as I told you,
Anthonio ſhall be bound.

Shy. *Authonio* ſhall become bound, well.

Baſſ. May you ſted me? Will you pleaſure me?
Shall I know your anſwer?

Shy. Three thouſand Ducats for three months,
And *Anthonio* bound.

Baſſ. Your anſwer to that.

Shy. *Anthonio* is a good man.

Baſſ. Have you heard any imputation to the contrary.

Shy. No, no, no, no; my meaning in ſaying he is a good man, is to have you underſtand me that he is ſufficient, yet his means are in ſuppoſition: he hath an Argoſy bound to Tripolis, another to the *Indies.* I underſtand moreover upon the *Royalto*, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for *England*, and other ventures he hath ſquandred abroad, but Ships are but boords, Sailers but men, there be Land Rats, and Water Rats, Water theives and Land Theives, I mean Pyrats; and then there is the peril of Waters, Winds, and Rocks: the man is notwithſtanding ſufficient; three thouſand Ducats, I think I may take his bond.

Baſſ. Be aſſured you may.

Jew. I will be aſſured I may: and that I may be aſſured, I will bethink me, may I ſpeak with *Anthonio.*

Baſſ. If it pleaſe you to dine with us.

Jew. Yes, to ſmell pork, to eat of the Habitation which your Prophet the Nazarite conjured the Devil into: I will buy with you, ſell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and ſo following: but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you.
What news on the *Ryalto*; who is he comes here?

Enter Anthonio.

Baſſ. This is *Signior Anthonio.*

Jew. How like a fawning publican he looks.

I hate him, for he is a Chriſtian:
But more for that in low ſimplicity
He lends out money gratis, and brings down
The rate of uſance here with us in *Venice.*
If I can catch him once upon the hip,
I will feed fat the antient grudg I bear him.
He hates our ſacred Nation, and he rails
Even there where Merchants moſt do Congregate
On me, my bargains, and my well-worn thrift,
Which he calls intereſt: Curſed be my Tribe
If I forgive him.
Baſſ. *Shylock*, do you hear?
Shy. I am debating of my preſent ſtore,
And by the near gueſs of my menory
I cannot inſtantly raiſe up the groſs
Of full three thouſand Ducats: what of that?
Tuball, a wealthy *Hebrew* of my Tribe
Will furniſh me: but ſoft, how many Months
Do you deſire? Reſt you fair good *Signior*,
Your worſhip was the laſt man in our mouths.
Anth. *Shylock*, albeit I neither lend nor borrow
By taking, nor by giving of Exceſs,
Yet to ſupply the ripe wants of my friend,
I'le break a cuſtom: is he yet poſſeſt
How much he would?
Shy. I, I, three thouſand Ducats.
Anth. And for three months.
Shy. I had forgot, three months you told me ſo.
Well then, your bond: but let me ſee, but hear you,
Me thoughts you ſaid, you neither lend nor borrow
Upon advantage.
Anth. I do never uſe it
Shy. When *Jacob* graz'd his Uncle *Laban*'s ſheep,
This *Jacob* from our holy *Abraham* was
(As his wiſe Mother wrought in his behalf)
The third poſſeſſer, I, he was the third.
Anth. And what of him, did he take intereſt?
Shy. No, not take intereſt, not as you would ſay
Directly intereſt, mark what *Jacob* did,
When *Laban* and himſelf were comprimiz'd
That all the euelings which were ſtreak'd and pied
Should fall as *Jacobs* hire, the Ewes being rank,
In end of Autumn turned to the Rams,
And when the work of generation was,
Between theſe woolly breeders in the Act
The skilful ſhepheard pil'd me certain wands,
And in the doing of the deed of kind,
He ſtuck them up before the fulſome Ewes,
Who then conceiving, did in yeaning time
Fall party-colour'd Lambs, and thoſe were *Jacobs.*
This was a way to thrive, and he was bleſt:
And thrift is bleſſing if, men ſteal it not.
Anth. This was a venture ſir, that *Jacob* ſerv'd for,
A thing not in his power to bring to paſs,
But ſway'd and faſhion'd by the hand of heaven;
Was this inſerted to make intereſt good?
Or is your gold and ſilver Ewes and Rams?
Shy. I cannot tell, make it breed as faſt,
But note my *Signior.*
Anth. Mark you this *Baſſanio*,
The Devil can cite Scripture for his purpoſe.
An evil ſoul producing holy witneſs,
Is like a villain with a ſmiling cheek,
A goodly apple rotten at the heart.
O what a goodly outſide falſehood hath.
Shy. Three thouſand Ducats, 'tis a good round ſum.
Three months from twelve, then let me ſee the rate.
Anth. Well *Shylock*, ſhall we be beholding to you?
Shy. *Signior Anthonio*, many a time and oft
In the *Rialto* you have rated me
About my moneys and my uſances:
Still have I born it with a patient ſhrug
(For ſufferance is the badg of all our Tribe):
You call me misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
And ſpit upon my Jewiſh gaberdine,
And all for uſe of that which is mine own.
Well then, it now appears you need my help:
Go to then, you come to me, and you ſay,
Shylock, we would have moneys, you ſay ſo:
You that did void your rheume upon my beard,
And foot me as you ſpurn a ſtranger cur
Over your threſhold, moneys is your ſuit.
What ſhould I ſay to you? Should I not ſay,
Hath a dog money? is it poſſible
A cur ſhould lend three thouſand Ducats? or
Shall I bend low, and in a bondmans key
With bated breath, and whiſpring humbleneſs,
Say this: Fair ſir, you ſpet on me on *Wedneſday* laſt;
You ſpurn'd me ſuch a day; another time
You call'd me dog: and for theſe curteſies
I'le lend you thus much moneys.
Anth. I am as like to call thee ſo again,
To ſpet on thee again, to ſpurn thee too.
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friend, for when did friendſhip take
A breed of barren metal of his friend?
But lend it rather to thine enemy,
Who if he break, thou maiſt with better face
Exact the penalties.
Shy. Why look you how you ſtorm,
I would be friends with you, and have your love,
Forget the ſhames that you have ſtain'd me with,
Supply your preſent wants, and take no doit
Of uſance for my moneys, and you'l not hear me;
This is kind I offer.
Baſſ. This were kindneſs.
Shy. This kindneſs will I ſhow;
Go with me to a Notary, ſeal me there
Your ſingle bond, and in a merry ſport
If you repay me not on ſuch a day,
In ſuch a place, ſuch ſum or ſums as are
Expreſt in the condition, let the forfeit
Be nominated for an equal pound
Of your fair fleſh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body it pleaſeth me.
Anth. Content in faith, I'le ſeal to ſuch a bond,
And ſay there is much kindneſs in the *Jew.*
Baſ. You ſhall not ſeal to ſuch a bond for me,
I'le rather dwell in my neceſſity.
Anth. Why fear not man, I will not forfeit it;
Within theſe two months, that's a month before
This bond expires, I do expect return
Of thrice three times the value of this bond.
Shy. O Father *Abraham*, what theſe Chriſtians are,
Whoſe own hard dealing teaches them ſuſpect
The thoughts of others: Pray you tell me this,
If he ſhould break his day, what ſhould I gain
By the exaction of the forfeiture?
A pound of mans fleſh taken from a man,
Is not ſo eſtimable, profitable neither,
As fleſh of *Muttons, Beefs*, or *Goats.* I ſay,
To buy his favour, I extend this friendſhip;
If he will take it, ſo: if not adieu,
And for my love I pray you wrong me not.
Anth. Yes *Shylock*, I will ſeal unto this bond.
Shy. Then meet me forthwith at the Notaries,
Give him direction for this merry bond,
And I will go and purſe the Ducats ſtraight:
See to my houſe, left in the fearful guard
Of an unthrifty knave: and preſently
I'le be with you. *Exit.*
Anth. Hye thee gentle Jew. This *Hebrew* will turn
Chriſtian, he grows kind.
Baſſ. I like not fair terms, and a villains mind.
Anth. Come on, in this there can be no diſmay,
My Ship's come home a month before the day.
Exeunt.

Actus Secundus.

Morochius a tawny Moor all white, and three or four followers accordingly, with Portia, Nerriſſa and her train.
Flo. Cornets.

Mor. Miſlike me not for my complection,
The ſhadowed livery of the burniſh'd Sun,
To whom I am a neighbour, and near bred.
Bring me the faireſt creature Northward Born,
Where *Phœbus* fire ſcarce thaws the yſicles,
And let us make inciſion for your Love,
To prove whoſe Blood is reddeſt, his or mine.
I tell the Lady this aſpect of mine
Hath feard the valiant, (by my love I ſwear)
The beſt regarded Virgins of our Clime
Have lov'd it too : I would not change this hue,
Except to ſteal your thoughts my gentle Queen.
Por. In terms of choice I am not ſoelly led
By nice direction of a maidens eyes :
Beſides, the lottery of my deſtiny
Bars me the right of voluntary chuſing :
But if my father had not ſcanted me,
And hedg'd me by his wit to yield my ſelf
His wiſe, who wins me by that means I told you,
Your ſelf (renowned Prince) then ſtood as fair
As any comer I have look'd on yet
For my affection.
Mor. Even for that I thank you,
Therefore I pray you lead me to the Caskets
To try my fortune : By this Symitar
That ſlew the Sophy, and a Perſian Prince,
That won three fields of *Sultan Solyman*,
I would o're-ſtare the ſterneſt eyes that look :
Out-brave the heart moſt daring on the earth :
Pluck the young ſucking Cubs from the ſhe *Bear*,
Yea, mock the *Lion* when he roars for prey,
To win the Lady. But alas the while,
If *Hercules* and *Lychas* play at Dice
Which is the better man, the greater throw
May turn by fortune from the weaker hand :
So is *Alcides* beaten by his page,
And ſo may I, blind fortune leading me,
Miſs that which one unworthier may attain,
And dye with grieving.
Por. You muſt take your chance,
And either not attempt to chooſe at all,
Or ſwear before you chooſe, if you chooſe wrong,
Never to ſpeak to Lady afterward
In way of Marriage; therefore be adviſ'd
Mor. Nor will not ; come bring me unto my chance.
Por. Firſt forward to the temple, after dinner
Your hazard ſhall be made.
Mor. Good fortune then, *Cornets.*
To make me bleſt or curſed'ſt among men. *Exeunt.*

Enter Clown alone.

Clo. Certainly, my conſcience will ſerve me to run from this Jew my Maſter : the fiend is at mine elbow, and attempts me, ſaying to me *Job, Launcelet Job*, good *Launcelet*, or good *Job*, or good *Launcelet Job*, uſe your Legs, take the ſtart, run away ; my conſcience ſays no ; take heed honeſt *Launcelet*, take heed honeſt *Job*, or as afore-ſaid honeſt *Launcelet Job*, do not run, ſcorn running with thy heels ; well, the moſt couragious fiend bids me pack, *fia* ſays the fiend, away ſays the fiend, for the heavens roſe up a brave mind ſays the fiend, and run ; well, my conſcience hanging about the neck of my heart, ſays very wiſely to me, My honeſt friend *Launcelet*, being an honeſt mans ſon, or rather an honeſt womans ſon, for indeed my Father did ſomething ſmack, ſomething grow too ; he had a kind of taſte ; well, my conſcience ſays *Launcelet* budg not, budg ſays the fiend ; budg not ſays my conſcience ; conſcience ſay I you counſel well, fiend ſay I you counſel well, to be rul'd by my conſcience I ſhould ſtay with the Jew my Maſter, who (God bleſs the mark) is a kind of Devil ; and to run away from the Jew I ſhould be ruled by the fiend, who ſaying your reverence is the Devil himſelf : certainly the Jew is the very Devil incarnation, and in my conſcience, my conſcience is a kind of hard conſcience, to offer to counſel me to ſtay with the Jew ; the fiend gives the more friendly counſel ; I will run fiend, my heels are at your commandement, I will run.

Enter old Gobbo with a Basket.

Gob. Maſter young-man, you I pray you, which is the way to Maſter Jews ?

Laun. O heavens, this is my true begotten Father, who being more then ſand-blind, high gravel blind, knows me not, I will try confuſions with him.

Gob. Maſter young Gentleman, I pray you which is the way to Maſter Jews.

Laun. Turn upon your right hand at the next turning, but at the next turning of all on your left ; marry at the very next turning, turn of no hand, but turn down indirectly to the *Jews* houſe.

Gob. By Gods ſonties 'twill be a hard way to hit ; can you tell me whether one *Launcelet* that dwells with him, dwell with him or no ?

Laun. Talk you of young Maſter *Launcelet*? mark me now, now will I raiſe the waters ; talk you of young Maſter *Launcelet*?

Gob. No Maſter ſir, but a poor mans ſon, his Father tho I ſay't is an honeſt exceeding poor man, and God be thanked well to live.

Laun. Well, let his Father be what a will, we talk of young Maſter *Launcelet*.

Gob. Your worſhips friend and *Launcelet*.

Laun. But I pray you *Ergo*, old man *Ergo* I beſeech you, talk you of young Maſter *Launcelet*?

Gob. Of *Launcelet*, an't pleaſe your Maſterſhip.

Laun. *Ergo* Maſter *Launcelet*, talk not of maſter *Launcelet* Father, for the young gentleman according to fates and deſtinies, and ſuch odd ſayings, the ſiſters three, and ſuch branches of Learning, is indeed deceaſed, or as you would ſay in plain terms, gone to heaven.

Gob. Marry God forbid, the boy was the verey ſtaff of my age, my very prop.

Laun. Do I look like a cudgel or a hovel-poſt, a ſtaff or a prop ? do you know me Father ?

Gob. Alack the day, I know you not young Gentleman, but I pray you tell me is my boy, God reſt his ſoul, alive or dead.

Laun. Do you not know me Father ?

Gob. Alack ſir I am ſand blind, I know you not.

Laun. Nay, indeed if you had your eyes you might fail of the knowing me : it is a wiſe father that knows his own Child. Well, old man, I will tell you news of your Son, give me your bleſſing, truth will come to light, murder cannot be hid long, a mans ſon may, but in the end truth will not.

Gob. Pray you ſir ſtand up, I am ſure you are not *Launcelet* my boy.

Laun. Pray you let's have no more fooling about it, but give me Your bleſſing, I am *Launcelet* your boy that was your ſon that is, your child that ſhall be.

Gob. I cannot think you are my ſon.

Laun. I know not what I ſhall think of that : but I am

Launcelet the *Jews* man, and I am ſure *Margery* your wiſe is my Mother.

Gob. Her name is *Margery* indeed, I'le be ſworn if thou be *Launcelet*, thou art mine own fleſh and blood : Lord worſhip might he be, what a beard haſt thou got ; thou haſt got more hair on thy Chin, than Dobbin my philhorſe, has on his tail

pro thill-horſe

Laun. It ſhould ſeem then that Dobbins tail grows backward. I am ſure he had more hair of his tail than I have on my face when I laſt ſaw him.

Gob. Lord how art thou chang'd ! how doſt thou and thy Maſter agree? I have brought him a Preſent; how gree you now ?

Laun. Well, well, but for mine own part, as I have ſet up my reſt to run away, ſo I will not reſt till I have run ſome ground ; my Maſter's a very *Jew*, give him a preſent, give him a halter, I am famiſht in his ſervice. You may tell every finger I have with my Ribs : Father, I am glad you are come, give me your preſent to one Maſter *Baſſanio*, who indeed gives rare new Liveries; if I ſerve not him, I will run as far as God has any ground. O rare Fortune, here comes the man, to him Father, for I am a Jew if I ſerve the Jew any longer.

Enter Baſſanio *with a follower or two.*

Baſſ. You may do ſo, but let it be ſo haſted, that ſupper be ready at the fartheſt by five of the Clock : ſee theſe Letters delivered, put the Liveries to making, and deſire *Gratiano* to come anon to my Lodging.

Laun. To him Father.

Gob. God bleſs your worſhip.

Baſſ. Gramercy, would thou ought with me ?

Gob. Here's my ſon Sir, a poor boy.

Laun. Not a poor boy Sir, but the Rich Jews man that would Sir, as my Father ſhall ſpecify.

Gob. He hath a great infection ſir, as one would ſay to ſerve.

Laun. Indeed the ſhort and the long is, I ſerve the Jew, and have a deſire as my Father ſhall ſpecify.

Gob. His maſter and he (ſaving your worſhips reverence) are ſcarce catercoſins.

Laun. To be brief, the very truth is, that the Jew having done me wrong, doth cauſe me as my, Father being I hope an old man ſhall frutify unto you.

Gob. I have here a diſh of Doves that I would beſtow upon your worſhip, and my ſuit is.

Laun. In very brief, the ſuit is impertinent to my ſelf, as your worſhip ſhall know by this honeſt old man ; and though I ſay it, though old man, yet poor man my Father.

Baſſ. One ſpeak for both, what would you ?

Laun. Serve you ſir.

Gob. This is the very defect of the matter ſir.

Baſſ. I know thee well, thou haſt obtain'd thy ſuit,
Shylock, thy Maſter ſpoke with me this day,
And hath prefer'd thee, if it be preferment,
To leave a rich Jews ſervice, to become
The follower of ſo poor a Gentleman.

Clo. The old proverb is very well parted between my Maſtet *Shylock* and you ſir, you have the grace of God ſir, and he hath enough.

Baſſ. Thou ſpeak'ſt it well ; go Father with thy ſon,
Take leave of thy old Maſter, and enquire
My Lodging out; give him a livery,
More garded than his fellows : ſee it done.

Clo. Father in, I cannot get a ſervice, no, I have ne're a tongue in my head well, if any man in *Italy* have a fairer table which doth offer to ſwear upon a book, I ſhall have good fortune; go too, here's a ſimple line of life here's a ſmall trifle of wives, alas fifteeu wives is nothing, a leaven widdows and nine maids is a ſimple coming in for one man, and then to ſcape drowning thrice, and to be in peril of my Life with the edge of a Feather-bed, here are ſimple ſcapes : well if *Fortune* be a woman, ſhe's a good wench for this gere : Father come, I'le take my leave of the Jew in the twinkling.

Exit Clown.

Baſſ. I pray thee good *Leonardo*, think on this,
Theſe things being bought and orderly beſtowed,
Return in haſte, for I do feaſt to night
My beſt eſteem'd acquaintance, hie thee, gone.

Leon. My beſt endeavours ſhall be done herein.

Exit. Leonato.

Enter Gratiano.

Gra. Where's your Maſter.

Leon. Yonder ſir he walks.

Gra. Signior *Baſſanio.*

Baſ. Gratiano.

Gra. I have a ſuit to you.

Baſ. You have obtain'd it.

Gra. You muſt not deny me, I muſt go with you to *Belmont.*

Baſ. Why then you muſt : but hear thee *Gratiano*,
Thou art too wild, too rude, and bold of voice,
Parts that become thee happily enough,
And in ſuch eyes as ours appear not faults ;
But where they are not known, why there they ſhow
Something too liberal, pray thee take pain
To allay with ſome cold drops of modeſty
Thy skipping ſpirit, leſt through thy wild behaviour
I be miſconſter'd in the place I go to,
And loſe my hopes.

Gra. Signior *Baſſanio*, hear me,
If I do not put on a ſober habit,
Talk with reſpect, and ſwear but now and then,
Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look demurely,
Nay, more, while Grace is ſaying, hood mine eyes
Thus with my hat, and ſigh and ſay, Amen;
Uſe all the obſervance of civility,
Like one well ſtudied in a ſad oſtent
To pleaſe his Grandam, never truſt me more.

Baſ. Well, we ſhall ſee your bearing.

Gra. Nay but I bar to night, you ſhall not gage me
By what we do to night.

Baſ. No that were pity.
I would entreat you rather to put on
Your boldeſt ſuit of mirth, for we have friends
That purpoſe merriment : but fare you well,
I have ſome buſineſs

Gra. And I muſt to *Lorenzo* and the reſt:
But we will viſit you at ſupper-time. *Exeunt.*

Enter Jeſſica *and the* Clown.

Jeſ. I am ſorry thou wilt leave my Father ſo,
Our houſe is hell, and thou a Devil
Did'ſt rob it of ſome taſt of tediousneſs ;
But fare thee well, there is a Ducat for thee,
And *Lancelet*, ſoon at ſupper ſhalt thou ſee
Lorenzo, who is the Maſters gueſt,
Give him this Letter, do it ſecretly,
And ſo farewel : I would not have my Father
See me talk with thee.

Clo. Adieu, tears exhibit my tongue, moſt beautiful Pagan, moſt ſweet Jew, if a Chriſtian did not play the knave and get thee, I am much deceived ; but adieu, theſe fooliſh drops do ſomewhat drown my manly ſpirit : adieu. *Exit.*

Jeſ. Farewel good *Lancelet.*
Alack, what hainous ſin is it in me,
To be aſham'd to be my Fathers Child,
But tho I am a Daughter to his Blood,
I am not to his manners ; O *Lorenzo*,
If thou keep promiſe, I ſhall end this ſtrife,
Become a Chriſtian, and thy Loving Wife.

Enter Gratiano, Lorenzo, Salerino, *and* Solania.

Lo. Nay, we will ſlink away in ſupper-time,
Diſguiſe us at my lodging, and return all in an hour.
Gra. We have not made good preparation.
Sal. We have not ſpoke as yet of Torch-bearers.
Sol. 'Tis vile unleſs it may be quaintly ordered,
And better in my mind not undertook.
Lor. 'Tis now but four a clock, we have two hours
To furniſh us; friend *Lancelet* what's the news?

Enter Lancelet *with a Letter.*

Lan. And it ſhall pleaſe you to break up this, it ſhall ſeem to ſignify.
Lo. I know the hand, in faith 'tis a fair hand,
And whiter than the paper it writ on,
I the fair hand that writ.
Gra. Love-news in faith.
La. By your leave ſir.
Lor. Whether goeſt thou?
La. Marry to bid my old Maſter the *Jew* to ſup to night with my new Maſter the Chriſtian:
Lor. Hold here, take this, tell gentle *Jeſſica*
I will not fail her, ſpeak it privately:
Go gentlemen, will you prepare you for this Mask to night?
I am provided of a Torch-bearer. *Exit Clown.*
Sal. I marry, I'l be gone about it ſtraight.
Sol. And ſo will I.
Lor. Meet me and *Gratiano* at *Gratiano's* lodging
Some hour hence.
Sal. 'Tis good we do ſo. *Exit.*
Gra. Was not that Letter from fair *Jeſſica*?
Lo. I muſt needs tell thee all, ſhe hath directed
How I ſhall take her from her fathers houſe,
What Gold and Jewels ſhe is furniſht with.
What Pages ſuit ſhe hath in readineſs;
If e're the *Jew* her Father come to heaven,
It will be for his gentle daughters ſake;
And never dare misfortune croſs her foot,
Unleſs ſhe do it under this excuſe,
That ſhe is iſſue to a faithleſs *Jew*:
Come go with me, peruſe this as thou goeſt,
Fair *Jeſſica* ſhall be my Torch-bearer. *Exit.*

Enter Jew, *and his man that was the* Clown.

Jew. Well, thou ſhalt ſee, thy eyes ſhall be thy judge,
The difference of old *Shylocke* and *Baſſanio*;
(What *Jeſſica*,?) thou ſhalt not gurmandize
As thou haſt done with me; (what *Jeſſica*?)
And ſleep, and ſnore, rend apparel out.
(Why *Jeſſica* I ſay.?)
Clo. Why *Jeſſica.*
Shy. Who bids thee call? I do not bid thee call.
Clo. Your worſhip was wont to tell me
I could do nothing without bidding.

Enter Jeſſica.

Jeſ. Call you? what is your will?
Shy. I am bid forth to ſupper *Jeſſica*,
There are my Keys: but wherefore ſhould I go?
I am not bid for love, they flatter me,
But yet I'le go in hate, to feed upon
The prodigal Chriſtian. *Jeſſica* my girl,
Look to my houſe, I am right loath to go,
There is ſome ill a brewing towards my reſt,
For I did dream of money-bags to night.
Clo. I beſeech you ſir go, my young maſter
Doth expect your reproach.
Shy. So do I, his.
Clo. And they have conſpired together, I will not ſay you ſhall ſee a Mask, but if you do, then it was not for nothing that my Noſe fell a bleeding on black Munday laſt, at ſix a clock i'th' morning, falling out that year on Aſh-wedneſday was four year in the afternoon.
Shy. VVhat are their Masks? hear you me *Jeſſica*,
Lock up my doors, and when you hear the Drum
And the vile ſquealing of the wry-neckt Fife,
Clamber not you up to the Caſements then,
Nor thruſt your head into the publick ſtreet
To gaze on Chriſtian fools with varniſht faces;
But ſtop my houſes ears, I mean my Caſementss,
Let not the ſound of ſhallow foppery enter
My ſober houſe. By *Jacobs* ſtaff I ſwear,
I have no mind of Feaſting forth to night:
But I will go; go you before me *Sirrah.*
Say I will come.
Clow. I will go before Sir.
Miſtreſs look out at window for all this;
There will come a Chriſtian by,
Will be worth a *Jew*'s eye.
Shy. What ſayes that fool of *Hagars* off-ſpring? ha.
Jeſ. His words were fare well Miſtriſs, nothing elſe.
Shy. The patch is kind enough, but a huge feeder:
bratch
Snail-ſlow in profit, but ſleeps by day (onewho ?
More than the wild cat, drones hive not with me,
Therefore I parr with him, and part with him
To one that I would have him help to waſt
His borrowed purſe. Well *Jeſſica* go in,
Perhaps I will return immediately;
Do as I bid you, ſhut doors after you, faſt bind, faſt find,
A proverb never ſtale in thrifty mind. *Exit.*
Jeſ. Farewel, and if my fortune be not croſt,
I have a Father, you a Daughter loſt. *Exit.*

Enter the Maskers, Gratiano *and* Salino.

Gra. This is the penthouſe under which *Lorenzo*
Deſired us to make a ſtand.
Sal. His hour is almoſt paſt.
Gra. And it is marvel he out-dwells his hour,
For lovers ever run before the clock.
Sal. O ten times faſter *Venus* Pigeons flye
To ſteal loves bounds new made, than they are wont
bonds
To keep obliged faith unforfeited.
Gra. That ever holds, who riſeth from a feaſt
With that keen Appetite that he ſits down?
Where is the Horſe that doth untread again
His tedious meaſures with the unbated fire
That he did pace them firſt? all things that are,
Are with more ſpirit chaſed than enjoyn'd.
How like a younger or a prodigal
The skarfed bark puts from her native bay,
Hug'd and embraced by the ſtrumpet wind;
How like a prodigal ſhe doth return
With over-wither'd Ribs and ragged ſails,
Lean, rent and begger'd by the ſtrumpet wind?

Enter Lorenzo.

Salino. Here comes *Lorenzo*, more of this hereafter.
Loren. Sweet friends, your patience for my long abode,
Not I but my affairs have made you wait;
When you ſhall pleaſe to play the thieves for Wives
I'le watch as long for you then; approach;
Here dwells my Father *Jew.* Hoa, who's within?

Jeſſica above.

Jeſ. Who are you? tell me for more certainty,
Albeit I'le ſwear that I do know your tongue.

Lo. Lorenzo, and thy Love.
Jeſ. Lorenzo certain and my Love indeed,
For who Love I ſo much ? and now who knows
But you *Lorenzo*, whether I am yours ?
Lo. Heaven and thy thoughts are witneſs that thou art.
Jeſ. Here, catch this casket, it is worth the pains,
I am glad ’tis night, you do not look on me,
For I am much aſham’d of my exchange ;
But Love is blind , and Lovers cannot ſee
The pretty follies that themſelves commit;
For if they could, *Cupid* himſelf would bluſh
To ſee me thus transformed to a boy.
Lor. Deſcend, for you muſt be my Torch-bearer.
Jeſ. What, muſt I hold a Candle to my ſhame ?
They in themſelves goodſooth are too too light.
Why, ’tis an office of diſcovery, Love,
And I ſhould be obſcur’d.
Lor. So you are ſweet,
Even in the lovely garniſh of a boy ; but come at once,
For the cloſe night doth play the run-away,
And we are ſtaid for at *Baſſanio’s* Feaſt.
Jeſ. I will make faſt the doors, and guild my ſelf
With ſome more Ducats, and be with you ſtraight.
Gra. Now by my Hood, a Gentile, and no Jew.
Lor. Beſhrew me but I love her heartily.
For ſhe is wiſe, If I can judge of her,
And fair ſhe is, If that mine Eyes be true,
And true ſhe is, as ſhe hath prov’d her ſelf ;
And therefore like her ſelf, wiſe, fair and true,
Shall ſhe be placed in my conſtant Soul.

Enter Jeſſica.

What, art thou come ? on gentlemen, away,
Our masking mates by this time for us ſtay. *Exit.*

Enter Anthonio.

Ant. Who’s there ?
Gra. Signior *Anthonio.*
Ant. Fie, fie, *Gratiano*, where are all the reſt ?
’Tis nine a clock, our friends all ſtay for you,
No mask to night, the wind is come about,
Baſſanio preſently will go aboord,
I have ſent twenty out to ſeek for you.
Gra. I am glad on’t, I deſire no more delight
Than to be under Sail, and gone to night. *Exeunt.*

Enter Portia *with* Morrocho, *and both their Trains.*

Pro. Go, draw aſide the Curtain, and diſcover
The ſeveral Caskets to this noble Prince ;
Now make your choice.
Mor. The firſt of Gold, who this inſcription bears,
Who chooſeth me, ſhall gain what men deſire.
The ſecond Silver, which this promiſe carries,
Who chooſeth me, ſhall get as much as he deſerves.
This third, dull Lead, with warning all as blunt,
Who chooſeth me, muſt give and hazard all he hath.
How ſhall I know if I do chooſe the right ?
Por. The one of them contains my Picture Prince,
If you chooſe that, then I am yours withall.
Mar. Some God direct my judgment, let me ſee,
I will ſurvey the inſcriptions, back again ;
What ſays this Leaden Casket ?
Who chooſeth me, muſt give and hazard all he hath.
Muſt give for what ? for Lead ?
This Casket threatens men that hazard all,
Do it in hope of fair advantages :
A golden mind ſtoops not to ſhows of Droſs,
I’le then nor give nor hazard ought for Lead.
What ſayes the Silver with her virgin hue ?
Who chooſeth me, ſhall get as much as he deſerves.
As much as he deſerves, pauſe there *Morrocho*,
And weigh thy value with an even hand,
If thou beeſt rated by the eſtimation,
Thou doſt deſerve enough, and yet enough
May not extend ſo far as to the Lady ;
And yet to be aſeard of my deſerving,
Were but a weak diſabling of my ſelf.
As much as I deſerve, why that’s the Lady.
I do in birth deſerve her, and in fortunes
In graces, and in qualities of Breeding :
But more than theſe, in love I do deſerve.
What if I ſtray’d no farther, but chooſe here ?
Let’s ſee once more this ſaying Grav’d in Gold.
Who chooſeth me, ſhall gain what many men deſire :
Why that’s the Lady, all the world deſires her :
From the four corners of the Earth they come
To kiſs the ſhrine, this mortal breathing Saint.
The *Hircanian* Deſerts and the vaſt *Wildes*
Of wide *Arabia* are as through *Fares* now
For Princes to come view fair *Portia.*
The Watery Kingdom, whoſe ambitious head
Spets in the face of heaven, is no bar
To ſtop the forrain Spirits, but they come
As o’re a Brook to ſee fair *Portia.*
One of theſe three contains her heavenly picture.
Is’t like that Lead contains her ? ’twere damnation
To think ſo baſe a thought; it were too groſs
To rib her ſearcloth in the obſcure Grave ;
Or ſhall I think in Silver ſhe’s immur’d
Being ten times undervalued to tri’d Gold ;
O ſinful thought, never ſo rich a Jem
Was ſet in worſe then Gold ! They have in *England*
A Coin that bears the figure of an Angel
Stampt in Gold, but that’s inſculpt upon :
But here an Angel in a Golden Bed
Lies all within. Deliver me the Key ;
Here do I chooſe, and thrive I as I may.
Por. There take it Prince, and if my form lie there,
Then I am yours.
Mor. O hell ! what have we here, a carrion death,
Within whoſe empty eye there is a written ſcrowl ;

All that gliſters is not gold,
Often have you heard that told ;
Many a man his life hath ſold
But my outſide to behold :
Guilded timber do worms infold :
Had you been as wiſe as bold,
Young in limbs, in judgment old,
Your anſwer had not been inſcrold,
Fare you well, your ſuit is cold

Mor. Cold indeed, and labour loſt,
Then farewel heat, and welcome froſt :
Portia adieu, I have too griev’d a heart
To take a tedious leave : thus loſers part. *Exit.*
Por. A gentle riddance : draw the Curtains, go ;
Let all of his complection chooſe me ſo. *Exeunt.*

Enter Salarino and Solanio.
Flo. Cornets.

Sal. Why man I ſaw *Baſſanio* under ſail,
With him is *Gratiano* gone along ;
And in their ſhip I am ſure *Lorenzo* is not.
Sol. The villain *Jew* with outcries rais’d the Duke,
Who went with him to ſearch *Baſſanio’s* ſhip.
Sal. He comes too late, the ſhip was under ſail ;
But there the Duke was given to underſtand
That in a *Gondilo* were ſeen together
Lorenzo and his amorous *Jeſſica*
Beſides, *Anthonio* certified the Duke
They were not with *Baſſanio* in his ſhip.
Sol. I never heard a paſſion ſo confus’d,
So ſtrange, outragious, and ſo variable,

As the Dog *Jew* did utter in the ſtreets ;
My Daughter, O my Ducats, O my Daughter,
Fed with a Chriſtian, O my Chriſtian Ducats !
Juſtice, the Law, my Ducats, and my Daughter ;
A ſealed Bag, two ſealed Bags of Ducats ,
Of double Ducats, ſtoln from me by my Daughter,
And Jewels, two rich and precious Stones,
Stoln by my Daughter , Juſtice find the Girl,
She hath the Stones upon her, and the Ducats.
Sal. Why all the Boys in *Venice* follow him,
Crying his Stones, his Daughter, and his Ducats.
Sol. Let good *Anthonio* look he keep his day,
Or he ſhall pay for this.
Sal. Marry well remembred,
I reaſon'd with a Frenchman yeſterday,
Who told me, in the narrow ſeas that part,
The *French* and *Engliſh*, there miſcarried
A Veſſel of our Country richly fraught :
I thought upon *Anthonio* when he told me,
And wiſht in ſilence that it were not his:
Sol. You were beſt to tell *Anthonio* what you hear,
Yet do not ſuddenly, for it may grieve him.
Sal. A kinder Gentleman treads not the Earth ,
I ſaw *Baſſanio* and *Anthonio* part,
Baſſanio told him he would make ſome ſpeed
Of his return : he anſwered, do not ſo,
Slubber not buſineſs for my ſake *Baſſanio*,
But ſtay the very riping of the time,
And for the *Jew*'s bond which he hath of me,
Let it not enter in your mind of Love ;
Be merry, and employ your chiefeſt thoughts
To Courtſhip, and ſuch fair oſtents of Love
As ſhall conveniently become you there ;
And even there his eye being big with tears,
Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,
And with affection wondrous ſenſible
He wrung *Baſſanio*'s hand, and ſo they parted.
Sal. I think he only loves the world for him,
I pray thee let us go and find them out,
And quicken his embraced heavineſs
With ſome delight or other.
Sal. Do we ſo.
Exeunt.

Enter Neriſſa and a Servitor.

Ner. Quick, quick I pray thee, draw the curtain ſtraight,
The Prince of *Arragon* hath tane his oath,
And comes to his election preſently.

Enter Arragon, his Train, Portia, Flor. Cornets.

Por. Behold there ſtand the caskets noble Prince,
If you chooſe that wherein I am contain'd
Straight ſhall our nuptial rights be ſolemniz'd:
But if thou fail, without more ſpeech, my Lord,
You muſt be gone from hence immediately.
Ar. I am enjoyn'd by oath to obſerve three things ;
Firſt never to unfold to any one
Which casket 'twas I choſe ; next, if I fail
Of the right casket, never in my Life
To wooe a Maid in way of Marriage :
Laſtly, if I do fail in fortune of my choice,
Immediately to leave you, and be gone.
Por. To theſe injunctions every one doth ſwear
That comes to hazard for my worthleſs ſelf.
Ar. And ſo have I addreſt me, fortune now
To my hearts hope : Gold, Silver, and baſe Lead.
Who chuſeth me, muſt give and hazard all he hath;
You ſhall look fairer ere I give or hazard.
What ſayes the Golden Cheſt, ha, let me ſee:
Who chuſeth me, ſhall gain what many men deſire:
What many men deſire, that many may be meant
By the fool multitude that chuſe by ſhow,
Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach,
Which pays not to th'interior, but like the Martlet
Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
Even in the force and rode of caſualty.
I will not chuſe what many men deſire,
Becauſe I will not jump with common ſpirits,
And rank me with the barbarious multitudes.
Why then to thee thou Silver Treaſure-houſe,
Tell me once more, what title thou doſt bear ;
Who chuſeth me, ſhall get as much as he deſerves :
And well ſaid too, for who ſhall go about
To Cozen *Fortune*, and be honourable
Without the ſtamp of merit, let none preſume
To wear an undeſerved dignity :
O that eſtates, degrees, and offices,
Were not deriv'd corruptly, and that clear honour
Were purchaſt by the merit of the wearer ;
How many then ſhould cover that ſtand bare ?
How many be commanded that command ?
How much low pleaſantry would then be gleaned
From the true ſeed of honour ? And how much honour
Pickt from the chaff and ruin of the times,
To be new varniſht ? Well, but to my choiſe ;
Who chuſeth me, ſhall get as much as he deſerves.
I will aſſume deſert ; give me a key for this,
And inſtantly unlock my fortunes here.
Por Too long a pauſe for that which you find there.
Ar. What's here the portrait of a blinking idiot,
Preſenting me a ſchedule ? I will read it :
How much unlike art thou to *Portia* ?
How much unlike my hopes and my deſerving?
Who chuſeth me, ſhall have as much as he deſerves.
Did I deſerve no more than a fools head ?
Is that my prize ? are my deſerts no better ?
Po. To offend and judge are diſtinct offices,
And of oppoſed natures.
Ar. What is here ?

The fire ſeven times tried this,
Seven times tried that judgment is ,
That did never chuſe amiſs.
Some there be that ſhadows kiſs,
Such have but a ſhadows bliſs :
There be fools alive I wis ,
Silver'd o're and ſo was this :
Take what wife you will to bed,
I will ever be your head :
So be gone ſir, you are ſped.

Ar. Still more fool I ſhall appear
By the time I linger here.
With one fools head I came to wooe,
But I go away with two.
Sweet adieu, I'le keep my oath,
Patiently to bear my wroath.
Por. Thus hath the candle ſing'd the moth :
O theſe deliberate fools when they do chuſe,
They have the wiſdom by their wit to loſe,
Ner. The ancient ſaying is no hereſie,
Hanging and wiving goes by deſtiny.
Por. Come draw the curtain *Nerriſſa*:

Enter Meſſenger.

Meſ. Where is my Lady ?
Por. Here, what would my Lord ?
Meſ. Madam, there is alighted at your gate
A young *Venetian*, one that comes before
To ſignify th'approaching of his Lord,
From whom he bringeth ſenſible regreets :
To wit (beſides commends and courteous breath)
Gifts of rich value ; yet I have not ſeen
So likely an Ambaſſador of love.

A day in *April* never came ſo ſweet,
To ſhow how coſtly Summer was at hand,
As this fore-ſpurrer comes before his Lord.
Por. No more I pray thee; I am half afeard
Thou wilt ſay anon, he is ſome kin to thee,
Thou ſpend'ſt ſuch high day wit in praiſing him:
Come, come, *Nerriſſa*, for I long to ſee
Quick *Cupid*'s Poſt, that comes ſo mannerly.
Ner. Baſſanio Lord, love, if thy will it be. *Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius.

Enter Solanio *and* Solarino.

Sol. Now, what news on the *Ryalto*?

Sal. Why yet it lives there uncheckt, that *Anthonio* hath a ſhip of rich lading wrackt on the narrow Seas; the *Goodwins*, I think, they call the place, a very dangerous flat, and fatal, where the carcaſſes of many a tall ſhip lie buried, as they ſay, if my goſſips report be an honeſt woman of her word.

Sol. I would ſhe were as lying a Goſſip in that, as ever knapt Ginger, or made her neighbours believe ſhe wept for the death of a third husband: but it is true, withont any ſlips of prolixity, or croſſing the plain high-way of talk, that the good *Anthonio*, the honeſt *Antho.* O that I had a title good enough to keep his name company!

Sal. Come, the full ſtop.

Sol. Ha, what ſayeſt thou? Why the end is, he hath loſt a ſhip.

Sal. I would it might prove the end of his loſſes.

Sol. Let me ſay *Amen* betimes, leſt the Devil croſs my prayer; for here he comes in the likeneſs of a *Jew*. How now *Shylocke*, what news among the Merchants?

Enter Shylocke.

Shy. You knew, none ſo well, none ſo well as you, of my daughters flight.

Sal. That's certain; I for my part knew the *Tailor* that made the wings ſhe flew withal.

Sol. And *Shylocke* for his own part knew the bird was fledg'd, and then it is the complexion of them all to leave the Dam.

Shy. She is damn'd for it.

Sal. That's certain, if the devil may be her Judg.

Shy. My own fleſh and blood to rebel.

Sol. Out upon it, old carrion, rebels it at theſe years.

Shy. I ſay, my daughter is my fleſh and blood.

Sal. There is more difference between thy fleſh and hers, than between Jet and Ivory; more between your bloods, than there is between red wine and rhenniſh. But tell us, do you hear whether *Anthonio* have had any loſs at ſea, or no?

Shy. There I have another bad match, a bankrout, a prodigal, who dare ſcarce ſhew his head on the *Ryalta*, a beggar that was us'd to come ſo ſmug upon the Mart: let him look to his bond; he was wont to call me Uſurer; let him look to his bond; he was wont to lend money for a Chriſtian curtſie; let him look to his bond.

Sal. Why I am ſure if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his fleſh: what's that good for?

Shy. To bait fiſh withal, if it will feed nothing elſe, it will feed my revenge; he hath diſgrac'd me, and hindred me half a million, laught at my loſſes, mockt at my gains, ſcorned my Nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies; and what's the reaſon? I am a *Jew*: Hath not a *Jew* eyes? Hath not a *Jew* hands, organs, dimenſions, ſenſes, affections, paſſions? fed with the ſame food, hurt with the ſame weapons, ſubject to the ſame diſeaſes, healed by the ſame means, warmed and cooled by the ſame Winter and Summer as a Chriſtian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poyſon us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, ſhall we not revenge? If we are like you in the reſt, we will reſemble you in that. If a *Jew* wrong a Chriſtian, what is his humility, revenge? If a Chriſtian wrong a *Jew*, what ſhould his ſufferance be by a Chriſtian example? Why, revenge. The villany you teach me I will execute, and it ſhall go hard but I will better the inſtruction.

Enter a man from Anthonio.

Gentlemen, my Maſter *Anthonio* is at his houſe, and deſires to ſpeak with you both.

Sal. We have been up and down to ſeek him.

Enter Tuball.

Sol. Here comes another of the tribe; a third cannot be matcht, unleſs the devil himſelf turn *Jew*.

Exeunt Gentlemen.

Shy. How now *Tuball*, what news from *Geneva*? haſt thou found my daughter?

Tub. I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.

Shy. Why there, there, there, there, a Diamond gone coſt me two thouſand Ducats in *Frankford*; the curſe never fell npon our Nation till now, I never felt it till now, two thouſand Ducats in that, and other precious, precious Jewels: I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the Jewels in her ear: would ſhe were hearſt at my foot, and the Ducats in her Coffin: no news of them; why ſo? and I know not how much is ſpent in the ſearch: why then loſs upon loſs, the thief gone with ſo much, and ſo much to find the thief, and no ſatisfaction, no revenge, nor no ill luck ſtirring, but what lights a my ſhoulders, no ſighs but a my breathing, no tears but a my ſhedding.

Tub. Yea, other men have ill luck too, *Anthonio*, as I heard in *Genoua*.

Shy. What, what, what, ill luck, ill luck?

Tub. Hath an *Argoſie* caſt away, coming from *Tripolis*.

Shy. I thank God, I thank God; is it true? is it true?

Tub. I ſpoke with ſome of the Saylors that eſcaped the wrack.

Shy. I thank thee good *Tuball*; good news, good news; ha, ha, here in *Genoua*.

Tu. Your daughter ſpent in *Genoua*, as I heard, one night fourſcore Ducats.

Shy. Thou ſtick'ſt a Dagger in me; I ſhall never ſee my gold again, fourſcore Ducats at a ſitting, fourſcore Ducats!

Tub. There came divers of *Anthonio*'s Creditors in my Company to *Venice*, that ſwear he cannot chuſe but break.

Shy. I am very glad of it; I'le plague him, I'le torture him; I am glad of it.

Tub. One of them ſhewed me a Ring that he had of your Daughter for a Monky.

Shy. Out upon her, thou tortureſt me, *Tuball*, it was my *Turkis*, I had it of *Leab* when I was a Batchelor; I would not have given it for a wilderneſs of Monkies.

Tub. But *Anthonio* is certainly undone.

Shy. Nay, that's true, that's very true; go, *Tuball*, fee me an Officer, be-ſpeak him a fortnight before, I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit; for were he ought of *Venice*, I can make what merchandize I will; go, *Tuball*, and meet me at our Synagogue; go, good *Tuball*, at our Synagogue, *Tuball*.

Enter Baſſanio, Portia, Gratiano, *and all their train.*

Por. I pray you tarry, pauſe a day or two
Before you hazard; for in chuſing wrong
I loſe your company; therefore forbear a while,
There's ſomething tells me (but it is not love),
I would not loſe you, and you know your ſelf,
Hate counſels not in ſuch a quality;
But leſt you ſhould not underſtand me well,
And yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought,
I would detain you here ſome month or two
Before you venture for me. I could teach you
How to chuſe right, but then I am forſworn;
So will I never be, ſo may you miſs me;
But if you do, you'l make me wiſh a ſin,
That I had been forſworn: Beſhrew your eyes,
They have o're-look'd me, and divided me;
One half of me is yours, the other half
Mine own, I would ſay: but firſt mine, then yours.
And ſo all yours: O theſe naughty times
Puts bars between the owners and their rights.
And ſo tho yours, not yours (prove it ſo),
Let Fortune go to hell for it, not I.
I ſpeak too long, but 'tis to peize the time,
To itch it, and draw it out in length,
To ſtay you from election.
Baſſ. Let me chuſe;
For as I am I live upon the rack.
Por. Upon the rack, *Baſſanio,* then confeſs
What treaſon there is mingled with your love.
Baſſ. None but that ugly treaſon of miſtruſt,
Which makes me fear the enjoying of my love:
There may as well be amity and life,
'Tween ſnow and fire, as treaſon and my love.
Por. I, but I fear you ſpeak upon the rack,
Where men enforced do ſpeak any thing.
Baſſ. Promiſe me life, and I'le confeſs the truth.
Por. Well then, confeſs and live.
Baſſ. Confeſs and love
Had been the very ſum of my confeſſion:
O happy torment, when my torturer
Doth teach me anſwers for deliverance:
But let me to my Fortune and the Caskets.
Por. Away then, I am lockt in one of them,
If you do love me, you will find me out.
Nerriſſa, and the reſt, ſtand all aloof,
Let muſick ſound while he doth make his choice;
Then if he loſe, he makes a Swan-like end,
Fading in muſick. That the compariſon
May ſtand more proper, my eye ſhall be the ſtream
And watry death-bed for him: he may win,
And what is muſick then? Then muſick is
Even as the flouriſh, when true ſubjects bow
To a new crowned Monarch: Such it is,
As are thoſe dulcet ſounds in break of day,
That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear,
And ſummon him to marriage. Now he goes
With no leſs preſence, but with much more love
Than young *Alcides,* when he did redeem
The Virgin-tribute, paid by howling *Troy*
To the Sea-monſter: I ſtand for ſacrifice,
The reſt aloof are the *Dardanian* wives;
With bleared viſages come forth to view
The iſſue of th' exploit: Go *Hercules,*
Live thou, I live, but with much more diſmay
I view the fight, than thou that mak'ſt the fray.
Here Muſick.

A Song the whilſt Baſſanio *commments on the Caskets to himſelf.*

Tell me where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head:
How begot, how nouriſhed. *Reply, reply.*
It is engendred in the eyes,
With gazing fed, and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies:
Let us all ring Fancies knell.
I'le begin it.
Ding, dong, Bell.
All. *Ding, dong, Bell.*

Baſſ. So may the outward ſhows be leaſt themſelves.
The world is ſtill deceiv'd with ornament.
In Law what Plea ſo tainted and corrupt,
But being ſeaſon'd with a gracious voice,
Obſcures the ſhow of evil? In Religion,
What damned error, but ſome ſober brow
Will bleſs it, and approve it with a text,
Hiding the groſsneſs with fair ornament:
There is no vice ſo ſimple, but aſſumes
Some mark of virtue on his outward parts;
How many cowards, whoſe hearts are all as falſe
As ſtairs of ſand, wear yet upon their chins
The beards of *Hercules* and frowning *Mars?*
Who inward ſearcht, have livers white as milk,
And theſe aſſume but Valour's excrement,
To render them re-doubted. Look on beauty,
And you ſhall ſee 'tis purchaſt by the weight,
Which therein works a miracle in nature,
Make ing them lighteſt that wear moſt of it:
So are thoſe criſped ſnaky golden locks
Which makes ſuch wanton gambols with the wind
Upon ſuppoſed fairneſs, often known
To be the dowry of a ſecond head,
The ſcull that bred them in the Sepulcher.
Thus ornament is but the guilded ſhore
To a moſt dangerous ſea; the beautious ſcarf
Vailing an *Indian* beauty: In a word,
The ſeeming truth which cunning times put on
To entrap the wiſeſt. Therefore thou gaudy gold,
Hard Food for *Midas,* I will none of thee,
Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudg
'Tween man and man; but thou, thou meager lead,
Which rather threatneſt than doſt promiſe ought,
Thy paleneſs moves me more than eloquence,
And here chuſe I, joy be the conſequence.
Por. How all the other paſſions fleet to air,
As doubtful thoughts, and raſh embrac'd deſpair;
And ſhuddring fear, and green-ey'd jealouſie.
O love be moderate, allay thy extaſie,
In meaſure rain thy joy, ſcant this exceſs, rein
I feel too much thy bleſſing, make it leſs,
For fear I ſurfeit.
Baſſ. What find I here?
Fair *Portia*'s counterfeit. What demy-god
Hath come ſo near creation, move theſe eyes?
Or whether riding on the balls of mine
Seem they in motion? Here are ſever'd lips
Parted with ſugar breath, ſo ſweet a bar
Should ſunder ſuch ſweet friends: here in her hairs
The *Painter* plays the Spider, and hath woven
A golden meſh t' intrap the hearts of men
Faſter than Gnats in Cobwebs: but her eyes,
How could he ſee to do them? Having made one,
Methinks it ſhould have power to ſteal both his,
And leave it ſelf unfurniſht: Yet look how far
The ſubſtance of my praiſe doth wrong this ſhadow
In underpriſing; ſo far this ſhadow
Doth limp behind the ſubſtance. Here's the ſcrowl,
The continent, and ſummary of my Fortune.

You that chuſe not by the view.
Chance as fair, aud chuſe as true.
Since this fortune falls to you,
Be content, and ſeek no new.
If you be well pleaſed with this,

And hold you fortune for your bliſs,
Turn you where your Lady is,
And claim her with a loving kiſs.

A gentle ſcrowl; Fair Lady, by your leave,
I come by note to give, and to receive,
Like one of two contending in a prize,
That thinks he hath done well in peoples eyes;
Hearing applauſe and univerſal ſhout,
Giddy in ſpirit, ſtill gazing in a doubt,
Whether thoſe peals of praiſe be his or no.
So thrice fair Lady ſtand I even ſo,
As doubtful whether what I ſee be true,
Until confirm'd, ſign'd, ratified by you.
Por. You ſee, my Lord *Baſſanio*, where I ſtand,
Such as I am; tho for my ſelt alone,
I would not be ambitious in my wiſh,
To wiſh my ſelf much better; yet for you,
I would be trebled twenty times my ſelf,
A thouſand times more fair, ten thouſand times
More rich, that to ſtand high in your account,
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account; but the full ſum of me
Is ſum of nothing; which to term in groſs,
Is an unleſſoned Girl, unſchool'd, unpractiz'd:
Happy in this, ſhe is not yet ſo old
But ſhe may learn; happier then in this,
She is not bred ſo dull but ſhe can learn;
Happieſt of all is, that her gentle ſpirit
Commits it ſelf to yours to be directed,
As from her Lord, her Governour, her King.
My ſelf, and what is mine, to you and yours
Is now converted. But now I was the Lord
Of this fair Manſion, Maſter of my Servants,
Queen o're my ſelf, and even now; but now
This Houſe, theſe Servants, and this ſame my ſelf
Are yours, my Lord, I give them with this Ring,
Which when you part from, loſe, or give away,
Let it preſage the ruin of your love,
And be my vantage to exclaim on you.
Baſſ. Madam, you have bereft me of all words,
Only my blood ſpeaks to you in my veins,
And there is ſuch confuſion in my powers,
As after ſome oration fairly ſpoke
By a beloved Prince, there doth appear
Among the buzzing pleaſed multitude,
Where every ſomething being blent together,
Turns to a wild of nothing, ſave of joy
Expreſt, and not expreſt; but when this Ring
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence;
O then be bold to ſay, *Baſſanio's* dead.
Ner. My Lord and Lady, it is now our time,
That have ſtood by, and ſeen our wiſhes proſper,
To cry good joy, good joy, my Lord and Lady.
Gra. My Lord *Baſſanio*, and my gentle Lady,
I wiſh you all the joy that you can wiſh:
For I am ſure you can wiſh none from me:
And when your honors mean to ſolemnize
The bargain of your Faith, I do beſeech you
Even at that time I may be married too.
Baſſ. With all my heart, ſo thou canſt get a Wiſe.
Cra. I thank your Lordſhip, you have got me one.
My eyes, my Lord, can look as ſwift as yours:
You ſaw the Miſtris, I beheld the Maid:
You lov'd, I lov'd for intermiſſion.
No more pertains to me, my Lord, than you:
Your Forrune ſtood upon the caskets there,
And ſo did mine too, as the matter falls:
For wooing heat, until I ſweat again,
And ſwearing till my very rough was dry
With Oaths of love, at laſt, if promiſe laſt,
I got a promiſe of this fair one here,
To have her love; provided that your Fortune
Atchiv'd her Miſtriſs.
Por. Is this true, *Nerriſſa?*
Ner Madam, it is ſo, ſo you ſtand pleas'd withal.
Baſſ. And do you, *Gratiano*, mean good Faith?
Gra Yes Faith my Lord.
Baſſ. Our Feaſt ſhall be much honoured in your Marriage.
Gra. We'l play with them, the firſt boy for a thouſand Ducats.
Ner. What, and ſtake down?
Gra. No, we ſhall ne're win at that ſport, and ſtake down.
But who comes here? *Lorenzo* and his Infidel?
What, and my old *Venetian* Friend, *Salerio?*

Enter Lorenzo, Jeſſica, *and* Salerio.

Baſ. *Lorenzo* and *Salerio*, welcome hither.
If that the youth of my new intereſt here
Have power to bid you welcome: by your leave
I bid my very Friends and Country-men,
Sweet *Portia*, welcome.
Por. So do I, my Lord; they are intirely welcome.
Lor. I thank your honour: For my part, my Lord,
My purpoſe was not to have ſeen you here;
But meeting with *Salerio* by the way,
He did intreat me paſt all ſaying nay,
To come with him along.
Sal. I did, my Lord,
And have reaſon for it, ſignior *Anthonio*
Commends him to you.
Baſ. E're I ope this Letter
I pray you tell me how my good Friend doth,
Sal. Not ſick, my Lord, unleſs it be in mind;
Nor well, unleſs in mind: his Letter there
Will ſhew you his eſtate.

Opens the Letter.

Gra. *Nerriſſa*, cheer yond ſtranger, bid her welcome.
Your hand, *Salerio*; what's the news from *Venice?*
How doth that royal Merchant, good *Anthonio?*
I know he will be glad of our ſucceſs:
We are the *Jaſons*, we have won the fleece.
Sal. I would you had won the fleece that he hath loſt.
Por. There are ſome ſhrewd contents in yond ſame Paper,
That ſteals the colour from *Baſſanio's* cheek:
Some dear Friend dead, elſe nothing in the world
Could turn ſo much the conſtitution
Of any conſtant man. What worſe and worſe!
With leave, *Baſſanio*, I am half your ſelf,
And muſt freely have the half of any thing
That this ſame paper brings you.
Baſ O ſweet *Portia!*
Here are a few of the unpleaſant'ſt words
That ever blotted paper. Gentle Lady,
When I did firſt impart my love to you,
I freely told you, all the wealth I had
Ran in my veins. I was a Gentleman,
And then I told you true; and yet dear Lady,
Rating my ſelf at nothing, you ſhall ſee
How much I was a-beggar, when I told you
My ſtate was nothing, I ſhould then have told you,
That I was worſe than nothing: For indeed
I have engag'd my ſelf to a dear Friend;
Engag'd my Friend to his meer Enemy,
To feed my means. Here is a Letter, Lady;
The paper as the body of my Friend,
And every word in it a gaping wound,
Iſſuing life-blood. But is it true, *Salerio?*
Hath all his ventures fail'd! what, not one hit!
From *Tripolis*, from *Mexico*, and *England*,
From *Lisbon*, *Barbary*, and *India*,
And not one Veſſel ſcape the dreadful touch

Of Merchant-marring Rocks?
Sal. Not one, my Lord.
Beſides, it ſhould appear, that if he had
The preſent money to diſcharge the *Jew*,
He would not take it: Never did I know
A creature that did bear the ſhape of man,
So keen and greedy to confound a man.
He plies the Duke at morning and at night,
And doth impeach the Freedom of the State,
If they deny him Juſtice. Twenty Merchants,
The Duke himſelf; and the Magnificoes
Of greateſt port have all perſwaded with him,
But none can drive him from the envious plea
Of Forfeiture of Juſtice, and his Bond.
Jeſ. When I was with him, I have heard him ſwear,
To *Tuball* and to *Chus*, his Countrymen,
That he would rather have *Anthonio*'s fleſh
Than twenty times the value of the ſum
That he did owe him: and I know, my Lord,
If law, authority, and power deny not,
It will go hard with poor *Anthonio.*
Por. Is it your dear Friend that is thus in trouble?
Baſ. The deareſt Friend to me, the kindeſt man,
The beſt condition'd, and unwearied ſpirit,
In doing courteſies: and one in whom
The ancient *Roman* honour more appears
Than any that draws breath in *Italy*.
Por. What ſum owes he the *Jew*?
Baſ. For me three thouſand Ducats.
Por. What, no more?
Pay him ſix thouſand, and deface the bond:
Double ſix thouſand, and then treble that,
Before a Friend of this deſcription
Shall loſe a hair through my *Baſſanio*'s Fault.
Firſt go with me to Church, and call me Wife,
And then away to *Venice* to your Friend:
For never ſhall you lie by *Portia*'s ſide
With an unquiet ſoul. You ſhall have gold
To pay the petty debt twenty times over.
When it is paid, bring your true Friend along:
My Maid *Nerriſſa*, and my ſelf mean time,
Will live as Maids and Widows: Come away;
For you ſhall hence upon your Wedding-day:
Bid your Friends welcome; ſhow a merry cheer:
Since you are dear bought, I will love you dear.
But let me hear the Letter of your Friend.

Sweet Baſſanio, *my Ships have all miſcarried, my Creditors grow cruel, my Eſtate is very low, my Bond to the* Jew *is forfeit: and ſince in paying it it is impoſſible I ſhould live, all debts are cleared between you and I, if I might ſee you at my death: Notwithſtanding uſe your pleaſure: if your love do not perſwade you to come, let not my Letter.*

Por. O love! diſpatch all buſineſs, and be gone.
Baſ. Since I have your good leave to go away,
I will make haſte; but till I come again,
No bed ſhall e're be guilty of my ſtay,
Nor reſt be interpoſer 'twixt us twain. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Jew, *and* Salanio, *and* Anthonio, *and the* Jaylor.

Jew. Jaylor, look to him: tell not me of mercy;
This is the Fool that lends out money *gratis.*
Jaylor, look to him.
Ant. Hear me yet good *Shylocke.*
Jew. I'le have my bond: ſpeak not againſt my bond:
I have ſworn an Oath that I will have my bond.
Thou call'ſt me dog before thou had'ſt a cauſe;
But ſince I am a dog, beware my phangs.
The Duke ſhall grant me Juſtice. I do wonder,
Thou naughty Jaylor, that thou art ſo fond
To come abroad with him at his requeſt.
Ant. I pray thee hear me ſpeak.
Jew. I'le have my bond: I will not hear thee ſpeak:
I'le have my bond; and therefore ſpeak no more.
I'le not be made a ſoft and dull-ey'd Fool,
To ſhake the head, relent, and ſigh, and yield
To Chriſtian interceſſors. Follow not:
I'le have no ſpeaking; I will have my bond. *Exit* Jew
Sol. It is the moſt impenetrable cur
That ever kept with men.
Ant. Let him alone;
I'le follow him no more with bootleſs prayers.
He ſeeks my life; his reaſon well I know;
I oft deliver'd from his Forfeitures
Many that have at times made moan to me;
Therefore he hates me.
Sal. I am ſure the Duke will never grant this Forfeiture to hold.
Ant. The Duke cannot deny the courſe of law;
For the commodity that ſtrangers have
With us in *Venice*, if it be denied,
Will much impeach the Juſtice of the State,
Since that the trade and profit of the City
Conſiſteth of all Nations. Thereforr go,
Theſe griefs and loſſes have ſo bated me,
That I ſhall hardly ſpare a pound of fleſh
To morrow to my bloody Creditor.
Well, Jeylor, on; pray God *Baſſanio* come
To ſee me pay his debt, and then I care not. *Exeunt.*

Enter Portia, Nerriſſa, Lorenzo, Jeſſica, *a man of* Portia's.

Lor. Madam, although I ſpeak it in your preſence,
You have a noble and a true conceit
Of god-like amity, which appears moſt ſtrongly
In bearing thus the abſence of your Lord.
But if you knew to whom you ſhew this honour,
How true a Gentleman you ſend relief,
How dear a lover of my Lord, your husband,
I know you would be prouder of the work
Than cuſtomary bounty can enforce you.
Por. I never did repent for doing good,
Nor ſhall not now: for in companions
That do converſe and waſte the time together,
Whoſe ſouls do bear an equal yoke of love,
There muſt be needs a like proportion
Of lineaments, of manners and of ſpirit,
Which makes me think that this *Anthonio*,
Being the boſom-lover of my Lord,
Muſt needs be like my Lord. If it be ſo,
How little is the coſt I have beſtowed
In purchaſing the ſemblance of my ſoul
From out the ſtate of helliſh cruelty.
This comes too near the praiſing of my ſelf;
Therefore no more of it: here other things,
Lorenzo, I commit into your hands
The husbandry and manage of my houſe,
Until my Lord's return: For mine own part,
I have toward heaven breath'd a ſecret vow,
To live in prayer and contemplation,
Only attended by *Nerriſſa* here,
Until her husband and my Lord's return.
There is a Monaſtery two miles off
And there we will abide. I do deſire you
Not to deny this impoſition,
The which my love and ſome neceſſity
Now lays upon you.
Lor. Madam, with all my heart,
I ſhall obey you in all fair commands.
Por. My people do already know my mind,
And will acknowledg you and *Jeſſica*
In place of Lord *Baſſanio* and my ſelf.
So fare you well till we ſhall meet again.
Lor. Fair thoughts and happy hours attend on you.

Jeſ. I wiſh your Ladyſhip all hearts content.
Por. I thank you for your wiſh, and am well pleas'd
To wiſh it back on you: Fare you well *Jeſſica.* *Exeunt.*
Now *Balthazar*, as I have ever found thee honeſt true,
So let me find thee ſtill: take this ſame Letter;
And uſe thou all the endeavour of a man;
In ſpeed to *Mantua*, ſee thou render this
Into my Couſin's hand, *Doctor Bellario*,
And look what notes and garments he doth give thee,
Bring them I pray thee with imagin'd ſpeed
Unto the *Tranect*, to the common Ferry
Which trades to *Venice*: waſte no time in words,
But get thee gone; I ſhall be there before thee.
Bal. Madam, I go with all convenient ſpeed.
Por. Come on *Nerriſſa*, I have work in hand
That you yet know not of: we'l ſee our husbands
Before they think of us?
Ner. Shall they ſee us?
Por. They ſhall, *Nerriſſa*; but in ſuch a habit,
That they ſhall think we are accompliſhed
With that we lack. I'le hold thee any wager
When we are both accoutred like young men,
I'le prove the prettier Fellow of the two,
And wear my Dagger with the braver grace,
And ſpeak between the change of man and boy,
With a reed voice; and turn two mincing ſteps
Into a manly ſtride, and ſpeak of Frays,
Like a fine bragging youth; and tell quaint lies,
How honourable Ladies ſought my Love,
Which I denying, they fell ſick and died.
I could not do withal: then I'le repent,
And wiſh for all that, that I had not kill'd them:
And twenty of theſe puny lies I'le tell,
That men ſhall ſwear I have diſcontinued ſchool
Above a twelvemonth. I have within my mind
A thouſand raw tricks of theſe bragging Jacks,
Which I will practice.
Ner. Why, ſhall we turn to men?
Por. Fie, what a queſtion's that,
If thou wert near a leud interpreter?
But come, I'le tell thee all my whole device
When I am in my Coach, which ſtays for us
At the Park Gate; and therefore haſte away;
For we muſt meaſure twenty miles to day. *Exeunt.*

Enter Clown *and* Jeſſica.

Clown. Yes truly: For look you, the ſins of the Father are to be laid upon the children; therefore I promiſe you, I fear you. I was always plain with you; and ſo now I ſpeak my agitation of the matter: therefore be of good cheer; for truly I think you are damn'd: there is but one hope in it that can do you any good, and that is but a kind of baſtard-hope neither.

Jeſ. And what hope is that I pray thee?

Clow. Marry you may partly hope that your Father got you not, that you are not the *Jew*'s Daughter.

Jeſ. That were a kind of baſtard-hope indeed: ſo the ſins of my Morher ſhould be viſited upon me.

Clow. Truly then I fear you are damned both by Father aud Mother: thus when I ſhun *Sylla*, your Father, I fall into *Charibdis*, your Mother: Well, you are gone both ways.

Jeſ. I ſhall be ſaved by my husband; he hath made me a Chriſtian.

Clow. Truly the more to blame he; we were Chriſtians enow before, e'ne as many as could well live one by another: this making of Chriſtians will raiſr the price of Hogs, if we grow all to be Pork-eaters, we ſhall not ſhortly have a raſher on the coals for money.

Enter Lorenzo.

Jeſ. I'le tell my Husband, *Lancelet*, what you ſay: here he comes.

Lor. I ſhall grow jealous of you ſhortly, *Launcelet*, if you thus get my Wiſe into corners.

Jeſ. Nay, you need not fear us, *Lorenzo*; *Lancelet* and I are out; he tells me flatly, there is no mercy for me in Heaven, becauſe I am a *Jew*'s daughter; and he ſays, you are no good member of the Commonwealth; for in converting *Jews* to Chriſtians, you raiſe the price of Pork.

Lor. I ſhall anſwer that better to the Commonwralth than you can the getting up of the *Negro*'s belly: the *Moor* is with child by you, *Lancelet.*

Clow. It is much that the *Moor* ſhould be more than reaſon: but if ſhe be leſs than an honeſt woman, ſhe is indeed more than I took her for.

Lor. How every Fool can play upon the word! I think the beſt grace of wit will ſhortly turn into ſilence, and diſcourſe grow commendable in none only but Parrats. Go in, ſirrah, bid them prepare for dinner.

Clow. That is done, ſir; they have all ſtomacks.

Lor. Goodly Lord, what a wit-ſnapper are you! then bid them prepare dinner.

Clow. That is done too, ſir, only cover is the word.

Lor. Will you cover then ſir?

Clow. Not ſo ſir, neither; I know my duty.

Lor. Yet more quarrelling with occaſion! wilt thou ſhew the whole wealth of thy wit in an inſtant? I pray thee underſtand a plain man in his plain meaning: go to thy fellows; bid them cover the table, ſerve in the meat, and we will come in to dinner.

Clow. For the table ſir, it ſhall be ſerved in; for the meat ſir, it ſhall be covered; for your coming in to dinner ſir, why let it be as humors and conceits ſhall govern.
Exit Clown.

Lor. O dear diſcretion, how his words are ſuited!
The Fool hath planted in his memory
An Army of good words; and I do know
A many Fools that ſtand in better place,
Garniſht like him, that for a trickſie word
Defie the matter: how cheer'ſt thou *Jeſſica*?
And now good ſweet ſay thy opinion,
How doſt thou like the Lord *Baſſanio*'s wife?
Jeſ. Paſt all expreſſing: it is very meet
The Lord *Baſſanio* live an upright liſe
For having ſuch a bleſſing in his Lady:
He finds the joys of heaven here on earth:
And if on earth he do not mean it, it
Is reaſon he ſhould never come to heaven.
Why, if two gods ſhould play ſome heavenly match,
And on the wager lay two earthly women,
And *Portia* one, there muſt be ſomething elſe
Pawn'd with the other; for the poor rude world
Hath not her Fellow.
Lor. Even ſuch a husband
Haſt thou of me, as ſhe is for a wife.
Jeſ. Nay, but ask my opinion too of that.
Lor. I will anon: firſt let us go to dinner.
Jeſ. Nay, let me praiſe you while I have a ſtomack.
Lor. No, pray thee, let it ſerve for table-talk;
Then howſome're thou ſpeak'ſt 'mongſt other things,
I ſhall digeſt it.
Jeſ. Well, I'le ſet you forth.
Exeunt.

Actus Quartus.

Enter the Duke, *the* Magnificoes, Anthonio, Baſſanio, *and* Gratiano.

Duk. What, is *Anthonio* here?
Ant. Ready, ſo pleaſe your Grace.

Duk. I am ſorry for thee: thou art come to anſwer
A ſtony adverſary, an inhumane wretch,
Uncapable of pity, void and empty
From any dram of mercy.
Ant. I have heard
Your Grace hath ta'ne great pains to qualifie
His rigorous courſe: but ſince he ſtands obdurate,
And that no lawful means can carry me
Out of his envies reach, I do oppoſe
My Patience to his Fury, and am arm'd
To ſuffer with a quietneſs of ſpirit,
The very tyranny and rage of his.
Du. Go one and call the *Jew* into the Court.
Sal. He is ready at the door: he comes, my Lord.

Enter Shylocke.

Duk. Make room, and let him ſtand before our Face.
Shylocke, the World thinks, and I think ſo too,
That thou but lead'ſt this Faſhion of thy Malice
To the laſt hour of act, and then 'tis thought
Thou'lt ſhew thy Mercy and Remorſe more ſtrange
Than is thy ſtrange apparent cruelty,
And where thou now exact'ſt the penalty,
Which is a pound of this poor Merchant's fleſh,
Thou wilt not only loſe the Forfeiture,
But touch'd with humane gentleneſs and love,
Forgive a moiety of the principal,
Glancing an eye of pity on his loſſes
That have of late ſo hudled on his back,
Enow to preſs a royal Merchant down,
And pluck commiſeration of his ſtate
From braſſie boſoms, and rough hearts of flint,
From ſtubborn *Turks*, and *Tartars* never train'd
To offices of tender courteſie.
We all expect a gentle anſwer, *Jew*.
Jew. I have poſſeſt your Grace of what I purpoſe,
And by our holy *Sabbath* have I ſworn
To have the Due and Forfeit of my bond.
If you deny it, let the danger light
Upon your Charter, and your Cities Freedom.
You'l ask me why I rather chuſe to have
A weight of carrion fleſh, than to receive
Three thouſand Ducats? I'le not anſwer that.
But ſay it is my humour, is it anſwered?
What if my houſe be troubled with a Rat,
And I be pleas'd to give ten thouſand Ducats
To have it bain'd? What, are you anſwer'd yet?
Some men there are love not a gaping pig:
Some that are mad, if they behold a Cat:
And others, when the Bag-pipe ſings i' th' noſe,
Cannot contain their Urine for affection.
Maſters of paſſion ſways it to the mood
Of what it likes or loaths. Now for your anſwer.
As there is no firm reaſon to be rendred
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig,
Why he a harmleſs neceſſary cat,
Why he a wollen bag-pipe, but of force a swollen or Wooden
Muſt yield to ſuch inevitable ſhame,
As to offend himſelf, being offended;
So can I give no reaſon, nor I will not,
More than a lodg'd hate, and a certain loathing
I bear *Anthonio*, that I follow thus
A loſing ſuit againſt him. Are you anſwered?
Baſ. This is no anſwer, thou unfeeling man,
To excuſe the current of thy cruelty.
Jew. I am not bound to pleaſe thee with my anſwer.
Baſ. Do all men kill the thing they do not love?
Jew. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?
Baſ. Every offence is not a hate at firſt.
Jew. What, would'ſt thou have a Serpent ſting thee twice?
Ant. I pray you think you queſtion with a *Jew*.
You may as well go ſtand upon the beach,
And bid the main flood be at bate his uſual height,
Or even as well uſe queſtion with the Wolf,
The Ewe bleat for the Lamb: When you behold,
You may as well forbid the Mountain Pines
To wag their high tops, and to make no noiſe
When they are fretted with the guſts of heaven.
You may as well do any thing moſt hard,
As ſeek to ſoften that, than which what harder,
His *Jewiſh* heart? Therefore I do beſeech you
Make no more offers, uſe no farther means,
But with all brief and plain conveniency
Let me have judgment, and the *Jew* his will.
Baſ. For thy three thouſand Ducats here is ſix.
Jew. If every Ducat in ſix thouſand Ducats
Were in ſix parts, and every part a Ducat,
I would not draw them, I would have my bond.
Duk. How ſhalt thou hope for mercy, rendring none?
Jew. What judgment ſhall I dread, doing no wrong?
You have among you many a purchas'd ſlave,
Which like your Aſſes, and your Dogs and Mules,
You uſe in abject and in ſlaviſh part,
Becauſe you bought them. Shall I ſay to you,
Let them be free, marry them to your heirs?
Why ſweat they under burthens? Let their beds
Be made as ſoft as yours, and let their pallats
Be ſeaſon'd with ſuch Viands: you will anſwer,
The ſlaves are ours. So do I anſwer you.
The pound of fleſh which I demand of him,
Is dearly bought, 'tis mine, and I will have it.
If you deny me, fie upon your Law,
There is no force in the decrees of *Venice*:
I ſtand for judgment; anſwer, ſhall I have it?
Duk. Upon my power I may diſmiſs this Court,
Unleſs *Bellario*, a learned Doctor,
Whom I have ſent for to determine this,
Come here to day.
Sal. My Lord, here ſtays without
A Meſſenger with Letters from the Doctor,
New come from *Padua*.
Duk. Bring us the Letters, call the Meſſengers.
Baſ. Good cheer *Anthonio*: What man, courage yet:
The *Jew* ſhall have my fleſh, blood, bones, and all,
E're thou ſhalt loſe for me one drop of blood.
Ant. I am a tainted Weather of the flock,
Meeteſt for death: the weakeſt kind of Fruit
Drops earlieſt to the ground, ſo let me.
You cannot better be employ'd, *Baſſanio*,
Than to live ſtill, and write mine Epitaph.

Enter Neriſſa.

Du. Came you from *Padua*, from *Bellario*?
Ner. From both.
My Lord *Bellario* greets your Grace.
Baſ. Why doſt thou whet thy knife ſo earneſtly?
Jew. To cut the Forfeiture from that bankrout there.
Gra. Not on thy ſoale, but on thy ſoul, harſh *Jew*,
Thou mak'ſt thy knife keen: but no metal can,
No, not the hangman's Axe bear half the keenneſs
Of thy ſharp envy. Can no prayers pierce thee?
Jew. No, none that thou haſt wit enough to make.
Gra. O be thou damn'd inexorable dog,
And for thy life let Juſtice be accus'd.
Thou almoſt mak'ſt me waver in my Faith,
To hold opinion with *Pythagoras*,
That ſouls of Animals infuſe themſelves
Into the trunks of men. Thy curriſh ſpirit
Govern'd a Woolf, who hang'd for humane ſlaughter,
Even from the Gallows did his fell ſoul fleet,
And whil'ſt thou layeſt in thy unhallowed Dam,
Infus'd it ſelf in thee; For thy deſires
Are woolviſh, bloody, ſterv'd, and ravenous.
Jew. Till thou canſt rail the ſeal from off my bond,
Thou but offend'ſt thy Lungs to ſpeak ſo loud.

Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall
To endleſs ruine. I ſtand here for Law.
Du. This Letter from *Bellario* doth commend
A young and Learned Doctor in our Court.
Where is he?
Ner. He attendeth here hard by
To know your anſwer, whether you'l admit him?
Du. With all my heart. Some Three or Four of you
Go give him courteous conduct to this place,
Mean time the Court ſhall hear *Bellario*'s Letter.

YOUR Grace ſhall underſtand, that at the receit of your Letter, I am very ſick: but in the inſtant that your meſſenger came, in loving viſitation, was with me a young Doctor of Rome, *his Name is* Balthaſar: *I acquainted him with the Caſe in controverſie, between the* Jew *and* Anthonio, *the Merchant: We turn'd o're many Books together: He is furniſhed with my Opinion, which bettered with his own Learning, the greatneſs whereof I cannot enough commend, comes with him at my importunity, to fill up your Graces Requeſt in my ſtead. I beſeech you, let his lack of years be no impediment to let him lack a reverend eſtimation: For I never knew ſo young a body with ſo old a head. I leave him to your gracious acceptance, whoſe trial ſhall better publiſh his commendation.*

Enter Portia *for* Balthaſar.

Du. You hear the Learn'd *Bellario* what he writes,
And here (I take it) is the Doctor come.
Give me your hand. Came you from old *Bellario*?
Por. I did, my Lord.
Du. You are welcome: take your place.
Are you acquainted with the difference
That holds this preſent queſtion in the Court?
Por. I am informed throughly of the Caſe.
Which is the *Merchant* here, and which the *Jew*?
Du. *Anthonio* and old *Shylocke*, both ſtand forth.
Por. Is your name *Shylocke*?
Jew. *Shylocke* is my name.
Por. Of a ſtrange Nature is the ſuit you follow,
Yet in ſuch rule, that the *Venetian* Law
Cannot impungne you, as you do pretend.
You ſtand within his danger, do you not?
Ant. I, ſo he ſays.
Por. Do you confeſs the bond?
Ant. I do.
Por. Then muſt the *Jew* be merciful.
Jew. On what compulſion muſt I? tell me that.
Por. The quality of mercy is not ſtrain'd,
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath. It is twice bleſt,
It bleſſeth him that gives, and him that takes.
'Tis mightieſt in the mightieſt, it becomes
The throned Monarch better than his Crown.
His Scepter ſhews the force of temporal power,
The attribute to Awe and Majeſty,
Wherein doth ſit the dread and fear of Kings.
But Mercy is above this ſceptred ſway,
It is enthroned in the hearts of Kings,
It is an Attribute to God himſelf;
And earthly power doth then ſhew likeſt God's,
When Mercy ſeaſons Juſtice. Therefore *Jew*,
Tho Juſtice be thy plea, conſider this,
That in the courſe of Juſtice none of us
Should ſee ſalvation. We do pray for mercy,
And that ſame prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. I have ſpoke thus much
To mitigate the juſtice of thy plea;
Which if thou follow, this ſtrict courſe of *Venice*
Muſt needs give ſentence againſt the Merchant there.
Shy. My deeds upon my head, I crave the Law,
The Penalty and Forfeit of my bond.
Por. Is he not able to diſcharge the money?
Baſ. Yes, here I tender it for him in the Court,
Yea, twice the ſum, if that will not ſuffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times o're,
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart.
If this will not ſuffice, it muſt appear
That malice bears down truth. And I beſeech you
Wreſt once the Law to your Authority.
To do a great right, do a little wrong,
And curb this cruel devil of his will.
Por. It muſt not be, there is no power in *Venice*
Can alter a decree eſtabliſhed.
'Twill be recorded for a Preſident,
And many an error by the ſame example
Will ruſh into the State. It cannot be.
Jew. A *Daniel* come to judgment, yea, a *Daniel*,
O wiſe young Judg, how do I honour thee?
Por. I pray you look upon the bond.
Jew. Here 'tis, moſt reverend Doctor, here it is.
Por. *Shylocke*, there's thrice thy money offered thee.
Shy. An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven.
Shall I lay perjury upon my ſoul?
No, not for *Venice*.
Por. Why, this bond is forfeit,
And lawfully by this the *Jew* may claim
A pound of fleſh, to be by him cut off
Neareſt the Merchant's heart. Be merciful,
Take thrice thy money, bid me tear the bond.
Jew. When it is paid according to the tenure.
It doth appear you are a worthy Judg:
You know the Law, your expoſition
Hath been moſt ſound. I charge you by the Law,
Whereof you are a well-deſerving pillar,
Proceed to judgment. By my ſoul I ſwear,
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me. I ſtay here on my bond.
An. Moſt heartily I do beſeech the Court
To give the judgment.
Por. Why then thus it is:
You muſt prepare your boſom for his knife.
Jew. O noble Judg! O excellent young man!
Por. For the intent and purpoſe of the Law
Hath full relation to the penalty,
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.
Jew. 'Tis very true. O wiſe and upright Judg,
How much more elder art thou than thy looks?
Por. Therefore lay bare thy boſom.
Jew. I, his breſt,
So ſays the bond, doth it not, noble Judg?
Neareſt his heart, thoſe are the very words.
Por. It is ſo. Are there ballance here to weigh the fleſh?
Jew. I have them ready.
Por. Have by ſome Surgeon, *Shylock*, on your charge,
To ſtop his wounds, leſt he ſhould bleed to death.
Jew. It is not nominated in the bond.
Por. It is not ſo expreſt; but what of that?
'Twere good you do ſo much for charity.
Jew. I cannot find it, 'tis not in the bond.
Por. Come Merchant, have you any thing to ſay?
Ant. But little: I am arm'd and well prepar'd.
Give me your hand, *Baſſanio*: Fare you well.
Grieve not that I am fall'n to this for you:
For herein Fortune ſhews her ſelf more kind
Than is his cuſtom. It is ſtill her uſe
To let the wretched man out-live his wealth,
To view with hollow eye, and wrinkled brow
An age of poverty. From which lingring penance
Of ſuch a miſery, doth ſhe cut me off.
Commend me to your honourable Wife;
Tell her the proceſs of *Anthonio*'s end;
Say how I lov'd you; ſpeak me fair in death:
And when the tale is told, bid her be judg,
Whether *Baſſanio* had not once a Love:

Repent not you that you ſhall loſe your Friend,
And he repents not that he pays your debt;
For if the *Jew* do cut but deep enough,
I'le pay it inſtantly with all my heart.
Baſ. Anthonio, I am married to a wife,
Which is as dear to me as life it ſelf;
But life it ſelf, my wife, and all the world,
Are not with me eſteem'd above thy life.
I would loſe all, I ſacrifice them all
Here to this devil, to deliver you.
Por. Your wife would give you little thanks for that,
If ſhe were by to hear you make the offer.
Gra. I have a wife whom I proteſt I love,
I would ſhe were in heaven, ſo ſhe could
Intreat ſome power to change this curriſh *Jew*.
Ner. 'Tis well you offer it behind her back,
The wiſh would make elſe an unquiet houſe.
Jew. Theſe be the Chriſtian husbands. I have a daughter,
Would any of the ſtock of *Barrabas*
Had been her husband, rather than a Chriſtian.
We trifle time, I pray thee purſue ſentence.
Por. A pound of that ſame Merchant's fleſh is thine,
The Court awards it, and the Law doth give it.
Jew. Moſt rightful Judg.
Por. And you muſt cut this fleſh from off his breaſt,
The Law allows it, and the Court awards it.
Jew. Moſt learned Judg, a ſentence, come, prepare.
Por. Tarry a little, there is ſomething elſe.
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood,
The words expreſly are a pound of fleſh.
Then take thy bond, take thou thy pound of fleſh;
But in the cutting it, if thou doſt ſhed
One drop of Chriſtian blood, thy lands and goods
Are by the Laws of *Venice* confiſcate
Unto the State of *Venice*.
Gra. O upright Judg;
Mark *Jew*, O learned Judg.
Shy Is that the Law?
Por. Thy ſelf ſhalt ſee the Act:
For as thou urgeſt Juſtice, be aſſur'd
Thou ſhalt have juſtice more than thou deſireſt.
Gra. O learned Judg! mark *Jew*, a learned Judg.
Jew. I take this offer then, pay the bond thrice,
And let the Chriſtian go.
Baſ. Here is the money.
Por. Soft, the *Jew* ſhall have all juſtice, ſoft, no haſte,
He ſhall have nothing but the penalty.
Gra. O *Jew!* an upright Judg, a learned Judg.
Por. Therefore prepare thee to cut off the fleſh,
Shed thou no blood, nor cut thou leſs nor more
But juſt a pound of fleſh: If thou tak'ſt more
Or leſs than a juſt pound, be it ſo much
As makes it light or heavy in the ſubſtance,
Or the diviſion of the twentieth part
Of one poor ſcruple: nay, if the ſcale do turn
But in the eſtimation of a hair,
Thou dieſt, and all thy goods are confiſcate.
Gra. A ſecond *Daniel*, a *Daniel*, *Jew*.
Now Infidel, I have thee on the hip.
Por. Why doth the *Jew* pauſe? Take thy Forfeiture.
Shy. Give me my principal, and let me go.
Baſ. I have it ready for thee; here it is.
Por. He hath refus'd it in the open Court:
He ſhall have meerly juſtice and his bond.
Gra. A *Daniel* ſtill ſay I, a ſecond *Daniel*.
I thank the *Jew* for teaching me that word.
Shy. Shall I not have barely my principal?
Por. Thou ſhalt have nothing but the Forfeiture,
To be taken ſo at thy peril, *Jew*.
Shy. Why then the Devil give him good of it:
I'le ſtay no longer queſtion.
Por. Tarry *Jew*,
The Law hath yet another hold on you:
It is enacted in the Laws of *Venice*,
If it be proved againſt an *Alien*,
That by direct, or indirect attempts,
He ſeek the life of any Citizen,
The party 'gainſt the which he doth contrive,
Shall ſeize on half his goods, the other half
Comes to the privy Coffer of the State,
And the Offender's life lies in the mercy
Of the Duke only, 'gainſt all other voice;
In which predicament I ſay thou ſtand'ſt:
For it appears by manifeſt proceeding,
That indirectly, and directly too,
Thou had contriv'd againſt the very life
Of the defendant: and thou haſt incurr'd
The danger formerly by me rehearſt
Down therefore, and beg mercy of the Duke.
Gra. Beg that thou maiſt have leave to hang thy ſelf:
And yet thy wealth being forfeit to the State,
Thou haſt not left the value of a cord,
Therefore thou muſt be hang'd at the States charge.
Du. That thou ſhalt ſee the difference of our ſpirit,
I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it:
For half thy wealth, it is *Anthonio*'s;
The other half comes to the general State,
Which humbleneſs may drive unto a fine.
Por. I, for the State, not for *Anthonio*
Shy. Nay, take my life and all, pardon not that:
You take my houſe when you do take the prop
That doth ſuſtain my houſe: you take my life
When you do take the means whereby I live.
Por. What mercy can you render him, *Anthonio*?
Gra. A Halter *gratis*, nothing elſe for God's ſake.
Ant. So pleaſe my Lord, the Duke, and all the Court,
To quit the fine for one half of his goods,
I am content, ſo he will let me have
The other half in uſe, to render it
Upon his death, unto the Gentleman
That lately ſtole his daughter.
Two things provided more, that for this Favour
He preſently become a Chriſtian;
The other, that he do record a gift
Here in the Court of all he dies poſſeſt
Unto his Son *Lorenzo*, and his Daughter.
Du. He ſhall do this, or elſe I do recant
The pardon that I late pronounced here.
Por. Art thou contented, *Jew*? what doſt thou ſay?
Shy. I am content.
Por. Clark, draw a deed of gift.
Shy. I pray you give me leave to go from hence;
I am not well; ſend the deed after me,
And I will ſign it.
Du. Get thee gone, but do it.
Gra. In Chriſtning thou ſhalt have two Godfathers.
Had I been Judg, thou ſhould'ſt have had ten more,
To bring thee to the Gallows, not to the Font. *Exit.*
Du. Sir, I intreat you with me home to dinner.
Por. I humbly do deſire your Grace of pardon;
I muſt away this night toward *Padua*,
And it is meet I preſently ſet forth.
Du. I am ſorry that your leiſure ſerves you not:
Anthonio, gratifie this Gentleman;
For in my mind you are much bound to him.
Exit Duke *and his train.*
Baſ. Moſt worthy Gentleman, I and my Friend,
Have by your wiſdom been this day acquitted
Of grievous penalties, in lieu whereof
Three thouſand Ducats due unto the *Jew*,
We freely cope your courteous pains withal.
Ant. And ſtand indebted over and above
In love and ſervice to you evermore.
Por. He is well paid that is well ſatisfied,
And I delivering you, am ſatisfied,
And therein do account my ſelf well paid.
My mind was never yet more mercinary.
I pray you know me when we meet again.

I wiſh you well, and ſo I take my leave.
Baſ. Dear ſir, of force I muſt attempt you further.
Take ſome remembrance of us as a tribute,
Not as a Fee : grant me two things ; I pray you
Not to deny me, and to pardon me.
Por. You preſs me far, and therefore I will yield.
Give me your gloves, I'le wear them for your ſake,
And for your love I'le take this Ring from you,
Do not draw back your hand, I'le take no more,
And you in love ſhall not deny me this.
Baſ. This Ring, good ſir, alas it is a trifle ;
I will not ſhame my ſelf to give you this.
Por. I will have nothing elſe but only this,
And now methinks I have a mind to it.
Baſ. There's more depends on this than on the value :
The deareſt Ring in *Venice* will I give you,
And find it out by Proclamation ;
Only for this I pray you pardon me.
Por. I ſee ſir, you are liberal in offers ;
You taught me firſt to beg, and now methinks
You teach me how a beggar ſhould be anſwer'd.
Baſ. Good ſir, this Ring was given me by my wife ;
And when ſhe put it on, ſhe made me vow
Thar I ſhould neither ſell, nor give, nor loſe it.
Por. That ſcuſe ſerves many men to ſave their gifts ;
And if your wife be not a mad woman,
And know how well I have deſerv'd this Ring,
She wou'd not hold out enemy for ever
For giving it to me : Well, peace be with you.
Exeunt.

Ant. My Lord *Baſſanio*, let him have the Ring.
Let his deſervings, and my love withal,
Be valued againſt your wives commandment.
Baſ. Go, *Gratiano*, run and overtake him,
Give him the Ring, and bring him if thou canſt
Unto *Anthonio*'s houſe : away, make haſte. *Exit* Grati.
Come, you and I will thither preſently,
And in the morning early will we both
Fly toward *Belmont*, come *Anthonio*.
Exeunt.

Enter Portia *and* Nerriſſa.

Por. Enquire the *Jew*'s houſe out, give him this deed,
And let him ſign it ; we'l away to night,
And be a day before our Husbands home :
This deed will be well welcome to *Lorenzo*.

Enter Gratiano.

Gra. Fair ſir, you are well o'retane :
My Lord *Baſſanio* upon more advice,
Hath ſent you here this Ring, and doth intreat
Your company at dinner.
Por. That cannot be :
His Ring I do accept moſt thankfully,
And ſo I pray you tell him : Furthermore,
I pray you ſhew my youth old *Shylock*'s houſe.
Gra. That will I do.
Ner. Sir, I would ſpeak with you :
I'le ſee if I can get my husband's Ring
Which I did make him ſwear to keep for ever.
Por. Thou maiſt I warrant. We ſhall have old ſwearing,
That they did give the Rings away to men ;
But we'l out-face them, and out-ſwear them too :
Away, make haſte, thou know'ſt where I will tarry.
Ner. Come good ſir, will you ſhew me to this houſe ?
Exeunt.

Actus Quintus.

Enter Lorenzo *and* Jeſſica.

Lor. The Moon ſhines bright. In ſuch a night as this,
When the ſweet wind did gently kiſs the trees,
And they did make no noiſe, in ſuch a night,
Troylus methinks mounted the *Troyan* wall,
And ſigh'd his ſoul toward the *Grecian* tents,
Where *Creſſed* lay that night.
Jeſ. In ſuch a night
Did *Thisby* fearfully o're-trip the dew,
And ſaw the Lion's ſhadow o're himſelf,
And ran diſmayed away.
Lor. In ſuch a night
Stood *Dido* with a Willow in her hand
Upon the wild Sea-banks, and waft her Love
To come again to *Carthage*.
Jeſ. In ſuch a night
Medea gathered the inchanted herbs
That did renew old *Eſon*.
Lor. In ſuch a night
Did *Jeſſica* ſteal from the wealthy *Jew*,
And with an unthrift Love did run from *Veniee*,
As far as *Belmont*.
Jeſ. In ſuch a night
Did young *Lorenzo* ſwear he lov'd her well,
Stealing her ſoul with many vows of Faith,
And ne're a true one.
Lor. In ſuch a night
Did pretty *Jeſſica* (like a little ſhrow)
Slander her Love, and he forgave it her.
Jeſ. I would out-night you did no body come :
But hark, I hear the footing of a man.

Enter Meſſenger.

Lor. Who comes ſo faſt in ſilence of the night ?
Meſ. A Friend.
Lor. A Friend ! what Friend ? your name I pray you
Friend ?
Meſ. *Stephano* is my name, and I bring word
My Miſtris will before the break of day
Be here at *Belmont* : ſhe doth ſtray about
By holy croſſes, where ſhe kneels and prays
For happy wedlock hours.
Lor. Who comes with her ?
Meſ. None but a holy Hermit and her maid.
I pray you is my Maſter yet return'd ?
Lor. He is not, nor we have not heard from him ;
But go we in I pray thee *Jeſſica*,
And ceremoniouſly let us prepare
Some welcome for the Miſtris of the houſe.

Enter Clowns.

Clow. Sola, ſola ; wo ha, ho, ſola, ſola.
Lor. Who calls?
Clow. Sola, did you ſee M. *Lorenzo*, and Mrs. *Lorenza*, ſola, ſola.
Lor. Leave hollowing, man : here.
Clow. Sola, where ? where ?
Lor. Here.
Clow. Tell him, there's a Poſt come from my Maſter, with his horn full of good news ; my Maſter will be here e're morning, ſweet love.
Lor. Let's in, and there expect their coming.
And yet no matter : why ſhould we go in ?
My Friend *Stephano*, ſignifie, pray you,
Within the houſe, your Miſtris is at hand,
And bring your Muſick forth into the air.

How ſweet the Moon-light ſleeps upon this bank;
Here will we ſit, and let the ſounds of Muſick
Creep in our ears; ſoft ſtilneſs, and the night
Become the tutches of ſweet harmony:
Sit *Jeſſica*, look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlayed with patterns of bright gold;
There's not the ſmalleſt Orb which thou behold'ſt,
But in his motion like an Angel ſings,
Still quiring to the young ey'd Cherubims;
Such harmony is in immortal ſouls;
But whilſt this muddy veſture of decay
Doth groſly cloſe in it, we cannot hear it:
Come hoe, and wake *Diana* with a hymn,
With ſweeteſt tutches pierce your Miſtris ear,
And draw her home with Muſick.
Jeſ. I am never merry when I hear ſweet Muſick.

Play Muſick.

Lor. The Reaſon is, your ſpirits are attentive:
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,
Which is the hot condition of their blood,
If they but hear perchance a trumpet ſound,
Or any air of Muſick touch their ears,
You ſhall perceive them make a mutual ſtand;
Their ſavage eyes turn'd to a modeſt gaze
By the ſweet power of muſick: therefore the Poet
Did fain that *Orpheus* drew tears, ſtones, and floods, trees
Since naught ſo ſtockiſh, hard, and full of rage,
But muſick for the time doth change his Nature:
The man that hath no muſick in himſelf,
Nor is not moved with concord of ſweet ſounds,
Is fit for treaſons, ſtratagems, and ſpoils;
The motions of his ſpirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as *Erebus*:
Let no ſuch man be truſted: mark the Muſick.

Enter Portia *and* Nerriſſa.

Por. That light we ſee is burning in my hall:
How far that little candle throws his beams,
So ſhines a good deed in a naughty world.
Ner. When the Moon ſhone, we did not ſee the candle.
Por. So doth the greater glory dim the leſs;
A ſubſtitute ſhines brightly as a King
Until a King be by, and then his ſtate
Empties it ſelf, as doth an inland brook
Into the main of waters: Muſick, hark. *Muſick.*
Ner. It is your muſick, Madam, of the houſe.
Por. Nothing is good I ſee without reſpect:
Methinks it ſounds much ſweeter than by day.
Ner. Silence beſtows that vertue on it, Madam.
Por. The Crow doth ſing as ſweetly as the Lark
When neither is attended: and I think
The Nightingale, if ſhe ſhould ſing by day,
When every Gooſe is cackling, would be thought
No better a Muſician than the Wren.
How many things by ſeaſon ſeaſon'd are
To their right praiſe and true perfection?
Peace, how the Moon ſleeps with *Endimion*,
And would not be awak'd!

Muſick ceaſes.

Lor. That is the voice,
Or I am much deceiv'd, of *Portia*.
Por. He knows me as the blind man knows the Cuckow,
by the bad voice.
Lor. Dear Lady, welcome home.
Por. We have been praying for our husbands welfare,
Which ſpeed, we hope, the better for our words:
Are they return'd?
Lor. Madam, they are not yet;
But there is come a meſſenger before,
To ſignifie their coming.
Por. Go in *Nerriſſa*,
Give order to my ſervants, that they take
No note at all of our being abſent hence,
Nor you *Lorenzo*, *Jeſſica* nor you.

A Tucket ſounds.

Lor. Your husband is at hand, I hear his Trumpet:
We are no tell-tales, Madam, fear you not.
Por. This night methinks is but the day-light ſick,
It looks a little paler, 'tis a day,
Such as the day is when the Sun is hid.

Enter Baſſanio, Anthonio, Gratiano, *and their Followers.*

Baſ. We ſhould hold day with the *Antipodes*,
If you would walk in abſence of the Sun.
Por. Let me give light, but let me not be light;
For a light Wife doth make a heavy husband,
And never be *Baſſanio* ſo from me;
But God ſort all: you are welcome home, my Lord.
Baſ. I thank you, Madam, give welcome to my Friend;
This is the man, this is *Anthonio*,
To whom I am ſo infinitely bound.
Por. You ſhould in all ſenſe be much bound to him;
For, as I hear, he was much bound for you.
Ant. No more than I am well acquitted of.
Por. Sir, you are very welcome to our houſe;
It muſt appear in other ways than words;
Therefore I ſcant this breathing courteſie.
Gra. By yonder Moon I ſwear you do me wrong;
In Faith I gave it to the Judg's Clerk;
Would he were gelt that had it for my part,
Since you do take it, Love, ſo much at heart.
Por. A quarrel, hoe, already; what's the matter?
Gra. About a Hoop of Gold, a paltry Ring
That ſhe did give me, whoſe Poeſie was
For all the world like *Cutlers* Poetry
Upon a Knife; *Love me, and leave me not.*
Ner. What talk you of the Poeſie or the value?
You ſwore to me when I did give it you,
That you would wear it till the hour of death,
And that it ſhould lie with you in your grave,
Tho not for me, yet for your vehement Oaths,
You ſhould have been reſpective, and have kept it.
Gave it a Judg's Clerk! but well I know
The Clerk will ne're wear hair on's Face that had it.
Gra. He will, and if he live to be a man.
Ner. If, if a woman live to be a man.
Gra. Now by this hand I gave it to a youth,
A kind of boy, a little ſcrubbed boy,
No higher than thy ſelf, the Judg's Clerk,
A prating boy that begg'd it as a Fee;
I could not for my heart deny it him.
Por. You were to blame, I muſt be plain with you,
To part ſo ſlightly with your Wives firſt gift,
A thing ſtuck on with Oaths upon yonr finger,
And ſo riveted with Faith unto your fleſh,
I gave my Love a Ring, and made him ſwear
Never to part with it, and here he ſtands:
I dare be ſworn to him, he would not leave it,
Nor pluck it from his finger for the wealth
That the world maſters. Now in Faith, *Gratiano*,
You give your Wife too unkind a cauſe of grief:
And 'twere to me I ſhould be mad at it.
Baſ. Why I were beſt to cut my left hand off,
And ſwear I loſt the Ring defending it.
Gra. My Lord *Baſſanio* gave his Ring away
Unto the Judg that begg'd it, and indeed
Deſerv'd it too: and then the boy, his Clerk,

That took ſome pains in writing, he begg'd mine,
And neither Man nor Maſter would take ought
But the two Rings.
Por. What Ring gave you, my Lord ?
Not that, I hope, which you receiv'd of me.
Baſ. If I could add a Lie unto a Fault,
I would deny it ; but you ſee my finger
Hath not the Ring upon it, it is gone.
Por. And even ſo void is your falſe heart of truth.
By heaven, I will ne're come in your bed
Until I ſee the Ring.
Ner. Nor I in yours, till I again ſee mine.
Baſ. Sweet *Portia*,
If you did know to whom I gave the Ring,
If you did know for whom I gave the Ring,
And would conceive for what I gave the Ring,
And how unwillingly I left the Ring,
When nought would be accepted but the Ring,
You would abate the ſtrength of your diſpleaſure.
Por. If you had known the vertue of the Ring,
Or half her worthineſs that gave the Ring,
Or your own honour to contain the Ring,
You would not then have parted with the Ring.
What man is there ſo much unreaſonable,
If you had pleas'd to have defended it
With any terms of *Zeal*, wanted the modeſty
To urge the thing held as a Ceremony ?
Nerriſſa teaches me what to believe,
I'le die for't, but ſome Woman had the Ring.
Baſ. No, by mine honour, Madam, by my ſoul,
No woman had it, but a civil Doctor,
Which did refuſe three thouſand Ducats of me,
And begg'd the Ring ; the which I did deny him,
And ſuffer'd him to go diſpleas'd away :
Even he that had held up the very life
Of my dear Friend. What ſhould I ſay, ſweet Lady ?
I was inforc'd to ſend it after him ;
I was beſet with ſhame and courteſie ;
My honour would not let ingratitude
So much be-ſmear it. Pardon me, good Lady,
And by theſe bleſſed candles of the night,
Had you been there, I think you would have begg'd
The Ring of me, to give the worthy Doctor.
Por. Let not that Doctor e're come near my houſe,
Since he hath got the Jewel that I loved,
And that which you did ſwear to keep for me :
I will become as liberal as you,
I'le not deny him any thing I have,
No, not my body, nor my husband's bed :
Know him I ſhall, I am well ſure of it.
Lie not a night from home : Watch me like *Argos* :
If you do not, if I be left alone,
Now by mine honour, which is yet mine own,
I'le have the Doctor for my bedfellow.
Ner. And I his Clerk : therefore be well adviſ'd
How you do leave me to mine own protection,
Gra. Well, do you ſo : let not me take him then ;
For if I do, I'le mar the young Clerk's pen.
Ant. I am th' unhappy ſubject of theſe quarrels.
Por. Sir, grieve not you,
You are welcome notwithſtanding.
Baſ. *Portia*, forgive me this enforced wrong,
And in the hearing of theſe many Friends,
I ſwear to thee, even by thine own fair eyes,
Wherein I ſee my ſelf———
Por. Mark you but that :
In both mine eyes he doubly ſees himſelf:
In each eye one, ſwear by your double ſelf,
And there's an Oath of credit.
Baſ. Nay, but hear me :
Pardon this Fault, and by my ſoul I ſwear
I never more will break an Oath with thee.
Ant. I once did lend my body for thy wealth,
Which but for him that had your husband's Ring
Had quite miſcarried. I dare be bound again,
My ſoul upon the Forfeit, that your Lord
Will never more break Faith adviſedly.
Por. Then you ſhall be his ſurety ; give him this,
And bid him keep it better than the other.
Ant. Here Lord *Baſſanio*, ſwear to keep this Ring.
Baſ. By heaven it is the ſame I gave the Doctor.
Por. I had it of him : pardon *Baſſanio* ;
For by this Ring the Doctor lay with me.
Ner. And pardon me, my gentle *Gratiano*,
For that ſame ſcrubbed boy, the Doctor's Clerk,
In lieu of this, laſt night did lie with me.
Gra. Why, this is like the mending of high ways
In Summer, where the ways are fair enough :
What, are we Cuckolds e're we have deſerv'd it ?
Por. Speak not ſo groſly ; you are all amaz'd :
Here is a Letter, read it at your leiſure :
It comes from *Padua* from *Bellario* :
There you ſhall find that *Portia* was the Doctor,
Nerriſſa there her Clerk. *Lorenzo* here
Shall witneſs I ſet forth as ſoon as you,
And but even now return'd : I have not yet
Entred my houſe. *Anthonio*, you are welcome,
And I have better news in ſtore for you
Than you expect ; unſeal this Letter ſoon,
There you ſhall find three of your *Argoſies*
Are richly come to harbour ſuddenly.
You ſhall not know by what ſtrange accident
I chanced on this Letter.
Ant. I am dumb.
Baſ. Were you the Doctor, and I knew you not?
Gra. Were you the Clerk that is to make me Cuckold ?
Ner. I, but the Clerk that never means to do it,
Unleſs he live until he be a man.
Baſ. (Sweet Doctor) you ſhall be my bedfellow,
When I am abſent, then lie with my Wife.
Ant. (Sweet Lady) you have given me life and living ;
For here I read for certain, that my ſhips
Are ſafely come to *Rhodes*.
Por. How now, *Lorenzo*?
My Clerk hath ſome good comforts too for you.
Ner. I, and I'le give them him without a Fee.
There do I give to you and *Jeſſica*,
From the rich *Jew*, a ſpecial deed of gift
After his death, of all he dies poſſeſs'd of.
Lor. Fair Ladies, you drop *Manna* in the way
Of ſtarved people.
Por. It is almoſt morning,
And yet I am ſure you are not ſatisfied
Of theſe events at full. Let us go in,
And charge us there upon interrogatories,
And we will anſwer all things faithfully.
Gra. Let it be ſo : the firſt interrogatory
That my *Nerriſſa* ſhall be ſworn on, is,
Whether till the next night ſhe had rather ſtay,
Or go to bed, now being two hours to day.
But were the day come, I ſhould wiſh it dark,
Till I were couching with the Doctor's Clerk.
Well, while I live, I'le fear no other thing
So ſore, as keeping ſafe *Nerriſſa*'s Ring. *Exeunt.*

As you like it.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Orlando *and* Adam.

Orlando.

AS I remember *Adam*, it was upon this faſhion bequeathed me by will, but a poor thouſand Crowns, and as thou ſaiſt, charged my brother on his bleſſing to breed me well; and there begins my ſadneſs: My brother *Jaques* he keeps at ſchool, and report ſpeaks goldenly of his profit: for my part he keeps me ruſtically at home, or (to ſpeak more properly) ſtays me here at home unkept: for call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the ſtalling of an Oxe? his horſes are bred better, for beſides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their mannage, and to that end Riders dearly hir'd: but I (his brother) gain nothing under him but growth, for the which his Animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him as I; beſides This Nothing, that he ſo plentifully gives me, the Something that nature gave me, his countenance ſeems to take from me: he lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a brother, and as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my education. This is it *Adam* that grieves me, and the ſpirit of my Father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny againſt this ſervitude. I will no longer endure it, tho yet I know no wiſe remedy how to avoid it.

x undermining

Enter Oliver.

Adam. Yonder comes my Maſter, your brother.

Orlan. Go apart *Adam*, and thou ſhalt hear how he will ſhake me up.

Oli. Now Sir, what make you here?

Orla. Nothing: I am not taught to make any thing.

Oli. What mar you then Sir?

Orla. Marry Sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleneſs.

Oli. Marry Sir, be better employed, and be naught a while.

Orla. Shall I keep your Hogs, and eat Husks with them? what prodigal portion have I ſpent, that I ſhould come to ſuch penury?

Oli. Know you where you are ſir?

Orla. O ſir, very well: here in your Orchard.

Oli. Know you before whom Sir?

Orla. I, better than him I am before, knows me: I know you are my eldeſt brother, and in the gentle condition of Blood you ſhould ſo know me: the courteſy of Nations allows you my better, in that you are the firſt born; but the ſame tradition takes not away my Blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us; I have as much of my Father in me, as you: albeit I confeſs your coming before me is nearer to his reverence.

Oli. What Boy.

Orla. Come, come elder brother, you are too young in this.

Oli. Wilt thou lay hands on me villain?

Orla. I am no villain: I am the youngeſt Son of Sir *Rowland de Boyes*: he was my Father, and he is thrice a villian that ſays ſuch a Father begot villains: wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat, till this other had pull'd out thy tongue for ſaying ſo; thou haſt rail'd on thy ſelf.

Adam. Sweet Maſter be patient, for your Fathers remembrance, be at accord.

Oli. Let me go I ſay.

Orla. I will not till I pleaſe: you ſhall hear me; my father charg'd you in his will to give me good education: you have train'd me up like a peaſant, obſcuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities; the ſpirit of my father grows ſtrong in me, and I will no longer endure it: therefore allow me ſuch exerciſes as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery my father left me by teſtament, with that I will go buy my fortunes.

Oli. And what wilt thou do? beg when that is ſpent? Well Sir, get you in. I will not long be troubled with you: you ſhall have ſome part of your will, I pray you leave me.

Orla. I will no further offend you, than becomes me for my good.

Oli. Get you with him, you old dog.

Adam. Is old dog my reward? moſt true I have loſt my teeth in your ſervice: God be with my old maſter, he would not have ſpoke ſuch a word. *Exit Orl. Ad.*

Oli. Is it even ſo, begin you to grow upon me? I will phyſick your rankneſs, and yet give no thouſand crowns neither; holla *Dennis.*

Enter Dennis.

Den. Calls your worſhip.

Oli. Was not *Charles* the Duke's Wraſtler here to ſpeak with me?

Den. So pleaſe you, he is here at the door, and importunes acceſs to you.

Oli. Call him in: 'twill be a good way: and to morrow the wraſtling is.

Enter Charles.

Char. Good morrow to your worſhip.

Oli. Good Mounſieur *Charles*; what's the new news at the new Court?

Char. There's no news at the Court Sir, but the old news: that is, the old Duke is baniſhed by his younger brother the new Duke, and three or four loving Lords have put themſelves into a voluntary exile with him, whoſe Lands and vevenues enrich the new Duke, therefore he gives them good leave to wander.

Oli. Can you tell if *Roſalind* the Dukes daughter be baniſhed with her Father?

Cha. O no; for the Dukes Daughter her Couſin ſo loves her, being ever from their Cradles bred together, that ſhe would have followed their exile, or have died to ſtay behind her; ſhe is at the Court, and no leſs beloved of her Unkle, than his own Daughter, and never two ladies loved as they do.

Oli. Where will the old Duke live?

Cha. They ſay he is already in the Forreſt of *Arden*, and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old *Robin Hood* of *England*; they ſay many young Gentlemen flock to him every day, and fleet the time careleſly as they did in the golden world.

Oli. What, you wraſtle to morrow before the new Duke?

Charl. Marry do I ſir; and I come to acquaint you with a matter; I am given, ſir, ſecretly to underſtand, that your younger brother *Orlando* hath a diſpoſition to come in diſguis'd againſt me to try a fall: to morrow, ſir, I wraſtle for my credit, and he that eſcapes me without ſome broken limb, ſhall acquit him well; your Brother is but young and tender, and for your love I would be loath to foile him, as I muſt for mine own honour if he come in; therefore out of my love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withal, that either you might ſtay him from his intendment, or brook ſuch diſgrace well as he ſhall run into, in that it is a thing of his own ſearch, and altogether againſt my will.

Oli. Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me, which thou ſhalt find I will moſt kindly requite: I had my ſelf notice of my Brothers purpoſe herein, and have by underhand means laboured to diſſwade him from it; but he is reſolute. I tell thee *Charles*, He is the ſtubborneſt young fellow of *France*, full of Ambition, an envious Emulator of every mans good parts, a ſecret and villanous Contriver againſt me his natural Brother; therefore uſe thy Diſcretion, I had as lief thou didſt break his neck as his finger. And thou wert beſt look to't; for if thou doſt him any ſlight diſgrace, or if he do not mightily grace himſelf on thee, he will practice againſt thee by poyſon, to entrap thee by ſome treacherous device, and never leave thee till he hath tane thy life by ſome indirect means or other: for I aſſure thee (and almoſt with tears I ſpeak it) there is not one ſo young, and ſo villanous this day living. I ſpeak but brotherly of him; but ſhould I anatomize him to thee, as he is, I muſt bluſh and weep, and thou muſt look pale and wonder.

Cha. I am heartily glad I came hither to you: if he come to morrow, I'le give him his payment; if ever he go alone again, I'le never wraſtle for prize more, and ſo God keep your Worſhip.

Exit.

Oli. Farewel good *Charles*. Now will I ſtir this Gameſter: I hope I ſhall ſee an end of him, for my ſoul (yet I know not why) hates nothing more than he; yet he's gentle, never ſchool'd, and yet learned, full of noble device, of all ſorts enchantingly beloved, and indeed ſo much in the heart of the World, and eſpecially of my own people, who beſt know him, that I am altogether miſpriſed; but it ſhall not be ſo long, this Wraſtler ſhall clear all: nothing remains, but that I kindle the boy thither, which now I'le go about.

Exit

Scena Secunda.

Enter Roſalind *and* Celia.

Cel. I pray thee *Roſalind*, ſweet my Coz, be merry.

Roſ. Dear *Celia*; I ſhow more mirth than I am Miſtreſs of, and would you yet were merrier: unleſs you could teach me to forget a baniſhed Father, you muſt not learn me how to remember my extraordinary pleaſure.

Cel. Herein I ſee thou lov'ſt me not with the full weight that I love thee; if my Uncle thy baniſhed Father had baniſhed thy Uncle the Duke my Father, ſo thou hadſt been ſtill with me, I could have taught my love to take thy Father for mine; ſo wouldſt thou, if the truth of thy love to me were ſo righteouſly temper'd, as mine is to thee.

Roſ. Well, I will forget the condition of my eſtate, to rejoyce in yours.

Cel. You know my Father hath no Child but I, nor none is like to have, and truly when he dies, thou ſhalt be his heir? for what he hath taken away from thy Father perforce, I will render thee again in Affection; by mine honour I will, and when I break that Oath, let me turn monſter: therefore my ſweet *Roſe*, my dear *Roſe* be merry.

Roſ. From henceforth I will, Coz, and deviſe ſports: let me ſee, what think you of falling in love?

Cel. Marry I prethee do, to make ſport withal; but love no man in good earneſt, nor no further in ſport neither, than with ſafety of a pure bluſh, thou maiſt in honour come off again.

Roſ. What ſhall be our ſport then?

Cel. Let us ſit and mock the good houſewife *Fortune* from her wheel, that her gifts may henceforth be beſtowed equally.

Roſ. I would we could do ſo; for her benefits are mightily miſplaced, and the bountiful blind Woman doth moſt miſtake in her gifts to Women.

Cel. 'Tis true, for thoſe that ſhe makes fair, ſhe ſcarce makes honeſt; and thoſe that ſhe makes honeſt, ſhe makes very ill-favouredly.

Roſ. Nay now thou goeſt from Fortunes Office to Natures: Fortune reigns in gifts of the World, not in the lineaments of Nature.

Enter Clown.

Cel. No; when Nature hath made a fair creature, may ſhe not by Fortune fall into the fire? Tho Nature hath given us wit to flout at Fortune, hath not Fortune ſent in this fool to cut off this argument?

Roſ. Indeed Fortune is there too hard for Nature, when Fortune makes Natures natural, the cutter off of Natures wit.

Cel. Peradventure this is not Fortunes work neither, but Natures, who perceiving our natural wits too dull to reaſon of ſuch goddeſſes, hath ſent this Natural for our whetſtone: for always the dulneſs of the fool, is the whetſtone of the wits. How now Wit, whether wander you?

Clow. Miſtreſs, you muſt come away to your father.

Cel. Were you made the Meſſenger?

Clow. No by mine honour, but I was bid to come for you.

Roſ. Where learned you that Oath fool?

Clo. Of a certain Knight, that ſwore by his Honour they were good Pancakes, and ſwore by his Honour the Muſtard was naught: Now I'le ſtand to it, the Pancakes were naught, and the Muſtard was good, and yet was not the Knight forſworn.

Cel. How prove you that in the great heap of your knowledg?

Roſ. I marry, now unmuzzle your wiſdom.

Clo. Stand you both forth now: ſtroke your chins, and ſwear by your beards that I am a knave.

Cel. By our beards (if we had them) thou art.

Clo. By my knavery (if I had it) then I were; but if you ſwear by that that is not, you are not forſworn; no more was this Knight ſwearing by his Honour, for he never had any; or if he had, he had ſworn it away, before ever he ſaw thoſe Pancakes, or that Muſtard.

Cel. Prethee, who is that thou means't?

Clo. One that old *Fredrick* your Father loves.

Cel My Fathers love is enough to honour him enough; ſpeak no more of him, you'l be whipt for taxation, one of theſe days.

Clo. The more pity that fools may not ſpeak wiſely, what wiſe men do fooliſhly.

Cel. By my troth thou ſaieſt true: For, ſince the little wit that fools have was ſilenced, the little foolery that wiſe men have makes a great ſhew; Here comes Mounſieur *Le Beu.*

Enter Le Beu.

Roſ. With his mouth full of news.

Cel. Which he will put on us, as Pigeons feed their young.

Roſ. Then ſhall we be news-cram'd.

Cel. All the better; we ſhall be the more marketable.
Boon-jour Mounſieur le Beu, what news?

Le Beu. Fair Princeſs,
You have loſt much ſport.

Cel. Sport; of what colour?

Le Beu. What colour Madam? How ſhall I anſwer you?

Roſ. As wit and fortune will.

Clo. Or as the deſtinies decrees.

Cel. Well ſaid, that was laid on with a Trowel.

Clo. Nay, if I keep not my rank.

Roſ. Thou loſeſt thy old ſmell.

Le Beu. You amaſe me Ladies: I would have told you of good wraſtling, which you have loſt the ſight of.

Roſ. Yet tell us the manner of the wraſtling.

Le Beu. I will tell you the beginning; and if it pleaſe your Ladiſhips, you may ſee the end, for the beſt is yet to do, and here where you are, they are coming to perform it.

Cel. Well, the beginning that is dead and buried.

Le Beu. There comes an old Man, and his three Sons.

Cel. I could match this beginning with an old tale.

Le Beu. Three proper young men, of excellent growth and preſence.

Roſ. With bills on their necks: Be it known unto all men by theſe preſents.

Le Beu. The eldeſt of the three, wraſtled with *Charles* the Dukes Wraſtler, which *Charles* in a moment threw him, and broke three of his Ribs, that there is little hope of life in him: So he ſerv'd the ſecond, and ſo the third: yonder they lie, the poor old man their Father, making ſuch pitiful dole over them, that all the beholders take his part with weeping.

Roſ. Alas.

Clo. But what is the ſport Mounſieur, that the Ladies have loſt?

Le Beu. Why this is that I ſpeak of.

Clo. Thus men may grow wiſer every day. It is the firſt time that ever I heard of breaking of Ribs was ſport for Ladies.

Cel. Or I, I promiſe thee.

Roſ. But is there any elſe longs to ſee this broken Muſick in his ſides? Is there yet another doats upon Rib-breaking? Shall we ſee this wraſtling Coſin?

Le Beu. You muſt if you ſtay here, for here is the place appointed for wraſtling, and they are ready to perform it.

Cel. Yonder ſure they are coming. Let us now ſtay and ſee it.

Flouriſh. Enter Duke, Lords, Orlando, Charles *and* Attendants.

Duk. Come on, ſince the youth will not be entreated,
His own peril on his forwardneſs.

Roſ. Is yonder the man?

Le. Even he, Madam.

Cel. Alas, he is too young: yet he looks ſucceſsfully.

Duk. How now daughter and Coſin:
Are you crept hither to ſee the wraſtling?

Roſ. I my Liege, ſo pleaſe you give us leave.

Du. You will take little delight in it, I can tell you, there is ſuch odds in the man: In pity of the challengers youth, I would fain diſſwade him, but he will not be entreated. Speek to him Ladies, ſee if you can move him.

Cel. Call him hither good Mounſieur *L. Beu.*

Duke. Do ſo; I'le not be by.

Le Beu. Mounſieur the Challenger, the princeſs calls for you.

Orla. I attend them with all reſpect and duty.

Roſ. Young man, have you challeng'd *Charles* the Wraſtler?

Orl. No fair princeſs: he is the general challenger, I come but as others do, to try with him the ſtrength of my youth.

Cel. Young Gentleman, your ſpirits are too bold for your years: you have ſeen cruel proof of this mans ſtrength, if you ſaw your ſelf with your eyes, or knew your ſelf with your judgment, the fear of your adventure would counſel you to a more equal enterpriſe. We pray you for your own ſake to embrace your own ſafety, and give over this attempt.

Roſ. Do young ſir, your reputation ſhall not therefore be miſpriſed: we will make it our ſuit to the *Duke*, that the wraſtling might not go forward.

Orl. I beſeech you, puniſh me not with your hard thoughts, wherein I confeſs me much guilty to deny ſo fair and excellent Ladies any thing. But let your fair eyes, and gentle wiſhes go with me to my trial; wherein if I be foil'd, there is but one ſham'd that was never gracious: if kil'd, but one dead that is willing to be ſo: I ſhall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing: only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better ſupplied, when I have made it empty.

Roſ. The little ſtrength that I have, I would it were with you.

Cel. And mine to eek-out hers.

Roſ. Fare you well: pray heaven I be deceiv'd in you.

Cel. Your hearts deſires be with you.

Char. Come, where is this young gallant, that is ſo deſirous to lye with his mother earth?

Orlo. Ready ſir, but his will hath in it a more modeſt working.

Duk. You ſhall try but one fall.

Char. No, I warrant your Grace you ſhall not entreat him to a ſecond, that have ſo mightily perſwaded him from a firſt.

Orla. You mean to mock me after: you ſhould not have mockt before: but come your ways.

Roſ. Now *Hercules* be thy ſpeed young man.

Cel. I would I were inviſible, to catch the ſtrong fellow by the leg. *They Wraſtle.*

Roſ. Oh excellent young man.

Cel. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who ſhould down. *Shout.*

Duk. No more, no more.

Orla. Yes I beſeech your grace, I am not yet well breathed.

Duk. How do'ſt thou *Charles*?

Le Beu. He cannot ſpeak my Lord.

Duk. Bear him away:
What is thy name young man?

Or. Orlando my Liege, the youngeſt ſon of Sir *Rowland de Boyes.*

Duk. I would thou had'ſt been ſon to ſome man elſe,
The world eſteem'd thy father honourable,
But I did find him ſtill mine enemy:
Thou ſhould'ſt have better pleas'd me with this deed,
Had'ſt thou deſcended from another houſe;
But fare thee well, thou art a gallant youth,
I would thou hadſt told me of another Father.
Exit Duk.

Cel. Were I my Father (Coze) would I do this?

Orl. I am more proud to be Sir *Rowlonds* ſon,
His youngeſt ſon, and would not change that calling
To be adopted heir to *Fredrick.*

Roſ. My Father lov'd Sir *Rowland* as his ſoul,
And all the world was of my Fathers mind,
Had I before known this young man his ſon,
I ſhould have given him tears unto entreaties,
Ere he ſhould thus have ventur'd.

Cel. Gentle Coſin,
Let us go thank him, and encourage him:
My Fathers rough and envious diſpoſition
Sticks me at heart; Sir, you have well deſerv'd,
If you do keep your promiſes in love,

But juſtly as you have exceeded all in promiſe,
Your Miſtris ſhall be happy.
Roſ. Gentleman,
Wear this for me: one out of ſuits with fortune,
That could give more, but that her hand lacks means.
Shall we go Coze?
Cel. I: fare you well fair Gentleman.
Orla. Can I not ſay, I thank you? My better parts
Are all thrown down, and that which here ſtands up
Is but a quintine, a more liveleſs block.
Roſ. He calls us back: my pride fell with my fortunes.
I'le ask him what he would: Did you call Sir?
Sir, you have wraſtled well, and overthrown
More than your enemies.
Cel. Will you go Coze?
Roſ. Have with you: fare you well. *Exit*
Or. What paſſion hangs theſe weights upon my tongue?
I cannot ſpeak to her, yet ſhe urg'd conference.

Enter Le Beu.

O poor *Orlando*! thou art overthrown
Or *Charles*, or ſomething weaker maſters thee.
Le Beu. Good Sir, I do in friendſhip counſel you
To leave this place: Albeit you have deſerv'd
High commendation, true applauſe, and love;
Yet ſuch is now the Dukes condition,
That he miſconſters all that you have done.
The Duke is humorous; what he is indeed
More ſuits you to conceive, than I to ſpeak of.
Orl. I thank you Sir; and pray you tell me this,
Which of the two was Daughter to the Duke,
That here was at the Wraſtling?
Le Beu. Neither his Daughter, if we judg by manners,
But yet indeed the taller is his Daughter,
The other is Daughter to the baniſh'd Duke,
And here detain'd by her uſurping Uncle
To keep his Daughter company, whoſe loves
Are dearer than the natural bond of Siſters:
But I can tell you, that of late this Duke
Hath tane diſpleaſure 'gainſt his gentle Neice,
Grounded upon no other argument,
But that the people praiſe her for her vertues,
And pity her for her good Fathers ſake;
And on my life his malice 'gainſt the Lady
Will ſuddenly break forth: Sir, fare you well,
Hereafter in a better world than this,
I ſhall deſire more love and knowledg of you.
Orl. I reſt much bounden to you: fare you well!
Thus muſt I from the ſmoke into the ſmother.
From tyrant Duke, unto a tyrant Brother,
But heavenly *Roſaline*.
Exit.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Celia, *and* Roſaline.

Cel. Why Coſin, why *Roſeline*; *Cupid* have mercy, Not a word?

Roſ. Not one to throw at a dog.

Cel. No, my words are too precious to be caſt away upon curs, throw ſome of them at me; come, lame me with reaſons.

Roſ. Then there were two Coſins laid up, when the one ſhould be lam'd with reaſons, and the other mad without any.

Cel. But is all this for your Father?

Roſ. No, ſome of it is for my Childs Father: Oh how full of briers is this working day-world.

Cel. They are but Burs, Coſin, thrown upon thee in holiday foolery; if we walk not in the trodden paths, our very petticoats will catch them.

Roſ. I could ſhake them off my coat, theſe Burs are in my heart.

Cel. Hem them away.

Roſ. I would try if I could cry hem, and have him.

Cel. Come, come, wraſtle with thy affections.

Roſ. O they take the part of a better wraſtler than my ſelf.

Cel. O, a good wiſh upon you; you will try in time in deſpight of a fall; but turning theſe jeſts out of ſervice, let us talk in good earneſt; Is it poſſible on ſuch a ſudden you ſhould fall into ſo ſtrange a liking with old Sir *Rowlands* youngeſt ſon?

Roſ. The Duke my Father lov'd his Father dearly.

Cel. Doth it therefore enſue that you ſhould love his Son dearly? By this kind of chaſe, I ſhould hate him, for my Father hated his Father dearly; yet I hate not *Orlando*.

Roſ. No faith, hate him not for my ſake.

Cel. Why ſhould I not? doth not he deſerve well?

Enter Duke with Lords.

Roſ. Let me love him for that, and do you love him,
Becauſe I do. Look, here comes the Duke.
Cel. With his eyes full of anger.
Duk. Miſtris, diſpatch you with your ſafeſt haſt,
And get you from our Court.
Roſ. Me Uncle!
Duk. You Coſin,
Within theſe ten days if that thou beeſt found
So near our publick Court as twenty miles,
Thou dieſt for it.
Roſ. I do beſeech your Grace
Let me the knowledg of my fault bear with me:
If with my ſelf I hold intelligence,
Or have acquaintance with mine own deſires,
If that I do not dream, or be not frantick,
(As I do truſt I am not) then dear Unkle,
Never ſo much as in a thought unborn,
Did I offend your Highneſs.
Duk. Thus do all Traitors,
If their purgation did conſiſt in words,
They are as innocent as grace it ſelf;
Let it ſuffice thee that I truſt thee not.
Roſ. Yet your miſtruſt cannot make me a Traytor;
Tell me whereon the liklihood depends?
Duk. Thou art thy Fathers daughter, there's enough.
Roſ. So was I when your Highneſs took his Dukedom,
So was I when your Highneſs baniſh'd him;
Treaſon is not inherited my Lord,
Or if we did derive it from our friends,
What's that to me, my Father was no Traytor:
Then good my Leige, miſtake me not ſo much,
To think my poverty is treacherous.
Cel. Dear Soveraign hear me ſpeak.
Duk. I *Celia*, we ſtaid her for your ſake,
Elſe had ſhe with her Father rang'd along.
Cel. I did not then intreat to have her ſtay.
It was your pleaſure, and your own remorſe,
I was too young that time to value her,
But now I know her; if ſhe be a Traytor,
Why ſo am I; we ſtill have ſlept together,
Roſe at an inſtant, learn'd, plaid, eat together,
And whereſoere we went, like *Juno*'s Swans,
Still we went coupled and inſeparable.
Duk. She is too ſubtile for thee, and her ſmoothneſs
Her very ſilence and her patience,
Speak to the people, and they pity her:
Thou art a fool, ſhe robs thee of thy name,
And thou wilt ſhow more bright, and ſeem more vertuous
When ſhe is gone; then open not thy lips,

Firm, and irrevocable is my domb,
Which I have paſt upon her, ſhe is baniſh'd.
Cel. Pronounce that ſentence then on me, my Liege,
I cannot live out of her company.
Duk. You are a fool; you Neice provide your ſelf,
If you out-ſtany the time, upon mine honour,
And in the greatneſs of my word you die.
Exit. Duke &c.

Cel. O my poor *Roſaline*, whither wilt thou go?
Wilt thou change father? I will give thee mine:
I charge thee be not thou more griev'd them I am.
Roſ. I have more cauſe.
Cel. Thou haſt not Couſin,
Prethee be cheerful; know'ſt thou not the *Duke*
Hath baniſh'd me his Daughter?
Roſ. That he hath not.
Cel. No, hath not? *Roſaline* lacks then the love
Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one,
Shall we be ſundred? ſhall we part ſweet girl?
No, let my Father ſeek another heir:
Therefore deviſe with me how we may fly,
Whither to go, and what to bear with us,
And do not ſeek to take your charge upon you,
To bear your griefs your ſelf, and leave me out:
For by this heaven (now as our ſorrows pale;)
Say what thou canſt, I'le go along with thee.
Roſ. Why, whither ſhall we go?
Cel. To ſeek my Unkle in the Forreſt of *Arden.*
Roſ. Alas, what danger will it be to us,
(Maids as we are) to travel forth ſo far?
Beauty provoketh thieves ſooner than gold.
Cel. I'le put my ſelf in poor and mean attire,
And with a kind of umber ſmutch my face,
The like do you, ſo ſhall we paſs along,
And never ſtir aſſailants.
Roſ. Were it not better,
Becauſe that I am more than common tall,
That I did ſuit all points like a man,
A gallant curtelax upon my thigh,
A bore-ſpear in my hand, and in my heart
Lie there what hidden womans fear there will,
We'l have a ſwaſhing and a marſhal outſide,
As many other manniſh cowards have,
That do outface it with their ſemblances.
Cel. What ſhall I call thee when thou art a man?
Roſ. I'le have no worſe a name then *Joves* own Page,
And therefore look you call me *Ganimed*,
But what will you be call'd?
Cel. Something that hath a reference to my ſtate:
No longer *Celia*, but *Aliena*.
Roſ. But Coſin, what if we aſſaid to ſteal
The clowniſh Fool out of your Fathers Court:
Would he not be a comfort to our travel?
Cel. He'll go along o're the wide world with me,
Leave me alone to wooe him; Let's away
And get our Jewels and our wealth together;
Deviſe the fitteſt time, and ſafeſt way
To hide us from purſuit that will be made
After my flight: now go we in cantent
To liberty and not to baniſhment. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Duke Senior, Amyens, *and two or three Lorde like* Forreſters.

Duk. Sen. Now my Coe-mates, and brother in exile:
Hath not old cuſtome made this life more ſweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not theſe woods
More free from peril than the envious Court?
Here feel we not the penalty of *Adam*,
The ſeaſons difference, as the Icie phange
And churliſh chiding of the winters wind,
Which when it baits and blows upon my body
Even till I ſhrink with cold, I ſmile, and ſay
This is no flattery: theſe are counſellors
That feelingly perſwade me what I am:
Sweet are the uſes of adverſity
Which like the toad, ugly and venemous,
Wears yet a precious Jewel in his head:
And this our life exempt from publick haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in ſtones, and good in every thing.
~~*Amien.*~~ I would not change it, amien happy is your Grace
That can tranſlate the ſtubbornneſs of fortune
Into ſo quiet and ſo ſweet a ſtile.
Duk. Sen. Come, ſhall we go and kill us veniſon?
And yet it irks me the poor dapled fools
Being native Burghes of this deſert City,
Should in their own confines with forked heads
Have their round haunches goard.
1. *Lord.* Indeed my Lord
The melancholy *Jaques* grieves at that,
And in that kind ſwears you do more uſurp
Than doth your brother that hath baniſh'd you:
To day my Lord of *Amiens*, and my ſelf,
Did ſteal behind him as he lay along
Under an oak, whoſe antick root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood,
To the which place a poor ſequeſtred Stag
That from the hunters aim had tane a hurt,
Did come to Languiſh; and indeed my Lord
The wretched animal heav'd forth ſuch groans
That their diſcharge did ſtreatch his lethern coat
Almoſt to burſting, and the big round tears
Curs'd one another down his innocent noſe
In piteous chaſe: and thus the hairy fool,
Much marked of the melancholy *Jaques*,
Stood on th'extreameſt verge of the ſwift brook,
Augmenting in the tears.
Duk. Sen. But what ſay *Jaques*?
Did he not moralize this ſpectacle?
1. *Lord.* O yes, into a thouſand ſimilies.
Firſt, for his weeping into the needleſs ſtream;
Poor Deer, quoth he, thou mak'ſt a teſtament
As worldlings do, giving thy ſum of more
To that which had too much: then being alone,
Left and abandoned of his velvet friend;
'Tis right, quoth he, thus miſery doth part
The Flux of company: anon a careleſs herd
Full of the paſture, jumps along by him
And never ſtays to greet him; I, quoth *Jaques*,
Sweep on, you fat and graſy Citizens,
'Tis juſt the faſhion; wherefore do you look
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?
Thus moſt invectively he pierceth through
The Body of the Country, City, Court,
Yea, and this our life, ſwearing that we
Are meer uſurpers, tyrants, and whats worſe,
To fright the Animals, and to kill them up
In their aſſign'd and native dweling place.
Du. Sen. And did you leave him in this contemplation?
2. *Lord.* We did my Lord, weeping and commenting
Upon the ſobbing Deer.
Du. Sen. Show me the place,
I love to cope him in theſe ſullen fits,
For then he's full of matter
2. *Lor.* I'le bring you to him ſtraight. *Exeunt.*

Scena.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Duke with Lords.

Duk. Can it be poſſible that no man ſaw them?
It cannot be, ſome Villains of my Court
Are of conſent and ſufferance in this.
1. *Lord*, I cannot hear of any that did ſee her,
The Ladies, her attendants of her Chamber,
Saw her abed, and in the morning early
They found the Bed untreaſur'd of their Miſtris.
2. *Lord*, My Lord, the royniſh Clown, at whom ſo oft
Your Grace was wont to laugh, is alſo miſſing:
Hiſperia, the Princeſs Gentlewoman;
Confeſſes that ſhe ſecretly ore-heard
Your Daughter and her Coſin much commend
The parts and graces of the Wraſtler
That did but lately foil the ſinowy *Charles*,
And ſhe believes where ever they are gone
That youth is ſurely in their company.
Duk. Send to his Brother, fetch that Gallant hither,
If he be abſent, bring his Brother to me.
I'le make him find him; do this ſuddenly;
And let not ſearch and inquiſition quail
To bring again theſe fooliſh runaways. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Orlando, *and* Adam.

Orl. Who's there?
Ad. What my young maſter, oh my gentle maſter,
Oh my ſweet maſter, O you memory
Of old Sir *Rowland*? Why, what make you here?
Why are you vertuous? Why do people love you?
And wherefore are you gentle, ſtrong, and valiant?
Why would you be ſo fond to overcome
The bonny priſer of the humorous Duke?
Your praiſe is come too ſwiftly home before you.
Know you not Maſter, to ſome kind of men,
Their graces ſerve them but as enemies,
No more do yours; your vertues gentle Maſter
Are ſanctified and holy Traytors to you:
Oh what a world is this, when what is comely
Envenoms him that bears it?
Orl. Why, what's the matter?
Ad. O unhappy Youth,
Come not within theſe doors; within this roof,
The enemy of all your graces lives.
Your Brother, no, no Brother, yet the Son
(Yet not the Son, I will not call him Son)
Of him I was about to call his Father,
Hath heard your praiſes, and this night he means
To burn the lodging where you uſe to lie,
And you within it; if he fail of that
He will have other means to cut you off;
I overheard him, and his Practices:
This is no place, this houſe is but a butchery;
Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.
Orl. VVhy, whither *Adam* would thou have me go?
Ada. No matter whither, for you come not here.
Orl. What, would'ſt thou have me go and beg my food,
Or with a baſe and boiſtrous Sword enforce
A thieviſh living on the common rode?
This I muſt do, or know not what to do:
Yet this I will not do, do how I can:
I rather will ſubject me to the malice
Of a diverted blood, and bloody Brother.
Ada. But do not ſo; I have five hundred Crowns,
The thrifty hire I ſaved under you Father,
Which I did ſtore to be my foſter Nurſe,
When ſervice ſhould in my old limbs lie lame,
And unregarded age in corners thrown,
Take that, and he that doth the Ravens feed,
Yea providently caters for the Sparrow,
Be comfort to my age; here is the gold,
All this I give you, let me be your ſervant,
Tho I look old, yet I am ſtrong and luſty;
For in my Youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood,
Nor did not with unbaſhful forhead woo
The means of weakneſs and debility,
Therefore my age is as a luſty winter,
Froſty but kindly; let me go with you,
I'le do the ſervice of a younger man
In all your buſineſs and neceſſities.
Orl. Oh good old man, how well in thee appears
The conſtant ſervice of the antick world,
When ſervice ſweat for duty, not for need?
Thou art not for the faſhion of theſe times,
Where none will ſweat, but for promotion,
And having that do choak their ſervice up,
Even with the having; it is not ſo with thee;
But poor old man, thou prun'ſt a rotten tree,
That cannot ſo much as a bloſſom yield,
In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry;
But come thy ways, we'll go along together,
And ere we have thy youthful wages ſpent,
We'll light upon ſome ſetled low content.
Ada. Maſter go on, and I will follow thee
To the laſt gaſp with truth and loyalty.
From ſeventy Years, till now almoſt fourſcore
Here liv'd I, but now live here no more.
At ſeventeen Years, many their fortunes ſeek,
But at fourſcore, it is too late a week.
Yet fortune cannot recompence me better
Than to die well, and not my Maſters debter. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Roſaline *for* Ganimed, Celia *for* Aliena, *and* Clown, *alias* Touchſtone.

Roſ. O *Jupiter*, how merry are my ſpirits?

Clo. I care not for my Spirits, if my legs were not weary.

Roſ. I could find in my heart to diſgrace my mans apparel, and to cry like a Woman; but I muſt comfort the weaker veſſel, as Doublet and Hoſe ought to ſhow it ſelf couragious to a Petticoat; therefore courage, good *Aliena*.

Cel. I pray you bear with me, I can go no further.

Clo. For my part, I had rather bear with you, than bear you; yet I ſhould bear no croſs if I did bear you, for I think you have no money in your purſe.

Roſ. Well, this is the Foreſt of *Arden*.

Clo. I, now am I in *Arden*, the more fool I, when I was at home I was in a better place; but Travellers muſt be content.

Enter Corin, *and* Silvius.

Roſ. I, be ſo good *Touchſtone*; look you who comes here, a young man and an old, in ſolemn talk.

Cor. That is the way to make her ſcorn you ſtill.
Sil. O *Corin*, that thou knew'ſt how I do love her.
Cor. I partly gueſs; for I have lov'd ere now.
Sil. No *Corin*, being old, thou can'ſt not gueſs,
Tho in thy Youth thou waſt as true a Lover,
As ever ſigh'd upon a midnight pillow;

But if thy love were ere like to mine,
As ſure I think did never man love ſo;
How many actions moſt ridiculous,
Haſt thou been drawn to by thy ſantaſy?

Cor. Into a thouſand that I have forgotten.

Sil. Oh thou didſt then never love ſo heartily;
If thou remembreſt not the ſlighteſt folly,
That ever love did make thee run into,
Thou haſt not lov'd.
Or if thou haſt not ſate as I do now,
Wearying thy hearer in thy Miſtris praiſe,
Thou haſt not lov'd.
Or if thou haſt not broke from company,
Abruptly as my paſſion now makes me,
Thou haſt not lov'd.
O *Phebe, Phebe, Phebe.* *Exeunt.*

Roſ. Alas poor Shepherd! ſearching of their wound,
I have by hard adventure found mine own.

Clo. And I mine; I remember when I was in love, I broke my ſword upon a ſtone, and bid him take that for coming a nights to *Jane Smile*; and I remember the kiſſing of her batlet, and the Cows dugs that her pretty chopt hands had milk'd; and I remember the wooing of a peaſcod inſtead of her, from whom I took two cods, and giving her them again, ſaid with weeping tears, wear theſe for my ſake; we that are true Lovers run into ſtrange capers; but as all is mortal in nature, ſo is all nature in love, mortal in folly.

Roſ. Thou ſpeak'ſt wiſer than thou art ware of.

Clo. Nay, I ſhall ne're be ware of mine own wit, till I break my ſhins againſt it.

Roſ. *Jove, Jove,* this Shepherds paſſion
Is much upon my faſhion.

Clo. And mine, but it grows ſomething ſtale with me.

Cel. I pray you, one of you queſtion yon'd man,
If he for gold will give us any food,
I faint almoſt to death.

Clo. Holla; you Clown.

Roſ. Peace fool, he's not thy kinſman.

Cor. Who calls?

Clo. Your betters Sir.

Cor. Elſe are they very wretched.

Roſ. Peace I ſay; good even to you friend.

Cor. And to you gentle Sir, and to you all.

Roſ. I prethee, Shepherd, if that love or gold
Can in this Deſert place buy entertainment,
Bring us where we may reſt our ſelves, and feed;
Here's a young Maid with travel much oppreſſed,
And faints for ſuccour.

Cor. Fair ſir, I pity her,
And wiſh for her ſake more than for mine own,
My fortunes were more able to relieve her;
But I am ſhepherd to another man,
And do not ſheer the Fleeces that I graze:
My maſter is of churliſh diſpoſition,
And little wreaks to find the way to heaven
By doing deeds of hoſpitality.
Beſides his Coat, his flocks, and bounds of feed
Are now on ſale, and at our ſheep-coat now
By reaſon of his abſence there is nothing
That you will feed on: but what is, come ſee,
And in my voice moſt welcome ſhall you be.

Roſ. What is he that ſhall buy his flock and paſture?

Cor. That young Swain that you ſaw here but erewhile,
That little cares for buying any thing,

Roſ. I pray thee, if it ſtand with honeſty,
Buy thou the Cottage, and the paſture, and the flock,
And thou ſhalt have to pay for it of us.

Cel. And we will mend thy wages;
I like this place, and willingly could
Waſte my time in it.

Cor. Aſſuredly the thing is to be ſold;
Go with me, if you like upon report,
The ſoil, the profit, and this kind of life,
I will your very faithful Feeder be,
And buy it with your gold right ſuddenly. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quinta

Enter Amyens, Jaques, *and others.*

Song.

Under the greenhood tree,
who loves to lye with me,
And turn his merry Note,
unto the ſweet Birds throat;
Come hither, come hither, come hither,
Here ſhall he ſee no enemy,
But winter and rough Weather.

Jaq. More, more, I prethee more.

Amy. It will make you melancholy Mounſieur *Jaques.*

Jaq. I thank it; More, I prethee more,
I can ſuck melancholly out of a ſong.
As a Weazel ſucks eggs; More, I prethee more.

Amy. My voice is ragged, I know I cannot pleaſe you.

Ja. I do not deſire you to pleaſe me,
I do deſire you to ſing;
Come, more, another ſtanzo: Call you'em ſtanzo's?

Amy. What you will Mounſieur *Jaques.*

Jaq. Nay, I care not for their names, they own me nothing. Will you ſing.

Amy. More at your requeſt, than to pleaſe my ſelf.

Jaq. Well then, if ever I thank any man, I'le thank you; but that they call complement is like th'encounter of two dog-Apes. And when a man thanks me heartily, methinks I have given him a penny, and he renders me the beggerly thanks. Come ſing, and you that will not, hold your tongues.

Amy. Well, I'le end the ſong. Sirs, cover the while; the Duke will drink under this tree; he hath been all this day to look you.

Jaq. And I have been all this day to avoid him:
He is too diſputable for my company:
I think of as many matters as he, but I give
Heaven thanks, and make no boaſt of them.
Come, warble, come.

Song. *Altogether here.*

Who doth ambition ſhun,
and loves to lye i'th Sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleas'd with what he gets;
Come hither, come hither, come hither,
Here ſhall he ſee, no enemy,
But Winter and rough Weather.

Jaq. I'le give you a verſe to this note,
That I made yeſterday in deſpight of my invention.

Amy. And I'le ſing it.

Jaq. Thus it goes.

If it do come to paſs,
That any man turn Aſs;
Leaving his wealth and eaſe,
A ſtubborn will to pleaſe,
Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame;
Here ſhall he ſee, groſs fools as he,
And if he will come to me.

Amy. What's that Ducdame?

Jaq. 'Tis a Greek invocarion, to call fools into a circle. I'le go ſleep if I can: if I cannot, I'le rail againſt all the firſt born of *Egypt.*

Amy. And I'le go ſeek the Duke,
His banket is prepar'd. *Exeunt.*

Scena

Scena Sexta.

Enter Orlando, *and* Adam.

Adam. Dear Maſter I can go no further:
O I die for food. Here lie I down,
And meaſure out my grave. Farewel kind maſter.
Orl. Why how now *Adam?* No greater heart in thee!
Live a little, comfort a little, cheer thy ſelf a little:
If this uncouth Forreſt yield any thing ſavage,
I will either be food for it, or bring it for food to thee:
Thy conceit is nearer death, than thy powers.
For my ſake be comfortable, hold death a while
At the arms end: I will here be with thee preſently,
And if I bring thee not ſomething to eat,
I will give thee leave to die; but if thou dieſt
Before I come, thou art a mocker of my labour.
Well ſaid, thou look'ſt cheerly,
And I'le be with thee quickly; yet thou lieſt
In the bleak air. Come I will bear thee
To ſome ſhelter, and thou ſhalt not die
For lack of a dinner;
If there live any thing in this Deſert.
Cheerly good *Adam.* *Eeunt.*

Scena Septima.

Enter Duke Sen. *and* Lord, *like out-laws.*

Du. Sen. I think he be transform'd into a beaſt,
For I can no where find him, like a man.
1. *Lord.* My Lord, he is but even now gone hence,
Here was he merry, hearing of a Song.
Du. Sen. If he compact of jarrs, grow Muſical,
We ſhall have ſhortly diſcord in the Spheres:
Go ſeek him, tell him I would ſpeak with him.

Enter Jaques

1. *Lord.* He ſaves my labour by his own approach.
Du, Sen. Why how now Monſieur, what a life is this
That your poor friends muſt woo your company,
What, you look merrily.
Jaq A fool, a fool; I met a fol i'th Forreſt,
A motley fool (a miſerable world:)
As I do live by food, I met a fool,
Who laid him down, and bask'd him in the Sun,
And rail'd on Lady Fortune in good terms,
In good ſet terms, and yet a motley fool.
Good morrow fool (quoth I:) no Sir, quoth he,
Call me not fool, till heaven hath ſent me fortune,
And then he drew a Dial from his poak,
And looking on it, with lack-luſtre eye,
Says, very wiſely, it is ten a clock:
Thus we may ſee (quoth he) how the world wags:
'Tis but but an hour ago ſince it was nine,
And after one hour more, 'twill be eleven,
And ſo from hour to hour, we ripe, and ripe,
And then from hour to hour, we rot, and rot,
And thereby hangs a tale. When I did hear
The motley fool, thus moral on the time,
My Lungs began to crow like Chanticleer,
That fools ſhould be ſo deep contemplative:
And I did laugh, ſans intermiſſion
An hour by his Dial. Oh noble fool,
A worthy fool. Motley's the only wear.
Du. Sen. What fool is this?
Jaq. O worthy fool; one that hath been a Courtier,
And ſays, if Ladies be young, and fair,
They have the gift to know it: and in his brain,
Which is as dry as the remainder bisket
After a voiage: He hath ſtrange places cram'd
With obſervation, the which he vents
In mangled forms. O that I were a fool,
I am ambitious for a motley coat.
Du. Sen. Thou ſhalt have one.
Jaq. It is my only ſuit,
Provided that you weed your better judgments
Of all opinion that grows rank in them,
That I am wiſe. I muſt have liberty
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
To blow on whom I pleaſe, for ſo fools have;
And they that are moſt gauled with my folly,
They moſt muſt Laugh: And why ſir muſt they ſo?
The why is plain, as way to Pariſh Church;
He, that a fool doth very wiſely hit,
Doth very fooliſhly, altho he ſmart
Seem ſenſeleſs of the bob. If not,
The wiſe-man's folly is anatomiz'd
Even by the ſquandring glances of a fool.
Inveſt me in the motley: Give me leave
To ſpeak my mind, and I will through
Cleanſe the foul body of th'infected world,
If they will patiently receive my medicine.
Du. Sen. Fie on thee, I can tell what thou wouldſt do.
Jaq. What, for a Counter, would I do, but good?
Du. Sen. Moſt miſchievous foul ſin, in chiding ſin:
For thou thy ſelf haſt been a Libertine,
As ſenſual as the bruitiſh ſting it ſelf,
And all th'imboſſed ſores, and headed evils,
That thou with licenſe of free foot haſt caught,
Would'ſt thou diſgorge into the general world.
Jaq. Why who cries out on pride,
That can therein tax any private party:
Doth it not flow as hugely as the Sea,
Till that the weary very means do ebb.
What woman in the City do I name,
When that I ſay the City woman bears
The coſt of Princes on unworthy ſhoulders?
Who can come in, and ſay that I mean her,
When ſuch a one as ſhe, ſuch is her neighbour?
Or what is he of baſeſt function,
That ſays his bravery is not on my coſt,
Thinking that I mean him, but therein ſuits
His folly to the mettle of my ſpeech,
There then, how then, what then, let me ſee wherein
My tongue hath wrong'd him; if it do him right,
Then he hath wrong'd himſelf; if he be free,
VVhy then my taxing like a wild-Gooſe flies
Unclaim'd of any man. But who comes here?

Enter Orlando.

Orl. Forbear, and eat no more.
Jaq. VVhy I have eat none yet.
Orl. Nor ſhalt not, till neceſſity be ſerv'd.
Jaq. Of what kind ſhould this Cock come of?
Du. Sen. Art thou thus bolden'd man by thy diſtreſs?
Or elſe a rude deſpiſer of good manners,
That in civility thou ſeem'ſt ſo empty?
Orl. You touch'd my vain at firſt, the thorny point
Of bare diſtreſs, that hath tane from me the ſhew
Of ſmooth civility; yet am I in land bred,
And know ſome nurture; But forbear, I ſay,
He dies that touches any of this fruit,
Till I, and my affairs are anſwered.
Jaq. And you will not be anſwer'd with reaſon,
I muſt die,
Du. Sen. VVhat would you have?
Your gentleneſs ſhall force, more than your force
Move us to gentleneſs.
Orl. I almoſt die for food, and let me have it.
Du. Sen. Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table
Orl. Speak you ſo gently? Pardon me, I pray you,
I thought that all things had been ſavage here,
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of ſtern command'ment. But what e're you are

That in this deſart inacceſſible,
Under the ſhade of melancholy boughs,
Loſe, and neglect the creeping hours of time;
If ever you have look'd on better days;
If ever been where Bells have knoll'd to Church;
If ever ſate at any good mans feaſt;
If ever from your eye-lids wip'd a tear,
And know what 'tis to pity, and be pitied,
Let gentleneſs my ſtrong enforcement be,
In the which hope I bluſh and hide my Sword.
Du. Sen. True is it that we have ſeen better days,
And have with holy bell been knowld to Church,
And ſate at good mens feaſts, and wip'd our eyes
Of drops, that ſacred pity hath engendred:
And therefore ſit you down in gentleneſs,
And take upon command, what help we have
That to your wanting may be miniſtred.
Orl. Then but forbear your food a little while,
Whiles (like a Doe) I go to find my Fawn,
And give it food. There is an old poor man,
Who after me hath many weary ſtep
Limpt in pure love; till he be firſt ſuffic'd,
Oppreſt with two weak evils, age and hunger,
I will not touch a bit.
Du. Sen. Go find him out,
And we will nothing waſte till you return.
Orl. I thank ye, and be bleſt for your good comfort.
Du. Sen. Thou ſeeſt we are not all alone unhappy:
This wide and univerſal Theater
Preſents more woful Pageants than the Scene
Wherein we play in.
Jaq. All the world's a ſtage,
And all the men and women, meerly Players;
They have their *Exits* and their Entrances,
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His Acts being ſeven ages. At firſt the Infant,
Mewling, and puking in the Nurſes arms.
Then, the whining School-boy with his Satchel,
And ſhining morning face, creeping like Snail
Unwillingly to School. And then the Lover,
Sighing like Furnace, with a woful Ballad
Made to his Miſtreſs eye-brow. Then a Soldier,
Full of ſtrange oaths, and bearded like the Pard,
Jealous in honour, ſudden, and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble Reputation,
Even in the Canons mouth. And then the Juſtice
In fair round belly, with good Capon lin'd,
With eyes ſevere, and Beard of formal cut,
Full of wiſe ſaws, and modern inſtances,
And ſo he plays his part. The ſixt age ſhifts
Into the lean and ſlipper'd Pantaloon,
With ſpectacles on noſe, and pouch on ſide;
His youthful hoſe well ſav'd, a world too wide
For his ſhrunk ſhank, and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childiſh trebble pipes,
And whiſtles in his ſound. Laſt Scene of all,
That ends this ſtrange eventful hiſtory,
Is ſecond childiſhneſs, and meer oblivion,
Sans teeth, ſans eyes, ſans taſte, ſans every thing.

Enter Orlando *with* Adam.

Du. Sen. Welcome: ſet down your venerable burthen, and let him feed.
Orl. I thank you moſt for him.
Ad. So had you need,
I ſcarce can ſpeak to thank you for my ſelf.
Du. Sen. Welcome, fall too: I will not trouble you,
As yet to queſtion you about your fortunes:
Give us ſome muſick, and good Couſin, ſing.

Song.

Blow, blow, thou winter winde,
Thou art not ſo unkind, as mans ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not ſo keen, becauſe thou art not ſeen,
Altho thy breath be rude.
Heigh ho, ſing heigh ho, unto the green holly,
Moſt friendſhip is faining; moſt Loving meer folly:
The heigh ho, the holly,
This Life is moſt jolly,

Frieze, frieze, thou bitter skie, that doſt not bite ſo nigh
as benefits forgot:
Tho thou the waters warp, thy ſting is not ſo ſharp,
as friend remembred not,
Heigh ho, ſing &c.

Du. Sen. If that you were the good ſir *Rowlands* ſon,
As you have whiſper'd faithfully you were,
And as mine eye doth his effigies witneſs,
Moſt truly limn'd, and living in your face,
Be truly welcome hither: I am the Duke
That lov'd your father: the Reſidue of your fortune,
Go to my Cave and tell me. Good old man,
Thou art right welcome, as thy Maſter is;
Support him by the arm; give me your hand,
And let me all your fortunes underſtand *Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Duke, Lords, *and* Oliver.

Du. Not ſee him ſince? Sir, ſir, that cannot be:
But were I not the better part made mercy,
I ſhould not ſee an abſent argument
Of my revenge, thou preſent: but look to it,
Find out thy brother whereſoere he is,
Seek him with Candle: bring him dead, or living,
Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou no more
To ſeek a living in our Territory.
Thy Lands and all things that thou doſt call thine,
Worth ſeizure, do we ſeize into our hands,
Till thou canſt quit thee by thy brothers mouth,
Of what we think againſt thee.
Ol. Oh that your Highneſs knew my heart in this:
I never lov'd my brother in my life.
Duke. More villain thou. Well, puſh him out of doors,
And let my Officers of ſuch a nature
Make an extent upon his Houſe and Lands:
Do this expediently, and turn him going. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Orlando.

Orl. Hang there my verſe, in witneſs of my love,
And thou thrice Crowned Queen of night ſurvey
VVith thy chaſt eye, from thy pale ſphere above
Thy Huntreſs name, that my full life doth ſway.
O *Roſalind*, theſe Trees ſhall be my Books,
And in their barks my thoughts I'le character,
That every eye, which in this Forreſt looks,
Shall ſee thy virtue witneſs every where.
Run, run *Orlando*, carve on every Tree,
The fair, the chaſte, and unexpreſſive ſhe. *Exit.*

Enter Coren *and* Clown.

Co. And how like you this Shepherds life M. *Touchſtone*?

Clow. Truly ſhepherd, in reſpect of it ſelf, it is a good life; but in reſpect that it is a Shepherds life, it is naught. In reſpect that it is ſolitary, I like it very well: but in reſpect that it is private, it is a very vild life. Now in reſpect it is in the fields, it pleaſeth me well: but in reſpect it is not in the Court, it is tedious. As it is a ſpare life (look you) it fits my humour well : but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much againſt my ſtomack. Has't any Philoſophy in thee, Shepherd ?

Cor. No more, but that I know the more one ſickens, the worſe at eaſe he is : and that he that wants money, means, and content, is without three good friends. That the property of Rain is to wet, and fire to burn : That good paſture makes fat ſheep : and that a great cauſe of the night, is lack of the Sun : That he that hath learned no wit by Nature, nor Art, may complain of good breeding, or comes of a very dull kindred.

Clo. Such a one is a natural Philoſopher. Was't ever in Court Shepherd ?

Cor. No truly.

Clo. Then thou art damn'd.

Cor. Nay, I hope.

Clo. Truly thou art damn'd, like an ill roaſted Egg, all on one ſide.

Cor. For not being at Court? your reaſon.

Clo. Why, if thou never was't at Court, thou never ſaw'ſt good manners; If thou never ſaw'ſt good manners, then thy manners muſt be wicked : and wickedneſs is ſin, and ſin is damnation : Thou art in a parlous ſtate, Shepherd.

Cor. Not a whit *Touchſtone* : thoſe that have good manners at the Court, are as ridiculous in the Countrey, as the behaviour of the Countrey is moſt mockable at the Court. You told me, you ſalute not at the Court, but you kiſs your hands ; that courteſy would be uncleanly, if Courtiers were Shepherds.

Clo. Inſtance, briefly ; come inſtance.

Cor. Why we are ſtill handling our Ewes, and their Fels, you know, are greaſy.

Clo. Why, do not your Courtiers hands ſweat ? and is not the greaſe of Mutton as wholſome as the ſweat of a man ? Shallow, ſhallow ; a better inſtance I ſay : Come.

Cor. Beſides, our hands are hard.

Clo. Your lips will feel them the ſooner. Shallow agen : a more ſounder inſtance, come.

Cor. And they are often tarr'd overwith the ſurgery of our ſheep ; and would you have us kiſs Tar ? The Courtiers hands are perſumed with Civet.

Clo. Moſt ſhallow man : Thou worms meat in reſpect of a good piece of fleſh indeed , learn of the wiſe and perpend ; Civet is of a baſer birth than Tar ; the very uncleanly flux of a Cat. Mend the inſtance, Shepherd.

Cor. You have too Courtly a wit for me; I'le reſt.

Clo. Wilt thou reſt damn'd ? God help thee ſhallow man ; God make inciſion in thee, thou art raw.

Cor. Sir, I am a true Labourer, I earn that I eat ; get that I wear ; owe no man hate, envy no mans happineſs ; glad of other mens good, content with my harm ; and the greateſt of my pride, is to ſee my Ewes graze, and my Lambs ſuck.

Clo. That is another ſimple ſin in you , to bring the Ewes and the Rams together, and to offer to get your living, by the copulation of Cattel , to be a Bawd to a Bell-weather , and to betray a ſhe-Lamb of a twelvemonth to a crooked pated old Cuckoldly Ram, out of all reaſonable match. If thou be'ſt not damned for this, the Devil himſelf will have no Shepherds ; I cannot ſee how thou ſhould'ſt ſcape.

Cor. Here comes Mr. *Ganimed*, my new Miſtreſſes Brother.

Enter Roſalinde.

Roſ. *From the Eaſt to Weſtern Jude,*
no jewel is like Roſalinde,
Her worth being mounted on the wind,
through all the World beards Roſalind.
All the Pictures faireſt Lind,
are but black to Roſalind ;
Let no face be kept in mind,
but the moſt fair Roſalind.

Clo. I'le rime you ſo, eight years together ; dinners, and ſuppers, and ſleeping hours excepted : it is the right Butter-womens rank to Market.

Roſ. Out Fool.

Clo. For a taſte.

If a Hart do lack a Hind,
Let him ſeek out Roſalind :
If the Cat will after kind,
ſo be ſure will Roſalind :
Winter Garments muſt be lin'd,
ſo muſt ſlender Roſalind ;
They that reap muſt ſheaf and bind,
then to Cart with Roſalind.

Sweeteſt meat hath ſowreſt rind,
ſuch a nut is Roſalind.
He that ſweeteſt roſe will find,
muſt find Loves prick, and Roſalind.

This is the very falſe gallop of Verſes ; why do you infect your ſelf with them ?

Roſ. Peace you dull fool, I found them on a tree.

Clo. Truly the tree yields bad fruit.

Roſ. I'le graff it with you, and then I ſhall graff it with a Medler : then it will be the earlieſt fruit i'th' countrey : for you'l be rotten e're you be half ripe, and that's the right virtue of the Medler.

Clo. You have ſaid ; but whether wiſely or no, let the Forreſt judg.

Enter Celia *with a Writing.*

Roſ. Peace, here comes my ſiſter reading, ſtand aſide.

Cel. *Why ſhould this a deſert be,*
for it is unpeopled? No ;
Tongs I'le hang on every tree,
that ſhall civil ſayings ſhow.
Some, how brief the life of man
runs his erring pilgrimage,
That the ſtretching of a ſpan,
buckles in his ſum of age.
Some of violated vows,
'twixt the ſouls of friend and friend,
But upon the faireſt bows,
or at every ſentence end ;
Will I Roſalinda *write,*
teaching all that read, to know
This quinteſſence of every ſprite,
heaven would in little ſhow.
Therefore heaven Nature chang'd,
that one body ſhould be fill'd
With all Graces wide enlarg'd,
nature preſently diſtill'd
Helen'*s cheeks, but not h*[illegible]*heare,*
Cleopatra'*s Majeſty ;*
Attalanta's *better part ;*
ſad Lucretia's *Modeſty.*
Thus Roſalind *of many parts,*
by Heavenly Sinod was deviſ'd,
Of many faces, eyes and hearts,
to have the touches deareſt priz'd.
Heaven would that ſhe theſe gifts ſhould have,
and I to live and die her ſlave.

Roſ. O moſt gentle *Jupiter*, what tedious homily of Love have you wearied your Pariſhioners withal, and never cri'd, Have patience good people?

Cel. How now ! back friends ; Shepherd go off a little: go with him, ſirrah.

Clo. Come Shepherd, let us make an honourable retreat, tho not with bag and baggage, yet with ſcrip and ſcrippage. *Exit.*

Cel. Didſt thou hear theſe Verſes?

Roſ. O yes, I heard them all, and more tno, for ſome of them had in them more feet than the Verſes would bear.

Cel. That's no matter; the feet might bear the Verſes.

Roſ. I, but the feet were lame, and could not bear themſelves without the verſe, and therefore ſtood lamely in the verſe.

Cel. But didſt thou hear without wondring, how thy name ſhould be hang'd and carved upon theſe trees?

Roſ. I was ſeven of the nine days out of wonder, before you came: for look here what I found on a Palm tree; I was never ſo berim'd ſince *Pythagoras* time that I was an Iriſh Rat, which I can hardly remember.

Cel. Tro you, who hath done this?

Roſ. Is it a man?

Cel. And a chain that you once wore, about his neck: change your colour?

Roſ. I prethee who?

Cel. O Lord, Lord, it is a hard matter for friends to meet; but Mountains may be remov'd with Earthquakes, and ſo encounter.

Roſ. Nay, but who is it?

Cel. Is it poſſible?

Roſ. Nay, I prethee now, with moſt petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

Cel. O wonderful, wonderful, and moſt wonderful wonderful, and yet again wonderful, and after that out of all hoping.

Roſ. Good my complexion, doſt thou think though I am capariſon'd like a man, I have a doublet and a hoſe in my diſpoſition? One inch of delay more, is a ſouth-ſea of diſcovery. I prethee tell me, who is it quickly, and ſpeak apace: I would thou couldſt ſtammer, that thou might'ſt pour this concealed man out of thy mouth, as Wine comes out of a narrow-mouth'd bottle: either too much at once, or none at all. I prethee take the Cork out of thy mouth, that I may drink thy tidings.

Cel. So you may put a man in your belly.

Roſ. Is he of Gods making? What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat? or his chin worth a beard?

Cel. Nay, he hath but a little beard.

Roſ. Why God will ſend more, if the man will be thankful; let me ſtay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

Cel. It is young *Orlando*, that tript up the Wraſtlers heels, and your heart, both in an inſtant.

Roſ. Nay, but the Devil take mocking: ſpeak ſad brow, and true maid.

Cel. I'faith (Coz) 'tis he.

Roſ. *Orlando*?

Cel. *Orlando.*

Roſ. Alas the day, what ſhall I do with my doublet and hoſe? What did he when thou ſaw'ſt him? What ſaid he? How look'd he? Wherein went he? What makes he here? Did he ask for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee? And then ſhalt thou ſee him again? Anſwer me in one word.

Cel. You muſt borrow me Gargantuas mouth firſt: 'tis a Word too great for any mouth of this Ages ſize: to ſay I and no, to theſe particulars, is more than to anſwer in a Catechiſm.

Roſ. But doth he know that I am in this Forreſt, and in mans apparel? Looks he as freſhly as he did the day he Wraſtled?

Cel. It is as eaſie to count Atomes as to reſolve the propoſitions of a Lover: but take a taſte of my finding him, and reliſh it with good obſervance. I found him under a tree like a dropp'd Acorn.

Roſ. It may well be call'd Joves tree, when it drops forth ſuch fruit.

Cel. Give me audience, good Madam.

Roſ. Proceed.

Cel. There lay he ſtretch'd along like a Wounded knight.

Roſ. Tho it be pity to ſee ſuch a ſight, it well becomes the ground.

Cel. Cry halla, to the tongue, I prethee: it curvets unſeaſonably. He was furniſh'd like a hunter.

Roſ. O ominous, he comes to kill my Hart.

Cel. I would ſing my ſong without a burthen, thou bring'ſt me out of tune.

Roſ. Do you not know I am a woman, when I think I muſt ſpeak: ſweet, ſay on.

Enter Orlando *and* Jaques.

Cel. You bring me out. Soft, comes he not near?

Roſ. 'Tis he, ſling by, and note him.

Jaq. I thank you for your company; but good faith, I had as lief have been my ſelf alone.

Orl. And ſo had I: but yet for faſhion ſake
I thank you too, for your ſociety.

Jaq. God buy you, let's meet as little as we can.

Orl. I do deſire we may be better ſtrangers.

Jaq. I pray you marre no more trees with Writing Love-ſongs in their barks.

Orl. I pray you marre no more of my verſes with reading them ilfavouredly.

Jaq. *Roſalinde* is your loves name?

Orl. Yes, Juſt.

Jaq. I do not like her name.

Orl. There was no thought of pleaſing you when ſhe was chriſten'd.

Jaq. What ſtature is ſhe of?

Orl. Juſt as high as my heart.

Jaq. You are full of pretty anſwers; have you not been acquainted with goldſmiths wives, & cond them out of rings.

Orl. Not ſo: but I anſwer you right painted cloath, from whence you have ſtudied your queſtions.

Jaq. You have a nimble wit; I think 'twas made of *Attalanta*'s heels. Will you ſit down with me, and we two will rail againſt our Miſtreſs the world, and all our miſery.

Orl. I will chide no brother in the world but my ſelf againſt whom I know no faults.

Jaq. The worſt fault you have, is to be in love.

Orl. 'Tis a fault I will not change for your beſt virtue. I am weary of you.

Jaq. By my troth, I was ſeeking for a Fool, when I found you.

Orl. He is drown'd in the brook, look but in, and you ſhall ſee him.

Jaq. There I ſhall ſee mine own figure.

Orl. Which I take to be either a Fool, or a Cipher.

Jaq. I'le tarry no longer with you, farewel good ſignior Love.

Orl. I am glad of your departure: Adieu good Monſieur Melancholy.

Roſ. I will ſpeak to him like a ſawcy Lacky, and under that habit play the knave with him: do you hear Forreſter.

Orl. Very well, what would you?

Roſ. I pray you, what is't a clock?

Orl. You ſhould ask me what time o' day: there's no clock in the Forreſt.

Roſ. Then there is no true Lover in the Forreſt, elſe ſighing every minute, and groaning every hour would detect the lazy foot of time, as well as a clock.

Orl. And why not the ſwift foot of time? Had not that been as proper?

Roſ. By no means ſir; Time travels in divers places, with divers perſons; I'le tell you who Time ambles withal, who time trots withal, who time gallops withal, and who he ſtands ſtill withal.

Orl. I prethee, whom doth he trot withall?

Roſ. Marry he trots hard with a young maid, between the contract of her marriage, and the day it is ſolemniz'd:

if the interim be but a ſennight, Times pace is ſo hard that it ſeems the length of ſeven years.

Orl. Who ambles time withal?

Roſ. With a Prieſt that lacks Latine, and a rich man that hath not the Gout: for the one ſleeps eaſily becauſe he cannot ſtudy, and the other lives merrily, becauſe he feels no pain: the one lacking the burthen of lean and waſteful Learning; the other knowing no burthen of heavy tedious penury. Theſe time ambles withal.

Orl. Whom doth he gallop withal?

Roſ. With a thief to the gallows: for though he go as ſoftly as foot can fall, he thinks himſelf too ſoon there.

Orl. VVhom ſtays it ſtill withal?

Roſ. VVith Lawyers in the vacation; for they ſleep between Term and Term, and then they perceive not how time moves.

Orl. VVhere dwell you, pretty youth?

Roſ. VVith this ſhepherdeſs my ſiſter: here in the skirts of the Forreſt, like fringe upon a petticoat.

Orl. Are you native of this place?

Roſ. As the Cony that you ſee dwell where ſhe is kindled.

Orl. Your accent is ſomething finer, than you could purchaſe in ſo removed a dwelling.

Roſ. I have been told ſo of many: but indeed, an old religious Unkle of mine taught me to ſpeak. who was in his youth an inland man, one that knew Courtſhip too well; for there he fell in love, I have heard him read many Lectures againſt it, I thank God, I am not a VVoman to be touch'd with ſo many giddy offences as he hath generally tax'd their whole ſex withal.

Orl. Can you remember any of the principal evils that he laid to the charge of women?

Roſ. There were none principal, they were all like one another, as half-pence are, every ones fault ſeeming monſtrous, till his fellow fault came to match it.

Orl. I prethee recount ſome of them.

Roſ. No: I will not caſt away my phyſick, but on thoſe that are ſick. There is a man haunts the Forreſt, that abuſes our young plants with carving *Roſalind* on their barks; hangs Odes upon Hawthorns, and Elegies on brambles; all (forſooth) deifying the name of *Roſalind*. If I could meet that Fancy-monger, I would give him ſome good counſel, for he ſeems to have the Quotidian of Love upon him.

Orl. I am he that is ſo Love-ſhak'd; I pray you tell me your remedy.

Roſ. There is none of my Unkles marks upon you; he taught me how to know a man in love: in which cage of ruſhes, I am ſure you are not priſoner.

Orl. What were his marks?

Roſ. A lean cheek, which you have not; a blew eye and ſunken, which you have not; an unqueſtionable ſpirit which you have not: a beard neglected, which you have not: (but I pardon you for that, for ſimply your having no beard, is a younger brothers revenue) then your hoſe ſhould be ungarter'd, your bonnet unbanded, your ſleeve unbutton'd, your ſhoo unti'd, and every thing about you demonſtrating a careleſs deſolation; but you are no ſuch man, you are rather a point device in your accouſtrements, as loving your ſelf, than ſeeming the Lover of any other.

Orl. Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I Love.

Roſ. Me believe it? You may as ſoon make her that you Love believe it, which I warrant ſhe is apter to do, than to confeſs ſhe do's: that is one of the points, in the which women ſtill give the lye to their conſciences. But in good ſooth, are you he that hangs the verſes on the trees, wherein *Roſalind* is ſo admired?

Orl. I ſwear to thee youth, by the white hand of *Roſalind* I am he, that unfortunate he.

Roſ. But are you ſo much in love as your rimes ſpeak?

Orl. Neither rime nor reaſon can expreſs how much.

Roſ. Love is meerly a madneſs, and I tell you, deſerves as well a dark houſe, and a whip, as mad men do: and the reaſon why they are not ſo puniſh'd and cured, is that the Lunacy is ſo ordinary, that the whippers are in love too: yet I profeſs curing it by counſel.

Orl. Did you ever cure any ſo?

Roſ. Yes one, and in this manner. He was to imagine me his Love, his Miſtreſs: and I ſet him every day to woo me. At which time would I, being but a mooniſh youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing, and liking, proud, fantaſtical, apiſh, ſhallow, inconſtant, full of tears, full of ſmiles: for every paſſion ſomething, and for no paſſion truly any thing, as boys and women are for the moſt part cattle of this colour: would now like him, now loath him; then entertain him, then forſwear him; now weep for him, then ſpit at him; that I drave this ſuitor for his mad humour of love, to a living humour of madneſs, which was to forſwear the full ſtream of the world, and to live in a nook meerly Monaſtick: and thus I cur'd him, and this way will I take upon me to waſh your Liver as clear as a ſound ſheeps heart, that there ſhall not be one ſpot of love in't.

Orl. I would not be cur'd youth.

Roſ. I would cure you, if you would but call me *Roſalind*, and come every day to my Coat, and woo me.

Orl. Now by the faith of my love, I will; Tell me where it is.

Roſ. Go with me to it, and I'le ſhew it you: and by the way, you ſhall tell me where in the Forreſt you live: Will you go?

Orl. With all my heart, good youth.

Roſ. Nay, Nay, you muſt call me *Roſalind*: Come ſiſter will you go? *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Clown, Audrey, *and* Jaques.

Clo. Come apace good *Audrey*, I will fetch up your Goats, *Audrey*: and now *Audrey*, am I the man yet? Doth my ſimple feature content you?

Aud. Your features, Lord warrant us: what features?

Clo. I am here with thee, and thy Goats, as the moſt capricious Poet honeſt *Ovid* was among the Goths.

Jaq. O knowledg ill inhabited, worſe than *Jove* in a thatch't houſe.

Clo. When a mans verſes cannot be underſtood, nor a mans good wit ſeconded with the forward child, underſtanding: it ſtrikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room; truly, I would the Gods had made thee Poetical.

Aud. I do not know what Poetical is: is it honeſt in deed and word: is is a true thing?

Clo. No truly: for the trueſt Poetry is the moſt faining, and Lovers are given to Poetry: and what they ſwear in Poetry, may be ſaid as Lovers, they doe feign.

Aud. Do you wiſh then that the Gods had made me Poetical?

Clo. I do truly: for thou ſwear'ſt to me thou art honeſt; Now if thou wert a Poet, I might have ſome hope thou didſt feign.

Aud. Would you not have me honeſt?

Clo. No truly, unleſs thou wert hard-favour'd: for honeſty coupled to beauty, is to have Honey a ſawce to Sugar.

Jaq. A material fool.

Aud. Well, I am not fair, and therefore I pray the Gods make me honeſt.

Clo. Truly, and to caſt away honeſty upon a foul ſlut, were to put good meat into an unclean diſh.

Aud. I am not a ſlut, though I thank the Gods I am foul.

Clo. Well, praiſed be the Gods for thy foulneſs:

ſluttiſhneſs may come hereafter. But be it, as it may be, I will marry thee : and to that end, I have been with Sir *Oliver Martext*, the Vicar of the next Village, who hath promis'd to meet me in this place of the Forreſt, and to couple us.

Jaq. I would fain ſee this meeting.

Aud. Well, the Gods give us joy.

Clo. Amen. A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, ſtagger in this attempt; for here we have no Temple but the Wood ; no aſſembly but Horn beaſts. But what tho? Courage. As horns are odious, they are neceſſary. It is ſaid, many a man knows no end of his goods ; right : many a man has good Horns, and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowry of his wife, 'tis none of his own getting ; horns, even ſo poor men alone ; No, no, the nobleſt Deer hath them as huge as the Raſcal : Is the ſingle man therefore bleſſed ? No, as a wall'd Town is more worthier than a village, ſo is the forehead of a married man more honourable than the bare brow of a Batchellor : and by how much defence is better than no skill, by ſo much is a horn more precious than to wanr.

Enter Sir Oliver Mar-text.

Here comes Sir *Oliver* : Sir *Olsver Mar-text*, you are well met. Will you diſpatch us here under this tree, or ſhall we go with you to your Chappel?

Ol. Is there none here to give the woman?

Clo. I will not take her on gift of any man.

Ol Truly ſhe muſt be given, or the marriage is not lawful.

Jaq. Proceed, proceed ! I'le give her.

Clo. Good even, good M. What ye call't : how do you Sir, you are very well met : godild you for your laſt company, I am vety glad to ſee you, even a toy in hand here Sir : Nay, pray be covered.

Jaq. Will you be married, *Motley?*

Clo. As the Ox hath his bow ſir, the horſe his curb, and the Falcon his bells, ſo man hath his deſire, and as Pigeons bill, ſo wedlock wonld be nibling.

Jaq. And will you (being a man of your breeding) be married under a buſh like a beggar? Get you to Church, and have a good Prieſt that can tell you what marriage is ; this fellow will but joyn you together as they joyn Wainſcot, then one of you will prove a ſhrunk pannel, and like green timber, warp, warp.

Clo. I am not in the mind, but I were better to be married of him than of another ; for he is not like to marry me well ; and not being well married, it will be a good excuſe for me hereaftet to leave my wife.

Jaq. Go thou with me,
And let me counſel thee.

Clo. Come ſweet *Andre*,
We muſt be married, or we muſt live in bawdry :
Farewel good M. *Oliver* : Not O ſweet *Oliver*, O brave *Oliver*, leave me not behind thee : But wind away, be gone I ſay, I will not to wedding with thee.

Ol. 'Tis no matter ; ne're a fantaſtical knave of them all ſhall flout me out of my calling. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Roſalind and Celia.

Roſ. Never talk to me, I will weep,

Cel. Do I prethee, but yet have the Grace to conſider that tears do not become a man.

Roſ. But have I not cauſe to weep?

Cel. As good cauſe as one would deſire,
Therefore weep.

Roſ. His very hair
Is of the diſſembling colour.

Cel. Something browner than *Judas*'s :
Marry, his kiſſes are *Judas*'s own children.

Roſ. I'faith his hair is of a good colour.

Cel. An excellent colour :
Your Cheſnut was ever the onely colour.

Roſ. And his kiſſing is as full of ſanctity,
As the touch of holy bread.

Cel. He hath bought a pair of ehaſt lips of *Diana* ; a nun of winters ſiſterhood kiſſes not more religiouſly, the very ice of chaſtity is in them.

Roſ. But why did de ſwear he would come this morning, and comes not?

Cel. Nay certainly there is no truth in him.

Roſ. Do you think ſo?

Cel. Yes, I think he is not a pick-purſe, nor a horſe-ſtealer : but for his verity in love, I do think him as concave as a covered goblet, or a worm-eaten nut.

Roſ. Not true in love?

Cel. Yes, when he is in, but I think he is not in.

Roſ. You have heard him ſwear downright he was.

Cel. Was, is not is : beſides, the oath of a Lover is no ſtronger than the word of a tapſter, they are both the confirmer of falſe reckonings; he attends here in the forreſt on the Duke, your Father

Roſ. I met the Duke yeſterday, and had much queſtion with him : he askt me of what parentage I was ; I told him of as good as he; ſo he laugh'd, and let me go. But what talk we of Fathers, when there is ſuch a man as *Orlando*?

Cel. O that's a brave man, he writes brave verſes, ſpeaks brave words, ſwears brave oaths, and breaks them bravely, quite travers athwart the heart of his lover, as a puiſny Tilter, that ſpurs his horſe but on one ſide, breaks his ſtaff like a noble gooſe ; but all's brave that youth mounts, and folly guides : who comes here?

Enter Corin.

Corin. Miſtreſs and Maſter, you have enquir'd
After the Shepherd that complain'd of love,
Whom you ſaw ſitting by me on the Turf,
Praiſing the proud diſdainful Shepherdeſs
That was his Miſtreſs.

Cel Well, and what of him?

Cor. If you will ſee a pageant truly plaid
Between the pale complexion of true Love,
And the red glow of ſcorn and proud diſdain,
Go hence a little and I ſhall conduct you,
If you will mark it.

Roſ. O come let us remove,
The ſight of Lovers feedeth thoſe in love :
Bring us to this ſight, and you ſhall ſay
I'le prove a buſy actor in their play. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Silvius *and* Phebe.

Sil. Sweet *Phebe* do not ſcorn me, do not, *Phebe*,
Say that you love me not, but ſay not ſo
In bitterneſs ; the common executioner,
Whoſe heart th' accuſtom'd ſight of death makes hard,
Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck,
But firſt begs pardon? will you ſterner be
Than he that dies and lives by bloudy drops?

Enter Roſalind, Celia, *and* Corin.

Phe. I would not be thy executioner,
I flie thee, for I would not injure thee ;
Thou tell'ſt me there is murther in mine eyes;
'Tis pretty ſure, and very probable,
That eyes that are the frail'ſt and ſofteſt things,
Who ſhut their coward gates on atomies,
Should be called tyrants, butchers, murtherers.
Now I do frown on thee with all my heart,
And if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee :
Now counterfeit to ſwound, why now fall down,
Or if thou can'ſt not, oh for ſhame, for ſhame,
Lye not, to ſay mine eyes are murtherers :
Now ſhew the wound mine eye hath made in thee;
Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains

Some ſcar of it: Lean but upon a ruſh,
The Cicatrice and capable impreſſure
Thy Palm ſome moment keeps; but now mine eyes
Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not,
Nor I am ſure there is no force in eyes
That can do hurt.
Sil. O dear *Phebe*,
If ever (as that ever may be near)
You met in ſome freſh check the power of ſancy,
Then ſhall you know the wounds inviſible
That loves keen arrows make.
Phe. But till that time
Come not thou near me; and when that time comes,
Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not,
As till that time I ſhall not pity thee.
Roſ. And why I pray you who might be your mother
That you inſult, exult, and all at once
Over the wretched? What though you have no beauty
As by my faith, I ſee no more in you
Than without Candle may go dark to bed:
Muſt you be therefore proud and pitileſs?
Why what means this? why do you look on me?
I ſee no more in you than in the ordinary
Of natures ſale-work? 'ods my little life,
I think ſhe means to tangle mine eyes too:
No faith, proud Miſtreſs, hope not after it,
'Tis not your inky brows, your black ſilk hair,
Your bugle eye-balls, nor your check of cream
That can entame my ſpirits to your worſhip.
You fooliſh Shepherd, wherefore do you follow her
Like foggy South, puffing with wind and rain,
You are a thouſand times a properer man
Than ſhe a woman. 'Tis ſuch fools as you
That makes the world full of ill-favoured children:
'Tis not her glaſs, but you that flatters her,
And out of you ſhe ſees her ſelf more proper
Than any of her lineaments can ſhow her:
But Miſtreſs, know your ſelf, down on your knees
And thank Heaven, faſting for a good mans love;
For I muſt tell you friendly in your ear,
Sell when you can, you are not for all markets:
Cry the man mercy, love him; take his offer,
Foul is moſt foul, being foul to be a ſcoffer.
So take her to thee, Shepherd, fare you well.
Phe. Sweet youth, I pray you chide a year together,
I had rather hear you chide than this man wooe.
Roſ. He's fall'n in love with your foulneſs, and ſhe'l
Fall in love with my anger. If it be ſo, as faſt
As ſhe anſwers thee with frowning looks, I'le ſauce
Her with bitter words: Why look you ſo upon me?
Phe. For no ill will I bear you.
Roſ. I pray you do not fall in love with me,
For I am falſer than vows made in wine:
Beſides, I like you not: if you will know my houſe,
'Tis at the tuft of Olives, here hard by:
Will you go Siſter? Shepherd ply her hard:
Come ſiſter Shepherdeſs, look on him better
And be not proud. tho all the world could ſee,
None could be ſo abuſed in ſight as he.
Come to our flock. *Exit.*
Phe. Dead Shepherd, now I find thy ſaw of might,
Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at firſt ſight?
Sil. Sweet *Phebe*.
Phe. Hah: what ſayeſt thou *Silvius*?
Sil. Sweet *Phebe*, pity me.
Phe. Why I am ſorry for thee, gentle *Silvius*.
Sil. Where ever ſorrow is, relief would be:
If you do ſorrow at my grief in love,
By giving love, your ſorrow and my grief
Were both extermin'd.
Phe. Thou haſt my love, is not that neighbourly?
Sil. I would have you.
Phe. Why that were covetouſneſs:
Silvius; the time was, that I hated thee;
And yet it is not that I bear thee love,
But ſince that thou canſt talk of love ſo well,
Thy company, which erſt was irkſome to me,
I will endure; and I'le employ thee too:
But do not look for further recompence.
Than thine own gladneſs, that thou art imployed.
Sil. So holy, and ſo perfect is my love,
And ſuch a poverty of grace,
That I ſhall think it a moſt plentious crop
To glean the broken ears after the man
That the main harveſt reaps: loſe now and then
A ſcattered ſmile, and that I'le live upon.
Phe. Know'ſt thou the youth that ſpoke to me ere-while?
Sil. Not very well, but I have met him oft,
And he hath bought the Cottage and the bounds,
That the old *Carlot* once was Maſter of.
Phe. Think not I love him, tho I ask for him;
'Tis but a peeviſh boy, yet he talks well,
But what care I for words? yet words do well,
When he that ſpeaks them pleaſes thoſe that hear:
It is a pretty youth, not very pretty,
But ſure he's proud, and yet his pride becomes him;
He'l make a proper man: the beſt thing in him
Is his complexion: and faſter than his tongue
Did make offence, his eye did heal it up:
He is not very tall, yet for his years he's tall;
His leg is but ſo ſo, and yet 'tis well;
There was a pretty redneſs in his lip,
A little riper, and more luſty red
Than that mix'd in his cheeck; 'twas juſt the difference
Betwixt the conſtant red, and mingled Damask.
There be ſome women, *Silvius*, had they mark'd him
In parcels as I did, would have gone near
To fall in love with him; but for my part
I love him not, nor hate him not; and yet
I have more cauſe to hate him than to love him,
For what had he to do to chide at me?
He ſaid mine eyes were black, and my hair black,
And now I am remembred, ſcorn'd at me;
I marvel why I anſwered not again,
But that's all one; omittance is no quittance.
I'le write to him a very taunting Letter,
And thou ſhalt bear it, wilt thou, *Silvius*?
Sil. *Phebe*, with all my heart.
Phe. I'le write it ſtraight;
The matters in my head, and in my heart,
I will be bitter with him, and paſſing ſhort;
Go with me, *Silvius*. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Roſalinde, and Celia, and Jaques.

Jaq. I prithee, pretty youth, let me be better acquainted with thee.

Roſ. They ſay you are a melancholly fellow.

Jaq. I am ſo; I do love it better than laughing.

Roſ. Thoſe that are in extremity of either, are abominable fellows, and betray themſelves to every modern cenſure, worſe than drunkards.

Jaq. Why, 'tis good to be ſad, and ſay nothing.

Roſ. Why then 'tis good to be a poſt.

Jaq. I have neither the Scholars melancholly, which is emulation; nor the Muſicians, which is fantaſtical; nor the Courtiers, which is proud; nor the Souldiers, which is ambitious; nor the Lawyers, which is politick; nor the Ladies, which is nice; nor the Lovers, which is all theſe; but it is a melancholly of mine own, compounded of many ſimples, extracted from many objects, and indeed the ſundry contemplations of travels in which my often rumination wraps me in a moſt humorous ſadneſs.

Roſ. A Traveller; by my faith you have great reaſon to be ſad: I fear you have ſold your own Lands, to ſee other mens; then to have ſeen much, and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands.

Jaq. Yes, I have gain'd my experience.

Enter Orlando.

Roſ. And your experience makes you ſad: I had rather have a fool to make me merry, than experience to make me ſad, and to travel for it too.

Orl. Good day, and happineſs, dear *Roſalinde.*

Jaq. Nay then God buy you, and you talk in blank verſe. *Exit.*

Roſ. Farewel Mounſieur Traveller; look you liſp, and wear ſtrange ſuits; diſable all the benefits of your own Country: be out of love with your nativity, and almoſt chide God for making you that countenance you are, or I will ſcarce think you have ſwam in a Gundello. Why how now *Orlando*, where have you been all this while? you a lover? and you ſerve me ſuch another trick, never come in my ſight more.

Orl. My fair *Roſalinde*, I come within an hour of my promiſe.

Roſ. Break an hours promiſe in love? he that will divide a minute into a thouſand parts, and break but a part of the thouſaud part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be ſaid of him, that *Cupid* hath clapt him oth' ſhoulder, but I'le warrant him heart-whole.

Orl. Pardon me dear *Roſalinde.*

Roſ. Nay, and you be ſo tardy, come no more in my ſight, I had as lief be Woo'd of a Snail.

Orl. Of a Snail?

Roſ. I, of a Snail; for tho he comes ſlowly, he carries his houſe on his head: a better jointure I think than you make a woman: beſides, he brings his deſtiny with him.

Orl. What's that?

Roſ. Why horns; which ſuch as you are fain to be beholding to your wives for: but he comes armed in his fortune, and prevents the ſlander of his wife.

Orl. Vertue is no horn-maker: and my *Roſalinde* is vertuous.

Roſ. And I am your *Roſalinde.*

Cel. It pleaſes him to call you ſo; but he hath a *Roſalinde* of a better leer than you.

Roſ. Come, woo me, woo me: for now I am in a holy-day humour, and like enough to conſent: What would you ſay to me now, and I were your very, very *Roſalinde*?

Orl. I would kiſs before I ſpoke.

Roſ. Nay you were better ſpeak firſt, and when you were gravell'd for lack of matter, you might take occaſion to kiſs! very good Orators when they are out, they will ſpit, and for lovers, lacking (God warn us) matter, the cleanlieſt ſhift is to kiſs.

Orl. How if the kiſs be denied?

Roſ. Then ſhe puts you to entreaty, and there begins new matter.

Orl. Who could be out, being before his Beloved Miſtreſs?

Roſ. Marry that ſhould you if I were your Miſtreſs, or I ſhould think my honeſty ranker than my wit.

Orl. What, of my ſuit?

Roſ. Not out of your apparrel, and yet out of your ſuit.
Am not I your *Roſalinde*?

Orl. I take ſome joy to ſay you are, becauſe I would be talking of her.

Roſ. Well, in her perſon, I ſay I will not have you.

Orl. Then in mine own perſon, I dye.

Roſ. No faith, die by Attorney: the poor world is almoſt ſix thouſand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own perſon (*vidilicet*) in a love cauſe: *Troilus* had his brain daſh'd out with a Grecian club, yet he did what he could to die before, and he is one of the patterns of love. *Leander*, he would have liv'd many a fair year, tho *Hero* had turn'd Nun, if it had not been for a hot Midſummer-night, for (good youth) he went but forth to waſh in the Helleſpont, and being taken with the cramp, was drown'd, and the fooliſh Chroniclers of that age, found it was *Hero* of *Seſtos.* But theſe are all lies; men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

Orl. I would not have my right *Roſalinde* of this mind, for I proteſt her frown might kill me.

Roſ. By this hand, it will not kill a flie; but come, now I will be your *Roſalinde* in a more coming-on diſpoſition: and ask me what you will, I will grant it.

Orl. Then love me, *Roſalinde.*

Roſ. Yes faith will I, Fridays and Saturdays, and all.

Orl. And wilt thou have me?

Roſ. I, and twenty ſuch.

Orl. What ſaiſt thou?

Roſ. Are you not good?

Orl. I hope ſo.

Roſalinde. Why then, can one deſire too much of a good thing: Come ſiſter, you ſhall be the Prieſt, and marry us: give me your hand *Orlando*: VVhat do you ſay ſiſter?

Orl. Pray thee marry us.

Cel. I cannot ſay the words.

Roſ. You muſt begin, will you *Orlando.*

Cel. Go to; will you *Orlando* have to wiſe this *Roſalinde*?

Orl. I will.

Roſ. But when?

Orl. VVhy now, as faſt as ſhe can marry us.

Roſ. Then you muſt ſay, I take thee *Roſalinde* for wife.

Orl. I take thee *Roſalinde* for wife.

Roſ. I might ask you for your commiſſion,
But I do take thee *Orlando* for my husband: there's a girl goes before the Prieſt, and certainly a womans thought runs before her actions.

Orl. So do all thoughts, they are wing'd.

Roſ. Now tell me how long you would have her, after you have poſſeſt her?

Orl. For ever and a day.

Roſ. Say a day, without the ever: No, no *Orlando*, men are *April* when they woo, *December* when they wed: Maids are *May* when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives; I will be more jealous of thee, than a *Barbary* cock-pigeon over his hen, more clamorous than a Parrat againſt rain; more new-fangled than an ape; more giddy in my deſires than a monkey; I will weep for nothing like *Diana* in the Fountain, and I will do that when you are diſpos'd to be merry: I will laugh like a Hyen, and that when thou art inclin'd to ſleep.

Orl. But will my *Roſalinde* do ſo?

Roſ. By my life ſhe will do as I do.

Orl. O but ſhe is wiſe.

Roſ. Or elſe ſhe could not have the wit to do this: the wiſer, the waywarder: make the doors upon a womans wit and it will out at the caſement: ſhut that, and 'twill out at the key-hole: ſtop that, it will flye with the ſmoak out at the chimney.

Orl. A man that had a wiſe with ſuch a wit, he might ſay, wit whither wilt?

Roſ. Nay, you might keep that check for it, till you met your wives wit going to your neighbours bed.

Orl. And what wit could wit have to excuſe that?

Roſ. Marry to ſay, ſhe came to ſeek you there: you ſhall never take her without her anſwer, unleſs you take her withour her tongue: O that woman that cannot make her fault her husbands occaſion, let her never nurſe her child her ſelf, for ſhe will breed it like a fool.

Orl. For theſe two hours, *Roſalinde*, I will leave thee.

Roſ. Alas, dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours.

Orl. I muſt attend the Duke at dinner, by two a clock I will be with thee again.

Roſ. I, go your ways, go your ways: I knew what you would prove, my friends told me as much, and I thought no leſs; that flattering tongue of yours won me; 'tis but one caſt away, and ſo come death: two o' clock is your hour.

Orl. I ſweet *Roſalinde*.

Roſ. By my troth, and in good earneſt, and ſo God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promiſe, or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the moſt pathetical break-promiſe, and the moſt hollow lover, and the moſt unworthy of her you call *Roſalinde*, that may be choſen out of the groſs band of the unfaithful; therefore beware my cenſure, and keep your promiſe.

Orl. With no leſs religion, than if thou wert indeed my *Roſalinde*; ſo adieu.

Roſ. Well, Time is the old Juſtice that examines all ſuch offenders, and let time try: adieu. *Exit.*

Cel. You have ſimply miſus'd our ſex in your love-prate: we muſt have your doublet and hoſe pluckt over your head, and ſhew the world what the bird hath done to her own neſt.

Roſ. O coz, coz, coz; my pretty little coz, that thou didſt know how many fathom deep I am in love; but it cannot be ſounded: my affection hath an unknown bottom like the *Bay* of *Portugal*.

Cel. Or rather bottomleſs, that as faſt as you pour affection in, it runs out.

Roſ. No, that ſame wicked Baſtard of *Venus*, that was begot of thought, conceiv'd of ſpleen, and born of madneſs, that blind raſcally boy, that abuſes every ones eyes, becauſe his own are out, let him be judg, how deep I am in love; I'le tell thee *Aliena*, I cannot be out of the ſight of *Orlando*: I'le go find a ſhadow, and ſigh till he come.

Cel. And I'le ſleep. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Jaques *and* Lords, Forreſters.

Jaq. Which is he that killed the Deer?

Lord. Sir, it was I.

Jaq. Let's preſent him to the Duke like a Roman Conqueror, and it would do well to ſet the Deers horns upon his head, for a branch of Victory; have you no ſong Forreſter for this purpoſe?

Lord. Yes Sir.

Jaque. Sing it: 'tis no matter how it be in tune, ſo it make noiſe enough.

Muſick, Song.

What ſhall he have that killed the Deer?
His Leather skin and horns to wear;
Then ſing him home, the reſt ſhall bear this burthen;
Take thou no ſcorn to wear the horn,
It was a creſt ere thou waſt born,
Thy fathers father wore it,
And thy father bore it,
The horn, the horn, the luſty horn,
Is not a thing to laugh to ſcorn. *Exeunt.*

Scena

Scena Tertia.

Enter Roſalinde and Celia.

Roſ. How ſay you now, is it not paſt two a clock?
And here much *Orlando*.

Cel. I warrant you with pure love and troubled brain.

Enter Silvius.

He hath ta'ne his bow and arrows, and is gone forth
To ſleep: look who comes here.

Sil. My errand is to you, fair youth,
My gentle *Phebe*, bid me give you this:
I knew not the contents, but as I gueſs
By the ſtern brow, and waſpiſh action
Which ſhe did uſe as ſhe was writing of it,
It bears an angry tenure; pardon me,
I am but as a guiltleſs meſſenger.

Roſ. Patience her ſelf would ſtartle at this letter,
And play the ſwaggerer, bear this, bear all:
She ſays I am not fair, that I lack manners,
She calls me proud, and that ſhe could not love me
Were man as rare as Phenix: 'od's my will,
Her love is not the Hare that I did hunt,
Why writes ſhe ſo to me? Well Shepherd, well,
This is a letter of your own device.

Sil. No, I proteſt, I know not the contents,
Phebe did write it.

Roſ. Come come, you are a fool,
And turn'd into the extremity of love.
I ſaw her hand, ſhe has a leathern hand,
A free-ſtone coloured hand: I verily did think
That her old gloves were on, but 'twas her hands:
She has a huſwives hand, but that's no matter;
I ſay ſhe never did invent this letter,
This is a mans invention, and his hand.

Sil. Sure it is hers.

Roſ. Why, 'tis a boiſterous and a cruel ſtile,
A ſtile for challengers; why, ſhe defies me,
Like Turk to Chriſtian; womens gentle brain
Could not drop forth ſuch giant rude invention,
Such Ethiop words, blacker in their Effect
Than in their countenance; will you hear the letter?

Sil. So pleaſe you, for I never heard it yet;
Yet heard too much of *Phebes* cruelty.

Roſ. She *Phebes* me; mark how the ryrant writes.
Read. *Art thou god, to ſhepherd turn'd?*
That a maidens heart hath burn'd?
Can a woman rail thus.

Sil. Call you this railing?

Roſ. Read. *Why, thy godhead laid apart,*
Waſt thou with a womans heart?
Did you ever hear ſuch railing?
Whiles the eye of man did wooe me,
That could do no vengeance to me.
Meaning me a beaſt.
If the ſcorn of your bright eyne
Have power to raiſe ſuch love in mine,
Alack, in me, what ſtrange effect
Would they work in mild aſpect?
Whiles you chid me, I did love,
How then might your prayers move?
He that brings this love to thee,
Little knows this love in me:
And by him ſeal up thy mind,
Whether that thy youth and kind
Will the faithful offer take
Of me, and all that I can make,
Or elſe by him my love deny,
And then I'le ſtudy how to dye.

Sil. Call you this chiding?

Cel. Alas poor ſhepherd.

Roſ. Do you pity him? No, he deſerves no pity: wilt thou love ſuch a woman? What to make thee an inſtrument, and play falſe ſtrings upon thee? not to be endured. Well, go your way to her, (for I ſee love hath made thee a tame ſnake) and ſay this to her; That if ſhe love me, I charge her to love thee: if ſhe will not, I will never have her, unleſs thou entreat for her: if you be a true lover, hence, and not a word; for here comes more company.

Exit. Sil.

Enter Oliver.

Oliv. Good morrow, fair ones: pray you, (if you know)
Wherein the Purlews of this Forreſt ſtands.
A ſheep-coat, fenced about with Olive-trees.

Cel. Weſt of this place down in the neighbour bottom
The rank of Oſiers, by the murmuring ſtream
Left on your right hand, bring you to the place:
But at this hour the houſe doth keep it ſelf,
There's none within.

Oli. If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
Then ſhould I know you by deſcription,
Such garments, and ſuch years: the boy is fair,
Of female favour, and beſtows himſelf
Like a ripe Siſter: But the woman low
And browner than her brother: are not you
The owner of the houſe I did enquire for?

Cel. It is no boaſt being ask'd, to ſay we are.

Oli. *Orlando* doth commend him to you both,
And to that youth he calls his *Roſalinde*,
He ſends this bloody Napkin; are you he?

Roſ. I am; what muſt we underſtand by this?

Oli. Some of my ſhame, if you will know of me
What man I am, and how, and why, and where
This handkercher was ſtain'd.

Cel. I pray you tell it.

Oli. When laſt the young *Orlando* parted from you,
He left a promiſe to return again
Within an hour, and pacing through the Forreſt,
Chewing the food of ſweet and bitter fancy,
Lo what befel; he threw his eye aſide,
And mark what object did preſent it ſelf.
Under an old Oak, whoſe bows were moſs'd with age,
And high top bald with dry antiquity;
A wretched ragged man, ore-grown with hair
Lay ſleeping on his back; about his neck
A green and guilded ſnake had wreath'd it ſelf,
Who with her head, nimble in threats approach'd
The opening of his mouth; but ſuddenly
Seeing *Orlando*, it unlink'd it ſelf,
And with indented glides did ſlip away
Into a buſh, under whoſe buſhes ſhade
A Lioneſs, with udders all drawn dry,
Lay couching head on ground, with catlike watch
When that the ſleeping man ſhou'd ſtir; for 'tis
The royal diſpoſition of that beaſt
To prey on nothing that doth ſeem as dead;
This ſeen, *Orlando* did approach the man,
And found, it was his brother, his elder brother.

Cel. O I have heard him ſpeak of that ſame brother,
And he did render him the moſt unnatural
That liv'd amongſt men.

Oli. And well he might ſo do,
For well I know he was unnatural.

Roſ. But to *Orlando*; did he leave him there
Food to the ſuck'd and hungry Lioneſs:

Oli. Twice did he turn his back, and purpos'd ſo;
But Kindneſs nobler ever than revenge,
And nature ſtronger than his juſt occaſion,
Made him give battel to the Lioneſs,
Who quickly fell before him, in which hurtling
From miſerable ſlumber I awaked.

Cel. Are you his brother?

Roſ. Was't you he reſcu'd?

Cel. Was't you that did ſo oft contrive to kill him?

Oli. 'Twas I; but 'tis not I; I do not ſhame
To tell you what I was, ſince my converſion
So ſweetly taſts, being the thing I am.

Roſ. But for the bloody napkin?

Oli. By and by.
When from the firſt to laſt betwixt us two,
Tears our recountments had moſt kindly bath'd,
As how I came into that deſert place.
In brief, he led me to the gentle Duke,
Who gave me freſh array, and entertainment,
Committing me unto my brothers love,
Who led me inſtantly unto his Cave,
There ſtript himſelf, and here upon his arm
The Lioneſs had torn ſome fleſh away,
Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted,
And cri'd in fainting upon *Roſalinde*.
Brief, I recover'd him, bound up his wound,
And after ſome ſmall ſpace, being ſtrong at heart,
He ſent me hither, ſtranger as I am
To tell this, that you might excuſe
His broken promiſe, and to give this napkin
Died in his blood, unto the Shepherd youth,
That he in ſport doth call his *Roſalinde*.

Cel. Why how now *Ganimed*, ſweet *Ganimed*?

Oli. Many will ſwoon when they do look on blood.

Cel. There is no more in it; Coſin *Ganimed*.

Oli. Look he recovers.

Roſ. I would I were at home.

Cel. We'l lead you thither.
I pray you take him by the arm.

Oli. Be of good cheer, youth: you a man?
You lack a mans heart.

Roſ. I do ſo, I confeſs it.
Ah ſirra, a body would think this was well counterfeited, I pray you tell your brother how well I counterfeited: heigh-ho.

Oli. This was not counterfeit, there is too great teſtimony in your complexion, that it was paſſion of earneſt.

Roſ. Counterfeit, I aſſure you.

Oli. Well then, take a good heart, and counterfeit to be a man.

Roſ. So I do: but i'faith, I ſhould have been a woman by right.

Cel. Come, you look paler and paler: pray you draw homewards; good ſir, go with us.

Oli. That will I; for I muſt bear anſwer back
How you excuſe my brother, *Roſalinde*.

Roſ. I ſhall deviſe ſomething: but I pray you commend my counterfeiting to him; will you go?

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Clown and Audrie.

Clo. We ſhall find a time *Audrie*, patience gentle *Audrie*.

Aud. Faith the Prieſt was good enough, for all the old gentlemans ſaying.

Clo. A moſt wicked Sir *Oliver*, *Audrie*, a moſt vile *Martext*. But *Audrie*, there is a youth here in the Forreſt lays claim to you.

Aud I, I know who 'tis; he hath no intereſt in me in the world; here comes the man you mean.

Enter William.

Clo. It is meat and drink to me to ſee a Clown; by my troth, we that have good Wits have much to anſwer for: we ſhall be flouting: we cannot hold.

Will. Good ev'n, *Audrey.*

Aud. God ye good ev'n, *William.*

Will. And good ev'n to you ſir.

Clo. Good ev'n, gentle Friend. Cover thy head, cover thy head; Nay, prethee be cover'd. How old are you, Friend?

Will. Five and twenty, ſir.

Clo. A ripe age: is thy name *William*?

Will. William, ſir.

Clo. A fair name. Was't born i' th' Forreſt here?

Will. I ſir, I thank God.

Clo. Thank God: a good anſwer:
Art rich?

Will. 'Faith ſir, ſo, ſo.

Clo. So, ſo, is good, very good, very excellent good: and yet it is not; it is but ſo, ſo.
Art thou wiſe?

Will. I ſir, I have a pretty Wit.

Clo. Why, thou ſayeſt well: I do now remember a ſaying; The Fool doth think he is wiſe, but the wiſe man knows himſelf to be a Fool. The Heathen Philoſopher, when he had a deſire to eat a Grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth, meaning thereby, that Grapes were made to eat, and Lips to open.
You do love this maid?

Will. I do, ſir.

Clo. Give me your hand: Art thou Learned?

Will. No, ſir.

Clo. Then learn this of me, To have, is to have. For it is a Figure in Rhetorick, that drink being poured out of a cup into a glaſs, by filling the one, doth empty the other. For all your Writers do conſent, that *ipſe* is he: now you are not *ipſe*; for I am he.

Will. Which he, ſir?

Clo. He ſir, that muſt marry this woman: Therefore you Clown, abandon: which is in the vulgar, leave the ſociety: which in the booriſh, is company, of this Female: which in the common, is woman: which together, is, abandon the ſociety of this Female; or, Clown, thou periſheſt: or to thy better underſtanding, dieſt; or (to wit) I kill thee; make thee away, tranſlate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage: I will deal in poyſon with thee, or in baſtinado, or in ſteel: I will bandy with thee in faction, I will o're-run thee with policy; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways; therefore tremble and depart.

Aud. Do, good *William.*

VVill. God reſt you merry, ſir. *Exit.*

Enter Corin.

Cor. Our Maſter and Miſtris ſeeks you: come away, away.

Clo. Trip *Audrey*, trip *Audrey*, I attend, I attend. *Exeunt*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Orlando *and* Oliver.

Or. Is't poſſible, that on ſo little acquaintance you ſhould like her? that, but ſeeing, you ſhould love her?
And loving woo? and wooing, ſhe ſhould grant? And will you perſevere to enjoy her?

Ol. Neither call the giddineſs of it in queſtion, the poverty of her, the ſmall acquaintance, my ſudden wooing, nor ſudden conſenting; but ſay with me, I love *Aliena*: ſay with her, that ſhe loves me; conſent with both, that we may enjoy each other: it ſhall be to your good; For my Father's Houſe, and all the Revenue, that was old Sir *Rowland*'s, will I eſtate upon you, and here live and die a Shepherd.

Enter Roſalind.

Orl. You have my conſent.
Let your Wedding be to morrow: thither will I
Invite the Duke, and all's contented followers:
Go you, and prepare *Aliena*; for look you,
Here comes my *Roſalinde.*

Roſ. God ſave you, brother.

Orl. And you, fair ſiſter.

Roſ. Oh my dear *Orlando*, how it grieves me to ſee thee wear thy heart in a ſcarf.

Orl. It is my arm.

Roſ. I thought my heart had been wounded with the claws of a Lion.

Orl. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a Lady.

Roſ. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to ſwound, when he ſhew'd me your handkerchief?

Orl. I, and greater wonders than that.

Roſ. O, I know where you are: Nay, 'tis true: there was never any thing ſo ſudden, but the ſight of two Rams, and *Ceſar*'s Thraſonical brag, of, I came, ſaw, and overcame: For your brother, and my ſiſter, no ſooner met, but they look'd; no ſooner look'd, but they lov'd; no ſooner lov'd, but they ſigh'd; no ſooner ſigh'd, but they ask'd one another the reaſon; no ſooner knew the reaſon, but they ſought the remedy: and in theſe degrees have they made a pair of ſtairs to marriage, which they will climb incontinent, or elſe be incontinent before marriage; they are in the very wrath of Love, and they will together. Clubs cannot part them.

Or. They ſhall be married to morrow: and I will bid the Duke to the Nuptial. But O, how bitter a thing it is to look into happineſs through another man's eyes: by ſo much the more ſhall I to morrow be at the height of heart heavineſs, by how much I ſhall think my brother happy, in having what he wiſhes for.

Roſ. Why then to morrow I cannot ſerve your turn for *Roſalinde*?

Or. I can live no longer by thinking.

Roſ. I will weary you then no longer with idle talking. Know of me then (for now I ſpeak to ſome purpoſe) that I know you are a Gentleman of good conceit. I ſpeak not this, that you ſhould bear a good opinion of my knowledg: inſomuch (I ſay) I know you are: neither do I labour for a greater eſteem than may in ſome little meaſure draw a belief from you, to do your ſelf good, and not to grace me. Believe then, if you pleaſe, that I can do ſtrange things: I have ſince I was three years old, converſt with a Magician, moſt profound in his heart, and yet not damnable. If you do love *Roſalinde* ſo near the heart, as your geſture cries it out, when your brother marries *Aliena*, you ſhall marry her. I know into what ſtreights of Fortune ſhe is driven; and it is not impoſſible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to ſet her before your eyes to morrow, humane as ſhe is, and without any danger.

Or. Speak'ſt thou in ſober meanings?

Roſ. By my Life I do, which I tender dearly, tho I ſay I am a Magician: Therefore put you in your beſt array, bid your Friends: For if you will be married to morrow, you ſhall, and to *Roſalinde*, if you will.

Enter Silvius, *and* Phebe.

Look, here comes a Lover of mine, and a Lover of hers.

Phe. Youth, you have done me much ungentleneſs,
To ſhew the Letter that I writ to you.

Roſ. I care not if I have: it is my ſtudy
To ſeem diſpiteful and ungentle to you:

You are there followed by a faithful Shepherd;
Look upon him, love him: he worſhips you.

Phe. Good Shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love.

Sil. It is to be made all of ſighs and tears,
And ſo am I for *Phebe.*

Phe. And I for *Ganimed.*

Or. And I for *Roſalind.*

Roſ And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of faith and ſervice;
And ſo am I for *Phebe.*

Phe. And I for *Ganimed.*

Or. And I for *Roſalind.*

Roſ. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of ſantaſie,
All made of paſſion, and all made of wiſhes,
All adoration, duty and obſervance,
All humbleneſs, all patience, and impatience,
All purity, all trial, all obſervance;
And ſo am I for *Phebe.*

Phe. And ſo am I for *Ganimed.*

Or. And ſo am I for *Roſalind.*

Roſ. And ſo am I for no woman.

The. If this be ſo, why blame you me to love you?

Sil. If this be ſo, why blame you me to love you?

Or If this be ſo, why blame you me to love you?

Roſ. Why do you ſpeak too? Why blame you me to love you?

Or. To her that is not here, nor doth not hear.

Roſ Pray you no more of this; 'tis like the howling of *Iriſh* Wolves againſt the Moon; I will help you if I can; I would love you if I could: To morrow meet me all together; I will marry you, if ever I marry Woman, and I'le be married to morrow: I will ſatisfie you, if ever I ſatisfi'd man, and you ſhall be married to morrow. I will content you, if what pleaſes you contents you, and you ſhall be married to morrow. As you love *Roſalind* meet, as you love *Phebe* meet, and as I love no woman, I'le meet. So fare you well; I have left you commands.

Sil. I'le not fail, if I live.

Pho. Nor I.

Or. Nor I. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Clown *and* Audrey.

Clo. To morrow is the joyful day; *Audrey*, to morrow will we be married.

An. I do deſire it with all my heart: and I hope it is no diſhoneſt deſire, to deſire to be a woman of the world. Here come two of the baniſh'd Duke's Pages.

Enter two Pages.

1. *Pa.* Well met honeſt Gentleman.

Clo By my troth well met: come, ſit, ſit, and a ſong.

2 *Pa.* We are for you, ſit i'th' middle.

1. *Pa.* Shall we clap into't roundly, without hauking, or ſpitting, or ſaying we are hoarſe, which are the only prologues to a bad voice.

2. *Pa.* I'faith i'faith, and both in tune, like two *Gypſies* on a horſe.

Song.

It was a Lover and his Laſs,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o're the green corn field did paſs
In the ſpring time; the only pretty rang time,
When birds do ſing, hey ding a ding, ding.
Sweet Lovers love the ſpring.

And therefore take the preſent time.
Wish a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino;
For love is crowned with the prime.
In ſpring-time, &c.

Between the acres of the Rie,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino;
These pretty Country-folks would lie,
In the ſpring-time, &c.

The Carrol they began that hour,
VVith a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino;
How that a Life was but a Flower,
In the ſpring-time, &c.

Clo. Truly young Gentlemen, though there was no great matter in the ditty, yet the note was very untunable.

1. *Pa.* You are deceiv'd, ſir, we keep time, we loſt not our time.

Clo. By my troth, yes: I count it but time loſt to hear ſuch a fooliſh ſong. God buy you, and God mend your voices. Come *Audrey.* *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Duke Senior, Amyens, Jaques, Orlando, Oliver, Celia.

Du. Sen. Doſt thou believe, *Orlando*, that the boy
Can do all this that he hath promiſed?

Or. I ſometimes do believe, and ſometimes do not;
As thoſe that fear they hope, and know they fear.

Enter Roſalinde, Silvius, *and* Phebe.

Roſ. Patience once more, whiles our compact is urg'd:
You ſay, if I bring in your *Roſalinde*,
You will beſtow her on *Orlando* here?

Du. Sen. That would I, had I Kingdoms to give with her.

Roſ. And you ſay you will have her when I bring her?

Or. That would I, were I of all Kingdoms King.

Roſ. You ſay you'l marry me, if I be willing.

Phe. That will I, ſhould I die the hour after.

Roſ. But if you do refuſe to marry me,
You'l give your ſelf to this moſt faithful Shepherd.

Phe. So is the bargain.

Roſ. You ſay, that you'l have *Phebe*, if ſhe will?

Sil. Tho to have her and death were both one thing.

Roſ. I have promis'd to make all this matter even:
Keep you your word, O Duke, to give your Daughter;
You yours, *Orlando*, to receive his Daughter:
Keep you your word, *Phebe*, that you'l marry me;
Or elſe refuſing me, to wed this ſhepherd;
Keep your word, *Silvius*, that you'l marry her,
If ſhe refuſe me; and from hence I go
To make theſe doubts all even.

Exit Roſ. *and* Celia.

Du. Sen. I do remembet in this ſhepherds boy,
Some lively touches of my daughter's favour.

Or. My Lord, the firſt time that I ever ſaw him,
Methought he was a brother to your daughter;
But my good Lord, this boy is Forreſt born,
And hath been tutor'd in the Rudiments
Of many deſperate ſtudies by his Unckle,
Who he reports to be a great Magician.

Enter Clown *and* Audrey.

Obſcured in the circle of this Forreſt.

Jaq: There is ſure another flood toward, and theſe couples are coming to the Ark. Here comes a pair of very ſtrange beaſts, which in all tongues are call'd Fools.

Clo. Salutation and greeting to you all.

Jaq. Good my Lord bid him welcome. This is the Motley-minded Gentleman that I have ſo often met in the Forreſt: he hath been a Courtier he ſwears.

Cl. If any man doubt that, let him put me to my purgation; I have trod a meaſure, I have flattred a Lady, I have been policick with my friend, ſmooth with mine enemy, I have undone three *Tailors*, I have had four quarrels, and like to have fought one.

Jaq. And how was that tane up?

Clo. Faith we met, and found the quarrel was upon the ſeventh cauſe.

Jaq. How the ſeventh cauſe? Good my Lord, like this fellow.

Du. Sen. I like him very well.

Clo. God'ild you ſir, I deſire you of the like: I preſs in here, ſir, amongſt the reſt of the Countrey copulatives, to ſwear, and to forſwear, accordiug as Marriage binds, and blood breaks: a poor virgin, ſir, an ill-favour'd thing, ſir, but mine own, a poor humour of mine, ſir, to take that that no man elſe will: rich honeſty dwells like a miſer, ſir, in a poor houſe, as your Pearl in your Oyſter.

Du. Sen. By my Faith he is vety ſwift and ſententious.

Clo. According to the Fool's bolt, ſir, and ſuch dulcet diſeaſes.

Jaq. But for the ſeventh cauſe: How did you find the quarrel on the ſeventh cauſe?

Clo. Upon a Lie ſeven times removed (bear your body more ſeeming *Audry*): as thus, ſir: I did diſlike the cut of a certain Courtier's beard: he ſent me word, If I ſaid his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was: this is call'd the retort courteous. If I ſent him word again, it was well cut, he would ſend me word, he cut it to pleaſe himſelf: this is call'd the quip modeſt. If again, it was not well cut, he diſabled my judgment: this is call'd the reply churliſh. If again, it was not well cut, he would anſwer, I ſpake not true: this is call'd the reproof valiant. If again, it was not well cut, he would ſay, I lie: this is call'd the countercheck quarrelſome: and ſo to the Lie circumſtantial, and the Lie direct.

Jaq. And how oft did you ſay his beard was not well cut?

Clo. I durſt go no further than the Lie circumſtantial: nor he durſt not give me the Lie direct: and ſo we meaſur'd ſwords, and parted.

Jaq. Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the Lie.

Clo. O ſir, we quarrel in Print, by the book: as you have books for good manners: I will name you the degrees The firſt, the Retort courteous: the ſecond, the Quip modeſt: the third, the Reply churliſh: the fourth, the Reproof valiant: the fifth, the Countercheck quarrelſome: the ſixth, the Lie with circumſtance: the ſeventh, the Lie direct. All theſe you may avoid, but the Lie direct: and you may avoid that too, with an If. I knew when ſeven Juſtices could not take up a Quarrel, but when the parties were met themſelves, one of them thought but of an If; as, If you ſaid ſo, then I ſaid ſo: and they ſhook hands, and ſwore brothers. Your If is the only peace-maker: much virtue in If.

Jaq. Is not this a rare fellow, my Lord? He's as good at any thing, and yet a Fool.

Du, Sen. He uſes his Folly like a ſtalking-horſe, and under the preſentation of that he ſhoots his Wit.

Enter Hymen, Roſalind, *and* Celia.

Still Muſick.

Hymen: *Then is there mirth in heaven,*
When earthly things made even
attone together.
Good Duke receive thy daughter,
Hymen *from heaven brought her,*
Yea, brought her hither,
That thou might'ſt joyn her hand with his,
Whoſe heart within his boſom is.

Roſ. To you I give my ſelf; for I am yours.

Or. To you I give my ſelf; for I am yours.

Du. Se. If there be truth in ſight, you are my daughter.

Or. If there be truth in ſight, you are my *Roſalind.*

Phe. If ſight and ſhape be true, why then my Love adieu.

Roſ. I'le have no Father, if you be not he:
I'le have no Husband, if you be not he:
Nor ne're wed woman, if you be not ſhe,

Hy. Peace hoa: I bar confuſion;
'Tis I muſt make concluſion
Of theſe moſt ſtrange events:
Here's eight that muſt take hands,
To joyn in *Hymens* bands,
If truth holds true contents.
You and you no croſs ſhall part;
You and you are heart in heart;
You to his Love muſt accord,
Or have a Woman to your Lord.
You and you are ſure together,
As the Winter to foul weather:
Whiles a Wedlock Hymn we ſing,
Feed your ſelves with queſtioning:
That reaſon, wonder may diminiſh
How thus we met, and theſe things finiſh.

Song.

Wedding is great Juno's *crown,*
O bleſſed bond of board and bed:
'Tis Hymen *peoples every toun,*
High wedlock then be honoured:
Honour, high honour and renown
To Hymen, *God of every Town.*

Du. Sen. O my dear Neece, welcome thou art to me,
Even daughter, welcome, in no leſs degree.

Phe. I will not eat my word, now thou art mine,
Thy Faith, my Fancy to thee doth combine.

Enter Second Brother.

2. Bro Let me have audience for a word or two:
I am the ſecond Son of old Sir *Rowland,*
That bring theſe tidings to this fair Aſſembly.
Duke Frederick hearing how that every day
Men of great worth reſorted to this Forreſt,
Addreſt a mighty power which were on foot
In his own conduct, purpoſely to take
His brother here, and put him to the ſword:
And to the skirts of this wild Wood he came;
Where meeting with an old religious man,
After ſome queſtion with him, was converted
Both from his enterprize, and from the world:
His Crown bequeathing to his baniſh'd Brother,
And all their Lands reſtor'd to him again
That were with him exil'd. This to be true,
I do engage my life.

Du. Sen. Welcome, young man:
Thou offer'ſt fairly to thy brother's wedding;
To one his Lands with-held, and to the other
A Land it ſelf at large, a potent Dukedome.
Firſt, in this Forreſt, let us do thoſe ends
That here were well begun, and well begot:
And after, every of this happy number
That have endur'd ſhrewd days and nights with us,
Shall ſhare the good of our returned Fortune,
According to the meaſure of their ſtates.
Mean time, forget this new-fal'n dignity,

And fall into our Ruſtick Revelry:
Play Muſick, and you Brides and Bridegrooms all,
With meaſure heap'd in joy, to th' Meaſures fall.
Jaq. Sir, by your patience: If I heard you rightly,
The Duke hath put on a religious Life,
And thtown into neglect the pompous Court.
2. *Bro.* He hath.
Jaq. To him will I: out of theſe convertites
There is much matter to be heard and learn'd:
You to your former Honour, I bequeath
Your patience, and your vertue well deſerves it:
You to a Love that your true Faith doth merit;
You to your Land, and Love, and great Allies;
You to a long and well-deſerved bed;
And you to wrangling; for thy loving Voyage
Is but for two months victuall'd: So to your pleaſures;
I am for other than for dancing meaſures.
Du. Sen. Stay, *Jaques*, ſtay.
Jaq. To ſee no paſtime, I: what you would have,
I'le ſtay to know at your abandon'd cave. *Exit.*
Du. Sen. Proceed, proceed, we will begin theſe rights,
As we do truſt, they'l end in true delights.

Roſ. It is not the faſhion to ſee the Lady the Epilogue: but it is no more unhandſome than to ſee the Lord the Prologue. If it be true, that *good Wine needs no Buſh*, 'tis true, that a good Play needs no Epilogue. Yet to good Wine they do uſe good Buſhes; and good Plays prove the better by the help of good Epilogues. What a caſe am I in then, that am neither a good Epilogue, nor cannot inſinuate with you in the behalf of a good Play? I am not furniſh'd like a Beggar; therefore to beg will not become me. My way is to conjure you; and I'le begin with the women. I charge you (O women) for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this Play as pleaſes you: And I charge you (O men) for the love you bear to women (as I perceive by your ſimpring, none of you hates them), that between you and the women, the Play may pleaſe. If I were a woman, I would kiſs as many of you as had beards that pleas'd me, complexious that lik'd me, and breaths that I defi'd not. And I am ſure, as many as have good beards, or good faces, or ſweet breaths, will for my kind offer, when I make curtſie, bid me farewel. *Exeunt.*

THE
Taming of the Shrew.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Beggar *and* Hoſteſs, Chriſtophero Sly.

Beggar.

I'Le pheeze you in Faith.

Hoſt. A pair of Stocks, you Rogue.

Beg. Y'are a baggage; the *Slies* are no Rogues. Look in the Chronicles, we came in with *Richard Conquerour*: therefore *Paucus pallabris*, let the world ſlide: Seſſa.

Hoſt. You will not pay for the glaſſes you have burſt?

Beg. No, not a deniere: go by S. *Jeronimy*, go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.

Hoſt. I know my Remedy; I muſt go fetch the Headborough.

Beg. Third, or fourth, or fift Borough, I'le anſwer him by Law; I'le not budg an inch, boy: Let him come, and kindly. *Falls aſleep.*

Wind horns. Enter a Lord from hunting, with his train.

Lo. Huntſman, I charge thee tender well my hounds,
Brach *Merriman*, the poor Cur is imboſt,
And couple *Clowder* with the deep-mouth'd brach.
Saw'ſt thou not, boy, how *Silver* made it good
At the hedg corner, in the coldeſt fault,
I would not loſe the dog for twenty pound.
Hun. Why, *Belman* is as good as he, my Lord;
He cried upon it at the meereſt loſs,
And twice to day pick'd out the dulleſt ſent:
Truſt me, I take him for the better dog.
Lord. Thou art a Fool, if *Eccho* were as fleet,
I would eſteem him worth a dozen ſuch.
But ſup them well, and look unto them all,
To morrow I intend to hunt again.
Hun. I will, my Lord.

Lord. What's here? one dead, or drunk? See, doth he breathe?

2. *Hun.* He breathes, my Lord. Were he not warm'd with Ale, this were a bed but cold to ſleep ſo ſoundly.

Lord. O monſtrous beaſt! how like a Swine he lies!
Grim death, how foul and loathſom is thine image!
Sirs, I will practiſe on this drunken man.
What think you if he were convey'd to bed,
Wrap'd in ſweet cloaths: Rings put upon his finger;
A moſt delicious banquet by his bed,
And brave attendants near him when he wakes,
Would not the Beggar then forget himſelf?
1. *Hun.* Believe me, Lord, I think he cannot chuſe.
2. *Hun.* It would ſeem ſtrange unto him when he wak'd.
Lord. Even as a flatt'ring dream, or worthleſs fancy.
Then take him up, and manage well the jeſt:
Carry him gently to my faireſt Chamber,
And hang it round with all my wanton pictures:
Balm his foul head in warm diſtilled waters,
And burn ſweet wood to make the Lodging ſweet:
Procure me Muſick ready when he wakes,

To make a dulcet and a Heavenly ſound;
And if he chance to ſpeak, be ready ſtraight
(And with a low ſubmiſſive reverence)
Say, what is it your Honour will command;
Let one attend him with a ſilver Baſon
Full of Roſe-water, and beſtrew'd with Flowers,
Another bear the Ewer: the third a Diaper,
And ſay, will pleaſe your Lordſhip cool your hands?
Some one be ready with a coſtly ſuit,
And ask him what apparel he will wear:
Another tell him of his hounds and horſe,
And that his Lady mourns at his diſeaſe,
Perſwade him that he hath been Lunatick,
And when he ſays he is, ſay that he dreams,
For he is nothing but a mighty Lord:
This do, and do it kindly, gentle ſirs;
It will be paſtime paſſing excellent,
If it be husbanded with modeſty.
1. *Hun.* My Lord, I warrant you we will play our part,
As he ſhall think by our true diligence
He is no leſs than what we ſay he is.
Lord. Take him up gently, and to bed with him,
And each one to his office when he wakes.
Sound Trumpets.
Sirrah, go ſee what Trumpet 'tis that ſounds,
Belike ſome noble Gentleman that means
(Travelling ſome journey) to repoſe himſelf here.

Enter Servingman.

How now? (who is it)
Ser. An t pleaſe your honour, Playrs
That offer ſervice to your Lordſhip.

Enter Players.

Lord. Bid them come near:
Now fellows, you are welcome.
Pla. We thank your honour.
Lor. Do you intend to ſtay with me to night?
2. *Pla.* So pleaſe your Lordſhip to accept our duty.
Lord. With all my heart. This fellow I remember,
Since once he plaid a Farmer's eldeſt ſon,
'Twas where you woo'd the Gentlewoman ſo well:
I have forgot your name: but ſure that part
Was aptly fitted, and naturally perform'd
Sim. I think 'twas *Soto* that your honour means.
Lord. 'Tis very true, thou didſt it excellent:
Well you are come to me in happy time,
The rather for I have ſome ſport in hand,
Wherein your cunning can aſſiſt me much.
There is a Lord will hear you play to night:
But I am doubtful of your modeſties,
Leſt over eying of his odd behaviour,
(For yet his honour never heard a Play)
You break into ſome merry paſſion,
And ſo offend him: for I tell you ſirs,
If you ſhould ſmile, he grows impatient.
Pla. Fear not my Lord, we can contain our ſelves,
Were he the verieſt antick in the world.
Lord. Go ſirra, take them to the Buttery,
And give them friendly welcome every one,
Let them want nothing that my houſe affords.
Exit one with the Players.
Sirra go you to *Bartholmew* my page,
And ſee him dreſt in all ſuits like a Lady:
That done, conduct him to the Drunkards chamber,
And call him Madam, do him obeiſance:
Tell him from me (as he will win my love)
He bear himſelf with honourable action
Such as he hath obſerv'd in noble Ladies
Unto their Lords, by them accompliſhed,
Such duty to the Drunkard let him do:
With ſoft low tongue, and lowly courteſy,
And ſay: What is't your Honour will command,
Wherein your Lady, and your humble Wiſe,
May ſhew her duty, and make known her love.
And then with kind embracements, tempting kiſſes,
And with declining head into his boſome
Bid him ſhed tears, a sbeing over joyed
To ſee her noble Lord reſtor'd to health,
VVho for this ſeven years hath eſteemed him
No better than a poor and loathſom begger:
And if the boy have not a womans gift
To rain a ſhower of commanded tears,
An Onion will do well for ſuch a ſhift,
VVhich in a Napkin (being cloſe convey'd)
Shall in deſpight enforce a watry eye:
See this diſpatch'd with all the haſte thou canſt,
Anon I'le give thee more inſtructions.
Exit a Servingman.

I know the boy will well uſurp the grace,
Voice, gate, and action of a Gentlewoman.
I long to hear him call the Drunkard, husband;
And how my men will ſtay themſelves from laughter,
VVhen they do homage to this ſimple peaſant,
I'le in to counſel them: haply my preſence
May well abate the over merry ſpleen,
VVhich otherwiſe would grow into extreams.

Enter aloft the Drunkard with attendants, ſome with apparel, Baſon and Ewer, and other appurtenances, and Lord.

Beg. For Gods ſake a pot of ſmall Ale.
1. *Ser.* Wil't pleaſe your Lordſhip drink a cup of ſack?
2. *Ser.* Wil't pleaſe your Honour taſte of theſe Conſerves?
3. *Ser.* What raiment will your Honour wear to day?
Beg. I am *Chriſtophero Slie*, call not me honour, nor Lordſhip: I ne're drank ſack in my life: and if you give me any Conſerves, give me Conſerves of Beef: ne're ask me what raiment I'le wear, for I have no more Doublets than Backs; no more Stockings than Leggs: nor no more Shooes than Feet, nay ſometimes more Feet than Shooes, or ſuch Shooes as my Toes look through the over-leather.
Lor. Heaven ceaſe this idle humour in your Honour.
Oh that a mighty man of ſuch deſcent,
Of ſuch poſſeſſions, and ſo high eſteem,
Should be infuſed with ſo foul a ſpirit.
Beg. What, would you make me mad? Am not I *Chriſtophero Slie*, old *Sli's* ſon of *Burton heath*, by birth a Pedler, by education a Card-maker, by tranſmutation a bear-herd, and now by preſent profeſſion a Tinker. Ask *Marrian Hacket* the fat Ale-wiſe of *Wincot*, if ſhe know me not: if ſhe ſay I am not xiv.d. on the ſcore for ſheer Ale, ſcore me up for the lyingſt knave in Chriſtendome. What I am not beſtraught: here's———
1. *Man.* Oh this it is that makes your Lady mourn.
2. *Man.* Oh this is it that makes your ſervants droop.
Lord. Hence comes it that your kindred ſhuns your (houſe,
As beaten hence by your ſtrange Lunacy.
Oh Noble Lord, bethink thee of thy birth,
Call home thy ancient thoughts from baniſhment,
And baniſh hence the abject lowly dreams:
Look how thy ſervants do attend on thee,
Each in his office ready at thy beck.
Wilt thou have Muſick? Heark, *Apollo* plays, *Muſick.*
And twenty caged Nightingales do ſing.
Or wilt thou ſleep? We'l have thee to a Couch,
Softer and ſweeter than the luſtful bed
On purpoſe trimm'd up for *Semiramis.*
Say thou wilt walk, we will beſtrow the ground.
Or wilt thou ride? thy horſes ſhall be trapp'd,
Their harneſs ſtudded all with Gold and Pearl.
Doſt thou love hawking? thou haſt Hawks will ſoar
Above the morning Lark. Or wilt thou hunt,

Thy Hounds ſhall make the Welkin anſwer them,
And fetch ſhrill ecchoes from the hollow earth.
1. *Man.* Say thou wilt courſe, thy Grayhounds are as
As breathed Stags: I, fleeter than the Roe. ſwift
2. *M.* Doſt thou love pictures? we will fetch thee ſtraight
Adonis painted by a running brook,
And *Citherea* all in ſedges hid,
Which ſeem to move, and wanton with her breath,
Even as the waving ſedges play with wind.
Lord We'l ſhew thee *Jo*, as ſhe was a maid,
And how ſhe was beguiled and ſurpriz'd,
As lively painted, as the deed was done.
3. *Man.* Or *Daphne* roming through a thorny wood,
Scratching her Legs, that one ſhall ſwear ſhe bleeds,
And at that ſight ſhall ſad *Apollo* weep,
So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn.
Lord. Thou art a Lord, and nothing but a Lord:
Thou haſt a Lady far more beautiful,
Than any woman in this waining age.
1. *Man.* And till the tears that ſhe hath ſhed for thee,
Like envious floods, o'rerun her lovely face,
She was the faireſt creature in the world,
And yet ſhe is inferior to none.
Beg. Am I a Lord, and have I ſuch a Lady?
Or do I dream? or have I dream'd till now?
do not ſleep: I ſee, I hear, I ſpeak:
I ſmell ſweet ſavours, and I feel ſoft things:
Upon my life I am a Lord indeed,
And not a Tinker, nor *Chriſtophero Slie.*
Well, bring our Lady hither to our ſight,
And once again a pot o'th' ſmalleſt Ale.
2. *Man.* Wil't pleaſe your Mightineſs to waſh your hands?
Oh how we joy to ſee your wits reſtor'd,
Oh that once more you knew but what you are:
Theſe fifteen years you have been in a dream,
Or when you wak'd, ſo wak'd as if you ſlept.
Beg. Theſe fifteen years, by my fay, a goodly nap,
But did I never ſpeak of all that time?
1. *Man.* Oh yes, my Lord, but very idle words,
For tho you lay here in this goodly chamber,
Yet would you ſay, ye were beaten out of door,
And rail upon the Hoſteſs of the houſe,
And ſay you would preſent her at the Leet.
Becauſe ſhe brought Stone Jugs, and no ſeal'd quarts:
Sometimes you would call out for *Cicely Hacket.*
Beg. I, the womans maid of the houſe.
3. *Ma.* Why ſir, you know no houſe, nor no ſuch maid,
Nor no ſuch men as you have reckon'd up,
As *Stephen Slie*, and old *John Naps* of *Greece*,
And *Peter Turph*, and *Henry Pimpernell*,
And twenty more ſuch names and men as theſe,
Which never were, nor no man ever ſaw.
Beg. Now Lord be thanked for my good amends.
All. Amen.

Enter Lady *with Attendants.*

Beg. I thank thee, thou ſhalt not loſe by it.
Lady How fares my noble Lord?
Beg. Marry I fare wel, for here is cheer enough.
Where is my Wife?
La. Here noble Lord, what is thy will with her?
Beg. Are you my Wife, and will not call me Husband?
My men ſhould call me Lord, I am your good man.
La. My Husband and my Lord, my Lord and Husband,
I am your Wife in all obedience.
Beg. I know it well, what muſt I call her?
Lord: Madam.
Beg. *Alce* Madam, or *Jone* Madam?
Lord. Madam, and nothing elſe, ſo Lords call Ladies:
Beg. Madam wife, they ſay that I have dream'd,
And ſlept about ſome fifteen year and more.
Lady. I, and the time ſeems thirty unto me,
Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.
Beg. 'Tis much, ſervants leave me and her alone:
Madam undreſs you, and come now to bed.
La. Thrice noble Lord, let me entreat of you
To pardon me yet for a night or two:
Or if not ſo, until the Sun be ſet.
For your phyſicians have expreſly charg'd,
In peril to incur your former malady,
That I ſhould yet abſent me from your bed;
I hope this reaſon ſtands for my excuſe.
Beg. I, it ſtands ſo that I may hardly tarry ſo long;
But I would be loth to fall into my dreams again: I will
therefore tarry in deſpight of the fleſh and the blood.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Your honours Players hearing your amendment,
Are come to play a pleaſant Comedy,
For ſo your Doctors hold it very meet,
Seeing too much ſadneſs hath congeal'd your blood,
And melancholly is the Nurſe of frenzy,
Therefore they thought it good you hear a Play,
And frame your mind to mirth and merriment,
Which bars a thouſand harms, and lengthens life.
Beg. Marry I will, let them play, is it not a Comonty, a Chriſtmas gambold, or a tumbling trick?
Lady. No my good Lord, it is more pleaſing ſtuff.
Beg. What, houſholdſtuff?
Lady. It is a kind of hiſtory.
Beg. Well, we'l ſee't:
Come Madam Wife, ſit by my ſide,
And let the world ſlip, we ſhall ne're be younger.

Flouriſh. Enter Lucentio, *and his man* Tranio.

Luc. *Tranio*, ſince for the great deſire I had
To ſee fair *Padua*, nurſery of Arts,
I am arriv'd for fruitful *Lumbardy*,
The pleaſant garden of great *Italy*,
And by my fathers love and leave am arm'd
With his good will, and thy good company.
My truſty ſervant well approv'd in all,
Here let us breathe, and happly inſtitute
A courſe of Learning, and ingenious ſtudies.
Piſa renowned for grave Citizens
Gave me my being, and my father firſt
A Merchant of great Traffick through the world:
Vincentio's come of the *Bentivolii*,
Vincentio's ſon, brought up in *Florence*,
It ſhall become to ſerve all hopes conceiv'd
To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds:
And therefore *Tranio*, for the time I ſtudy,
Virtue and that part of Philoſophy
Will I apply, that treats of happineſs,
By virtue ſpecially to be atchiev'd.
Tell me thy mind, for I have *Piſa* left,
And am to *Padna* come, as he that leaves
A ſhallow plaſh, to plunge him in the deep,
And with ſatiety ſeeks to quench his thirſt.
Tra. *Me Pardonato*, gentle maſter mine,
I am in all affected as your ſelf,
Glad that you thus continue your reſolve,
To ſuck the ſweets of ſweet Philoſophy.
Only (good maſter) while we do admire
This virtue, and this moral diſcipline,
Let's be no Stoicks, nor no ſtocks I pray;
Or ſo devote to *Ariſtotles* checks,
As *Ovid* be an outcaſt quite abjur'd:
Talk Logick with acquaintance that you have,
And practice Rhetorick in your common talk,
Muſick and Poeſy uſe to quicken you,
The Mathematicks, and the Metaphyſicks,
Fall to them as your ſtomack ſerves you:
No profit grows, where is no pleaſure tane:

In brief ſir, ſtudy what you moſt affect.
Luc. Gramercies *Tranio*, well doſt thou adviſe,
If *Biondello* thou wert come aſhore,
We could at once put us in readineſs,
And take a lodging fit to entertain
Such friends (as time) in *Padua* ſhall beget.
But ſtay a while, what company is this?
Tra. Maſter ſome ſhew to welcome us to Town.

Enter Baptiſta with his two daughters, Katherina and Bianca, Gremio a Pantalown, Hortenſio a Suitor to Bianca, Lucen. Tranio, ſtand by.

Bap. Gentlemen, importune me no farthe,
For how I firmly am reſolv'd you know:
That is, not to beſtow my youngeſt daughter,
Before I have a husband for the elder:
If either of you both love *Katherina*,
Becauſe I know you well, and love you well,
Leave ſhall you have to court her at your pleaſure.
Gre. To cart her rather. She's too rough for me,
There, there *Hortentio*, will you any Wife?
Kat. I pray you ſir, is it your will
To make a ſtale of me amongſt thoſe mates?
Hor. Mates maid, how mean you that?
No mates for you,
Unleſs you were of gentler milder mould.
Kat. I'faith ſir, you ſhall never need to fear,
I wis it is not half way to her heart:
But if it were, doubt not, her care ſhall be,
To comb your noddle with a three-legg'd ſtool,
And paint your face, and uſe you like a fool.
Hor. From all ſuch Devils, good Lord, deliver us.
Gre. And me too, good Lord.
Tra. Huſh'd maſter, here's ſome good paſtime toward,
That wench is ſtark mad, or wonderful froward.
Luc. But in the others ſilence do I ſee.
Maids mild behaviour and ſobriety.
Peace *Tranio*.
Tra. Well ſaid Maſter, mum, and gaze your fill.
Bap. Gentlemen, that I may ſoon make good
What I have ſaid, *Bianca* get you in,
And let it not diſpleaſe thee, good *Bianca*,
For I will love thee ne're the leſs my girl.
Kat. A pretty peat, it is beſt put finger in the eye,
and ſhe knew why.
Bian. Siſter content you in my diſcontent.
Sir, to your pleaſure humbly I ſubſcribe:
My books and inſtruments ſhall be my company,
On them ro look and practice by my ſelf.
Luc. Heark *Tranio*, thou maiſt hear *Minerva* ſpeak.
Hor. Signior *Baptiſta*, will you be ſo ſtrange,
Sorry am I that our good will effects
Bianca's grief.
Gre. Why will you mew her up
(Signior *Baptiſta*) for this fiend of hell,
And make her bear the penance of her tongue?
Bap. Gentlemen content ye: I am reſolv'd:
Go in *Bianca*.
And for I know ſhe taketh moſt delight
In Muſick, Inſtruments, and Poetry,
School-maſters will I keep within my houſe,
Fit to inſtruct her youth. If you *Hortentio*,
Or ſignior *Gremio* you know any ſuch,
Prefer them hither, for to cunning men,
I will be very kind and liberal,
To mine own children, in good bringing up,
And ſo farewel: *Katherina* you may ſtay,
For I have more to commune with *Bianca*. *Exit.*
Kat. Why, and I truſt I may go too, may I not?
What ſhall I be appointed hours as tho
(Belike) I knew not what to take,
And what to leave? Ha. *Exit.*

Gre. You may go to the devils dam: your gifts are ſo good, here is none will hold you: our love is not ſo great *Hortentio*, but we may blow our nails together, and faſt it fairly out. Our cake's dow on both ſides. Farewel, yet for the love I bear my ſweet *Bianca*, if I can by any means light on a fit man to teach her that wherein ſhe delights, I will wiſh him to her father.

Hor. So will I Signior *Gremio*: but a word I pray: tho the nature of our quarrel yet never brook'd parlee, know now upon advice, it toucheth us both; that we may yet again have acceſs to our fair Miſtreſs, and be happy rivals in *Bianca*'s love, to labour and effect one thing ſpecially.

Gre. What's that I pray?

Hor. Marry ſir, to get a husband for her ſiſter.

Gru. A husband; a Devil.

Hor. I ſay a husband.

Gre. I ſay a devil: Think's thou, *Hortentio*, though her father be very rich, any man is ſo very a fool to be married to hell?

Hor. Tuſh *Gremio*; tho it paſs your patience and mine to endure her lewd alarums, why man, there be good fellows in the world, and a man could light on them, would take her with all her faults, and money enough.

Gre I cannot tell; but I had as lief take her dowry with this condition, to be whipt at the high croſs every morning.

Hor. Faith (as you ſay) there's ſmall choice in rotten apples: come, ſince this bar in law makes us friends, it ſhall be ſo forth friendly maintain'd, till by helping *Baptiſta*'s eldeſt daughter to a husband, we ſet his youngeſt free for a husband, and then have to't afreſh: Sweet *Bianca*, happy man be his dole; he that runs faſteſt gets the Ring; How ſay you Signior *Gremio*?

Grem. I am agreed, and would I had given him the beſt horſe in *Padua* to begin his wooing that would throughly woo her, wed her, and bed her, and rid the houſe of her. Come on.

Exeunt ambo. Manet Tranio and Lucencio

Tra. I pray ſir tell me, is it poſſible
That love ſhould on a ſudden take ſuch hold?
Luc. Oh *Tranio*, till I found it to be true,
I never thought it poſſible or likely.
But ſee, while idly I ſtood looking on,
I found the effect of Love in idleneſs,
And now in plainneſs to confeſs to thee
That art to me as ſecret and as dear
As *Anna* to the Queen of *Carthage* was:
Tranio I burn, I pine, I periſh *Tranio*,
If I atchieve not this young modeſt girl:
Counſel me *Tranio*, for I know thou canſt:
Aſſiſt me *Tranio*, for I know thou wilt.
Tra. Maſter, it is no time to chide you now.
Affection is not rated from the heart;
If love touch'd you, nought remains but ſo,
Redime te captum quam queas minimo.
Luc. Gramercies Lad: go forward, this contents,
The reſt will comfort, for thy counſel's ſound.
Tra. Maſter, you look'd ſo longly on the Mad
Perhaps you marked not what's the pith of all.
Luc. O yes, I ſaw ſweet beauty in her face
Such as the daughter of *Agenor* had,
That made great *Jove* to humble him to her hand,
When with his knees he kiſt the *Cretan* ſtrand.
Tra. Saw you no more? mark'd you not how her ſiſter
Began to ſcold, and raiſe up ſuch a ſtorm,
That mortal ears might hardly endure the din,
Luc. *Tranio*, I ſaw her coral lips to move;
And with her breath ſhe did preſume the air,
Sacred and ſweet was all I ſaw in her.
Tra. Nay, then 'tis time to ſtir him from his trance:
I pray awake ſir; if you love the Maid;
Bend thoughts and wits to atchieve her. Thus it ſtands:
Her eldeſt ſiſter is ſo curſt and ſhrew'd,

That till the father rid his hands of her,
Maſter, your love muſt live a maid at home,
And therefore has he cloſely mew'd her up,
Becauſe ſhe will not be annoy'd with ſuiters.

Luc. Ah *Tranio*, what a cruel Fathers he?
But art thou not advis'd, he took ſome care
To get her cunning School-maſters to inſtruct her.

Tra. I marry am I ſir, and now 'tis plotted.

Luc. I have it *Tranio*.

Tra. Maſter, for my hand,
Both our inventions meet and jump in one.

Luc. Tell me thine firſt.

Tra. You will be ſchool-maſter,
And undertake the teaching of the maid:
That's your device.

Luc. It is: May it be done?

Tra. Not poſſible: for who ſhall bear your part,
And be in *Padua* here *Vincentio*'s ſon,
Keep houſe, and ply his book, welcome his friends,
Viſit his Countreyman, and banquet them?

Luc. *Baſta*, content thee: for I have it full.
We have not yet been ſeen in any houſe,
Nor can we be diſtinguiſh'd by our faces,
For man or maſter: then it follows thus;
Thou ſhalt be maſter, *Tranio* in my ſted:
Keep houſe, and port, and ſervants, as I ſhould,
I will ſome other be, ſome *Florentine*,
Some *Neapolitan*, or meaner man of *Piſa*.
'Tis hatch'd, and ſhall be ſo; *Tranio* at once
Uncaſe thee: take my colour'd hat and cloak,
When *Biondello* comes, he waits on thee,
But I will charm him firſt to keep his tongue.

Tra. So had you need:
In brief Sir, ſith it your pleaſure is,
And I am tied to be obedient,
For ſo your father charg'd me at our parting:
Be ſerviceable to my ſon (quoth he)
Altho I think 'twas in another ſence,
I am content to be *Lucentio*,
Becauſe ſo well I love *Lucentio*.

Luc. *Tranio* be ſo, becauſe *Lucentio* loves,
And let me be a ſlave, t'atchieve that maid,
Whoſe ſudden ſight hath thral'd my wounded eye.

Enter Biondello.

Here comes the rogue. Sirra, where have you been?

Bion. Where have I been? Nay, how now, where are you? Maſter, has my fellow *Tranio* ſtol'n your clothes; or you ſtol'n his or both? Pray what's the news?

Luc. Sirra, come hither, 'tis no time to jeſt.
And therefore frame your manners to the time.
Your fellow *Tranio* here to ſave my liſe,
Puts my apparel and my count'nance on,
And I for my eſcape have put on his:
For in a quarrel ſince I came aſhore,
I kill'd a man, and fear I am deſcried:
Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes:
While I make way from hence to ſave my liſe:
You underſtand me?

Bion. I ſir, ne're a whit:

Luc. And not a jot of *Tranio* in your mouth,
Tranio is chang'd into *Lucentio*.

Bion. The better for him, would I were ſo too.

Tra. So would I, 'faith boy, to have the next wiſh after, that *Lucentio* indeed had *Baptiſta*'s youngeſt daughter. But ſirra, not for my ſake, but your maſters, I adviſe you uſe your manners diſcreetly in all kind of companies: When I am alone, why then I am *Tranio*: but in all places elſe, your Maſter *Lucentio*.

Luc. *Tranio* let's go:
One thing more reſts, that thy ſelf execute,
To make one 'mong theſe wooers: if thou ask me why,
Sufficeth my reaſons are both good and weighty,

Exeunt. *The Preſenters above ſpeak.*

1. *Man.* My Lord you nod, you do not mind the play.

Beg. Yes by Saint *Ann* do I, a good matter ſurely:
Comes there any more of it?

Lad. My Lord 'tis but begun.

Beg. 'Tis a very excellent piece of work, Madam Lady: would 'twere done.

They ſit and mark.

Enter Petruchio, *and his man* Grumio.

Pet. *Verona* for a while I take my leave,
To ſee my friends in *Padua*; but of all
My beſt beloved and approved friend
Hortentio; and I trow this is the houſe:
Here ſirra *Grumio*, knock I ſay.

Gru. Knock ſir? whom ſhould I knock? Is there any man has rebus'd your worſhip?

Pet. Villian I ſay, knock me here ſoundly.

Gru. Knock you here ſir? Why ſir, what am I ſir,
That I ſhouldknock you here ſir?

Pet. Villian I ſay knock me at this gate,
And rap me well, or I'le knock your knaves pate.

Gru. My Maſter is grown quarrelſome:
I ſhould knock you firſt,
And then I know after, who comes by the worſt.

Pet. Will it not be?
Faith ſirra, and you'll not knock, I'le ring it,
I'le try how you can *Sol*, *Fa*, and ſing it.

He rings him by the Ears.

Gru. Help miſtris help, my maſter is mad.

Pet. Now knock when I bid you: ſirra villain.

Enter Hortentio.

Hor. How now what's the matter? My old friend *Grumio*, and my good friend *Petruchio*? How do you all at *Verona*?

Pet. Signior *Hortentio*, come you to part the fray?
Contutti le core bene trovatto, may I ſay.

Hor. *Alla noſtra caſa ben venuto multo honorato ſignior mio* Petruchio.
Riſe *Grumio*, we will compound this quarrel.

Gru. Nay 'tis no matter ſir, what he leges in Latine. If this be not a lawful cauſe for me to leave his ſervice, look you ſir: He bid me knock him, and rap him ſoundly ſir. Well, was it fit for a ſervant to uſe his maſter ſo, being perhaps (for ought I ſee) two and thirty, a peep out? Whom would to God I had well knock't at firſt, then had not *Grumio* come by the worſt.

Pet. A ſenceleſs villain: good *Hortentio*,
I bad the raſcal knock upon your gate,
And could not get him for my heart to do it.

Gru. Knock at the gate? O heavens: ſpeak you not theſe words plain? Sirra, Knock me here: rap me here: knock me well, and knock me ſoundly? And come you now with knocking at the gate?

Pet. Sirra, be gon, or talk not I adviſe you.

Hor. *Petruchio* patience, I am *Grumio*'s pledg:
Why this a heavy chance 'twixt him and you,
Your ancient truſty pleaſant ſervant *Grumio*;
And tell me now (ſweet friend) what happy gale
Blows you to *Padua* here, from old *Verona*?

Pet Such wind as ſcatters young men through the world,
To ſeek their Fortunes farther than at home,
Where ſmall experience grows but in a few,
Signior *Hortentio*, thus it ſtands with me,
Antonio my father is deceaſt,
And I have thruſt my ſelf into this maze,
Happily to wive and thrive, as beſt I may:
Crowns in my purſe I have, and goods at home,
And ſo am come abroad to ſee the world.

Hor. *Petruchio*, ſhall I then come roundly to thee,

And wiſh thee to a ſhrew'd ill-favour'd wife?
Thou'dſt thank me but a little for my counſel :
And yet I'le promiſe thee ſhe ſhall be rich,
And very rich : but th'art too much my friend,
And I'le not wiſh thee to her.
Pet. Signior *Hortentio*, 'twixt ſuch friends as we,
Few words ſuffice : and therefore, if thou know
One rich enough to be *Petruchio*'s wife :
(As wealth is burthen of my wooing dance)
Be ſhe as foul as was *Florentius* Love,
As old as *Sibel*, as curſt and ſhrew'd
As *Socrates Zantippe*, or a worſe :
She moves me not, or not removes at leaſt
Affections edge in time. Were ſhe as rough
As are the ſwelling *Adriatick* ſeas.
I come to wive it wealthily in *Padua* :
If wealthily, then happily in *Padua*.

Gru. Nay look you ſir, he tells you flatly what his mind is : why give him Gold enough, and marry him to a Puppet or an Aglet baby, or an old trot with ne're a tooth in her head, tho ſhe have as many diſeaſes as two and fifty horſes. Why nothing comes amiſs, ſo money comes withall.

Hor. *Petruchio*, ſince we are ſtept thus far in,
I will continue that I broach'd in jeſt,
I can *Petruchio* help thee to a wife
With wealth enough, and youug and beautious.
Brought up as beſt becomes a Gentlewoman.
Her only fault, and that is fault enough,
Is, that ſhe is intolerable curſt,
And ſhrew'd, and froward, ſo beyond all meaſure,
That were my ſtate far worſer than it is,
I would not wed her for a mine of Gold.
Pet. *Hortentio* peace : thou knowſt not golds effect,
Tell me her fathers name, and 'tis enough :
For I will boord her, tho ſhe chide as loud
As thunder, when the clouds in Autumn crack.
Hor. Her father is *Baptiſta Minola*,
An affable and courteous Gentleman,
Her name is *Katherina Minola*,
Renown'd in *Padua* for her ſcolding tongue.
Pet. I know her Father, tho I know not her,
And he knew my deceaſed Father well :
I will not ſleep *Hortenſio* till I ſee her,
And therefore let me be thus bold with you,
To give you over at this firſt encounter,
Unleſs you will accompany me thither.

Gru. I pray you ſir let him go while the humour laſts. A my word and ſhe knew him as well as I do, ſhe would think ſcolding would do little good upon him. She may perhaps call him half a ſcore Knaves, or ſo: Why that's nothing ; and he begin once, he'l rail in his rope tricks. I'le tell you what ſir, and ſhe ſtand him but a little, he will throw a figure in her face, and ſo diſfigure her with it, that ſhe ſhall have no more eyes to ſee withal than a Cat : you know him not ſir.

Hor. Tarry *Petruchio*, I muſt go with thee,
For in *Baptiſta*'s keep my treaſure is :
He hath the Jewel of my life in hold,
His youngeſt daughter, beautiful *Bianca*,
And her with-holds he from me. Other more
Sutors to her, and rivals in my Love :
Suppoſing it a thing impoſſible,
For thoſe defects I have before rehearſt,
That ever *Katherine* will be woo'd :
Therefore this order hath *Baptiſta* tane,
That none ſhall have acceſs unto *Bianca*,
Till *Katherine* the Curſt have got a husband.
Gru. *Katherine* the curſt,
A title for a maid, of all titles the worſt.
Hor. Now ſhall my friend *Peiruehio* do me grace,
And offer me diſguis'd in ſober robes,
To old *Baptiſta* as a ſchool-maſter.
Well ſeen in Muſick to inſtruct *Bianca*,
That ſo I may by this device ar leaſt
Have leave and leiſure to make love to her,
And unſuſpected court her by her ſelf.

Enter Gremio *and* Lucentio *diſguiſed.*

Gru. Here's no knavery. See, to beguile the old folks how the young folks lay their heads together. Maſter, maſter, look about you : Who goes there ? ha.

Hor. Peace *Grumio*, it is the Rival of my Love
Petruchio ſtand by a while.
Gru. A proper ſtripling, and an amorous.
Gre. O very well, I have perus'd the note.
Hark you ſir, I'le have them very fairly bound,
All books of Love, ſee that at any hand,
And ſee you read no other Lectures to her :
You underſtand me, over and beſide
Signior *Baptiſta*'s Liberality,
I'le mend it with a Largeſs. Take your paper too,
And let me have them very well perfum'd,
For ſhe is ſweeter than perfume it ſelf
To whom they go to : what will you read to her ?
Luc. What ere I read to her, I'le plead for you,
As for my Patron, ſtand you ſo aſſured ;
As firmly as your ſelf were ſtill in place,
Yea and perhaps with more ſucceſsful words
Than you ; unleſs you were a ſcholar, ſir.
Gre. Oh this learning, what a thing it is.
Gru. Oh this Woodcock, what an aſs it is.
Pet. Peace ſirra.
Hor. *Gru.* mum: God ſave you ſignior *Gremio*.
Gre. And you are well met, Signior *Hortentio*.
Trow you whither I am going ? To *Baptiſta Minolo*,
I promis'd to enquire carefully
About a School-maſter for the fair *Bianca*,
And by good fortune I have lighted well
On this yonng man : For learning and behaviour
Fit for her turn, well read in Poetry
And other books, good ones, I warrant ye.
Hor. 'Tis well ; and I have met a Gentleman
Hath promis'd me to help one to another,
A fine Muſitian to inſtruct our Miſtreſs,
So ſhall I no whit be behind in duty
To fair *Bianca* ſo belov'd of me.
Gre. Beloved of me, and that my deeds ſhall prove.
Gru. And that his bags ſhall prove.
Hor. *Gremio*, 'tis now no time to vent our love.
Liſten to me, and if you ſpeak me fair,
I'le tell you news indifferent good for either,
Here is a Gentleman whom by chance I met
Upon agreement from us to his liking,
Will undertake to woo curſt *Katharine*,
Yea and to marry her, if her dowry pleaſe.
Gre. So ſaid, ſo done , is well ;
Hortentio, have you told him all her faults ?
Pet. I know ſhe is an irkſome brawling ſcold ;
If that be all, Maſters, I hear no harm.
Gre. No, ſayeſt me ſo, friend ? What Countreyman ?
Pet. Born in *Verona*, old *Butonio*'s ſon ;
My Father dead, my fortune lives for me,
And I do hope, good days and long, to ſee.
Gre. Oh ſir, ſuch a life with ſuch a wife were ſtrange ;
But if you have a ſtomach, to't a Gods name,
You ſhall have me aſſiſting you in all.
But will you wooe this Wild-cat ?
Pet. Will I live ?
Gru. Will he wooe her ? I, or I'le hang her.
Pet. Why came I hither, but to that intent ?
Think you a little din can daunt mine ears ?
Have I not in my time heard Lions roar ?
Have I not heard the ſea, puft up with winds,
Rage like an angry Boar, chafed with ſweat ?
Have I not heard great Ordnance in the field ?
And Heavens Artillery thunder in the skies ?

Have I not in a pitched battel heard
Loud Larums, neighing ſteeds, and trumpets clangue?
And do you tell me of a womans tongue?
That gives not half ſo great a blow to hear,
As will a Cheſnut in a Farmers fire.
Scare Tuſh, tuſh, fear boys with bugs.
Gru. For he fears none.
Gre. *Hortentio* hark:
This Gentleman is happily arriv'd,
My mind preſumes for his own good, and yours.
Hor. I promis'd we would be Contributors,
Aud bear his charge of wooing whatſoever.
Gre. And ſo we will, provided that he win her.
Gru. I would I were as ſure of a good dinner.

Enter Tranio *brave, and* Biondello.

Tra. Gentlemen God ſave you. If I may be bold,
Tell me I beſeech you, which is the readieſt way
To the houſe of Signior *Baptiſta Minola*?
Bio. He that has the two fair daughters: is't he you mean?
Tra. Even he *Biondello*.
Gre. Hark you ſir, you mean not her to ———
Tra. Perhaps him and her, what have you to do?
Pet. Not her that chides ſir, at any hand I pray.
Tra. I love no chiders ſir: *Biondello*, let's away.
Luc. Well begun *Tranio*.
Hor. Sir, a word ere you go:
Are you a Suitor to the Maid you talk of, yea or no?
Tra. And if I be, Sir, is it any offence?
Gre. No: if without more words you will get you hence.
Tra. Why ſir, I pray, are not the ſtreets as free
For me, as for you?
Gre. But ſo is not ſhe.
Tra. For what reaſon I beſeech you.
Gre. For this reaſon if you'l know,
That ſhe's the choice love of Signior *Gremio*.
Hor. That ſhe's the choſen of Signior *Hortentio*.
Tra. Softly my Maſters: If you be Gentlemen,
Do me this right: hear me with patience.
Baptiſta is a noble Gentleman,
To whom my Father is not all unknown,
And were his daughter fairer than ſhe is,
She may more ſutors have, and me for one.
Fair *Lædaes* daughter had a thouſand wooers,
Then well may one more fair, *Bianca* have,
And ſo ſhe ſhall. *Lucentio* ſhall make one,
Tho *Paris* came, in hope to ſpeed alone.
Gre. What, this Gentleman will out-talk us all.
Lu. Sir, give him head I know he'l prove a Jade.
Pet. *Hortentio*, to what end are all theſe words?
Hor. Sir, let me be ſo bold, as to ask you,
Did you yet ever ſee *Baptiſta*'s daughter?
Tra. No ſir, but hear I do that he hath two:
The one as famous for a ſcolding tongue,
As is the other for beauteous modeſty.
Pet. Sir, ſir, the firſt's for me, let her go by.
Gre. Yea, leave that labour to great *Hercules*,
And let it be more than *Alcides* twelve.
Pet. Sir, underſtand you this of me (inſooth)
The youngeſt daughter, whom you hearken for,
Her father keeps from all acceſs of ſuitors,
And will not promiſe her to any man,
Until the elder ſiſter firſt be wed.
The younger then is free, and not before.
Tra. If it be ſo ſir, that you are the man
Muſt ſteed us all, and me amongſt the reſt:
And if you break the ice, and do this ſeek,
Atchieve the elder: ſet the younger free,
For our acceſs, whoſe hap ſhall be to have her,
Will not ſo graceleſs be, to be ingrate.
Hor. Sir you ſay well, and well you do conceive,
And ſince you do profeſs to be a ſutor,
You muſt as we do, gratifie this Gentleman
To whom we all reſt generally beholding.
Tra. Sir, I ſhall not be ſlack, in ſign whereof,
Pleaſe ye we may contrive this afternoon,
And quaff carowſes to our Miſtreſs health,
And do as adverſaries do in law,
Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.
Gru. Bion. O excellent motion: fellows let's be gone.
Hor. The motions good indeed, and be it ſo,
Petruchio, I ſhall be your *Ben venuto*. *Exeunt.*

Enter Katharina *aad* Bianca.

Bian. Good ſiſter wrong me not, nor wrong your ſelf,
To make a bondmaid and a ſlave of me;
That I diſdain: but for theſe other goods,
Unbind my hands, I'le pull them off my ſelf,
Yea, all my raiment, to my petticoat,
Or what you will command me will I do;
So well I know my duty to my elders.
Kat. Of all thy ſuiters here I charge thee tell
Whom thou lov'ſt beſt: ſee thou diſſemble not.
Bian. Believe me ſiſter, of all the men alive,
I never yet beheld that ſpecial face,
Which I could fancy more than any other.
Kat. Minion thou lyeſt, is it not *Hortentio*?
Bian. If you affect him ſiſter, here I ſwear
I'le plead for you my ſelf, but you ſhall have him.
Kat. Oh then belike you fancy riches more,
You will have *Gremio* to keep you fair.
Bian. Is it for him you envy me ſo?
Nay then you jeſt, and now I well perceive
You have but jeſted with me all this while;
I prethee ſiſter *Kate*, untie my hands.
Kat. If that be jeſt, then all the reſt was ſo. *Strokes her.*

Enter Baptiſta.

Bap. Why how now Dame, whence grows this inſolence?
Bianca ſtand aſide, poor girl ſhe weeps:
Go ply thy Needle, meddle not with her.
For ſhame thou Hilding of a deviliſh ſpirit,
Why doeſt thou wrong her, that did ne're wrong thee.
When did ſhe croſs thee with a bitter word?
Kat. Her ſilence flouts me, and I'le be reveng'd.
Flies after Bianca.
Bap. What in my ſight? *Bianca* get thee in. *Exit.*
Kat. What will you not ſuffer me: Nay I ſee
She is your treaſure, ſhe muſt have a husband,
I muſt dance bare-foot on her wedding day,
And for your love to her lead apes in hell;
Talk not to me, I will go ſit and weep,
Till I can find occaſion of revenge.
Bap. Was ever Gentleman thus griev'd as I?
But who comes here?

Enter Gremio, Lucentio, *in the habit of a mean man*; Petruchio *with* Tranio, *with his boy bearing a Lute and Books.*

Gre. Good morrow neighbour *Baptiſta*.
Bap. Good morrow neighbour *Gremio*: God ſave you Gentlemen.
Pet. And you good ſir: pray have you not a daughter, call'd *Katherina*, fair and vertuous?
Bap. I have a daughter ſir, call'd *Katherina*.
Gre. You are too blunt, go to it orderly.
Pet. You wrong me ſignior *Gremio*, give me leave.
I am a Gentleman of *Verona* ſir,
That hearing of her beauty and her wit,
Her affabiliey and baſhful modeſty,
Her wondrous qualities, and mild behaviour,
Am bold to ſhew my ſelf a forward gueſt

Within your houſe, to make mine eye the witneſs
Of that report, which I ſo oft have heard,
And for an entrance to my entertainment,
I do preſent you with a man of mine
Cunning in Muſick, and the Mathematicks,
To inſtruct her fully in thoſe ſciences,
Whereof I know ſhe is not ignorant:
Accept of him, or elſe you do me wrong,
His name is *Licio*, born in *Mantua.*
Bap. Y'are welcome ſir, and he for your good ſake.
But for my daughter *Katherina*, this I know,
She is not for your turn, the more's my grief.
Pet: I ſee you do not mean to part with her.
Or elſe you like not of my company.
Bap. Miſtake me not, I ſpeak but what I find,
Whence are you ſir? What may I call your name.
Pet. Petruchio is my name, *Antonio*'s ſon,
A man well known throughout all *Italy.*
Bap. I know him well: you are welcome for his ſake.
Gre. Saving your tale *Petruchio*, I pray let us that are poor petitioners ſpeak too? *Baccare*, you are marvailous forward.
Pet: Oh, Pardon me ſignior *Gremie*, I would fain be doing.
Gre. I doubt it not ſir. But you will curſe
Your wooing neighbours: this is a gift
Very grateful, I am ſure of it, to expreſs
The like kindneſs my ſelf, that have been
More kindly beholding to you than any:
Free leave give unto this young Scholar, that hath
Been long ſtudying at *Rhemes*, as cunning
In Greek, Latine, and other Languages,
As the other in Muſick and Mathematicks:
His name is *Cambio*: pray accept his ſervice.
Bap. A thouſand thanks ſignior *Gremio*:
Welcome good *Cambio.* But gentle ſir,
Methinks you walk like a ſtranger,
May I be ſo bold, to know the cauſe of your coming?
Tra. Pardon me, ſir, the boldneſs is mine own,
That being a ſtranger in this City here,
Do make my ſelf a ſuitor to your Daughter,
Unto *Bianca*, fair and vertuous:
Nor is your firm reſolve unknown to me,
In the preferment of the eldeſt ſiſter,
This liberty is all that I requeſt,
That upon knowledg of my parentage,
I may have welcome 'mong'ſt the reſt that woo,
And free acceſs and favour as the reſt.
And toward the education of your Daughters,
I here beſtow a ſimple inſtrument,
And this ſmall packet of Greek and Latine books,
If you accept them, then their worth is great:
Bap. Lucentio is your name: of whence I pray.
Tra. Of *Piſa* ſir, ſon to *Vincentio.*
Bap. A mighty man of *Piſa* by report,
I know him well: you are very welcome ſir:
Take you the Lute, and you the ſet of books,
You ſhall go ſee your pupils preſently.
Holla, within.

Enter a Servant.

Sirra, lead theſe Gentlemen
To my two Daughters, and then tell them both
Theſe are their Tutors, bid them uſe them well,
We will go walk a little in the Orchard,
And then to dinner: you are paſſing welcome,
And ſo I pray you all to think your ſelves.
Pet. Signior *Baptiſta*, my buſineſs asketh haſte,
And every day I cannot come to woo,
You know my Father well, and in him me,
Left ſoly heir to all his Lands and Goods,
Which I have bettered rather then decreaſt,
Then tell me, if I get your Daughters love,
What dowry ſhall I have with her to wife.
Bap. After my death, the one half of my Lands,
And in poſſeſſion twenty thouſand Crowns.
Pet. And for that dowry, I'le aſſure her of
Her widow-hood, be it that ſhe ſurvive me,
In all my Lands and Leaſes whatſoever,
Let ſpecialities be therefore drawn between us,
That covenants may be kept on either hand.
Bap. I, when the ſpecial thing is well obtain'd,
That is, her love: for that is all in all.
Pet. Why that is nothing: for I tell you Father,
I am as peremptory as ſhe proud minded:
And where two raging fires meet together
They do conſume the thing that feeds their fury.
Tho little fire grows great with little wind,
Yet extream guſts will blow out fire and all:
So I to her, and ſo ſhe yields to me,
For I am rough, and woo not like a babe.
Bap. Well maiſt thou woo, and happy be thy ſpeed:
But be thou arm'd for ſome unhapy words.
Pet. I, to the proof, as Mountains are for winds,
That ſhake not, tho they blow perpetually.

Enter Hortentio *with his head broke.*

Bap. How now my friend, why doſt thou look ſo pale?
Hor. For fear, I promiſe you, if I look pale.
Bap. What, will my Daughter prove a good Muſitian?
Hor. I think ſhe'll ſooner prove a ſouldier,
Iron may hold with her, but never Lutes.
Bap. Why then thou can'ſt not break her to the Lute?
Hor. Why no, for ſhe hath broke the Lute to me:
I did but tell her ſhe miſtook her frets,
And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering,
When (with a moiſt impatient deviliſh ſpirit)
Frets call you theſe? (quoth ſhe) I'le fume with them:
And with that word ſhe ſtruck me on the head,
And through my inſtrument my pate made way,
And there I ſtood amazed for a while,
As on a Pillory, looking through the Lute,
While ſhe did call me Raſcal, Fidler,
And twangling Jack, with twenty ſuch vild terms,
As had ſhe ſtudied to miſuſe me ſo.
Pet. Now by the world, it is a luſty Wench,
I love her ten times more then ere I did,
Oh how I long to have ſome chat with her.
Bap. Well go with me, and be not ſo diſcomfited.
Proceed in practiſe with my younger Daughter,
She's apt to learn, and thankful for good turns;
Signior *Petruchio*, will you go with us,
Or ſhall I ſend my daughter *Kate* to you.

Exit. Manet Pettuchio.

Pet. I pray you do. I attend her here.
And woo her with ſome ſpirit when ſhe comes.
Say that ſhe rail, why then I'le tell her plain
She ſings as ſweetly as a Nightingal;
Say that ſhe frown, I'le ſay ſhe looks as clear
As morning Roſes newly waſh'd with Dew;
Say ſhe be mute, and will not ſpeak a word,
Then I'le commend her volubility,
And ſay ſhe uttereth piercing eloquence:
If ſhe do bid me pack, I'le give her thanks,
As tho ſhe bid me ſtay by her a week,
If ſhe deny to wed, I'le crave the day
When I ſhall ask the banes, and when be married.
But here ſhe comes, and now *Petruchio* ſpeak.

Enter Katerina.

Good morrow *Kate*, for that's your name I hear:
Kat. Well have you heard, but ſomething hard of hearing.
They call me *Katerine*, that do talk of me,

Pet. You lye infaith, for you are call'd plain *Kate*,
And bonny *Kate*, and ſometimes *Kate* the curſt:
But *Kate*, the prettieſt *Kate* in Chriſtendom,
Kate of *Kate*-hall, my ſupper dainty *Kate*,
For dainties are all *Kates*, and therefore *Kate*
Take this of me, *Kate* of my conſolation,
Hearing thy mildneſs prais'd in every Town,
Thy vertues ſpoke of, and thy beauty ſounded,
Yet not ſo deeply as to thee belongs,
My ſelf am mov'd to woo thee for my wife.
Kat. Mov'd, in good time, let him that mov'd you hither.
Remove you hence: I knew you at the firſt
You were a movable.
Pet. Why, what's a movable?
Kat. A joyn'd ſtool.
Pet. Thou haſt hit it: come ſit on me.
Kat. Aſſes are made to bear, and ſo are you.
Pet. Women are made to bear, and ſo are you.
Kat. No ſuch Jade ſir as you, if me you mean.
Pet. Alas good *Kate*, I will not burthen thee,
For knowing thee to be but young and light.
Kat. Too light for ſuch a ſwain as you to catch,
And yet as heavy as my weight ſhall be.
Pet. Should be, ſhould: buz.
Kat. Well tane, and like a buzzard.
Pet. Oh ſlow-wing'd Turtle, ſhall a Buzzard take thee?
Kat. I, for a Turtle, as he takes a buzzard.
Pet. Come, come you Waſp, I'faith you are too angry.
Kat. If I be waſpiſh, 'beſt beware my ſting.
Pet. My remedy is then to pluck it out.
Kat. I, If the fool could find it where it lies.
Pet. Who knows not where a Waſp does wear his ſting? in his tail.
Kat. In his tongue?
Pet. Whoſe tongue?
Kat. Yours if you talk of tales, and ſo fare well.
Pet. What with my tongue in your tail.
Nay, come again, good *Kate*, I am a gentleman.
Kat. That I'le try. *ſhe ſtrikes him.*
Pet. I ſwear I'le cuff you, if you ſtrike again.
Kat. So may you loſe your arms.
If you ſtrike me you are no gentleman,
And if no gentleman, why then no arms.
Pet. A Herald *Kate*? Oh put me in thy books.
Kat. What is your Creſt, a Coxcomb?
Pet. A combleſs Cock, ſo *Kate* will be my Hen.
Kat. No Cock of mine, you crow too like a craven.
Pet. Nay come *Kate*; come; you muſt not look ſo ſower.
Kat. It is my faſhion when I ſee a Crab.
Pet. Why here's no Crab, and therefore look not ſower.
Kat. There is, there is.
Pet. Then ſhew it me.
Kat. Had I a glaſs, I would.
Pet. What, you mean my face.
Kat. Well aim'd of ſuch a young one.
Pet. Now by S. *George* I am too young for you.
Kat. Yet you are wither'd.
Pet. 'Tis with cares.
Kat: I care not.
Pet. Nay hear you *Kate*. Inſooth you ſcape not ſo.
Kat. I chafe you if I tarry; Let me go.
Pet. No, not a whit, I find you paſſing gentle:
'Twas told me you were rough, and coy, and ſullen,
And now I find report a very liar,
For thou art pleaſant, gameſome, paſſing courteous,
But ſlow in ſpeech, yet ſweet as ſpring-time flowers.
Thou can'ſt not frown, thou can'ſt not look a ſcance,
Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will,
Nor haſt thou pleaſure to be croſs in talk:
But thou with mildneſs entertain'ſt thy wooers,
With gentle conference, ſoft, and affable.
Why does the world report that *Kate* doth limp?
Oh ſland'rous world: *Kate* like the Hazle twig
Is ſtraight, and ſlender, and as brown in hue
As Hazle Nuts, and ſweeter than the Kernels:
Oh let me ſee thee walk: thou doſt not halt.
Kat. Go fool, and whom thou keep'ſt command.
Pet. Did ever *Dian* ſo become a Grove,
As *Kate* this chamber with her princely gate;
O be thou *Dian*, and let her be *Kate*,
And then let *Kate* be chaſt, and *Dian* ſportful.
Kate. Where did you ſtudy all this goodly ſpeech?
Pet. It is *extempore*, from my mother wit.
Kate. A witty mother, witleſs elſe her ſon.
Pet. Am I not wiſe?
Kate. Yes, keep you warm.
Pet. Marry ſo I mean ſweet *Katherine* in thy bed:
And therefore ſetting all this chat aſide,
Thus in plain terms: your father hath conſented
That you ſhall be my wife; your dowry 'greed on,
And will you, nill you, I will marry you.
Now *Kate*, I am a husband for your turn,
For by this light, whereby I ſee thy beauty,
Thy beauty that doth make me like thee well,
Thou muſt be married to no man but me.

Enter Baptiſta, Gremio, Trayno.

For I am he am born to tame you *Kate*,
And bring you from a wild *Kat* to a *Kate*
Conformable as other houſhold *Kates*;
Here comes your father, never make denial,
I muſt, and will have *Katherine* to my wife.
Bap. Now Signior *Petruchio*, how ſpeed you with my daughter?
Pet. How but well ſir? how but well?
It were impoſſible I ſhould ſpeed a miſs.
Bap. Why how now Daughter *Katherine*, in your dumps?
Kat. Call you me daughter? now I promiſe you
You have ſhew'd a tender fatherly regard,
To wiſh me wed to one half Lunatick,
A madcap ruffian, and a ſwearing Jack,
That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.
Pet. Father, 'tis thus, your ſelf and all the world
That talk'd of her, have talk'd amiſs of her;
If ſhe be curſt, it is for policy,
For ſhe's not froward, but modeſt as the Dove,
She is not hot, but temperate as the morn;
For patience ſhe will prove a ſecond *Griſſel*,
And Roman *Lucrece* for her chaſtity.
And to conclude, we have greed ſo well together,
That upon Sunday is the wedding day.
Kat. I'le ſee thee hang'd on Sunday firſt.
Gre. Hark: *Petruchio*, ſhe ſays ſhe'l ſee thee hang'd firſt.
Tra. Is this your ſpeeding? nay then good night our part.
Pet. Be patient gentlemen, I chooſe her for my ſelf,
If ſhe and I be pleas'd, what's that to you?
'Tis bargain'd 'twixt us twain being alone,
That ſhe ſhall ſtill be curſt in company.
I tell you 'tis incredible to believe
How much ſhe loves me; oh the kindeſt *Kate*,
She hung about my neck, and kiſs and kiſs
She vi'd ſo faſt, proteſting oath on oath,
That in a twink ſhe won me to her love.
Oh you are novices, 'tis a world to ſee
How tame when men and women are alone,
A meacock wretch can make the curſteſt Shrew;
Give me thy hand *Kate*, I will unto *Venice*
To buy apparel 'gainſt the wedding day;
Provide the feaſt Father, and bid the gueſts,
I will be ſure my *Katherine* ſhall be fine.
Bap. I know not what to ſay, but give me your hands,
God ſend you joy, *Petruchio*, 'tis a match.
Gre: Tra. Amen ſay we, we will be witneſſes.
Pet. Father, and Wife, and Gentlemen adieu,

will to *Venice*, *Sunday* comes apace,
We will have rings, and things, and fine array,
And kiſs me *Kate*, we will be married a *Sunday*.
Exit Petruchio, *and* Katherine.

Gre. Was ever match clapt up ſo ſuddenly?
Bap. Faith Gentleman, now I play a Merchant's part,
And venture madly on a deſperate Mart.
Tra. 'Twas a commodity lay fretting by you;
'Twill bring you gain, or periſh on the ſeas.
Bap. The gain I ſeek, is quiet me the match.
Gre. No doubt but he hath got a quiet catch:
But now *Baptiſta*, to your younger daughter;
Now is the day we long have looked for;
I am your neighbour, and was ſuitor firſt.
Tra. And I am one that love *Bianca* more
Than words can witneſs, or your thoughts can gueſs.
Gre. Youngling, thou canſt not love ſo dear as I.
Tra. Grey-beard, thy love doth freeze.
Gre. But thine doth fry:
Skipper, ſtand back; 'tis age that nouriſheth.
Tra. But Youth in Ladies eyes that flouriſheth.
Bap. Content you Gentlemen; I will compound this ſtriſe;
'Tis deeds muſt win the prize, and he of both
That can aſſure my daughter greateſt dower,
Shall have *Bianca*'s Love.
Say Signior *Gremio*, what can you aſſure her?
Gre. Firſt, as you know, my houſe within the City
Is richly furniſhed with plate and gold,
Baſons and Ewers to lave her dainty hands:
My Hangings all of *Tirian* Tapeſtry:
In ivory Coffers I have ſtuft my Crowns:
In Cypreſs Cheſts my Arras Counterpoints:
Coſtly Apparel, Tents and Canopies,
Fine Linnen, *Turky* Cuſhions boſt with Pearl,
Vallens of *Venice* gold, in needle-work;
Pewter and Braſs, and all things that belongs
To houſe, or houſe keeping: then at my Farm
I have a hundred milch-kine to the Pail,
Six ſcore fat Oxen ſtanding in my Stalls;
And all things anſwerable to this portion.
My ſelf am ſtruck in years, I muſt confeſs;
And if I die to morrow, this is hers,
If whilſt I live ſhe will be only mine.
Tra. That only came well in: Sir, liſt to me;
I am my Father's Heir, and only Son;
If I may have your Daughter to my Wiſe,
I'le leave her Houſes three or four as good,
Within rich *Piſa* Walls, as any one
Old Signior *Gremio* has in *Padua*;
Beſides two thouſand Ducats by the year
Of fruitful Land; all which ſhall be her Joynter.
What, have I pincht you, ſignior *Gremio*?
Gre. Two thouſand Ducats by the year of Land;
My Land amounts not to ſo much in all:
That ſhe ſhall have, beſides an *Argoſie*
That now is lying in *Marſellis* Road.
What, have I choakt you with an Argoſie?
Tra. *Gremio*, 'tis known my Father hath no leſs
Than three great Argoſies, beſides two Galliaſſes
And twelve tite Gallies; theſe I will aſſure her,
And twice as much, what e're thou offer'ſt next.
Gre. Nay, I have offer'd all; I have no more;
And ſhe can have no more than all I have;
If you like me, ſhe ſhall have me and mine.
Tra Why then the Maid is mine from all the World
By your firm promiſe; *Gremio* is out-vied.
Bap. I muſt confeſs your Offer is the beſt;
And let your Father make her the aſſurance,
She is your own, elſe you muſt pardon me:
If you ſhould die before him, where's her dower?
Tra. That's but a cavil; he is old, I young.
Gre. And may not young men die as well as old?
Bap. Well, Gentlemen, I am thus reſolv'd,
On *Sunday* next, you know,
My daughter *Katherine* is to be married;
Now on the *Sunday* following ſhall *Bianca*
Be Bride to you, if you make this aſſurance;
If not, to ſignior *Gremio*:
And ſo I take my leave, and thank you both. *Exit.*
Gre. Adieu good neighbour: now I fear thee not:
Sirrah, young Gameſter, your Father were a fool
To give thee all, and in his waining age
Set foot under thy table: tut, a toy;
An old *Italian* Fox is not ſo kind, my boy. *Exit.*
Tra A vengeance on your crafty withered hide;
Yet I have fac'd it with a card of ten:
'Tis in my head to do my maſter good:
I ſee no reaſon but ſuppos'd *Lucentio*
Muſt get a Father, call'd ſuppos'd *Vincentio*;
And that's a wonder: Fathers commonly
Do get their children; but in this caſe of wooing,
A child ſhall get a ſire, if I fail not of my cunning.
Exit.

Actus Tertius.

Enter Lucentio, Hortentio, *and* Bianca.

Luc. Fidler, forbear; you grow too forward ſir:
Have you ſo ſoon forgot the entertainment
Her ſiſter *Katherine* welcom'd you withal?
Hort. But wrangling pedant, this is
The patroneſs of heavenly harmony;
That give me leave to have prerogative;
And when in Muſick we have ſpent an hour,
Your Lecture ſhall have leiſure for as much,
Luc. Prepoſterous Aſs that never read ſo far,
To know the cauſe why Muſick was ordain'd:
Was it not to refreſh the mind of man
After his ſtudies, or his uſual pain?
Then give me leave to read Philoſophy;
And while I pauſe, ſerve in your harmony.
Hort. Sirrah, I will not bear theſe braves of thine.
Bian. Why, Gentlemen, you do me double wrong,
To ſtrive for that which reſteth in my choice:
I am no breeching ſcholar in the ſchools;
I'le not be tied to hour, nor pointed times,
But learn my Leſſons as I pleaſe my ſelf;
And to cut off all ſtriſe, here ſit we down,
Take you your inſtrument, play you the whiles,
His Lecture will be done e're you have tun'd.
Hort. You'l leave his Lecture when I am in tune?
Luc. That will be never: tune your inſtrument.
Bian. Where left we laſt?
Luc. Here, Madam: *Hic ibat Simois, hic eſt Sigeia tellus, hic ſteterat Priami regia celſa ſenis.*
Bian. Conſtrue them.
Luc *Hic ibat*, as I told you before, *Simois*, I am *Lucentio*, *hic eſt*, ſon unto *Vincentio* of *Piſa*, *Sigeia tellus*, diſguiſed thus to get your Love, *hic ſteterat*, and that *Lucentio* that comes a wooing, *Priami*, is my Man *Tranio*, *regia*, bearing my Port, *celſa ſenis*, that we might beguile the old Pantaloon.
Hort. Madam, my inſtrument's in tune.
Bian. Let's hear. O fie, the treble jars.
Luc. Spit in the hole, man, and tune again.
Bian. Now let me ſee if I can conſtrue it: *Hic* that *ſimois*, I know you not, *hic eſt ſigeia tellus*, I truſt you not, *hic ſteterat priami*, take heed he hear us not, *regia*, preſume not, *celſa ſenis*, deſpair not.
Hort. Madam, 'tis now in tune.
Luc. All but the Baſe.

Hort. The baſe is right; 'tis the baſe knave that jars.
Luc. How fiery and froward our *Pedant* is!
Now for my Life that knave doth court my Love:
Pedaſcule, I'le watch you better yet:
In time I may believe, yet I miſtruſt.
Bian. Miſtruſt it not; for ſure *Æacides*
Was *Ajax* call'd ſo from his Grandfather.
Hort. I muſt believe my Maſter; elſe I promiſe you,
I ſhould be arguing ſtill upon that doubt:
But let it reſt: now *Litio* to you:
Good maſter, take it not unkindly, pray,
That I have been thus pleaſant with you both.
Bian. You may go walk, and give me leave a while;
My Leſſons make not Muſick in three parts.
Luc. Are you ſo formal, ſir? well, I muſt wait
And watch withal: for but I be deceiv'd,
Our fine Muſician groweth amorous.
Hor. Madam, before you touch the inſtrument,
To learn the order of my fingering,
I muſt begin with Rudiments of Art,
To teach you Gamoth in a briefer ſort,
More pleaſant, pithy, and effectual,
Than hath been taught by any of my trade;
And there it is in writing fairly drawn.
Bian. Why, I am paſt my Gamoth long ago.
Hor. Yet read the Gamoth of *Hortenſio*.
Bian. *Gamoth* I am, the ground of all accord:
Are, to pleaſe *Hortenſio*'s paſſion:
Beeme, *Bianca* take him for thy Lord,
Cfaut, that loves me with all affection:
D ſol re, one Cliff, two Notes have I,
Elams, ſhow pity, or I die.
Call you this *Gamoth*? tut, I like it not;
Old faſhions pleaſe me beſt; I am not ſo nice
To change true rules for old inventions.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Nick. Miſtris, your Father prays you leave your books,
And help to dreſs your ſiſters chamber up;
You know to morrow is the Wedding-day.
Bian. Farewel ſweet Maſters both; I muſt be gone.
Luc. Faith Miſtris then I have no cauſe to ſtay.
Hor. But I have cauſe to pry into this pedant;
Methinks he looks as tho he were in Love:
Yet if thoughts, *Bianca*, be ſo humble
To caſt thy wandring eyes on every ſtale;
Seize thee that Liſt; if once I find thee ranging,
Hortenſio will be quit with thee by changing. *Exit.*

Enter Baptiſta, Gremio, Tranio, Katherine, Bianca, *and others, attendants.*

Bap. Signior *Lucentio*, this the pointed day
That *Katherine* and *Petruchio* ſhould be married;
And yet we hear not of our ſon in Law.
What will be ſaid? what mockery will it be,
To want the Bridegroom when the Prieſt attends
To ſpeak the ceremonial Rites of Marriage?
What ſays *Lucentio* to this ſhame of ours?
Kate. No ſhame but mine; I muſt forſooth be forc't
To give my hand oppos'd againſt my heart,
Unto a mad-brain Rudesby, full of ſpleen,
Who woo'd in haſte, and means to wed at leiſure.
I told you I, he was a frantick Fool,
Hiding his bitter jeſts in blunt behaviour;
And to be noted for a merry man:
He'll woo a thouſand, point the day of Marriage,
Make Friends, invite; yes and proclaim the Banes;
Yet never means to wed where he hath woo'd.
Now muſt the World point at poor *Katherine*,
And ſay, lo there is mad *Petruchio*'s Wife,
If it would pleaſe him come and marry her:
Tra. Patience good *Katherine* and *Baptiſta* too;
Upon my Life *Petruchio* means but well,
Whatever Fortune ſtays him from his word;
Tho he be blunt, I know him paſſing wiſe;
Tho he be merry, yet withal he's honeſt.
Kate. Would *Katherine* had never ſeen him tho.
Exit weeping.
Bap. Go Girl: I cannot blame thee now to weep;
For ſuch an injury wou'd vex a ſaint,
Much more a ſhrew of thy impatient humour.

Enter Biondello.

Bion. Maſter, Maſter; news, and ſuch news as you never heard of.

Bap. Is it new and old too? how may that be?

Bio. Why, is it not news to hear of *Petruchio*'s coming?

Bap. Is he come?

Bio. Why no ſir.

Bap. What then?

Bio. He is coming.

Bap. When will he be here?

Bio. When he ſtands where I am, and ſees you there.

Tra. But ſay, what to thy old news?

Bio. Why *Petruchio* is coming in a new hat and an old jerkin; a pair of old breeches thrice turn'd; a pair of boots that have been candle-caſes, one buckled, another lac'd; an old ruſty ſword tane out of the Town-Armory, with a broken hilt, and chapleſs; with two broken point: his horſe hip'd with an old mothy ſaddle, the ſtirrops of no kindred: beſide poſſeſt with the *Glanders*, and like to moſe in the chine; troubled with the *Lampaſſe*, infected with the *Faſhions*, full of *Windgalls*, ſped with *Spavins*, raied with the *Yellows*, paſt cure of the *Fives*, ſtark ſpoil'd with the *Staggers*, begnawn with the *Bots*, Waid in the back, and ſhoulder-ſhotten, neer leg'd before, and with a half checkt Bit, and a headſtall of ſheep's Leather; which being reſtrain'd to keep him from ſtumbling, hath been often burſt, and now repaired with knots; one Girth ſix times piec'd, and a Womans Crupper of Velure, which hath two Letters for her name, fairly ſet down in ſtuds, and here and there piec'd with packthred.

Bap. Who comes with him?

Bio. Oh ſir, his Lackey, for all the World compariſon'd like the Horſe; with a Linnen ſtock on one Leg, and a kerſey boot-hoſe on the other, gartred with a red and blew Liſt; an old hat, and the humor of forty ſancies prickt up in't for a feather: a Monſter, a very Monſter in apparel, and not like a Chriſtian Foot-boy, or Gentleman's Lackey.

Tra. 'Tis ſome odd humor pricks him to this faſhion;
Yet oftentimes he goes but mean apparell'd.
Bap. I am glad he's come, howſoever he comes.
Bio. Why ſir, he comes not.
Bap. Didſt thou not ſay he comes?
Bio. Who? that that *Petruchio* cam?
Bap. I, that *Petruchio* came.
Bio. No ſir; I ſay his horſe comes with him on his back.
Bap. VVhy that's all one.

Bio. Nay by S. *Jamy* I hold you a penny, a horſe and a man is more than one; and yet not many.

Enter Petruchio *and* Grumio.

Pet. Come, where be theſe Gallants? who's at home?
Bap. You are welcome ſir.
Pet. And yet I come not well.
Bap. And yet you halt not.
Tra. Not ſo well apparell'd as I wiſh you were.
Pet. VVere it better I ſhould ruſh in thus.
But where is *Kate*? where is my lovely Bride?
How does my father? Gentles, methinks you frown,
And wherefore gaze this goodly company,
As if they ſaw ſome wondrous Monument,

Some Comet, or ſome unuſual prodigy?
Bap. VVhy ſir, you know this is your VVedding-day:
Firſt were we ſad, fearing you would not come;
Now ſadder that you come unprovided.
Fie, doff this habit; ſhame to your Eſtate,
An eye-ſore to our ſolemn feſtival.
Tra. And tell us what occaſion of import
Hath all ſo long detain'd you from your wife,
And ſent you hither ſo unlike your ſelf?
Pet. Tedious it were to tell, and harſh to hear;
Sufficeth I am come to keep my word,
Tho in ſome part enforced to digreſs,
VVhich at more leiſure I will ſo excuſe,
As you ſhall well be ſatisfied withal.
But where is *Kate*? I ſtay too long from her.
The morning wears; 'tis time we were at Church.
Tra. See not your Bride in theſe unreverent Robes;
Go to my chamber, put on cloaths of mine.
Pet. Not I; believe me, thus I'le viſit her.
Bap. But thus I truſt you will not marry her.
Pet. Good ſooth even thus; Therefore ha' done with words;
To me ſhe's married, not unto my clothes:
Could I repair what ſhe will wear in me,
As I could change theſe poor accoutrements,
'Twere well for *Kate*, and better for my ſelf.
But what a fool am I to chat with you,
When I ſhould bid good morrow to my Bride,
And ſeal the title with a lovely kiſs? *Exit.*
Tra. He hath ſome meaning in his mad attire:
We will perſwade him, be it poſſible,
To put on better e're he go to Church.
Bap. I'le after him, and ſee the event of this. *Exit.*
Tra. But ſir, Love concerneth us to add
Her father's liking; which to bring to paſs
As before I imparted to your Worſhip;
I am to get a man; what e're he be
It skills not much; we'l fit him to our turn;
And he ſhall be *Vincentio* of *Piſa*,
And make aſſurance here in *Padua*
Of greater ſums than I have promiſed:
So ſhall you quietly injoy your hope,
And marry ſweet *Bianca* with conſent.
Luc. VVere it not that my fellow ſchool-maſter
Doth watch *Bianca*'s ſteps ſo narrowly,
'Twere good methinks to ſteal our Marriage;
VVhich once perform'd, let all the world ſay no,
I'le keep mine own deſpight of all the world.
Tra. That by degrees we mean to look into,
And watch our vantage in this buſineſs:
VVe'l over-reach the gray-beard *Gremio*,
The narrow prying father *Minola*,
The quaint Muſician amorous *Litio*;
All for my Maſter's ſake *Lucentio*.

Enter Gremio.

Signior *Gremio*, came you from the Church?
Gre. As willingly as e're I came from ſchool.
Tra. And is the Bride and Bridegroom coming home?
Gre. A Bridegroom ſay you? 'tis a groom indeed,
A grumbling groom; and that the girl ſhall find.
Tra. Curſter than ſhe? why 'tis impoſſible.
Gre. VVhy he's a devil, a devil, a very fiend.
Tra. VVhy ſhe's a devil, a devil, the devil's dam.
Gre. Tut, ſhe's a Lamb, a Dove, a Fool to him:
I'le tell you ſir *Lucentio*, when the Prieſt
Should ask if *Katherine* ſhould be his wife?
I by gogs woons quoth he; and ſwore ſo loud,
That all amaz'd the Prieſt let fall the book;
And as he ſtoop'd again to take it up,
This mad-brain'd bridegroom took him ſuch a cuff,
That down fell Prieſt and book, and book and Prieſt.
Now take them up (quoth he) if any liſt.
Tra. What ſaid the Wench when he roſe up again?
Gre. Trembled and ſhook: for why, he ſtamp'd and ſwore,
As if the Vicar meant to cozen him.
But after many Ceremonies done,
He calls for Wine: a health quoth he; as if
He had been aboard carowzing to his Mates
After a ſtorm: quaft off the Muſcadel,
And threw the Sops all in the Sexton's face:
Having no other reaſon, but that his beard
Grew thin and hungerly, and ſeem'd to ask
His ſops as he was drinking. This done, he took
The Bride about the neck, and kiſt her lips
With ſuch a clamorous ſmack, that at the parting
All the Church did eccho: and I ſeeing this,
Came thence for very ſhame; and after me
I know the Rout is coming: Such a mad Marriage
Never was before. Hark, hark, I hear the Minſtrels play.
Muſick plays.

Enter Petruchio, Kate, Bianca, Hortenſio, Baptiſta.

Pet. Gentlemen and Friends, I thank you for your pains:
I know you think to dine with me to day,
And have prepar'd great ſtore of Wedding-cheer;
But ſo it is, my haſte doth call me hence;
And therefore here I mean to take my leave.
Bap. Is't poſſible you will away to night?
Pet. I muſt away to day before night come:
Make it no wonder: if you knew my buſineſs,
You would intreat me rather go than ſtay.
And honeſt company, I thank you all,
That have beheld me give away my ſelf
To this moſt patient ſweet and vertuous Wife:
Dine with my father, drink a health to me;
For I muſt hence, and farewel to you all.
Tra. Let us intreat you ſtay till after dinner.
Pet. It may not be.
Gre. Let me intreat you.
Pet. It cannot be.
Kat. Let me intreat you:
Pet. I am content.
Kat. Are you content to ſtay?
Pet. I am content you ſhall intreat me ſtay;
But yet not ſtay, intreat me how you can.
Kat. Now if you love me ſtay.
Pet. *Grumio*, my horſe.
Gru. I ſir, they be ready; the Oats have eaten the horſes.
Kat. Nay then
Do what thou canſt, I will not go to day;
No, nor to morrow, nor till I pleaſe my ſelf:
The door is open ſir, there lies your way,
You may be jogging whiles your boots are green:
For me, I'le not be gone till I pleaſe my ſelf:
'Tis like you'l prove a jolly ſurly groom,
That take it on you at the firſt ſo roundly.
Pet. O *Kate* content thee; prethee be not angry.
Kat. I will be angry: What haſt thou to do?
Father, be quiet; he ſhall ſtay my leiſure.
Gre. I marry ſir, now it begins to work.
Kat. Gentlemen, forward to the Bridal-dinner.
I ſee a woman may be made a fool,
If ſhe had not a ſpirit to reſiſt.
Pet. They ſhall go forward *Kate*, at thy command.
Obey the Bride, you that attend on her:
Go to the feaſt, revel and domineer;
Carowſe full meaſure to her Maiden-head;
Be mad and merry, or go hang your ſelves:
But for my bonny *Kate*, ſhe muſt with me.
Nay, look not big, nor ſtamp, nor ſtare, nor fret,
I will be Maſter of what is mine own;
She is my goods, my chattels, ſhe is my houſe,
My houſhold-ſtuff, my field, my barn,

My horſe, my ox, my aſs, my any thing ;
And here ſhe ſtands, touch her who ever dare ;
I'le bring mine action on the proudeſt he
That ſtops my way in *Padua: Grumio*
Draw forth thy Weapon ; we are beſet with thieves ;
Reſcue thy Miſtris if thou be a man :
Fear not ſweet Wench ; they ſhall not touch thee *Kate* ;
I'le buckler thee againſt a Million. *Exeunt* P. Ka.

Bap. Nay, let them go , a couple of quiet ones.

Gre. Went they not quickly ,I ſhould die with laughing.

Tra. Of all mad matches never was the like.

Luc. Miſtris, what's your opinion of your ſiſter ?

Bian That being mad her ſelf, ſhe's madly mated.

Gre I warrant him *Petruchio* is Kated.

Bap. Neighbours and Friends, tho Bride and Bridegroom wants
For to ſupply the places at the table,
You know there wants no junkets at the feaſt : *Lucentio,*
You ſhall ſupply the Bridegroom's place,
And let *Bianca* take her ſiſters room.

Tra. Shall ſweet *Bianca* practice how to bride it ?

Bap. She ſhall *Lucentio* : Come gentlemen, let's go.
Exeunt.

Enter Grumio.

Gru. Fie, fie on all tired Jades, on all mad Maſters, and all foul ways : Was ever man ſo beaten ? Was ever man ſo raide ? Was ever man ſo weary ? I am ſent before to make a fire, and they are coming after to warm them : now were I not a little pot, and ſoon hot, my very lips might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roof of my mouth, my heart in my belly, e're I ſhould come by a fire to thaw me ; but I with blowing the fire ſhall warm my ſelf: for conſidering the weather, a taller man than I will take cold : Holla, hoa *Curtis.*

Enter Curtis.

Curt. Who is it that calls ſo coldly ?

Gru. A piece of ice : if thou doubt it, thou maiſt ſlide from my ſhoulder to my heel, with no greater a run but my head and my neck. A fire good *Curtis.*

Cur. Is my Maſter and his Wiſe coming, *Grumio*?

Gru. Oh I, *Curtis,* I ; and therefore fire, fire, caſt on no water.

Cur. Is ſhe ſo hot a ſhrew as ſhe's reported ?

Gru. She was, good *Curtis,* before this Froſt ; but thou know'ſt Winter tames Man, Woman and Beaſt : for it hath tam'd my old Maſter, and my new Miſtris, and my ſelf, fellow *Curtis.*

Cur. Away you three-inch fool ; I am no beaſt.

Gru. Am I but three inches ? Why thy horn is a foot, and ſo long am I at the leaſt. But wilt thou make a fire, or ſhall I complain on thee to our Miſtris, whoſe hand (ſhe being now at hand) thou ſhalt ſoon feel to thy cold comfort, for being ſlow in thy hot office.

Cur. I prethee, good *Grumio,* tell me, how goes the World?

Gru. A cold world, *Curtis,* in every office but thine ; and therefore fire : do thy duty, and have thy duty ; for my Maſter and Miſtris are almoſt frozen to death.

Cur. There's fire ready ; and therefore good *Grumio* the news.

Gru. VVhy Jack boy, ho boy, and as much news as thou wilt.

Cur. Come, you are ſo full of conicatching.

Gru. VVhy therefore fire ; for I have caught extream cold. VVhere's the Cook ? is ſupper ready, the houſe trimm'd, ruſhes ſtrew'd, cobwebs ſwept, the ſerving-men in their new Fuſtian, their white ſtockings, and every officer his wedding garment on ? Be the Jacks fair within, the Jills fair without, Carpets laid, and every thing in order ?

Cur. All ready : and therefore I pray thee what news ?

Gru. Firſt, know my horſe is tired, my Maſter and Miſtris fal'n out.

Cur. How ?

Gru. Out of their ſaddles into the dirt ; and thereby hangs a tale.

Cur. Let's ha't good *Grumio.*

Gru. Lend thine ear.

Cur. Here.

Gru. There.

Cur. This 'tis to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.

Gru. And therefore 'tis call'd a ſenſible tale : and this Cuff was but to knock at your ear, and beſeech liſtning : now I begin : *Imprimis*, we came down a foul hill, my maſter riding behind my Maſtris.

Cur. Both of one horſe ?

Gru. VVhat's that to thee ?

Cur. VVhy a horſe.

Gru. Tell thou the tale : but had'ſt thou not croſt me, thou ſhould'ſt have heard how her horſe fell, and ſhe under her horſe : thou ſhould'ſt have heard in how miery a place, how ſhe was bemoil'd, how he left her with the horſe upon her, how he beat me becauſe her horſe ſtumbled, how ſhe vvaded through the dirt to pluck him off me ; hovv he ſwore, hovv ſhe pray'd that never pray'd before, hovv I cri'd, hovv the horſes ran avvay, how her bridle vvas burſt, hovv I loſt my crupper, vvith many things of vvorthy memory, vvhich novv ſhall die in oblivion, and thou return unexperienc'd to thy grave.

Cur. By this reckoning he is more ſhrew than ſhe.

Gru. I, and that thou and the proudeſt of you all ſhall find vvhen he comes home. But vvhat talk I of this? Call forth *Nathaniel, Joſeph, Nicholas. Philip, Walter, Sngerſop,* and the reſt : let their heads be ſlickly comb'd, their blevv coats bruſh'd, and their garters of an indifferent knit ; let them curtſie vvith their left legs, and not preſume to touch a hair of my maſter's horſe tail, till they kiſs their hands. Are they all ready ?

Cur. They are.

Gru. Call them forth.

Cur. Do you hear ho ? You muſt meet my maſter to countenance my miſtris.

Gru. VVhy ſhe hath a face of her ovvn.

Cur. VVho knovvs not that ?

Gru. Thou it ſeems, that calls for company to countenance her.

Cur. I call them forth to credit her.

Enter four or five Serving men.

Gru. VVhy ſhe comes to borrovv nothing of them.

Nat. VVelcome home *Grumio.*

Phil. Hovv novv *Grumio ?*

Joſ. What *Grumio.*

Nick. Fellow *Grumio.*

Nath. How now old lad.

Gru. Welcome you : how now you : what you : fellow you : and thus much for greeting. Now my ſpruce companions, is all ready, and all things neat ?

Nat. All things are ready ; how near is our maſter ?

Gru. E'ne at hand, alighted by this : and therefore be not ———————— Cocks paſſion, ſilence, I hear my Maſter.

Enter Petruchio *and* Kate.

Pet. Where be theſe knaves ? What no man at door to hold my ſtirrop, nor to take my horſe ? Where is *Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip?*

All Ser. Here, here ſir, here ſir.

Pet. Here ſir, here ſir, here ſir, here ſir,
You loggerheaded and unpoliſht grooms :
What ? no attendance ? no regard ? no duty ?
Where is the fooliſh knave I ſent before ?

Gru Here ſir, as fooliſh as I was before.
Pet. You peſant, ſwain, you whoreſon malt-horſe drudg,
Did I not bid thee meet me in the Park,
And bring along the raſcal knaves with thee?
Gru. *Nathaniel's* coat ſir, was not fully made,
And *Gabriels* pumps were all unpink't i'th' heel:
There was no Link to colour *Peters* hat,
And *Walters* dagger was not come from ſheathing:
There were none fine, but *Adam*, *Rafe*, and *Gregory*,
The reſt were ragged, old, and beggarly,
Yet as they are, they come to meet you.
Pet. Go raſcals, go and fetch my ſupper in. *Ex. Ser.*
Where is the life that late I led?
Where are thoſe? Sit down *Kate*.
And welcome. Soud, ſoud, ſoud, ſoud.

Enter Servants with ſupper.

Why when I ſay? Nay good ſweet *Kate* be merry.
Off with my boots, you rogues: you villians, when?

It was the Friar of Orders gray,
As he forth walked on his way.

Out you rogue, you pluck my foot awry,
Take that, and mend the plucking of the other.
Be merry *Kate*: Some water here. what hoa.

Enter one with water.

Where's my Spaniel *Troilus*? Sirrah, get you hence,
And bid my Couſin *Ferdinand* come hither:
One *Kate* that you muſt kiſs, and be acquainted with.
Where are my ſlippers? ſhall I have ſome water?
Come *Kate* and waſh, and welcome heartily:
You whoreſon villain will you let it fall?
Kat. Patience I pray you, 'twas a fault unwilling.
Pet. A whoreſon beetle-headed flap-ear'd knave:
Come *Kate* ſit down, I know you have a ſtomack,
Will you give thanks, ſweet *Kate*, or elſe ſhall I?
What's this, Mutton?
1. *Ser.* I.
Pet. Who brought it?
Ser. I.
Pet. 'Tis burnt, and ſo is all the meat:
What dogs are theſe? where is the raſcal Cook?
How durſt you villains bring it from the dreſſer,
And ſerve it thus to me that love it not?
There, take it to you, trenchers, cups and all:
You heedleſs jolt-heads, and unmanner'd ſlaves.
What, do you grumble? I'le be with you ſtraight.
Kat. I pray you husband be not ſo diſquiet,
The meat was well, if you were ſo contented.
Pet. I tell thee *Kate*, 'twas burnt and dried away,
And I expreſly am forbid to touch it:
For it engenders choller, planteth anger,
And better 'twere that both of us did faſt,
Since of our ſelves, our ſelves are chollerick,
Than feed it with ſuch over-roſted fleſh:
Be patient, to morrow't ſhall be mended,
And for this night we'l faſt for company.
Come I will bring thee to thy Bridal Chamber. *Exeunt.*

Enter Servants ſeverally.

Nath. *Peter*, didſt ever ſee the like?
Peter He kills her in her own humour.
Gru. Where is he?

Enter Curtis, a Servant.

Cur. In her Chamber, making a ſermon of continency to her, and rails, and ſwears, and rates, that ſhe (poor ſoul) knows not which way to ſtand, to look, to ſpeak, and ſits as one new riſen from a dream. Away, away, for he is coming hither.

Enter Petruchio.

Pet. Thus have I politickly begun my reign,
And 'tis my hope to end ſucceſsfully:
My faulcon now is ſharp, and paſſing empty,
And till ſhe ſtoop, ſhe muſt not be full gorg'd,
For then ſhe never looks upon her lure.
Another way I have to man my haggard,
To make her come, and know her Keepers call:
That is, to watch her, as we watch theſe Kites,
That bait and beat, and will not be obedient:
She eat no meat to day, nor none ſhall eat.
Laſt night ſhe ſlept not, nor to night ſhall not:
As with the meat, ſome undeſerved fault
I'le find about the making of the bed.
And here I'le fling the pillow, there the bolſter,
This way the Coverlet, another way the Sheets;
I, and amid this hurly I intend,
That all is done in reverend care of her,
And in concluſion, ſhe ſhall watch all night,
And if ſhe chance to nod, I'le rail and brawl,
And with the clamour keep her ſtill awake,
This is a way to kill a Wife with kindneſs,
And thus I'le curb her mad and head-ſtrong humour.
He that knows better how to tame a ſhrew,
Now let him ſpeak, 'tis charity to ſhew.

Enter Tranio *and* Hortenſio.

Tra. Is't poſſible friend *Liſio*, that Miſtreſs *Bianca*
Doth fancy any other but *Lucentio*?
I tell you ſir, ſhe bears me fair in hand.
Hor. Sir, to ſatisfie you in what I have ſaid,
Stand by, and mark the manner of his teaching.

Enter Bianca.

Luc. Now Miſtreſs, profit you in what you read?
Bian. What Maſter read you firſt, reſolve me that?
Luc. I read that I profeſs the art to love.
Bian. And may you prove ſir, maſter of your art?
Luc. VVhile you ſweet dear prove miſtreſs of my heart.
Hor. Quick proceeders marry; now tell me I pray, you that durſt ſwear that your miſtreſs *Bianca* lov'd me in the VVorld ſo well as *Lucentio*.
Tra. Oh deſpightful Love, unconſtant woman kind; I tell thee *Liſio* this is wonderful.
Hor. Miſtake no more, I am not *Liſio*,
Nor a Muſician as I ſeem to be,
But one that ſcorn to live in this diſguiſe,
For ſuch a one as leaves a Gentleman,
And makes a God of ſuch a Cullion;
Know ſir, that I am call'd *Hortenſio*.
Tra. Signior *Hortenſio*, I have often heard
Of your entire affection to *Bianca*,
And ſince mine eyes are witneſs of her lightneſs,
I will with you if you be ſo contented,
Forſwear *Bianca* and her love for ever.
Hor. See how they kiſs and court; Signior *Lucentio*,
Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow
Never to woo her more, but do forſwear her,
As one unworthy all the former favours
That I have fondly flatter'd her withal.
Tra. And here I take the like unfained oath,
Never to marry with her, tho ſhe would intreat.
Fie on her, ſee how beaſtly ſhe doth court him.
Hor. VVould all the world but he had quite forſworn
For me, that I may ſurely keep mine oath:
I will be married to a wealthy Widow,
E're three days paſs, which has as long lov'd me,

As I have lov'd this proud diſdainful Haggard :
And ſo farewel Signior *Lucentio* :
Kindneſs in Women, not their beauteous looks
Shall win my Love : and ſo I take my leave,
In reſolution as I ſwore before.
Tra. Miſtris *Bianca*, bleſs you with ſuch grace
As longeth to a Lover's bleſſed caſe :
Nay, I have tane you napping, gentle Love,
And have forſworn you with *Hortenſio*.
Bian. Tranio you jeſt : but have you both forſworn me?
Tra. Miſtris, we have.
Luc. Then we are rid of *Liſio*.
Tra. I' faith he'l have a luſty Widow now,
That ſhall be woo'd and wedded in a day.
Bian. God give him joy.
Tra. I, and he'l tame her:
Bian. He ſays ſo *Tranio.*
Tra. Faith he is gone unto the taming ſchool.
Bian. The taming ſchool : what is there ſuch a place?
Tra. I Miſtris, and *Petruchio* is the Maſter
That teacheth tricks eleven and twenty long,
To tame a ſhrew, and charm her chattering tongue.

Enter Biondello.

Bion. Oh Maſter, Maſter, I have watcht ſo long
That I am dog-weary ; but at laſt I ſpied
An ancient Angel coming down the hill
Will ſerve the turn.
Tra. What is he, *Biondello ?*
Bio. Maſter, a Marcantant, or a pedant ;
I know not what ; but formal in apparel ;
In gate and countenance ſurly, like a father.
Luc. And what of him, *Tranio ?*
Tra If he be credulous, and truſt my tale,
I'le make him glad to ſeem *Vincentio*,
And give aſſurance to *Baptiſta Minola*,
As if he were the right *Vincentio :*
Take me your Love, and then let me alone.

Enter a Pedant.

Ped. God ſave you ſir.
Tra. And you ſir : you are welcome :
Travel you far on, or are you at the fartheſt ?
Ped. Sir, at the fartheſt for a Week or two ;
But then up farther, and as far as *Rome* ;
And ſo to *Tripoly*, if God lend me life:
Tra. What Countreyman I pray ?
Ped. Of *Mantua*.
Tra. Of *Mantua* ſir ; marry God forbid ;
And come to *Padua*, careleſs of your life ?
Ped. My life ſir ! how I pray ? for that goes hard.
Tra. 'Tis death for any one in *Mantua*
To come to *Padua* , know you not the cauſe ?
Your Ships are ſtaid at *Venice*, and the Duke
For private quarrel 'twixt your Duke and him,
Hath publiſh'd and proclaim'd it openly:
'Tis marvel, but that you are but newly come,
You might have heard it elſe proclaim'd about.
Ped. Alas ſir, it is worſe for me than ſo ;
For I have bills for money by exchange
From *Florence*, and muſt here deliver them.
Tra. Well ſir, to do you curteſie,
This will I do, and this I will adviſe you :
Firſt tell me, have you ever been at *Piſa ?*
Ped. I ſir, in *Piſa* have I often been ;
Piſa renowned for grave Citizens.
Tra. Among them know you one *Vincentio*?
Ped. I know him not, but I have heard of him ;
A Merchant of incomparable Wealth.
Tra. He is my father, ſir ; and ſooth to ſay,
In count'nance ſomewhat doth reſemble you.
Bion. As much as an apple doth an oyſter, and all one.

Tra. To ſave your life in this extremity,
This favour will I do you for his ſake ;
And think it not the worſt of all your Fortunes
That you are like to ſir *Vincentio:*
His name and credit ſhall you undertake,
And in my houſe you ſhall be friendly lodg'd :
Look that you take upon you as you ſhould :
You underſtand me ſir : ſo ſhall you ſtay
Till you have done your buſineſs in the City :
If this be court'ſie ſir, accept of it.
Ped. Oh ſir I do, and will repute you ever
The patron of my Life and Liberty.
Tra. Then go with me to make the matter good :
This by the way I let you underſtand,
My father is here look'd for every day,
To paſs aſſurance of a dowre in marriage
'Twixt me and one *Baptiſta's* daughter here :
In all theſe circumſtances I'le inſtruct you :
Go with me ſir to cloath you as becomes you.
Exeunt.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Katherina *and* Grumio.

Gru. No, no forſooth, I dare not for my life.
Kat. The more my wrong ; the more his ſpite appears:
What did he marry me to famiſh me ?
Beggars that come unto my father's door,
Upon intreaty have a preſent alms ;
If not, elſewhere they meet with charity :
But I, who never knew how to intreat,
Nor never needed that I ſhould intreat,
Am ſtarv'd for meat, giddy for lack of ſleep ;
With Oaths kept waking, and with brawling fed ;
And that which ſpights me more than all theſe Wants,
He does it under name of perfect Love :
As who would ſay, if I ſhould ſleep or eat
'Twere deadly ſickneſs, or elſe preſent death :
I prethee go and get me ſome repaſt ;
I care not what, ſo it be wholſome food.
Gru What ſay you to a Neats-foot ?
Kat. 'Tis paſſing good ; I prethee let me have it.
Gru. I fear it is too phlegmatick a meat :
How ſay you to a fat Tripe finely broil'd ?
Kat. I like it well ; good *Grumio* fetch it me.
Gru. I cannot tell ; I fear 'tis chollerick :
What ſay you to a piece of Beef and Muſtard ?
Kat. A diſh that I do love to feed upon.
Gru. I, but the Muſtard is too hot a little.
Kat. Why then the Beef, and let the Muſtard reſt.
Gru. Nay then I will not ; you ſhall have the Muſtard,
Or elſe you get no Beef of *Grumio.*
Kat. Then both, or one, or any thing thou wilt.
Gru. Why then the Muſtard without the Beef.
Kat. Go get thee gone, thou falſe deluding ſlave,
Beats him.
That feed'ſt me with the very name of meat :
Sorrow on thee, and all the pack of you
That triumph thus upon my miſery :
Go get thee gone, I ſay.

Enter Petruchio *and* Hortenſio *with meat.*

Pet. How fares my *Kate* ? What, ſweeting, all amort?
Hor. Miſtris, what cheer ?
Kat. Faith as cold as can be.
Pet. Pluck up thy ſpirits ; look cheerfully upon me :
Here Love, thou ſeeſt how diligent I am,
To dreſs thy meat my ſelf, and bring it thee :

I am ſure, ſweet *Kate*, this kindneſs merits thanks.
What, not a word? Nay then, thou lov'ſt it not:
And all my pains is ſorted to no proof.
Here take away the diſh.
Kat. I pray you let it ſtand.
Pet. The pooreſt ſervice is repaid with thanks,
And ſo ſhall mine before you touch the meat.
Kat. I thank you ſir.
Hor. Signior *Petruchio*, fie you are too blame:
Come Miſtris *Kate*, I'le bear you company.
Pet. Eat it up all *Hortentio*, if thou loveſt me:
Much good do it unto thy gentle heart;
Kate eat apace; and now my honey love,
Will we return unto thy Fathers houſe,
And revel it as bravely as the beſt,
With ſilken coats and caps, and golden Rings,
With Ruffs and Cuffs, and Fardingals, and things:
With Scarffs, and Fanns, and double change of brav'ry,
With Amber Bracelets, Beads and all this knav'ry.
With haſt thou din'd? The Tailor ſtays thy leaſure,
To deck thy body with his ruffling treaſure.

Enter Tailor.

Come Tailor, let us ſee theſe ornaments,

Enter Haberdaſher.

Lay forth the gown. What news with you ſir?
Fel. Here is the cap your worſhip did beſpeak.
Pet. Why this was moulded on a porrenger,
A Velvet diſh: Fie, fie, 'tis lewd and filthy,
Why 'tis a cockle or a walnut-ſhell,
A knack, a toy, a trick, a babies cap:
Away with it, come let me have a bigger.
Kat. I'le have no bigger, this doth fit the time,
And gentlewomen wear ſuch caps as theſe.
Pet. When you are gentle, you ſhall have one too,
And not till then.
Hor. That will not be in haſt.
Kat. Why ſir, I truſt I may have leave to ſpeak,
And ſpeak I will. I am no child, no babe,
Your betters have endur'd me, ſay my mind.
And if you cannot, beſt you ſtop your ears.
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart,
Or elſe my heart concealing it will break,
And rather than it ſhall, I will be free,
Even to the uttermoſt as I pleaſe in words.
Pet. Why thou ſay'ſt true, it is a paltry cap,
A cuſtard coffen, a bauble, ſilken pie,
I love thee well in that thou lik'ſt it not.
Kat. Love me, or love me not, I like the cap,
And it I will have, or I will have none.
Pet. Thy gown, why I: come Tailor let us ſee't,
O mercy God, what masking ſtuff is here?
What? this a ſleeve? 'tis like a demi-cannon,
What, up and down carv'd like an apple-tart?
Here ſnip, and nip, and cut, and ſliſh and ſlaſh,
Like to a Cenſor in a barbers ſhop:
Why what a Devils name Trilor call'ſt thou this?
Hor. I ſee ſhe's like to have neither cap nor gown.
Tai. You bid me make it orderly and well,
According to the faſhion, and the time.
Pet. Marry and did: but if you be remembred,
I did not bid you mar it to the time.
Go hop me over every kennel home,
For you ſhall hop without my cuſtome ſir:
I'le none of it: hence, make your beſt of it.
Kat. I never ſaw a better faſhion'd gown,
More queint, more pleaſing, nor more commendable:
Belike you mean to make a puppet of me.
Pet. Why true, he means to make a puppet of thee.
Tai. She ſays your Worſhip means to make a puppet of her.
Pet. Oh moſt monſtrous arrogance:
Thou lyeſt, thou thred, thou thimble,
Thou yard, three quarters, half yard, quarter, nail,
Thou Flea, thou Nit, thou winter-cricket thou:
Brav'd in mine own houſe with a skein of thred:
Away thou Rag, thou quantity, thou remnant,
Or I ſhall ſo be meet thee with thy yard,
As thou ſhalt think on prating whil'ſt thou liv'ſt:
I tell thee I, that thou haſt mar'd her gown.
Tail. Your worſhip is deceiv'd, the gown is made
Juſt as my Maſter had direction:
Grumio gave order how it ſhould be done.
Gru. I gave him no order, I gave him the ſtuff.
Tail. But how did you deſire it ſhould be made?
Gru. Marry ſir with needle and thred.
Tail. But did you not requeſt to have it Cut?
Gru. Thou haſt fac'd many things.
Tail. I have.
Gru. Face not me: thou haſt brav'd many men, brave not me: I will neither be fac'd nor brav'd. I ſay unto thee, I bid thy maſter cut out the gown, but I did not bid him cut it to pieces. *Ergo* thou lieſt.
Tail. Why here is the note of the faſhion to teſtify.
Pet. Read it.
Gru. The note lies in's throat if he ſay I ſaid ſo.
Tail. Imprimis, a looſe bodied gown.
Gru. Maſter, if ever I ſaid looſe-bodied gown, ſow me in the skirts of it, and beat me to death with a bottome of brown thred: I ſaid a gown.
Pet. Proceed.
Tail. With a ſmall compaſt cape.
Gru. I confeſs the cape.
Tail. With a trunk ſleeve.
Gru. I confeſs two ſleeves.
Tail. The ſleeves curiouſly cut.
Pet. I there's the villany.
Gru. Error i'th bill ſir, error i'th bill: I commanded the ſleeves ſhould be cut out, and ſow'd up again, and that I'le prove upon thee, tho thy little finger be armed in a thimble.
Tail. This is true that I ſay, and I had thee in place where, thou ſhouldſt know it:
Gru. I am for thee ſtraight: take thou the bill, give me thy meet-yard, and ſpare not me.
Hor. God-a-mercy *Grumio*, then he ſhall have no odd's.
Pet. Well ſir in brief the gown is not for me.
Gru. You are i'th right ſir, 'tis for my miſtris.
Pet. Go take it up unto thy maſters uſe.
Gru. Villain, not for thy life: Take up my Miſtreſs gown for thy maſters uſe.
Pet. Why ſir, what's your conceit in that?
Gru. Oh ſir, the conceit is deeper than you think for;
Take up my Miſtris gown unto his maſters uſe.
Oh fie, fie, fie.
Pet. *Hortentio*, ſay thou wilt ſee the Tailor paid:
Go take it hence, be gone, and ſay no more.
Hor. Tailor, I'le pay thee for thy gown to morrow,
Take no unkindneſs of his haſty words:
Away I ſay, commend me to thy Maſter. *Exit. Tail.*
Pet. Well, come my *Kate*, we will unto your fathers;
Even in theſe honeſt mean habiliments:
Our purſes ſhall be proud, our garments poor:
For 'tis the mind that maks the body rich.
And as the Sun breaks through the darkeſt clouds,
So honor peereth in the meaneſt habit.
What is the Jay more precious than the Lark,
Becauſe his feathers are more beautiful?
Or is the Adder better than the Eel,
Becauſe his painted skin contents the eye?
Oh no, good *Kate*: neither art thou the worſe
For this poor furniture, and mean array.
If thou accounted'ſt it ſhame, lay it on me,
And therefore frolick, we will hence forthwith:

To feaſt and ſport us at thy fathers houſe,
Go call my men, and let us ſtraight to him,
And bring our horſes unto *Long-lane* end,
There will we mount, and thither walk on foot.
Let's ſee, I think 'tis now ſome ſeven a clock,
And well we may come there by dinner time.
Kat I dare aſſure you ſir, 'tis almoſt two.
And 'twill be ſupper time ere you come there.
Pet. It ſhall be ſeven ere I go to horſe:
Look what I ſpeak, or do, or think to do,
You are ſtill croſſing it; ſirs let't alone,
I will not go to day, and ere I do,
It ſhall be what a clock I ſay it is.
Hor. Why ſo: this gallant will command the ſun.

Enter Tranio, *and the* Pedant *dreſt like* Vinentio.

Tra. Sirs, this is the houſe, pleaſe it you that I call.
Ped. I what elſe, and but I be deceived,
Signior *Baptiſta* may remember me
Near twenty years ago in *Genoa.*
Tra. Where we were Lodgers, at the *Pegaſus*:
'Tis well, and hold your own in any caſe
With ſuch auſterity as longeth to a Father.

Enter Biondello.

Ped. I warrant you: but ſir, here comes your boy.
'Twere good he were ſchool'd.
Tra. Fear you not him: ſirrah *Biondello,*
Now do your duty throughly I adviſe you:
Imagine 'twere the right *Vincentio.*
Bion. Tut, fear not me.
Tra. But haſt thou done thy errand to *Baptiſta*?
Bion. I told him that your Father was in *Venice,*
And that you look't for him in *Padua.*
Tra. That's a tall fellow, hold thee that to drink,
Here comes *Baptiſta*: ſet your countenance, ſir.

Enter Baptiſta *and* Lucentio; *and* Pedant *booted and bare-headed.*

Tra. Signior *Baptiſta* you are happily met:
Sir, this is the gentleman I told you of,
I pray you ſtand good Father to me now,
Give me *Bianca* for my patrimony.
Ped. Soft ſon: ſir by your leave, having come to *Padua*
To gather in ſome debts, my ſon *Lucentio*
Made me acquainted with a weighty cauſe
Of love between your daughter and himſelf:
And for the good report I hear of you,
And for the love he beareth to your daughter,
And ſhe to him; to ſtay him not too long,
I am content in a good fathers care
To have him matcht, and if you pleaſe to like
No worſe than I ſir upon ſome agreement,
Me ſhall you find moſt ready and moſt willing
With one conſent to have her ſo beſtowed:
For curious I cannot be with you,
Signior *Baptiſta,* of whom I hear ſo well.
Bap. Sir, pardon me in what I have to ſay,
Your plainneſs and your ſhortneſs pleaſe me well:
Right true it is, your ſon *Lucentio* here
Doth love my daughter, and ſhe loveth him,
Or both diſſemble deeply their affections;
And therefore if you ſay no more than this,
That like a Father you will deal with him,
And paſs my daughter a ſufficient dowre,
The match is made and all is done,
Your ſon ſhall have my daughter with conſent
Tra. I thank you ſir, where then do you know beſt
We be affied, and ſuch aſſurance tane,
As ſhall with either parts agreement ſtand.
Bap. Not in my houſe *Lucentio,* for you know
Pitchers have ears, and I have many ſervants,
Beſides old *Gremio* is harkning ſtill,
And haply we might be interrupted.
Tra. Then at my lodging, and it like you ſir;
There doth my father lie; and there this night
We'l paſs the buſineſs privately and well:
Send for your daughter by your ſervant here,
My Boy ſhall fetch the Scrivener preſently.
The worſt is this, that at ſo ſlender warning,
You are like to have a thin and ſlender pittance.
Bap. It likes me well:
Cambio hie you home, and bid *Bianca* make her ready ſtraight:
And if you will tell what hath hapned,
Lucentio's Father is arriv'd in *Padua,*
And how ſhe's like to be *Lucentio*'s wife.
Bion. I pray the gods ſhe may with all my heart. *Exit.*

Tra. Dally not with the gods, but get thee gone.

Enter Peter.

Signior *Baptiſta,* ſhall I lead the way,
We come, one meſs is like to be your cheer
Come ſir, we will better it in *Piſa.*
Bap. I follow you. *Exeunt*

Enter Lucentio, *and* Biondello.

Bion. Cambio.
Luc. VVhat ſaiſt thou *Biondello*?
Biond You ſaw my Maſter wink and laugh upon you.
Luc. Biondello, what of that?
Biond. Faith nothing; but has left me here behind to expound the meaning, or moral of his ſigns and tokens.
Luc. I pray the moralize them.
Biond. Then thus. *Baptiſta* is ſafe talking with the deceiving Father of a deceitful Son.
Luc. And what of him?
Bion. His daughter is to be brought by you to the ſupper:
Luc. And then?
Bion. The old Prieſt at St. *Luke*'s Church is at your command at all hours.
Luc. And what of all this?
Bion. I cannot tell, except they are buſied about a counteſeit aſſurance; take you aſſurance of her, *Cum privilegio ad Imprimendum ſolum*, to th' Church take the Prieſt, Clark, and ſome ſufficient honeſt witneſſes:
If this be not that you look for, I have no more to ſay,
But bid *Bianca* farewel for ever and a day
Luc. Hear'ſt thou *Biondello.*
Bion. I cannot tarry; I knew a wench married in an afternoon as ſhe went to the Garden for Parſeley to ſtuff a Rabit, and ſo may you ſir: and ſo adieu ſir, my Maſter hath appointed me to go to Saint *Luke*'s to bid the Prieſt be ready to come againſt you come with your appendix. *Exit.*
Luc. I may and will, if ſhe be ſo contented:
She will be pleas'd, then wherefore ſhould I doubt?
Hap what hap may, I'le roundly go about her:
It ſhall go hard if I *Cambio* go without her. *Exit.*

Enter Petruchio, Kate, Hortenſio.

Pet. Come on a Gods name, once more towards our Fathers.
Good Lord how bright and goodly ſhines the Moon:
Kate. The Moon, the Sun; it is not Moon-light now.
Pet. I ſay it is the Moon that ſhines ſo bright.
Kat. I know it is the Sun that ſhins ſo bright.

Pet. Now by my Mothers Son, and that's my ſelf,
It ſhall be moon, or ſtar, or what I liſt,
Or ere I journey to your fathers houſe:
Go on, and fetch our horſes back again,
Ever more croſt and croſt, nothing but croſt,
Hor. Say as he ſays, or we ſhall never go,
Kat. Forward I pray, ſince we have come ſo far,
And be it moon, or ſun, or what you pleaſe:
And if you pleaſe to call it a ruſh Candle,
Hence forth I vow it ſhall be ſo for me.
Pet. I ſay it is the moon.
Kat. I know it is the moon.
Pet. Nay then you lie: it is the bleſſed Sun.
Kat. Then God be bleſt, it is the bleſſed Sun,
But Sun it is not, when you ſay it is not.
And the Moon changes even as your mind:
What you will have it nam'd, even that it is,
And ſo it ſhall be ſo for *Katherine.*
Hor. *Petruchio,* go thy ways, the field is won.
Pet. Well, forward, forward, thus the bowl ſhould run,
And not unluckily againſt the Bias:
But ſoft, Company is comming here.

Enter Vincentio.

Good morrow gentle Miſtris, where away?
Tell me ſweet *Kate,* and tell me truly too,
Haſt thou beheld a freſher Gentlewoman:
Such war of white and red within her cheeks:
What Stars do ſpangle Heaven with ſuch beauty,
As thoſe two eyes become that heavenly face?
Fair lovely Maid, once more good day to thee:
Sweet *Kate* embrace her for her beauties ſake.
Hor. A will make the man mad to make a woman of him.
Kat. Young budding Virgin, fair, and freſh, and ſweet,
Whither away, or where is thy aboad?
Happy the Parents of ſo fair a child;
Happier the man whom favourable Stars
Allots thee for his lovely bedfellow.
Pet. Why how now *Kate,* I hope thou art not mad,
This is a man, old, wrinkled, faded, withered,
And not a Maiden, as thou ſai'ſt he is.
Kat. Pardon old father my miſtaking eyes,
That have been ſo bedazled with the ſun,
That every thing I look on ſeemeth green:
Now I perceive thou art a reverend Father:
Pardon I pray thee for my mad miſtaking.
Pet. Do good old grandſir, and withall make known
Which way thou travelleſt, if along with us,
We ſhall be joyful of thy company.
Vin. Fair Sir, and you my merry Miſtris,
That with your ſtrange encounter much amaz'd me:
My name is call'd *Vincentio,* my dwelling *Piſa,*
And bound I am to *Padua,* there to viſit
A ſon of mine, which long I have not ſeen.
Pet. What is his name?
Vin. *Lucentio,* gentle ſir.
Pet. Happily met, the happier for thy ſon:
And now by Law, as well as reverent age,
I may intitle thee my loving father;
The ſiſter to my wife, this gentlewoman,
Thy Son by this hath married: wonder not,
Nor be not grieved, ſhe is of good eſteem,
Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth;
Beſide, ſo qualified, as may beſeem
The Spouſe of any noble gentleman:
Let me embrace with old *Vincentio,*
And wander we to ſee thy honeſt ſon,
Who will of thy arrival be full joyous,
Vin. But is this true, or is it elſe your pleaſure,
Like preſent travellers to break a jeſt
Upon the company you overtake?
Hor. I do aſſure thee father ſo it is.
Pet. Come go along and ſee the truth hereof.
For our firſt merriment hath made thee jealous. *Exeunt.*
Hor. Well *Petruchio,* this has put me in heart.
Have to my Widow, if ſhe be froward,
Then haſt thou taught *Hortentio* to be untoward. *Exit.*

Enter Biondello, Lucentio *and* Bianca, Gremio *is out before.*

Bion. Softly and ſwiftly ſir, for the Prieſt is ready.
Luc. I fly *Biondello,* but they may chance to need thee at home, therefore leave us. *Exit.*
Bion. Nay faith, I'le ſee the Church a your back, and then come back to my miſtris as ſoon as I can.
Gre. I marvael *Cambio* comes not all this while.

Enter Petruchio, Kate, Vincentio, Grumio *with Attendants.*

Pet. Sir heres the door, this is *Lucentio*'s houſe,
My Fathers bears more toward the Market-place,
Thither muſt I, and here I leave you ſir.
Vin. You ſhall not chooſe but drink before you go,
I think I ſhall command your welcome here;
And by all likelihood ſome cheer is toward. *Knock.*
Gre. They're buſy within, you were beſt knock louder.

Pedant *looks out of the window.*

Ped. What's he that knocks as he would beat down the gate?
Vin. Is Signior *Lucentio* within ſir?
Ped. He's within ſir, but not to be ſpoken withal.
Vin. What if a man bring him a hundred pound or two to make merry withal.
Ped. Keep your hundred pounds to your ſelf, he ſhall need none as long as I live.
Pet. Nay, I told you your ſon was well beloved in *Padua*; do you hear ſir, to leave frivolous circumſtances, I pray you tell ſignior *Lucentio* that his Father is come from *Piſa,* and is here at the door to ſpeak with him.
Ped. Thou lieſt, his father is come from *Padua,* and here looking out at the window.
Vin. Art thou his father?
Ped. I ſir, ſo his mother ſays, if I may believe her,
Pet. Why how now Gentleman: why this is flat knavery to take upon you another mans name.
Ped. Lay hands on the villain, I believe he means to cozen ſome body in this City under my countenance.

Enter Biondello.

Bion. I have ſeen them in the Church together, God ſend 'em good ſhipping: but who is here? mine old Maſter *Vincentio*: now we are undone and brought to nothing.
Vin. Come hither Crackhemp.
Bion. I hope I may chooſe Sir.
Vin. Come hither you rogue, what have you forgot me?
Bion. Forgot you, no ſir: I could not forget you, for I never ſaw you before in all my life.
Vin. What, you notorious villain, did'ſt thou never ſee thy Maſters Father *Vincentio*?
Bion. What my old worſhipful old maſter? yes marry ſir, ſee where he looks out of the window.
Vin. Is't ſo indeed? *He beats* Biondello.
Bion. Help, help, help, here's a mad man will murther me.
Peda. Help, ſon, help Signior *Baptiſta.*
Pet. Prethee *Kate* let's ſtand aſide and ſee the end of this controverſy.

Enter Pedant *with ſervants,* Baptiſta, Tranio.

Tra. Sir, what are you that offer to beat my ſervant?

Vin. What am I ſir; nay what are you ſir? oh immortal God's: oh fine villain, a ſilken doublet, a velvet hoſe, a ſcarlet cloak, and a copatain hat: oh I am undone, I am undone: while I play the good husband at home, my ſon and my ſervant ſpend all at the Univerſity.

Tra. How now, what's the matter?

Bap. What is the man lunatick?

Tra Sir, you ſeem a ſober ancient Gentleman by your habit; but your words ſhew you a mad man; why ſir, what concerns it you, if I wear Pearl and Gold; I thank my good Father, I am able to maintain it.

Vin. Thy father! oh villain, he is a Sail-maker in *Bergamo.*

Bap. You miſtake ſir, you miſtake ſir, pray what do you think is his name?

Vin. His name, as if I knew not his name: I have brought him up ever ſince he was three years old, and his name is *Tranio.*

Ped. Away, away mad aſs, his name is *Lucentio*, and he is mine only ſon and heir to the Lands of me Signior *Vincentio.*

Vin. Lucentio! oh he hath murthered his Maſter; lay hold on him I charge you in the Dukes name; oh my ſon, my ſon, tell me thou villain, where is my ſon *Lucentio*?

Tra. Call forth an officer; Carry this mad knave to the Goal; father *Baptiſta*, I charge you ſee that he be forth coming.

Vin. Carry me to the Goal?

Gre. Stay officer, he ſhall not go to priſon.

Bap. Talk not Signior *Gremio*; I ſay he ſhall go to priſon.

Gre. Take heed ſignior *Baptiſta*, leſt you be conicatch'd in this buſineſs; I dare ſwear this is the right *Vineentio.*

Ped. Swear if thou dar'ſt.

Gre. Nay, I dare not ſwear it.

Tra. Then thou wert beſt ſay that I am not *Lucentio.*

Gre. Yes, I know thee to be Signior *Lucentio.*

Bap. Away with the dotard, to the Goal with him.

Enter Biondello, Lucentio, *and* Bianca.

Vin. Thus ſtrangers may be hal'd and abus'd; oh monſtrous villain.

Bion. Oh we are ſpoil'd, and yonder he is, deny him, forſwear him, or elſe we are all undone.

Exit Biondello, Tranio, *and* Pedant *as faſt as may be.*

Luc. Pardon ſweet father.

Vin. Lives my ſweet ſon?

Bion. Pardon dear Father.

Bap. How haſt thou offended, where is *Lucentio*?

Luc. Here's *Lucentio*, right ſon to the right *Vincentio.*
That have by marriage made thy daughter mine.
While counterfeit ſuppoſes bleer'd thine ein.

Gre. Here's packing with a witneſs to deceive us all.

Vin. Where is that damned villain *Tranio*,
That fac'd and brav'd me in this matter ſo?

Bap. VVhy, tell me if not this my *Cambio*?

Bion. *Cambio* is chang'd into *Lucentio.*

Luc. Love wrought theſe miracles. *Bianca*'s love
Made me exchange my ſtate with *Tranio*,
VVhile he did bear my countenance in the town,
And happily I have arriv'd at laſt
Unto the wiſhed haven of my bliſs;
VVhat *Tranio* did, my ſelf enforc'd him to;
Then pardon him ſweet Father for my ſake.

Vin. I'le ſlit the villains noſe that would have ſent me to the Goal.

Bap. But do you hear ſir, have you married my daughter without asking my good will?

Vin. Fear not *Baptiſta*, we will content you, go to; but I will in, to be revenged on this villain. *Exit.*

Bap. And I to ſound the depth of this knavery. *Exit.*

Luc. Look not pale, *Bianca*, thy father will not frown *Exeunt.*

Gre. My cake is dough, but I'le in among the reſt,
Out of hope of all, but my ſhare of the Feaſt.

Kat. Husband let's follow, to ſee the end of this ado.

Pet. Firſt kiſs me *Kate*, and we will.

Kat. What in the midſt of the ſtreet?

Pet. What art thou aſham'd of me?

Kat. No ſir, God fordid, but aſham'd to kiſs.

Pet. Why then let's home again: Come ſirra let's away.

Kat. Nay, I will give thee a kiſs, now pray thee Love ſtay.

Pet. Is not this well? come my ſweet *Kate.*
Better once then never, for never too late. *Exeunt*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Baptiſta, Vineentio, Gremio, the Pedant, Lucentio, and Bianca, Tranio, Biondello, Grumio, and Widdow: The Serving-men with Tranio bringing in a banquet.

Luc. At laſt tho long, our jarring notes agree,
And time it is when raging war is come,
To ſmile at ſcapes and perils over blown:
My fair *Bianca* bid my father welcome,
While I with ſelf-ſame kindneſs welcome thine:
Brother *Petruchio*, ſiſter *Katherina*,
And thou *Hortentio* with thy loving *Widdow*:
Feaſt with the beſt, and welcome to my houſe,
My Banquet is to cloſe our ſtomachs up
After our great good cheer: pray you ſit down,
For now we ſit to chat as well as eat.

Pet. Nothing but ſit and ſit, and eat and eat.

Bap. *Padua* affords this kindneſs, ſon *Petruchio.*

Pet. *Padua* affords nothing but what is kind.

Hor. For both our ſakes I would that word were true:

Pet. Now for my life *Hortentio* fears his widdow.

Hor. Then never truſt me if I be afeard.

Pet. You are very ſenſible, and yet you miſs my ſence:
I mean *Hortentio* is afeard of you.

Wid. He that is giddy thinks the world turns round.

Pet. Roundly replied.

Kat. Miſtris, how mean you that?

Wid. Thus I conceive by him.

Pet. Conceives by me, how likes *Hortentio* that?

Hor. My Widdow ſays, thus ſhe conceives her tale.

Pet. Very well mended, kiſs him for that, good Widdow.

Kat: He that is giddy thinks the world turns round.
I pray you tell me what you meant by that.

Wid. Your Husband being troubled with a ſhrew,
Meaſurs my husbands ſorrow by his wo;
And now you know my meaning.

Kat. A very mean meaning.

Wid. Right, I mean you.

Kat. And I am mean indeed, reſpecting you.

Pet. To her *Kate.*

Hor. To her *Widdew.*

Pet: A hundred marks, my *Kate* do put her down.

Hor. That's my office.

Pet. Spoke like an officer; ha to thee lad.

Drinks to Hortentio.

Bap. How likes *Gremio* theſe quick witted folks?
Gre. Believe me ſir, they But together well:
Bian. Head, and but an haſty witty body,
Would ſay your Head and But were head and horn.
Vin. I Miſtreſs Bride, hath that awakened you?
Bian. I, but not frighted me, therefore I'le ſleep again.
Pet. Nay that you ſhall not ſince you have begun:
Have at you fot a better jeſt or two.
Bian. Am I your Bird, I mean to ſhift my buſh,
And then purſue me as you draw your Bow.
You are welcome all. *Exit Bianca.*
Pet. She hath prevented me, here ſignior *Tranio.*
This bird you aim'd at, tho you hit her not,
Therefore a health to all thar ſhot and miſt.
Tra. Oh ſir, *Lucentio* ſlipt me like his Gray-hound,
Which runs himſelf, and catches for his Maſter.
Pet. A good ſwift ſimile, but ſomething curriſh.
Tra: 'Tis well ſir, that you hunted for your ſelf:
'Tis thought your Deer does hold you at a bay.
Bap. Oh, oh *Petruchio, Tranio* hits you now.
Luc. I thank thee for that gird good *Tranio.*
Hor. Confeſs, confeſs, hath he not hit you here?
Pet. A has a little gall'd me I confeſs:
And as the Jeſt did glance away from me,
'Tis ten to one it maim'd you too outright.
Bap. Now in good ſadneſs ſon *Petrruchio,*
I think thou haſt the verieſt ſhrew of all.
Pet. Well, I ſay no; and therefore for aſſurance,
Let's each one ſend unto his wife,
And he whoſe wife is moſt obedient,
To come at firſt when he doth ſend for her,
Shall win the wager which we will propoſe.
Hor. Content, what's the wager?
Luc. Twenty Crowns.
Pet. Twenty Crowns.
I'le venrure ſo much of my Hawk or Hound,
But twenty times ſo much upon my Wife.
Luc. A hundred then.
Hor. Content.
Pet. A match, 'tis done.
Hor. Who ſhall begin?
Luc. That will I.
Go *Biondello,* bid your Miſtreſs come to me:
Bion. I go. *Exit.*
Bap. Son, I'le be yonr half, *Bianca* comes.
Luc. I'le have no halves: I'le bear it all my ſelf.

Enter Biondello.

How now, what news?
Bion. Sir, my Miſtreſs ſends you word
That ſhe is buſie, and cannot come.
Pet. How? ſhe's buſie, and cannot come: is that an anſwer?
Gre. I, and a kind one too:
Pray God Sir your wife ſend you not a worſe.
Pet. I hope better.
Hor. Sirra *Biondello,* go and intreat my wife to come to me forthwith. *Exit* Biondello.
Pet. Oh ho, intreat her, nay then ſhe muſt needs come.
Hor. I am afraid Sir, do what you can,

Enter Biondello.

Yours will not be entreated: Now, where's my wife?
Bion. She ſays you have ſome goodly Jeſt in hand,
She will not come: ſhe bids you come to her.
Pet. Worſe and worſe, ſhe will not come:
Oh vild, intolerable, not to be indur'd:
Sirra *Grumio,* go to your Miſtreſs,
Say I command her to come to me. *Exit.*
Hor. I know her anſwer.
Pet. What?
Hor. She will not.
Pet. The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.

Enter Katherina.

Bap. Now by my hollidam here comes *Katherina.*
Kat. What is your will Sir that you ſend for me?
Pet. Where is your Siſter, and *Hortentio's* wife?
Kat. They ſit conferring by the Parlor fire.
Pet. Go fetch them hither, if they deny to come,
Swinge me them ſoundly forth unto their husbands:
Away I ſay, and bring them hither ſtraight.
Luc. Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder.
Hor. And ſo it is: I wonder what it boads.
Pet. Marry peace it boads, and love, and quiet life,
An awful rule and right ſupremacy:
And to be ſhort, what not, that's ſweet and happy.
Bap. Now fair befal the good *Petruchio;*
The wager thou haſt won, and I will add
Unto their loſſes twenty thouſand Crowns,
Another dowry to another daughter,
For ſhe is chang'd as ſhe had never been.
Pet. Nay, I will win my wager better yet,
And ſhow more ſign of her obedience,
Her new built vertue and obedience.

Enter Kate, Bianca, *and* Widdow.

See where ſhe comes, and brings your froward Wives
As priſoners to her womanly perſwaſion:
Katherine, that cap of yours becomes you not,
Off with that bable, and throw it underfoot.
Wid. Lord let me never have a cauſe to ſigh,
Till I be brought to ſuch a ſilly paſs.
Bian. Fie what a fooliſh duty call you this?
Luc. I would your duty were as fooliſh too:
The wiſdom of your duty, fair *Bianca,*
Hath coſt me five hundred Crowns ſince ſupper time.
Bian. The more fool you for laying on my duty.
Pet. Katherine, I charge thee tell theſe headſtrong women, what duty they owe to their Lords and husbands.
Wid. Come, come, you're mocking: we will have no telling.
Pet. Come on I ſay, and firſt begin with her.
Wid. She ſhall not.
Pet. I ſay ſhe ſhall, and firſt begin with her.
Kate, Fie, fie, unknit that threatning unkind brow,
And dart not ſcornful glances from thoſe eyes,
To wound thy Lord, thy King, thy Governour.
It blots thy beauty as froſts bite the meads,
Confounds thy fame, whirlwinds ſhake fair buds,
And in no ſence is meet or amiable.
A woman mov'd is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill ſeeming, thick, bereft of beauty,
And while it is ſo, none ſo dry or thirſty
Will dain to ſip, or touch one drop of it.
Thy Husband is thy Lord, thy Life, thy keeper,
Thy Head, thy Soveraign: One that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance. Commits his body
To painful labour, both by ſea and land:
To watch the night in ſtorms, the day in cold,
Whil'ſt thou li'ſt warm at home, ſecure and ſafe,
And craves no other tribute at thy hands,
But love, fair looks, and rrue obedience;
Too little payment for ſo great a debt.
Such duty as the Subject owes the Prince,
Even ſuch a woman oweth to her husband:
And when ſhe is froward, peeviſh ſullen, ſower,
And not obedient to his honeſt will,
VVhat is ſhe butafoul contending Rebel,
And graceleſs traitor to her loving Lord?
I am aſham'd that women are ſo ſimple,
To offer war where they ſhould kneel for peace:

Or ſeek for rule, ſupremacy, and ſway,
When they are bound to ſerve, love, and obey:
Why are our bodies ſoft, and weak, and ſmooth;
Unapt to toil and trouble in the world,
But that our ſoft conditions, and our hearts,
Should well agree with our external parts?
Come, come, you froward unable worms,
My mind hath been as big as one of yours,
My heart is great, my reaſon haply more,
To bandy word for word, and frown for frown;
But now I ſee our Launces are but ſtraws:
Our ſtrength as weak, our weakneſs paſt compare,
That ſeeming to be moſt, which we indeed leaſt are,
Then vale your ſtomacks, for it is no boot,
And place your hands below your husbands foot:
In token of which duty, if he pleaſe,
My hand is ready, may it do him eaſe.

Pet. Why there's a wench: Come on, and kiſs me *Kate.*

Luc. Well go thy ways old Lad, for thou ſhalt ha't.

Vin. 'Tis a good hearing when children are toward.

Luc. But a harſh hearing, when women are froward.

Pet. Come *Kate*, we'l to bed,
We three are married, but you two are ſped.
'Twas I won the wager tho you hit the white,
And being a winner, God give you good night.

Exit Petruchio.

Hortenſ. Now go thy ways, thou haſt tam'd a curſt Shrow.

Luc. 'Tis a wonder, by your leave, ſhe will be tam'd ſo.

All's well that ends well.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter young Bertram Count of Roſſilion, his Mother, and Helena, Lord Lafew, all in black.

Mother. IN delivering my ſon from me, I bury a ſecond husband.

Roſ. And in going, Madam, weep o're my Father's death anew, but I muſt attend his Majeſties command, to whom I am now in Ward, evermore in ſubjection.

Laf. You ſhall find of the King a husband, Madam, you ſir a father. He that ſo generally is at all times good, muſt of neceſſity hold his virtue to you, whoſe worthineſs would ſtir it up were it wanted, rather than lack it where there is ſuch abundance.

Mo. What hope is there of his Majeſties amendment?

Laf. He hath abandon'd his Phyſitians, Madam, under whoſe practices he hath perſecuted time with hope, and finds no other advantage in the proceſs, but only the loſing of hope by time.

Mo. This young Gentlewoman had a Father, O that had! how ſad a paſſage 'tis, whoſe skill was almoſt as great as his honeſty, had it ſtretch'd ſo far, would have made nature immortal, and death ſhould have play for lack of work. Would, for the Kings ſake he were living, I think it would be the death of the Kings diſeaſe.

Laf. How call'd you the man you ſpeak of Madam?

Mo. He was famous ſir, in his profeſſion, and it was his great right to be ſo: *Gerard de Narbon.*

Laf. He was excellent indeed, Madam, the King very lately ſpoke of him admiringly and mourningly: he was skilful enough to have liv'd ſtill, if knowledg could be ſet up againſt mortality.

Roſ. What is it (my good Lord) the King languiſhes of?

Laf. A Fiſtula my Lord.

Roſ. I heard not of it before.

Laf. I would it were not notorious. Was this Gentlewoman the Daughter of *Gerard de Narbon*?

Mo. His ſole child my Lord, and bequeathed to my over-looking. I have thoſe hopes of her good, that her education promiſes her diſpoſitions ſhe inherits, which makes fair gifts fairer; for where an unclean mind carries vertuous qualities, there commendations go with pity, they are vertues and traitors too: in her they are the better for their ſimpleneſs; ſhe derives her honeſty, and atchieves her goodneſs.

Lafew. Your commendations, Madam, get from her tears.

Mo. 'Tis the beſt brine a Maiden can ſeaſon her praiſe in. The remembrance of her Father never approaches her heart, but the tyranny of her ſorrows takes all livelihood from her cheek. No more of this *Helena*, go to, no more, leſt it be rather thought you affect a ſorrow, than to have ——

Hel. I do affect a ſorrow indeed, but I have it too.

Laf. Moderate lamentations is the right of the dead, exceſſive grief the enemy to the living.

Mo. If the living be enemy to the grief, the exceſs makes it ſoon mortal.

Roſ. Madam, I deſire your holy wiſhes.

Laf. How underſtand we that?

Mo. Be thou bleſt *Bertram* and ſucceed thy Father
In manners as in ſhape: thy blood and virtue
Contend for Empire in thee, and thy goodneſs
Share with thy birth-right: Love all, truſt a few,
Do wrong to none: be able for thine enemy
Rather in power than uſe: and keep thy friend
Under thy own lifes key: Be checkt for ſilence,
But never tax'd for ſpeech: What heaven more will,
That thee may furniſh, and my prayers pluck down,
Fall on thy hand: Farewel my Lord,
'Tis an unſeaſon'd Courtier, good my Lord
Adviſe him.

His arched arrows, his hawking eye, his curls
In our hearts table: heart too capable
Of every line and trick of his ſweet favour.
But now he is gone, and my idolatrous fancy
Muſt ſanctify his Relick. Who comes here?

Enter Parolles.

One that goes with him: I love him for his ſake,
And yet I know him a notorious Liar,
Think him a great way fool, ſolely a coward,
Yet theſe fixt evils ſit ſo fit in him,
That they take place, when Virtues ſteely bones
Looks bleak i'th cold wind; withal, full oft we ſee
Cold wiſdom waiting on ſuperfluous folly.

Par. Save you fair Queen.

Hel. And you Monarch.

Par. No.

Hel. And no.

Par. Are you meditating on Virginity?

Hel. I: you have ſome ſtain of ſouldier in you: Let me ask you a queſtion. Man is enemy to virginity, how may we barrocado it againſt him?

Par. Keep him out.

Hel. But he aſſails, and our virginity though valiant, in the defence yet is weak: unfold us ſome warlike reſiſtance.

Par. There is none: Man ſetting down before you will undermine you, and blow you up.

Hel. Bleſs our poor Virginity from underminers, and blowers up. Is there no Military policy how Virgins might blow up men?

Par. Virginity being blown down, Man will quicklier be blown up: marry in blowiug him down again, with the breach your ſelves made, you loſe your City. It is not politick, in the common-wealth of nature, to preſerve virginity. Loſs of Virginity, is rational encreaſe, and there was never virgin got, till virginity was firſt loſt. That you were made of, is metal to make Virgins. Virginity, by being once loſt, may be ten times found: by being ever kept, it is ever loſt: 'tis too cold a companion: away with't.

Hel. I will ſtand for't a little, though therefore I die a Virgin.

Par. There's little can be ſaid in't; 'tis againſt the rule of Nature. To ſpeak on the part of virginity, is to accuſe your Mothers; which is moſt infallible diſobedience. He that hangs himſelf is a Virgin: Virginity murthers it ſelf, and ſhould be buried in high-ways out of all ſanctified limit, as a deſperate Offendreſs againſt Nature. Virginity breeds mites, much like a Cheeſe, conſumes it ſelf to the very pairing, and ſo dies with feeding his own ſtomack. Beſides, Virginity is peeviſh, proud, idle, made of ſelf-love, which is the moſt inhibited ſin in the Canon. Keep it not, you cannnot chooſe but loſe by't. Out with't: within ten years it will make it ſelf two, which is a goodly increaſe, and the principal it ſelf not much the worſe. Away with't.

Hel. How might one do ſir, to loſe it to her own liking?

Par. Let me ſee. Marry, ill to like him that ne're it likes. 'Tis a commodity will loſe the gloſs with lying. The longer kept, the leſs worth: Off with't while 'tis vendible. Anſwer the time of requeſt. Virginity like an old Courtier, wears her cap out of faſhion, richly ſuted, but unſutable, juſt like the brooch and the toothpick, which were not now: your Date is better in your Pye and your Porredg, then in your cheek: and your virginity, your old virginity, is like one of our French wither'd Pears; it looks ill, it eats drily, marry 'tis a wither'd Pear: it was formerly better, marry yet 'tis a wither'd Pear. Will you any thing with it?

Hel. Not my virginity yet.
There ſhall your Maſter have a thouſand loves,
A mother, and a miſtreſs, and a friend,
A Phœnix, Captain, and an enemy,
A guide, a goddeſs, and a ſoveraign,
A Counſellor, a Traitreſs, and a Dear:
His humbleſt ambition, proud humility:
His jarring concord: and his diſcord dulcet:
His faith, his ſweet diſaſter: with a world
Of pretty fond adoptious chriſtendoms
That blinking Cupid goſſips. Now ſhall he:
I know not what he ſhall, God ſend him well.
The Courts a learning place, and he is one.

Par. What one i'faith?

Hel. That I wiſh well, 'tis pity.

Par. What's pity?

Hel. That wiſhing well had not a body in't,
Which might be felt, that we poorer born,
Whoſe baſer ſtars do ſhut them up in wiſhes,
Might with effects of them follow our friends,
And ſhew what we alone muſt think, which never
Returns us thanks.

Enter Page.

Page. Monſieur *Parolles*,
My Lord calls for you.

Par. Little *Hellen* farewel, if I can remember thee, I will think of thee at Court.

Hel. Monſieur *Parolles*, you were born under a charitable ſtar.

Par. Under *Mars* I.

Hel. I eſpecially think under *Mars.*

Par. Why under *Mars*?

Hel. The waters hath ſo kept you under, that you muſt needs be born under *Mars.*

Par. When he was predominant.

Hel. When he was retrograde I think rather.

Par. Why think you ſo?

Hel. You go ſo much backward when you fight:

Par. That's for advantage.

Hel. So is running away,
When fear propoſes ſafety:
But the compoſition that your valour and fear makes in you, is a virtue of a good wing, and I like the wear well.

Paroll. I am ſo full of buſineſs, I cannot anſwer thee acutely: I will return perfect Courtier, in the which my inſtruction ſhall ſerve to naturaliſe thee, ſo thou wilt be capable of the Courtiers counſel, and underſtand what advice ſhall thruſt upon thee, elſe thou dieſt in thine unthankfulneſs, and thine ignorance makes thee away; farewel: When thou haſt leiſure, ſay thy prayers: when thou haſt none, remember thy Friends: get thee a good huſband, and uſe him as he uſes thee: So farewel.

Exit.

Hel. Our remedies oft in our ſelves do lie,
Which we aſcrible to heaven: the fated sky
Gives us free ſcope, only doth backward pull
Our ſlow deſigns, when we our ſelves are dull.
What power is it, which mounts my love ſo high,
That makes me ſee, and cannot feed mine eye?
The mightieſt ſpace in fortune, Nature brings
To joyn like likes; and kiſs like native things.
Impoſſible be ſtrange attempts to thoſe
That weigh their pains in ſence, and do ſuppoſe
What hath been, cannot be. Who ever ſtrove
To ſhew her merit, that did miſs her love?
(The Kings diſeaſe) my project may deceive me,
But my intents are fixt, and will not leave me. *Exit.*

Flouriſh Cornets.

Enter the King *of* France *with letters, and divers Attendants.*

King. The *Florentines* and *Senoys* are by th' ears,
Have fought with equal fortune, and continue
A braving war.
1. *Lo. G.* So 'tis reported ſir.
Kin. Nay 'tis moſt credible, we here receive it,
A certainty vouch'd from our Couſin *Auſtria*,
With Caution, that the *Florentine* will move us
For ſpeedy aid: wherein our deareſt friend
Prejudicates the buſineſs, and would ſeem
To have us make denial.
1. *L. G.* His love and wiſdom
Approv'd ſo to your Majeſty may plead
For ampleſt credence.
Kin. He hath arm'd our anſwer,
And *Florence* is deni'd before he comes:
Yet for our Gentlemen that mean to ſee
The *Tuſcan* ſervice, freely have they leave
To ſtand on either part.
2. *Lo. E.* It may well ſerve
A nurſery to our Gentry, who are ſick
For breathing and exploit.
Kin. What's he comes here?

Enter Bertram, Lafew *and* Parolles.

1, *Lo, G.* It is the Count *Roſſillion*, my good Lord,
Young *Bertram*.
Kin. Youth, thou bear'ſt thy fathers face,
Frank Nature rather curious than in haſt,
Hath well compos'd thee: Thy Fathers moral parts
Maiſt thou inherit too: welcome to *Paris*.
Ber. My thanks and duty are your Majeſties.
Kin, I would I had that corparal ſoundneſs now
As when thy father and my ſelf in friendſhip
Firſt tri'd our ſouldierſhip: he did look far
Into the ſervice of the time, and was
Diſcipled of the braveſt. He laſted long,
But on us both did haggiſh Age ſteal on,
And wore us out of act; it much repairs me
To talk of your good Father; in his youth
He had the wit, which I can well obſerve
To day in our young Lords; but they may jeſt
Till their own ſcorn return to them unnoted,
Ere they can hide their levity in honour:
So like a Courtier, contempt nor bitterneſs
Were in his pride, or ſharpneſs, if they were;
His equal had awak'd them, and his honour
Clock to it ſelf, knew the true minute when
Exception bid him ſpeak, and at this time
His tongue obey'd his hand. Who were below him,
He us'd as creatures of another place,
And bow'd his eminent top to their low ranks.
Making them proud of his humility,
In their poor praiſe he humbled: ſuch a man
Might be a copy to theſe younger times;
Which followed well, would demonſtrate them now
But goers backward.
Ber. His good remembrance, Sir,
Lies richer in your thoughts, than on his tomb:
So in approof lives not his Epitaph,
As in your royal ſpeech.
King. Would I were with him: he would always ſay,
(Methinks I hear him now) his plauſive words
He ſcatter'd not in ears, but grafted them
To grow there and to bear; let me not live,
This his good melancholly oft began
On the Cataſtrophe and heel of paſtime
When it was out: let me not live, (quoth he)
After my flame lacks oyl, to be the ſnuff
Of younger ſpirits, whoſe apprehenſive ſenſes
All but new things diſdain; whoſe judgments are
Meer fathers of their garments; whoſe conſtancies
Expire before their faſhions: this he wiſh'd.
I after him, do after him wiſh too:
(Since I, nor wax, nor honey can bring home,)
I quickly were diſſolved from my hive,
To give ſome Labourers room.
2. *L. E.* You're loved Sir,
They that leaſt lend it you, ſhall lack you firſt.
Kin. I fill a place I know't; how long is't, Count,
Since the Phyſician at your fathers died,
He was much fam'd.
Ber. Some ſix months ſince, my Lord.
Kin. If he were living, I would try him yet.
Lend me an arm; the reſt have worn me out
With ſeveral applications; Nature and ſickneſs
Debate it at their leiſure. Welcome Count,
My ſons no dearer.
Ber. Thank your Majeſty.

Exit.

Flouriſh.

Enter Counteſs, Steward, *and* Clown.

Coun. I will now hear, what ſay you of this Gentlewoman?

St. Madam, the care I have had to even your content, I wiſh might be found in the Kalender of my paſt endeavours, for then we wound our modeſty, and make foul the clearneſs of our deſervings, when of our ſelves we publiſh them.

Cou. What do's this knave here? Get you gone ſirrah; the complaints I have heard of you, I do not all believe; 'tis my ſlowneſs that I do not; for I know you lack not folly to commit them, and have ability enough to make ſuch knaveries yours.

Clo. 'Tis not unknown to you Madam, I am a poor fellow.

Con. Well ſir.

Clo. No Madam,
'Tis not ſo well that I am poor, though many of the rich are damn'd; but if I have your Ladiſhips good will to go the world, *Isbel* the woman and I will do as we may.

Coun. Wilt thou needs be a beggar?

Clo. I do beg your good will in this caſe.

Cou. VVhat caſe?

Clo. In *Isbels* caſe and mine own; ſervice is no heritage, and I think I ſhall never have the bleſſing of God, till I have iſſue a my body, for they ſay Barns are bleſſings.

Cou. Tell me thy reaſon why thou wilt marry?

Clo. My poor body Madam requires it, I am driven on by the fleſh, and he muſt needs go that the devil drives.

Cou. Is this all your worſhips reaſon?

Clo. Faith Madam I have other holy reaſons; ſuch as they are.

Cou. May the world know them?

Clo. I have been (Madam) a wicked creature, as you and all fleſh and blood are, and indeed I do marry that I may repent.

Cou Thy marriage ſooner than thy wickedneſs.

Clo. I am out of friends, Madam, and I hope to have frends for my wives ſake.

Cou. Such friends are thine enemies, knave.

Clo. Y'are ſhallow Madam, in great friends, for the knaves come to do that for me which I am a weary of; he that ears my Land, ſpares my team, and gives me leave to in the crop; if I be his Cuckold, he's my drudg; he that comforts my wife, is the cheriſher of my fleſh and blood; he that cheriſheth my fleſh and blood, loves my fleſh and blood; he that loves my fleſh and blood is my friend: *Ergo*, he that kiſſes my wife is my friend: if men could be contented to be what they are, there were no fear in marriage; for young *Charbon* the

Puritan, and old *Poyſam* the Papiſt; howſomere their hearts are ſever'd in Religon, their heads are both one, they may joul horns together like any Dear i'th Herd.

Cou. Thou wilt ever be a foul mouth'd and calumnious knave.

Clo. A prophet, I Madam, and I ſpeak the truth the next way, for I the Ballad will repeat, which men full true ſhall find, your marriage comes by deſtiny, your Cuckow ſings by kind.

Cou. Get you gone ſir, I'le talk with you more anon.

Stew. May it pleaſe you, Madam, that he bid *Hellen* come to you, of her I am to ſpeak.

Cou. Sirrah tell my Gentlewoman I would ſpeak with her, *Hellen* I mean.

Clo. Was this fair face the cauſe, quoth ſhe,
Why the *Grecians* ſacked *Troy*?
Fond done, done fond, was this King *Priam*'s joy?
With that ſhe ſighed as ſhe ſtood, *bis*
And gave this ſentence then, among nine bad if one be good, among nine bad if one be good, there's yet one good in ten.

Cou. What, one good in ten? you corrupt the ſong ſirrah.

Clo. One good woman in ten, Madam, which is the puriſying a'th ſong: would God would ſerve the world ſo all the year, we'd find no fault with the tithe woman if I were the Parſon; one in ten quoth a? and we might have a good woman born but o're every blazing Star, or at an earthquake, 'twould mend the Lottery well, a man may draw his heart out ere a pluck one.

Cou You'l be gone ſir knave, and do as I command you?

Clo. That man that ſhould be at a womans command, and get no hurt done, tho honeſty be no Puritan, yet it will do no hurt; it will wear the Surplis of humility over the black Gown of a big heart: I am going forſooth, the buſineſs is for *Hellen* to come hither..

Exit

Cou. Well now.

Stew. I know (Madam) you love your Gentlewoman intirely.

Cou. Faith I do: her Father bequeath'd her to me, and ſhe her ſelf without other advantage, may lawfully make title to as much love as ſhe finds; there is more owing her than is paid, and more ſhall be paid her than ſhe'll demand.

Stew. Madam, I was very late more near her than I think ſhe wiſh'd me; alone ſhe was, and did communicate to her ſelf her own words to her own ears; ſhe thought, I dare vow for her, they touch'd not any ſtranger ſence; her matter was, ſhe loved your Son; Fortune ſhe ſaid was no goddeſs, that had put ſuch difference betwixt their two eſtates; Love no God, that would not extend his might, only where qualities were level: Queen of Virgins, that would ſuffer her poor Knight ſurpris'd without reſcue in the firſt aſſault or ranſome afterward; This ſhe deliver'd in the moſt bitter touch of ſorrow that e're I heard Virgin exclaim in, which I held my duty ſpeedily to acquaint you withal; ſithence in the loſs that may happen, it concerns you ſomething to know it.

Coun. You have diſcharg'd this honeſty, keep it to your ſelf; many likelihoods inform'd me of this before, which hung ſo tottering in the ballance, that I could never believe nor miſdoubt: pray you leave me, ſtall this in your boſom, and I thank you for your honeſt care; I will ſpeak with you further anon.

Exit Steward.

Enter Hellen.

Old Cou. Even ſo it was with me when I was young;
If ever we are natures, theſe are ours, this thorn
Doth to our Roſe of youth rightly belong,
Our blood to us, this to our blood is born,
It is the ſhow and ſeal of natures truth,
Where loves ſtrong paſſion is impreſt in youth,
By our remembrances of days forgone,
Such were our faults, or then we thought them none;
Her eye is ſick on't, I obſerve her now.

Hel. what is your pleaſure, Madam?

Ol. Cou. You know, *Hellen*, I am a mother to you.

Hel. Mine honourable Miſtris.

Ol. Cou. Nay a Mother, why not a Mother? when I
ſed Mother,
Methought you ſaw a ſerpent; what's in Mother,
That you ſtart at it? I ſay, I am your mother,
And put you in the Catalogue of thoſe
That were enwombed mine; 'tis often ſeen
Adoption ſtrives with nature, and choice breeds
A native ſlip to us from forrain ſeeds:
You ne're oppreſt me with a mothers groan,
Yet I expreſs to you a mothers care:
(Gods mercy Maiden) do's it curd thy blood
To ſay I am thy mother? what's the matter,
That this diſtempered meſſenger of wet,
The many colour'd *Iris* rounds thine eye?
———Why, that you are my daughter?

Hel. That I am not.

Ol. Cou. I ſay I am your Mother.

Hel. Pardon Madam.
The Count *Roſſillion* cannot be my brother;
I am from humble, he from honoured name;
No note upon my Parents, his all noble,
My Maſter, my dear Lord he is, and I
His ſervant live, and will his vaſſal die:
He muſt not be my brother.

Ol. Cou. Nor I your Mother.

Hel. You are my Mother Madam, would you were
So that my Lord your Son were not my brother,
Indeed my Mother, or were you both our mothers,
I care no more for, than I do for heaven,
So I were not his ſiſter, cant no other,
But I Your Daughter, he muſt be my Brother.

Ol. Cou. Yes *Hellen*, you might be my Daughter in law,
God ſhield you mean it not, Daughter and Mother
So ſtrive upon your pulſe; what pale agen?
My fear hath catch'd your fondneſs! now I ſee
The Miſtry of your lovelineſs, and find
Your ſalt tears head, now to all ſence 'tis groſs:
You love my Son, invention is aſham'd
Againſt the proclamation of thy paſſion
To ſay thou doſt not: therefore tell me true,
But tell me then 'tis ſo, for look, thy cheeks
Confeſs it 'tone to th'other, and thine eyes
See it is ſo groſly ſhown in thy behaviour,
That in their kind they ſpeak it, only ſin
And helliſh obſtinancy tie thy tongue
That truth ſhould be ſuſpected; ſpeak, is't ſo?
If it be ſo, you have wound a goodly clew:
If it be not, forſwear't: how ere I charge thee,
As heaven ſhall work in me for mine avail
To tell me truly.

Hel. Good Madam pardon me.

Cou. Do you love my Son?

Hel. Your pardon noble Miſtris.

Cou. Love you my Son?

Hel. Do not you love him Madam?

Cou. Go not about; my love hath in't a bond
Whereof the world takes note: Come, come, diſcloſe
The ſtate of your affection, for your paſſions
Have to the full appeach'd.

Hel. Then I confeſs
Here on my knee, before high heavens and you,
That before you, and next unto high heaven, I love your Son;
My friends were poor but honeſt, ſo's my love;
Be not offended, for it hurts not him
That he is lov'd of me: I follow him not
By any token of preſumptuous ſuit,

Nor would I have him, till I do deſerve him,
Yet never know how that deſert ſhould be:
I know I love in vain, ſtrive againſt hope;
Yet in this captious, and intenible Sive
I ſtill pour in the waters of my love,
And lack not to loſe ſtill; thus *Indian* like
Religious in mine error, I adore
The Sun that looks upon his worſhipper,
But knows of him no more. My dearſt Madam,
Let not your hate incounter with my love
For loving where you do; but if your ſelf,
Whoſe aged honour cites a vertuous youth,
Did ever in ſo true a flame of loving,
VViſh chaſtly, and love dearly, that your *Dian*
VVas both her ſelf and love. O then give pity
To her whoſe ſtate is ſuch, that cannot chooſe
But lend and give where ſhe is ſure to loſe;
That ſeeks not to find that, ſearch implies,
But riddle like, lives ſweetly where ſhe dies.
Cou. Had you not lately an intent, ſpeak truly,
To go to *Paris*?
Hel. Madam I had.
Cou. VVherefore? tell true.
Hel. I will tell true, by grace it ſelf I ſwear;
You know my Father left me ſome preſcriptions
Of rare and prov'd effects, ſuch as his reading
And manifeſt experience had collected
For general ſoveraignty; and that he will'd me
In heedfull'ſt reſervation to beſtow them,
As notes, whoſe faculties incluſive were,
More than they were in note: Amongſt the reſt,
There is a remedy, approv'd, ſet down,
To cure the deſperate languſhings whereof
The King is render'd loſt.
Cou. This was your motive for *Paris*, was it, ſpeak?
Hel. My Lord, your ſon, made me to think of this;
Elſe *Paris*, and the medicine, and the King,
Had from the converſation of my thoughts,
Happily been abſent then.
Cou. But think you *Hellen*,
If you ſhould tender your ſuppoſed aid,
He would receive it? He and his phyſicians
Are of one mind, He, that they cannot help him:
They, that they cannot help: how ſhall they credit
A poor unlearned Virgin, when the Schools
Embowel'd of their doctrine, have left off
The danger to it ſelf.
Hel. There's ſomething in't
More than my Fathers skill, which was the great'ſt
Of his profeſſion, that his good receipt,
Shall for my legacy be ſanctified
By th' luckieſt Stars in heaven, and would your honour
But give me leave, to ſucceſs I'de venture
The well loſt life of mine, on his Graces cure,
By ſuch a day and hour.
Cou. Do'ſt thou believ't?
Hel. I Madam knowingly.
Cou. VVhy, *Hellen*, thou ſhalt have my leave and love,
Means and attendants, and my loving greetings
To thoſe of mine in Court, I'le ſtay at home
And pray Gods bleſſing unto thy attempt:
Be gone to morrow, and be ſure of this,
VVhat I can help thee to, thou ſhalt not miſs.
Exeunt.

Actus Secundus.

Enter the King with divers young Lords, taking leave for the Florentine war: Count Roſs, and Parolles: Flouriſh Cornets.

Kin. Farewel young Lords, theſe warlike principles
Do not throw from you; and you my Lords farewel;
Share the advice betwixt you, if both gain, all
The gift doth ſtretch it ſelf as 'tis receiv'd.
And is enough for both.
Lord. G. 'Tis our hope ſir,
After well entered Souldiers, to return
And find your grace in health.
King. No, no, it cannot be; and yet my heart
Will not confeſs he owes the malady
That doth my life beſiege; farewel young Lords,
Whether I live or die, be you the ſons
Of worthy French men; let higher *Italy*
(Thoſe bated that inherit but the fall
Of the laſt Monarchy) ſee that you come
Not to woo honour, but to wed it, when
The braveſt queſtion ſhrinks; find what you ſeek,
That fame may cry you loud: I ſay farewel.
L. G. Health at your bidding ſerve your Majeſty.
King. Thoſe girls of *Italy*, take heed of them,
They ſay our French lack language to deny
If they demand: beware of being Captives
Before you ſerve.
Bo. Our hearts receive your warnings.
King. Farewel, come hither to me.
1. *Lo. G.* Oh my ſweet Lord that you will ſtay behind (us.
Par. 'Tis not his fault, the ſpark.
2. *Lo. E.* Oh 'tis brave wars.
Par. Moſt admirable, I have ſeen thoſe wars.
Roſſill. I am commanded here, and kept a coil with,
Too young, and the next year, and 'tis too early.
Par. And thy mind ſtand to it boy,
Steal away bravely.
Roſſil. I ſhall ſtay here the forehorſe to a ſmock,
Creeking my ſhooes on the plain Maſonry,
Till honour be bought up, and no ſword worn
But one to dance with: by heaven, I'le ſteal away.
1. *Lo. G.* There's honour in the theft.
Par. Commit it Count.
2. *Lo. E.* I am your acceſſary, and ſo farewel.
Roſ. I grow to you, and our parting is a tortur'd body.
1. *Lo. G.* Farewel Captain.
2. *Lo. E.* Sweet Monſieur *Parolles*.
Par. Noble *Heroes*; my ſword and yours are kin, good ſparks and luſtrous, a word good metals. You ſhall find in the Regiment of *Spinii*, one Captain *Spurio* his Cicatrice, with an emblem of war here on his ſiniſter cheek; it was this very ſword entrench'd it; ſay to him I live, and obſerve his reports of me.
L. G. We ſhall noble Captain.
Par. *Mars* doat on you for his novices, what will ye do?
Roſſ. Stay: the King.
Par. Uſe a more ſpacious ceremony to the noble Lords, you have reſtrain'd your ſelf within the Liſt of too cold an adieu: be more expreſſive to them; for they were themſelves in the cap of the time, there do muſter true gate; eat, ſpeak, and more under the influence of the moſt receiv'd ſtar, and tho the devil lead the meaſure, ſuch are to be followed: after them, and take a more dilated farewel.
Roſſ. And I will do ſo.
Par. Worthy fellows, and like to prove moſt ſinewie ſword-men. *Exeunt.*

Enter Lafew.

L. Laf. Pardon my Lord for me and for my tidings.
King. I'le ſee thee to ſtand up. (pardon,
L. Laf. Then here's a man ſtands that hath brought his
I would you had kneel'd, my Lord, to ask me mercy,
And that at my bidding you could ſo ſtand up.
King. I would I had, ſo I had broke thy pate
And ask't thee mercy for't.
Laf. Goodfaith a croſs, but my good Lord 'tis thus,
Will you be cur'd of your infirmity?
King. No.
Laf. O will you eat no grapes my royal Fox?
Yes but you will, my noble Grapes, and if
My royal Fox could reach them: I have ſeen a Medicine
That's able to break life into a ſtone,
Quicken a Rock, and make you dance Canary
With ſprightly fire and motion, whoſe ſimple touch
Is powerful to araiſe King *Pippen*, nay
To give great *Charlemain* a pen in's hand,
And write to her a love-line.
Kin. What her is this?
Laf. Why doctor ſhe: my Lord, there's one arriv'd,
If you will ſee her: now by my faith and honour,
If ſeriouſly I may convoy my thoughts
In this my light deliverance, I have ſpoke
With one, that in her ſex, her years profeſſion,
Wiſdom and Conſtancy, hath amaz'd me more
Than I dare blame my weakneſs: will you ſee her?
For that is her demand, and know her buſineſs?
That done, laugh well at me.
Kin. Now good *Lafew*.
Bring in the admiration, that we with thee
May ſpend our wonder too, or take off thine
By wondring how thou took'ſt it.
Laf. Nay, I'le fit you,
And not be all day neither.
Kin. Thus he is ſpecial nothing ever prologues.
Laf. Nay, come your ways.

Enter Hellen.

Kin. This haſt hath wings indeed.
Laf. Nay, come your ways,
This is his Majeſty, ſay your mind to him,
A traitor you do look like, but ſuch traitors
His Majeſty ſeldom fears, I am *Creſſeds* Uncle,
That dare leave two together, fare you well. *Exit.*
Kin. Now fair one, do's your buſineſs follow us?
Hel. I my good Lord.
Gerard de Narbon was my father,
In what he did profeſs, well found.
King. I knew him.
Hel. The rather will I ſpare my praiſes towards him,
Knowing him is enough: on's bed of death,
Many receits he gave me, namely one,
Which as the deareſt iſſue of his practiſe,
And of his old experience, th' only darling,
He bad me ſtore up, as a triple eye,
Safter then mine own two: more dear I have ſo,
And hearing your high Majeſty is touch'd
With that malignant cauſe, wherein the honour
Of my dear fathers gift, ſtands chief in power;
I come to tender it, and my appliance,
With all bound humbleneſs.
King. We thank you Maiden,
But may not be ſo credulous of cure,
When our moſt learned Doctors leave us, and
The Congregated Colledg have concluded,
That labouring art can never ranſome nature
From her unaydible eſtate: I ſay we muſt not
So ſtain our judgment, or corrupt our hope,
To proſtitute our paſt cure malady
To empericks, or to diſſever ſo
Our great ſelf and our credit, to eſteem
A ſenceleſs help, when help paſt ſenſe we deem.
Hel. My duty then ſhall pay me for my pains;
I will no more enforce my office on you,
Humbly intreating from your royal thoughts,
A modeſt one to bear me back again.
Kin. I cannot give thee leſs to be call'd grateful;
Thou thought'ſt to help me, and ſuch thanks I give,
As one near death to thoſe that wiſh him live;
But what at full I know, thou know'ſt no part,
I knowing all my peril, thou no art.
Hell. What I can do, can do no hurt to try,
Since you ſet up your reſt 'gainſt remedy;
He that of greateſt works is finiſher,
Oft does them by the weakeſt Miniſter;
So holy Writ, in babes, hath judgment ſhown,
When Judges have been babes, great floods have flown
From ſimple ſources; and great Seas have dried,
When Miracles have by the great'ſt been denied.
Oft expectation fails, and moſt oft there
Where moſt it promiſes: and oft it hits,
Where hope is coldeſt, and deſpair, moſt ſhifts.
Kin. I muſt not hear thee, fare thee well kind Maid,
Thy pains not us'd, muſt by thy ſelf be paid,
Proffers not took, reap thanks for their reward.
Hell. Inſpired Merit ſo by breath is bard:
It is not ſo with him that all things knows
As 'tis with us, that ſquare our gueſs by ſhows:
But moſt it is preſumption in us, when
The help of heaven we count the act of men.
Dear ſir, to my endeavours give conſent,
Of Heaven, not me, make an experiment.
I am not an Impoſtor, that proclaim
My ſelf againſt the level of mine aim,
But know, I think, and think I know moſt ſure,
My art is not paſt power, nor you paſt cure.
King. Art thou ſo confident? within what ſpace
Hop'ſt thou my cure?
Hel. The greateſt grace lending grace,
Ere twice the horſes of the ſun ſhall bring
Their fiery torcher his diurnal ring.
Ere twice in murk and occidental damp,
Moiſt *Heſperus* hath quench'd her ſleepy Lamp;
Or four and twenty times the Pilots glaſs
Hath told the thieviſh minutes, how they paſs,
What is infirm, from your ſound parts ſhall fly,
Health ſhall live free, and ſickneſs freely die.
King. Upon thy certainty and confidence,
What dar'ſt thou venture?
Hel. Tax of impudence,
A ſtrumpets boldneſs, a divulged ſhame
Traduc'd by odious ballads: my Maidens name
Seard otherwiſe, no worſe of worſt extended
With vileſt torture, let my life be ended.
Kin. Me thinks in thee ſome bleſſed ſpirit doth ſpeak
His powerful ſound, within wherein an Organ weak;
And what impoſſibility would ſlay
In common ſence, ſence ſaves another way:
Thy life is dear, for all that life can rate
Worth name of life, in thee hath eſtimate:
Youth, Beauty, Wiſdom, Courage, all
That happineſs and prime, can happy call;
Thou this to hazard, needs muſt intimate
Skill infinite, or monſtrous deſperate;
Sweet practiſer, thy Phyſick I will try,
That miniſters thine own death if I die.
Hel. If I break time, or flinch in property
Of what I ſpoke, unpitied let me die,
And well deſerv'd: not helping, death's my fee;
But if I help, what do you promiſe me?
Kin. Make thy demand.
Hel. But will you make it even?
Kin. I by my Scepter, and my hopes of help.

Hel. Then ſhalt thou give me with thy kingly hand,
What husband in thy power I will command:
Exempted be from me the arrogance
To chooſe from forth the royal blood of *France*,
My low and humble name to propagate
With any branch or image of thy ſtate:
But ſuch a one thy vaſſal, whom I know
Is free for me to ask, thee to beſtow.

Kin. Here is my hand, the premiſes obſerv'd,
Thy will by my performance ſhall be ſerv'd:
So make the choice of thine own time, for I
Thy reſolv'd Patient, on thee ſtill rely;
More ſhould I queſtion thee, and more I muſt,
Though more to know, could not be more to truſt:
From whence thou cam'ſt, how tended on, but reſt
Unqueſtion'd welcome, and undoubted bleſt.
Give me ſome help here hoa, if thou proceed.
As high as word, my deed ſhall match thy deed.

Exeunt.

Enter Counteſs, *and* Clown.

Lady. Come on, ſir, I ſhall now put you to the height of your breeding.

Clown. I will ſhew my ſelf highly fed, and lowly taught; I know my buſineſs is but to the Court.

Lady. To the Court, why what place make you ſpecial, when you put off that with ſuch contempt, but to the Court?

Clo. Truly, Madam, if God have lent a man any manners he may eaſily put it off at Court: he that cannot make a leg, put off's cap, kiſs his hand, and ſay nothing, has neither leg, hands, lip, nor cap; and indeed ſuch a fellow, to ſay preciſely, were not for the Court, but for me, I have an anſwer will ſerve all men.

Lady. Marry that's a bountiful anſwer that fits all queſtions.

Clo. It is like a Barbers Chair, that fits all buttocks, the pin-buttock, the quatch-buttock, the brawn-buttock, or any buttock.

Lady. Will your anſwer ſerve fit to all queſtions?

Clo. As fit as ten groats is for the hand of an Atturney, as your French Crown for your Taffaty Punk, as *Tibs* Ruſh for *Tom*'s fore-finger, as a Pancake for Shrovetueſday, a Morris for May-day, as the nail to his hole, the Cuckold to his Horn, as a ſcolding Quean to a wrangling Knave, as the Nuns lip to the Friar's mouth, nay, as the Pudding to his ſkin.

Lady. Have you, I ſay, an anſwer of ſuch fitneſs for all queſtions?

Clo. From below your Duke, to beneath your Conſtable, it will fit any queſtion.

Lady. It muſt be an anſwer of moſt monſtrous ſize, that muſt fit all demands.

Clo. But a trifle neither in good faith, if the learned ſhould ſpeak truth of it: here it is, and all that belongs to't. Ask me if I am a Courtier, it ſhall do you no harm to learn.

Lady. To be young again if we could: I will be a fool in queſtion, hoping to be the wiſer by your anſwer.

Lady. I pray you ſir, are you a Courtier?

Clo. O Lord ſir there's a ſimple putting off: more, more, a hundred of them.

La. Sir I am a poor friend of yours, that loves you.

Clo. O Lord ſir, thick, thick, ſpare not me.

La. I think ſir, you can eat none of this homely meat.

Clo. O Lord ſir; nay put me to't, I warrant you.

La. You were lately whipt, ſir, as I think.

Clo. O Lord, ſir, ſpare not me.

La. Do you cry, O Lord ſir, at your whipping, and ſpare not me? Indeed your, O Lord ſir, is very ſequent to your whipping: you would anſwer very well to a whipping if you were but bound to't.

Clo. I ne're had worſe luck in my life, in my, O Lord ſir: I ſee things may ſerve long, but not ſerve ever:

La. I play the noble huſwife with the time, to entertain it ſo merrily with a fool.

Clo. O Lord ſir, why there't ſerves well agen.

La. And end; ſir to your buſineſs: give *Hellen* this,
And urge her to a preſent anſwer back.
Commend me to my kinſmen, and my ſon,
This is not much.

Clo. Not much commendation to them.

La. Not much imployment for you, you underſtand me.

Clo. Moſt fruitfully, I am there, before my legs.

La. Haſte you agen. *Exeunt.*

Enter Count, Laſew, and Parolles.

Ol. Laf. They ſay miracles are paſt, and we have our Philoſophical perſon, to make moderen and familiar things ſupernatural and cauſeleſs. Hence is it, that we make trifles of terrors, enſconſing our ſelves into ſeeming knowledge, when we ſhould ſubmit our ſelves to an unknown fear.

Par. Why 'tis the rareſt argument of wonder, that hath ſhot out in our latter times.

Roſ. And ſo 'tis.

Ol. Laf. to be relinquiſh'd of the Artiſts.

Par. So I ſay both of *Galen* and *Paracelſus.*

Ol. Laf. Of all the learned and authentick fellows.

Par. Right, ſo I ſay.

Ol. Laf. That gave him out incurable.

Par. Why there 'tis, ſo ſay I too.

Ol. Laf. Not to be help'd.

Par. Right, as 'twere a man aſſur'd of a———

Ol. Laf. Uncertain life, and ſure death.

Par. Juſt you ſay well: ſo would I have ſaid.

Ol. Laf. I may truly ſay, it is a novelty to the world.

Par. It is indeed if you will have it in the ſhewing, you ſhall read it in what do you call there.

Ol. Laf. A ſhewing of a heavenly effect in an earthly Actor.

Par. That's it, I would have ſaid the very ſame.

Ol. Laf. Why your Dolphin is not luſtier: for me I ſpeak in reſpect———

Par. Nay 'tis ſtrange, 'tis very ſtrange, that is the brief and the tedious of it, and he's of a moſt facinerious ſpirit, that will not acknowledge it to be the———

Ol. Laf. Very hand of heaven.

Par. I, ſo I ſay.

Ol. Laf. In a moſt weak ———

Par. And debile Miniſter, great power, great tranſcendence, which ſhould indeed give us a further uſe to be made, than only the recov'ry of the King, as to be —

Ol. Laf. Generally thankful.

Enter King, Helen, and Attendants.

Par. I would have ſaid it, you ſaid well: here comes the King.

Ol. Laf. Luſtick, as the Dutchman ſays: I'le like a Maid the better while I have a tooth in my head: why he's able to lead her to a Carranto.

Par. Mor du vinager, is not this *Helen?*

Ol. Laf. Fore God I think ſo.

King. Go call before me all the Lords in Court,
Sit, my preſerver, by thy patients ſide,
And with this healthful hand whoſe baniſh'd ſence
Thou haſt repeald, a ſecond time receive
The confirmation of my promis'd gift,
Which but attends thy naming.

Enter three or four Lords.

Fair Maid, ſend forth thine eye, this youthful parcel
Of Noble Batchellors, ſtand at my beſtowing,
Ore whom both Soveraign power, and fathers voice
have to uſe; thy fiank election make,

Thou haſt power to chuſe, and they none to forſake.
Hel. To each of you, one fair and vertuous Miſtreſs
Fall when love pleaſe: marry to each, but one.
Old. Laf. I'de give bay curtal, and his furniture,
My mouth no more were broken than theſe boys,
And writ as little beard.
King. Peruſe them well:
Not one of thoſe, but had a noble father.

She addreſſes her to a Lord.

Hel. Gentlemen, heaven hath through me, reſtor'd the King to health.

All. We underſtand it, and thank heaven for you.

Hel. I am a ſimple Maid, and therein wealthieſt,
That I proteſt; I ſimply am a Maid:
Pleaſe it your Majeſty, I have done already:
The bluſhes in my cheeks thus whiſper me.
Kin. We bluſh that thou ſhouldſt chuſe but be refuſed;
Let not white death ſit on thy cheeks for ever,
We'l ne're come there again.
Make choice and ſee,
Who ſhuns thy love, ſhuns all his love in me.
Hel. Now *Dian* from thy Altar do I fly,
And to impartial *Jove*, that God moſt high
Do my ſighs ſtream: Sir, will you hear my ſuit?
1. *Lo.* And grant it.
Hel. Thanks ſir, all the reſt is mute.
Ol. Laf. I had rather be in this choice, than throw
A deauſ-ace for my life.
Hel. The honour ſir, that flames in your fair eyes,
Before I ſpeak too threatningly replies:
Love make your fortunes twenty times above
Her that ſo wiſhes, and her humble love.
2. *Lo.* No better if you pleaſe.
Hel. My wiſh receive,
Which great *Jove* grant, and ſo I take my leave.

Ol. Laf. Do all they deny her? And they were ſons of mine, I'de have them whip'd, or I would ſend them to'th Turk to make Eunuchs of.

Hel. Be not afraid that I your hand ſhould take,
I'le never do you wrong for your own ſake:
Bleſſing upon your vows, and in your bed
Find fairer fortune, if you ere wed.

Ol. Laf. Theſe boys are boys of Ice, they'le none have her: ſure they are baſtards to the *Engliſh*, the *French* ne're got 'em.

Hel. You are too young, too happy, and too good
To make your ſon out of my blood.
4. *Lo.* Fair one, I think not ſo.

Ol. Lor. There's one grape yet, I am ſure my father drunk wine. But if thou be'ſt not an aſs, I am a youth of fourteen: I have known thee already.

Hel. I dare not ſay I take, but I give
Me and my ſervice, ever whil'ſt I live
Into your guiding power: This is the man.

King. Why then young *Bertram* take her, ſhe's thy wife.

Ber. My wife my Liege? I ſhall beſeech your highneſs,
In ſuch a buſineſs, give me leave to uſe
The help of mine own eyes.

Kin. Know'ſt thou not, *Bertram*, what ſhe hath done for me?

Ber. Yes my good Lord, but never hope to know why I ſhould marry her.

Kin. Thou know'ſt ſhe has rais'd me from my ſickly bed.

Ber. But follows it my Lord to bring me down
Muſt anſwer for your raiſing? I know her well:
She had her breeding at my Fathers charge:
A poor Phyſicians daughter my wife? Diſdain
Rather corrupt me ever.
Kin. 'Tis only Title thou diſdainſt in her, the which
I can build up: ſtrange is it that our bloods
Of colour, weight, and heat, pour'd all together,
Would quite confound diſtinction: yet ſtands off
In differences of mighty. If ſhe be
All that is virtuous (ſave what thou diſlik'ſt)
A poor Phyſicians daughter, thou diſlik'ſt
Of Vertue for the name: but do not ſo:
From loweſt place, whence vertuous things proceed,
The place is dignified by th' doers deed.
Where great addition ſwells, and vertue none,
It is a dropſied honour, Good alone,
Is good without a name. Vileneſs is ſo:
The property by what it is, ſhould go,
Not by the title. She is young, wiſe, fair,
In theſe, to nature ſhe's immediate heir:
And theſe breed honour: that is honours ſcorn,
Which challenges it ſelf as honours born,
And is not like the fire: Honours beſt thrive,
When rather from our acts we them derive
Than our fore-goers: the meer word's a ſlave
Deboſh'd on every tomb, on every grave:
A lying Trophee, and as oft is dumb,
Where duſt, and damn'd oblivion is the Tomb.
Of honour'd bones indeed, what ſhould be ſaid?
If thou canſt like this cteature as a Maid,
I can create the reſt: Vertue and ſhe
Is her own dower: Honour and wealth from me.
Ber. I cannot love her, nor will ſtrive to do't.

Kin. Thou wrong'ſt thy ſelf, if thou ſhouldſt ſtrive to chuſe.

Hel. That you are well reſtor'd my Lord, I'me glad:
Let the reſt go.
Kin. My Honor's at the ſtake, which to defeat
I muſt produce my power. Here, take her hand,
Proud ſcornful boy, unworthy this good gift,
That doſt in vile miſpriſion ſhackle up
My love, and her deſert: that canſt not dream,
We poizing us in her defective ſcale,
Shall weigh thee to the beam: That wilt not know,
It is in Us to plant thine Honour, where
We pleaſe to have it grow. Check thy contempt:
Obey our will, which travels in thy good:
Believe not thy diſdain, but preſently
Do thine own fortunes that obedient right
Which both thy duty owes and our power claims.
Or I will throw thee from my cares for ever
Into the ſtaggers and careleſs lapſe
Of youth and ignorance: both my revenge and hate
Looſing upon thee in the name of juſtice,
Without all terms of pity. Speak thine anſwer.
Ber. Pardon my gracious Lord: for I ſubmit
My fancy to your eyes, when I conſider
What great creation, and what dole of honour
Flies where you bid it: I find that ſhe which late
Was in my nobler thoughts moſt baſe: is now
The praiſed of the King, who ſo enobled,
Is as 'twere born ſo.
King, Take her by the hand.
And tell her ſhe is thine: to whom I promiſe
A counterpoize: if not in thy eſtate,
A ballance more repleat.
Ber. I take her hand.
Kin. Good fortune, and the favour of the King
Smile upon the contract: whoſe Ceremony
Shall ſeem expedient on the now born brief,
And be perform'd to night; the ſolemn Feaſt
Shall more attend upon the coming ſpace,
Expecting abſent friends. As thou lov'ſt her,
Thy love's to me religious; elſe do's err. *Exeunt.*

Parolles *and* Lafew *ſtay behind, comment-ing of this wedding.*

Laf. Do you hear Mounſieur? a word with you.

Par. Your pleaſure ſir.

Laf. Your Lord and Maſter did well to make his Re-cantaion:

Par. Recantation? my Lord? my Maſter?

Laf. I, is it not a Language I ſpeak?

Par. A moſt harſh one, and not to be underſtood withont bloody ſucceeding. My Maſter?

Laf. Are you companion to the Count *Roſſillion?*

Par. To any Count, to all Counts; to what is man.

Laf. To what is Counts man; Counts maſter is of another ſtile.

Par. You are too old ſir: Let it ſatisfy you, you are too old.

Laf. I muſt tell thee ſirrah, I write Man: to which title age cannot bring thee.

Par. What I dare too well do, I dare not do.

Laf. I did think thee for two ordinaries to be a pretty wiſe fellow. If thou didſt make tollerable vent of thy travel, it might paſs; yet the ſcarfs and the banners about thee, did manifoldly diſſwade me from believing thee a veſſel of too great a burthen. I have now found thee, when I loſe thee again, I care not: yet art thou good for nothing but taking up, and that thou'rt ſcarce worth.

Par. Hadſt thou not the priviledg of Antiquity upon thee.

Laf. Do not plunge thy ſelf too far in anger, leſt thou haſten thy trial; which is, Lord have mercy on thee for a hen; ſo my good window of Lattice, fare thee well, thy caſement I need not open, I look through thee. Give me thy hand.

Par. My Lord, you give moſt egregious indignity.

Laf. I, withal my heart, and thou art worthy of it.

Par. I have not my Lord deſerv'd it.

Laf. Yes, good faith, ev'ry dram of it, and I will not bate thee a ſcruple.

Par. Well, I ſhall be wiſer.

Laf. Ev'n as ſoon as thou can'ſt, for thou haſt to pull at a ſmack a'th contrary. If ever thou beeſt bound in thy ſkarf and beaten, thou ſhalt find what it is to be proud of thy Bondage. I have a deſire to hold my acquaintance with thee, or rather my knowledg, that I may ſay in the default, he is a man I know.

Par. My Lord you do me moſt inſupportable vexation.

Laf. I would it were hell pains for thy ſake, and my poor doing eternal: for doing I am paſt, as I will by thee, in what motion age will give me leave. *Exit.*

Par. Well, thou haſt a ſon ſhall take this diſgrace off me; ſcurvy, old, ſilthy, ſcurvy Lord: Well, I muſt be patient, there is no fettering of authority I'le beat him (by my life) if I can meet him with any convenience, and he were double and double a Lord. I'le have no more pity of his age than I would have of——I'le beat him, and if I could but meet him agen.

Enter Laſew.

Laf. Sirrah, your Lord and Maſter's married, there's news for you: you have a new Miſtris.

Par. I moſt unfainedly beſeech your Lordſhip to make ſome reſervation of your wrongs. He is my good Lord, whom I ſerve above is my Maſter.

Laf. Who? God?

Par. I ſir.

Laf. The Devil it is, that's my Maſter. Why doeſt thou garter up thy arms a this faſhion? Doſt make hoſe of thy ſleeves? Doth other ſervants ſo? Thou wert beſt ſet thy lower part where thy noſe ſtands. By mine Honour, if I were but two hours younger, I'de beat thee: methink'ſt thou art a general offence and every man ſhould beat thee. I think thou waſt created for men to breath themſelves upon thee.

Par. This is hard and undeſerved meaſure, my Lord.

Laf. Go to ſir, you were beaten in *Italy* for picking a kernel out of a Pomgranat, you are a vagabond, and no true traveller: you are more ſawcy with Lords and honorable perſonages, than the commiſſion of your birth and vertue gives you Heraldry. You are not worth another word, elſe I'de call you knave. I leave you. *Exit*

Enter Count Roſſillion.

Par. Good, very good, it is ſo then: good, very good, let it be conceal'd a while.

Roſ. Undone, and forfeited to cares for ever.

Par. What is the matter ſweet heart?

Roſ. Although before the ſolemn Prieſt I have ſworn, I will not bed her.

Par. What? what ſweet heart?

Roſ. O my *Parrolles*, they have married me:
I'le to the *Tuſcan* wars, and never bed her.

Par. *France* is a dog-hole, and it no more merits,
The tread of a mans foot: to'th wars.

Roſ. There's letters from my mother: What th'import is, I know not yet.

Par. I that would be known: to'th wars my boy, to'th wars:
He wears his honour in a box unſeen,
That hugs his kickſy wickſy here at home,
Spending his manly marrow in her arms
Which ſhould ſuſtain the bound and high curvat
Of *Mars*'s fiery ſteed: to other Regions,
France is a ſtable, we that dwell in't Jades,
Therefore to th' war.

Roſ. It ſhall be ſo, I'le ſend her to my houſe,
Acquaint my mother with my hate to her,
And wherefore I am fled: write to the King
That which I durſt not ſpeak. His preſent gift
Shall furniſh me to thoſe *Italian* fields
Where noble fellows ſtrike: war is no ſtrife
To the dark houſe, and the detected wife.

Par. Will this Caprichio hold in thee, art ſure?

Roſ. Go with me to my chamber, and adviſe me.
I'le ſend her ſtraight away: To morrow
I'le to the wars, ſhe to her ſingle ſorrow.

Par. Why theſe balls bound, there's noiſe in it. 'Tis hard
A young man married, is a man that's mar'd:
Therefore away, and leave her bravely; go,
The King ha's done you wrong: but huſh 'tis ſo. *Exit.*

Enter Helena and Clown.

Hel. My Mother greets me kindly, is ſhe well?

Clo. She is not well, but yet ſhe ha's her health, ſhe's very merry, but yet ſhe is not well: but thanks be given ſhe's very well, and want's nothing i'th world: but yet ſhe is not well.

Hel. If ſhe be very well, what do's ſhe ayl, that ſhe's not very well?

Clo. Truly ſhe's very well, indeed, but for two things.

Hel. What two things?

Clo. One that ſhe is not in heaven, whither God ſend her quickly: the other that ſhe's in earth, from whence God ſend her quickly.

Enter Parolles.

Par. Bleſs you my fortunate Lady,

Hel. I hope ſir I have your good will to have mine own good fortune.

Par. You had my prayers to lead them on, and to keep them on, have them ſtill. O my knave, how do's my old Lady?

Clo. So that you had her wrinkles and I her money, I would ſhe did as you ſay.

Par. Why I ſay nothing.

Clo. Marry you are the wiſer man: for many a mans tongue ſhakes out his maſters undoing: to ſay nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and to have nothing, is to be a great part of your title, which is within a very little of nothing.

Par. Away, th'art a knave.

Clo. You ſhould have ſaid ſir before a knave, th'art a knave, that's before th'art a knave: this had been truth ſir.

Par. Go to, thou art a witty fool, I have found thee.

Clo. Did you find me in your ſelf ſir? or were you taught to find me?

Clo. The ſearch ſir was profitable, and much Fool may you find in you, even to the worlds pleaſure, and the encreaſe of laughter.

Par. A good knave i'faith, and well fed,
Madam, my Lord will go away to night,
A very ſerious buſineſs calls on him:
The great prerogative and rite of love,
Which as your due time claims, he do's acknowledg,
But puts it off by a compell'd reſtraint:
Whoſe want, and whoſe delay, is ſtrew'd with ſweets
VVhich they diſtil now in the curbed time,
To make the coming hour o'reflow with joy,
And pleaſure drown the brim.

Hel. VVhat's his will elſe?

Par. That you will take your inſtant leave a'th King,
And make this haſt as your own good proceeding
Strengthned with what Apology you think
May make it probable need.

Hel. VVhat more commands he?

Par. That having this obtain'd, you preſently
Attend his further pleaſure.

Hel. In every thing I wait upon his will.

Par. I ſhall report it ſo. *Exit: Par.*

Hel. I pray you come, ſirrah. *Exit.*

Enter Lafew *and* Bertram.

Laf. But I hope your Lordſhip thinks not him a ſouldier.

Ber. Yes my Lord, and of very valiant approof.

Laf. You have it from his own deliverance.

Ber. And by other warranted teſtimony.

Laf. Then my Dial goes not true, I took this Lark for a bunting.

Ber. I do aſſure you my Lord, he is very great in knowledg, and accordingly valiant.

Laf. I have then ſinned againſt his experience, and tranſgreſt againſt his valour, and my ſtate that way is dangerous ſince I cannot find in my heart to repent: Here he comes, I pray you make us friends, I will purſue the amity.

Enter Parolles.

Par. Theſe things ſhall be done ſir.

Laf. Pray you ſir who's his Tailor?

Par. Sir?

Laf. O I know him well, I ſir, he ſir's a good workman a very good Tailor.

Ber. Is ſhe gone to the King?

Par. She is.

Ber. VVill ſhe away to night?

Par. As you'l have her.

Ber. I have writ my letters, casketed my treaſure,
Given order for our horſe, and to night,
VVhen I ſhould take poſſeſſion of the Bride,
And ere I do begin.

Laf. A good traveller is ſomething at the latter end of a dinner, but on that lies three thirds, and uſes a known truth to paſs a thouſand nothings with, ſhould be once heard, and thrice beaten. God ſave you Captain.

Ber. Is there any unkindneſs between my Lord and you Mounſieur?

Par. I know not how I have deſerved to run into my Lords diſpleaſure.

Laf. You have made ſhift to run into't, boots and ſpurs and all: like him that leaps into the cuſtard, and out of it, you'l run again, rather than ſuffer queſtion for your reſidence.

Ber. It may be you have miſtaken him my Lord.

Laf. And ſhall do ſo ever, tho I took him at's prayers. Fare you well my Lord, and believe this of me, there can be no kernel in this light Nut: the ſoul of this man is his cloaths: Truſt him not in matter of heavy conſequence: I have kept of them tame, and know their natures. Farewel Mounſieur, I have ſpoken better of you, than you have or will deſerve at my hands, but we muſt do good againſt evil.

Par. An idle Lord, I ſwear.

Ber. I think ſo.

Par. Why do you not know him?

Ber. Yes, I do know him well, and common ſpeech
Gives him a worthy paſs. Here comes my clog.

Enter Hellena.

Hel. I have, ſir, as I was commanded from you
Spoke with the King, and have procured his leave
For preſent parting, only he deſires
Some private ſpeech with yoo.

Ber. I ſhall obey his will.
You muſt not marvel *Helen* at my courſe,
Which holds not colour with the time, nor does
The miniſtration, and required office
On my particular. Prepar'd I was not
For ſuch a buſineſs; therefore am I found
So much unſetled: This drives me to entreat you,
That preſently you take your way for home,
And rather muſe than ask why I entreat you,
For my reſpects are better than they ſeem,
And my appointments have in them a need
Greater than ſhews it ſelf at the firſt view,
To you that know them not. This to my mother,
Twill be two days, ere I ſhall ſee you, ſo
I leave you to your wiſdom.

Hel. Sir, I can nothing ſay,
But that I am your moſt obedient ſervant.

Ber. Come, come, no more of that.

Hel. And ever ſhall
With true obſervance ſeek to eke out that
Wherein toward me my homely ſtars have fail'd
To equal my great fortune.

Ber. Let that go: my haſt is very great. Farewel: Hie home.

Hel Pray ſir your pardon.

Ber. Well, what would you ſay?

Hel. I am not worthy of the wealth I owe,
Nor dare I ſay 'tis mine: and yet it is,
But like a timerous thief, moſt fain would ſteal
What law do's vouch mine own.

Ber. What would you have?

Hel. Something, and ſcarce ſo much: nothing indeed,
I would not tell you what I would my Lord: Faith yes,
Strangers and foes do ſunder, and not kiſs.

Ber. I pray you ſtay not, but in haſte to horſe.

Hel. I ſhall not break your bidding, good my Lord:
Where are my other men? Mounſieur, farewel. *Exit,*

Ber. Go thou toward home, where I will never come,
Whil'ſt I can ſhake my ſword, or hear the drum:
Away, and for our flight.

Par. Bravely, Coragio.

Actus Tertius.

Flouriſh. Enter the Duke of Florence, the two Frenchmen. with a troop of Souldiers.

Du. So that from point to point, now have you heard,
The fundamental reaſons of this war,
Whoſe great deciſion hath much blood let forth,
And more thirſts after.
1. *Lord* Holy ſeems the quarrel
Upon your Graces part: black and fearful
On the oppoſer.
Duke Therefore we marvel much our Couſin *France*
Would in ſo juſt a buſineſs ſhut his boſom
Againſt our borrowing prayers.
French E. Good my Lord,
The reaſons of our ſtate I cannot yield,
But like a common and an outward man,
That the great figure of a Council frames,
By ſelf-unable motion, therefore dare not
Say what I think of it, ſince I have found
My ſelf in my incertain grounds to fail
As often as I gueſt.
Du. Be it his pleaſure.
Fre. G. But I am ſure the younger of our nature,
That ſurfeit on their eaſe, will day by day
Come here for Phyſick.
Du. Welcome ſhall they be:
And all the honours that can flye from us,
Shall on them ſettle: you know your places well,
VVhen better fall, for your avails they fell.
To morrow to the field.

Enter Counteſs *and* Clown.

Count. It hath happen'd as I would have had it, ſave that he comes not along with her.

Clo. By my troth I take my young Lord to be a very melancholly man.

Cou. By what obſervance I pray you?

Clo. VVhy he will look upon his boot, and ſing: mend the ruff and ſing; ask queſtions, and ſing; pick his teeth and ſing: I know a man that had this trick of melancholy ſold a goodly Mannor for a ſong.

Lad. Let me ſee what he writes, and when he means to come.

Clo. I have no mind to *Isbel* ſince I was at Court. Our old Ling, and our *Isbels* a'th Countrey, are nothing like your old Ling, and your *Isbels* a'th Court: the brains of my *Cupid's* knock'd out, and I begin to love, as an old man loves money, with no ſtomack.

Lad. VVhat have we here?

Clo. In that you have there. *Exit.*

A Letter.

I have ſent you a daughter-in-Law: ſhe hath recovered the King, and undone me: I have wedded her, Not bedded her, and ſworn to make the Not eternal. You ſhall hear I am run away: know it before the report come, if there be breadth enough in the world, I will hold a long diſtance. My duty to you.

Your unfortunate Son,
Bertram.

This is not well (raſh and unbridled boy,)
To flye the favours of ſo good a King,
To pluck his indignation on thy head,
By the miſpriſing of a Maid too virtuous
For the content of Empire.

Enter Clown.

Clo. O Madam, yonder is heavy news within between two ſouldiers, and my young Lady.

La. What is the matter?

Clo. Nay there is ſome comfort in the news, ſome comfort, your ſon will not be kill'd ſo ſoon as I thought he would.

La. Why ſhould he be kill'd?

Clo. So ſay I, Madam, if he run away; as I hear he does; the danger is in ſtanding to't; that's the loſs of men, tho it be the getting of children. Here they come will tell you more. For my part, I only hear your ſon was run away.

Enter Helen and two Gentlemen.

French E. Save you, good Madam.
Hel. Madam, my Lord is gone, for ever gone.
French G. Do not ſay ſo.
La. Think upon patience: pray you Gentlemen,
I have felt ſo many quirks of joy and grief,
That the firſt face of neither on the ſtart
Can woman me unto't. Where is my ſon, I pray you?
French G. Madam, he's gone to ſerve the Duke of Florence.
We met him thitherward, for thence we came:
And after ſome diſpatch in hand at Court,
Thither we bend again.

Hel. Look on his Letter, Madam, here's my Paſport.

When thou canſt get the Ring upon my finger, which never ſhall come off, and ſhew me a child begotten of thy body, that I am father to, then call me husband: but in ſuch a [Then] *I write a* [Never,]

This is a dreadful ſentence.
La. Brought you this Letter, Gentlemen?
1. *Gen.* I, Madam, and for the Contents ſake are ſorry for our pains.
Old. La. I prethee Lady, hve a better cheer,
If thou engroſſeſt all the griefs are thine,
Thou robb'ſt me of a moity: He was my ſon,
But I do waſh his name out of my blood,
And thou art all my child. Towards *Florence* is he?
Fren. G. I, Madam.
La. And to be a ſoldier!
Fren G. Such is his noble purpoſe, and believ't
The Duke will lay upon him all the honour
That good convenience claims.
La Return you thither?
Frenc. E. I, Madam, with the ſwifteſt wing of ſpeed.
Hel. *Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France,*
'Tis better.
La. Find you that there?
Hel. I, Madam.
French. E. 'Tis but the boldneſs of his hand happily, which his heart was not conſenting to.
La. Nothing in *France* until he have no wife:
There's nothing here that is too good for him
But only ſhe, and ſhe deſerves a Lord
That twenty ſuch rude boys might tend upon,
And call her hourly Miſtreſs. Who was with him?
Fren. E. A ſervant only, and a Gentleman: which I have ſometimes known.
La. *Parolles*, was it not?
French E. I, my good Lady, he.
La. A very tainted fellow, and full of wickedneſs,
My ſon corrupts a well derived nature,
With his inducement.
Fren. E. Indeed good Lady, the fellow has a deal of that,

that, too much, which holds him much to have.

La. Y'are welcome, Gentlemen, I will entreat you when you ſee my ſon, to tell him that his ſword can never win the honour that he loſes: more I'le entreat you written to bear along.

Fren. G. We ſerve you Madam, in that, and all your worthieſt affairs.

La. Not ſo, but as we change our courteſies,
Will you draw near? *Exit.*

Hel. Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France.
Nothing in *France* until he has no wife:
Thou ſhalt have none *Roſſillion*, none in *France*,
Then haſt thou all again: poor Lord, is't I
That chaſe thee from thy Countrey, and expoſe
Thoſe tender limbs of thine, to the event
Of the none ſparing war? And is it I,
That drive thee from the ſportive Court, where thou
Was't ſhot at with fair eyes, to be the mark
Of ſmoaky Muskets? O you leaden meſſengers,
That ride upon the violent ſpeed of fire,
Fly with falſe aim, move the ſtill piercing air
That ſtings with piercing, do not touch my Lord:
Who ever ſhoots at him, I ſet him there.
Who ever charges on his forward breſt,
I am the Caitiff that do hold him to it,
And tho I kill him not, I am the cauſe
His death was ſo affected. Better 'twere
I met the raving Lyon when he roar'd
With ſharp conſtraint of hunger: better 'twere,
That all the miſeries which nature owes
Were mine at once. No, come thou home *Roſſillion*,
Whence honour but of danger wins a ſcar,
As oft it loſes all. I will be gone:
My being here it is, that holds thee hence,
Shall I ſtay here to do't? No, no, altho
The air of Paradiſe did fan the houſe,
And Angels offic'd all; I will be gone,
That pitiful rumour may report my flight
To conſolate thine ear. Come night, and day,
For with the dark (poor thief) I'le ſteal away. *Exit.*

Flouriſh. Enter the Duke of Florence, Roſſillion, Drum and Trumpets, Soldiers, Parolles.

Duke. The General of our horſe thou art, and we
Great in our hope, lay our beſt love and credence
Upon thy promiſing fortune.

Roſſ. Sir, it is
A charge too heavy for my ſtrength, but
We'l ſtrive to bear it for your worthy ſake,
To th'extream edg of hazard.

Du. Then go thou forth,
And fortune play upon thy proſperous helm
As thy auſpicious Miſtreſs.

Roſſ. This very day,
Great *Mars*, I put my ſelf into thy file,
Make me but like my thoughts, and I ſhall prove
A lover of thy Drum; hater of love. *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Counteſs and Steward.

La. Alas! and would you take the letter of her?
Might you not know ſhe would do, as ſhe has done,
By ſending me a Letter. Read it agen.

Letter.

I am St. Jaques *Pilgrim, thither gon;*
Ambitious love hath ſo in me offended,
That bare-foot plod I the cold ground upon
With ſainted vow my faults to have amended.
Write, write, that from the courſe of war,
My deareſt Maſter, your dear ſon, may hie,
Bleſs him at home in pease, whil'ſt I from far,
His name with zealous fervour ſanctify;
His taken labours bid him me forgive;
I his deſpightful Juno ſent him forth
From Courtly friends, with camping foes to live,
Where death and danger dogs the heels of worth.
He is too good and fair for death, and me,
Whom I my ſelf embrace, to ſet him free.

Ah what ſharp ſtings are in her mildeſt words?
Rynaldo, you did never lack advice ſo much,
As letting her paſs ſo; had I ſpoke with her,
I could have well diverted her intents,
Which thus ſhe hath prevented.

Ste. Pardon me, Madam,
If I had given you this at over night,
She might have been o'retane: and yet ſhe writes
Purſuit would be but vain.

La. What Angel ſhall
Bleſs this unworthy husband? he cannot thrive,
Unleſs her prayers, whom heaven delights to hear,
And loves to grant, reprieve him from the wrath
Of greateſt Juſtice. Write, write, *Rynaldo*,
To this unworthy husband of his wife,
Let every word weigh heavy of her worth,
That he does weigh too light: my greateſt grief,
Tho little he do feel it, ſet down ſharply.
Diſpatch the moſt convenient meſſenger,
When haply he ſhall hear that ſhe is gone,
He will return, and hope I may that ſhe
Hearing ſo much will ſpeed her foot again,
Led hither by pure love: which of them both
Is deareſt to me, I have no skill in ſence
To make diſtinction; provide this Meſſenger;
My heart is heavy, and mine age is weak,
Grief would have tears, and ſorrow bids me ſpeak.
Exeunt.

A Tucket afar off.
Enter an old Widow of Florence, her Daughter, Violenta and Mariana, with other Citizens.

Widow. Nay come,
For if they do approach the City,
We ſhall loſe all the ſight.

Dia. They ſay, the French Count has done
Moſt honourable ſervice.

Wid. It is reported,
That he has taken their great'ſt Commander,
And that with his own hand he ſlew
The Dukes brother; we have loſt our labour,
They are gone a contrary way: hark,
You may know by their Trumpets.

Maria. Come let's return again,
And ſuffice our ſelves with report of it.
Well *Diana*, take heed of this French Earl,
The honour of a Maid is in her name,
And no legacy is ſo rich
As honeſty.

Wid. I have told my neighbour
How you have been ſolilicited by a Gentleman
His companion.

Mar. I know that knave, hang him, one *Parolles*, a filthy Officer he is in thoſe Suggeſtions for the young Earl; beware of them *Diana*; their Promiſes, Enticements, Oaths, and Tokens, and all the Engines of Luſt, are not the things they go under; many a Maid hath been ſeduced by them, and the Miſery is Example, that ſo terrible ſhews in the wrack of Maiden-hood, cannot for all that diſſwade ſucceſſion, but that they are limed with the twigs that threatens them. I hope I need not to adviſe you further, but I hope your own grace will keep you where you are, tho there were no further danger known, but the modeſty which is ſo loſt.

Dia. You ſhall not need to fear me.

Enter Hellen.

Wid. I hope ſo; look here comes a Pilgrim; I know ſhe will lie at my houſe; thither they ſend one another; I'le queſtion her, God ſave you Pilgrim, whither are you bound?

Hel. To S. *Jaques le grand.*
Where do the Palmers lodg, I do beſeech you?

Wid. At the S. *Frances* here beſide the Port.

Hel. Is this the way? *A march a far.*

Wid. I marry is't. Hark you, they come this way:
If you will tarry, holy Pilgrim,
But till the troops come by,
I will conduct you where you ſhall be lodg'd,
The rather for I think I know your hoſteſs
As ample as my ſelf.

Hel. Is it your ſelf?

Wid. If you ſhall pleaſe ſo Pilgrim.

Hel. I thank you, and will ſtay upon your leiſure.

Wid. You came I think from *France*?

Hel. I did ſo.

Wid. Here you ſhall ſee a Countreyman of yours.]
That has done worthy ſervice.

Hel. His name I pray you?

Dia. The Count *Roſſillion*: know you ſuch a one?

Hel. But by the ear that hears moſt nobly of him.
His face I know not.

Dia. Whatſomere he is,
He's bravely taken here. He ſtole from *France*
As 'tis reported: for the King had married him
Againſt his liking. Think you it is ſo?

Hel. I ſurely, meer the truth, I know his Lady.

Dia. There is a Gentleman that ſerves the Count,
Reports but courſely of her.

Hel. What's his name?

Dia. Monſieur *Parolles.*

Hel. Oh, I believe with him,
In argument of praiſe, or to the worth
Of the great Count himſelf, ſhe is too mean
To have her name repeated; all her deſerving
Is a reſerved honeſty, and that
I have not heard examin'd.

Dia Alas poor Lady.
'Tis a hard bondage to become the wiſe
Of a deteſting Lord.

Wid. I right good creature, whereſoe're ſhe is,
Her heart weighs ſadly; this young Maid might do her
A ſhrewd turn if ſhe pleas'd.

Hel. How do you mean?
May be, the amorons Count ſollicites her
In the unlawful purpoſe.

Wid. He does indeed,
And brokes with all that can in ſuch a ſuit,
Corrupt the tender honour of a Maid:
But ſhe is arm'd for him, and keeps her guard
In honeſteſt defence.

Drum and Colours.

Enter Count Roſſillion, Parolles, *and the whole Army.*

Ma. The Gods forbid elſe.

Wid. So, now they come:
That is *Antonio* the Dukes eldeſt ſon,
That *Eſcalus.*

Hel. Which is the Frenchman?

Dia. He,
That with the plume, 'tis a moſt gallant fellow,
I would he lov'd his wife: if he were honeſter
He were much goodlier. Is't not a handſome Gentleman?

Hel. I like him well.

Dia. 'Tis pity he is not honeſt: yonds that ſame knave
That leads him to theſe places, were I his Lady,
I would poyſon that vile Raſcal.

Hel. Which is he?

Dia. That Jack-an-apes with ſcarfs. Why is he melancholly?

Hel. Prechance he's hurt i'th battel,

Par. Loſe our drum? Well.

Mar. He's ſhrewdly vext at ſomething. Look he has ſpied us.

Wid. Marry hang you.

Mar. And your curteſy, for a ring-carrier. *Exit.*

Wid. The troop is paſt: Come Pilgrim, I will bring
You, where you ſhall hoſt: Of injoy'd penitents
There's four or five, to great S. *Jaques* bound,
Already at my houſe.

Hel. I humbly thank you:
Pleaſe it this Matron, and this Gentle Maid
To eat with us to night, the charge and thanking
Shall be for me; and to requite you further,
I will beſtow ſome precepts on this Virgin,
Worthy the note.

Both. We'l take your offer kindly. *Exeunt.*

Enter Count Roſſillion *and the* Frenchmen,
as at firſt.

Cap. E. Nay good my Lord put him to't: let him have his way.

Cap. G. If your Lordſhip find him not a Hilding, hold me no more in your reſpect.

Cap. E. On my life, my Lord, a bubble.

Ber. Do you think I am ſo far
Deceived in him?

Cap. E. Believe it, my Lord, in mine own direct knowledg, without any malice, but to ſpeak of him as my Kinſman, he's a moſt notable Coward, and infinite and endleſs Liar, an hourly promiſe-breaker, the owner of no one good quality, worthy your Lordſhips entertainment.

Cap. G. It were fit you knew him, leſt repoſing too far in his virtue which he hath not, he might at ſome great and truſty buſineſs, in a main danger, fail you.

Ber. I would I knew in what particular action to try him.

Cap. G. None better than to let him fetch off his Drum, which you hear him ſo confidently undertake to do.

Cap. E. I with a troop of *Florentines* will ſuddenly ſurpriſe him; ſuch I will have whom I am ſure he knows not from the enemy: we will bind and hood-wink him ſo, that he ſhall ſuppoſe no other but that he is carried into the Leaguer of the adverſaries, when we bring him to our own tents; be but your Lordſhip preſent at his examination, if he do not for the promiſe of his life, and in the higheſt compulſion of baſe fear, offer to betray you, and deliver all the intelligence in his power againſt you, and that with the divine forfeit upon his ſoul upon oath, never truſt my judgment in any thing.

Cap. G. O, for the love of laughter, let him fetch his drum; he ſays he has a ſtratagem for't; when your Lordſhip ſees the bottom of this ſucceſs in't, and to what metal this counterfeit lump of ours will be melted, if you give him not *John Drum*'s entertainment, your inclining cannot be removed. Here he comes.

Enter Parolles.

Cap. E. O, for the love of laughter, hinder not the honour of his deſign, let him fetch off his drum in any hand.

Ber. How now Mounſieur? This drum ſticks ſorely in your diſpoſition.

Cap. G. A pox on't, let it go, 'tis but a drum.

Par. But a drum! Is't but a drum? A drum ſo loſt. There was excellent command, to charge him with our horſe upon our own wings, and to rend our own ſouldiers.

Cap. G. That was not to be blam'd in the command of the ſervice, it was a diſaſter of war, that *Cæſar* himſelf could not have prevented, if he had been there to command.

Ber. Well, we cannot greatly condemn our ſucceſs: ſome diſhonour we had in the loſs of that drum, but it is not to be recovered.

Par. It might have been recovered.

Ber. It might, but it is not now.

Par. It is to be recovered, but that the merit of ſervice is ſeldome attributed to the true exact performer, I would have that drum or another, or *hic jacet*.

Ber. Why, if you have ſtomack to't, Monſieur: if you think your myſtery in ſtratagem can bring this inſtrument of honour again into his native quarter, be magnanimous in the enterprize and go on, I will grace the attempt for a worthy exploit: if you ſpeed well in it, the Duke ſhall both ſpeak of it, and extend to you what further becomes his greatneſs, even to the utmoſt ſyllable of your worthineſs.

Par. By the hand of a ſouldier, I will undertake it.

Ber. But you muſt not now ſlumber in it.

Par. I'le about it this evening, and I will preſently pen down my dilemmaes, encourage my ſelf in my certainty, put my ſelf into my mortal preparation: and by midnight look to hear further from me.

Ber. May I be bold to acquaint his grace you are gone about it.

Par. I know not what the ſucceſs will be, my Lord; but the attempt I vow.

Ber. I know th'art valiant,
And to the poſſibility of thy ſouldierſhip,
Will ſubſcribe for thee: Farwell. *Exit.*

Par. I love not many words.

Cap. E. No more than a fiſh loves water. Is not this a ſtrange fellow, my Lord, that ſo confidently ſeems to undertake this buſineſs, which he knows is not to be done, damns himſelf to do't, and dares better be damn'd than to do't.

Cap. G. You do not know him, my Lord, as we do; certain it is, that he will ſteal himſelf into a mans favour, and for a week eſcape a great deal of diſcoveries, but when you find him out, you have him ever after.

Ber. Why do you think he will make no deed at all of this, that ſo ſeriouſly he do's addreſs himſelf unto?

Cap. E. None in the world, but return with an invention, and clap upon you two or three probable lies: but we have almoſt imboſt him, you ſhall ſee his fall to night; for indeed he is not for your Lordſhips reſpect.

Cap. G. We'l make you ſome ſport with the Fox ere we caſe him. He was firſt ſmoak'd by the old Lord *Lafew*; when his diſguiſe and he is parted, tell me what a ſprat you ſhall find him, which you ſhall ſee this very night.

Cap. E. I muſt go look my twigs,
He ſhall be caught.

Ber. Your brother he ſhall go along with me.

Cap. G. As't pleaſe your Lordſhip, I'le leave you.

Ber. Now will I lead you to the houſe, and ſhew you the Laſs I ſpoke of.

Cap. E. But you ſay ſhe's honeſt.

Ber. That's all the fault: I ſpoke with her but once,
And found her wondrous cold; but I ſent to her
By this ſame Coxcomb that we have i'th' wind
Tokens and Letters, which ſhe did reſend,
And this is all I have done: She's a fair creature,
Will you go ſee her?

Cap. E. With all my heart, my Lord. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hellen, and Widow.

Hel. If you miſdoubt me that I am not ſhe,
I know not how I ſhall aſſure you further,
But I ſhall loſe the grounds I work upon.

Wid. Tho my eſtate be fallen, I was well born,
Nothing acquainted with theſe buſineſſes,
And would not put my reputation now
In any ſtaining act.

Hel. Nor would I wiſh you.
Firſt give me truſt, the Count he is my husband,
And what to your ſworn counſel I have ſpoken,
Is ſo from word to word: and then you cannot
By the good aid that I of you ſhould borrow,
Err in beſtowing it.

Wid. I ſhould believe you,
For you have ſhew'd me that which well approves
Y'are great in fortune.

Hel. Take this purſe of Gold,
And let me buy your friendly help thus far,
Which I will over-pay, and pay again
When I have found it; the Count he wooes your daughter,
Lays down his wanton ſiege before her beauty,
Reſolves to carry her: let her in fine conſent
As we'l direct her how 'tis beſt to bear it:
Now this important blood will naught deny,
That ſhe'l demand: a ring the Count wears
That downward hath ſucceeded in his houſe
From ſon to ſon, ſome four or five deſcents,
Since the firſt father wore it. This Ring he holds
In moſt rich choice: yet in his idle fire,
To buy his will, it would not ſeem too dear,
How e're repented after.

Wid. Now I ſee the bottom of your purpoſe.

Hel. You ſee it lawful then, it is no more,
But that your daughter ere ſhe ſeems as won,
Deſires this Ring; appoints him an encounter;
In fine, delivers me to fill the time,
Her ſelf moſt chaſtly abſent: after this
To marry her, I'le add three thouſand Crowns
To what is paſt already.

Wid. I have yielded:
Inſtruct my daughter how ſhe ſhall preſerve,
That time and place with this deceit ſo lawful
May prove coherent. Every night he comes
With Muſick of all ſorts, aud ſongs compoſ'd
To her unworthineſs: It nothing ſteads us
To chide him from our eeves, for he perſiſts
As if his life lay on't.

Hel. Why then to night
Let us aſſay our plot, which if it ſpeed,
Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed;
And lawful meaning in a lawful act,
Where both not ſin, and yet a ſinful fact.
But let's about it.

Actus Quartus.

Enter one of the Frenchmen, with five or ſix other ſouldiers in ambuſh.

1. *Lord E.* He can come no other way but by this hedge corner: when you ſally upon him, ſpeak what terrible Language you will, though you underſtand it not your ſelves no matter: for we muſt not ſeem to underſtand him, unleſs ſome one among us, whom we muſt

produce for an Interpreter.

P. *Sol.* Good Captain let me be th' Interpreter.

Lor E, Art not acquainted with him ? knows he not thy voice?

1. *Sol.* No, ſir, I warrant you.

Lo. E. But what linſie-woolſie haſt thou to ſpeak to us again ?

1. *Sol.* E'n ſuch as you ſpeak to me,

Lo. E. He muſt think us ſome band of ſtrangers, i'th adverſaries entertainment. Now he hath a ſmack of all neighbouring Languages : therefore we muſt every one be a man of his own fancy, not to know what we ſpeak one to another : ſo we ſeem to know, is to know ſtraight our purpoſe : Chough's language, gabble enough, and good enough. As for you Interpreter, you muſt ſeem very politick. But couch hoa, here he comes, to beguile two hours in a ſleep, and then to return and ſwear the lies he forges.

Lnter Parolles.

Par. Ten a clock : Within theſe three hours 'twil be time enough to go home. What ſhall I ſay I have done? It muſt be a very plauſive invention that carries it. They begin to ſmoak me, and diſgraces have of late knock'd too often at my door : I find my tongue is too fool-hardy, but my heart hath the fear of *Mars* before it, and of his creatures, not daring the reports of my tongue.

Lo. E. This is the firſt that e're thine own tongue was guilty of

Par. What the devil ſhould move me to undertake the recovery of this drum, being not ignorant of the impoſſibility, and knowing I had no ſuch purpoſe ? I muſt give my ſelf ſome hurts, and ſay I got them in exploit : yet ſlight ones will not carry it. They will ſay, came you off with ſo little ? And great ones I dare not give ; wherefore what's the inſtance ? Tongue, I muſt put you into a Butter-womans mouth, and buy my ſelf another of *Bajazeths* Mules, if you prattle me into theſe perils.

Lo. E. Is it poſſible he ſhould know what he is, and be that he is ?

Par. I would the cutting of my garments would ſerve the turn, or the breaking of my Spaniſh ſword.

Lo. E. We cannot afford you ſo.

Par. Or the paring of my beard, and to ſay it was in ſtratagem.

Lo. E. 'Twould not do.

Par. Or to drown my cloathes, and ſay I was ſtript.

Lo. E. Hardly ſerve.

Par. Though I ſwore I leap from the window of the Cittadel.

Lo. E. How deep ?

Par. Thirty ſadome.

Lo. E. Three great oaths would ſcarce make that be believed.

Pa. I would I had any drum of the enemies, I would ſwear I recover'd it.

Lo. E You ſhall hear one anon.

Par. A drum now of the enemies.

Alarum within.

Lo. E. Throco movouſus, cargo, cargo, oargo.

All. Cargo, cargo, villiando par corbo, cargo.

Par O ranſome, ranſome,
Do not hide mine eyes.

Inter. Baskos thromuldo beskos.

Par. I know you are the *Muskos* Regiment,
And I ſhall loſe my life for want of language.
If there be here German or Dane, low Dutch,
Italian, or *French*, let him ſpeak to me,
I'le diſcover that which ſhall undo the Florentine.

Inter. Baskos vauvado, I underſtand thee, and can ſpeak thy tongue *Kerelybonto* ſir, betake thee to thy faith, for ſeventeen ponyards are at thy boſome.

Par. Oh.

Int. Oh pray, pray, pray,
Mancha revancha dulche,

Lo. E. Oſceorbidulchos volivorco

Int. The General is content to ſpare thee yet,
And hood-winkt as thou art, will lead thee on
To gather from thee. Haply thou mayeſt inform
Something to ſave thy life.

Par. O let me live,
And all the ſecrets of our camp I'le ſhew
Their force, their purpoſes : Nay, I'le ſpeak that,
Which you will wonder at.

Int. But wilt thou faithfully ?

Par. If I do not, damn me.

Int. Acordo linta.
Come on, thou art granted ſpace. *Exit.*

A ſhort Alarum within.

Lo. E. Go tell the Count *Roſſillion* and my brother,
We have caught the Woodcock, and will keep him muf-
Till we do hear from them (feld

Sol. Captain I will.

L. E. A will betray us all unto our ſelves,
Inform on that.

Sol. So I will ſir.

L. E. Till then I'le keep him dark and ſafely lockt.

Exit.

Enter Bertram, and the Maid called Diana.

Ber. They told me that your name was *Fontibell.*

Dia. No my good Lord, *Diana.*

Ber. Titled Goddeſs,
And worth it with addition : but fair ſoul,
In your fine frame hath love no quality ?
If the quick fire of youth light not your mind,
You are no Maiden but a monument :
When you are dead you ſhall be ſuch a one
As you are now, for you are cold and ſtern :
And now you ſhould be as your Mother was
When your ſweet ſelf was got.

Dia. She then was honeſt.

Ber. So ſhould you be.

Dia. No.
My Mother did but duty, ſuch (my Lord)
As you owe to your wife.

Ber. No more a'that :
I prethee do not ſtrive againſt my vows :
I was compel'd to her, but I love thee
By loves own ſweet conſtraint, and will for ever
Do thee all rights of ſervice.

Dia. I ſo you ſerve us
Till we ſerve you : But when you have our Roſes,
You barely leave our Thorns to prick our ſelves.
And mock us with our barenneſs.

Ber. How have I ſworn ?

Dia. 'Tis not the many oaths that make the truth,
But the plain ſingle vow, that is vow'd true :
What is not holy, that we ſwear not by,
But take the High'ſt to witneſs : then pray you tell me,
If I ſhould ſwear by Joves great Attribute,
I lov'd you dearly, would you believe my oaths,
When I did love you ill ? This has no holding
To ſwear by him whom I proteſt to love,
That I will work againſt him. Therefore your oaths
Are words and poor conditions, but unſeal'd
At leaſt in my opinion.

Ber. Change it, change it :
Be not ſo holy cruel : Love is holy,

And my integrity ne're knew the crafts
That you do charge men with : Stand no more off,
But give thy ſelf unto my ſick deſires ,
Who then recovers. Say thou art mine, and ever
My love, as it begins, ſhall ſo perſever.

Dia. I ſee that men make ropes in ſuch a ſcar,
That we'll forſake our ſelves. Give me that Ring.

Ber. I'le lend it thee my dear, but have no power
To give it from me.

Dia. Will you not, my Lord ?

Ber. It is an honour longing to our houſe ,
Bequeathed down from many Anceſtors ,
Which were the greateſt obloquy i'th world,
In me to loſe.

Dia. Mine Honour's ſuch a Ring,
My Chaſtitie's the Jewel of our houſe,
Bequeathed down from many Anceſtors,
Which were the greateſt obloquy i'th world,
In me to loſe Thus your own proper wiſdom
Brings in the Champion honour on my part,
Againſt your vain aſſault.

Ber. Here, take my Ring,
Hy houſe, my honour, yea my life be thine ,
And I'le be bid by thee.

Dia. When midnight comes, knock at my chamber window:
I'le order take, my mother ſhall not hear.
Now will I charge you in the band of truth,
When you have conquer'd my yet maiden-bed,
Remain there but an hour, nor ſpeak to me :
My reaſons are moſt ſtrong, and you ſhall know them,
When back again this Ring ſhall be deliver'd :
And on your finger in the night, Il'e put
Another Ring, that which in time proceeds,
May token to the future, our paſt deeds.
Adieu till then, then fail not : you have won
A wife of me, though there my hope be done.

Be. A heav'n on earth I've won by wooing thee. *Exit.*

Dia. For which, live long to thank both heav'n and me.
You may ſo in the end.
My mother told me juſt how he would woo,
As if ſhe ſat in's heart. She ſays, all men
Have the like oaths : He had ſworn to marry me
When his wife's dead : therefore I'le lie with him
When I am buried. Since *French-men* are ſo braid,
Marry that will, I'le live and die a Maid ;
Only in this diſguiſe, I think't no ſin,
To cozen him that would unjuſtly win. *Exit.*

Enter the two French Captains, and ſome two or three Souldiers.

Cap. G. You have not given him his mothers letter.

Cap. E. I have deliver'd it an hour ſince, there is ſomething in't that ſtings his nature : for on the reading it, he chang'd almoſt into another man.

Cap. G. He has much worthy blame laid upon him, for ſhaking off ſo good a wife, and ſo ſweet a Lady.

Cap. E. Eſpecially, he hath incurred the everlaſting diſpleaſure of the King, who had even turn'd his bounty to ſing happineſs to him. I will tell you a thing, but you ſhall let it dwell darkly with you.

Cap. G. When you have ſpoken it, 'tis dead, and I am the grave of it.

Cap. E. He hath perverted a young Gentlewoman here in *Florence*, of a moſt chaſt renown, and this night he fleſhes his will in the ſpoil of her honour : he hath given her his monumental Ring, and thinks himſelf made in the unchaſt compoſition.

Cap. G. Now God delay our rebellion , as we are our ſelves, what things are we.

Cap. E. Meerly our own traitors. And as in the common courſe of all treaſons, we ſtill ſee them reveal themſelves, till they attain to their abhorr'd ends : ſo he that in this action contrives againſt his own Nobility in his proper ſtream, o're-flows himſelf.

Cap. G. Is it not meant damnable in us, to be Trumpeters of our unlawful intents? We ſhall not then have his company to night ?

Cap. E. Not till after midnight: for he is dieted to his hour.

Cap. G. That approaches apace : I would gladly have him ſee his company anathomiz'd, that he might take a meaſure of his own judgments, wherein ſo ſeriouſly he had ſet his counterfeit.

Cap. E. We will not meddle with him till he come ; For his preſence muſt be the whip of the other.

Cap. G. In the mean time , what hear you of thoſe Wars?

Cap. E. I hear there is an overture of peace.

Cap. G. Nay I aſſure you a peace concluded.

Cap. E. What will Count *Roſſillion* do then ? Will he travel higher, or return again into *France* ?

Cap. G. I perceive by this demand , you are not altogether of his counſel.

Cap. E. Let it be forbid, ſir, ſo ſhould I be a great deal of this act.

Cap. G. Sir , his wife ſome two months ſince fled from his houſe , her pretence is a pilgrimage to Saint *Jaques le grand* ; which holy undertaking, with moſt auſteer ſanctimony ſhe accompliſh'd : and there reſiding, the tenderneſs of her Nature, became as a prey to her grief : in fine, made a groan of her laſt breath , and now ſhe ſings in heaven.

Cap. E. How is this juſtified ?

Cap. G. The ſtronger part of it by her own Letters, which makes her ſtory true , even to the point of her death : her death it ſelf, which could not be her office to ſay , is come , was faithfully confirm'd by the Rector of the place.

Cap. E. Hath the Count all this intelligence ?

Cap. G. I, and the particular confirmations , point from point, to the full arming of the verity.

Cap. E. I am heartily ſorry that he'l be glad of this.

Cap. G. How mightily ſometimes , we make us comforts of our loſſes.

Cap. E. And how mightily ſome other times , we drown our gain in tears, the great dignity that this valour hath here requir'd for him , ſhall at home be encountred with a ſhame as ample.

Cap. G. The web of our life, is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together : our vertues would be proud, if our faults whipt them not, and our crimes would deſpair if they were not cheriſh'd by our vertues.

Enter a Meſſenger.

How now? Where's your maſter ?

Ser. He met the Duke in the ſtreet, ſir, of whom he hath taken a ſolemn leave: his Lordſhip will next morning for *France.* The Duke hath offered him Letters of commendations to the King.

Cap. E. They ſhall be no more than needful there , if they were more than they can commend.

Enter Count Roſſillion.

Cap. G. They cannot be too ſweet for the Kings tartneſs , here's his Lordſhip now. How now my Lord , is't not after midnight ?

Ber. I have to night diſpatch'd ſixteen buſineſſes, a months length a piece, by an abſtract of ſucceſs: I have congied with the Duke, done my adieu with his neareſt ; buried a wife ; mourn'd for her ; writ to my Lady mother, I am returning ; entertain'd my Convoy , and between theſe main parcels of diſpatch, effected many nicer needs : the laſt was the greateſt, but that I have not ended yet.

Cap. E. If the buſineſs be of any difficulty, and thi morning your departure hence, it requires haſte of your Lordſhip.

Ber. I mean the buſineſs is not ended, as fearing to hear of it hereafter: but ſhall we have this Dialogue between the Fool and the Soldier? Come, bring forth this counterfeit module; 'has deceived me, like a doublemeaning Propheſier.

Cap. E. Bring him forth, h'as ſate i'th Stocks all night, poor gallant Knave.

Ber. No matter, his heels have deſerv'd it, in uſurping his Spurs ſo long. How does he carry himſelf?

Cap. G. I have told your Lordſhip already: The Stocks carry him. But to anſwer you as you would be underſtood, he weeps like a Wench that had ſhed her Milk, he hath confeſt himſelf to *Morgan*, whom he ſuppoſes to be a Friar, from the time of his very remembrance to this very inſtant Diſaſter of his ſetting i'th Stocks; and what think you he hath confeſt?

Ber. Nothing of me, has a?

Cap. E. His confeſſion is taken, and it ſhall be read to his Face; if your Lordſhip be in't, as I believe you are, you muſt have the patience to hear it.

Enter Parolles, *with his* Interpreter.

Ber. A plague upon him, muffeld; he can ſay nothing of me; huſh.

Cap. G. Hoodman comes: *Portotartaroſſa.*

Int. He calls for the Tortures, what will you ſay without 'em?

Par. I will confeſs what I know without conſtraint;
If ye pinch me like a Paſty, I can ſay no more.

Int. *Boſko Chimurcho.*

Cap. *Biblibindo Chicurmurco.*

Int. You are a merciful General: Our Generel bids you anſwer to what I ſhall ask you out of a Note.

Par. And truly, as I hope to live.

Int. Firſt demand of him, how many Horſe the Duke is ſtrong. What ſay you to that?

Par. Five or ſix thouſand, but very weak and unſerviceable; the Troops are all ſcattered, and the Commanders very poor Rogues, upon my Reputation and Credit, and as I hope to live.

Int. Shall I ſet down your anſwer ſo?

Par. Do, I'le take the Sacrament on't, how and which way you will: all's one to him.

Ber. What a paſt-ſaving ſlave is this?

Cap. G. Y'are deceiv'd, my Lord, this Monſieur *Parolles*, the gallant Militariſt, that was his own phraſe, that had the whole Theorick of War in the knot of his Scarf, and the practice in the Chap of his Dagger.

Cap. E. I will never truſt a man again, for keeping his Sword clean, nor believe he can have every thing in him, by wearing his Apparel neatly.

Int. Well, that's ſet down.

Par. Five or ſix thouſand horſe I ſed, I will ſay true, or thereabouts ſet down, for I'le ſpeak truth.

Cap. G. He's very near the truth in this.

Ber. But I con him no thanks for't in the nature he delivers it.

Par. Poor Rogues, I pray you ſay.

Int. Well that's ſet down.

Par. I humbly thank you, ſir, a truth's a truth, the Rogues are marvellous poor.

Int. Demand of him of what ſtrength they are a foot. What ſay you to that?

Par. By my troth, ſir, if I were to live this preſent hour, I will tell true. Let me ſee, *Spurio* a hundred and fifty, *Sebaſtian* ſo many, *Corambus* ſo many, *Jaques* ſo many: *Guiltian*, *Coſmo*, *Lodowick*, and *Gratii*, two hundred each: Mine own Company, *Chitopher*, *Vanmond*, *Bentii*, two hundred fifty each; ſo that the Muſter-file, rotten and ſound, upon my life amounts not to fifteen thouſand pole, half of the which dare not ſhake the Snow from off their Caſſocks, leſt they ſhake themſelves to pieces.

Ber. What ſhall be done to him?

Cap. G. Nothing, but let him have thanks. Demand of him my conditions; and what Credit I have with the Duke.

Int. Well that's ſet down: you ſhall demand of him, whether one Captain *Dumain* be i'th Camp, a *Frenchman*; what his Reputation is with the Duke, what his Valour, Honeſty, and Expertneſs in War; or whether he thinks it were not poſſible with well weighing ſums of Gold to corrupt him to revolt. What ſay you to this? What do you know of it?

Par. I beſeech you let me anſwer to the particular of the interrogatories. Demand them ſingly.

Int. Do you know Captain *Dumain*?

Par. I know him, a was a Botchers Prentice in *Paris*, from whence he was whipt for getting the Shrieves fool with Child, dumb innocent that could not ſay him nay.

Ber. Nay, by your leave hold your hands, tho I know his Brains are forfeit to the next tile that falls.

Inter. Well, is this Captain in the Duke of *Florences* Camp?

Par. Upon my knowledg he is, and lowſie.

Cap. G. Nay look not ſo upon me; we ſhall hear of your Lord anon.

Int. What is his Reputation with the Duke?

Par. The Duke knows him for no other, but a poor Officer of mine, and writ to me the other day, to turn him out a'th Band. I think I have his Letter in my Pocket.

Int. Marry we'll ſearch.

Par. In good ſadneſs I do not know, either it is there, or it is upon a file with the Dukes other Letters, in my Tent.

Int. Here'tis, here's a Paper, ſhall I read it to you?

Par. I do not know if it be it or no.

Ber. Our Interpreter do's it well.

Cap. G. Excellently.

Int. Dian, *the* Count'*s a fool, and full of gold.*

Par. That is not the Dukes letter ſir; that is an Advertiſement to a proper Maid in *Florence*, one *Diana*, to take heed of the Allurement of one Count *Roſſilion*, a fooliſh idle Boy; but for all that very ruttiſh. I pray you ſir, put it up again.

Int. Nay, I'le read it firſt by your favour.

Par. My meaning in't, I proteſt was very honeſt in the behalf of the Maid: for I knew the young Count to be a dangerous and laſcivious Boy, who is a Whale to Virginity, and devours up all the fry it finds.

Ber. Damnable! both-ſides Rogue.

Int. Let. *When he ſwears Oaths, bid him drop Gold, and*
take it:
After he ſcores, he never pays the ſcore:
Half won is match well made, match and well make it.
He ne're pays after-debts, take it before,
And ſay a Soldier (Dian) *told thee this:*
Men are to mell with, Boys are not to kiſs.
For count of this, the Count'*s a Fool I know it,*
Who pays before, but not when he does owe it.
Thine as he vow'd to thee in thine ear,
Parolles.

Ber. He ſhall be whipt through the Army with this rime in's forehead.

Cap. E. This is your devoted friend, ſir, the manifold Linguiſt, and the Army-potent Soldier.

Ber. I could endure any thing before, but a Cat, and he's a Cat to me.

Int. I perceive, ſir, by the Generals looks, we ſhall be fain to hang you.

Par. My life, ſir, in any caſe: Not that I am afraid to die, but that my offences being many, I would repent out the remainder of Nature. Let me live, ſir, in a dungeon, i'th ſtocks, any where, ſo I may live.

Int. we'll ſee what may be done, ſo you confeſs freely: therefore once more to this Captain *Dumain*: you have anſwer'd to his reputation with the Duke, and to his valour. What is his honeſty?

Par. He will ſteal, ſir, an Egge out of a Cloiſter: for rapes and raviſhments he parallels *Neſſus.* He profeſſes not keeping of oaths, breaking them he is ſtronger than *Hercules.* He will lye, ſir, with ſuch volubility, that you would think truth were a fool: drunkenneſs is his beſt vertue, for he will be ſwine-drunk, and in his ſleep he does little harm, ſave to his bed-cloathes about him: but they know his conditions, and lay him in ſtraw. I have but little more to ſay, ſir, of his honeſty, he ha's every thing that an honeſt man ſhould not have: what an honeſt man ſhould have, he has nothing.

Cap. G. I begin to love him for this.

Ber. For this deſcription of thine honeſty? A pox upon him for me, he's more and more a Cat.

Int. What ſay you to his expertneſs in war?

Par. Faith ſir, ha's led the drum before the Engliſh Tragedians: to belie him I will not, and more of his ſouldierſhip I know not, except in that Countrey, he had the honour to be the Officer at a place there called *Mile-end*, to inſtruct for the doubling of files. I would do the man what honour I can, but of this I am not certain.

Cap. G. He hath out-villan'd villany ſo far, that the rarity redeems him.

Ber. A pox on him, he's a Cat ſtil.

Int. His qualities being at this poor price, I need not to ask you, if Gold will corrupt him to revolt.

Par. Sir, For a Cardecue he will ſell the fee-ſimple of his ſalvation, the inheritance of it, and cut th'intail from all remainders, and perpetual ſucceſſion for it perpetually.

Int. What's his Brother, the other captain *Dumain*?

Cap. E. Why do's he ask him of me?

Int What's he?

Par. E'n a Crow a'th ſame neſt: not altogether ſo great as the firſt in goodneſs, but greater a great deal in evill. He excels his Brother for a Coward, yet his Brother is reputed one of the beſt that is. In a retreat he outruns any lackey; marry in coming on, he ha's the Cramp.

Int. If your life be ſaved, will you undertake to betray the Florentine?

Par. I and the Captain of his horſe Count *Roſſillion*,

Int. I'le whiſper with the General, and know his pleaſure.

Par. I'le no more drumming, a plague of all drums, onely to ſeem to deſerve well, and to beguile the ſuppoſition of that laſcivious young boy the Count, have I run into this danger: yet who would have ſuſpected an ambuſh where I was taken?

Int. There is no remedy, ſir, but you muſt die: the General ſays, you that have ſo traiterouſly diſcovered the ſecrets of your army, and made ſuch peſtiferous reports of men very nobly held, can ſerve the world for no honeſt uſe: therefore you muſt die. Come heads man off with his head.

Par. O Lord, ſir, let me live, or let me ſee my death.

Int. That ſhall you, and take your leave of all your friends:
So look about you, know you any here?

Coun. Good morrow noble Captain.

Lo. E. God bleſs you Captin *Parolles.*

Cap G. God ſave you noble Captain.

Lo. E. Captain, what greeting will you to my Lord *Lafew*? I am for *France.*

Cap. G. Good Captain will you give me a Copy of the ſame ſonnet you writ to *Diana* in behalf of the Count *Roſſillion*, and I were not a very Coward, I'de compel it of you; but fare you well *Exeunt,*

Int, Yuu are undone Captain all but your ſcarf, that has a knot on't yet.

Par. Who cannot be cruſh'd with a plot?

Int. If you could find out a Countrey where but women were that had received ſo much ſhame, you might begin an impudent Nation. Fare ye well ſir, I am for *France* too, we ſhall ſpeak of you there.

Exit.

Par. Yet am I thankful: if my heart were great
'Twould burſt at this: Captain I'le be no more,
But I will eat and drink, and ſleep as ſoft
As Captain ſhall. Simply the thing I am
Shall make me live: who knows himſelf a braggart
Let him fear this; for it will come to paſs,
That every braggart ſhall be found an Aſs.
Ruſt ſword, cool bluſhes, and *Parolles* live
Safeſt in ſhame; being fool'd, by fool'ry thrive;
There's place and means for every man alive.
I'le after them.

Enter Hellen, Widow, aud Diana.

Hel. That you may well perceive I have not wrong'd you,
One of the greateſt in the Chriſtian world
Shall be my ſurety: 'fore whoſe throne 'tis needful
Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneel.
Time was I did him a deſired office,
Dear almoſt as his life, which gratitude
Through flinty Tartars boſome would peep forth,
And anſwer thanks. I duly am inform'd,
His grace is at *Marſelis*, to which place
We have convenient convoy; you muſt know
I am ſoppoſed dead, the Army breaking,
My husband hies him home, where heaven aiding,
And by the leave of my good Lord the King,
We'l be before our welcome.

Wid. Gentle Madam,
You never had a ſervant to whoſe truſt
Your buſineſs was more welcome.

Hel. Nor you miſtris
Ever a friend, whoſe thoughts more truly labour
To recompence your love: Doubt not but heaven
Hath brought me up to be your daughters dowre,
As it hath fated her to be my motive
And helper to a husband. But O ſtrange men,
That can ſuch ſweet uſe make of what they hate,
When ſawcy truſting of the cozen'd thoughts
Defiles the pitchy night, ſo luſt doth play
With what it loaths, for that which is away.
But more of this hereafter: you *Diana*,
Under my poor inſtructions yet muſt ſuffer
Something in my behalf.

Dia. Let death and honeſty
Go with your impoſitions, I am yours
Upon your will to ſuffer.

Hel. Yet I pray you:
But with the word the time will bring on ſummer,
When Briars ſhall have leaves as well as thorns,
And be as ſweet as ſharp: we muſt away,
Our Wagon is prepar'd, and times revives us,
All's well that ends well, ſtill, that finds the Crown;
What ere the courſe, the end is the renown. *Exeunt.*

Enter Clown, old Lady, and Lafew.

Laf. No, no, no, your ſon was miſled with a ſnipt taffata fellow there, whoſe villanous ſaffron would have made all the unbak'd and dow youth of a nation in his colour, your daughter-in-law had been alive at this hour, and your ſon here at home, more advanc'd by the King, than by that red-tail'd humble-Bee I ſpeak of.

Lad. I would I had not known him, it was the death of the moſt vertuous Gentlewoman, that ever Nature had praiſe for creating, if ſhe had partaken of my fleſh; and coſt me the deareſt groans of a mother, I could not have owed her a more rooted love.

Laf. 'Twas a good Lady, 'twas a good Lady. We may pick a thouſand ſallets ere we light on ſuch another herb.

Clo. Indeed, ſir, ſhe was the ſweet Margerom of the ſallet, or rather the herb of grace.

Laf. They are not herbs, you knave, they are noſe-herbs.

Clo. I am no great *Nebuchadnezzar*, ſir, I have not much skill in grace.

La. Whether doeſt thou profeſs thy ſelf, a knave or a fool?

Clo. A fool, ſir, at a womans ſervice, and a knave at a mans.

La. Your diſtinction?

Clo. I would cozen the man of his wife, and do his ſervice.

La. So you were a knave at his ſervice indeed.

Clo. And I would give his wife my bauble, ſir, to do her ſervice.

La. I will ſubſcribe for thee, thou art both knave and fool.

Clo. At your ſervice.

La. No, no, no.

Clo. Why, ſir, if I cannot ſerve you, I can ſerve as great a Prince as you are.

La. Who's that, a Frenchman?

Clo. Faith, ſir, a has an Engliſh mean, but his fiſnomy is more hotter in *France* than here.

La. What Prince is that?

Clo. The black prince, ſir, *alias* the prince of darkneſs, *alias* the devil.

La. Hold thee, there's my purſe, I give thee not this to ſuggeſt thee from thy Maſter thou talk'ſt of, ſerve him ſtill.

Clo. I am a woodland fellow, ſir, that always loved a great fire, and the maſter I ſpeak of ever keeps a good fire, but ſure he is the Prince of the world, let his Nobility remain in's Court. I am for the houſe with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for pomp to enter: ſome that humble themſelves may, but the many will be too chill and tender, and they'l be for the flowry way that leads to the broad gate, and the great fire.

La. Go thy ways, I begin to be aweary of thee, and I tell thee ſo before, becauſe I would not fall out with thee. Go thy ways, let my horſes be well look't to, without any tricks.

Clo. If I put any tricks upon 'em, ſir, they ſhall be Jades tricks, which are their own right by the law of Nature. *Exit.*

Laf. A ſhrewd knave, and an unhappy.

Lad. So a is. My Lord that's gone, made himſelf much ſport out of him, by his authority he remains here, which he thinks is a patent for his ſaucineſs, and indeed he has no pace, but he runs where he will.

Laf. I like him well, 'tis not amiſs: and I was about to tell you, ſince I heard of the good Ladies death, and that my Lord your ſon was upon his return home; I moved the King my maſter to ſpeak in the behalf of my daughter, which in the minority of them both, his Majeſty, out of a ſelf gracious remembrance did firſt propoſe; his Highneſs hath promis'd me to do it, and to ſtop up the diſpleaſure he hath conceived againſt your ſon, there is no fitter matter. How do's your Ladiſhip like it?

La. With very much content, my Lord, and I wiſh it happily effected.

Laf. His Highneſs comes poſt from *Marſelles*, of as able a body as when he numbred thirty, a will be here to morrow, or I am deceiv'd by him that in ſuch intelligence hath ſeldom fail'd.

La. It rejoices me that I hope I ſhall ſee him ere I die. I have letters that my ſon will be here to night: I ſhall beſeech your Lordſhip to remain with me till they meet together.

Laf. Madam, I was thinking with what Manners I might ſafely be admitted.

Lad. You need but plead your honourable priviledg.

Laf. Lady, of that I have made a bold charter; but I thank my God it holds yet.

Enter Clown.

Clo. O Madam, yonders my Lord your ſon with a patch of velvet on's face; whether there be a ſcar under't or no, the Velvet knows, but 'tis a goodly patch of Velvet, his left cheek is a cheek of two pile and a half, but his right cheek is worn bare.

La. A ſcar nobly got:
Or a noble ſcar, is a good livery of honour.
So belike is that.

Clo. But it is your carbinado'd face.

Laf. Let us go ſee
Your ſon I pray you, I long to talk
With the young noble ſoldier.

Clo. Faith there's a dozen of 'em, with delicate fine hats, and moſt courteous Feathers, which bow the head, and nod at every man.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus.

Enter Helen, Widow, and Diana, with two Attendants.

Hel. But this exceeding poſting day and night,
Muſt wear your ſpirits low, we cannot help it.
But ſince you have made the days and nights as one,
To wear your gentle limbs in my affairs,
Behold you do ſo grow in my requital.
As nothing can unroot you. In happy time.

Enter a Gentleman a ſtranger.

This man may help me to his Majeſties ear,
If he would ſpend his power. God ſave you ſir:
Gent. And you.
Hel. Sir, I have ſeen you in the Court of *France.*
Gent. I have been ſometimes there.
Hel. I do preſume, ſir, that you are not fallen
From the report that goes upou your goodneſs,
And therefore goaded with moſt ſharp occaſions,
Which lay nice manners by, I put you to
The uſe of your own vertues, for the which
I ſhall continue thankful.
Gen. What's your will?
Hel. That it will pleaſe you
To give this poor petition to the King,
And aid me with that ſtore of power you have
To come into his preſence.
Gent. The Kings not here.
Hel. Not here ſir?
Gent. Not indeed,
He hence remov'd laſt night, and with more haſt
Than is his uſe.
Wid. Lord, how we loſe our pains.
Hel. All's well that ends well yet,
Tho time ſeem ſo adverſe, and means unfit:
I do beſeech you, whither is he gone?

Gent. Marry as I take it to *Roſſillion*,
Whither I am going.

Hel. I do beſeech you ſir,
Since you are like to ſee the King before me,
Commend the Paper to his gracious hand,
Which I preſume ſhall render you no blame,
But rather make you thank your pains for it.
I will come after you with what good ſpeed
Our means will make us means.

Gent. This I'le do for you.

Hel. And you ſhall find your ſelf to be well thankt what e're falls more. We muſt to horſe again. Go, go, provide. *Exeunt.*

Enter Clown *and* Parolles.

Par. Good M. *Levatch*, give my Lord *Lafew* this Letter; I have ere now, ſir, been better known to you, when I have held familiarity with freſher Cloaths; but I am now, ſir, muddied in fortunes mood, and ſmell ſomewhat ſtrong of her ſtrong diſpleaſure.

Clo. Truly, Fortunes diſpleaſure is but ſluttiſh, if it ſmell ſo ſtrongly as thou ſpeak'ſt of: I will henceforth eat no Fiſh of *Fortunes* butt'ring. Prethee, allow the Wind.

Par. Nay, you need not to ſtop your Noſe, ſir: I ſpeak but a Metaphor.

Clo. Indeed, ſir, if your Metaphor ſtink, I will ſtop my Noſe, or againſt any mans Metaphor. Prethee get thee further.

Par. Pray you, ſir, deliver me this Paper.

Clo. Foh, prethee ſtand away; a Paper from Fourtunes Cloſe-ſtool, to give to a Nobleman. Look here he comes himſelf.

Enter Laſew.

Clo. Here is a pur of Fortunes, ſir, or of Fortunes Cat, but not a Muſcat; that hath faln into the unclean Fiſh-pond of her diſpleaſure, and as he ſays muddied withall. Pray you, ſir, uſe the Carp as you mav, for he looks like a poor decayed, Ingenious, Fooliſh, Raſcally Knave. I do pity his diſtreſs in my Smiles of comfort, and leave him to your Lordſhip.

Par. My Lord, I am a man whom Fortune hath cruelly ſcratch'd.

Laf. And what would you have me to do? 'Tis too late to pare her Nails now. Wherein have you plaied the Knave with Fortune, that ſhe ſhould Scratch you, who of her ſelf is a good Lady, and would not have Knaves thrive long under her? There's a Cardecue for you: Let the Juſtices make you and Fortune friends; I am for other buſineſs.

Par. I beſeech your honour, to hear me one ſingle word.

Laf. You beg a ſingle penny more: Come you ſhall ha't, ſave your word.

Par. My name, my good Lord, is *Parolles*.

Laf. You beg more than one word then. Cox my paſſion, give me your hand: How does your Drum?

Par. O my good Lord, you were the firſt that found me.

Laf. Was I inſooth? And I was the firſt that loſt thee.

Par. It lies in you, my Lord, to bring me in ſome grace, for you did bring me out.

Laf. Out upon the Knave, doeſt thou put upon me at once, both the Office of God and Devil: one brings thee in grace, and the other brings thee out. The King's coming I know by his Trumpets. Sirrah, enquire further after me, I had talk of you laſt Night, tho you are a Fool and a Knave, you ſhall eat, go to, follow.

Par. I praiſe God for you.

Flouriſh. Enter King, old Lady, Lafew, the two French
Lords, with Attendants.

Kin. We loſt a Jewel, and our eſteem
Was made much poorer by it: but your Son,
As mad in folly, lack'd the ſenſe to know
Her eſtimation home.

Old La. 'Tis paſt, my Liege,
And I beſeech your Majeſty to make it
Natural Rebellion, done i'th blade of Youth,
When Oyl and Fire, too ſtrong for reaſons force,
Ore bears it and burns on.

Kin. My honour'd Lady,
I have forgiven and forgotten all,
Tho my revenges were high bent upon him,
And watch'd the time to ſhoot.

Laf. This I muſt ſay,
But firſt I beg my pardon; the young Lord
Did to his Majeſty, his Mother, and his Lady,
Offence of mighty note; but to himſelf
The greateſt wrong of all. He loſt a Wiſe,
Whoſe beauty did aſtoniſh the ſurvey
Of richeſt eyes: whoſe words all ears took captive
Whoſe deep perfection, hearts that ſcorn'd to ſerve,
Humbly call'd Miſtris.

Kin. Praiſing what is loſt,
Makes the remembrance dear. Well, call him hither,
We are reconcil'd, and the firſt view ſhall kill
All repetition: Let him not ask our pardon,
The nature of his great offence is dead,
And deeper than Oblivion, we do bury
Th' incenſing relicks of it. Let him approach
A ſtranger, no Offender; and inform him
So 'tis our will he ſhould.

Gent. I ſhall my Liege.

Kin. What ſays he to your Daughter,
Have you ſpoke?

Laf. All that he is, hath reference to your Highneſs.

Kin. Then ſhall we have a match. I have Letters ſent me, that ſets him high in fame.

Enter Count Bertram.

Laf. He looks well on't.

Kin. I am not a day of ſeaſon,
For thou maiſt ſee a Sun-ſhine, and a Hail
In me at once; But to the brighteſt Beams
Diſtracted Clouds give way, ſo ſtand thou forth,
The time is fair again.

Ber. My high repented blames,
Dear Soveraign, pardon me.

Kin. All is whole,
Not one word more of the conſumed time,
Let's take the inſtant by the forward top:
For we are old, and our quick'ſt decrees
Th' inaudible, and noiſeleſs foot of time
Steals, ere we can effect them. You remember
The Daughter of this Lord?

Ber. Admiringly, my Liege, at firſt
I ſtuck my choice upon her, ere my heart
Durſt make too bold a herald of my Tongue:
Where the Impreſſion of mine Eye enfixing,
Contempt his ſcornful Perſpective did lend me,
Which wrapt the line of every other favour,
Scorn'd a fair colour, or expreſt it ſtoln,
Extended or contracted all proportions
To a moſt hideous Object. Then it came,
That ſhe whom all men prais'd, and whom my ſelf,
Since I have loſt, have lov'd; was in mine Eye
The duſt that did offend it.

Kin. Well excus'd:
That thou didſt love her, ſtrikes ſome ſcores away
From the great compt; but love that comes too late,
Like a remorſeful pardon ſlowly carried
To the great ſender, turns a ſowre offence,
Crying, that's good that's gone: our raſh faults
Make trial price of ſerious things we have,

Not knowing them, until we know their grave.
Oft our diſpleaſures to our ſelves unjuſt,
Deſtroy our friends, and after weep their duſt:
Our own love waking, cries to ſee what's done,
While ſhapeful hate ſleeps out the afternoon.
Be this ſweet *Hellens* knell, and now forget her.
Send forth your amorous token for fair *Maudlin*,
The main conſents are had, and here we'll ſtay
To ſee our widowers ſecond marriage day:
which better than the firſt, O dear heaven bleſs,
Or, ere they meet in me, O Nature ceaſe.
Laf. Come on my ſon, in whom my houſes name
Muſt be digeſted: give a favour from you
To ſparkle in the ſpirits of my daughter,
That ſhe may quickly come. By my old beard,
And ev'ry hair that's on't, *Hellen* that's dead
Was a ſweet creature: ſuch a Ring as this,
The laſt that ere I took her leave at Court,
I ſaw upon her finger.
Ber. Here it was not.
Kin. Now pray you let me ſee it. For mine eye,
While I was ſpeaking, oft was faſten'd to't:
This Ring was mine, and when I gave it *Hellen*,
I bad her, if her fortunes ever ſtood
Neceſſited to help, that by this token
I would relieve her. Had you that craft to reave her
Of what ſhould ſtead her moſt?
Ber. My gracious Soveraign,
How ere it pleaſes you to take it ſo,
The Ring was never hers.
Old La. Son, on my life
I have ſeen her wear it, and ſhe reckon'd it
At her lives rate.
Laf. I am ſure I ſaw her wear it.
Bar. You are deceiv'd my Lord, ſhe never ſaw it:
In *Florence* was it from a caſement thrown me,
Wrap'd in a paper, which contain'd the name
Of her that threw it: Noble ſhe was, and thought
I ſtood ingag'd, but when I had ſubſcrib'd
To mine own fortune, and inform'd her fully,
I could not anſwer in that courſe of honour
As ſhe had made the overture, ſhe ceaſt
In heavy ſatisfaction, and would never
Receive the Ring again.
Kin. *Platus* himſelf,
That knows the tinct and multiplying medicine,
Hath not in natures myſtery more ſcience,
Than I have in this Ring. 'Twas mine, 'twas *Hellens*,
Who ever gave it you: then if you know
That you are well acquainted with your ſelf,
Confeſs 'twas hers, and by what rough enforcement
You got it from her. She call'd the Saints to ſurety,
That ſhe would never put it from her finger,
Unleſs ſhe gave it to your ſelf in bed,
Where you have never come: or ſent it us
Upon her great diſaſter.
Ber. She never ſaw it.
Kin. Thou ſpeak'ſt it falſly: as I love mine honour,
And mak'ſt conjectural fears to come into me,
Which I would fain ſhut out; if it ſhould prove
That thou art ſo inhuman, 'twill not prove ſo.
And yet I know not, thou didſt hate her deadly,
And ſhe is dead, which nothing but to cloſe
Her eyes my ſelf, could win me to believe,
More than to ſee this Ring. Take him away,
My fore-paſt proofs, how ere the matter fall
Shall tax my fears of little vanity,
Having vainly fear'd too little. Away with him,
We'll ſift this matter further.
Per. If you ſhall prove
This Ring was ever hers, you ſhall as eaſy
Prove that I husbanded her bed in *Florence*,
Where yet ſhe never was.

Enter a Gentleman.

Kin. I am wrap'd in diſmal thinkings.
Gent. Gracious Soveraign.
Whether I have been too blame or no, I know not,
Here's a petition from a *Florentine*,
VVho have for four or five removes come ſhort,
To tender it her ſelf. I undertook it,
Vanquiſh'd thereto by the fair grace and ſpeech
Of the poor ſuppliant, who by this I know
Is here attending: her buſineſs looks in her
VVith an importing viſage, and ſhe told me
In a ſweet verbal brief, it did concern
Your Highneſs with her ſelf.

A Letter.

Upon his many proteſtations to marry me, when his wife was dead, I bluſht to ſay it, he won me. Now is the Count Roſſillion *Widower, his vows are forfeited to me, and my honours paid to him. He ſtole from* Florence, *taking no leave, and I follow him to this Countrey for Juſtice: Grant it me, O King, in you it beſt lies, otherwiſe a ſeducer flouriſhes, and a poor Maid is undone.*

Diana Capilet.

Laf. I will buy me a ſon in Law in a fear, and toule him for this. I'le none of him.
Kin. The heavens have thought well on thee, *Lafew*,
To bring forth this diſcov'ry, ſeek the ſutors:
Go ſpeedily, and bring again the Count.

Enter Bertram.

I am afeard the life of *Hellen* (Lady)
VVas foully ſnatch'd.
Old La. Nuw juſtice on the doers.
Kin. I wonder ſir, wives are ſo monſtrous to you,
And that you fly them as you ſwear them Lordſhip,
Yet you deſire to marry. VVhat woman's that?

Enter VVidow, Diana, *and* Parolles.

Dia. I am, my Lord, a wretched *Florentine*,
Derived from the ancient Capilet;
My ſuit, as I underſtand you know
And therefore know how far I may be pitied.
Wid. I am her Mother, ſir, whoſe age and honour
Both ſuffer under this complaint we bring,
And both ſhall ceaſe, without your remedy.
Kin. Come hither, Count, do you know theſe VVomen?
Ber. My Lord, I neither can nor will deny,
But that I know them, do they charge me further?
Dia. VVhy do you look ſo ſtrange upon your wife?
Ber. She's none of mine, my Lord.
Dia. If you ſhall marry
You give away this hand, and that is mine:
You give away heavens vows, and thoſe are mine:
You give away my ſelf, which is known mine:
For I by vow am ſo embodied yours,
That ſhe which marries you, muſt marry me,
Either both or none.
Laf. Your reputation comes too ſhort for my daughter, you are no husband for her.
Ber. My Lord, this is a fond and deſperate creature,
VVhom ſometime I have Laugh'd with: Let your Highneſs
Lay a more noble thought upon mine honour,
Than for to think that I would ſink it here.
Kin. Sir, for my thoughts, you have them ill to friend,
Till your deeds gain them fairer: prove your honour,
Then in my thought it lies.
Dian. Good my Lord,
Ask him upon his oath, if he do's think
He had not my virginity.

Kin. What ſaiſt thou to her ?
Ber. She's impudent, my Lord,
And was a common gameſter to the Camp.
Dia. He do's me wrong, my Lord : If I were ſo,
He might have bought me at a common price.
Do not believe him. O behold this Ring,
Whoſe high reſpect and rich validity
Did lack a parallel : yet for all that
He gave it to a Commoner a'th Camp
If I be one.
Old La. He bluſhes, and 'tis hit:
Of ſix preceding Anceſtors, that Jem
Confer'd by teſtament to th' ſequent iſſue
Hath it been owed and worn. This is his wife,
That Ring's a thouſand proofs.
King. Me thought you ſaid
You ſaw one here in Court could witneſs it.
Dia. I did, my Lord, but loath am to produce
So bad an inſtrument ; his name's *Parolles.*
Laf. I ſaw the man to day, if man he be.
Kin. Find him, and bring him hither.
Roſ. What of him ?
He's quoted for a moſt perfidious ſlave
With all the ſpots a'th world, taxt and deboiſh'd,
Whoſe nature ſickens : but to ſpeak a truth,
Am I, or that or this, for what he'll utter,
That will ſpeak any thing ?
Kin. She hath that Ring of yours .
Roſ. I think ſhe has ; certain it is I lik'd her,
And boorded her i'th wanton way of youth :
She knew her diſtance, and did angle of me,
Madding my eagerneſs with her reſtraint,
As all impediments in fancies courſe
Are motives of more fancy, and in fine,
Her inſuit coming with her modern grace,
Subdu'd me to her rate ; ſhe got the Ring,
And I had that which any inferior might
At Market price have bought.
Dia. I muſt be patient :
You that have turn'd off a firſt ſo noble wife,
May juſtly diet me. I pray you yet,
(Since you lack virtue, I will loſe a husband)
Send for your Ring,I will return it home,
And give me mine again.
Roſ. I have it not.
King. What Ring was yours, I pray you?
Dian. Sir, much like the ſame upon your finger:
Kin. Know you this Ring, this Ring was his of late.
Dia. And this was it I gave him,being a bed.
King. The ſtory then goes falſe, you threw it him
Out of a Caſement.
Dia. I have ſpoke the truth. *Enter* Parolles.
Roſ. My Lord, I do confeſs the Ring was hers.
Kin. You boggle ſhrewdly, every feather ſtarts you :
Is this the man you ſpeak of?
Dia. I, my Lord.
Kin. Tell me, ſirrah, but tell me true I charge you,
Not fearing the diſpleaſure of your Maſter :
(Which on your juſt proceeding, I'le keep off)
By him, and by this woman here, what know you ?
Par. So pleaſe your Majeſty, my Maſter hath been an honourable Gentleman. Tricks he hath had in him, which Gentlemen have.
Kin. Come, come, to th' purpoſe ; Did he love this woman ?
Par. Faith ſir, he did love her, but how !
Kin. How I pray you?
Par. He did love her, ſir, as a Gent. loves a Woman.
Kin. How is that ?
Par. He lov'd her, ſir, and lov'd her not.
Kin. As thou art a Knave aud no Knave, what an equivocal Companion is this ?
Par. I am a poor man, and at your Majeſties command.
Laf. He't a good drum, my Lord, but a naughty Oratour.
Dia. Do you know he promi'd me marriage ?
Par. Faith, I know more than I'le ſpeak.
Kin. But wilt thou not ſpeak all thou know'ſt ?
Par. Yes, ſo pleaſe your Majeſty : I did go between them, as I ſaid; but more than that, he loved her : for indeed he was mad for her, and talkt of Sathan, and of Limbo : and of Furies, and I know not what : yet I was in that credit with them at that time, that I knew of their going to bed, and of other motions, as promiſing her marriage, and things that would derive me ill well to ſpeak of ; therefore I will not ſpeak what I know.
Kin. Thou haſt ſpoken all already , unleſs thou canſt ſay they are married ; but thou art too fine in thy evidence ; Therefore ſtand a ſide. This Ring you ſay was yours.
Dia. I , my good Lord.
Kin. Where did you buy it? or who gave it you ?
Dia. It was not given me, nor did not buy it.
Kin. Who lent it you ?
Dia. It was not lent me neither.
Kin. Where did you find it then ?
Dia. I found it not.
Kin. If it were yours by none of all theſe ways,
How could you give it him ?
Dia. I never gave it him.
Laf. This woman's an eaſy glove, my Lord, ſhe goes off and on at pleaſure.
Kin. This Ring was mine, I gave it his firſt wiſe.
Dia. It might be yours, or hers, for ought I know.
Kin. Take her away, I do not like her now,
To priſon with her : and away with him,
Unleſs thou tell'ſt me where thou hadſt this Ring,
Thou dieſt within this hour.
Dia. I'le never tell you.
Kin. Take her away.
Dia. I le put in bail my Liege.
Kin. I think thee now ſome common Cuſtomer.
Dia. By *Jove* if ever I knew man, 'twas you.
Kin. Wherefore haſt thou accus'd him all this while?
Dia. Becauſe he's guilty, and he is not guilty ;
He knows I am no Maid, and he'll ſwear to't ;
I'le ſwear I am a Maid, and he knows not.
Great King, I am no ſtrumpet, by my life,
I am either Maid, or elſe this old mans wife.
Kin. She do's abuſe our ears, to priſon with her.
Dia. Good mother fetch my bayl. Stay Royal ſir,
The Jeweller that owes the Ring is ſent for,
And he ſhall ſurety me. But for this Lord,
Who hath abus'd me as he knows himſelf,
Tho yet he never heard me, here I quit him.
He knows himſelf my bed he hath defil'd,
And at that time he got his wife with child ;
Dead tho ſhe be, ſhe feels her young one kick :
So there's my riddle, one that's dead is quick,
And now behold the meaning.

Enter Hellen *and* Widow.

Kin. Is there no exorciſt
Beguilrs the true Officer of mine eyes ?
Is't real that I ſee ?
Hel. No, my good Lord,
'Tis but the ſhadow of a Wife you ſee,
The name, and not the thing.
Roſ. Both, both, O pardon.
Hel. Oh, my good Lord, when I was like this Maid,
I found you wondrous kind, there is your Ring
And look you, here's your Letter : this it ſays,
VVhen from my finger you can get this Ring,
And is by me with child, *&c.* This is done,
VVill you be mine, now you are doubly won ?

Roſ. If ſhe, my Liege, can make me know this clearly,
I'le love her dearly, ever, ever dearly.
Hel. If it appear not plain, and prove untrue,
Deadly divorce ſtep between me and you.
O, my dear mother, do I ſee you living?
Laf. Mine eyes ſmell Onions, I ſhall weep anon:
Good *Tom Drum*, lend me a handkercher.
So I thank thee, wait on me home, I'le make ſport with
thee: Let thy curtſies alone, they are ſcurvy ones.
King. Let us from point to point this ſtory know,
To make the even truth in pleaſure flow:
If thou beeſt yet a freſh uncropped flower,
Chooſe thou thy husband, and I'le pay thy dower.
For I can gueſs, that by thy honeſt aid,
Thou keepeſt a Wife her ſelf, thy ſelf a Maid.
Of that and all the progreſs more and leſs,
Reſolvedly more leiſure ſhall expreſs:
All yet ſeems well, and if it end ſo meet,
The bitter paſt, more welcome is the ſweet.

Flouriſh.

THe King's a Beggar, now the Play is done.
All is well ended, if his ſuit be won,
That you expreſs content; which we will pay,
With ſtrife to pleaſe you, day exceeding day;
Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts,
Your gentle hands lend us, and take our hearts.

Ex: Om.

Twelf-Night, Or what you will.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Orſino *Duke of* Illyria, Curio, *and other Lords.*

Duke.
IF Muſick be the food of Love, play on,
Give me exceſs of it; that ſurfeiting,
The appetite may ſicken, and ſo die.
That ſtrain agen, it had a dying fall:
O, it come o're my ear, like the ſweet ſound
That breathes upon a bank of Violets,
Stealing, and giving Odour. Enough, no more,
Tis not ſo ſweet now, as it was before.
O ſpirit of Love, how quick and freſh art thou,
That notwithſtanding thy capacity,
Receiveth as the Sea. Nought enters there,
Of what validity, and pitch ſo e're,
But falls into abatement, and low price,
Even in a minute; ſo full of ſhapes is fancy,
That it alone is high fantaſtical.
Cur. Will you go hunt, my Lord?
Du. What *Curia?*
Cur. The Hart.
Du. Why ſo I do, the nobleſt that I have:
O when mine eyes did ſee *Olivia* firſt,
Me thought ſhe purg'd the air of peſtilence;
That inſtant was I turn'd into a Hart,
And my deſires, like fell and cruel hounds,
Ere ſince purſue me. How now, what news from her?

Enter Valentine.

Val. So pleaſe my Lord, I might not be admitted,
But from her hand-maid do return this anſwer:
The Element it ſelf, till ſeven years heat,
Shall not behold her face at ample view:
But like a Cloyſtreſs ſhe will vailed walk,
And water once a-day her Chambers round
With eye-offending brine: all this to ſeaſon
A brothers dead love, which ſhe would keep freſh
And laſting in her ſad remembrance.
Du. O ſhe that hath a heart of this fine frame,
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will ſhe love, when the rich Golden ſhaft
Hath kill'd the flock of all affections elſe
That live in her. When Liver, Brain, and Heart,
Theſe ſoveraign thrones are all ſuppli'd and fill'd
Her ſweet prefections with one ſelf-ſame king:
Away before me, to ſweet beds of Flowers,
Love thoughts lies rich, when canopy'd with bowers.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Viola *a Captain, and Saylors.*

Vio. What countrey (Friends) is this?
Cap. This is *Illyria*, Lady.
Vio. And what ſhould I do in *Illryia?*
My Brother he is in *Elizium*,
Perchance he is not drown'd; What think you, Sailors?
Cap. It is perchance that you your ſelf were ſaved.
Vio. O my poor brother, and ſo perchance may he be.
Cap. True Madam, and to comfort you with chance,
Aſſure your ſelf after our ſhip did ſplit,
When you, and thoſe poor number ſaved with you,
Hung on our droving boat: I ſaw your brother
Moſt provident in peril, bind himſelf,
(Courage and hope both teaching him the practiſe)
To a ſtrong Maſt, that liv'd upon the Sea;
Where like *Orion* on the Dolphins back,
I ſaw him hold acquaintance with the Waves.

So long as I could ſee.
Vio. For ſaying ſo, there's Gold:
Mine own eſcape unfoldeth to my hope,
Whereto thy ſpeech ſerves for authority
The like of him. Know'ſt thou this Countrey?
Cap. I, Madam, well: for I was bred and born
Not three hours travel from this very pla ce
Vio. Who governs here?
Cap. A Noble Duke in nature, as in name.
Vio. What is his name?
Cap. *Orſino.*
Vio. *Orſino!* I have heard my Father name him.
He was a Batchellor then.
Cap. And ſo is now, or was ſo very late:
For but a month ago I went from henee,
And then 'twas freſh in murmur (as you know
What great ones do, the leſs will prattle of)
That he did ſeek the love of fair *Olivia.*
Vio. What's ſhe?
Cap. A virtuous Maid, the daughter of a Count,
That di'd ſome twelvemonth ſince, then leaving her
In the protection of his ſon, her brother,
Who ſhortly alſo di'd: for whoſe dear love
(They ſay) ſhe had abjur'd the ſight
And company of men.
Vio. O that I ſerv'd that Lady,
And might not be delivered to the world
Till I had made mine own occaſion mellow
What my eſtate is.
Cap. That were hard to compaſs,
Becauſe ſhe will admit no kind of ſuit,
No not the Dukes.
Vio. There is a fair behaviour in thee, Captain;
And tho that nature, with a beauteous wall
Doth oft cloſe in pollution; yet of thee,
I will believe, thou haſt a mind that ſuits
With this thy fair and outward Character.
I prethee (and I'le pay thee bounteouſly)
Conceal me what I am, and be my aid.
For ſuch diſguiſe as haply ſhall become
The form of my intent. I'le ſerve this Duke,
Thou ſhalt preſent me as an Eunuch to him,
It may be worth thy pains: for I can ſing,
And ſpeak to him in many ſorts of Muſick,
That will allow me very worth his ſervice.
What elſe may hap, to time I will commit,
Only ſhape thou thy ſilence to my wit.
Cap. Be you his Eunuch, and your Mute I'le be,
When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not ſee.
Vio. I thank thee: Lead me on *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Sir Toby, *and* Maria.

Sir To. What a plague means my Neece to take the death of her brother thus? I am ſure care's an enemy to life.

Mar. By my troth, ſir *Toby*, you muſt come in earlier a nights: your Couſin, my Lady, takes great exceptions to your ill hours.

To. VVhy let her except, before excepted.

Mar. I, but you muſt confine your ſelf within the modeſt limits of order.

To. Confine? I'le confine my ſelf no finer than I am: theſe clothes are good enough to drink in, and ſo be theſe boots too: and they be not, let them hang themſelves in their own ſtraps.

Mar. That quaffing and drinkiug will undo you: I heard my Lady talk of it yeſter-day, and of a fooliſh knight that you brought in one night here, to be her wooer?

To. VVho, Sir *Andrew Ague-cheek*?

Ma. I he.

To. He's as tall a man as any's in *Illyria.*

Ma. VVhat's that to th' purpoſe?

To. VVhy he has three thouſand Ducats a year.

Ma. I, but he'll have but a year in all theſe Ducats: He's a very fool, and a prodigal.

To. Fie, that you'll ſay ſo: he plays o'th Viol-de-gamboys, and ſpeaks three or four Languages word for word without book, and hath all the good gifts of nature.

Mar. He hath indeed, almoſt natural: for beſides that he's a fool, he's a great quarreller: and but that he hath the gift of a Coward, to allay the guſt he hath in quarreling, 'tis thought among the prudent, he would quickly have the gift of a grave.

Tob. By this hand they are ſcoundrels and ſubſtractors that ſay ſo of him. VVho are they?

Mar. They that add moreover, he's drunk nightly in your company.

To. VVith drinking healths to my Neece: I'le drink to her as long as there is a paſſage in my throat, and drink in *Illyria*: he's a Coward and a Coyſtril that will not drink to my Neece, till his brains turn o'th' toe, like a pariſh top. VVhat wench? *Caſtiliano vulgo*; for here comes Sir *Andrew Ague-face.*

Enter Sir Andrew.

And. Sir *Toby Belch.* How now Sir *Toby Belch*?

To. Sweet Sir *Andrew.*

And. Bleſs you fair Shrew.

Mar. And you too ſir.

Tob. Accoſt, Sir *Andrew*, accoſt.

And. VVhat's that?

To. My Neeces Chamber-maid.

An. Good Miſtris accoſt, I deſire better acquaintance.

Ma. My name is *Mary* ſir.

And. Good Miſtreſs *Mary*, accoſt.

To. You miſtake Knight: Accoſt is, front her, boord her, wooe her, aſſail her.

And. By my troth, I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of Accoſt?

Mar. Fare you well Gentlemen.

To. And thou let her part ſo, Sir *Andrew*, would thou mightſt never draw ſword agen.

And. And you part ſo Miſtreſs, I would I might never draw ſword agen. Fair Lady, do you think you have fools in hand?

Ma. Sir, I have not you by th' hand.

And. Marry but you ſhall have, and here's my hand.

Mar. Now ſir, thought is free: I pray you bring your hand to th' Buttery bar, and let it drink.

An. VVherefore (ſweet heart?) what's your Metaphor?

Mar. It's dry ſir.

An. VVhy I think ſo: I am not ſuch an aſs, but I can keep my hand dry. But what's your jeſt?

Ma. A dry jeſt, ſir.

And. Are you full of them?

Ma. I Sir, I have them at my finger ends: marry now I let go your hand, I am barren.

Exit Maria.

Tob. O knight, thou lack'ſt a cup of Canary: when did I ſee thee ſo put down?

And. Never in your life, I think, unleſs you ſee Canary put down: me thinks ſometimes I have no more wit than a Chriſtian, or an ordinary man has; but I am a great eater of Beef, and I believe that do's harm to my wit.

To. No queſtion.

An. And I thought that, I'de forſwear it. I'le ride home to morrow, ſir *Toby.*

To. *Pur-quoy*, my dear knight?

An. VVhat is *pur quoy*? Do, or not do? I would I had beſtowed that time in the tongues, that I have in fencing, dancing, and bear-baiting: O had I but followed the Arts.

To. Then hadſt thou had an excellent head of hair.

An. VVhy, would that have mended my hair?

To. Paſt queſtion, for thou ſeeſt it will not cool my nature.

An. But it becomes me well enough, doſt not?

To. Excellent, it hangs like flax on a diſtaff: and I hope to ſee a houſwife take thee between her legs, and pin it off.

An. Faith I'le home to morrow, ſir *Toby*, your Neece will not be ſeen, or if ſhe be, it's four to one, ſhe'll none of me: the Count himſelf here hard by, wooes her.

To. She'll none o'th Count, ſhe'll not match above her degree, neither in eſtate, years, nor wit; I have heard her ſwear. Tut, there's life in't man.

An. I'le ſtay a month longer. I am a fellow o'th ſtrangeſt mind i'the world: I delight in Masks and Revels ſometimes altogether.

To. Art thou good at theſe kick-ſhaws, Knight?

And. As any man in *Illyria*, whatſoever he be, under the degree of my betters, and yet I will not compare with an old man.

To. VVhat is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?

And. Faith, I can cut a caper.

To. And I can cut the Mutton to't.

And. And I think I have the back-trick, ſimply as ſtrong as any man in *Illyria*.

To. VVherefore are theſe things hid? wherefore have theſe gifts a Curtain before 'em? are they like to take duſt, like Miſtris *Mals* picture? why doſt thou not go to Church in a Galliard, and come home in a Carranto? My very walk ſhould be a Jig! I would not ſo much as make water but in a Sink-a-pace; VVhat doſt thou mean? Is it a world to hide virtues in? I did think by the excellent conſtitution of thy leg, it was form'd under the ſtar of a Galliard.

And. I, 'tis ſtrong, and it does indifferent well in a dam'd colour'd ſtocken. Shall we ſit about ſome Revels?

To. What ſhall we do elſe: were we not born under *Taurus*?

And. Taurus? That's ſides and heart.

To. No ſir, it is legs and thighs: let me ſee thee caper. Ha, higher: ha, ha, excellent. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Valentine, *and* Viola, *in mans attire.*

Val. If the Duke continue theſe favours towards you *Ceſario*, you are like to be much advanc'd, he hath known you but three days, and already you are no ſtranger.

Vio. You either fear his humour, or my negligence, that you call in queſtion the continuance of his love. Is he inconſtant ſir, in his favours?

Val. No believe me.

Enter Duke, Curio, *and attendants.*

Vio. I thank you: here comes the Count.

Duke. Who ſaw *Ceſario*, hoa?

Vio. On your attendants, my Lord, here.

Du. Stand you a while aloof. *Ceſario*,
Thou knowſt no leſs, but all: I have unclaſp'd
To thee the Book even of my ſecret ſoul.
Therefore good youth, addreſs thy gate unto her,
Be not deni'd acceſs, ſtand at her doors;
And tell them, there thy fixed foot ſhall grow
Till thou have audience.

Vio. Sure, my Noble Lord,
If ſhe be ſo abandon'd to her ſorrow
As it is ſpoke, ſhe never will admit me.

Du. Be clamorous, and leap all civil bounds,
Rather than make unprofited return.

Vio. Say I do ſpeak with her (my Lord) what then?

Duk. O then, unfold the paſſion of my love,
Surprize her with diſcourſe of my dear faith;
It ſhall become thee well to act my woes;
She will attend it better in thy youth,
Than in a Nuncio's of more grave aſpect.

Vio. I think not ſo, my Lord.

Duk. Dear Lad, believe it;
For they ſhall yet bely thy happy years,
That ſay thou art a man: *Dianaes* lip
Is not more ſmooth, and rubious; thy ſmall pipe
Is as the Maidens Organ, ſhrill, and ſound,
And all is ſemblative a womans part.
I know thy conſtellation is right apt
For this affair: ſome four or five attend him,
All if you will; for I my ſelf am beſt
When leaſt in company; proſper well in this,
And thou ſhalt live as freely as thy Lord,
To call his fortunes thine.

Vio. I'le do my beſt
To woo your Lady; yet a barful ſtrife,
Who e're I woo, my ſelf would be his wife. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Maria, *and* Clown.

Mar. Nay, either tell me where thou haſt been, or I will not open my lips ſo wide as a briſsle may enter in way of thy excuſe; my Lady will hang thee for thy abſence.

Clo. Let her hang me; he that is well hang'd in this world, needs fear no colours.

Ma. Make that good.

Clo. He ſhall ſee none to fear.

Mar. A good Lenton anſwer; I can tell thee where that ſaying was born, of I fear no colours.

Clo. Where good Miſtreſs *Mary*?

Mar. In the wars, and that may you be bold to ſay in your foolery.

Clo. VVell, God give them wiſdom that have it; and thoſe that are fools, let them uſe their talents.

Mar. Yet you will be hang'd for being ſo long abſent, or be turn'd away, is not that as good as a hanging to you?

Clo. Many a good hanging, prevents a bad marriage; and for turning away, let ſummer bear it out.

Mar. You are reſolute then?

Clo. Not ſo neither, but I am reſolv'd on two points.

Mar. That if one break, the other will hold; or if both break, your gaskings fall.

Clo. Apt in good faith, very apt: well, go thy way, if Sir *Toby* would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of *Eves* fleſh, as any in *Illyria*.

Mar. Peace you rogue, no more o'that: here comes my Lady: make your excuſe wiſely, you were beſt.

Enter Lady Oliva, *with* Malvolio.

Clo. Wit, and't be thy will, put me into good fooling; thoſe wits that think they have thee, do very oft prove fools: and I that am ſure I lack thee, may paſs for a wiſe man. For what ſays *Quinapalus*, Better a witty fool, than a fooliſh wit. God bleſs thee, Lady.

Ol. Take the fool away.

Clo. Do you not hear fellows, take away the Lady.

Ol. Go to, y'are a dry fool : I'le no more of you, beſides you grow diſhoneſt.

Clo. Two faults, *Madona*, that drink and good counſel will amend : for give the dry fool drink, theu is the fool not dry : bid the diſhoneſt man mend himſelf, if he mend, he is no longer diſhoneſt ; if he cannot, let the Botcher mend him: any thing that's mended, is but patch'd : virtue that tranſgreſſes, is but patcht with ſin, and ſin that amends, is but patcht with virtue. If that this ſimple Sillogiſme will ſerve, ſo ; if it will not, what remedy? As there is no true Cuckold but calamity, ſo beauty's a flower ; The Lady bad take away the fool, therefore I ſay again,. take her away.

Ol. Sir, I bad them take away you.

Clo. Miſpriſion in the higheſt degree. Lady, *Cucullus non facit monachum* : that's as much to ſay, as I were not motley in my brain : good *Madona*, give me leave to prove you a fool.

Ol. Can you do it?

Clo. Dexterouſly, good *Madona.*

Ol. Make your proof.

Clo. I muſt catechize you for it, *Madona*, Good my Mouſe of virtue anſwer.

Ol. Well ſir, for want of other idleneſs, I'le bid your proof.

Clo. Good *Madona*, why mourn'ſt thou?

Ol. Good fool, for my brothers death.

Clo. I think his ſoul is in hell, *Madona.*

Ol. I know his ſoul is in heaven, fool.

Clo. The more fool you (*Madona*) to mourn for your Brothers ſoul, being in heaven; Take away the fool, Gentlemen.

Ol. What think you of this fool, *Malvolio*, doth he not mend?

Mal. Yes, and ſhall do, till the pangs of death ſhake him : Infirmity that decays the wiſe, doth ever make the better fool.

Clo. God ſend you, ſir, a ſpeedy Infirmity, for the better increaſing your folly : *Sir Toby* will be ſworn that I am no Fox, but he will not paſs his word for two pence that you are no fool.

Ol. How ſay you to that *Malvolio*?

Mal. I marvel your Ladiſhip takes delight in ſuch a barren raſcal ; I ſaw him put down the other day, with an ordinary fool, that has no more brains than a ſtone. Look you now, he's out of his guard already : unleſs you laugh and miniſter occaſion to him, he is gag'd. I proteſt I take theſe Wiſe men, that crow ſo at theſe ſet kind of fools, no better than the fools *Zanies.*

Ol. O you are ſick of ſelf-love, *Malvolio*, and taſte with a diſtemper'd appetite. To be generous, guiltleſs, and of free diſpoſition, is to take thoſe things for Bird-bolts, that you deem Cannon bullets : There is no ſlander in an allow'd fool, though he do nothing but rail ; nor no railing in a known diſcreet man, though he do nothing but reprove.

Clo. Now *Mercury* indue thee with leaſing, for thou ſpeak'ſt well of fools.

Enter *Marria.*

Mar. Madam, there is at the gate a young Gentleman, much deſires to ſpeak with you.

Ol. From the Count *Orſino*, is it?

Ma. I know not (Madam) 'tis a fair young man, and well attended.

Ol. Who of my people hold him in delay?

Ma. Sir *Toby*, Madam, your kinſman.

Ol. Fetch him off I pray you, he ſpeaks nothing but madman : Fie on him. Go you, *Malvolio* ; if it be a ſuit from the Count, I am ſick, or not at home. What you will, to diſmiſs it.

Exit Malvo.

Now you ſee, ſir, how your fooling grows old, and people diſlike it.

Clo. Thou haſt ſpoke for us (*Madona*) as if thy eldeſt ſon ſhould be a fool : whoſe ſcull, *Jove* cram with brains, for here he comes. *Enter Sir Toby.*

One of thy kin has a moſt weak *Pia mater.*

Ol. By mine honour half drunk. What is he at the gate, Couſin?

To. A Gentleman.

Ol. A Gentleman? What Gentleman?

To. 'Tis a Gentleman here. A plague o'theſe pickle Herring: How now Sot?

Clo. Good Sir *Toby.*

Ol. Couſin, Couſin, how have you come ſo ea y by this Lethargy? rl —

Tob. Letchery, I defie Letchery : there's one at the gate.

Ol. I marry, what is he?

To. Let him be the devil and he will, I care not : give me faith, ſay I. Well, it's all one. *Exit.*

Ol. What's a drunken man like, fool?

Clo. Like a drown'd man, a fool, and a mad man : One draught above heat makes him a fool, the ſecond mads him, and a third drowns him.

Ol. Go thou and ſeek the Crowner, and let him ſit o' my Coz : for he's in the third degree of drink : he's drown'd : go look after him.

Clo. He is but mad yet, *Madona*, and the fool ſhall look to the mad man.

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. Madam, yond young fellow ſwears he will ſpeak with you. I told him you were ſick, he takes on him to underſtand ſo much, and therefore comes to ſpeak with you. I told him you were aſleep, he ſeems to have a foreknowledge of that too, and therefore comes to ſpeak with you. What is to be ſaid to him? Lady. he's fortified againſt any denial.

Ol. Tell him, he ſhall not ſpeak with me.

Mal. Ha's been told ſo : and he ſays he'l ſtand at your door like a Sheriffs poſt, and be the ſupporter to a bench, but he'l ſpeak with you.

Ol. What kind o'man is he?

Mal. Why, of man-kind.

Ol. What manner of man?

Mal, Of very ill manners : he'l ſpeak with you, will you or no.

Ol. Of what perſonage and years is he?

Mal. Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy : as a ſquaſh is before 'tis a peſcod, or a Codling when 'tis almoſt an Apple : 'Tis with him in ſtanding water, between boy and man. He is very well-favour'd and he ſpeaks very ſhrewiſhly: One would think his mothers milk were ſcarce out of him.

Old. Let him approach : Call in my Gentlewoman.

Mal. Gentlewoman, my Lady calls. *Exit.*

Enter Maria.

Ol. Give me my vail : come throw it o're my face,
We'l once more hear *Orſino*'s Embaſſie.

Enter Viola.

Vio. The honourable Lady of the houſe, which is ſhe?

Ol. Speak to me, I ſhall anſwer for her : your will?

Vio. Moſt radient, Exquiſite, and unmatchable beauty, I pray you tell me if this be the Lady of the houſe, for I never ſaw her. I would be loath to caſt away my ſpeech : for beſides that it is excellently well penn'd, I have taken great pains to con it. Good Beauties, let me ſuſtain no ſcorn ; I am very comptible, even to the leaſt ſiniſter uſage.

Ol. Whence came you, ſir?

Vio. I can ſay little more than I have ſtudied, and that queſtion's out of my part. Good gentle one, give me modeſt aſſurance, if you be the Lady of the houſe, that I may proceed in ſpeech.

Ol. Are you a Comedian?

Vio. No my profound heart; and yet (by the very phangs of malice, I ſwear) I am not that I play. Are you the Lady of the houſe?

Ol. If I do not uſurp my ſelf, I am.

Vio. Moſt certain, if you are ſhe, you do uſurp your ſelf; for what is yours to beſtow, is not yours to reſerve. But this is from my Commiſſion; I will on with my Speech in your praiſe, and then ſhew you the heart of my meſſage.

Ol. Come to what is important in't: I forgive you the praiſe.

Vio. Alas, I took great pains to ſtudy it, and 'tis Poetical.

Ol. It is the more like to be feigned. I pray you keep it in. I heard you were ſawcy at my gates, and allow'd your approach rather to wonder at you, than to hear you. If you be not mad, be gone; if you have reaſon, be brief: 'tis not that time of Moon with me, to make one in ſo skipping a Dialogue.

Ma. Will you hoiſt Sail, ſir, here lies your way.

Vio. No good Swabber, I am to hull here a little longer. Some mollification for your Giant, ſweet Lady: tell me your mind, I am a meſſenger.

Ol. Sure you have ſome hideous matter to deliver, when the curteſie of it is ſo fearful. Speak your office.

Vio. It alone concerns your ear: I bring no overture of War, no Taxations of Homage; I hold the Oliff in my hand: my words are as full of peace as matter.

Ol. Yet you began rudely. What are you?
What would you?

Vio. The rudeneſs that hath appear'd in me, have I learn'd from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as ſecret as a Maiden-head: to your ears, Divinity; to any others, prophanation.

Ol. Give us the place alone.
We will hear this Divinity. Now ſir, what is your Text?

Vio. Moſt ſweet Lady.

Ol. A comfortable Doctrine, and much may be ſaid of it. Where lies your Text?

Vio. In *Orſino*'s boſome.

Ol. In his boſome? In what Chapter of his Boſome?

Vio. To anſwer by the method, in the firſt of his Heart.

Ol. O, I have read it; it is Hereſie. Have you no more to ſay?

Vio. Good Madam, let me ſee your face.

Ol. Have you any Commiſſion from your Lord, to negotiate with my Face? you are now out of your Text: but we will draw the Curtain, and ſhew you the Picture. Look you, ſir, ſuch a one I was this preſent: Is't not well done?

Vio. Excellently done, if God did all.

Ol. 'Tis in grain, ſir, 'twill endure Wind and Weather.

Vio. 'Tis beauty truly blent, whoſe red and white,
Natures own ſweet, and cunning hand laid on:
Lady, you are the cruell'ſt ſhe alive,
If you will lead theſe Graces to the Grave,
And leave the World no Copy.

Ol. O ſir, I will not be ſo hard-hearted: I will give out divers ſcedules of my beauty. It ſhall be Inventoried, and every particle and utenſil labell'd to my will: As, Item, two Lips indifferent red. Item, two gray Eyes, with lids to them: Item, one Neck, one Chin, and ſo forth. Were you ſent hither to praiſe me?

Vio. I ſee you what you are, you are too proud:
But if you were the Devil, you are fair:
My Lord and Maſter loves you: O ſuch love
Could be but recompenc'd, tho you were crown'd
The non-paril of beauty.

Ol. How does he love me?

Vio. With Adorations, fertil Tears,
With Groans that thunder Love, with Sighs of Fire.

Ol. Your Lord do's know my mind, I cannot love him,
Yet I ſuppoſe him vertuous, know him noble,
Of great Eſtate, of freſh and ſtainleſs Youth;
In voices well divulg'd, Free, Learn'd and Valiant,
And in dimenſion, and ſhape of nature,
A gracious perſon. But yet I cannot love him:
He might have took his anſwer long ago.

Vio. If I did love you in my Maſters flame,
With ſuch a ſuffring, ſuch a deadly life:
In your denial, I would find no ſence,
I would not underſtand it.

Ol. Why, what would you do?

Vio. Make me a willow Cabin at your gate,
And call upon my Soul within the houſe,
Write loyal Cantons of contemned love,
And ſing them loud even in the dread of night:
Hollow your name to reverberate Hills,
And make the babling Goſſip of the Air,
Cry out, *Olivia:* O you ſhould not reſt
Between the Elements of Air and Earth,
But you ſhould pity me.

Ol. You might do much:
What is your Parentage?

Vio. Above my fortunes, yet my ſtate is well:
I am a Gentleman.

Ol. Get you to your Lord:
I cannot love him: let him ſend no more,
Unleſs (perchance) you come to me again,
To tell me how he takes it; Fare you well:
I thank you for you pains: ſpend this for me.

Vio. I am no feed-poſt, Lady; keep you purſe,
My Maſter, not my ſelf, lacks recompence.
Love make his heart of flint, that you ſhall love.
And let your fervour like my Maſters be,
Plac'd in contempt: Farwel fair cruelty. *Exit.*

Ol. What is your Parentage?
Above my fortunes, yet my ſtate is well:
I am a Gentleman. I'le be ſworn thou art,
Thy Tongue, thy Face, thy Limb, Actions, and Spirit,
Do give thee five-fold blazon; not too faſt: ſoft, ſoft,
Unleſs the Maſter were the man. How now?
Even ſo quickly may one catch the Plague?
Methinks I feel this Youth's perfections,
With an inviſible and ſubtil ſtealth
To creep in at mine Eyes. Well, let it be.
What hoa, *Malvolio.*

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. Here Madam, at your ſervice.

Ol. Run after that ſame peeviſh Meſſenger,
The Counts man; he left this Ring behind him,
Would I, or not: tell him, I'le none of it.
Deſire him not to flatter with his Lord,
Nor hold him up with hopes, I am not for him:
If that the Youth will come this way to morrow,
I'le give him reaſon for't by thee, *Malvolio.*

Mal. Madam, I will. *Exit.*

Ol. I do, I know not what, and fear to find
Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind:
Fate, ſhew thy force, our ſelves we do not owe;
What is decreed, muſt be; and be this ſo.

Finis, Actus primi.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Antonio *and* Sebaſtian.

An. Will you ſtay no longer? nor will you not that I go with you?

Seb. By your patience, no: my Stars ſhine darkly over me; the malignancy of my fate, might perhaps diſtemper yours; therefore I ſhall crave of you your leave, that I may bear my evils alone. It were a bad recompence for your love, to lay any of them on you.

An. Let me yet know of you, whither you are bound.

Seb. No ſooth, ſir, my determinate Voyage is meer extravagancy. But I perceive in you ſo excellent a touch of modeſty, that you will not extort from me, what I am willing to keep in; therefore it charges me in manners, the rather to expreſs my ſelf: you muſt know of me then, *Antonio*, my name is *Sebaſtian* (which I call'd *Rodorigo*) my Father was that *Sebaſtian* of *Meſſaline*, whom I know you have heard of. He left behind him, my ſelf, and a Siſter, both born in one hour; if the Heavens had been pleas'd, would we had ſo ended. But you ſir, alter'd that, for ſome hours before you took me from the breach of the Sea, was my Siſter drown'd.

An. Alas the day!

Seb. A Lady ſir, tho it was ſaid ſhe much reſembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful; but tho I could not with ſuch eſtimable wonder over-far believe that, yet thus far I will boldly publiſh her, ſhe bore a mind that envy could not but call fair: She is drown'd already, ſir, with ſalt water, tho I ſeem to drown her remembrance again with more.

An. Pardon me, ſir, your bad entertainment.

Seb. O good *Antonio*, forgive me your trouble.

An. If you will not murther me for my love, let me be your Servant.

Seb. If you will not undo what you have done, that is, kill him, whom you have recover'd, deſire it not. Fare ye well at once, my Boſom is full of kindneſs, and I am yet ſo near the manners of my Mother, that upon the leaſt occaſion more, mine Eyes will tell tales of me: I am bound to the Count *Orſino*'s Court, farwel. *Exit.*

An. The gentleneſs of the gods go with thee:
I have made Enemies in *Orſino*'s Court,
Elſe would I very ſhortly ſee thee there:
But come what may, I do adore thee ſo,
That danger ſhall ſeem ſport, and I will go. *Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Viola, and Malvolio, *at ſeveral Doors.*

Mal. Were not you ev'n now, with the Counteſs *Olivia*?

Vio. Even now ſir, on a moderate pace, I have ſince arriv'd but hither.

Mal. She returns this Ring to you (ſir) you might have ſaved me my pains, to have taken it away your ſelf. She adds moreover, that you ſhould put your Lord in a deſperate aſſurance, ſhe will none of him. And one thing more, that you be never ſo hardy to come again in his affairs, unleſs it be to report your Lords taking of this: receive it ſo.

Vio. She took the Ring of me, I'le none of it.

Mal. Come, ſir, you peeviſhly threw it to her, and her will is, it ſhould be ſo return'd; If it be worth ſtooping for, there it lies in your Eye; if not, be it his that finds it. *Exit.*

Vio. I left no Ring with her; what means this Lady?
Fortune forbid my out-ſide have not charm'd her:
She made good view of me, indeed ſo much,
That ſure me thought her Eyes had loſt her Tongue,
For ſhe did ſpeak in ſtarts diſtractedly:
She loves me ſure, the cunning of her paſſion
Invites me in this churliſh meſſenger:
None of my Lords Ring? Why, he ſent her none?
I am the man, if it be ſo as 'tis,
Poor Lady, ſhe were better love a dream:
Diſguiſe, I ſee thou art a wickedneſs,
Wherein the pregnant Enemy does much.
How caſie is it, for the proper falſe
In Womens waxen hearts to ſet their forms:
Alas, our frailty is the cauſe, not we,
For ſuch as we are made, if ſuch we be:
How will this fadg? My Maſter loves her dearly,
And I (poor monſter) fond as much on him:
And ſhe (miſtaken) ſeems to dote on me:
What will become of this? As I am a man,
My ſtate is deſperate for my maſters love;
As I am Woman (now alas the day)
What thriftleſs ſighs ſhall poor *Olivia* breathe?
O time, thou muſt intangle this, not I,
It is too hard a knot for me t'unty.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Sir Toby, *and Sir* Andrew.

To. Approach Sir *Andrew*: not to be a bed after midnight, is to be up betimes, and *Diliculo ſurgere*, thou know'ſt.

And. Nay by my troth I know not: but I know, to be up late, is to be up late.

To. A falſe concluſion: I hate it as an unfill'd Can; to be up after midnight, and to go to bed then, is early: ſo that to go to bed after midnight, is to go to bed betimes. Does not our lives conſiſt of the four Elements?

An. Faith ſo they ſay, but I think it rather conſiſts of eating and drinking.

To. Th'art a ſcholar, let us therefore eat and drink, *Marian* I ſay, a ſtoop of wine.

Enter Clown.

An. Here comes the fool, i'faith.

Clo. How now my hearts: did you never ſee the Picture of we three?

To. Welcome aſs, now let's have a catch.

And. By my troth the fool has an excellent breaſt. I had rather than forty ſhillings I had ſuch a leg, and ſo ſweet a Breath to Sing, as the Fool has. Inſooth thou waſt in very gracious fooling laſt Night, when thou ſpok'ſt of *Pigrogromitus*, of the *Vapians* paſſing the Equinoctial of *Queubus*; 'twas very good i'faith: I ſent thee ſix pence for thy Lemon, hadſt it?

Clo. I did impeticos thy gratillity; for *Malvolio*'s Noſe is no Whip-ſtock. My Lady has a white hand, and the Mermidons are no Bottle-Ale-houſes.

An. Excellent: Why this is the beſt fooling, when all is done. Now a Song.

To. Come on, there is ſix pence for you. Let's have a Song.

An. There's a teſtril of me too; if one Knight give a—

Clo. Would you have a Love-ſong, or a Song of good Life?

To. A Love-ſong, a Love-ſong.

An. I, I. I care not for good life.

Clown *ſings.*

O Miſtris mine, where are you roming?
O ſtay and hear, your true Loves coming,
That can ſing both high and low.
Trip no further pretty ſweeting.
Journeys end in Lovers meeting.
Every wiſe mans ſon doth know.

An. Excellent good, i'faith.

To. Good, good.

Clo. *What is love, 'tis not hereafter,*
Preſent mirth, hath preſent laughter:
What's to come, is ſtill unſure,
In delay there lyes no plenty,
Then come kiſs me ſweet and twenty:
Youth's a ſtuff will not endure.

An. A melliſluous voice, as I am true Knight.

To. A contagious breath.

An. Very ſweet and contagious, i'faith.

To. To hear by the Noſe, it is dulcet in contagion. But ſhall we make the Welkin dance indeed? ſhall we rouſe the night-Owl in a Catch, that will draw three ſouls out of one Weaver? Shall we do that?

An. And you love me, let's do't: I am a dog at a Catch.

Clo. Byrlady ſir, and ſome dogs will catch well.

An. Moſt certain: Let our Catch be, *Thou Knave.*

Clo. *Hold thy peace, thou Knave* knight. I ſhall be conſtrain'd in't, to call thee Knave, Knight.

An. 'Tis not the firſt time I have conſtrained one to call me knave. Begin fool: it begins, *Hold thy peace.*

Clo. Shall I never begin if I hold my peace.

An. Good i'faith: Come begin. *Catch ſing.*

Enter Maria.

Mar. What a catterwalling do you keep here? If my Lady have not call'd up her Steward, *Malvolio,* and bid him turn you out of doors, never truſt me.

To. My Lady's a *Catayan*, we are politicians, *Malvolio*'s a Peg-a-ramſy, and *Three merry men be we.* Am not I conſanguinious? Am not I of her blood: tilly vally. Lady! *There dwelt a man in* Babylon, *Lady, Lady.*

Clo. Beſhrew me, the knight's in admirable fooling.

An. I, he do's well enough if he be diſpos'd, and ſo do I too: he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.

To. *O twelf day of December.*

Mar. For the love o'God peace.

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. My Maſters are you mad? Or what are you? Have you no wit, manners, nor honeſty, but to gabble like Tinkers at this time of night? Do ye make an Alehouſe of my Ladies houſe, that ye ſqueak out your Coziers Catches without any mitigation or remorſe of voice? Is there no reſpect of place, perſons, nor time in you?

To. We did keep time ſir in our Catches. Sneck up.

Mal. *Sir Toby*, I muſt be round with you. My Lady bad me tell you, that ſhe harbours you as her kinſman, ſhe's nothing ally'd to your diſorders. If you can ſeparate your ſelf and your miſdemeanours, you are welcome to the houſe: if not, and it would pleaſe you to take leave of her, ſhe is very willing to bid you farewel.

To. Farewel dear heart, ſince I muſt needs be gone.

Mar. Nay, good Sir *Toby.*

Clo. His eyes do ſhew his days are almoſt done.

Mal. Is't even ſo?

To. But I will never dye.

Clo. Sir *Toby*, there you lye.

Mal. This is much credit to you.

To. *Shall I bid him go?*

Clo. *What and if you do?*

To. *Shall I bid him go, and ſpare not?*

Clo. *O no, no, no, you dare not.*

To. Out o'tune ſir, ye lie: Art any more than a Steward? Doſt thou think becauſe thou art vertuous, there ſhall be no more Cakes and Ale?

Clo. Yes by S. *Ann*, and Ginger ſhall be hot i'th mouth too.

To. Th' art i'th right. Go ſir, rub your chain with crums. A ſtope of Wine *Maria*

Mal. Miſtris *Mary*, if you priz'd my Ladies favour at any thing more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule; ſhe ſhall know of it by this hand. *Exit.*

Mal. Go ſhake your ears.

An. 'Twere as good a deed as to drink when a mans a hungry, to challenge him the field, and then to break promiſe with him, and make a fool of him.

To. Do't knight, I'le write thee a Challenge: or I'le deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

Mar. Sweet Sir *Toby*, be patient for to night; Since the youth of the Counts was to day with my Lady, ſhe is much out of quiet. For Mounſieur *Malvolio*, let me alone with him: If I do not gull him into an ayword, and make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lye ſtraight in my bed: I know I can do it.

To. poſſeſs us, poſſeſs us, tell us ſomething of him.

Mar. Marry ſir, ſometimes he is a kind of a Puritan,

An. O, if I thought that, I'de beat him like a dog.

To. What for being a Puritan? thy exquiſite reaſon, dear knight.

An. I have no exquiſite reaſon for't, but I have reaſon good enough.

Mar. The Dev'l a Puritan that he is, or any thing conſtantly but a time-pleaſer, an affection'd Aſs, that Cons State without book, and utters it by great ſwarths. The beſt perſwaded of himſelf: ſo cram'd (as he thinks) with excellencies, that it is his ground of faith, that all that look on him, love him: and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cauſe to work.

To. What wilt thou do?

Mar. I will drop in his way ſome obſcure Epiſtles of love, wherein by the colour of his beard, the ſhape of his leg, the manner of his gate, the expreſſure of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he ſhall find himſelf moſt feelingly perſonated. I can write very like my Lady your Neece, on a forgotten matter we can hardly make diſtinction of our hands.

To. Excellent, I ſmell a device.

An. I hav't in my noſe too.

To. He ſhall think by the Letters that thou wilt drop, that they come from my Neece, and that ſhe is in love with him.

Mar. My purpoſe is indeed a horſe of that colour.

An. And your horſe now would make him an Aſs.

Mar. Aſs, I doubt not.

An. O 'twill be admirable.

Mar. Sport royal I warrant you: I know my Phyſick will work with him. I will plant you two, and let the Fool make a third, where he ſhall find the Letter: obſerve this conſtruction of it: For this night to bed, and dream on the event. Farewel. *Exit.*

To. Good night *Penthiſilea.*

An. Before me ſhe's a good wench.

To. She's a beagle, true bred, and one that adores me; what o'that?

An. I was ador'd once too.

To. Let's to bed knight: Thou hadſt need ſend for more money.

An. If I cannot recover your Neece, I am a foul way out.

To. Send for money knight, if thou haſt her not i'th end, call me Cut.

An. If I do not, never truſt me, take it how you will.

To. Come, come, I'le go burn ſome Sack, 'tis too late to go to bed now: Come knight, come knight.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, *and others.*

Du. Give me ſome muſick; Now good morrow friends;
Now good *Ceſario* but that piece of Song,
That old and Antick Song we heard laſt night;
Me thought it did relieve my paſſion much,
More then light airs, and recollected terms
Of theſe moſt brisk and giddy-pac'd times.
Come, but one verſe.

Cu. He is not here (ſo pleaſe your Lordſhip) that ſhould ſing it.

Du. Who was it?

Cur. Feſte the Jeſter my Lord, a fool that the Lady *Olivia*'s Father took much delight in. He is about the houſe.

Du. Seek him out, and play the tune the while.

Muſick plays.

Come hither Boy, if ever thou ſhalt love
In the ſweet pangs of it, remember me;
For ſuch as I am, all true lovers are,
Unſtaid and skittiſh in all motions elſe,
Save in the conſtant image of the creature
That is belov'd. How doſt thou like this tune?

Vio. It gives a very eccho to the ſeat
Where love is thron'd.

Du. Thou doſt ſpeak maſterly,
My life upon't, young tho thou art, thine eye
Hath ſtaid upon ſome favour that it loves:
Hath it not boy?

Vio. A little by your favour,

Du. What kind of woman is't?

Vio. Of your complexion.

Du. She is not worth thee then. What years i'faith?

Vio. About your years my Lord.

Du. Too old by heaven: Let ſtill the woman take
An elder than her ſelf, ſo wears ſhe to him:
So ſways ſhe level in her husbands heart:
For boy, however we do praiſe our ſelves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, ſooner loſt and worn,
Than womens are.

Vio. I think it well my Lord.

Du. Then let thy love be younger than thy ſelf,
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent:
For women are as Roſes, whoſe fair flower
Being once diſplaid, doth fall the very hour.

Vio. And ſo they are: alas, that they are ſo:
To dye, even when they to perfection grow:

Enter Curio, *and* Clown.

Du. O fellow come, the ſong we had laſt night:
Mark it *Ceſario*, it is old and plain;
The Spinſters and the Knitters in the Sun,
And the free maids that weave their thred with bones,
Do uſe to chant it: it is ſilly ſooth,
And dallies with the innocence of love,
Like the old age.

Clo. Are you ready Sir?

Du. I prethee ſing.

Muſick.

The Song.

Come away, come away death,
And in ſad cypreſs let me be laid,
Fie away, fie away breath,
I am ſlain by a fair cruel maid.
My ſhrowd of white, ſtuck all with Ew, O prepare it.
My part of death no one ſo true did ſhare it.

Not a flower, not a flower ſweet
On my black coffin, let there be ſtrewn:
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corps, where my bones ſhall be thrown:
A thouſand thouſand ſighs to ſave, lay me O where
Sad true lover never find my grave, to weep there.

Du. There's for thy pains.

Clo. No pains ſir, I take pleaſure in ſinging ſir.

Du. I'le pay thy pleaſure then.

Clo. Truly, ſir, and pleaſure will be paid one time, or another.

Du. Give me now leave, to leave thee.

Clo. Now the melancholly God protect thee, and the Tailor make thy doublet of changeable Taffata, for thy mind is a very Opal. I would have men of ſuch conſtancy put to Sea, that their buſineſs might be every thing, and their intent every where, for that's it that always makes a good voyage of nothing. Farewel.

Exit.

Du. Let all the reſt give place: once more *Ceſario*,
Get thee yond ſame ſoveraign cruelty:
Tell her my love (more noble than the world)
Priſes not quantity of dirty lands,
The parts that fortune hath beſtow'd upon her,
Tell her I told as giddily as fortune:
But 'tis that miracle, and Queen of Jems
That nature pranks her in, attracts my ſoul.

Vio. But if ſhe cannot love you ſir.

Du. It cannot be ſo anſwer'd.

Vio. Sooth but you muſt.
Say that ſome Lady, as perhaps there is,
Hath for your love as great a pang of heart
As you have for *Olivia*: you cannot love her:
You tell her ſo: Muſt ſhe not then be anſwer'd?

Du. There is no womans ſides
Can abide the beating of ſo ſtrong a paſſion,
As love doth give my heart: no womans heart
So big, to hold ſo much, they lack retention.
Alas, their love may be call'd appetite:
No motion of the Liver, but the Pallat,
That ſuffer ſurfet, cloyment, and revolt;
But mine is all as hungry as the Sea,
And can digeſt as much, make no compare
Between that love a woman can bear me,
And that I owe *Olivia*.

Vio. I but I know.

Du. What doſt thou know?

Vio. Too well what love women to men owe:
In faith they are as true of heart, as we.
My Father had a Daughter lov'd a man
As it might be perhaps, were I a woman
I ſhould your Lordſhip.

Du. And what's her hiſtory?

Vio. A blank, my Lord: ſhe never told her love,
But let concealment like a worm i'th bud
Feed on her damask cheek: ſhe pin'd in thought,
And with a green and yellow melancholly,
She ſate like Patience on a Monument,
Smiling at grief. Was not this love indeed?
We men may ſay more, ſwear more, but indeed
Our ſhews are more than will: for ſtill we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love.

Du. But dy'd thy ſiſter of her love, my boy?

Vio. I am all the daughters of my Fathers houſe,
And all the brothers too, and yet I know not.
Sir, ſhall I to this Lady?

Du. I that's the Theam:
To her in haſte; give her this Jewel: ſay,
My love can give no place, bid no denay.

Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.

To. Come thy ways, Signior *Fabian.*

Fab. Nay I'le come; if I loſe a ſcruple of this ſport, let me be boyl'd to death with Melancholly.

To. Would'ſt thou not be glad to have the niggardly Raſcally ſheep-biter, come by ſome notable ſhame?

Fa. I would exult man; you know he brought me out of favour with my Lady, about a Bear-baiting here.

To. To anger him we'll have the Bear again, and we will fool him black and blew, ſhall we not, Sir *Andrew*?

An. And we do not, it is pity of our lives.

Enter Maria.

To. Here comes the little villain: how now my Nettle of *India*?

Mar. Get ye all three into the box-tree: *Malvolio*'s coming down this walk, he ha's been yonder i'th Sun practiſing behaviour to his own ſhadow this half hour: obſerve him for the love of Mockery: for I know this Letter will make a contemplative Ideot of him. Cloſe in the name of jeſting, lye thou there: for here comes the Trowt that muſt be caught with tickling. *Exit.*

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. 'Tis but fortune, all is fortune. *Maria* once told me ſhe did affect me, and I have heard her ſelf come thus near, that ſhould ſhe fancy, it ſhould be one of my complexion. Beſides ſhe uſes me with a more exalted reſpect, than any one elſe that follows her. VVhat ſhould I think on't?

To. Here's an over-weening rogue.

Fa. Oh peace: Contemplation makes a rare Turkey-Cock of him, how he jets under his advan'd plumes.

And. 'Slight, I could ſo beat the Rogue.

To. Peace I ſay.

Mal. To be Count *Malvolio.*

To. Ah Rogue.

An. Piſtol him, piſtol him.

To. Peace, peace.

Mal There is example for't: The Lady of the *Strachy*, married the yeoman of the Wardrobe.

An. Fye on him *Jezabel.*

Fa. O peace, now he's deeply in: look how imagination blows him.

Mal. Having been three months married to her, ſitting in my ſtate.

To. O for a ſtone-bow to hit him in the eye.

Mal. Calling my officers about me, in my branch'd Velvet gown: having come from a day-bed, where I have left *Olivia* ſleeping.

To. Fire and Brimſtone.

Fa. O peace, peace.

Mal. And then to have the humour of ſtate: and after a demure travel of regard: telling them I know my place, as I would they ſhould do theirs: to ask for my kinſman *Toby.*

To. Bolts and ſhackles.

Fa. Oh peace, peace, peace, now, now.

Mal. Seven of my people with an obedient ſtart, make out for him: I frown the while, and perchance wind up my watch, or play with ſome rich Jewel: *Toby* approaches; curtſies there to me.

To. Shall this fellow live?

Fa. Tho our ſilence be drawn from us with cares, yet peace.

Mal. I extend my hand to him thus: quenching my familiar ſmile with an auſtere regard of controul.

To. And do's not *Toby* take you a blow o'the lips then?

Mal. Saying, Couſin *Toby*, my fortunes having caſt me on your Neece, give me this prerogative of ſpeech:

To. What, what?

Mal. You muſt amend your drunkenneſs.

To. Out ſcab.

Fab. Nay patience, or we break the ſinews of our plot?

Mal. Beſides you waſt the treaſure of your time, with a fooliſh Knight.

And. That's me I warrant you:

Mal. One Sir *Andrew.*

And. I knew 'twas I, for many do call me fool.

Mal. What employment have we here?

Fa. Now is the woodcock near the gin.

To. Oh peace, and the ſpirit of humours intimate reading aloud to him.

Mal. By my life this is my Ladies hand: theſe be her very *C*'s, her *V*'s, and her *T*'s, and thus makes ſhe her great *P*'s. It is in contempt to queſtion her hand.

And. Her *C*'s, her *V*'s, and her *T*'s; why that?

Mal. *To the unknown belov'd, this, and my good wiſhes*; Her very Phraſes: by your leave wax. Soft, and the impreſſure her *Lucrece*, with which ſhe uſes to ſeal: 'tis my Lady: To whom ſhould this be?

Fab. This wins him, Liver and all.

Mal. Jove *knows I love, but who, Lips do not move, no man muſt know.* No man muſt know. What follows? The numbers alter'd: No man muſt know,
If this ſhould be thee, *Malvolio*?

To. Marry hang thee brock.

Mal. *I may command where I adore, but ſilence like a*
Lucreſs wife,
With boldneſs ſtroke my heart doth gore, M.O.A.I. doth ſway
my life.

Fa. A Fuſtian riddle.

To. Excellent Wench, ſay I.

Mal. *M.O.A.I.* doth ſway my life. Nay but firſt let me ſee, let me ſee.

Fab. What diſh of poiſon has ſhe dreſt him?

To. And with what wing the ſtallion checks at it?

Mal. *I may command, where I adore.* Why ſhe may command me: I ſerve her, ſhe is my Lady. Why this is evident to any formal capacity. There is no obſtruction in this, and the end; what ſhould that Alphabetical poſition portend, If I could make that reſemble ſomething in me? Softly; *M.O.A.I.*

To. *O, I,* make up that, he is now at a cold ſent.

Fab Sowter will cry upon't for all this, tho it be as rank as a Fox.

Mal. *M. Malvolio, M.* VVhy that begins my name.

Fab. Did not I ſay he would work it out, the Cur is excellent at faults.

Mal. *M.* But then there is no conſonancy in the ſequel that ſuffers under probation: *A.* ſhould follow, but *O.* does.

Fab And *O.* ſhall end, I hope.

To. I, or I'le cudgel him, and make him cry *O.*

Mal. And then *I.* comes behind.

Fab. I, and you had any eye behind you, you might ſee more detraction at your heels, than Fortunes before you.

Mal. *M.O.A.I.* This ſimulation is not as the former: and yet to cruſh this a little, it would bow me, for every one of theſe Letters are in my name. Soft, here follows proſe: *If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my Stars I am above thee, but be not afraid of greatneſs; ſome are become great, ſome atchieve greatneſs, and ſome, and ſome have greatneſs put upon them. Thy fates upon their hands, let thy blood and ſpirit embrace them, and to inure thy ſelf to what thou art like to be; caſt thy humble ſlough, and* *appear freſh. Be oppoſite with a kinſman, ſurly with ſervants: Let thy tongue tang arguments of State; put thy ſelf into the trick of ſingularity. She thus adviſes thee, that ſighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow ſtockings, and wiſh'd to ſee thee ever croſs garter'd: I ſay remember, go to, thou art made, if thou deſir'ſt to be ſo: If not, let me ſee thee a ſteward ſtill the fellow of ſervants, and not worthy to touch Fortunes fingers: Farewell.* She that would alter ſervices with thee, the fortunate unhappy daylight and champion diſcovers not more: This is open, I will be proud, I will read politick Authors, I will baffle Sir *Toby*, I will waſh off groſs acquaintance, I will be point deviſe, the very man. I do now fool my ſelf, to let imagination Jade me; for every reaſon excites to this, that my Lady loves me. She did commend my yellow ſtockings of late, ſhe did praiſe my leg being croſſe-garter'd, and in this ſhe manifeſts her ſelf to my love, and with a kind of conjunction drives me to theſe habits of her liking. I thank my ſtars, I am happy: I will be ſtrange, ſtout, in yellow ſtockings and croſs garter'd even with the ſwiftneſs of putting on. Jove, and my ſtars be praiſed. Here is yet a poſtſcript. *Thou canſt not chooſe to know who I am; if thou entertaineſt my love, let it appear in thy ſmiling, thy ſmiles become thee well. Therefore in my preſence ſtill ſmile, dear my ſweet, I prethee. Jove* I thank thee, I will ſmile, I will do every thing that thou wilt have me. *Exit.*

Fab. I will not give my patt of this ſport for a penſion of thouſands to be paid from the Sophy.

To. I could marry this wench for this device.

An. So could I too.

To. And ask no other dowry with her, but ſuch another jeſt.

Enter Maria.

An. Nor I neither.

Fab. Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

To. Wilt thou ſet thy foot o'my neck?

An. Or o'mine either?

To. ſhall I play my freedom at a tray-trip, and become thy bond-ſlave?

An. I'faith, or either?

Tob. Why, thou haſt put him in ſuch a dream, that when the image of it leaves him, he muſt run mad.

Ma. Nay but ſay true, do's it work upon him?

To. Like *Aqua-vitæ* with a Midwife.

Mar. If you will then ſee the fruits of the ſport, mark his firſt approach before my Lady: he will come to her in yellow ſtockings, and 'tis a colour ſhe abhors; and croſs garter'd, a faſhion ſhe deteſts: and he will ſmile upon her, which will now be ſo unſuitable to her diſpoſition, being addicted to melancholly, as ſhe is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt: if you will ſee it, follow me.——

To. To the gates Tartar, thou moſt excellent devil of wit.

And. I'le make one too. *Exeunt.*

Finis Actus Secundi.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Viola, and Clown.

Vio. Save thee Friend and thy Muſick: doſt thou live by the Tabor?

Clo. No ſir, I live by the Church.

Vio. Art thou a Churchman?

Clo. No ſuch matter, ſir, I do live by the Church: for, I do live at my houſe, and my houſe doth ſtand by the Church.

Vio. So thou maieſt ſay the King lyes by a beggar, if a beggar dwell near him: or the Church ſtands by thy Tabor, if thy Tabor ſtand by the Church.

Clo. You have ſaid, ſir: To ſee this age! A ſentence is but a chev'rill glove to a good wit; how quickly the wrong ſide may be turn'd outward.

Vio. Nay that's certain: they that dally nicely with words, may quickly make them wanton.

Clo. I would therefore my ſiſter had no name, Sir.

Vio. Why man?

Clo. Why, ſir, her name's a word, and to dally with that word, might make my ſiſter wanton: But indeed, words are very Raſcals, ſince bonds diſgrac'd them.

Vio. Thy reaſon man?

Clo. Troth, ſir, I can yield you none without words, and words are grown ſo falſe, I am loath to prove reaſon with them.

Vio. I warrant thou art a merry fellow, and car'ſt for nothing.

Clo. Not ſo, ſir, I do care for ſomething: but in my conſcience, ſir, I do not care for you: if that be to care for nothing, ſir, I would it would make you inviſible.

Vio. Art not thou the Lady *Olivia*'s fool?

Clo. No indeed, ſir, the Lady *Olivia* has no folly, ſhe will keep no fool, ſir, till ſhe be married, and fools are as like husbands, as Pilchers are to Herrings, the husband's the bigger: I am indeed not her fool, but her corrupter of words.

Vio. I ſaw thee late at the Count *Orſino's*.

Clo. Foolery, ſir, he does walk about the Orb like the Sun, it ſhines every where. I would be ſorry, ſir, but the Fool ſhould be as oft with your Maſter, as with my Miſtreſs: I think I ſaw your wiſdom there.

Vio. Nay, and thou paſs upon me, I'le no more with thee. Hold there's expences for thee.

Clo. Now *Jove* in his next commodity of hair, ſend thee a beard.

Vio. By my troth, I'le tell thee, I am almoſt ſick for one, though I would not have it grow on my chin. Is thy Lady within?

Clo. Would not a pair of theſe have bred, ſir?

Vio. Yes, being kept together, and put to uſe.

Clo. I would play Lord *Pandarus* of *Phrygia*, ſir, to bring a *Creſſida* to this *Troylus*.

Vio. I underſtand you, ſir, 'tis well begg'd.

Clo. The matter I hope is not great, ſir; begging, but a beggar: *Creſſida* was a beggar. My Lady is within, ſir. I will conſter to them whence you come, who you are, and what you would is out of my Welkin, I might ſay, Element, but the word is over-worn. *Exit.*

Vio. This fellow is wiſe enough to play the fool,
And to do that well craves a kind of wit:
He muſt obſerve their mood on whom he jeſts,
The quality of perſons, and the time:
And like the Haggard, check at every Feather
That comes before his eye. This is a practice,
As full of labour as a Wiſe-mans Art:
For folly that he wiſely ſhews, is fit:
But wiſe mens folly faln, quite taint their wit.

Enter Sir Toby and Andrew.

To. Save you Gentleman.

Vio. And you ſir.

And. Dieu vou guard Mounſieur.

Vio Et vouz auſie voſtre ſerviture.

And. I hope, ſir, you are, and I am yours.

To. Will you encounter the houſe, my Neece is deſirous you ſhould enter, if your trade be to her.

Vio. I am bound to your Neece, sir, I mean ſhe is the liſt of my voyage.

To. Taſte your legs, ſir, put them to motion.

Vio. My legs do better underſtand me, ſir, than I underſtand what you mean by bidding me taſte my legs.

To. I mean to go, ſir, to enter.

Vio. I will anſwer you with gate and entrance, but we are prevented.

Enter Olivia *and* Gentlewoman.

Moſt excellent accompliſh'd Lady, the Heavens rain Odours on you.

And. That youth's a rare Courtier, rain Odours, well.

Vio. My matter hath no voice, Lady, but to your own moſt pregnant and vouchſafed ear.

And. Odours, pregnant and vouchſafed: I'le get 'em all three ready.

Ol. Let the garden door be ſhut, and leave me to my hearing. Give me your hand, ſir.

Vio. My duty, Madam, and moſt humble ſervice.

Ol. What is your name?

Vio. *Ceſario* is your ſervants name, fair Princeſs.

Ol. My ſervant, ſir? 'Twas never merry world,
Since lowly feigning was call'd complement:
Y'are ſervaut to the Count *Orſino* (youth.)

Vio. And he is yours, and his muſt needs be yours:
Your ſervants ſervant is your ſervant, Madam.

Olivia. For him I think not on him: for his thoughts,
Would they were blanks rather than fill'd with me.

Vio. Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts
On his behalf.

Ol. O by your leave I pray you.
I bad you never ſpeak again of him;
But would you undertake another ſuit?
I had rather hear you to ſollicit that,
Than Muſick from the ſphears.

Vio. Dear Lady.

Ol. Give me leave, I beſeech you: I did ſend,
After the laſt enchantment you did hear,
A Ring in chaſe of you. So did I abuſe
My ſelf, my ſervant, and I fear me, you:
Under your hard conſtruction muſt I ſit,
To force that on you in a ſhameful cunning
Which you knew none of yours. What might you think?
Have you not ſet mine honour at the ſtake,
And baited it with all th'unmuzled thoughts
That tyrannous heart can think? to one of your receiving
Enough is ſhewn, a Cipreſs, not a boſom,
Hides my poor heart: ſo let me hear you ſpeak.

Vio. I pity you.

Ol. That's a degree to love.

Vio. No not a grice: for 'tis a vulgar proof
That very oft we pity enemies.

Ol. Why then methinks 'tis time to ſmile agen;
O world, how apt the poor are to be proud?
If one ſhould be a prey, how much better
To fall before the Lion, than the Wolf;

Clock ſtrikes.

The clock upbraids me with the waſte of time.
Be not afraid good youth, I will not have you;
And yet when wit and youth is come to harveſt:
Your wife is like to reap a proper man:
There lies your way, due Weſt.

Vio. Then Weſtward hoe:
Grace and good diſpoſition attend your Ladiſhip;
You'l nothing, Madam, to my Lord, by me:

Ol. Stay: I prithee tell me what thou think'ſt of me?

Vio. That you do think you are not what you are.

Ol. If I think ſo, I think the ſame of you.

Vio. Then think you right: I am not what I am.

Ol. I would you were, as I would have you be.

Vio. Would it be better, Madam, than I am?
I wiſh it might, for now I am your fool.

Ol. O what a deal of ſcorn, looks beautiful?
In the contempt and anger of his lip!
A murderous guilt ſhews not it ſelf more ſoon,
Than love that would ſeem hid: Loves night is noon.
Ceſario, by the Roſes of the Spring,
By maid-hood, honour, truth, and every thing,
I love thee ſo, that maugre all thy pride,
Nor wit, nor reaſon, can my paſſion hide:
Do not extort thy reaſons from this clauſe,
For that I woo, thou therefore haſt no cauſe:
But rather reaſon thus, with reaſon fetter;
Love ſought, is good; but given unſought, is better.

Vio. By innocence I ſwear, and by my youth,
I have one heart, one boſome, and one truth,
And that no woman has, nor never none
Shall miſtris be of it, ſave I alone.
And ſo adieu, good Madam, never more,
Will I my Maſters tears to you deplore.

Ol. Yet come again: for thou perhaps may'ſt move
That heart, which now abhors to like his love.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Sir Toby, *Sir* Andrew, *and* Fabian.

And. No faith, I'le not ſtay a jot longer.

Tob. Thy reaſon dear venome, give thy reaſon.

Fab. You muſt needs yield your reaſon, Sir *Andrew.*

And. Marry I ſaw your Neece do more favours to the Counts Serving-man, than ever ſhe beſtow'd upon me. I ſaw't i'th Orchard.

To. Did ſhe ſee thee the while, old boy, tell me that?

An. As plain as I ſee you now.

Fabi. This was a great argument of love in her toward you.

And. 'Slight; will you make an Aſs o' me?

Fabi. I prove it legitimate, ſir, upon the oaths of judgment, and reaſon.

To. And they have been grand Jury-men, ſince before *Noah* was a Sailor.

Fabi. She did ſhew favour to the youth in your ſight, only to exaſperate you, to awake your dormouſe valour, to put fire in your Heart, and brimſtone in your Liver: you ſhould then have accoſted her, and with ſome excellent jeſts (fire-new from the mint) you ſhould have bang'd the youth into dumbneſs: this was look'd for at your hand, and this was baulkt: the double gilt of this opportunity you let time waſh off, and you are now ſail'd into the North of my Ladies opinion, where you will hang like an Iſickle on a Dutchmans beard, unleſs you do redeem it by ſome laudable attempt, either of valour or policy.

An. And't be any way, it muſt be with Valour, for Policy I hate: I had as lief be a Browniſt, as a Politician.

To. Why then build me thy fortunes upon the baſis of valour. Challenge me the Counts youth to fight with him, hurt him in eleven places, my Neece ſhall take note of it, and aſſure thy ſelf, there is no love-broker in the world can more prevail in mens commendation with women, than report of valour.

Fab. There is no way but this, Sir *Andrew.*

An. Will either of you bear me a challenge to him?

To. Go write it in a martial hand, be curſt and brief: it is no matter how witty, ſo it be eloquent, and full of invention: taunt him with the licenſe of Ink: if thou thou'ſt him ſome thrice, it ſhall not be amiſs, and as many Lies, as will lie in thy ſheet of paper, although the ſheet were big enough for the bed of *Ware* in *England*, ſet 'em down, go about it. Let there be gall enough in thy ink, tho thou write with a Gooſe-pen, no matter: about it.

And. Where ſhall I find you?

To. We'll call thee at the Cubiculo: Go.

Exit Sir Andrew.

Fab. This is a dear Manakin to you, Sir *Toby*.

Tob. I have been dear to him lad, ſome two thouſand ſtrong, or ſo.

Fa. We ſhall have a rare Letter from him; but you'll not deliver't.

Tob. Never truſt me then: and by all means ſtir on the youth to an anſwer. I think Oxen and wain-ropes cannot hale them together. For *Andrew*, if he were open'd, and you find ſo much blood in his Liver, as will clog the foot of a flea, I'le eat the reſt of th' anatomy.

Fab And his oppoſite the youth bears in his viſage no great preſage of cruelty.

Enter Maria.

Tob. Look where the youngeſt Wren of mine comes.

Mar. If you deſire the ſpleen, and will laugh your ſelves into ſtitches, follow me; yond gull *Malvolio* is turned Heathen, a very Renegatho: for there is no Chriſtian that means to be ſaved by believing rightly, can ever believe ſuch impoſſible paſſages of groſneſs. He's in yellow ſtockings.

Tob. And croſs garter'd?

Mar. Moſt villanouſly: like a Pedant that keeps a School i'th Church: I have dog'd him like his murtherer. He does obey every point of the Letter that I dropt, to betray him; He does ſmile his face into more lines, than is in the new Map, with the augmentation of the *Indies*; you have not ſeen ſuch a thing as 'tis: I can hardly forbear hurling things at him. I know my Lady will ſtrike him: if ſhe do, he'll ſmile, and tak't for a great favour.

To. Come bring us, bring us where he is.

Exeunt omnes.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Sebaſtian, *and* Anthonio.

Seb. I would not by my will have troubled you,
But ſince you make your pleaſure of your pains,
I will no further chide you.

Anth. I could not ſtay behind you: my deſire
(More ſharp than filed ſteel) did ſpur me forth,
And not all love to ſee you (tho ſo much
As might have drawn one to a longer voyage)
But jealouſy, what might befal your travel,
Being skilleſs in theſe parts: which to a ſtranger,
Unguided, and unfriended, often prove
Rough, and unhoſpitable. My willing love,
The rather by theſe arguments of fear
Set forth in your purſuit.

Seb. My kind *Anthonio*,
I can no other anſwer make, but thanks:
But were my worth, as is my conſcience firm,
You ſhould find better dealing: what's to do?
Shall we go ſee the relicks of this Town?

Ant. To morrow, ſir, beſt firſt go ſee your Lodging.

Seb. I am not weary, and 'tis long to night,
I pray you let us ſatisfy our eyes
With the memorials, and the things of fame
That do renown this City.

Ant. Would you'ld pardon me:
I do not without danger walk theſe ſtreets.
Once in a Sea-Fight 'gainſt the Count his gallies,
I did ſome ſervice, of ſuch note indeed,
That were I tane here, it would ſcarce be anſwer'd.

Seb. Belike you ſlew great number of his people.

Ant. Th' offence is not of ſuch a bloody nature,
Albeit the quality of time, and quarrel
Might well have given us bloody argument,
It might have ſince been anſwer'd in repaving
What we took from them, which for Traffick's ſake
Moſt of our City did. Only my ſelf ſtood out,
For which if I be lapſed in this place
I ſhall pay dear.

Seb. Do not then walk too open.

Ant. It doth not fit me: hold ſir, here's my purſe.
In the South Suburbs at the *Elephant*
Is beſt to lodg: I will beſpeak our diet,
Whiles you beguile the time, and feed your knowledg
With viewing of the Town, there ſhall you have me.

Seb. Why I your purſe?

Ant. Haply your eye ſhall light upon ſome toy
You have deſire to purchaſe: and your ſtore
I think is not for idle Markets, ſir.

Seb. I'le be your purſe-bearer, and leave you
For an hour.

Ant. To th' *Elephant.*

Seb. I do remember.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Olivia, *and* Maria.

Ol. I have ſent after him, he ſays he'l come:
How ſhall I feaſt him? What beſtow of him?
For youth is bought more oft, than beg'd, or borrow'd.
I ſpeak too loud: Where's *Malvolio*, he is ſad, and civil,
And ſuits well for a ſervant with my fortunes.
Where is *Malvolio*?

Mar. He's coming, Madam:
But in very ſtrange manner. He is ſure poſſeſt, Madam.

Ol. Why, what's the matter, does he rave?

Mar. No, Madam, he does nothing but ſmile: your Ladiſhip were beſt to have ſome guard about you, if he come, for ſure the man is tainted in's wits.

Ol. Go call him hither.

Enter Malvolio.

I am as mad as he,
If ſad and merry madneſs equal be.
How now *Malvolio*?

Mal. Sweet Lady, ha, ha.

Ol. Smil'ſt thou? I ſent for thee upon a ſad occaſion.

Mal. Sad Lady, I could be ſad:
This does make ſome obſtruction in the blood;
This croſs gartering, but what of that?
If it pleaſe the eye of one, it is with me as the very true Sonnet is: Pleaſe one, and pleaſe all.

Ol. Why? How do'ſt thou man?
What is the matter with thee?

Mal. Not black in my mind, though yelow in my legs: It did come to his hands, and Commands ſhall be executed. I think we do know the ſweet Roman hand.

Ol. Wilt thou go to bed, *Malvolio*?

Mal. To bed? I ſweet heart: and I'le come to thee.

Ol. God comfort thee: why doſt thou ſmile ſo, and kiſs thy hand ſo oft?

Mar. How do you, *Malvolio*?

Mal. At your requeſt:
Yes, Nightingales anſwer Daws.

Mar. Why appear you with this ridiculous boldneſs before my Lady?

Mal. Be not afraid of greatneſs: 'twas well writ.

Ol. What meaneſt thou by that *Malvolio*?

Mal. Some are born great.

Ol. Ha?

Mal. Some atchieve greatneſs.

Ol. What ſay'ſt thou?

Mal. And ſome have Greatneſs thruſt upon them.

Ol. Heaven reſtore thee.

Mal. Remember who commended thy yellow Stockings

Ol. Thy yellow Stockings?

Mal. wiſh'd to ſee thee croſs-garter'd.

Ol. Croſs-garter'd?

Mal. Go to, thou art made, if thou deſir'ſt to be ſo.

Ol. Am I made?

Mal. If not, let me ſee thee a Servant ſtill.

Ol. Why this is very Midſummer madneſs.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam, the young Gentleman of the Count *Orſino*'s is return'd, I could hardly entreat him back; he attends your Ladiſhips pleaſure.

Ol. I'le come to him.
Good *Maria*, let this fellow be look'd to. Where's my Couſin *Toby*, let ſome of my people have a ſpecial care of him, I would not have him miſcarry for the half of my Dowry. *Exit.*

Mal. Oh, ho, do you come near me now? no worſe man than Sir *Toby* to look to me. This concurs directly with the Letter, ſhe ſends him on purpoſe, that I may appear ſtubborn to him; for ſhe incites me to that in the Letter. Caſt thy humble ſlough, ſays ſhe; be oppoſite with a Kinſman, ſurly with Servants, let thy Tongue tang with Arguments of State, put thy ſelf into the trick of ſingularity: and conſequently ſets down the manner how: as a ſad face, a reverend carriage, a ſlow Tongue, in the habit of ſome Sir of note, and ſo forth. I have limd her, but it is *Joves* doing, and *Jove* make me thankful. And when ſhe went away now, let this Fellow be look'd to: Fellow? not *Malvolio*, nor after my degree, but Fellow. Why every thing adheres together, that no dram of a ſcruple; no ſcruple of a ſcruple; no obſtacle; no incredulous or unſafe circumſtance: What can be ſaid? Nothing that can be, can come between me, and the full proſpect of my hopes. Well *Jove*, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

Enter Toby, Fabian, *and* Maria.

To. Which way is he in the name of ſanctity? If all the Devils of Hell be drawn in little, and Legion himſelf poſſeſt him, yet I'le ſpeak to him.

Fab. Here he is, here he is: how is't with you ſir? How is't with you man?

Mal. Go off, I diſcard you: let me enjoy my private: go off.

Mar. Lo, how hollow the fiend ſpeaks within him; did not I tell you? Sir *Toby*, my Lady prays you to have a care of him.

Mal. Ah ha, does ſhe ſo?

To. Go to, go to: peace, peace: we muſt deal gently with him: Let me alone. How do you do, *Malvolio*? How is't with you? What man, defie the Devil: conſider, he's an enemy to mankind.

Mal. Do you know what you ſay?

Mar. La you, and you ſpeak ill of the Devil, how he takes it at heart. Pray God he be not bewitch'd.

Fab. Carry his water to th' wiſe Woman.

Mar. Marry and it ſhall be done to morrow morning if I live. My Lady would not loſe him for more than I'le ſay.

Mal. How now Miſtris?

Mar. Oh Lord.

To. Prethee hold thy peace, that is not the way: Do you not ſee you move him?

Fa. No my gentleneſs, gently, gently: the Fiend is rough, and will not be roughly us'd.

To. Why how now my havock? how doſt thou chuck?

Mal. Sir.

To. I biddy, come with me. What man, 'tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with Satan. Hang him foul Collier.

Mar. Get him to ſay his prayers, good Sir *Toby*, get him to pray.

Mal. My prayers Minx.

Mar. No I warrant you, he will not hear of godlineſs.

Mal. Go hang your ſelves all: you are idle ſhallow things, I am not of your Element, you ſhall know more hereafter. *Exit.*

To. Is't poſſible?

Fab. If this were plaid upon a ſtage now, I could condemn it as an unprofitable fiction.

To. His very genius hath taken the infection of the device man.

Mar. Nay purſue him now, leſt the device take air, and taint.

Fa. Why we ſhall make him mad indeed.

Mar. The houſe will be the quieter.

To. Come, we'll have him in a dark Room and bound. My Neece is already in the belief that he's mad: we may carry it thus for our pleaſure, and his penance, till our very paſtime tired out of breath, prompt us to have mercy on him: at which time, we will bring the device to the bar, and crown thee for a finder of Madmen: but ſee, but ſee.

Enter Sir Andrew.

Fa. More matter for a *May* morning.

And. Here's the Challenge, read it: I warrant there's Vinegar and Pepper in't.

Fab. Is't ſo ſawcy?

And. I, is't? I warrant him: do but read.

To. Give me.
Youth, whatſoever thou art, thou art but a ſcurvy fellow.

Fa. Good and valiant.

To. *Wonder not, nor admire in thy mind why I do call thee ſo, for I will ſhew thee no reaſon for't.*

Fa. A good note, that keeps you from the blow of the Law.

To. *Thou com'ſt to the Lady* Olivia, *and in my ſight ſhe uſes thee kindly; but thou lieſt in thy throat, that is not the matter I challenge thee for.*

Fa. Very brief, and to exceeding good ſenſe-leſs.

To. *I will way-lay thee going home, where if it be thy chance to kill me.*

Fa. Good.

To. *Thou kill'ſt me like a rogue and a villain.*

Fa. Still you keep o'th windy ſide of the Law: good.

To. *Fare thee well, and God have mercy upon our* Souls. *He may have mercy upon mine, but my hope is better, and ſo look to thy ſelf. Thy friend as thou uſeſt him, and thy ſworn enemy,* Andrew Ague-cheek.

To. If this Letter move him not, his Legs cannot: I'le give't him.

Mar. You may have very fit occaſion for't: he is now in ſome commerce with my Lady, and will by and by depart.

To. Go ſir *Andrew*; ſcout me for him at the corner of the Orchard like a bum-Baily: ſo ſoon as ever thou ſeeſt him, draw; and as thou draw'ſt, ſwear horribly: for it comes to paſs oft, that a terrible Oath, with a ſwaggering accent ſharply twang'd off, gives manhood more approbation, than ever proof it ſelf would have earn'd him. Away.

And. Nay let me alone for ſwearing. *Exit.*

To. Now will not I deliver this Letter: for the behaviour of the young Gentleman, gives him out to be of good capacity, and breeding: his imployment between his Lord and my Neece, confirms no leſs. Therefore, this Letter being ſo excellently ignorant, will breed no terrour in the youth: he will find that it comes from a Clodde-pole. But ſir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth; ſet upon *Ague-cheek* a notable report of valour, and drive the Gentleman (as I know his youth will aptly receive it) into a moſt hideous opinion of his rage, skill, fury, and impetuoſity. This will ſo fright them both, that they will kill one another by the look, like Cockatrices.

Enter Olivia, and Viola.

F. Here he comes with your Neece, give them away till he take leave, and preſently after him.

To. I will meditate the while upon ſome horrid meſſage for a Challenge. *Exeunt.*

Ol. I have ſaid too much unto a heart of ſtone,
And laid mine honour too unchary on't:
There's ſomething in me that reproves my fault:
But ſuch a head-ſtrong potent fault it is,
That it but mocks reproof.

Vio. With the ſame haviour that your paſſion bears,
Goes on my Maſter's griefs.

Ol. Here, wear this Jewel for me, 'tis my picture:
Refuſe it not, it hath no tongue to vex you:
And I beſeech you come again to morrow.
What ſhall you ask of me that I'le deny,
That (honour ſav'd) may upon asking give?

Vio. Nothing but this, your true love for my Maſter.

Ol. How with mine honour may I give him that,
Which I have given to you?

Vio. I will acquit you.

Ol. Well, come again to morrow: fare-thee-well
A Fiend like thee might bear my ſoul to hell. *Exit.*

Enter Toby and Fabian.

To. Gentleman, God ſave thee.

Vio. And you, ſir.

To. That defence thou haſt, betake thee to't: of what nature the wrongs are thou haſt done him, I know not: but thy intercepter full of deſpight, bloody as the Hunter, attends thee at the Orchard end: diſmount thy Tuck, be yare in thy preparation, for thy aſſailant is quick, skilful, and deadly.

Vio. You miſtake, ſir, I ame ſure, no man hath any quarrel to me: my remembrance is very free and clear from any image of offence done to any man.

To. You'l find it otherwiſe. I aſſure you: therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your guard: for your oppoſite hath in him, what youth, ſtrength, skill and wrath can furniſh a man withall.

Vio. I pray you, ſir, what is he?

To. He is knight dubb'd with unhatch'd Rapier, and on carpet conſideration, but he is a devil in private brawl; ſouls and bodies hath he divorc'd; three and his incenſement at this moment is ſo implacable, that ſatisfaction can be none, but by pangs of death and ſepulcher: Hob, nob, is his word: giv't or tak't.

Vio. I will return again into the houſe, and deſire ſome conduct of the Lady. I am no fighter, I have heard of ſome kind of men, that put quarrels purpoſely on others to taſte their valour: belike this is a man of that quirk.

To. Sir, no: his indignation drives it ſelf out of a very competent injury, therefore get you on, and give his deſire. Back you ſhall not to the houſe, unleſs you undertake that with me, which with as much ſafety you might anſwer him: therefore on, or ſtrip your ſword ſtark naked: for meddle you muſt, that's certain, or forſwear to wear iron about you.

Vio. This is as uncivil as ſtrange. I beſeech you do me this courteous office, as to know of the Knight what my offence to him is: it is ſomething of my negligence, nothing of my purpoſe.

To. I will do ſo. Signior *Fabian*, ſtay you by this Gentleman till my return. *Exit Toby.*

Vio. Pray you ſir, do you know of this matter?

Fab. I know the Knight is incens'd againſt you, even to a mortal arbitrement, but nothing of the circumſtance more.

Vio. I beſeech you, what manner of man is he?

Fab. Nothing of that wonderful promiſe to read him by his form, as you are like to find him in the proof of his valour. He is indeed, ſir, the moſt skilful, bloody, and fatal oppoſite that you could poſſibly have found in any part of *Illirya*: will you walk towards him? I will make your peace with him, if I can.

Vio. I ſhall be much bound to you for't: I am one that had rather go with ſir Prieſt, than ſir Knight: I care not who knows ſo much of my mettle. *Exeunt.*

Enter Toby and Andrew.

Tob. Why man, he's a very devil, I have not ſeen ſuch a firago: I had a paſs with him, rapier, ſcabbard, and all: and he gives me the ſtuck in with ſuch a mortal motion, that it is invitable: and on the anſwer, he pays you as ſurely, as your feet hits the ground they ſtep on. They ſay, he has been Fencer to the Sophy.

And. Pox on't, I'le not meddle with him.

To. I, but he will not now be pacified,
Fabian can ſcarſe hold him yonder.

An. Plague on't and I thought he had been valiant, and ſo cunning in Fence, I'de have ſeen him damn'd ere I'de have challeng'd him. Let him let the matter ſlip, and I'le give him my horſe, gray Capiler.

Tob. I'le make the motion: ſtand here, make a Good ſhew on't this ſhall end without the perdition of ſouls; marry I'le ride your horſe, as well as I ride you.

Enter Fabian, and Viola.

I have his horſe to take up the quarrel, I have perſwaded him the youth's a devil.

Fab. He is as horribly conceited of him: and pants, and looks pale, as if a Bear were at his heels.

To. There's no remedy, ſir, he will fight with you for's oath ſake: marry he hath better bethought him of his quarrel, and he finds that now ſcarce to be worth talking of; therefore draw for the ſupportance of his vow, he proteſts he will not hurt you.

Vio. Pray God defend me; a little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man.

Fab. Give ground if you ſee him furious.

To. Come, Sir *Andrew*, there's no remedy; the Gentleman will for his honours ſake have one bout with you: he cannot by the Duello avoid it: but he has promiſed me, as he is a Gentleman and a Souldier, he will not hurt you. Come on, to't.

And. Pray God he keep his oath.

Enter Antonio.

Vio. I do aſſure you 'tis againſt my will.

Ant. Put up your ſword; if this young Gentleman
Have done offence, I take the fault on me:
If you offend him, I for him defie you.

Tob. You ſir? Why, what are you?

Ant. One ſir, that for his love dares yet do more
Than you have heard him brag to you he will.

Tob. Nay, if you be an undertaker, I am for you.

Enter Officer.

Fab. O good Sir *Toby*, hold: here come the Officers.
Tob. I'le be with you anon.
Vio. Pray ſir, put your word up if you pleaſe.
And. Marry will I ſir; and for that I promis'd you I'le be as good as my word. He will bear you eaſily, and rains well.
1. *Off.* This is the man, do thy Office.
2. *Off.* *Anthonio*, I arreſt thee at the ſuit of Count *Orſino.*
Ant. You do miſtake me, ſir.
1. *Off.* No ſir, no jot: I know your favour well:
Tho now you have no ſea-cap on your head:
Take him away, he knows I know him well.
Ant. I muſt obey. This comes with ſeeking you:
But there's no remedy, I ſhall anſwer it:
What will you do? now my neceſſity
Makes me to ask you for my purſe. It grieves me
Much more; for what I cannot do for you,
Than what befals my ſelf: you ſtand amaz'd,
Be of comfort.
2. *Off.* Come ſir, away.
Ant. I muſt intreat of you ſome of that money.
Vio. What money, ſir?
For the fair kindneſs you have ſhew'd me here,
And part being prompted by your preſent trouble,
Out of my lean and low ability
I'le lend you ſomething: my having is not much,
I'le make diviſion of my preſent with you:
Hold, there's half my Coffer.
Ant. Will you deny me now?
Is't poſſible, that my deſerts to you
Can lack perſwaſion? Do not tempt my miſery,
Leſt that it make me ſo unſound a man.
As to upbraid you with thoſe kindneſſes
That I have done for you.
Vio. I know of none.
Nor know I you by voice, or any feature.
I hate ingratitude more in a man,
Than lying, vainneſs, babling drunkenneſs,
Or any taint of vice, whoſe ſtrong corruprion
Inhabits our frail blood.
Ant. Oh heavens themſelves!
2. *Off.* Come, ſir, I pray you go.
Ant. Let me ſpeak a little. This youth that you ſee here,
I ſnatch'd one half out of the jaws of death,
Reliev'd him with ſuch ſanctity of love;
And to his image, which me thought did promiſe
Moſt venerable worth, did I devotion.
1. *Off.* What's that to us, the time goes by: away.
Ant. But oh, how vild an idol proves this God!
Thou haſt *Sebaſtian* done good feature ſhame,
In nature there's no blemiſh but the mind:
None can be call'd deform'd but the unkind.
Virtue is beauty, but the beauteous evil
Are empty trunks, o'te-flouriſh'd by the Devil.
1. *Off.* The man grows mad, away with him:
Come, come, ſir,
Ant. Lead me on. *Exit.*
Vio. Methinks his words do from ſuch paſſion fly,
That he believes himſelf, ſo do not I.
Prove true imagination, oh prove true,
That I dear brother, be now tane for you.
To. Come hither, Knight, come hither, *Fabian*: Well whiſper o're a couplet or two of moſt ſage ſaws.
Vio. He nam'd *Sebaſtian*: I my brother know
Yet living in my glaſs: even ſuch, and ſo
In favour was my Brother, and he went
Still in this faſhion, colour, ornament,
For him I imitate: Oh if it prove,
Tempeſts are kind, and ſalt waves freſh in love.
Exit.
Tob. A very diſhoneſt paltry boy, and more a coward than a Hare: his diſhoneſty appears, in leaving his friend here in neceſſity, and denying him: and for his cowardſhip ask *Fabian.*
Fab. A Coward, a moſt devout Coward, religious in it.
And. 'Slid, I'le after him again, and beat him.
To. Do, cuff him ſoundly, but never thy ſword.
And. And I do not.
Fab. Come let's ſee the event.
To. I dare lay any money, 'twill be nothing yet.
Exit.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Sebaſtian, *and* Clown.

Clo. Will you make me believe that I am not ſent for you?
Seb. Go to, go to, thou art a fooliſh fellow,
Let me be clear of thee.
Clo. Well held out i'faith: No, I do not know you, nor I am not ſent to you by my Lady, to bid you come ſpeak with her: nor your name is not Maſter *Ceſario*, nor this is not my noſe neither: nothing that is ſo, is ſo.
Seb. I prethee vent thy folly ſomewhere elſe, thou know'ſt not me.
Clow. Vent my folly: He has heard that word of ſome great man, and now applies it to a fool. Vent my folly! I am afraid this great lubber the world will prove a Cockney: I prethee now ungird thy ſtrangeneſs, and tell me what I ſhall vent to my Lady; ſhall I vent to her that thou art coming?
Seb. I prethee fooliſh *Greek* depart from me, there's money for thee. If you tarry longer, I ſhall give worſe payment.
Clo. By my troth thou haſt an open hand: theſe Wiſemen that give fools mony, get themſelves a good report, after fourteen years purchaſe.

Enter Andrew, Toby, *and* Fabian.

And. Now ſir, have I met you again? there's for you.
Seb. Why there's for thee, and there, and there: Are all the people mad?
To. Hold ſir, or I'le throw your dagger o're the houſe.
Clo. This will I tell my Lady ſtraight: I would not be in ſome of your coats for two-pence.
To. Come on ſir, hold.
And. Nay let him alone, I'le go another way to work with him: I'le have an action of Battery againſt him, if there be any law in *Illyria*: tho I ſtruck him firſt,
Yet it's no matter for that.
Seb. Let go thy hand.
Tob. Come ſir, I will not let you go. Come my young ſouldier, put up your iron: you are well fleſh'd: Come on.
Seb. I will be free from thee. What would'ſt thou now?
If thou dar'ſt tempt me further, draw thy ſword.
To. What, what? Nay then I muſt have an ounce or two of this malapert blood from you.

Enter Olivia.

Ol. Hold *Toby*, on thy life I charge thee hold.
To. Madam.
Ol. Will it be ever thus? Ungracious wretch,
Fit for the Mountains, and the barbarous Caves,
Where manners ne're were preach'd: out of my ſight.
Be not offended, dear *Ceſario.*
Rudesby be gone, I prethee gentle friend,

Let thy fair wiſdome, not thy paſſion ſway
In this uncivil, and unjuſt extent
Againſt thy peace. Go with me to my houſe,
And here thou there, how many fruitleſs pranks
This Ruffian hath botch'd up, that thou thereby
Maiſt ſmile at this: Thou ſhalt not chuſe but go:
Do not deny, beſhrew his ſoul for me
He ſtarted one poor heart of mine in thee.

Seb. What reliſh is in this? How runs the ſtream?
Or I am mad, or elſe this is a dreame:
Let fancy ſtill my ſenſe in Lethe ſteep,
If it be thus to dream, ſtill let me ſleep.

Ol. Nay come I prethee, would thoud'ſt be rul'd by me.

Seb. Madam, I will.

Ol. O ſay ſo, and ſo be.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Maria, and Clown.

Mar. Nay, I prethee put on this Gown, and this beard; make him believe thou art Sir *Topas* the Curat; do it quikly. I'le call Sir *Toby* the whil'ſt.

Clo. Well, I'le put it on, and I will deſſemble my ſelf in't, and I would I were the firſt that ever diſſembled in ſuch a Gown. I am not tall enough to become the function well, nor leane enough to be thought a good Student: but to be ſaid an honeſt man, and a good Houſekeeper goes as fairely, as to ſay, a careful man, and a great Schollar. The Competitors enter.

Enter Toby.

To. Jove bleſs thee M. Parſon.

Clo. Bonos dies ſir *Toby*: for as the old Hermit of *Prauge*, that never ſaw Pen and Ink, very wittily ſaid to a Neece of King *Gorbodacke*, that is, is: ſo I being M. Parſon, am M. Parſon; for what is that, but that? and is, but is?

To. To him ſir *Topas.*

Clo. What hoa, I ſay, Peace in this priſon.

To. The Knave counterfeits well: a good Knave.

Malvolio within.

Mal. Who calls there?

Clo. Sir *Topas* the Curat, who comes to viſite *Malvolio* the Lunaticke.

Mal. Sir *Topas*, ſir *Topas*, good ſir *Topas* go to my Lady.

Clo. Out hyperbolicall fiend, how vexeſt thou this man? Talkeſt thou nothing but of Ladies?

Tob. Well ſaid M. Parſon.

Mal. Sir *Topas*, never was man thus wronged, good ſir *Topas* do not think I am mad: they have laide me here in hideous darkneſs.

Clo. Fye, thou diſhoneſt Sathan: I call thee by the moſt modeſt termes, for I am one of thoſe gentle ones, that will uſe the Divel himſelf with curteſie: ſayſt thou that houſe is darke?

Mal. As hell ſir *Topas.*

Clo. Why it hath bay Windows tranſparant as Baricadoes, and the clear ſtones toward the South North, are as luſtrous as Ebony: and yet complaineſt thou of obſtruction?

Mal. I am not mad ſir *Topas*, I ſay to you this houſe is darke.

Clo. Mad man thou erreſt: I ſay there is no darkneſs but ignorance, in which thou art more puzell'd than the Ægyptians in their fogge.

Mal. I ſay this houſe is as dark as ignorance, though Ignorance were as dark as hell; an I ſay there was never man thus abus'd, I am no more mad than you are, make the trial of it in any conſtant queſtion.

Clo. What is the opinion of *Pythagoras*, concerning Wilde-ſoule?

Mal. That the ſoul of our Grandam, might happily inhabit a Bird.

Clo. What think'ſt thou of his opinion?

Mal. I think nobly of the ſoul, and no way approve his opinion.

Clo. Fare thee well: remain thou ſtill in darkneſs, thou ſhalt hold th' opinion of *Pythagoras*, ere I will allow of thy wits, and feare to kill a Woodcock, leſt thou diſpoſſeſs the houſe of thy Grandam. Fare thee well.

Mal. Sir *Topas* ſir *Topas.*

To. My moſt exquiſite ſir *Topas.*

Clo. Nay, I am for all waters.

Mar. Thou mightſt have done this without thy beard and gown, he ſees thee not.

Tob. To him in thine own voyce, and bring me word, how thou findſt him: I would we were all rid of this knavery. If he may be conveniently deliever'd, I would he were, for I am now ſo far in offence with my Neece, that I cannot purſue with any ſafety this ſport the upſhot. Come by and by to my Chamber. *Exit.*

Clo. Hey Robin, jolly Robin, tell me how thy Lady does.

Mal. Fool.

Clo. My Lady is unkind, *perdie.*

Mal- Fool.

Clo. Alaſs why is ſhe ſo.

Mal. Fool, I ſay.

Clo. She loves another. Who calls, ha?

Mal. Good Fool, as ever thou wilt deſerve well at my hand, help me to a Candle and Pen, Ink, and Paper: as I am a Gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for't.

Clo. M. *Malvolio*;

Mal. I good Fool.

Clo. Alaſs ſir, how fell you beſides your five wits?

Mal. Fool there was never man ſo notoriouſly abus'd: I am as well in my wits (fool) as thou art.

Clo. But as well: then you are mad indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.

Mal. They have here propertied me: keep me in darkneſs, ſend Miniſters to me, Aſſes, and do all they can to face me out of my wits.

Clo. Adivſe you what you ſay: the Miniſter is here. *Malvolio, Malvolio*, thy wits the heavens reſtore: endevour thy ſelf to ſleep, and leave thy vaine bibble babble

Mal. Sir *Topas.*

Clo. Maintain no words with him good fellow. Who I ſir, not I ſir. God buy you good ſir *Topas*: Marry Amen. I will ſir, I will ſir.

Mal. Fool, fool, fool I ſay.

Clo. Alas ſir be patient. What ſay you ſir, I am ſhent for ſpeaking to you.

Mal. Good fool help me to ſome light, and ſome Paper, I tell thee I am as well in my wits, as any man in Illyria,

Clo. Well-a-day that you were ſir.

Mal. By this hand I am: good fool, ſome Ink, Paper, and Light: and convey what I will ſet down to my Lady: it ſhall advantage thee more, than ever the bearing of Letter did.

Clo. I will help you too't But-tell me true, are you not mad indeed, or do you but counterfeit?

Mal. Believe me, I am not, I tell thee true.

Clo. Nay, Il'e ne're believe a madman till I ſee his (brains, I will fetch you light, and paper, and Ink.

Mal. Fool, Il'e requite it in the higheſt degree;
I prethee be gone.

Clo. I am gone ſir, and anon ſir,
Il'e be with you again

In a trice, like to the old vice,
your need to ſuſtain-
Who with Dagger of lath, in his rage and his wrath,
cries ah ah, to the Devil.
Like a mad Lad, pair thy nailes Dad,
adieu good man Devil. *Exit.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Sebaſtian.

Seb. This the ayre, that is the glorious Sun,
This Pearl ſhe gave me, I do feel't, and ſee't.
And though 'tis wonder that enwraps me thus,
Yet 'tis not madneſs. Where's *Anthonio* then?
I could not find him at the Elephant,
Yet there he was, and there I found this credit,
That he did range the Town to ſeek me out,
His counſell now might do me golden ſervice,
For though my ſoul diſputes well with my ſenſe,
That this may be ſome error, but no madneſs,
Yet doth this accident and floud of Fortune,
So far exceed all inſtance, all diſcourſe,
That I am ready to diſtruſt mine eyes,
And wrangle with my reaſon that perſwades me
To any other truſt, but that I am mad,
Or elſe the Ladies mad; yet if 'twere ſo,
She could not ſway her houſe, command her followers,
Take, and give back affairs, and their diſpatch,
With ſuch a ſmooth, diſcreet, and ſtable-bearing
As I perceive ſhe do's: there's ſomething in't
That is deceivable. But here the Lady comes.

Enter Olivia, and Prieſt.

Ol. Blame not this haſte of mine: if you mean well,
Now go with me, and with this holy man
Into the Chantry by: there before him,
And underneath that conſecrated roof,
Plight me the full aſſurance of your faith,
That my moſt jealous, and too doubtful ſoul
May live at Peace. He ſhall conceal it,
Whiles you are willing it ſhall come to note,
What time we will our celebration keep
According to my birth, what do you ſay?
Seb. I'le follow this good man, and go with you,
And having ſworn truth, ever will be true.
Ol. Then lead the way good father, & heaven ſo ſhine,
That they may fairly note this act of mine. *Exeunt.*

Finis Actus Quarti.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Clown and Fabian.

Fab. Now as thou lov'ſt me, let me ſee this Letter.

Clo. Good M. *Fabian* grant me another requeſt.

Fab. Any thing.

Clo. Do not deſire to ſee this Letter.

Fab. This is to give a Dog, and in recompence deſire my dog again.

Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, and Lords.

Du. Belong you to the Lady *Olivia*, friends?

Clo. I ſir, we are ſome of her trappings.

Duke. I know thee well; how do'ſt thou my good Fellow?

Clo. Truly ſir, the bettee for my foes, and the worſe for my friends.

Du. Juſt the contrary; the better for thy friends.

Clow. No ſir, the worſe.

Du. How can that be?

Clo. Mary ſir, they praiſe me, and make an Aſs of me; now my foes tell me plainly, I am an Aſs: ſo that by my foes ſir, I profit in the knowledge of my ſelf, and by my friends I am abuſed: ſo that concluſions to be as kiſſes, if your four negatives make your two affirmatives, why then the worſe of my friends, and the better for my foes.

Du. Why this is excellent.

Clo. By my troth ſir, no: though it pleaſe you to be one of my friends.

Du. Thou ſhalt not be the worſe for me, there's gold.

Clo. But that it would be double dealing ſir, I would you could make it another.

Du. O you give me ill counſel.

Clo. Put your Grace in your pocket ſir, for this once, and let your fleſh and blood obey it.

Du. Well, I will be ſo much a ſinner to be a double dealer: there's another.

Clo. *Primo, ſecundo, tertio*, is a good play, and the old ſaying is, the third pays for all: the triplex ſir, is a good tripping meaſure, or the bells of S. *Bennet* ſir, may put you in mind, one, two, three.

Du. You can fool no more money out of me at this throw: if you will let your Lady know I am here to ſpeak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further.

Clo. Marry ſir, lullaby to your bounty till I come agen. I go ſir, but I would not have you to think, that my deſire of having is the ſin of covetouſneſs: but as you ſay ſir, let your bounty take a nap, I will awake it anon. *Exit.*

Enter Anthonio and Officers.

Vio. Here comes the man ſir, that did reſcue me.
Du. That face of his I do remember well;
Yet when I ſaw it laſt, it was beſmear'd
As black as Vulcan, in the ſmoak of War:
A bawbling Veſſel was the Captain of,
For ſhallow draught and Bulk unprizable,
With which ſuch ſcathful grapple did he make,
With the moſt noble bottom of our Fleet,
That very envy, and the tongue of loſs
Cri'd fame and honour on him: What's the matter?
1. *Offi.* *Orſino*, this is that *Anthonio*
That took the *Phœnix*, and her fraught from *Candy*,
And this is he that did the *Tiger* boord,
When your young Nephew *Titus* loſt his leg:
Here in the ſtreets, deſperate of ſhame and ſtate,
In private brabble did we apprehend him.
Vio. He did me kindneſs; ſir, drew on my ſide,
But in concluſion put ſtrange ſpeech upon me,
I know not what 'twas, but diſtraction.
Du. Notable Pyrat, thou ſalt-water Thief,
What fooliſh boldneſs brought thee to their mercies,
Whom thou in terms ſo bloody, and ſo dear
Haſt made thine enemies?
Ant. *Orſino*: Noble ſir,
Be pleas'd that I ſhake of theſe names you give me:
Anthonio never yet was Thief, or Pyrate,
Though I confeſs, on baſe and ground enough
Orſino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither:
That moſt ungrateful Boy there by your ſide,
From the rude ſeas inrag'd and fomy mouth
Did I redeem: a wrack paſt hope he was:
His Life I gave him, and did there to add
My love without retention, or reſtraint,

All this is dedication. For his ſake,
Did I expoſe my ſelf (pure of his love)
Into the danger of this adverſe Town,
Drew to defend him, when he was beſet:
Where being apprehended, his falſe cunning
(Not meaning to partake with me in danger)
Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,
And grew a twenty years removed thing,
While one would wink: deni'd be mine own purſe,
Which I had recommended to his uſe,
Not half an hour before.
Vio. How can this be?
Du. When came he to this Town?
Ant. To day my Lord: and for three months before,
No *interim*, not a minutes vacancy,
Both day and night did we keep company.

Enter Olivia, *and* Attendants.

Du. Here comes the Counteſs; now heaven walks on earth:
But for thee, fellow; fellow, thy words are madneſs,
Three months this Youth hath tended upon me,
But more of that anon. Take him aſide.
Ol. What would my Lord, but that he may not have,
Wherein *Olivia* may ſeem ſerviceable?
Ceſario, you do not keep promiſe with me.
Vio. Madam.
Du. Gracious *Olivia.*
Ol. What do you ſay *Ceſario*? Good my Lord.
Vio. My Lord would ſpeak, my duty huſhes me.
Ol. If it be ought to the old tune my Lord,
It is as fat and fulſome to mine ear
As howling after Muſick.
Du. Still ſo cruel?
Ol. Still ſo conſtant my Lord.
Du. What to perverſneſs? you uncivil Lady
To whoſe ingrate, and unauſpicious Altars
My Soul the faithfull'ſt Offerings have breath'd out
That ere Devotion tender'd. What ſhall I do?
Ol. Even what it pleaſe my Lord, that ſhall become him.
Du. Why ſhould I not, (had I the heart to do it)
Like to to the *Egyptian* Thief, at point of Death
Kill what I love? (a ſavage jealouſie,
That ſometime ſavours nobly) but hear me this:
Since you to none regardance caſt my faith,
And that I partly know the inſtrument
That ſcrews me from my true place in your favour:
Live you the Marble-breaſted Tyrant ſtill.
But this your Minion, whom I know you love,
And whom, by Heaven I ſwear, I tender dearly,
Him will I tear out of that cruel Eye,
Where he ſits crowned in his Maſter ſpight.
Come Boy with me, my thoughts are ripe in miſchief:
I'le ſacrifice the Lamb that I do love,
To ſpight a Ravens heart within a Dove.
Vio. And I moſt jocond, apt, and willingly,
To do you reſt a thouſand deaths would die.
Ol. Where goes *Ceſario*?
Vio. After him I love,
More than I love theſe eyes, more than my life,
More by all mores, than ere I ſhall love wiſe.
If I do feign, you witneſſes above
Puniſh my life, for tainting of my Love.
Ol. Ay me deteſted, how am I beguil'd?
Vio. Who do's beguile you? who do's do you wrong?
Ol. Haſt thou forgot thy ſelf? Is it ſo long?
Call forth the holy Father.
Du. Come, away.
Ol. Whither my Lord? *Ceſario*, Husband, ſtay.
Du. Husband?
Ol. I Husband. Can he that deny?
Du. Her husband ſirrah?
Vio. No my Lord, not I.
Ol. Alas, it is the baſeneſs of thy fear,
That makes thee ſtrangle thy propriety:
Fear not *Ceſario*, take thy fortunes up,
Be that thou know'ſt thou art, and then thou art
As great as thou fear'ſt.

Enter Prieſt.

O welcome Father:
Father I charge thee by thy reverence
Here to unfold, tho lately we intended
To keep in darkneſs, what occaſion now
Reveals before 'tis ripe: what thou do'ſt know
Hath newly paſt between this Youth, and me.
Prieſt. A contract of eternal bond of Love,
Confirm'd by mutual joynder of your hands,
Atteſted by the holy cloſe of lips,
Strengthned by enterchangement of your Rings,
And all the Ceremony of this compact
Seal'd in my Function, by my Teſtimony:
Since when, my Watch hath told me, toward my Grave
I have travell'd but two hours.
Du. O thou diſſembling Cub: what wilt thou be
When time hath ſow'd a grizzel on thy caſe?
Or will not elſe thy craft ſo quickly grow,
That thine own trip ſhall be thine overthrow?
Farewel, and take her, but direct thy feet,
Where thou, and (I henceforth) may never meet.
Vio. My Lord, I do proteſt.
Ol. O do not ſwear,
How little Faith, tho thou haſt too much fear.

Enter Sir Andrew.

And. For the Love of God a Surgeon, and one preſently to Sir *Toby:*

Ol. What's the matter?

And. H'as broke my head a-croſs, and given Sir *Toby* a bloody Coxcomb too: for the love of God your help, I had rather than forty pound I were at home.

Ol. Who has done this Sir *Andrew*?

And. The Counts Gentleman, one *Ceſario*: we took him for a Coward, but he's the very Devil incardinate.

Du. My Gentleman *Ceſario?*

Aud. Odd's lifelings here he is: you broke my head for nothing, and that that I did, I was ſet on to do't by Sir *Toby.*

Vio. Why do you ſpeak to me, I never hurt you:
You drew your Sword upon me without cauſe,
But I beſpake you fair, and hurt you not.

Enter Toby *and* Clown.

And. If a bloody Coxcomb be a hurt, you have hurt me: I think you ſet nothing by a bloody Coxcomb. Here comes ſir *Toby* halting, you ſhall hear more; but if he had not been in drink, he would have tickl'd you other gates than he did.

Du. How now Gentleman? how is't with you?

To. That's all one, has hurt me, and there's an end on't;
Sot, did'ſt thou ſee Dick Surgeon, ſot?

Clo. O he's drunk ſir, above an hour agone: his eyes were at eight i'th morning.

To. Then he's a Rogue after a paſſy meaſures Pavin: I hate a drunken Rogue.

Ol. Away with him? Who hath made this havock with them?

And. I'le help you Sir *Toby*, becauſe we'll be dreſt together.

To. Will you help an Aſs-head, and a Coxcomb, and a Knave, a thin-fac'd Knave, a Gull?

Ol. Get him to Bed, and let his hurt be look'd to.

Enter Sebaſtian.

Seb. I am ſorry Madam I have hurt your kinſman :
But had it been the brother of my blood,
I muſt have done no leſs with wit and ſafety.
You throw a ſtrange regard upon me, and by that
I do perceive it hath offended you :
Pardon me (ſweet one) even for the vows
We made each other, but ſo late ago.
Du. One face, one voice, one habit, and two perſons,
A natural Perſpective, that is, and is not.
Seb. *Anthonio*, O my dear *Anthonio* !
How have the hours rack'd, and tortur'd me,
Since I have loſt thee ?
Ant. *Sebaſtian* are you ?
Seb. Fear'ſt thou that *Anthonio* ?
Ant. How have you made diviſion of your ſelf,
An ample cleft in two, is not more twin
Then theſe two creatures. Which is *Sebaſtian* ?
Ol. Moſt wonderful.
Seb. Do I ſtand there ? I never had a brother :
Nor can there be a Deity in my nature
Of here and every where. I had a ſiſter,
Whom the blind waves and ſurges have devour'd :
Of charity, what kin are you to me ?
What Countreyman ? what name ? what Parentage ?
Vio. Of *Meſſaline* : *Sebaſtian* was my Father,
Such a *Sebaſtian* was my brother too :
So went he ſuited to his watery tomb :
If ſpirits can aſſume both form and ſuit,
You come to fright us.
Seb. A ſpirit I am indeed,
But am in that dimenſion groſly clad,
Which from the womb I did participate.
Were you a woman, as the reſt go even,
I ſhould my tears let fall upon your cheek,
And ſay, thrice welcome drowned *Viola.*
Vio. My Father had a Moal upon his brow.
Seb. And ſo had mine.
Vio. And di'd that day when *Viola* from her birth
Had numbred thirteen years.
Seb. O that record is lively in my ſoul,
He finiſhed indeed his mortal act
That day that made my ſiſter thirteen years.
Vio. If nothing lets to make us happy both,
But this my maſculine uſurp'd attire :
Do not embrace me, till each circumſtance,
Of place, time, fortune, do cohere and jump
That I am *Viola*, which to confirm,
I'le bring you to a Captain in this Town,
Where lye my Maiden weeds : by whoſe gentle help,
I was preſerv'd to ſerve this noble Count :
All the occurrence of my fortune ſince
Hath been between this Lady, and his Lord.
Seb. So comes it Lady, you have been wiſtook :
But nature to her bias drew in that.
You would have been contracted to a Maid,
Nor are you therein (by my life) deceiv'd,
You are betroth'd both to a Maid and man.
Du. Be not amaz'd, right noble is his blood :
If this be ſo, as yet the glaſs ſeems true,
I ſhall have ſhare in this moſt happy wrack.
Boy, thou haſt ſaid to me a thouſand times,
Thou never ſhould'ſt love woman like to me:
Vio. And all thoſe ſayings, will I over-ſwear
And all thoſe ſwearings keep as true in ſoul,
As doth that orbed continent, the fire,
That ſevers day from night.
Du. Give me thy hand,
And let me ſee thee in thy womans weeds.
Vio. The Captain that did bring me firſt on ſhore,
Hath my Maids garments : he upon ſome Action
Is now in durance, at *Malvolio*'s ſuit,
A Gentleman and follower of my Ladies.
Ol. He ſhall enlarge him : fetch *Malvolio* hither,
And yet alas, now I remember me,
They ſay, poor Gentleman, he's much diſtract.

Enter the Clown *with a Letter, and* Fabian.

A moſt exacting frenzie of mine own,
From my remembrance, clearly baniſh his.
How does he ſirrah ?

Clo. Truly Madam, he holds *Belzebub* at the ſtaves end as well as a man in his caſe may do : has here writ a letter to you, I ſhould have given't you to day morning. But as a mad mans Epiſtles are no Goſpels, ſo it skills not much when they are deliver'd.

Ol. Open't and read it.

Clo. Look then to be well edified, when the fool delivers the ~~Madam~~. Madman, *By the Lord Madam.*

Ol. How now, art thou mad ?

Clo. No Madam, I do but read madneſs : and your Ladiſhip will have it as it ought to be, you muſt allow *Vox*.

Ol. Prethee read it i'thy right wits.

Clo. So I do *Madona* : but to read his right wits, is to read thus : therefore, perpend my Princeſs, and give ear.

Ol. Read it you, ſirrah.

Fab. Reads. By the Lord Madam, you wrong me, and the world ſhall know it : Though you have put me into darkneſs, and given your drunken Cozin rule over me, yet have I benefit of my ſenſes as well as your Ladiſhip. I have your own Letter ; that induced me to the ſemblance I put on ; with the which I doubt not, but to do my ſelf much right, or you much ſhame : Think of me as you pleaſe ; I leave my duty a little unthought of, and ſpeak out of my injury. *The madly us'd* Malvolio.

Ol. Did he write this ?
Clo. I Madam.
Du. This ſavours not much of diſtraction.
Ol. See him deliver'd *Fabian*, bring him hither :
My Lord, ſo pleaſe you, theſe things further thought on,
To think me as well a ſiſter, as a wife,
One day ſhall crown th'alliance on't, ſo pleaſe you ;
Here at my houſe, and at my proper coſt.
Du. Madam, I am moſt apt t'embrace your offer :
Your Maſter quits you : and for your ſervice done him,
So much againſt the metal of your ſex,
So far beneath your ſoft and tender breeding,
And ſince you call'd me maſter, for ſo long :
Here is my hand, you ſhall from this time be
Your Maſters, Miſtris.
Ol. A ſiſter, you are ſhe.

Enter Malvolio.

Du. Is this the mad man ?
Ol. I my Lord this ſame : how now *Malvolio* ?
Mal. Madam, you have done me wrong,
Notorious wrong.
Ol. Have I *Malvolio* ? No.
Mal. Lady you have, pray you peruſe that letter.
You muſt not now deny it is your hand,
Write from it if you can, in hand or phraſe,
Or ſay 'tis not your ſeal, nor your invention :
You can ſay none of this. Well, grant it then,
And tell me in the modeſty of honour,
Why you have given me ſuch clear lights of favour,
Bad me come ſmiling and croſs garter'd to you,
To put on yellow ſtockings, and to frown
Upon Sir *Toby*, and the lighter people :
And acting this in an obedient hope ?
Why have you ſuffer'd me to be impriſon'd,
Kept in a dark houſe, viſited by the Prieſt,
And made the moſt notorious geck or gull

That ere invention plaid on? Tell me why?
Ol. Alas *Malvolio*, this is not my writing,
Tho I confeſs, much like the Character:
But out of queſtion, 'tis *Maria*'s hand.
And now I do bethink me, it was ſhe
Firſt told me thou waſt mad; then cam'ſt in ſmiling,
And in ſuch forms, which here were preſuppos'd
Upon thee in the Letter: prethee be content,
This practiſe hath moſt ſhrewdly paſt upon thee:
But when we know the Grounds and Authors of it,
Thou ſhalt be both the Plaintiff and the Judg
Of thine own cauſe.
Fab. Good Madam, hear me ſpeak,
And let no quarrel, nor no brawl to come,
Taint the condition of this preſent hour,
Which I have wondred at. In hope it ſhall not,
Moſt freely I confeſs my ſelf, and *Toby*
Set this device againſt *Malvolio* here,
Upon ſome ſtubborn and uncourteous parts
We had conceiv'd againſt him. *Maria* writ
The Letter, at Sir *Toby's* great importance,
In recompence whereof, he hath married her:
How with a ſportful malice it was follow'd,
May rather pluck on Laughter than Revenge,
If that the injuries be juſtly weigh'd,
That have on both ſides paſt.
Ol. Alas poor Fool, how have they baffl'd thee?
Clo. Why ſome are born great, ſome atchieve greatneſs, and ſome have greatneſs thrown upon them. I was one ſir, in this Enterlude, one Sir *Topas* ſir, but that's all one: By the Lord Fool, I am not mad; but do you remember, Madam, why laugh you at ſuch a barren raſcal? and you ſmile not he's gag'd; and thus the whirl-gigg of time, brings in his revenges.
Mal. I'le be reveng'd on the whole pack of you.
Ol. He hath been moſt notoriouſly abus'd.
Du. Purſue him, and entreat him to a peace:
He hath not told us of the Captain yet;
When that is known, and golden time convents,
A ſolemn Combination ſhall be made
Of our dear Souls. Mean time ſweet Siſter,
We will not part from hence. *Ceſario* come
(For ſo you ſhall be, while you are a man:)
But when in other habits you are ſeen.
Orſino's Miſtris, and his fancies Queen.
Exeunt.

Clown *ſings.*

When that I was and a little tine Boy,
with hey, ho, the Wind and the Rain:
A fooliſh thing was but a toy,
for the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came to mans eſtate
with hey, ho, &c.
'Gainſt Knaves and Thieves men ſhut their gate,
for the Rain, &c.

But when I came at laſt to Wive,
with hey, ho, &c.
By ſwaggering could I never thrive,
for the Rain, &c.

But when I come unto my Beds,
with hey, ho, &c.
With Toſpots ſtill had drunken heads,
for the Rain, &c.

A great while a go the World be gone,
with hey, ho, &c.
But that's all one, our Play is done,
and we'll ſtrive to pleaſe you every day.

THE WINTERS TALE.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Camillo, *and* Archidamus.

Arch. IF you ſhall chance (*Camillo*) to viſit *Bohemia*, on the like occaſion whereon my ſervices are now on foot, you ſhall ſee (as I have ſaid) great difference betwixt our *Bohemia*, and your *Sicilia*.

Cam. I think, this common Coming Summer, the King of *Sicilia* means to pay *Bohemia* the viſitation, which he juſtly owes him.

Arch. Wherein our entertainment ſhall ſhame us: we will be juſtified in our Loves: for indeed——

Cam. 'Beſeech you——

Arch. Verily I ſpeak it in the freedom of my knowledg: we cannot with ſuch magnificence——in ſo rare—— I know not what to ſay —— We will give you ſleepy Drinks, that your ſences (un-intelligent of our inſufficience) may, tho they cannot praiſe us, as little accuſe us.

Cam. You pay a great deal too dear, for what's given freely.

Arch. Believe me, I ſpeak as my underſtanding inſtructs me, and as mine honeſty puts it to utterance.

Cam. *Sicilia* cannot ſhew himſelf over-kind to *Bohemia*, They were train'd together in their Child hoods; and there rooted betwixt them then ſuch an affection, which cannot chooſe but branch now. Since their more mature Dignities, and Royal Neceſſities, made ſeparation of their ſociety, their encounters (tho not perſonal) have been royally attornied with enterchange of gifts, Letters, loving Embaſſies, that they have ſeem'd to be together, tho abſent: ſhook hands, as over a Vaſt Sea, and embrac'd as it were from the ends of oppoſed Winds. The Heavens continue their Loves.

Arch. I think there is not in the world, either Malice or Matter to alter it. You have an unſpeakable comfort of your young Prince *Mamillius*; it is a Gentleman of the greateſt promiſe that ever came into my Note.

Cam. I very well agree with you in the hopes of him: it is a gallant Child, one that (indeed) Phyſicks the Subject, makes old hearts freſh: they that went on Crutches ere he was born, deſire yet their life, to ſee him a man.

Arch. Would they elſe be content to die?

Cam. Yes, if there were no other excuſe, why they ſhould deſire to live.

Arch. If the King had no Son, they would deſire to live on Crutches till he had one. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Leontes, Hermione, Mamillius, Polixenes, Camillo.

Pol. Nine changes of the watry Star hath been
The Shepherds Note, ſince we have left our Throne
Without a Burthen; Time as long again
Would be fill'd up (my Brother) with our Thanks,
And yet we ſhould, for perpetuity,
Go hence in debt: and therefore, like a Cipher
(Yet ſtanding in rich place) I multiply
With one we thank you, many thouſands moe,
That go before it.

Leo. Stay your thanks a while,
And pay them when you part.

Pol. Sir, that's to morrow:
I am queſtion'd by my fears of what may chance,
Or breed upon our abſence, that may blow
No ſneaping Winds at home, to make us ſay,
This is put forth too truly: beſides, I have ſtay'd
To tire your Royalty.

Leo. We are tougher (Brother)
Than you can put us to't.

Pol. No longer ſtay.

Leo. One ſev'night longer.

Pol. Very ſooth, to morrow.

Leo. We'll part the time between's then: and in that
I'le no gain-ſaying.

Pol. Preſs me not ('beſeech you) ſo;
There is no tongue that moves; none, none i'th' world
So ſoon as yours, could win me: ſo it ſhould now,
Were there neceſſity in your requeſt, altho
'Twere needful I deni'd it. My affairs
Do even drag me homeward; which to hinder,
VVere (in your Love) a whip to me; my ſtay,
To you a charge, and trouble: to ſave both,
Farewel (our brother.)

Leo. Tongue-ti'd our Queen? ſpeak you.

Her. I had thought (Sir) to have held my peace, until
You had drawn Oaths from him, not to ſtay: you (Sir)
Charge him too coldly. Tell him, you are ſure
All in *Bohemia*'s well: this ſatisfaction,
The by-gone-day proclaim'd ſay this to him,
He's beat from his beſt ward.

Leo. VVell ſaid, *Hermione*.

Her. To tell, he longs to ſee his Son, were ſtrong;
But let him ſay ſo then, and let him go;
But let him ſwear ſo, and he ſhall not ſtay,
VVe'l thwack him hence whith Diſtaff.

Yet of your Royal preſence, Ile adventure
The borrow of a week. When at *Bohemia*
You take my Lord, I'le give him my Commiſſion,
To let him there a Month, behind the Gueſt
Prefix'd for's parting: yet (good heed) *Leontes*,
I love thee not a jar o'th Clock, behind
What Lady ſhe her Lord. You'l ſtay?
Pol. No Madam.
Her. Nay, but you will?
Pol. I may not verily.
Her. Verily?
You put me off with limber vows: but I,
Tho you would ſeek t'unſphere the Stars with Oaths,
Should yet ſay, Sir, no going: verily
You ſhall not go; a Ladies verily is
As potent as a Lords, Will you go yet?
Force me to keep you as a priſoner,
Not like a Gueſt: ſo you ſhall pay your Fees
When you depart, and ſave your thanks. How ſay you?
My priſoner? or my Gueſt? by your dread verily,
One of them you ſhall be.
Pol. Your Gueſt then Madam:
To be your Priſoner, ſhould import offending;
Which is for me leſs eaſy to commit,
Than you to puniſh.
Her. Not your Goaler then,
But your kind hoſteſs, come, I'le queſtion you
Of my Lords tricks and yours, when you were boys:
You were pretty Lordings then?
Pol. We were (fair Queen)
Two Lads, that thought there was no more behind,
But ſuch a day to morrow, as to day,
And to be boy eternal.
Her. Was not my Lord
The verier wag o' th' two?
Pol. VVe were as twin'd Lambs, that did friſk i'th'Sun,
And bleat the one at th' other: what we chang'd,
VVas innocence, for innocence: we knew not
The Doctrine of ill-doing, no nor dream'd
That any did: had we purſu'd that life,
And our weak ſpirits ne're been higher rear'd
With ſtronger blood, we ſhould have anſwer'd Heaven
Boldly, not guilty; the impoſition clear'd,
Hereditary ours. Imputation
Her. By this we gather
You have tript ſince.
Pol. O my moſt ſacred Lady,
Temptations have ſince then been born to's; for
In thoſe unfledg'd daies, was my wife a Girl;
Your precious ſelf had then not croſs'd the eyes
Of my young Play-fellow.
Her. Grace to boot:
Of this make no concluſion, leſt you ſay
Your Queen and I are Devils: yet go on,
Th' offences we have made you do, we'l anſwer,
If you firſt ſinn'd with us: and that with us
You did continue fault: and that you ſlipt not
VVith any, but with us.
Leo. Is he won yet?
Her. He'll ſtay, (my Lord)
Leo. At my requeſt, he would not:
Hermione (my deareſt) thou never ſpok'ſt
To better purpoſe.
Her. Never?
Leo. Never, but once.
Her. VVhat? have I twice ſaid well? when was't before?
I prethee tell me: cram's with praiſe, and make's
As fat as tame things: One good deed, dying tongueleſs,
Slaughters a thouſand, waiting upon that.
Our praiſes are our wages. You may ride's
VVith one ſoft kiſs a thouſand Furlongs, ere
VVith ſpur we heat an Acre. But to th' Goal:
My laſt good deed was to intreat his ſtay.
VVhat was my firſt? it has an elder Siſter,
Or I miſtake you: O, would her name were *Grace*,
But once before I ſpake to th'purpoſe? when?
Nay, let me have't; I long.
Leo. VVhy, that was when
Three crabbed Months had ſowr'd themſelves to death,
Ere I could make thee open thy white hand:
And clap thy ſelf, my Love; then didſt thou utter,
I am yours for ever.
Her. 'Tis Grace indeed.
VVhy lo-you now; I have ſpoke to th'purpoſe twice;
The one for ever earn'd a Royal Husband;
Th' other, for ſome while a Friend.
Leo. Too hot, too hot:
To mingle friendſhip far, is mingling bloods.
I have *Tremor Cordis* on me: my heart dances,
But not for joy; not joy. This entertainment
May a free face put on; derives a Liberty
From heartineſs, from bounty, fertile boſom,
And we'l become the Agent; 't may, I grant;
But to be padling palms, and pinching fingers,
As now they are, and making practis'd ſmiles
As in a Looking-Glaſs: and then to ſigh, as 'twere
The Mort o'th' Deer; oh, that is entertainment
My boſome likes not, nor my Brows. *Mamillius*,
Art thou my boy?
Mam. I my good Lord.
Leo. I fecks:
VVhy that's my Bawcock; what? has't ſmutch'd thy noſe?
They ſay it is a Copy out of mine. Come Captain,
We muſt be neat; not neat, cleanly Captain;
And yet the Steer, the Heifer, and the Calf,
Are all call'd Neat. Still Virginalling
Upon his palm? How now (you wanton Calf)
Art thou my Calf)?
Mam. Yes if you will (my Lord)
Leo. Thou want'ſt a rough paſh, & the ſhoots that I have
To be full, like me; yet they ſay we are
Almoſt as like as Eggs; Women ſay ſo,
(That will ſay any thing) but were they falſe
As o're di'd Blacks, as wind, as waters; falſe
As dice are to be wiſh'd, by one that fixes
No born 'twixt his and mine; yet were it true,
To ſay this boy were like me. Come (ſir Page)
Look on me with your welkin eye; ſweet villain.
Moſt dear'ſt, my collop: Can they dam, may't be
Affection? thy intention ſtabs the Center.
Thou do'ſt make poſſible things not be ſo held,
Communicat'ſt with dreams (how can this be?)
With what's unreal, thou coactive art,
And fellow'ſt nothing. Then 'tis very credent,
Thou maiſt co-joyn with ſomething, and thou doſt,
(And that beyond commiſſion) and I find it,
(And that to the infection of my Brains,
And hardning of my Brows.)
Pal. What means *Sicilia*?
Her. He ſomething ſeems unſetled.
Pol. How? my Lord?
Leo. What cheer? how is't with you, beſt Brother?
Her. You look as if you held a brow of much diſtraction,
Are you mov'd (my Lord?)
Leo. No, in good earneſt.
How ſometimes Nature will betray its folly?
It's tenderneſs? and make it ſelf a paſtime
To harder boſoms? Looking on the Lines
Of my Boys face, methoughts I did recoil
Twenty three years, and ſaw my ſelf unbreach'd,
In my green Velvet Coat; my Dagger muzzel'd,
Leſt it ſhould bite it's Maſter, and ſo prove
(As Ornaments oft does) too dangerous;
How like (me thought) I then was to this Kernel)
This Squaſh, this Gentleman. Mine honeſt friend,
Will you take Eggs for Money?
Mam. No (my Lord) I'le fight.
Leo. You will: why happy man be's dole. My Brother

Are you ſo fond of your young Prince, as we
Do ſeem to be of ours?
Pol. If at home (Sir)
Here's all my Exerciſe, my Mirth, my Matter;
Now my ſworn Friend, and then mine Enemy;
My Paraſite, my Soldier, States-man; all
He makes a *July*'s day, ſhort as *December*,
And with his varying Childneſs, cures in me
Thoughts, that ſhould think my Blood. thin
Leo. So ſtands this Squire
Offic'd with me: We two will walk (my Lord)
And leave you to your graver ſteps. *Hermione.*
How thou lov'ſt us, ſhew in our Brothers welcom;
Let what is deer in *Sicily* be cheap:
Next to thy ſelf, and my young Rover, he's
Apparent to my heart.
Her. If you would ſeek us,
We are yours i'th'Garden: ſhall's attend you there?
Leo. To your own bents diſpoſe you: you'd be found,
Be you beneath the Sky: I am angling now,
(Tho you perceive me not how I give Line)
Go to, go to.
How ſhe holds up the Neb? the Bill to him?
And arms her with the boldneſs of a Wife
To her allowing Husband. Gone already,
Inch thick, Knee deep; ore-head and ears a fork'd one.
Go play (Boy) play; thy Mother plays, and I
Play too; but ſo diſgrac'd a part, whoſe iſſue
Will hiſs me to my Grave: Contempt and Clamor
Will be my Knell. Go play (Boy) play, there have been
(Or I am much deceiv'd) Cuckolds ere now,
And many a man there is (even at this preſent,
Now, while I ſpeak this) holds his Wife by th' Arm.
That little thinks ſhe has been ſluic'd in's abſence,
And his Pond fiſh'd by his next Neighbour (by
Sir *Smil*, his Neighbour:) nay, there's comfort in't,
Whiles other men have Gates, and thoſe Gates open'd
(As mine) againſt their will. Should all deſpair
That have revolted Wives, the tenth of Mankind
Would hang themſelves. Phyſick for't, there's none:
It is a bawdy Planet that will ſtrike
Where 'tis predominant; and 'tis powerful: think it:
From Eaſt, Weſt, North and South, be it concluded,
No Barricado for a Belly. Know't,
It will let in and out the Enemy,
With bag and baggage: many a thouſand one's
Have the diſeaſe, and feel't not. How now Boy?
Mam. I am like you they ſay.
Leo. Why, that's ſome comfort.
What? *Camillo* there?
Cam. I, my good Lord.
Leo. Go play (*Mamillius*) thou'rt an honeſt man:
Camillo, this great Sir will yet ſtay longer.
Cam. You had much ado to make his Anchor hold,
When you caſt out, it ſtill came home.
Leo. Didſt note it?
Cam. He would not ſtay, at your petitions, made,
His buſineſs more material.
Leo. Didſt perceive it?
They're here with me already; whiſp'ring, rounding:
Sicilia is a ſo-forth: 'tis far gone,
When I ſhall guſt it laſt. How cam't (*Camillo*)
That he did ſtay?
Cam. At the good Queens entreaty.
Leo. At the Queens be't: Good ſhould be pertinent,
But ſo it is, it is not. Was this taken
By any underſtanding pate but thine?
For the conceit is ſoaking, will draw in Thy
More than the common Blocks; not noted, is't,
But of the finer Natures? by ſome Severals
Of head-piece extraordinary? Lower Meſſes
Perchance are to this buſineſs purblind? Say.
Cam. Buſineſs, my Lord? I think moſt underſtand
Bohemia ſtays here longer.
Leo. Ha?
Cam. Stays here longer.
Leo. I, but why?
Cam. To ſatisfie your Highneſs, and the Entreaties
Of our moſt gracious Miſtreſs.
Leo. Satisfie?
Th'entreaties of your Miſtreſs? Satisfie?
Let that ſuffice. I have truſted thee (*Camillo*)
With all the nearſt things to my heart, as well
My Chamber-Councels, wherein (Prieſt-like) thou
Haſt cleans'd my Boſom: I, from thee departed
Thy penitent reform'd: but we have been
Deceiv'd in thy integrity, deceiv'd
In that which ſeems ſo.
Cam. Be it forbid (my Lord.)
Leo. To bide upon't: thou art not honeſt: or
If thou inclin'ſt that way, thou art a Coward,
Which hoxes honeſty behind, reſtraining
From courſe requir'd: or elſe thou muſt be counted
A Servant, grafted in my ſerious Truſt,
And therein negligent: or elſe a Fool,
That ſeeſt a Game plaid home, the rich ſtake drawn.
And tak'ſt it all for jeſt.
Cam. My gracious Lord,
I may be negligent, fooliſh and fearful,
In every one of theſe; no man is free,
But that his negligence, his folly, fear,
Amongſt the infinite doing of the World,
Sometimes puts forth in your affairs (my Lord.)
If ever I were wilful-negligent,
It was my folly; if induſtriouſly
I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,
Not weighing well the end: if ever fearful
To do a thing, where I the iſſue doubted,
Whereof the Execution did cry out
Againſt the non-performance; 'twas a fear
Which oft infects the wiſeſt: theſe (my Lord)
Are ſuch allow'd infirmities that honeſty
Is never free of. But beſeech your Grace
Be plainer with me, let me know my treſpaſs
By it's own viſage; if I then deny it,
'Tis none of mine.
Leo. Ha'not you ſeen *Camillo*?
(But that's paſt doubt: you have; or your eye-glaſs
Is thicker than a Cockolds Horn) or heard?
(For to a Viſion ſo apparent, Rumour
Cannot be mute) or thought? (for Cogitation
Reſides not in that man, that do's not think[illegible]
My Wife is ſlippery? if thou wilt confeſs,
Or elſe be impudently negative,
To have nor Eyes, nor Ears, nor Thought, then ſay
My Wife's a Holy-Horſe, deſerves a Name
As rank as any Flax-wench, that puts to
Before her troth-plight: ſay't and juſtifi't.
Cam. I would not be a ſtander-by, to hear
My Soveraign Miſtreſs clouded ſo, without
My preſent vengeance taken; 'ſhrew my heart,
You never ſpoke what did become you leſs
Than this; which to reiterate, were ſin
As deep as that, tho true.
Leo. Is whiſpering nothing?
Is leaning Cheek to Cheek? is meeting Noſes?
Kiſſing with inſide Lip? ſtopping the Carier
Of Laughter, with a Sigh? (a note infallible
Of breaking honeſty) horſing foot on foot?
Skulking in corners? wiſhing Clocks more ſwift?
Hours, Minutes? the Noon, Midnight? and all Eyes
Blind with the pin and web, but theirs; theirs only,
That would unſeen be wicked? Is this nothing?
Why then the World, and all that's in't is nothing,
The covering Sky is nothing. *Bohemia* nothing,
My wife is nothing, nor nothing have theſe nothings,
If this be nothing.
Cam. Good my Lord be cur'd

Of this diſeas'd opinion, and betimes;
For 'tis moſt dangerous.
Leo. Say it be, 'tis true.
Cam. No, no, my Lord,
Leo. It is: you lye, you lye:
I ſay thou lieſt *Camillo*, and I hate thee,
Pronounce thee a groſs Lowt, a mindleſs Slave,
Or elſe a hovering Temporizer, that
Canſt with thine eyes at once ſee good and evil,
Inclining to them both: were my wives Liver
Infected (as her life) ſhe would not live
The running of one Glaſs.
Cam. Who do's infect her?
Leo. Why he that wears her like her Medal, hanging
About his neck (*Bohemia*) who, if I
Had ſervants true about me, that bear eyes
To ſee alike mine honour, as their profits,
(Their own particular Thrifts) they would do that
Which ſhould undo more doing: I, and thou
His cup-bearer, whom I from meaner form
Have bench'd, and rear'd to worſhip, who may'ſt ſee
Plainly, as heaven ſees earth, and earth ſees Heaven,
How I am gall'd, thou mightſt be-ſpice a Cup,
To give mine enemy a laſting wink:
Which draught to me, were cordial.
Cam. Sir (my Lord)
I could do this, and that with no raſh Potion,
But with a lingring Dram, that ſhould not work
Maliciouſly, like a poiſon; but I cannot
Believe this Crack to be in my dread Miſtreſs
(So ſoveraignly being honourable.)
Leo I have lov'd thee. mark this Question & go do't.
~~*Leo.* Make that thy queſtion, and go~~ rot:
Do'ſt think I am ſo muddy, ſo unſetled,
To appoint my ſelf in this vexation?
Sully the purity and witneſs of my ſheets
(Which to preſerve, is ſleep; which being ſpotted,
Is Goads, Thorns, Nettles, Tails of Waſps)
Give ſcandal to the blood o'th' Prince, my Son,
(Who I do think is mine, and love as mine)
Without ripe moving to't? would I do this?
Could man ſo blench?
Cam. I muſt believe you (Sir)
I do, and will fetch off *Bohemia* for't:
Provided, that when he's remov'd, your highneſs
Will take again your Queen, as yours at firſt,
Even for your Sons ſake, and thereby for ſealing
The injury of Tongues, in Courts and Kingdoms
Known and ally'd to yours.
Leo. Thou doſt adviſe me.
Even ſo as I mine own courſe have ſet down:
I'le give no blemiſh to her hononr, none.
Cam. My Lord,
Go then; and with a countenance as clear
As friendſhip wears at Feaſts, keep with *Bohemia*
And with your Queen: I am his Cup-bearer,
If from me he have wholſome Beveridg,
Account me not your ſervant.
Leo. This is all:
Do't, and thou haſt the one half of my heart;
Do't not, thou ſplitt'ſt thine own.
Cam. I'le do't, my Lord.
Leo. I will ſeem friendly, as thou haſt adviſ'd me. *Exit.*
Cam. O miſerable Lady. But for me!
What caſe ſtand I in? I muſt be the poyſoner
Of good *Polixenes*, and my ground to do't,
Is the obedience to a Maſter, one,
Who in Rebellion with himſelf, will have
All that are his, ſo too. To do this deed,
Promotion follows: If I could find example
Of thouſands that had ſtruck anointed Kings,
And flouriſh'd after, I'ld not do't: But ſince
Nor Braſs, nor Stone, nor Parchment bears not one,
Let villiany it ſelf forſwear't. I muſt
Forſake the Court: to do't, or no, is certain
To me a break-neck. Happy Star reign now,
Here comes *Bohemia*. *Enter Polixenes.*
Pol. This is ſtrange: methinks
My favour here begins to warp. Not ſpeak?
Good day *Camillo*.
Cam. Hail moſt royal ſir.
Pol. What is the news i'th' Court?
Cam. None rare (my Lord.)
Pol. The King hath on him ſuch a countenance,
As had he loſt ſome Province, and a Region
Lov'd, as he loves himſelf: even now I met him
With cuſtomary complement, when he
Waſting his eyes to th'contrary, and falling
A Lip of much contempt, ſpeeds from me, and
So leaves me to conſider what is breeding,
That changes thus his Manners.
Cam. I dare not know (my Lord.)
Pol. How, dare not? do not? do you know, and dare not?
Be intelligent to me, 'tis thereabouts:
For to your ſelf, what do you know, you muſt,
And cannot ſay, you dare not. Good *Camillo*,
Your chang'd complexions are to me a Mirror,
Which ſhews me mine chang'd too; for I muſt be
A party in this alteration, finding
My ſelf thus alter'd with't.
Cam. There is a ſickneſs
Which puts ſome of us in diſtemper; but
I cannot name the Diſeaſe, and it is caught
Of you that yet are well.
Pol. How caught of me?
Make me not ſighted like the Baſiliſque.
I have look'd on thouſands, who have ſped the better
By my regard, but kill'd none ſo: *Camillo*,
As you are certainly a Gentleman, thereto
Clerk-like experienc'd, which no leſs adorns
Our Gentry, than our Parents Noble Names,
In whoſe ſucceſs we are gentle: I beſeech you,
If you know ought which do's behove my knowledg,
Thereof to be inform'd, impriſon't not
In ignorant concealment.
Cam. I may not anſwer.
Pol. A Sickneſs caught of me, and yet I well?
I muſt be anſwer'd. Doſt thou hear *Camillo*,
I conjure thee by all the parts of man,
Which honour do's acknowledg, whereof the leaſt
Is not this Suit of mine, that thou declare
What incidency thou doſt gueſs of harm
Is creeping toward me; how far off, how near,
Which way to be prevented, if to be:
If not, how beſt to bear it.
Cam. Sir, I will tell you,
Since I am charg'd in Honour, and by him
That I think Honourable; therefore mark my counſel,
Which muſt be ev'n as ſwiftly followed, as
I mean to utter it; or both your ſelf, and me,
Cry loſt, and ſo good night.
Pol. On, good *Camillo*.
Cam. I appointed by him to murder you.
Pol. By whom, *Camillo*.
Cam. By the King.
Pol. For what?
Cam. He thinks, nay with all confidence he ſwears
As he had ſeen't, or been an Inſtrument
To vice you to't, that you have toucht his Queen T'advise
Forbiddenly.
Pol. Oh then, my beſt blood turn
To an infected Gelly, and my Name
Be yoak'd with his, that did betray the beſt:
Turn then my freſheſt Reputatian to
A ſavour, that may ſtrike the dulleſt Noſtril
Where I arrive, and my approch be ſhun'd,
Nay hated too, worſe than the great'ſt infection,
That ere was heard, or read,

Cam. Swear his thought over
By each particular Star in Heaven, and
By all their influences; you may as well
Forbid the Sea for to obey the Moon,
As (or by Oath) remove, or (Counſel) ſhake
The Fabrick of his Folly, whoſe foundation
Is pyl'd upon his Faith, and will continue
The ſtanding of his Body.
Pol. How ſhould this grow?
Cam. I know not: but I am ſure 'tis ſafer to
Avoid what's grown, than queſtion how 'tis born.
If therefore you dare truſt my honeſty,
That lies incloſed in this Trunk, which you
Shall bear along impawnd, away to Night,
Your Followers I will whiſper to the buſineſs,
And will by twoes, and threes, at ſeveral Poſterns,
Clear them o'th' City. For my ſelf, I'le put
My fortunes to your ſervice (which are here
By this diſcovery loſt.) Be not uncertain,
For by the honour of my Parents, I
Have uttred Truth; which if you ſeek to prove,
I dare not ſtand by; nor ſhall you be ſafer,
Than one condemned by the Kings own mouth:
Thereon his Execution ſworn.
Pol. I do believe thee:
I ſaw his heart in's face. Give me thy hand.
Be Pilot to me, and thy places ſhall
Still neighbour mine. My Ships are ready, and
My people did expect my hence departure
Two days ago. This Jealouſie
Is for a precious Creature: as ſhe's rare,
Muſt it be great; and, as his Perſon's mighty,
Muſt it be violent: and, as he do's conceive,
He is diſhonour'd by a man, which ever
Profeſs'd to him: Why his Revenges muſt
In that be made more bitter. Fear ore-ſhades me:
Good expedition be my friend, and comfort
The gracious Queen, part of his Theam; but nothing
Of his ill-tane ſuſpition. Come *Camillo*,
I will reſpect thee as a Father, if
Thou bear'ſt my life off, hence. Let us avoid.
Cam. It is in mine authority to command
The Keys of all the Poſterns: Pleaſe your Highneſs
To take the urgent hour. Come Sir away.
Exeunt.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Hermione, Mamillius, Ladies: Leontes, Antigonus, Lord.

Her. Take the boy to you: he ſo troubles me,
'Tis paſt enduring.
Lady. Come (my gracious Lord)
Shall I be your play-fellow?
Mam. No, I'le none of you.
Lady. Why (my ſweet Lord?)
Mam. You'l kiſs me hard, and ſpeak to me, as if
I were a Baby ſtill. I love you better.
2 *Lady* And why ſo (my Lord?)
Mam. Not for becauſe
Your Brows are blacker (yet black-brows they ſay
Become ſome Women beſt, ſo that there be not
Too much hair there, but in a Semicircle,
Or a half-Moon made with a Pen.)
2 *Lady.* Who taught this?
Mam. I learn'd it out of Womens faces: pray now,
What colour be your eye-brows?
Lady. Blew (my Lord.)
Mam. Nay, that's a mock: I have ſeen a Ladies Noſe
That ha's been blew, but not her eye-brows.
Lady. Heark ye,
The Queen (your Mother) rounds apace: we ſhall
Preſent our ſervices to a fine new Prince
One of theſe daies, and then you'l wanton with us,
If we would have you.
2 *Lady.* She is ſpread of late
Into a goodly Bulk (good time encounter her.)
Her. What wiſdom ſtirs amongſt you? Come Sir, now
I am for you again: Pray you ſit by us,
And tell's a Tale.
Mam. Merry, or ſad, ſhal't be?
Her. As merry as you will.
Mam. A ſad Tale's beſt for VVinter:
I have one of Sprights, and Goblins.
Her. Let's have that (good Sir.)
Come-on, ſit down. Come-on, and do your beſt,
To fright me with your ſprights: you'r powerful at it.
Mam. There was a man.
Her. Nay, come ſit down: then on.
Mam. Dwelt by a Church-yard: I will tell it ſoftly,
Yond Crickits ſhall not hear it.
Her. Come on then, and giv't me in mine ear.
Enter L.
Leon. VVas he met there? his Train? *Camillo* with
him?
Lord. Behind the tuft of Pines I met them, never
Saw I men ſcowr ſo on their way: I eyed them
Even to their Ships.
Leo. How bleſt am I
In my juſt Cenſure? In my true Opinion?
Alack, for leſſer knowledge, how accurs'd,
In being ſo bleſt? There may be in the Cup
A Spider ſteep'd, and one may drink; depart,
And yet partake no venom; (for his knowledge
Is not infected) but if one preſent
Th' abhor'd ingredient to his eye, make known
How he hath drunk, he cracks his Gorge, his ſides
VVith violent Hefts. I have drunk, and ſeen the Spider.
Camillo was his help in this, his Pander:
There is a Plot againſt my Life, my Crown;
All's true that is miſtruſted, that falſe Villain,
VVhom I employ'd, was pree employ'd by him:
He ha's diſcovered my Deſign, and I
Remain a pinch'd Thing; yea, a very Trick
For them to play at will: how came the Poſterns
So eaſily open?
Lord. By his great authority,
VVhich often have no leſs prevail'd, than ſo
On your command.
Leo. I know't too well.
Give me the Boy, I am glad you did not nurſe him:
Though he do's bear ſome ſigns of me, yet you
Have too much blood in him.
Her. What is this? ſport?
Leo. Bear the Boy hence, he ſhall not come about her,
Away with him, and let her ſport her ſelf
With that ſhe's big with, for 'tis *Polixenes*
Ha's made thee ſwell thus.
Her. But I'ld ſay he had not;
And I'le be ſworn you would believe my ſaying,
How e're you lean to th' Nayward.
Leo. You (my Lords)
Look on her, mark her well: be but about
To ſay ſhe is a goodly Lady, and
The Juſtice of your hearts will thereto add
'Tis pity ſhe's not honeſt: Honourable:
Praiſe her but for this her without-dore-Form,
(Which on my faith deſerves high ſpeech) and ſtraight
The Shrug, the Hum, or Ha, (theſe Petty-brands
That Calumny doth uſe; Oh I am out,

That mercy do's, for Calumny will ſear
Vertue it ſelf) theſe Shrugs, theſe Hum's, and Ha's,
When you have ſaid ſhe's goodly, come between
Ere you can ſay ſhe's honeſt: but be't known
(From him that ha's moſt cauſe to grieve it ſhould be)
She's an Adultreſs.
Her. Should a Villain ſay ſo,
(The moſt repleniſh'd villain in the world)
He were as much more villain: you (my Lord)
Do but miſtake.
Leo. You have miſtook (my Lady)
Polixenes for *Leontes*: O thou thing,
(Which I'le not call a creature of thy place,
Leaſt Barbariſm (making me the precedent)
Should a like Language uſe to all degrees,
And mannerly diſtinguiſhment leave out,
Betwixt the Prince and Beggar: I have ſaid
She's an Adultreſs, I have ſaid with whom:
More; She's a Traytor, and *Camillo* is
A Federary with her, and one that knows
What ſhe ſhould ſhame to know her ſelf,
But with her moſt vild Principal; that ſhe's
A bed ſwarver, even as bad as thoſe
That vulgar give bold'ſt Titles; I, and privy
To this their late eſcape.
Her. No (by my life)
Privy to none of this: how will this grieve you,
When you ſhall come to clearer knowledg, that
You thus have publiſh'd me? Gentle my Lord,
You ſcarce can right me throughly, then to ſay
You did miſtake.
Leo. No, if I miſtake
In thoſe foundations which I build upon,
The center is not big enough to bear
A School-boys Top. Away with her, to priſon:
He who ſhall ſpeak for her, is afar off guilty,
But that he ſpeaks.
Her. There's ſome ill Planet reigns:
I muſt be patient, till the heavens look
With an aſpect more favourable. Good my Lords,
I am not prone to weeping (as our ſex
Commonly are) the want of which vain dew
Perchance ſhall dry your pities: but I have
That honourable Grief lodg'd here, which burns
Worſe than tears drown: 'beſeech you all (my Lords)
With thoughts ſo qualified as your Charities
Shall beſt inſtrnct you, meaſure me: and ſo
The Kings Will be perform'd.
Leo. Shall I be heard?
Her. Who is't that goes with me? beſeech your highneſs
My women may be with me, for you ſee
My plight requires it. Do not weep (good Fools)
There is no cauſe: when you ſhall know your Miſtris
Has deſerv'd Priſon, then abound in tears,
As I come out; this action I now go on,
Is for my better grace. Adieu (my Lord)
I never wiſh'd to ſee you ſorry, now
I truſt I ſhall: my women come, you have leave.
Leo. Go do our bidding; hence.
Lord. Beſeech your highneſs call the Queen again.
Ant. Be certain what you do (Sir) leſt your Juſtice
Prove violence, in the which three great ones ſuffer,
Your ſelf, your Queen, your Son.
Lord. For her (my Lord)
I dare my life lay down, and will do't (Sir)
Pleaſe you t' accept it, that the Queen is ſpotleſs
I'th' eyes of heaven, and to you (I mean.
In this, which you accuſe her.)
Antig. If it prove
She's otherwiſe, I'le keep my Stable where
I lodg my wife, I'le go in couples with her:
Then when I feel, and ſee her, no further truſt her:
For every inch of Woman in the world,
I every dram of womans fleſh is falſe,
If ſhe be.
Leo. Hold your peaces.
Lord. Good my Lord.
Antig. It is for you we ſpeak, not for our ſelves:
You are abus'd, by ſome putter on,
That will be damn'd for't; would I knew the villain,
I would Land-damn him: be ſhe honour-flaw'd,
I have three daughters: the eldeſt is eleven:
The ſecond, and the third, nine: and ſons five:
If this prove true, they'l pay for't. By mine honour
I'le geld 'em all: fourteen they ſhall not ſee
To bring falſe generations: they are co-heirs,
And I had rather glib my ſelf, than they
Should not produce fair iſſue.
Leo. Ceaſe, no more:
You ſmell this buſineſs with a ſence as cold
As is a dead-mans noſe: but I do ſee't, and feel't,
As you feel doing thus: and ſee withal
The inſtruments that feel.
Ant. If it be ſo,
We need no grave to bury honeſty,
There's not a grain of it, the face to ſweeten
Of the whole dungy-earth.
Leo. What? lack I credit?
Lord. I had rather you did lack then I (my Lord)
Upon this ground: and more it would content me
To have her hononr true, than your ſuſpition
Be blam'd for't how you might.
Leo. Why what need we
Commune with you for this? but rather follow
Our forceful inſtigation? Our prerogative
Calls not your counſels, but our natural goodneſs
Imparts this: which, if you, or ſtupified,
Or ſeeming ſo, in skill, cannot, or will not
Reliſh a truth, like us: inform your ſelves
We need no more of your advice: the matter,
The loſs, the gain, the ord'ring on't,
Is all properly ours.
Ant. And I wiſh (my Liege)
You had only in your ſilent judgment try'd it,
Without more overture.
Leo. How could that be?
Either thou art moſt ignorant by age;
Or thou wer't born a fool: *Camillo*'s flight
Added to their familiarity
(Which was as groſs, as ever touch'd conjecture,
That lack'd ſight only, nought for approbation
But only ſeeing all other circumſtances
Made up to th' deed) doth puſh on this proceeding;
Yet for a greater confirmation
(For in an act of this importance, 'twere
Moſt pitious to be wild) I have diſpatch'd in poſt,
To ſacred *Delphos*, to *Apollo*'s Temple,
Cleomines and *Deon*, whom you know
Of ſtuff'd ſufficiency: Now, from the Oracle
They will bring all, whoſe ſpiritual counſel had,
Shall ſtop, or ſpur me. Have I done well?
Lord. Well done (my Lord.)
Leo. Tho I am ſatisfi'd, and need no more
Than what I know; yet ſhall the Oracle
Give reſt to th'minds of others; ſuch as he
Whoſe ignorant credulity will not
Come up to th' truth. So we have thought it good
From our free perſon, ſhe ſhould be confin'd,
Leſt that the treachery of the two, fled thence,
Be left her to perform. Come follow us,
We are to ſpeak in publick: for this buſineſs
Will raiſe us all.
Antig. To laughter, as I take it,
If the good truth, were known.
Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Paulina, *a* Gentleman, Goaler, Emilia.

Paul. The keeper of the priſon, call to him :
Let him have knowledg whom I am. Good Lady,
No Court in *Europe* is too good for thee,
What doſt thou then in priſon? Now good Sir,
You know me, do you not?
Goa. For a worthy Lady,
And one, whom much I honour.
Pau. Pray you then,
Conduct me to the Queen.
Goa. I may not (Madam)
To the contrary I have expreſs commandment:
Pau. Here's a-do to lock up honeſty and honour from
Th' acceſs of gentle viſitors. Is't lawful pray you
To ſee her women? any of them? *Emilia?*
Goa. So pleaſe you (Madam)
To put a part theſe your attendants, I
Shall bring *Emilia* forth.
Pau. I pray you now call her :
Withdraw your ſelves.
Goa. And Madam,
I muſt be preſent at your conference.
Paul. Well : be't ſo : prethee. *Enter. Emilia.*
Here's ſuch a-do, to make no ſtain, a ſtain,
As paſſes colouring. Dear Gentlewoman,
How fares our gracious Lady?
Emil. As well as one ſo great, and ſo forlorn
May hold together ; On her frights, and griefs
(Which never tender Lady hath born greater)
She is ſomething before her time, deliver'd.
Pau. A boy?
Emil. A daughter' and a goodly babe,
Luſty, and like to live : the Queen receives
Much comfort in't : Says, my poor priſoner,
I am innocent as you.
Pau. I dare be ſworn :
Theſe dangerous, unſafe Lunes i'th' King, beſhrew them,
He muſt be told on't, and he ſhall : the office
Becoms a woman beſt. I'le take it upon me,
If I prove Honey-mouth'd, let my tongue bliſter.
And never to my red-look'd anger be
The Trumpet any more : pray you (*Emilia*)
Commend my beſt obedience to the Queen,
If ſhe dares truſt me with her little babe,
I'le ſhew't the King, and undertake to be
Her advocate to'th loud'ſt. We do not know
How he may ſoften at the ſight o'th' Child :
The ſilence often of pure innocence
Perſwads, when ſpeaking fails.
Emil. Moſt worthy Madam,
Your honour and your goodneſs is ſo evident,
That your free undertaking cannot miſs
A thriving iſſue : there is no Lady living
So meet for this great errand ; pleaſe your Ladyſhip
To viſit the next room. I'le preſently
Acquaint the Queen of your moſt noble offer,
Who, but to day hammered of this deſign,
But durſt not tempt a Miniſter of honour
Leaſt ſhe ſhould be deni'd.
Paul. Tell her (*Emilia*)
I'le uſe that tongue I have : If wit flow from't
As boldneſs from my boſom, let't not be doubted
I ſhall do good.
Emil. Now be you bleſt for it.
I'le to the Queen : pleaſe you come ſomething nearer.
Goa. Madam if't pleaſe the Queen to ſend the babe,
I know not what I ſhall incur, to paſs it,
Having no warrant.
Pau. You need not fear it (ſir)
This Child was priſoner to the womb, and is
By Law and proceſs of great Nature, thence
Free'd, and enfranchis'd, not a party to
The anger of the King, nor guilty of
(If any be) the treſpaſs of the Queen.
Goa. I do believe it.
Pau. Do not you fear : upon mine honour, I
Will ſtand betwixt you, and denger.
Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Leontes, Servants, Paulina, Antigonus, *and* Lords.

Leo. Nor night, nor day, no reſt : it is but weakneſs
To bear the matter thus : mear weakneſs, if
The cauſe were not in being : part o'th cauſe,
She, th' Adultreſs ; for the harlot-king
Is quite beyond mine arm : out of the blank
And level of my brain : plot-proof : but ſhe,
I can hook to me : ſay that ſhe were gone,
Given to the fire, a moity of my reſt
Might come to me again. Who's there?
Ser. My Lord. *Enter.*
Leo. How do's the boy?
Ser. He took good reſt to night : 'tis hop'd
His ſickneſs is diſcharg'd.
Leo. To ſee his nobleneſs.
Conceiving the diſhonour of his Mother,
He ſtraight declin'd, droop'd, took it deeply,
Faſten'd, and fix'd the ſhame on't in himſelf :
Threw off his Spirit, his Appetite, his Sleep,
And down-right languiſh'd. Leave me ſolely : go,
See how he fares : Fie, fie, no thought of him,
The very thought of my revenges that way
Recoyl upon me : in himſelf too mighty.
Until a time may ſerve, for preſent vengeance
Take it on her : *Camillo*, and *Polixenes*
Laugh at me, make their paſtime at my ſorrow ;
They ſhould not laugh, if I could reach them, nor
Shall ſhe, within my power.

Enter Paulina.

Lord. You muſt not enter.
Paul. Nay rather (good my Lords) be ſecond to me :
Fear you his tyrannous paſſion more (alas)
Then the Queens life? A gracious innocent Soul,
More free, than he is jealous.
Antig. That's enough.
Ser. Madam he hath not ſlept to night, commanded
None ſhould come at him.
Pau. Not ſo hot (good Sir)
I come to bring him ſleep. 'Tis ſuch as you
That creep like ſhadows by him, and do ſigh
At each his needleſs heavings : ſuch as you
Nouriſh the cauſe of his awaking. I
Do come with words, as medicinal, as true ;
(Honeſt, as either ;) to purge him of that humour,
That preſſes him from ſleep.
Leo. What noiſe there, hoe?
Pau. No noiſe (my Lord) but needful conference,
About ſome Goſſips for your Highneſs.
Leo. How?
Away with that audacious Lady. *Antigonus:*
I charg'd thee that ſhe ſhould not come about me,
I knew ſhe would.

Ant. I told her ſo (my Lord)
On your diſpleaſures peril and on mine,
She ſhould not viſit you.
Leo. What? canſt not rule her?
Pau. From all diſhoneſty he can: in this
(Unleſs he take the courſe that you have done)
Commit me, for committing honor, truſt it,
He ſhall not rule me:
Ant. La-you now, you hear,
When ſhe will take the rain, I let her run,
But ſhe'l not ſtnmble.
Paul. Good my Liege I come:
And I beſeech you hear me: who profeſſes
My ſelf your loyal ſervant, your Phyſitian,
Your moſt obedient Counſellor: yet that dares
Leſs appear ſo, in comforting your evils,
Then ſuch as moſt ſeem yours. I ſay, I come
From your good Queen.
Leo. Good Queen?
Paul. Good Queen (my Lord) good Queen,
I ſay good Queen,
And would by combate, make her good ſo, were I
A man, the worſt about you.
Leo. Force her hence.
Pau. Let him that makes but trifles of his eyes
Firſt hand me: on mine own accord, I'le off,
But firſt; I'le do my errand. The good Queen
(For ſhe is good) hath brought you forth a daughter,
Here 'tis: commends it to your bleſſing.
Leo. Out:
A mankind Witch? Hence with her, out o'dore:
A moſt intelligencing bawd.
Paul. Not ſo,
Im am as ignorant in that, as you,
In ſo entit'ling me: and no leſs honeſt
Then you are mad: which is enough, I'le warrant
(As this world goes) to paſs for honeſt.
Leo. Traitors;
Will you not puſh her out? Give her the Baſtard,
Thou dotard, thou art woman-tir'd: unrooſted
By thy dame *Partlet* here. Take up the baſtard,
Tak't up, I ſay; give't to the Croan,
Paul. For ever,
Unvenerable by ~~the~~ thy hands, if thou
Tak'ſt up the Princeſs, by that forced baſeneſs
Which he has put upon't,
Leo. He dreads his Wife.
Paul. So I would you did: then 'twere paſt all doubt
Youl'd call your Children, yours.
Leo. A neſt of Traitors.
Ant. I am none, by this good light.
Paul. Nor I; nor any
But one that's here: and that's himſelf; for he,
The ſacred honor of himſelf, his Queens,
His hopeful Sons, his babes betrays to ſlander,
Whoſe ſting is ſharper than the Swords, and will not
(For as the caſe now ſtands, it is a curſe
He cannot be compell'd too't) once remove
The root of his opinion, which is rotten,
As ever Oak, or ſtone was found. ſ
Leo. A Callat
Of boundleſs tongue, who late hath beat her husband,
And now baits me; this brat is none of mine.
It is the Iſſue of *Polixenes*.
Hence with it, and together with the Dam,
Commit them to the fire.
Paul. It is yours;
And might we lay th' old Proverb to your charge,
So like you, 'tis the worſe. Behold (my Lords)
Altho the print be little, the whole Matter
And copy of the Father; (Eye, Noſe, Lip,
The trick of's Frown, his forehead, nay, the Valley,
The pretty dimples of his Chin, and Cheek; his Smiles:
The very Mold, and frame of hand, nayl, Finger.)
And thou good Goddeſs *Nature*, which haſt made it
So like to him that got it, if thou haſt
The ordering of the Mind too, 'mongſt all Colours
No Yellow in't, leſt ſhe ſuſpect, as he do's,
Her Children, not her Husbands.
Leo. A groſs hag:
And Lozel, thou art worthy to be hang'd,
That wilt not ſtay her tongue.
Antig. Hang all the husbands
That cannot do that Feat, you'l leave your ſelf
Hardly one ſubject.
Leo. Once more take her hence.
Paul. A moſt unworthy, and unnatural Lord
Can do no more.
Leo. I'le ha' thee burnt.
Paul. I care not;
It is an Heretick that makes the fire,
Not ſhe which burns in't. I'le not call you Tyrant;
But this moſt cruel uſage of your Queen
(Not able to produce more accuſation
Then your own weak-hing'd fancy) ſomething ſavours
Of tyranny, and will ignoble make you,
Yea, ſcandalous to the world.
Leo. On your allegiance,
Out of the chamber with her. Were I a tyrant,
Where were her life? ſhe ~~doſt~~ durst not call me ſo,
If ſhe did know me one. Away with her.
Paul. I pray you do not puſh me, I'le be gone.
Look to your Babe (my Lord) 'tis yours: *Jove* ſend her
A better guiding ſpirit. What need theſe hands?
You that are thus ſo tender o're his Follies,
Will never do him good, not one of you.
So, ſo: farewel, we are gone.
Exit.

Leo. Thou (Traytor) haſt ſet on thy wife to this.
My Child? away with't? even thou, that haſt
A heart ſo tender o're it, take it hence,
And ſee it inſtantly conſum'd with fire.
Even thou, and none but thou. Take it up ſtraight:
Within this hour bring me word 'tis done.
(And by good teſtimony) or I'le ſeize thy life,
With what thou elſe call'ſt thine: if thou refuſe,
And wilt encounter with my wrath, ſay ſo;
The Baſtard-brains with theſe my proper hands
Shall I daſh out: go take it to the fire,
For thou ſett'ſt on thy wife.
Antig I did not, ſir:
Theſe Lords, my noble fellows, if they pleaſe,
Can clear me in't.
Lords. We can; my Royal Liege,
He is not guilty of her coming hither.
Leo. You're liars all.
Lord. Beſeech your highneſs give us better credit:
We have always truly ſerv'd you, and beſeech
So to eſteem of us: and on our knees we beg,
(As recompence of our dear ſervices
Paſt, and to come) that you do change this purpoſe,
Which being ſo horrible, ſo bloody, muſt
Lead on to ſome foul Iſſue. We all kneel.
Leo. I am a ~~Father~~ feather for each wind that blows:
Shall I live on, to ſee this baſtard kneel,
And call me Father? better burn it now,
Then curſe it then. But be it: let it live.
It ſhall not neither. You ſir, come you hither:
You that have been ſo tenderly officious
With Lady *Margery*, your Mid-wife there,
To ſave this baſtards life; for 'tis a baſtard,
So ſure as this beard's gray. What will you adventure,
To ſave this brats life?
Antig. Any thing (my Lord)
That my ability may undergo,
And nobleneſs impoſe: at laſt thus much;
I'le pawn the little blood which I have left,

To ſave the innocent: any thing poſſible.
Leo. It ſhall be poſſible; Swear by this ſword
Thou wilt perform my bidding.
Antig. I will (my Lord.)
Leo. Mark and perform it; ſeeſt thou? for the fail
Of any point in't, ſhall not only be
Death to thy ſelf, but to thy lewd-tongu'd Wiſe,
(Whom for this time we pardon) We enjoin thee
As thou art Liege-man to us, that thou carry
This female Baſtard hence, and that thou bear it
To ſome remote and deſart place, quite out
Of our Dominions; and that there thou leave it
(Without much mercy) to its own protection,
And favour of the Climate; as by ſtrange fortune
It came to us, I do in Juſtice charge thee,
On thy ſouls peril, and thy bodies torture,
That thou commend it ſtrangely to ſome place,
Where chance may nurſe or end it: take it up.
Antig. I ſwear to do this: tho a preſent death
Had been more merciful. Come on (poor Babe)
Some powerful Spirit inſtruct the Kites and Ravens
To be thy Nurſes. Wolves and Bears, they ſay,
(Caſting their ſavageneſs aſide) have done
Like offices of pity. Sir, be proſperous
In more than this deed do's require: and bleſſing
Againſt this Cruelty, fight on thy ſide
(Poor thing condemn'd to loſs.) *Exit.*
Leo. No: I'le not rear
Anothers Iſſue. *Enter a Servant.*
Serv. Pleaſe your Highneſs, Poſts
From thoſe you ſent to th' Oracle, are come
An hour ſince: *Cleomines* and *Dion*,
Being well arriv'd from *Delphos*, are both landed,
Haſting to th' Court.
Lord. So pleaſe you (Sir) their ſpeed
Hath been beyond account.
Leo. Twenty three days
They have been abſent: 'tis good ſpeed foretels
The great *Apollo* ſuddenly will have
The truth of this appear: Prepare you Lords,
Summon a Seſſion, that we may arraign
Our moſt diſloyal Lady: for as ſhe hath
Been publickly accus'd, ſo ſhall ſhe have
A juſt and open Trial. While ſhe lives,
My heart will be a burden to me. Leave me,
And think upon my bidding. *Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Cleomines *and Dion.*

Clo. The Climate's delicate, the Air moſt ſweet,
Fertile the Iſle, the Temple much ſurpaſſiug
The common praiſe it bears.
Dion. I ſhall report,
For moſt it caught me, the Celeſtial Habits,
(Methinks I ſo ſhould term them) and the reverence
Of the Grave Wearers. O, the Sacriſice.
How ceremonious, ſolemn, and un-earthly
It was i'th' Offering?
Cleo. But of all the burſt
And the ear-deafning Voice o' th' Oracle,
Kin to *Joves* Thunder, ſo ſurpriz'd my Sence
That I was nothing.
Dio. If th' event o'th' Journey
Prove as ſucceſsful to the Queen (O be't ſo)
As it hath been to us, rare, pleaſant, ſpeedy,
The time is worth the uſe on't.
Cleo. Great *Apollo*
Turn all to th' beſt: theſe Proclamations,
So forcing faults upon *Hermione*,
I little like.
Dio. The violent carriage of it
Will clear, or end the Buſineſs, when the Oracle
(Thus by *Apollo's* great Divine ſeal'd up)
Shall the Contents diſcover: ſomething rare
Even then will ruſh to knowledg. Go: freſh Horſes,
And gracious be the iſſue. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Leontes, Lords, Officers: Hermione (*as to her Trial*) Ladies; *Cleomines, Dion.*

Leo. This Seſſions (to our great grief we pronounce)
Even puſhes 'gainſt our heart. The party try'd,
The Daughter of a King our VVife and one
Of us too much belov'd, Let us be clear'd
Of being tyrannous, ſince we ſo openly
Proceed in Juſtice, which ſhall have due courſe,
Even to the Guilt, or the Purgation:
Produce the Priſoner.
Offi. It is his Highneſs pleaſure, that the Queen
Appear in perſon, here in Court. *Silence.* *Enter*
Leo. Read the Indictment.

Officer. Hermione, Queen to the worthy Leontes, King of Sicilia, *thou art here accuſed and arraigned of High Treaſon in committing Adultery with* Polixenes *King of* Bohemia, *and conſpiring with* Camillo *to take away the Life of our Soveraign Lord the King, thy royal Husband: the pretence whereof being by circumſtance partly laid open, thou* (Hermione) *contrary to the Faith and Allegiance of a true Subject, didſt counſel and aid them, for their better ſafety, to flee away by Night.*

Her. Since what I am to ſay, muſt be but that
Which contradicts my Accuſation, and
The teſtimony on my part, no other
But what comes from my ſelf, it ſhall ſcarce boot me
To ſay, Not guity: mine integrity
Being counted Falſhood, ſhall (as I expreſs it)
Be ſo receiv'd. But thus, if Powers divine
Behold our humane Actions (as they do)
I doubt not then, but innocence ſhall make
Falſe Accuſations bluſh, and Tyranny
Tremble at Patience. You (my Lord) beſt know
(Whom leaſt will ſeem to do ſo) my paſt life
Hath been as continent, as chaſt, as true,
As I am now unhappy; which is more
Than Hiſtory can pattern, tho devis'd,
And play'd to take Spectators. For behold me,
A Fellow of the Royal Bed, which owe
A Moity of the Throne: a great Kings Daughter,
The Mother to a hopeful Prince, here ſtanding
To prate and talk for Life, and Honour, fore
Who pleaſe to come and hear. For Life, I prize it
As I weigh grief (which I would ſpare:) For Honour,
'Tis a derivative from me to mine,
And only that I ſtand for. I appeal
To your own Conſcience (Sir) before *Polixenes*
Came to your Court, how I was in your grace,
How merited to be ſo: Since he came,
With what encounter ſo uncurrant, I
Have ſtrain'd t' appear thus; if one jot beyond
The bound of honour, ot in act, or will,
That way enclining, hardned be the hearts
Of all that hear me, and my near'ſt of Kin
Cry fie upon my Grave.
Leo. I ne'r heard yet
That any of thoſe bolder Vices wanted
Leſs impudeuce to gain-ſay what they did,

Than to perform it firſt.
Her. That is true enough,
Tho 'tis a ſaying (Sir) not due to me.
Leo You will not own it.
Her. More than Miſtreſs of,
Which comes to me in name of fault, I muſt not
At all acknowledg. For *Polixenes*
(With whom I am accus'd) I do confeſs
I lov'd him, as in honour he requir'd :
With ſuch a kind of love, as might become
A Lady like me : with a love, even ſuch,
So and no other, as your ſelf commanded :
Which not to have done, I think had been in me
Both diſobedience, and in gratitude
To you, and towards your friends, whoſe love had ſpoke,
Even ſince it could ſpeak, from an infant, freely,
That it was yours. Now for conſpiracy,
I know not how it taſts, tho it be diſh'd
For me to try how ; all I know of it,
Is, that *Camillo* was an honeſt man ;
And why he left your court, the Gods themſelves
(Wotting no more than I) are ignorant.
Leo. You knew of his departure, as you know
What you have underta'ne to do in's abſence.
Her. Sir,
You ſpeak a Language that I underſtand not ;
My Life ſtands in the level of your Dreams,
Which I'le lay down.
Leo. Your actions are my Dreams,
You had a baſtard by *Polixenes*,
And I but dream'd it : As you were paſt all ſhame,
(Thoſe of your fact are ſo) ſo paſt all truth ;
Which to deny, concerns more than avails : for as
Thy brat hath been caſt out, like to it ſelf,
No Father owning it (which is indeed
More criminal in thee, than it) ſo thou
Shalt feel our juſtice ; in whoſe eaſieſt paſſage,
Look for no leſs than death.
Her. Sir, ſpare your threats ;
The bug which you would fright me with, I ſeek :
To me can life be no commodity,
The Crown and comfort of my Life (your Favour)
I do give loſt, for I do feel it gone,
But know not how it went. My ſecond Joy,
And firſt fruits of my body, from his preſence
I am bar'd like one infectious. My third comfort
(Star'd moſt unluckily) is from my breſt
(The innocent milk in it moſt innocent mouth)
Hal'd out to murder. My ſelf on every Poſt
Proclaim'd a Strumpet : ~~with~~ immodeſt hatred
The Child-bed priviledg deny'd which 'longs
To women of all faſhion: Laſtly, hurried
Here, to this place, i'th' open air before
I have got ſtrength of limbs. Now (my Liege)
Tell me wat bleſſings I have here alive,
That I ſhould fear to die? Therefore proceed :
But yet hear this ; miſtake me not ; no life,
(I priſe it not a ſtraw) but for mine honour,
Which I would free : if I ſhall be condemn'd
Upon ſurmizes (all proofs ſleeping elſe,
But what your Jealouſies awake) I tell you
'Tis Rigour, and not Law. Your honours all,
I do refer me to the Oracle :
Apollo be my Judg.
Lord. This your requeſt.

Enter Dion *and* Cleomines.

Is altogether juſt ; therefore bring forth
(And in *Apollo*'s Name) his oracle.
Her. The Emperour of *Ruſſia* was my Father,
Oh that he were alive, and here heholding
His Daughters tryal : that he did but ſee
The flatneſs of my miſery ; yet with eyes
Of pity, not revenge.
Officer. You here ſhall ſwear upon the Sword of Juſtice,
That you (*Cleomines* and *Dion*) have
Been both at *Delphos*, and from thence have brought
This ſeal'd-up Oracle, by the hand deliver'd
Of great *Apollo*'s Prieſt ; and that ſince then,
You have not dar'd to break the holy Seal,
Nor read the Secrets in't.
Cleo. Dio. All this we ſwear.
Leo. Break up the Seals and read.

Officer. Hermione *is chaſt,* Polixenes *blameleſs,* Camillo *a true Subject,* Leontes *a jealous Tyrant, his innocent Babe truly begotten, and the King ſhall live without an Heir, if that which is loſt, be not found.*

Lords. Now bleſſed be the great *Apollo*.
Her. Praiſed.
Leo. Haſt thou read the truth ?
Offic. I (my Lord) even ſo as it is here ſet down.
Leo. There is no truth at all i'th' oracle :
The Seſſions ſhall proceed : this is meer falſhood.
Ser. My Lord the King : the King ?
Leo. What is the buſineſs ?
Ser. O Sir, I ſhall be hated to report it.
The Prince your Son, with meer conceit and fear
Of the Queen's ſpeed, is gone.
Leo. How ? Gone ?
Ser. Is dead.
Leo. *Apollo*'s angry, and the Heavens themſelves
Do ſtrike at my injuſtice. How now there ?
Paul. This news is mortal to the Queen : Look down
And ſee what death is doing.
Leo. Take her hence ;
Her heart is but o're-charg'd ; ſhe will recover.
I have too much believ'd mine own ſuſpition ;
'Beſeech you tenderly apply to her
Some remedies for life. *Apollo* pardon
My great prophaneſs 'gainſt thine oracle.
I'le reconcile me to *Polixenes*,
New woo my Queen, recall the good *Camillo*
(Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy ;)
For being tranſported by my Jealouſies
To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I choſe
Camillo for the Miniſter, to poyſon
My friend *Polixenes* : which had been done,
But that the good mind of *Camillo* tardied
My ſwift command ; tho I with death, and with
Reward did threaten and encourage him,
Not doing it, and being done ; he, (moſt human,
And fill'd with honour) to my Kingly gueſt
Unclaſp'd my practiſe, quit his fortunes here
Which you knew great) and to the certain hazard
Of all uncertainties, himſelf commended,
No richer than his honour : How he gliſters
Through my dark Ruſt ? and how his Piety
Do's my deeds make the blacker ?
Paul. Wo the while :
O cut my lace, leſt my heart (cracking it)
Break too.
Lord What fit is this ? Good Lady ?
Paul. What ſtudied torments (tyrant) haſt for me ?
What wheels ? racks ? fires ? what flaying ? boyling ? burning,
In Leads, or Oyls ? what old, or new torture
Muſt I receive ? whoſe very word deſerves
To taſt of thy moſt worſt. Thy tyranny
(Together working with thy Jealouſies,
Fancies too weak for boys, too green and idle
For Girls of nine) O think what they have done,
And then run mad indeed : ſtark mad : for all
Thy by-gone fooleries were but ſpices for it.
That thou betrayed'ſt *Polixenes*, 'twas nothing,
(That did but ſhew thee, of a Fool, inconſtant,
And damnable ingrateful :) Nor was't much.
Thou would'ſt have poyſon'd good *Camillo*'s Honour,
To have him kill a King : poor treſpaſſes,

More monſtrous ſtanding by: wherefore I reckon
The caſting forth of Crows, the Baby-daughter,
To be or none, or little; tho a Devil
Would have ſhed water out of fire, ere don't:
Nor is't directly laid to thee, the death
Of the young Prince, whoſe honourable thoughts
(Thoughts high for one ſo tender) cleft the heart
That could conceive a groſs and fooliſh Sire
Blemiſh'd his gracious Dam: this is not, no,
Laid to thy anſwer: but the laſt: O Lords,
When I have ſaid, cry wo,. the Queen, the Queen,
The ſweet'ſt dear'ſt creature's dead: and vengeance for't
Not drop'd down yet.

Lord. The higher powers forbid.

Pau. I ſay ſhe's dead: I'le ſwear't. If word, nor oath
Prevail not, go and ſee: if you can bring
Tincture, or luſtre in her lip, her eye;
Heat outwardly, or breath within, I'le ſerve you
As I would do the Gods. But, O thou Tyrant,
Doſt not repent theſe things, for they are heavier
Than all thy woes can ſtir: therefore betake thee
To nothing but deſpair. A thouſand knees,
Ten thouſand years together, naked, faſting,
Upon a barren Mountain, and ſtill winter
In ſtorm perpetual, could not move the Gods
To look that way thou wer't.

Leo. Go on, go on:
Thou canſt not ſpeak too much, I have deſerv'd
All tongues to talk their bittereſt.

Lord. Say no more,
How ere the buſineſs goes, you have made fault
I'th boldneſs of your ſpeech.

Pau. I am ſorry for't,
All faults I make, when I ſhall come to know them;
I do repent: alas, I have ſhew'd too much
The raſhneſs of a woman: he is toucht
To th' noble heart. What's gone, and what's paſt help
Should be paſt grief: Do not receive affliction
At my petition, I beſeech you, rather
Let me be puniſh'd, that have minded you
Of what you ſhould forget. Now (good my Liege)
Sir, Royal Sir, forgive a fooliſh woman:
The love I bore your Queen (Lo, fool again)
I'le ſpeak of her no more, nor of your Children:
I'le not remember you of my own Lord,
(Who is loſt too:) take your patience to you,
And I'le ſay nothing.

Leo. Thou didſt ſpeak but well,
When moſt the truth: which I receive much better,
Than to be pitied of thee. Prethee bring me
To the dead bodies of my Queen and Son,
One grave ſhall be for both. Upon them ſhall
The cauſes of their death appear (unto
Our ſhame perpetual) once a day, I'le viſit
The Chappel where they lie, and tears ſhed there
Shall be my recreation. So long as Nature
Will bear up with this exerciſe, ſo long
I daily vow to uſe it. Come and lead me
To theſe ſorrows. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Antigonus, Mariner, Babe and Shepherd, and Clown.

Ant. Thou art perfect then, our Ship hath toucht upon
The Deſarts of *Bohemia.*

Mar. I (My Lord) and fear
We have Landed in ill time: the skies look grimly,
And threaten preſent bluſters. In my conſcience
The heavens with that we have in hand, are angry,
And frown upon's.

Ant. Their ſacred wills be done; get aboard,
Look to thy bark, I'le not be long before
I call upon thee.

Mar. Make your beſt haſt, and go not
Too far i'th' Land: 'tis like to be loud weather,
Beſides this place is famous for the Creatures
Of prey, that keep upon't.

Antig. Go thou away,
I'le follow inſtantly.

Mar. I am glad at heart
To be ſo rid o'th buſineſs. *Exit.*

Ant. Come, poor Babe;
I have heard (but not believ'd) the ſpirits o'th' dead
May walk again: if ſuch thing be, thy Mother
Appear'd to me laſt night: for ne're was dream
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
Sometimes her head is on one ſide, ſome another,
I never ſaw a veſſel of like ſorrow
So fill'd, and ſo becoming: in pure white Robes
Like very Sanctity ſhe did approach
My Cabbin where I lay: thrice bow'd before me,
And (gaſping to begin ſome ſpeech) her eyes;
Became two ſpouts, the fury ſpent, anon
Did this break from her. Good *Antigonus,*
Since fate (againſt thy better diſpoſition)
Hath made thy perſon for the thrower-out
Of my poor babe, according to thine oath,
Places remote enough are in *Bohemia,*
There weep, and leave it crying: and for the babe
Is counted loſt for ever, *Perdita*
I prethee call't: For this ungentle buſineſs
Put on thee, by my Lord, thou ne're ſhalt ſee
Thy Wife *Paulina* more? and ſo, with ſhrikes
She melted into ayr.. Affrighted much,
I did in time collect my ſelf, and thought
This was ſo, and no ſlumber: Dreams, are toys,
Yet for this once, yea ſuperſtitiouſly,
I will be ſquar'd by this. I do believe
Hermione hath ſuffer'd death, and that
Apollo would (this being indeed the iſſue
Of King *Polixenes*) it ſhould here be laid
(Either for life, or death) upon the Earth
Of it's right Father. Bloſſom, ſpeed thee well,
There lie, and there thy character: there theſe,
Which may if fortune pleaſe, both breed thee (Pretty,
And ſtill reſt thine. The ſtorm begins poor wretch,
That for thy mothers fault, art thus expos'd
To loſs, and what may follow. Weep I cannot,
But my heart bleeds: and moſt accurſt am I
To be by oath enjoyn'd to this. Farewel.
The day frowns more and more: thou art like to have
A lullaby too rough: I never ſaw
The heavens ſo dim, by day. A ſavage clamour!
Well may I get a-board: This is the Chace, (herd.
I am gone for ever. *Exit purſued by a Bear. Enter a Shep-*

Shep. I would there were no age between ten and three and twenty, or that youth would ſleep out the reſt: for there is nothing (in the between) but getting wenches with child, wronging the ancientry, ſtealing, fighting, hark you now: would any but theſe boyld brains of nineteen, and two and tweenty, hunt this weather? They have ſcarr'd away two of my beſt Sheep, which I fear the Wolf will ſooner find than the Maſter; if any where I have them, 'tis by the ſea-ſide, brouzing of Ivy. Good luck (and't be the will) what have we here? Mercy on's, a barn! a very pretty barn; a boy, or a child I wonder? (a pretty one, a very pretty one) ſure ſome ſcape: tho I am not bookiſh, yet I can read Waiting-Gentlewoman in the ſcape: this has been ſome ſtair-work, ſome Trunk-work, ſome behind-door work: they were warmer that got this, than the poor thing is here. I'le take it up for pity, yet I'le tarry till my ſon come: he hollow'd but even now. Whoa-ho-hoa.

Enter Clown.

Clo. Hilloa, loa.

Shep. What? art ſo near? If thou'lt ſee a thing to talk on when thou art dead and rotten, come hither: what ail'ſt thou, man?

Clo. I have ſeen two ſuch ſights, by Sea and by Land: but I am not to ſay it is a Sea, for it is now the sky, betwixt the Firmament and it, you cannot thruſt a bodkins point.

Shep. Why boy, how is it?

Clo. I would you did but ſee how it chaſes, how it rages, how it takes up the ſhore; but that's not to the point; Oh the moſt piteous cry of the poor ſouls, ſometimes to ſee 'em, and not to ſee 'em: Now the Ship boaring the Moon with her main Maſt, and anon ſwallowed with yeſt and froth, as youl'd thruſt a Cork into a hogs-head. And then for the Land-ſervice, To ſee how the Bear tore out his ſhoulder-bone, how he cry'd to me for help, and ſaid his name was *Antigonus* a Nobleman. But to make an end of the Ship, to ſee how the Sea flap-dragon'd it. But firſt, how the poor ſouls roar'd, and the Sea mock'd them. And how the poor Gentleman roared, and the Bear mocked him, both roaring louder than the Sea, or Weather.

Shep. Name of mercy, when was this, boy?

Clo. Now, now, I have not winked ſince I ſaw theſe ſights, the men are not yet cold under water, nor the Bear half-dined on the Gentleman, he's at it now.

Shep. Would I had been by to have help'd the old man.

Clo. I would you had been by the ſhip-ſide, to have helped her, there your charity would have lacked footing.

Shep. Heavy matters, heavy matters: but look thee here boy. Now bleſs thy ſelf; thou meet'ſt with things dying, I with things new born. Here is a ſight for thee; Look thee, a bearing-cloath for a Squires child: look thee here, take up, take up, (Boy) open't, ſo let's ſee, it was told me I ſhould be rich by the Fairies. This is ſome Changeling; open't, what is within boy?

Clo. You're a mad old man; If the ſins of your youth are forgiven you, you are well to live. Gold, all Gold.

Shep. This is Fairy Gold, boy, and 'twill prove ſo: up with't, keep it cloſe: home, home, the next way. We are lucky (boy) and to be ſo ſtill requires nothing but ſecreſy. Let my ſheep go: Come (good boy) the next way home.

Clo. Go you the next way with your Findings, I'le go ſee if the Bear be gone from the Gentleman, and how much he hath eaten: they are never curſt, but when they are hungry: if there be any of him left, I'le bury it.

Shep. That's a good deed, if thou maiſt diſcern by that which is left of him, what he is, fetch me to th' ſight of him.

Clo. Marry will I, and you ſhall help to put him i'th' ground.

Shep. 'Tis a lucky day, boy, and we'l do good deeds on't. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Time, the Chorus.

Time. I that pleaſe ſome, try all, both joy and terror
Of good, and bad, that makes and unfolds error.
Now take upon me (in thr name of Time)
To uſe my wings. Impute it not a crime
To me, or my ſwift paſſage that I ſlide,
O're ſixteen years, and leave the growth untri'd
Of that wide gap, ſince it is in my power
To orethrow Law, and in one ſelf-born hour
To plant, and ore-whelm Cuſtom. Let me paſs
The ſame I am, ere ancient'ſt Order was,
Or what is now receiv'd. I witneſs to
The times that brought them in, ſo ſhall I do
To th' freſheſt things now reigning, and make ſtale
The gliſtering of this preſent, as my Tale
Now ſeems to it: your patience this allowing,
I turn my glaſs, and give my Scene ſuch growing
As you had ſlept between: *Leontes* leaving
Th'effects of his fond jealouſies, ſo grieving
That he ſhuts up himſelf, imagine me
(Gentle Spectators) that I now may be
In fair *Bohemia*, and remember well,
I mention here a ſon o'th' Kings, which *Florizel*
I now name to you, and with ſpeed ſo pace
To ſpeak of *Perdita*, now grown in grace
Equal with wondring. What of her enſues
I liſt not propheſie: but let Times news
Be known when 'tis brought forth. A Shepherds daughter
And what to her adheres, which follows after,
Is th'argument of Time: of this allow,
If ever you have ſpent time worſe, ere now:
If never yet that time himſelf doth ſay,
He wiſhes earneſtly, you never may. *Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Polixenes *and* Camillo.

Pol. I pray thee (good *Camillo*) be no more importunate, 'tis a ſickneſs denying thee any thing: a death to grant this.

Cam. It is fifteen years ſince I ſaw my Country; tho I have (for the moſt part) being aired abroad, I deſire to lay my bones there. Beſides, the penitent King (my Maſter) hath ſent for me, to whoſe feeling ſorrows I might be ſome allay (or I oreween to think ſo) which is another ſpur to my departure.

Pol. As thou lov'ſt me (*Camillo*) wipe not out the reſt of thy ſervices, by leaving me now; the need I have of thee, thine own goodneſs hath made: better not to have had thee, than thus to want thee, thou having made me Buſineſs, (which none, (without thee) can ſufficiently manage) muſt either ſtay to execute them thy ſelf, or take away with thee the very ſervices thou haſt done; which if I have not enough conſidered (as too much I cannot) to be more thankful to thee, ſhall be my ſtudy, and my profit therein, the heaping friendſhips. Of that fatal Countrey *Sicilia*, prethee ſpeak no more, whoſe very naming, puniſhes me with the remembrance of that penitent (as thou call'ſt him) and reconciled King my brother, whoſe loſs of his moſt precious Queen and Children, are even now to be a-freſh lamented. Say to me, when ſaw'ſt thou the Prince *Florizel* my ſon? Kings are no leſs unhappy, their iſſue not being gracious, than they are in loſing them, when they have approved their vertues.

Cam. Sir it is three days ſince I ſaw the Prince; what his happier affairs may be, are to me unknown: but I have (miſſingly) noted, he is of late much retired from Court, and is leſs frequent to his Princely exerciſes than formerly he hath appeared.

Pol. I have conſidered ſo much (*Camillo*) and with ſome care ſo far, that I have eyes under my ſervice, which look upon his removedneſs; from whom I have this intelligence, that he is ſeldom from the houſe of a moſt homely Shepherd; a man (they ſay) that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbours, is grown into an unſpeakable eſtate.

Cam. I have heard (Sir) of ſuch a man, who hath a Daughter of moſt rare note; the report of her is extended more, than can be thought to begin from ſuch a cortage.

Pol. That's likewiſe part of my intelligence; but (I fear) the Angle that plucks our Son thither. Thou ſhalt accompany us to the place, where we will (not appearing what we are) have ſome queſtion with the Shepherd; from whoſe ſimplicity, I think it not uneaſie to get the cauſe of my Sons reſort thither. Prethee be my preſent partner in this buſineſs, and lay aſide the thoughts of *Sicilia.*

Cam. I willingly obey your command.

Pol. My beſt *Camillo,* we muſt diſguiſe our ſelves. *Exit.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Autolicus *ſinging.*

When Daffadils begin to peer,
With heigh the Doxy over the dale,
Why then comes in the ſweet o'th year.
For the red blood raigns in the Winters pale.

The white ſheet bleaching on the hedg,
With hey the ſweet Birds, O how they ſing:
Doth ſet my pugging tooth an edg,
For a quart of Ale is a diſh for a King.

The Lark that tirra Lyrrachaunts,
With heigh, with heigh the Thruſh and the Lay:
Are Summers ſongs for me and my Aunts,
While we lie tumbling in the hay.

I have ſerv'd Prince *Florizel*, and in my time wore three pile, but now I am out of ſervice.

But ſhall I go mourn for that (my dear)
the pale Moon ſhines by night:
And when I wander here and there,
I then do moſt go right.
If Tinkers may have leave to live,
and bear the Show-skin Bowget,
Then my account I well may give,
and in the Stocks avouch it.

My Traffick is ſheets; when the Kite builds, look to leſſer Linnen. My Father nam'd me *Autolicus*, who being (as I am) litter'd under *Mercury,* was likewiſe a ſnapper-up of unconſidered trifles: With Die and Drab, I purchas'd *Capariſon*, and my Revenue is the ſilly Cheat. Gallows, and Knock, are too powerful on the Highway, Beating and Hanging are Terrors to me: For the life to come, I ſleep out the thought of it. A prize, a prize.

Enter Clown.

Cl. Let me ſee, every Leaven-weather todds, every told yields pound and odd ſhillings: fifteen hundred ſhorn, what comes the Wool to?

Aut. If the ſprindg hold, the Cock's mine.

Clo. I cannot do it without Compters. Let me ſee, what am I to buy for our Sheep-ſhearing-Feaſt? Three pound of Sugar, five pound of Currence, Rice: What will this Siſter of mine do with Rice? but my Father hath made her Miſtriſs of the Feaſt, and ſhe lays it on. She hath made me four and twenty Noſe-gays for the Shearers (three-man ſong-men, all, and very good ones) but they are moſt of them Means and Baſes; but one Puritan among them, and he ſings Pſalms to horn-Pipes. I muſt have Saffron to colour the Warden Pies, Mace: Dates, none: that's out of my note: Nutmegs, ſeven; a Race or two of Ginger, but that I may beg: Four pound of Prewyns, and as many of Reaſons o'th' Sun.

Aut. Oh, that ever I was born.

Clo. I'th' name of me.

Aut. Oh help me, help me: pluck but off theſe rags: and then, Death, Death.

Clo. Alack poor Soul, thou haſt need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have theſe off.

Aut. Oh ſir, the loathſomneſs of them offends me, more than the ſtripes I have received, which are mighty ones and millions.

Cl. Alas poor man, a million of beating may come to a great matter.

Aut. I am rob'd ſir, and beaten: my money and apparrel tane from me, and theſe deteſtable things put upon me.

Clo. What, by a Horſe-man, or a Foot-man?

Aut. A Foot-man (ſweet ſir) a Foot-man.

Clo. Indeed, he ſhould be a Footman, by the Garments he has left with thee; if this be a Horſmans Coat, it hath ſeen very hot ſervice. Lend me thy hand, I'le help thee, Come lend me thy hand.

Aut. Oh good ſir, tenderly, oh.

Cl. Alas poor Soul.

Aut. Oh good ſir, ſoftly, good ſir: I fear (ſir) my Shoulder-blade is out.

Clo. How now? canſt ſtand?

Aut. Softly, dear ſir; good ſir, ſoftly; you ha done me a charitable office.

Clo. Doſt lack any money: I have a little money for thee.

Aut. No, good ſweet ſir: no, I beſeeech you ſir; I have a Kinſman not paſt three quarters of a Mile hence, unto whom I was going; I ſhall there have money, or any thing I want: Offer me no money I pray you, that kills my heart.

Clo. What manner of Fellow was he that rob'd you?

Aut. A Fellow (Sir) that I have known to go obout with Trol-my-dames: I knew him once a Servant of the Prince: I cannot tell good ſir, for which of his Vertues it was, but he was certainly Whipt out of the Court.

Clo. His vices you would ſay; there's no Vertue whipt out of the Court; they cheriſh it to make it ſtay there, and yet it will no more but abide.

Aut. Vices I would ſay (Sir) I know this man well, he hath been ſince an Ape-bearer, then a Proceſs-ſerver, (a Bailiff) then he compaſt a Motion of the Prodigal Son, and married a Tinkers wife, within a mile where my Land and Living lies; and (having flown over many knaviſh profeſſions) he ſetled only in Rogue; ſome call him *Autolicus.*

Clo. Out upon him; Prig, for my life Prig; he haunts Wakes, Fairs, and Bear-baitings.

Aut. Very true ſir; he ſir he; that's the Rogue that put me into this apparel.

Clo. Not a more cowardly Rogue in all *Bohemia*; If you had but look'd big, and ſpit at him, he'ld have run.

Aut. I muſt confeſs to you (ſir) I am no fighter; I am falſe of heart that way, and that he knew I warrant him.

Clo. How do you do now?

Aut. Sweet ſir, much better than I was; I can ſtand, and walk; I will even take my leave of you, and pace ſoftly towards my Kinſmans.

Clo. Shall I bring thee on thy way?

Aut. No, good fac'd ſir, no ſweet ſir.

Clo. Then farewel, I muſt go to buy Spices for our Sheep-ſhearing. *Exit.*

Aut. Proſper you ſweet ſir. Your Purſe is not hot enough to purchaſe your Spice. I'le be with you at your Sheep-ſhearing too: If I make not this cheat bring out another, and the Shearers prove Sheep, let me be unrold, and my name put in the book of Vertue.

Song. *Jog-on, Jog-on, the foot-path way,*
And merrily hent the Stile-a.
A Merry heart goes all the day,
Your ſad tires in a Mile-a. *Exit.*

Scæna Quarta.

Enter Florizel, Perdita, Shepherd, Clown, Polixenes, Camillo, Mopſa, Dorcas, Servants, Autolicus.

Flo. Theſe your unuſual weeds, to each part of you
Do's give a life: no Shepherdeſs, but *Flora*
Peering in *April* front. This your Sheep-ſhearing,
Is as a merry meeting of the petty gods,
And you the Queen on't.
Per. Sir: my gracious Lord,
To chide at your extreams, it not becomes me:
(Oh pardon, that I name them:) your high ſelf
The gracious mark o'th' Land, you have obſcur'd
With a Swains wearing: and me (poor lowly Maid)
Moſt goddeſs-like prank'd up: But that our Feaſts
In every Meſs, have folly; and the Feeders
Digeſt it with a Cuſtom, I ſhould bluſh
To ſee you ſo attir'd: ſworn I think,
To ſhew my ſelf a glaſs:
Flo. I bleſs the time
When my good Falcon, made her flight a-croſs
Thy Fathers ground.
Per. Now Jove afford you cauſe:
To me the difference forges dread (your Greatneſs
Hath not been us'd to fear:) even now I tremble
To think your Father, by ſome accident
Should paſs this way, as you did: Oh the Fates,
How would he look to ſee his work, ſo noble,
Vildly bound up? What would he ſay? Or how
Should I (in theſe my borrowed Flaunts) behold
The ſterneſs of his preſence?
Flo. Apprehend
Nothing but jollity: the gods themſelves
(Humbling their Deities to love) have taken
The ſhapes of Beaſts upon them. *Jupiter*
Became a Bull, and bellow'd: the green *Neptune*
A Ram, and bleated: and the Fire-roab'd-God
Golden *Apollo*, a poor humble Swain,
As I ſeem now. Their transformations,
Were never for a piece of Beauty, rarer,
Nor in a way ſo chaſt: ſince my deſires
Run not before mine Honour: nor my Luſts
Burn hotter than my Faith.
Per. O but dear ſir,
Your reſolution cannot hold, when 'tis
Oppos'd (as it muſt be) by th' power of the King.
One of theſe two moſt be neceſſities,
Which then will ſpeak, that you muſt change this purpoſe,
Or I my life.
Flo. Thou deareſt *Perdita*,
With theſe forc'd thoughts, I prethee darken not
The Mirth o'th' Feaſt: Or I'le be thine (my Fair)
Or not my Fathers. For I cannot be
Mine own, nor any thing to any, if
I be not thine. To this I am moſt conſtant,
Tho Deſtiny ſay no. Be merry (Gentle)
Strangle ſuch thoughts as theſe, with any thing
That you behold the while. Your Gueſts are coming:
Lift up you Countenance, as it were the day
Of Celebration of that Nuptial, which
We two have ſworn ſhall come.
Per. O Lady Fortune,
Stand you auſpicious. *Enter all.*
Flo. See, your Gueſts approach,
Addreſs your ſelf to entertain them ſprightly
And let's be red with mirth.
Shep. Fie (Daughter) when my old Wiſe liv'd: upon
This day, ſhe was both Pantler, Butler, Cook,
Both Dame and Servant: Welcom'd all, ſerv'd all,
Would ſing her Song, and dance her turn; now here
At upper end o'th' Table; now i'th middle:
On his ſhoulder, and his; her face o'fire
With labour, and the things ſhe took to quench it;
She would to each one ſip. You are retired,
As if you were a feaſted one; and not
The Hoſteſs of they meeting: Pray you bid
Theſe unknow'friends to's welcome, for it is
A way to make us better Friends, more known.
Come, quench your Bluſhes, and preſent you ſelf
That which you are, Miſtris o'th' Feaſt. Come on,
And bid us welcome to your Sheep-ſhearing,
As your good Flock ſhall proſper.
Per. Sir, welcome:
It is my Fathers will, I ſhould take on me
The Hoſteſsſhip o'th' day, you're welcome ſir,
Give me thoſe Flowers there (*Dorcas.*) Reverend Sirs,
For you, there's Roſemary, and Rue, theſe keep
Seeming, and ſavour all the Winter long:
Grace, and Remembrance be to you both,
And welcome to our Shearing.
Pol. Shepherdeſs,
(A fair one are you; well you fit our ages
With Flowers of Winter.
Per. Sir, the year growing ancient,
Not yet on Summers death, nor on the birth
Of trembling Winter, the faireſt Flowers o'th' Seaſon
Are our Carnations, and ſtreak't Gilly-vors,
(Which ſome call Natures Baſtards) of that kind
Our ruſtick Garden's barren, and I care not
To get ſlips of them.
Pol. Wherefore (gentle Maiden)
Do you neglect them?
Per. For I have heard it ſaid,
There is an Art, which in their pideneſs ſhares
With great creating Nature.
Pol. Say there be:
Yet Nature is made better by no mean,
But Nature makes that mean; ſo over that Art
(Which you ſay adds to Nature) is an Art
That Nature makes; you ſee (ſweet Maid) we Marry
A gentler Sien, to the wildeſt Stock,
And make conceive a bark of baſer kind
By bud of Nobler race. This is an Art
Which do's mend Nature: change it rather, but
The Art it ſelf, is Nature.
Per. So it is.
Pol. Then make your Garden rich in Gilly'vors,
And do not call them Baſtards.
Per. I'le not put
The Dible in earth, to ſet one ſlip of them:
No more than were I painted, I would wiſh
This youth ſhould ſay 'twere well; and only therefore
Deſire to breed by me. Here's flowers for you:
Hot Lavender, Mints, Savory, Marjorum,
The Mary-gold, that goes to bed with' Sun,
And with him riſes, weeping: Theſe are Flowers
Of middle Summer, and I think they are given
To men of middle age. Y'are welcome.
Cam. I ſhould leave grazing, were I of your Flock,
And only live by gazing.

Per. Out alas;
You'ld be ſo lean, that blaſts of *January*
Would blow you through and through. Now (my fair'ſt Friends
I would I had ſome Flowers o'th Spring, that might
Become your time of day: and yours, and yours,
That wear upon your Virgin-branches yet
Your Maiden-heads growing: O *Proſerpina*,
For the Flowers now, that (frighted) thou let'ſt fall
From *Diſſes* Waggon: Deffadils,
That come before the Swallow dares, and take
The winds of *March* with beauty: Violets (dim
But ſweeter than the lids of *Juno*'s eyes,
Or *Cytherea*'s breath) pale Prim-roſes,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright *Phœbus* in his ſtrength (a Malady
Moſt incident to Maids:) bold Oxlips, and
The Crown imperial: Lillies of all kinds,
(The Flower-de-Luce being one.) O, theſe I lack,
To make you Garlands of) and my ſweet Friend,
To ſtrew him o're, and o're.

Flo. What? like a Coarſe?

Per. No, like a bank, for love to lie and play on:
Not like a Coarſe; or if: not to be buried,
But quick, and in mine arms. Come take your flowers,
Methinks I play as I have ſeen them do
In Whitſon-paſtorals: Sure this Robe of mine
* Do's change my diſpoſition. *alluding to the Revival of Pastoral Games or the Cotes-wold Dovery or the Whitsan ales

Flo. What you do,
Still better what is done. When you ſpeak (ſweet)
I'le have you do it ever; when you ſing,
I'le have you buy, and ſell ſo; ſo give Alms,
Pray ſo; and for the ord'ring your Affairs,
To ſing them too. When you do dance, I wiſh you
A Wave o'th Sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that; move ſtill, ſtill ſo;
And own no other Function. Each your doing,
(So ſingular in each particular)
Crowns what you are doing, in the preſent deeds,
That all your Acts, are Queens.

Per. O *Doricles*,
Your praiſes are too large; but that your Youth
And the true blood which peeps fairly through't,
Do plainly give you out an unſtain'd Shepherd
With wiſdom, I might fear (my *Doricles*)
You woo'd me the falſe way.

Flo. I think you have
As little skill to fear, as I have purpoſe
To put you to't. But come, our dance I pray,
Your hand (my *Perdita*:) ſo Turtles pair
That never mean to part.

Per. I'le ſwear for 'em.

Pol. This is the prettieſt Low-born Laſs, that ever
Ran on the green-ſord: Nothing ſhe do's, or ſeems
But ſmacks of ſomething greater than her ſelf,
Too Noble for this place.

Cam. He tells her ſomething
That makes her blood look on't: Good ſooth ſhe is
The Queen of Curds and Cream.

Clo. Come on; ſtrike up.

Dor. *Mopſa* muſt be your Miſtreſs: marry Garlick to mend her kiſſing with.

Mop. Now in good time.

Clo. Not a word, a word, we ſtand upon our manners, Come ſtrike up.

Here a Dance of Shepherds and Shepherdeſſes.

Pol. Pray good Shepherd, what fair Swain is this
Which dances with your Daughter?

Shep. They call him *Doricles*, and boaſts himſelf
To have a worthy Feeding; but I have it
Upon his own report, and I believe it:
He looks like ſooth; he ſays he loves my Daughter,
I think ſo too; for never gaz'd the Moon
Upon the Water, as he'll ſtand and read
As 'twere my Daghters Eyes: and to be plain,
I think there is not half a kiſs to chuſe
Who loves another beſt.

Pol. She dances featly.

Shep. So ſhe do's any thing, tho I report it
That ſhould be ſilent; if young *Doricles*
Do light upon her, ſhe ſhall bring him that
Which he not dreams of. *Enter Servant.*

Ser. O Maſter: if you did but hear the Pedler at the door, you would never dance again after a Tabor and Pipe: no, the Bag-pipe could not move you; he ſings ſeveral Tunes faſter than you'l tell money: he utters them as he had eaten Ballads, and all mens Ears grew to his Tunes.

Clo. He could never come better: he ſhall come in: I love a Ballad but even too well, if it be doleful matter merrily ſet down: or a very pleaſant thing indeed, and ſung lamentably.

Ser. He hath Songs for man, or woman, of all ſizes; No Milliner can ſo fit his cuſtomers with Gloves: he has the prettieſt Love-ſongs for Maids, ſo without bawdry (which is ſtrange) with ſuch delicate burthens of Dildo's and Fadings: Jump her and thump-her; and where ſome ſtretch-mouth'd Raſcal, would, (as it were) mean miſchief, and break a foul gap into the Matter, he makes the Maid to anſwer, *Whoop, do me no harm good man*: put's him off, ſlights him, with *Whoop, do me no harm good man.*

Pol. This is a brave fellow.

Clo. Believe me, thou talkeſt of an admirable conceited fellow, has he any unbraided Wares?

Ser. He hath Ribbons of all the colours i'th' Rainbow; Points, more than all the Lawyers in *Bohemia* can learnedly handle, tho they come to him by th' groſs: Inkles, Caddiſſes, Cambricks, Lawns; why he ſings 'em over, as they were Gods or Goddeſſes; you would think a Smock were a ſhe-Angel, he ſo chants to the ſleeve-hand, and the work about the Square on't.

Clo. Prethee bring him in, and let him approach ſinging.

Per. Forewarn him that he uſe no ſcurrillous words in's Tunes.

Clo. You have of theſe Pedlers, that have more in them, than you'ld think (Siſter)

Per. I good brother, or go about to think.

Enter Autolicus *ſinging.*

Lawn as white as driven Snow,
Cypreſs black, as ere was Crow,
Gloves as ſweet as Damask Roſes,
Masks for Faces, and for Noſes:
Bugle-Bracelets, Neck lace Amber,
Perfume for a Ladies Chamber:
Golden Quoifs, and Stomachers
For my Lads to give their Dears:
Pins, and poaking ſticks of ſteel.
What Maids lack from head to heel:
Come buy of me, come: come buy, come buy,
Buy Lads, or elſe your Laſſes cry: Come buy.

Clo. If I were not in love with *Mopſa*, thou ſhouldſt take no money of me, but being enthrall'd as I am, it will alſo be the bondage of certain Ribbons and Gloves.

Mop. I was promis'd them againſt the Feaſt, but they come not too late now.

Dor. He hath promis'd you more than that, or there be liars.

Mop. He hath paid you all he promis'd you: 'May be he has paid you more, which will ſhame you to give him again.

Clo. Is there no manners left among Maids? will they were their plackets, where they ſhould bear their faces? Is there not milking-time? when you are going to bed? Or kill-hole? To whiſtle of theſe ſecrets, but you muſt be tittle-tatling before all our Gueſts? Tis well they are whiſpring: clamour your tongues, and not a word more.

Mop. I have done; Come you promis'd me a tawdry-lace, and a pair of ſweet Gloves.

Clo. Have I not told thee how I was cozen'd by the way and loſt all my money?

Aut. And indeed Sir, there are Cozeners abroad, therefore it behooves men to be wary.

Clo. Fear not thou man, thou ſhalt loſe nothing here.

Aut. I hope ſo ſir, for I have about me many parcels of charge.

Clo. What haſt here? Ballads?

Mop. Pray now buy ſome, I love a Ballad in print, a life, for then we are ſure they are true.

Aut. Here's one to a very doleful tune, how a Uſurers wife was brought to bed with twenty money-bags at a burthen, and how ſhe long'd to eat Addars heads, and Toads Carbonado'd.

Mop. Is it true, think you?

Aut. Very true, and but a month old.

Dor. Bleſs me from marying a Uſurer.

Aut. Here's the Midwives name to't: one Miſtriſs *Tale-Porter.* and five or ſix honeſt Wives, that were preſent. Why ſhould I carry lyes abroad?

Mop. 'Pray you now buy it.

Clo. Come on, Lay it by: and let's firſt ſee moe Ballads: We'l buy the other things anon.

Aut. Here's another Ballad of a fiſh, that appeared upon the coaſt, on *Wednesday* the fourſcore of *April*, forty thouſand fadom above water, and ſung this Ballad againſt the hard hearts of Maids: it was thought ſhe was a Woman, and was turn'd into a cold fiſh, for ſhe would not exchange fleſh with one that lov'd her: The Ballad is very pitiful, and as true.

Dor. Is it true too, think you.

Aut. Five Juſtices hands at it: and witneſſes more than my pack will hold.

Clo. Lay it by too; another.

Aut. This is a merry Ballad, but a very pretty one.

Mop. Let's have ſome merry ones.

Aut. Why this is a paſſing merry one, and goes to the tune of two Maids wooing a man: there's ſcarce a Maid Weſtward but ſhe ſings it: 'tis in requeſt, I can tel l you.

Mop. We can both ſing it: if thou'lt bear a part, thou ſhalt hear, 'tis in three parts.

Dor. We had the tune on't a month a go.

Aut. I can bear my part, you muſt know 'tis my occupation: Have at it with you:

Song.

Get you hence, for I muſt go
Aut. *Where fits not you to know.*
Dor. *Whither.*
Mop. *O whither?*
Dor. *Whither?*
Mop. *It becomes thy oath full well,*
Thou to me thy ſecrets tell.
Dor. *Me too, let me go thither:*
Mop. *Or thou goeſt to th' Grange, or Mill,*
Dor. *If to either thou doſt ill,*
Aut. *Neither.*
Dot. *what neither?*
Ant. *Neither.*
Dor. *Thou haſt ſworn my Love to be,*
Mop. *Thou haſt ſworn it more to me.*
Then whither goeſt? Say whither?

Clo. We'l have this ſong out anon by our ſelves: My Father and the Gent. are in ſad talk, and we'l not trouble them: Come bring away thy pack after me, Wenches Il'e buy for you both: Pedler let's have the firſt choice; follow me girls. *Aut.* And you ſhall pay well for 'em.

Song.

Will you buy any Tape, or Lace for your Cape?
My dainty Duck, my Deer-a?
Any Silk, any Thred, any Toyes for your head
Of the new'ſt, and fin'ſt, fin'ſt wear-a.
Come to the Pedler, Money's a medler,
That doth utter all mens ware-a.

Sir. Maſter, there is three Carters, three Shepherds, three Neat-herds, three Swine-herds that have made themſelves all men of hair, thay call themſelves Saltiers, and they have a Dance, which the wenches ſay is a gally-maufry of Gambols, becauſe they are not in't: but they themſelves are o'th'mind (if it be not too rough for ſome, that know little but bowling) it will pleaſe plentifully.

Shep. Away: we'l none on't; here has been too much homely foolery already. I know (Sir) we weary you.

Pol. You weary thoſe that 'refreſh us: Pray let's ſee theſe four-threes of Herdſmen.

Ser. One three of them, by their own report (Sir) hath danc'd before the King: and not the worſt of the three, but jumps twelve foot and half by th' ſquire.

Shep. Leave your prating, ſince theſe good men are pleas'd, let them come in; but quickly now.

Ser. Why, they ſtay at door Sir.

Here a Dance of twelve Satires.

Pol. O Father, you'l know more of that hereafter.
Is it not too far gone? 'tis time to part them,
He's ſimple, and tells much. How now (fair ſhepherd)
Your heart is full of ſomething, that do's take
Your mind from feaſting. Sooth, when I was young,
And handed love, as you do; I was wont
To load my Shee with knacks: I would have ranſackt
The Pedlers ſilken Treaſury, and have pour'd it
To her acceptance: you have let him go,
And nothing marted with him. If your Laſs
Interpretation ſhould abuſe, and call this
Your lack of love, or bounty, you were ſtraited
For a reply at leaſt, if you make a care
Of happy holding her.

Flo. Old Sir, I know
She prizes not ſuch triffles as theſe are:
The gifts ſhe looks from me, are packt and lockt
Up in my heart, which I have given already,
But not deliever'd. O hear me breath my life
Before this ancient Sir, who (it ſhould ſeem)
Hath ſometime lov'd. I take thy hand, this hand,
As ſoft as Doves Down, and as white as it,
Or *Ethiopians* tooth, or the fan'd ſnow,
That's bolted by th'Nothern blaſt, twice o're.

Pol. what follows this?
How prettily th'young Swain ſeems to waſh
The hand, was fair before? I have put you out,
But to your proteſtation: Let me hear
What you profeſs.

Flo. Do, and be witneſs to't.

Pol. And this my neighbour too?

Flo. And he, and more
Than he, and men: the earth, and heavens, and all;
That were I crown'd the moſt Imperial Monarch
Thereof moſt worthy: were I the faireſt youth
That ever made eye ſwerve, had force and knowledg
More than was ever mans, I would not prize them
VVithout her Love; for her imploy them all,
Commend them, and condemn them to her ſervice,
Or to their own perdition.

Pol. Fairly offer'd,

Cam. This ſhews a ſound affection,

She. But my daughter,
Say you the like to him.

Per. I cannot ſpeak

So well, (nothing ſo well) no, nor mean better,
By the pattern of mine own thoughts, I cut out
The purity of his

Shep. Take hands, a bargain;
And friends unknown, you ſhall bear witneſs to't:
I give my daughter to him, and will make
Her Portion equal his.

Flo. O, that muſt be
I'th' vertue of your daughter ; one being dead,
I ſhall have more than you can dream of yet,
Enough then for you wonder : but come-on :
Contract us 'fore theſe witneſſes.

Shep. Come, your hand :
And daughter, yours.

Pol. Saft Swain a-while : beſeech you,
Have you a Father ?

Flo. I have : but what of him ?

Pol. Knows he of this ?

Flo. He neither do's, nor ſhall.

Pol. Me-thinks a Father,
Is at the nuptial of his ſon, a Gueſt
That beſt becomes the Table : pray you once more
Is not your Father grown incapable
Of reaſonable affairs ? is he not ſtupid
With Age, and altring Rheumes ? Can he ſpeak ? hear ?
Know man from man? Diſpute his own eſtate ?
Lies he not bed-rid ? And again, do's nothing
But what he did, being childiſh ?

Flo. No good Sir ;
He has his health, and ampler ſtrength indeed
Than moſt have of his age.

Pol. By my white Beard,
You offer him (if this be ſo) a wrong
Something unfilial : reaſon my ſon
Should chooſe himſelf a wife, but as good reaſon
The Father, (all whoſe joy is nothing elſe
But fair poſterity) ſhould hold ſome counſel
In ſuch a buſineſs.

Flo. I yield all this ;
But for ſome other reaſons (my grave Sir)
Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint
My Father of this buſineſs.

Pol. Let him know't.

Flo. He ſhall not.

Pol. Prethee let him.

Flo. No : he muſt not.

Shep. Let him (my ſon) he ſhall not need to grieve
At knowing of thy choice.

Flo. Come, come, he muſt not :
Mark our Contract.

Pol Mark your divorce (young Sir)
Whom ſon I dare not call : Thou art too baſe
To be acknowledg'd. Thou a Scepters Heir,
That thus affects a ſheep-hook ? Thou old Traitor,
I am ſorry that by hanging thee, I can
But ſhorten thy life one week. And thou freſh Piece
Of excellent Witchcraft, who of force muſt know
The royal Fool thou coap'ſt with.

Shep. Oh my heart.

Pol. I'le have thy beauty ſcratcht with briers, and made
More homely than thy ſtate. For thee (fo~~u~~nd boy)
If I may ever know thou doſt but ſigh,
That thou no more ſhalt never ſee this knack) as never
I mean thou ſhalt) we'l bar thee from ſucceſſion,
Not hold thee of our blood, no not our Kin,
Far than *Deucalion* off : (mark thou my words)
Follow us to the Court. Thou Churl, for this time
(Though full of our diſpleaſure) yet we free thee
From the dead blow of it : And your enchantment,
Worthy enough a Herdſman : yea him too,
That makes himſelf (but for our Honour therein)
Unworthy thee. If ever henceforth, thou
Theſe rural Latches to his entrance open,
Or hope his body more, with thy imbraces,
I will deviſe a death, as cruel for thee
As thou art tender to't. *Exit.*

Perd. Even here undone :
I was not much afear'd : for once, or twice
I was about to ſpeak, and tell him plainly,
The ſelf-ſame Sun, that ſhines upon his Court,
Hides not his viſage from our Cottage, but
Looks on alike. Wilt pleaſe you (Sir) be gone ?
I told you what would come of this : Beſeech you
Of your own ſtate take care : This dream of mine
Being now awake, I'le Queen it no inch farther,
But milk my Ewes, and weep.

Cam. Why how now Father,
Speak ere thou dyeſt.

Shep. I canot ſpeak, nor think,
Nor dare to know, that which I know : O Sir,
You have undone a man of fourſcore three,
That thought to fill his grave in quiet ; yea,
To die upon the bed my father dy'd,
To lie cloſe by his honeſt bones ; but now
Some Hangman muſt put on my ſhroud, and lay me
Where no Prieſt ſhovels-in duſt. Oh curſed wretch ;
That knew'ſt this was the Prince, and wouldſt adventure
To mingle faith with him. Undone, undone ;
If I might die within this hour, I have liv'd
To die when I deſire. *Exit.*

Flo. Why look you ſo upon me ?
I am but ſorry, not afear'd ; delai'd,
But nothing alter'd ; What I was, I am ;
More ſtraining on, for plucking back ; not following
My leaſh unwillingly

Cam. Gracious my Lord,
You know your Fathers temper : at this time
He will allow no ſpeech, (which I do gheſs
You do not purpoſe to him ;) and as hardly
Will he endure your ſight, as yet I fear ;
Then till the fury of his Highneſs ſettle,
Come not before him.

Flo. I not purpoſe it ;
I think *Camillo.*

Cam. Even he, my Lord.

Per. How often have I told you 'twould be thus ?
How often ſaid, my dignity would laſt
But till 'twere known?

Flo. It cannot fail, but by
The violation of my faith, and then
Let Nature cruſh the ſides o'th' earth together,
And mar the ſeeds within. Lift up thy looks ;
From my ſucceſſion wipe me (Father) I
Am heir to my affection.

Cam. Be adviſ'd.

Flo. I am ; and by my Fancy, if my Reaſon
Will thereto be obedient ; I have Reaſon ;
If not my ſenſes better (pleas'd with madneſs)
Do bid it welcome.

Cam. This is deſperate (ſir.)

Flo. So call it ; but it do's fulfil my vow ;
I needs muſt think it honeſty ; *Camillo*,
Not for *Bohemia*, nor the pomp that may
Be thereat gleaned ; for all that the Sun ſees, or
The cloſe earth wombs ; or the profound ſeas hide
In unknown fadomes ; will I break my Oath
To this my fair belov'd ; Therefore I pray you,
As you have ever been my Fathers friend,
When he ſhall miſs me, as (in faith I mean not
To ſee him any more) caſt your good counſels
Upon his paſſion ; Let my ſelf, and Fortune
Tug for the time to come. This you may know,
And ſo deliver, I am put to ſea
With her, whom here I cannot hold on ſhore ;
And moſt opportune to her need, I have
A Veſſel rides faſt by, but not prepar'd
For this deſign. What courſe I mean to hold
Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor

Concern me the reporting.
Cam. O my Lord,
I would your ſpirit were eaſier for advice,
Or ſtronger for your need.
Flo. Heark *Perdita*,
I'le hear you by and by.
Cam. He's irremovable,
Reſolv'd for flight: Now were I happy, if
His going, I could frame to ſerve my turn.
Save him from danger, do him love and honour,
Purchaſe the ſight again of dear *Sicilia*,
And that unhappy King, my Maſter whom
I ſo much thirſt to ſee.
Flo. Now good *Camillo*,
I am ſo fraught with curious buſineſs, that
I leave out Ceremony.
Cam. Sir, I think
You have heard of my poor ſervices, i'th' love
That I have born your Father?
Flo. Very nobly
Have you deſerv'd: It is my Fathers Muſick
To ſpeak your deeds: not little of his care
To have them recompenc'd, as thought on.
Cam. Well (my Lord)
If you may pleaſe to think I love the King,
And through him, what's neareſt to him, which is
Your gracious ſelf; embrace but my direction,
If your more ponderous and ſetled project
May ſuffer alteration: On mine honour,
I'le point you where you ſhall have ſuch receiving
As ſhall become your highneſs, where you may
Enjoy your Miſtreſs; from the whom, I ſee
There's no disjunction to be made, but by
(As heavens forfend) your ruin: Marry her,
And with my beſt endeavours, in your abſence,
Your diſcontenting Father, ſtrive to qualiſy
And bring him up to liking.
Flo. How *Camillo*
May this (almoſt a miracle) be done?
That I may call thee ſomething more than man,
And after that truſt to thee?
Cam. Have you thought on
A place whereto you'l go?
Flo. Not any yet:
But as th'unthought-on accident is guilty
To what we wildly do, ſo we profeſs
Our ſelves to be the ſlaves of chance, and flies
Of every wind that blows.
Cam. Then liſt to me:
This follows, if you will not change your purpoſe
But undergo this flight; make for *Sicilia*,
And there preſent your ſelf, and your fair Princeſs,
(For ſo I ſee ſhe muſt be) 'fore *Leontes*;
She ſhall be habited, as it becomes
The partner of your Bed. Methinks I ſee
Leontes opening his free Arms, and weeping
His welcomes forth: asks thee the Son forgiveneſs,
As 'twere i'th' Fathers perſon: kiſſes the hands
Of your freſh Princeſs; ore and ore divides him,
'Twixt his unkindneſs, and his kindneſs: th'one
He chids to Hell, and bids the other grow
Faſter than Thought, or Time.
Flo. Worthy *Camillo*,
What colour for my viſitation, ſhall I
Hold up before him?
Cam. Sent by the King your Father
To greet him, and to give him comforts. Sir,
The manner of your bearing towards him, with
What you (as from your Father) ſhall deliver,
Things known betwixt us three, I'le write you down,
The which ſhall point you forth at every ſitting
What you muſt ſay, that he ſhall not perceive,
But that you have your Fathers Boſom there,
And ſpeak his very heart.
Flo. I am bound to you:
There is ſome ſap in this.
Cam. A Courſe more promiſing,
Than a wild dedication of your ſelves
To unpath'd waters, undream'd Shores; moſt certain,
To miſeries enough: no hope to help you,
But as you ſhake off one, to take another:
Nothing ſo certain, as your Anchors, who
Do their beſt office, if they can but ſtay you,
Where you'l be loath to be: beſides you know,
Proſperity's the very bond of love,
Whoſe freſh complexion, and whoſe heart together,
Affliction alters.
Per. One of theſe is true:
I think Affliction may ſubdue the cheek,
But not take in the Mind.
Cam. Yea, ſay you ſo?
There ſhall not at your ~~at~~ Fathers houſe, theſe ſeven years
Be born another ſuch.
Flo. My good *Camillo*,
She's as forward of her breeding, as
She is i'th' rear 'our birth.
Cam. I cannot ſay, 'tis pity
She lacks inſtructions, for ſhe ſeems a Miſtreſs
To moſt that teach.
Par. Your pardon Sir, for this.
I'le bluſh you thanks.
Flo. My pretti'ſt *Perdita*.
But O, the Thorns we ſtand upon, (*Camillo*)
Preſerver of my Father, now of me.
The Medicine of our Houſe: how ſhall we do?
We are not furniſh'd like *Bohemia's* Son,
Nor ſhall appear in *Sicily*.
Cam. My Lord,
Fear none of this: I think you know my fortunes
Do all lie there: It ſhall be ſo my care
To have you royally appointed, as if
The Scene you play, were mine. For inſtance, Sir,
That you may know you ſhall not want; one word.

Enter Autolichus.

Aut. Ha, ha, what a fool Honeſty is? and Truſt (his ſworn brother) a very ſimple Gentleman. I have ſold all my trumpery; not a counterfeit ſtone, not a ribbon, glaſs, pomander, browch, table-book, ballad, knife, tape, glove, ſhooe-tye, bracelet, horn-ring, to keep my pack from faſtning: they throng who ſhould buy firſt, as if my Trinkets had been hallowed, and brought a benediction to the buyer: by which means, I ſaw whoſe purſe was beſt in picture: and what I ſaw, to my good uſe, I remember My Clown (who wants but ſomething to be a reaſonable man) grew ſo in love with the Wenches ſong, that he would not ſtir his pettytoes till he had both tune and words, which ſo drew the reſt of the herd to me, that all their other ſences ſtuck in ears; you might have pinch'd a Placket, it was ſenceleſs, 'twas nothing to geld a Codpiece of a purſe; I would have fil'd Keys off that hung in chains: no hearing, no feeling, but my ſirs ſong, and admiring the nothing of it. So that in this time of Lethargy, I pick't and cut moſt of their Feſtival purſes: and had not the old man come in with a Whoo-bub againſt his Daughter, and the Kings Son, and ſcar'd my chowghes from the chaff, I had not left a purſe alive in the whole Army.
Cam. Nay; but my Letters by this means being there
So ſoon as you arrive, ſhall clear that doubt.
Flo. And thoſe that you'l procure from King *Leontes*?
Cam. Shall ſatisfy your Father.
Perd. Happy be you:
All that you ſpeak, ſhews fair.
Cam. Who have we here?

We'l make an inſtrument of this : omit
Nothing may give us ayd.

Aut. If they have over-heard me now : why hanging.

Cam. How now (Good Fellow)
Why ſhak'ſt thou ſo ? fear not (man)
Here's no harm intended to thee.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, Sir.

Cam. Why, be ſo ſtill · here's no body will ſteal that from thee : yet for the out-ſide of thy poverty, we muſt make an exchange : therefore diſ-caſe thee inſtantly (thou muſt think there's a neceſſity in't) and change garments with this Gentleman : tho the peny-worth (on his ſide) be the worſt, yet hold thee, there's ſome boot.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, Sir, (I know ye well enough.)

Cam. Nay prethee diſpatch : the Gentleman is half fled already.

Aut. Are you in earneſt, Sir ? (I ſmell the trick on't.

Flo. Diſpatch, I prethee.

Aut. Indeed I have had earneſt, but I cannot with conſcience take it.

Cam. Unbuckle, unbuckle.
Fortunate Miſtriſs (let my prophecy
Come home to ye :) you muſt retire your ſelf
Into ſome Covert; take your ſweet-hearts hat
And pluck it ore your brows, muffle your face,
Diſmantle you, and (as you can) diſliken
The truth of your own ſeeming, that you may
(For I do fear eyes over) to Ship-board
Get undeſcry'd.

Per. I ſee the Play ſo lies,
That I muſt bear a part.

Cam. No remedy :
Have you done there ?

Flo. Should I now meet my Father.
He would not call me Son.

Cam. Nay, you ſhall have no hat ;
Come Lady, come ; farewel (my friend.)

Aut. Adieu, Sir.

Flo. O *Perdita*: what have we twain forgot ;
'Pray you a word.

Cam. What I do next, ſhall be to tell the King
Of this eſcape, and whither they are bound :
Wherein, my hope is, I ſhall ſo prevail,
To force him after : in whoſe company
I ſhall review *Sicilia* : for whoſe ſight,
I have a womans Longing

Flo. Fortune ſpeed us :
Thus we ſet on (*Camillo*) to th' Sea ſide.

Cam. The ſwifter ſpeed, the better. *Exit.*

Aut. I underſtand the buſineſs, I hear it : to have an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is neceſſary for a Cut-purſe; a good noſe is requiſite alſo, to ſmell out work for th'other ſences. I ſee this is the time that the unjuſt man doth thrive. What an exchange had this been, without boot? What a boot is here, with this exchange ; ſure the Gods do this year connive at us, and we may do any thing *extempore*. The Prince himſelf is about a piece of iniquity (ſtealing away from his Father, with his Clog at his heels.) if I thought it were a piece of honeſty to acquaint the King withal, I would not do't : I hold it the more knavery to conceal it ; and therein am I conſtant to my Profeſſion.

Enter Clown *and* Shepheard.

Aſide, aſide, here's more matter for a hot brain : Every Lanes end, every Shop, Church, Seſſion, Hanging yields a careful man work.

Clown. See, ſee : what a man you are now ? there is no other way, but to tell the King ſhe's a Changling, and none of your fleſh and blood.

Shep. Nay, but hear me.

Clow. Nay, but hear me.

Shep. Go to then.

Clow. She being none of your fleſh and blood, your fleſh and blood has not offended the King, and ſo your fleſh and blood is not to be puniſh'd by him. Shew thoſe things you found about her (thoſe ſecret things , all but what ſhe has with her :) This being done, let the Law go whiſtle : I warrant you.

Shep. I will tell the King all, every word, yea, and his Sons pranks too : who, I may ſay, is no honeſt man neither to his father, nor to me, to go about to make me the Kings brother in Law.

Clow. Indeed Brother in Law was the fartheſt off you could have been to him, and then your blood had been the dearer, by I know how much an ounce.

Aut. Very wiſely (Puppies)

Shep. Well : let us to the King : there is that in this Farthel, will make him ſcratch his beard.

Aut. I know not what impediment this complaint may be to the flight of my maſter.

Clo. 'Pray heartily he be at Pallace.

Aut. Tho I am not naturally honeſt, I am ſo ſometimes by chance : Let me pocket up my pedlers excrement. How now (Ruſtiques) whither are you bound ?

Shep. To th' Pallace (and it like your Worſhip)

Aut. Your affairs there ? what ? with whom ? the condition of that Farthel ? the place of your dwelling ? your names ? your ages ? of what having ? breeding, and any thing that is fitting to be known, diſcover ?

Clo. We are but plain fellows, Sir.

Aut. A Lye : you are rough, and hairy : Let me have no lying ; it becomes none but Tradeſ-men, and they often give us (Souldiers) the lie, but we pay them for it with ſtamped Coine, not ſtabbing ſteel, therefore they do not give us the lye.

Clo. Your Worſhip had like to have given us one, if you had not taken your ſelf with the manner.

Shep. Are you a courtier, and' like you Sir ?

Aut. Whether it like me, or no, I am a Courtier. Seeſt thou not the air of the Court, in theſe enfoldings? hath not my gate in it, the meaſure of the Court ? receives not thy Noſe Court-Odour from me ? reflect I not on thy baſeneſs, Court-contempt ? Think'ſt thou, for that I inſinuate, or toaze from thee thy buſineſs , I am therefore no Courtier ? I am courtier *Cap-a-pe* ; and one that will either puſh-on, or pluck-back, thy buſineſs there : whereupon I command thee to open thy affair.

Shep. My buſineſs, Sir, is to the King.

Aut. What advocate haſt thou to him ?

Shep. I know not, (and't like you.)

Clo. Advocate's the Court-word for a Pheazant : ſay you have none.

Shep. None, ſir : I have no Pheaſant cock, nor hen.

Aut. How bleſſed are we, that are not ſimple men?
Yet nature might have made me as theſe are,
Therefore I will not diſdain.

Clo. This cannot be but a great Courtier.

Shep. His Garments are rich, but he wears them not handſomly.

Clo. He ſeems to be the more noble in being fantaſtical : a great man, I'le warrant ; I know by the picking on's teeth.

Aut. The Farthel there? What's i'th' Farthel ? wherefore that Box ?

Shep. Sir, there lies ſuch ſecrets in this Farthel and Box, which none muſt know but the King, and which he ſhall know within this hour , if I may come to th' ſpeech of him.

Aut. Age, thou haſt loſt thy labour.

Shep. VVhy Sir ?

Aut. The King is not at the Pallace, he is gone aboard a new Ship, to purge Malencholly, and air himſelf : for if thou bee'ſt capable of things ſerious, thou muſt know the King is full of grief.

Shep. So 'tis ſaid (Sir ,) about his Son that ſhould have married a Shepherds daughter.

Aut. If that Shepherd be not in hand-faſt, let him fly; the Curſes he ſhall have, the Tortures he ſhall feel, will break the back of Man, the heart of Monſter.

Clo. Think you ſo, Sir?

Aut. Not he alone ſhall ſuffer what Wit can make heavy, and vengeance bitter; but thoſe that are Jermain to him (tho remov'd fifty times) ſhall all come under the Hangman; which, tho it be great pity, yet it is neceſſary. An old Sheep-whiſtling Rogue, a Ram-tender, to offer to have his Daughter come into grace? Some ſay he ſhall be ſton'd; but that Death is too ſoft for him (ſay I:) Draw our Throne into a Sheep-Coat? all Deaths are too few, the ſharpeſt too eaſie.

Clo. Ha's the old man ere a Son, Sir (do you hear) and't like you, Sir.

Aut. He ha's a Son, who ſhall be flay'd alive, then 'nointed over with honey, ſet on the Head of a Waſps Neſt, then ſtand till he be three quarters and a dram dead; then recover'd again with *Aqua-vitæ*, or ſome other hot Infuſion; then, raw as he is (and in the hotteſt day Prognoſtication proclaims) ſhall he be ſet againſt a Brick-wall (the Sun looking with a Southward Eye upon him; where he is to behold him, with Flies blown to Death.) But what talk we of theſe Traitorly-Raſcals, whoſe miſeries are to be ſmil'd at, their offences being ſo capitrl? Tell me (for you ſeem to be honeſt plain men) what you have to the King: being ſomething gently conſider'd, I'le bring you where he is aboord, tender your perſons to his preſence, whiſper him in your behalf; and if it be in man, beſides the King, to effect your Suit, here is a man ſhall do it.

Clo. He ſeems to be of great Authority: cloſe with him, give him Gold; and though authority be a ſtubborn Bear, yet he is oft led by the Noſe with Gold: ſhew the inſide of your Purſe to the outſide of his hand, and no more ado. Remember ſton'd and flay'd alive.

Shep. And't pleaſe you (Sir) to undertake the buſineſs for us, here is that Gold I have: I'le make it as much more, and leave this young man in Pawn till I bring it you.

Aut. After I have done what I promiſed?

Shep. I Sir.

Aut. Well, give me the moity; are you a parting in this buſineſs.

Clo. In ſome ſort, Sir: but tho my caſe be a pitiful one, I hope I ſhall not be flay'd out of it.

Aut. Oh that's the caſe of the Shepherds Son; hang him, he'l be made an example.

Clo. Comfort, good comfort: We muſt to the King, and ſhew our ſtrange ſights: he muſt know 'tis none of your Daughter, nor my Siſter; we are gone elſe. Sir, I will give you as much as this old man do's, when the buſineſs is performed, and remain (as he ſays) your Pawn till it be brought you.

Aut. I will truſt you, walk before toward the Sea-ſide, go on the right hand, I will but look upon the Hedg, and follow you.

Clo. We are bleſs'd, in this man: as I may ſay, even bleſs'd.

Shep. Let's before, as he bids us: he was provided to do us good.

Exeunt.

Aut. If I had a mind to be honeſt, I ſee *Fortune* would not ſuffer me: ſhe drops Booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occaſion: (gold, and a means to do the Prince my Maſter good: which, who knows how that may turn back to my advancement?) I will bring theſe two Moals, theſe blind ones, aboard him, if he think it fit to ſhoar them again, and that the Complaint they have to the King concerns him nothing, let him call me Rogue, for being ſo far officious, for I am proof againſt that Title, and what ſhame elſe belongs to't: To him will I preſent them, there may be matter in it.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Leontes, Cleomines, Dion, Paulina, Servants, Florizel, Perdita.

Cleo. Sir, you have done enough, and have perform'd
A Saint-like Sorrow: No fault could you make,
Which you have not redeem'd; indeed pay'd down
More penitence, than done treſpaſs: at the laſt
Do as the Heavens have done; forget your evil,
With them, forgive your ſelf.

Leo. Whilſt I remember
Her and her vertues, I cannot forget
My blemiſhes in them, and ſo ſtill think of
The wrong I did my ſelf: which was ſo much,
That Heir-leſs it hath made my Kingdom, and
Deſtroy'd the ſweet'ſt companion that ere man
Bred his hopes out of, true.

Paul. Too true (my Lord:
If one by one, you wedded all the World,
Or from the All that are, took ſomething good,
To make a perfect Woman; ſhe you kill'd,
Would be unparallell'd.

Leo. I think ſo. Kill'd?
She I kill'd? I did ſo, but thou ſtrik'ſt me
Sorely, to ſay I did, it is as bitter
Upon thy tongue, as in my thought. Now, good now,
Say ſo but ſeldom.

Cleo. Not at all, good Lady:
You might have ſpoken a thouſand things, that would
Have done the time more benefit, and grac'd
Your kindneſs better.

Paul. You are none of thoſe,
Would have him wed again.

Dio. If you would not ſo,
You pity not the State, nor the Remembrance
Of his moſt Soveraign Name: Conſider little,
What dangers, by his Highneſs fail of Iſſue,
May drop upon his Kingdom, and devour
Incertain lookers on. What were more holy,
Than to rejoyce the former Queen is well?
What holier, than for Royalties repair,
For preſent comfort, and for future good,
To bleſs the Bed of Majeſty again
With a ſweet fellow to't?

Paul. There is none worthy,
(Reſpecting her that's gone:) beſides the Gods
Will have fulfill'd their ſecret purpoſes:
For has not the Divine *Apollo* ſaid,
Is't not the tenor of his Oracle,
That King *Leontes* ſhall not have an Heir,
Till his loſt Child be found? Which, that it ſhall,
Is all as monſtrous to our humane reaſon,
As my *Antigonus* to break his Grave,
And come again to me; who on my life,
Did periſh with the Infant. 'Tis your Councel,
My Lord ſhould to the Heavens be contrary,
Oppoſe againſt their wills. Care not for iſſue,
The Crown will find an Heir. Great *Alexander*
Left his to th' Worthieſt: ſo his Succeſſor
Was like to be the beſt.

Leo. Good *Paulina*,
Who haſt the memory of *Hermione*
I know in honour: O, that ever I
Had ſquar'd me to thy Councel: then, even now

I might have look'd upon my Queens full eyes,
Have taken Treaſure from her lips.
Paul. And left them
More rich, for what they yielded.
Leo. Thou ſpeak'ſt truth:
No more ſuch wives, therefore no wife; one worſe,
And better us'd, would make her Sainted Spirit,
Again poſſeſs her Corps, and on this Stage,
(W~~here~~ ere we Offenders now/ appear) Soul-vext,
And begin, why to me.
Paul. Had ſhe ſuch power,
She had juſt cauſe.
Leo. She had, and would incenſe me
To murther her I married.
Paul. I ſhould ſo:
Were I the Ghoſt that walk'd, I'ld bid you mark
Her eye, and tell me for what dull part in't
You choſe her: then I'ld ſhriek, that even your Ears
Should rift to hear me, and the words that follow'd,
Should be, Remember mine.
Leo. Stars, Stars,
And all eyes elſe, dead coals; fear thou no Wife;
I'le have no Wife, *Paulina.*
Paul. Will you ſwear
Never to marry, but by my free leave?
Leo. Never (*Paulina*) ſo be bleſs'd my Spirit.
Paul. Then good my Lords, bear witneſs to his Oath.
Cleo. You tempt him over-much.
Paul. Unleſs another,
As like *Hermione*, as is her picture,
Affront his eye. i.e come acroſs his eye
Cleo. Good Madam, I have done.
Paul. Yet if my Lord will marry; if you will, Sirs;
No remedy but you will: Give me the office
To chuſe you a Queen; ſhe ſhall not be ſo young
As was your former, but ſhe ſhall be ſuch
As (walk'd your firſt Queens Ghoſt) it ſhould take joy
To ſee her in your arms.
Leo. My true *Paulina*,
We ſhall not marry, till thou bidſt us.
Paul. That
Shall be when your firſt Queen's again in breath:
Never till then.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. One that gives out himſelf Prince *Florizel*,
Son of *Polixenes*, with his Princeſs (ſhe
The faireſt I have yet beheld) deſires acceſs
To your high preſence.
Leo. What with him? he comes not
Like to his Fathers greatneſs; his approach
(So out of circumſtance, and ſudden) tells us,
'Tis not a Viſitation fram'd, but forc'd
By need, and accident. What Train?
Ser. But few,
And thoſe but mean.
Leo. His Princeſs (ſay you) with him?
Ser. I; the moſt peerleſs piece of Earth, I think,
That ere the Sun ſhone bright on.
Paul. Oh *Hermione*,
As ever preſent Time doth boaſt it ſelf
Above a better, gone; ſo muſt thy Grave
Give way to what's ſeen now. Sir, you your ſelf
Have ſaid, and writ ſo: but your writing now
Is colder than that Theam; ſhe had not been,
Nor was not to be equall'd; thus your Verſe
Flow'd with her Beauty once, 'tis ſhrewdly ebb'd,
To ſay you have ſeen a better.
Ser. Pardon, Madam:
The one, I have almoſt forgot (your pardon:)
The other, when ſhe ha's obtain'd your Eye,
Will have your Tongue too. This is a Creature,
Would ſhe begin a Sect, might quench the zeal
Of all Profeſſors elſe: make proſelites
Of who ſhe but bid follow.
Paul. How? not Women?
Ser. Women will love her, that ſhe is a Woman
More worth than any Man: Men that ſhe is
The rareſt of all Women.
Leo. Go *Cleomines*,
You ſelf (aſſiſted with your honour'd friends)
Bring them to our embracement. Still 'tis ſtrange,
He thus ſhould ſteal upon us.
Exit.
Paul. Had our Prince,
(Jewel of Children) ſeen this hour, he had pair'd
Well with this Lord; there was not a full month
Between their Births.
Leo. 'Prethee no more; ceaſe: thou know'ſt
He dies to me again, when talk'd of: ſure
When I ſhall ſee this Gentleman, thy Speeches
Will bring me to conſider that, which may
Unfurniſh me of Reaſon. They are come.

Enter Florizel, Perdita, Cleomines, *and others.*

Your Mother was moſt true to Wedlock, Prince,
For ſhe did print your Royal Father off,
Conceiving you. Were I but twenty one,
Your Fathers Image is ſo hit in you,
(His very air) that I ſhould call you Brother,
As I did him, and ſpeak of ſomething wildly
By us perform'd before. Moſt dearly welcome,
And your fair Princeſs (Goddeſs) oh: alas,
I loſt a couple, that 'twixt Heaven and Earth
Might thus have ſtood, begetting wonder, as
You (gracious Couple) do: and then I loſt
(All mine own Folly) the Society,
Amity too of your brave Father, whom
(Tho bearing Miſery) I deſire my life
Once more to look on him.
Flo. By his command
Have I here touch'd *Sicilia*, and from him
Give you all greetings, that a King (as friend)
Can ſend his Brother: and but infirmity
(Which waits upon worn times) hath ſomething ſeiz'd
His wiſh'd Ability, he had himſelf
The Lands and Waters, 'twixt your Throne and his
Meaſur'd, to look upon you; whom he loves
(He bad me ſay ſo) more than all the Scepters,
And thoſe that bear them, living.
Leo. Oh my Brother,
(Good Gentleman) the wrongs I have done thee, ſtir
Afreſh within me; and theſe thy offices
(So rarely kind) are as Interpreters
Of my behind-hand ſlackneſs. Welcome hither,
As is the Spring to th' Earth. And hath he too
Expos'd this Paragon to th' fearful uſage
(At leaſt ungentle) of the dreadful *Neptune*,
To greet a man, not worth her pains; much leſs,
Th' adventure of her perſon?
Flo. Good my Lord,
She came from *Lybia.*
Leo. Where the warlike *Smalus*,
That Noble honour'd Lord, is fear'd, and lov'd?
Flo. Moſt Royal Sir,
From thence: from him, whoſe Daughter
His Tears proclaim'd his parting with her: thence
(A proſperous South-wind friendly we have croſs'd,
To execute the Charge my Father gave me,
For viſiting) your Highneſs: my beſt Train
I have from your *Sicilian* ſhores diſmiſs'd.
Who for *Bohemia* bend, to ſignifie
Not only my ſucceſs in *Lybia* (ſir)
But my arrival, and my Wifes, in ſafety
Here, where we are.

Leo. The bleſſed Gods
Purge all infection from our Air, whilſt you
Do Climate here: you have a holy Father,
A graceful Gentleman, againſt whoſe perſon
(So ſacred as it is) I have done ſin,
For which the Heavens (taking angry note)
Have left me Iſſue-leſs: and your Father's bleſs'd
(As he from Heaven merits it) with you,
Worthy his goodneſs. What might I have been,
Might I a Son and daughter now have look'd on,
Such goodly things as you?

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Moſt Noble Sir,
That which I ſhall report will bear no credit,
Were not the proof ſo nigh. Pleaſe you (great Sir)
Bohemia greets you from himſelf, by me:
Deſires you to attach his Son, who ha's
(His Dignity, and Duty both caſt off)
Fled from his Father, from his Hopes, and with
A Shepherds Daughter.
Leo. Where's *Bohemia*? ſpeak.
Lor. Here in your City: I now came from him.
I ſpeak amazedly, and it becomes,
My marvel, and my Meſſage, to your Court
Whiles he was haſtning (in the Chaſe, it ſeems,
Of this fair Couple) meets he on the way
The Father of this ſeeming Lady, and
Her Brother, having both their Countrey quitted,
With this young Prince.
Flo. *Camillo* ha's betray'd me;
Whoſe honour, and whoſe honeſty till now,
Endur'd all Weathers.
Lord. Lay't ſo to his charge:
He's with the King your Father.
Leo. Who? *Camillo*?
Lord. *Camillo*? (Sir:) I ſpake with him: who now
Ha's theſe poor men in queſtion. Never ſaw I
Wretches ſo quake: they kneel, they kiſs the earth;
Forſwear themſelves as often as they ſpeak:
Bohemia ſtops his ears, and threatens them
With divers deaths, in death.
Per. Oh my poor Father;
The Heaven ſets ſpies upon us, will not have
Our Contract celebrated.
Leo. You are married?
Flo. We are not (Sir) nor are we like to be;
The Stars (I ſee) will kiſs the Valleys firſt;
The odds for high and low's alike.
Leo. My Lord,
Is this the Daughter of a King?
Flo. She is,
When once ſhe is my Wife.
Leo. That once (I ſee) by your good Fathers ſpeed,
Will come-on very ſlowly. I am ſorry
(Moſt ſorry) you have broken from his liking,
Where you were ty'd in duty: and as ſorry,
Your choice is not ſo rich in Worth, as beauty,
That you might well enjoy her.
Flo. Dear look up:
Though *Fortune*, viſible an enemy,
Should chaſe us, with my Father: power no jot
Hath ſhe to change our Loves. Beſeech you (Sir)
Remember, ſince you ow'd no more to Time
Than I do now: with thought of ſuch affections,
Step forth mine Advocate: at your requeſt,
My Father will grant precious things, as Trifles.
Leo. Would he do ſo, I'ld beg your precious Miſtris
Which he counts but a Trifle.
Paul. Sir (my Liege)
Your eye hath too much youth in't: not a month
'Fore your Queen di'd, ſhe was more worth ſuch gazes
Than what you look on now.
Leo. I thought of her,
Even in theſe looks I made. But your Petition
Is yet un-anſwer'd: I will to your Father:
Your Honour not o're thrown by your deſires,
I am friend to them, and you: upon which Errand
I now go toward him: therefore follow me,
And mark what way I make: Come, good my Lord

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Autolichus, and a Gentleman.

Aut. Beſeech you (Sir) were you preſent at this Relation?

Gent. 1. I was by at the opening of the Fardel, heard the old Shepherd deliver the manner how he found it; whereupon (after a little amazedneſs) we were all commanded out of the Chamber: only this (me thought) I heard the Shepherd ſay, he found the Child.

Aut. I would moſt gladly know the Iſſue of it.

Gen. 1. I make a broken delivery of the buſineſs: but the changes I perceived in the King and *Camillo*, were very Notes of admiration; they ſeem'd almoſt, with ſtaring on one another, to tear the Caſes of their Eyes. There was ſpeech in their dumbneſs, Language in their very Geſture: they look'd as they had heard of a World ranſom'd, or one deſtroyed; a notable paſſion of Wonder appeared in them: but the wiſeſt beholder, that knew no more but ſeeing, could not ſay, if th' importance were Joy, or Sorrow; but in the extremity of the one, it muſt needs be.

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes a Gentleman, that happily knows more:
The News, *Rogero*.

Gen. 2. Nothing but Bonfires: the Oracle is fulfil'd; the Kings Daughter is found; ſuch a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour, that Balladmakers cannot be able to expreſs it.

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes the Lady *Paulina's* Steward, he can deliver you more. How goes it now (Sir?) This News (which is call'd true) is ſo like an old Tale, that the verity of it is in ſtrong ſuſpition; Ha's the King found his heir?

Gen. 3. Moſt true, if ever Truth were pregnant by Circumſtance; That which you hear, you'l ſwear you ſee, there is ſuch unity in the Proofs. The Mantle of Queen *Hermiones*; her Jewel about the Neck of it; the Letters of *Antigonus* found with it, which they know to be his Character; the Majeſty of the Creature, in reſemblance of the Mother; the Affection of Nobleneſs, which nature ſhews above her breeding, and many other Evidences, proclaim her with all certainty to be the Kings Daughter: did you ſee the meeting of the two Kings?

Gent. 2. No.

Gent. 3. Then have you loſt a ſight which was to be ſeen, cannot be ſpoken of. There might you have beheld one Joy crown another, ſo and in ſuch manner, that it ſeem'd Sorrow wept to take leave of them; for their Joy waded in tears. There was caſting up of Eyes, holding up of hands, with Countenance of ſuch diſtraction, that they were to be known by Garment, not by Favour. Our King being ready to leap out of himſelf, for joy of his found Daughter; as if that joy were now become a Loſs, cries, Oh, thy Mother, thy Mother; then asks

Bohemia forgiveneſs, then embraces his Son-in-law: then again worryes he his Daughter, with clipping her. Now he thanks the old Shepherd (which ſtands by, like a weather-beaten Conduit of many Kings Reigns.) I never heard of ſuch another encounter; which lames Report to follow it, and undo's deſcription to do it.

Gent. 2. What pray you, became of *Antigonus*, that carried hence the child?

Gent. 3. Like an old Tale ſtill, which will have matters to rehearſe, tho Credit be aſleep, and not an ear open, he was torn to pieces with a Bear: This avouches the Shepherds ſon, who has not only his innocence (which ſeems much) to juſtifie him, but a Handkerchief and Rings of his; that *Paulina* knows.

Gent. 1. What became of his Bark, and his Followers?

Gent. 3. Wrackt the ſame inſtant of their Maſters death, and in the view of the Shepherd: ſo that all the Inſtruments which aided to expoſe the Child, were even then loſt, when it was found. But oh the Noble combat, that 'twixt Joy and Sorrow was fought in *Paulina*. She had one eye declined for the loſs of her Husband, another elevated that the Oracle was fulfill'd: She lifted the Princeſs from the Earth, and ſo locks her in embracing, as if ſhe would pin her to her heart, that ſhe mighe no more be in danger of loſing.

Gent. 1. The Dignity of this Act was worth the audience of Kings and Princes, for by ſuch was it acted.

Gent. 3. One of the pretrieſt touches of all, and that which angled for mine Eyes (caught the water, though not the Fiſh) was, when at the Relation of the Queens death (with the manner how ſhe came to't, bravely confeſs'd, and lamented by the King) how attentiveneſs wounded his Daughter, till (from one ſign of dolour to another) ſhe did (with an *Alas*) I would fain ſay, bleed Tears; for I am ſure, my heart wept blood. Who was moſt marble there, changed colour: ſome ſwounded, all ſorrowed: if all the World could have ſeen't, the Woe had been univerſal.

Gent. 1. Are they returned ro the Court?

Gent. 3. No: the Princeſs hearing of her Mothers Statue (which is in the keeping of *Paulina*) a Piece many years in doing, and now newly perform'd by that rare *Italian* Maſter, *Julio Romano*, who (had he himſelf eternity, and could but breathe into his Work) would beguile Nature of her Cuſtom, ſo perfectly he is her Ape: He ſo near to *Hermione*, hath done *Hermione*, that they ſay one would ſpeak ro her, and ſtand in hope of anſwer. Thither (with all greedineſs of affection) are they gone; and there they intend to ſup.

Gent. 2. I thought ſhe had ſome great matter there in hand, for ſhe hath privately twice or thrice a day, ever ſince the death of *Hermione*, viſited that removed houſe. Shall we thither, and with our company piece the rejoycing?

Gent. 1. Who would be thence, that ha's the benefit of acceſs? every wink of an Eye, ſome new Grace will be born: our abſence makes us unthrifty to our Knowledg. Let's along.

Exit.

Aut. Now (had I not the daſh of my former life in me) would Preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his Son aboard the Prince; told him, I heard them talk of a Farthel, and I know not what; but he at that time over-fond of the Shepherds daughter (ſo he then took her to be) who began to be much Sea-ſick, and himſelf little better, extremity of weather continuing, this Myſtery remained undiſcover'd. But 'tis all one to me: for had I been the finder-out of this ſecret, it would not have reliſh'd among my other diſcredits.

Enter Shepherd *and* Clown.

Here come thoſe I have done good to againſt my will, and already appearing in the bloſſoms of their Fortune.

Shep. Come boy, I am paſt more Children: but thy Sons and danghters will be all Gentlemen born.

Clo. You are well met (Sir;) you denied to fight with me this other day, becauſe I was no Gentleman born. See you theſe clothes? ſay you ſee them not, and think me ſtill no Gentleman born: You were beſt ſay theſe Robes are not Gentlemen born. Give me the Lye: do; and try whether I am not now a Gentleman born.

Aut. I know you are now (Sir) a Gentleman born.

Clo. I, and have been ſo any time theſe four hours.

Shep. And ſo have I, boy.

Clo. So you have; but I was a Gentleman born before my Father: for the Kings Son took me by the hand, and call'd me brother; and then the two Kings call'd my Father brother: and then the Prince my brother and the Princeſs my Siſter call'd my Father, father, and ſo we wept: and there was the firſt Gentleman-like tears that ever we ſhed.

Shep. We may live, Son, to ſhed many more.

Clo. I, or elſe 'twere hard luck, being in ſo prepoſterous eſtate as we are.

Aut. I humbly beſeech you, ſir, to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your Worſhip, and to give me your good report to the Prince my Maſter.

Shep. 'Prethee ſon do: for we muſt be gentle, now we are Gentlemen.

Clo. Thou wilt amend thy life?

Aut. I, and it like your good Worſhip.

Clo. Give me thy hand; I will ſwear to the Prince, thou art as honeſt a true Fellow as any is in *Bohemia*.

Shep. You may ſay it, but not ſwear it.

Clow. Not ſwear it, now I am a Gentleman? Let Bores and Franklins ſay it, I'le ſwear it.

Shep. How if it be falſe ſon?

Clo. If it be nere ſo falſe, a true Gentleman may ſwear it in the behalf of his friend: And I'le ſwear to the Prince, thou art a tall fellow of thy hands. and that thou wilt not be drunk: but I know thou art no tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt be drunk, but I'le ſwear it, and I would thou wouldſt be a tall Fellow of thy hands.

Aut. I will prove ſo ſir, to my power.

Clo. I, by any means prove a tall Fellow: if I do not wonder how thou dar'ſt venture to be drunk, not being a tall fellow, truſt me not. Hark, the Kings and the Princes (our Kindred) are going to ſee the Queens Picture. Come, follow us: We'l be thy good Maſter.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Leontes, Polixenes, Florizel, Perdita, Camillo, Paulina, Hermione, (like a Statue) Lords, &c.

Leo. O grave and good *Paulina*, the great comfort
That I have had of thee?
Paul. What, Sovereign ſir,
I did not well, I meant well; all my ſervices
You have paid home. But that you have vouchſafed
(VVith your Crown'd Brother, and theſe your contracted
Heirs of your Kingdoms) my poor Houſe to viſit,
It is a ſurplus of your Grace, which never
My life may laſt to anſwer.
Leo. O *Paulina*,
VVe honour you with trouble; but we came
To ſee the Statue of our Queen. Your Gallery

Have we paſs'd through, not without much content
In many ſingularities: but we ſaw not
That which my Daughter came to look upon,
The Statue of her Mother.
Paul As ſhe liv'd Peerleſs,
So her dead likeneſs I do well believe
Excells what ever yet you look'd upon,
Or hand of Man hath done: therefore I keep it
Lovely, apart. But here it is: prepare
To ſee the life as lively mock'd, as ever
Still Sleep mock'd death: behold, and ſay 'tis well.
I like your ſilence, it the more ſhews off
Your wonder; but yet ſpeak, firſt you (my Liege)
Comes it not ſomething near?
Leo. Her natural Poſture.
Chide me (dear Stone) that I may ſay indeed
Thou art *Hermione*; or rather, thou art ſhe,
In thy not chiding; for ſhe was as tender
As infancy, and grace. But yet (*Paulina*)
Hermione was not ſo much wrinkled, nothing
So aged as this ſeems.
Pol. Oh, not by much.
Paul. So much the more our Carvers excellence.
Which lets go by ſome ſixteen years, and makes her
As ſhe liv'd now.
Leo. As now ſhe might have done,
So much to my good comfort, as it is
Now piercing to my Soul. Oh, thus ſhe ſtood,
Even with ſuch Life of Majeſty (warm Life,
As now it coldly ſtands) when firſt I woo'd her.
I am aſham'd; do's not the ſtone rebuke me,
For being more ſtone than it? Oh Royal Piece;
There's Magick in thy Majeſty, which has
My evils conjur'd to remembrance; and
From thy admiring Daughter took the Spirits,
Standing like Stone with thee.
Perd. And give me leave.
And do not ſay 'tis Superſtition, that
I kneel, and then implore her bleſſing. Lady,
Deer Queen, that ended when I but began,
Give me that hand of yours to kiſs.
Paul O, patience:
The Statue is but newly fix'd: the Colour's
Not dry.
Cam. My Lord, your ſorrow was too ſore lay'd-on,
Which ſixteen Winters cannot blow away,
So many Summers dry, ſcarce any Joy
Did ever ſo long live; no Sorrow,
But kil'd it ſelf much ſooner.
Pol. Dear my Brother,
Let him that was the cauſe of this, have power
To take off ſo much grief from you, as he
Will piece up in himſelf.
Paul. Indeed my Lord,
If I had thought the ſight of my poor Image
Would thus have wrought you (for the ſtone is mine)
I'ld not have ſhew'd you it.
Leo. Do not draw the Curtain.
Paul. No longer ſhall you gaze on't, leſt your Fancy
May think anon, it moves.
Leo. Let be, let be,
Would I were dead, but that methinks already.
(What was he that did make it?) See (my Lord)
Would you not deem it breath'd? and that thoſe veins
Did verily bear blood?
Pol. Maſterly done.
The very life ſeems warm upon her Lip.
Leo. The fixture of her Eye has motion in't,
As we are mock'd with Art.
Paul. I'le draw the Curtain;
My Lord's almoſt ſo far tranſported, that
He'l think anon it lives.
Leo. Oh ſweet *Paulina*,
Make me to think ſo twenty years together:
No ſetled ſences of the World can match
The pleaſure of that madneſs. Let's alone.
Paul. I am ſorry (Sir) I have thus far ſtir'd you; but
I could afflict you further.
Leo. Do *Paulina*;
For this affliction ha's a taſte as ſweet
As any cordial comfort. Still methinks
There is an ayr comes from her. What fine Chizzel
Could ever yet cut breath? Let no man mock me,
For I will kiſs her.
Paul. Good my Lord forbear;
The ruddineſs upon her lip is wet;
You'l marre it, if you kiſs it; ſtain your own
With Oyly Painting; ſhall I draw the Curtain?
Leo. No, not theſe twenty years.
Perd. So long could I
Stand by, a looker on.
Paul. Either forbear,
Quit preſently the Chappel, or reſolve you
For more amazement; if you can behold it,
I'le make the Statue move indeed; deſcend,
And take you by the hand; but then you'll think
(VVhich I proteſt againſt) I am aſſiſted
By wicked Powers.
Leo. VVhat you can make her do,
I am content to look on; what to ſpeak,
I am content to hear; for 'tis as eaſy
To make her ſpeak, as move.
Paul. It is requir'd
You do awake your Faith, then all ſtand ſtill.
On; thoſe that think it is unlawful Buſineſs
I am about, let them depart.
Leo. Proceed;
No foot ſhall ſtir,
Paul. Muſick; awake her: Strike,
'Tis time; deſcend; be Stone no more: approach,
Strike all that look upon with marvail. Come,
I'le fill your Grave up: ſtir, nay come away:
Bequeath to death your numbneſs: (for from him
Dear life redeems you) you perceive ſhe ſtirs,
Start not, her actions ſhall be holy, as
You hear my ſpell is lawful, do not ſhun her,
Until you ſee her dye again, for then
You kill her double. Nay, preſent your hand,
VVhen ſhe was young, you woo'd her, now in age,
Is ſhe become the Suitor?
Leo. Oh ſhe's warm,
If this be Magick, let it be an art
Lawful as Eating.
Pol. She embraces him.
Cam. She hangs about his neck,
If ſhe pertain to life, let her ſpeak too.
Pol. I, and make it manifeſt where ſhe has lived,
Or how ſtoln from the dead?
Paul. That ſhe is living,
Were it but told you, ſhould be hooted at
Like an old tale; but it appears ſhe lives,
Tho yet ſhe ſpeak not. Mark a little while.
Pleaſe you to enterpoſe (fair Madam) kneel,
And pray your Mothers bleſſing, turn good Lady,
Our *Perdita* is found.
Her. You gods look down,
And from your ſacred viols pour your graces
Upon my Daughters head; tell me (mine own)
Where haſt thou been preſerved? where lived? how found
Thy Fathers Court? For thou ſhalt hear that I
Knowing by *Paulina*, that the Oracle
Gave hope thou waſt in being, have preſerved
My ſelf, to ſee the iſſue.
Paul. There is time enough for that;
Leſt they deſire (upon this puſh) to trouble
Your joys with like relation. Go together
You precious winners all, your exultation
Partake to every one; I (an old Turtle)

Will wing me to ſome wither'd bow, and there
My Mate (that's never to be ſound again)
Lament till I am loſt.

Leo. O peace *Paulina*:
Thou ſhouldſt a husband take by my conſent,
As I by thine a Wife. This is a Match,
And made between's by Vows. Thou haſt found mine,
But how, is to be queſtion'd; for I ſaw her
(As I thought) dead: and have (in vain) ſaid many
A parver upon her Grave. I'le not ſeek far
(For him, I partly know his mind) to find thee
An honourable Husband. Come *Camillo*,
And take her by the hand; whoſe worth, and honeſty
Is richly noted: and here juſtified
By Us, a pair of Kings. Let's from this place.
What? look upon my Brother: both your pardons,
That ere I put between your holy looks
My ill ſuſpition: This your Son-in-law,
And Son unto the King, whom heavens directing
Is troth-plight to your daughter. Good *Paulina*,
Lead us from hence, where we may leiſurely
Each one demand, and anſwer to his part
Perform'd in this wide gap of Time, ſince firſt
Were diſſever'd. Haſtily lead away.

Exeunt.

THE

THE Names of the Actors.

Leontes, *King of* Sicilia.
Mamilius, *young Prince of* Sicilia.
Camillo
Antigonus } *Four*
Cleomines } *Lords of* Sicilia.
Dion
Hermione, *Queen to* Leontes.
Perdita, *Daughter to* Leontes *and* Hermione.
Paulina *Wife to* Antigonus.
Emilia, *a Lady.*
Polixenes, *King of* Bohemia.
Florizel, *Prince of* Bohemia.
Old Shepherd, *reputed Father of* Perdita.
Clown *his Son.*
Autolicus, *a Rogue.*
Archidamus, *a Lord of* Bohemia.
Other Lords, and Gentlemen, and Servants.
Shepherds, and Shepherdeſſes.

THE
LIFE and DEATH
OF
KING JOHN.

Actus Primus, Scæna Prima.

Enter King John, *Queen* Elinor, Pembroke, Eſſex, *and* Saliſbury, *with the* Chattylion *of* France.

King John.
NOw ſay, *Chattylion*, what would *France* with us?
Chat. Thus (after greeting) ſpeaks the King of *France*.
In my behaviour to the Majeſty,
The borrowed Majeſty of *England* here.
Eli. A ſtrange beginning: borrowed Majeſty!
K. John. Silence (good Mother) hear the Embaſſie.
Chat. *Philip* of *France*, in right and true behalf
Of thy deceaſed Brother *Geffrey*'s Son,
Arthur Plantagenet, lays moſt lawful Claim
To this fair Iſland, and the Territories:
To *Ireland*, *Poyctiers*, *Anjowe*, *Loraine*, *Maine*,
Deſiring thee to lay aſide the Sword
Which ſways uſurpingly theſe ſeveral Titles,
And Put the ſame into young *Arthur*'s hand,
Thy Nephew, and right Royal Soveraign.
K. Joh. What follows, if we diſallow of this?
Chat. The proud control of fierce and bloody War,
To inforce theſe Rights ſo forcibly withheld.
K. John. Here have we War for War, and Blood for Blood,
Controlment for Controlment: ſo anſwer *France*.
Chat. Then take my Kings defiance from my mouth,
The fartheſt limit of my Embaſſie.
K. John. Bear mine to him, and ſo depart in peace,
Be thou as lightning in the Eies of *France*;
For e're thou canſt report, I will be there;
The Thunder of my Cannon ſhall be heard.
So hence: be thou the Trumpet of our wrath,
And ſullen preſage of your own decay:
An honourable conduct let him have,
Pembroke look to't: farewell *Chattylion*.
[*Exit* Chat. *and* Pem.
Eli. What now, my Son, have I not ever ſaid
How that ambitious *Conſtance* would not ceaſe
Till ſhe had kindled *France* and all the World,
Upon the Right and Party of her Son?
This might have been prevented, and made whole
With very eaſie Arguments of Love,
Which now the mannage of two Kingdoms muſt
With fearful bloody iſſue arbitrate.
K. John. Our ſtrong Poſſeſſion, and our Right for us.
Eli. Your ſtrong Poſſeſſion much more than your Right,
Or elſe it muſt go wrong with you and me,
So much my Conſcience whiſpers in your Ear,
Which none but Heaven, and you and I ſhall hear.
Enter a Sheriff.
Eſſex. My Liege, here is the ſtrangeſt controverſie
Come from the Countrey to be judg'd by you
That e're I heard, ſhall I produce the men
K. John. Let them approach:
Our Abbies and our Priories ſhall pay
This Expedition's Charge. What men are you?

Enter *Robert Faulconbridge* and *Philip*.

Philip. Your faithful Subject, I a Gentleman,
Born in *Northamptonſhire*, and eldeſt Son,
As I ſuppoſe, to *Faulconbridge*,
A Souldier, by the Honour-giving-hand
Of *Cordelion*, Knighted in the field.
K. John. What art thou?
Robert. The Son and Heir to that ſame *Faulconbridge*.
K. John. Is that the Elder, and art thou the Heir?
You came not of one Mother then it ſeems?
Philip. Moſt certain of one Mother, mighty King,
That is well known, and, as I think, one Father:
But for the certain knowledge of that truth,
I put you o're to Heaven, and to my Mother;
Of that I doubt, as all mens Children may.
Eli. Out on thee rude man, thou doſt ſhame thy Mother,
And wound her Honour with this diffidence.
Phil. I, Madam? No? I have no Reaſon for it,
That is my Brother's Plea, and none of mine,
The which if he can prove, a pops me out,
At leaſt from fair five hundred pound a year:
Heaven guard my Mother's Honour, and my Land.
K. John. A good blunt Fellow: why being younger born,
Doth he lay claim to thine Inheritance?
Phil. I know not why, except to get the Land;
But once he ſlandered me with Baſtardy:
But whether I be as true begot or no,
That ſtill I lay upon my Mother's head,
But that I am as well begot, my Liege,
(Fair fall the bones that took the pains for me)
Compare our faces, and be judge your ſelf
If old Sir *Robert* did beget us both,
Ard were our Father, and this Son like him:
O old Sir *Robert* Father, on my knee
I give Heaven thanks I was not like to thee.
K. John. Why what a mad-cap hath heaven lent us here?
Eli. He hath a trick of *Cordelion's* face,
The accent of his tongue affecteth him:
Do you not read ſome tokens of my ſon
In the large compoſition of this man?
K. John. Mine eye hath well examined his parts,
And finds them perfect *Richard*: ſirrah ſpeak,
What doth move you to claim your Brother's Land?
Phil. Becauſe he hath a half-face, like my Father,
With half that face would he have all my Land,

A half-fac'd groat, five hundred pound a year ?
Rob. My gracious Liege, when that my Father liv'd,
Your Brother did imploy my Father much.
Phil. Well, Sir, by this you cannot get my Land,
Your tale muſt be how he imploy'd my Mother.
Rob. And once diſpatch'd him in an Embaſſie
To *Germany*, there with the Emperour
To treat of high Affairs touching that time :
Th'advantage of his abſence took the King,
And in the mean time ſojourn'd at my Fathers ;
Where, how he did prevail, I ſhame to ſpeak :
But truth is truth, large lengths of Seas and Shores
Between my Father, and my Mother lay,
As I have heard my Father ſpeak himſelf,
When this ſame luſty Gentleman was got :
Upon his death-bed he by Will bequeath'd
His Lands to me, and took it on his death
That this my Mother's Son was none of his ;
And if he were, he came into the world
Full fourteen weeks before the courſe of time :
Then good my Liege, let me have what is mine,
My Father's Land, as was my Father's Will.
K. John. Sirrah, your Brother is Legitimate,
Your Father's Wife did after Wedlock bear him :
And if ſhe did play falſe, the fault was hers,
Which fault lies on the hazzards of all Husbands
That marry Wives : tell me, how if my Brother,
Who, as you ſay, took pains to get this Son,
Had of your Father claim'd this Son for his,
In ſooth, good Friend, your Father might have kept
This Calf, bred from his Cow, from all the world :
In ſooth he might : then if he were my Brother's,
My Brother might not clam him : nor your Father,
Being none of his, refuſe him : this concludes,
My Mother's Son did get your Father's Heir,
Your Father's Heir muſt have your Father's Land.
Rob. Shall then my Father's Will be of no force
To diſpoſſeſs that Child which is not his ?
Phil. Of no more force to diſpoſſeſs me, Sir,
Than was his will to get me, as I think.
Eli. Whether hadſt thou rather be a *Faulconbridge*,
And, like thy Brother, to enjoy thy Land :
Or the reputed Son of *Cordelion*,
Lord of thy Preſence, and no Land beſide ?
Baſt. Madam, and if my Brother had my ſhape
And I had his, Sir *Robert*'s his like him,
And if my Legs were two ſuch riding Rods,
My Arms ſuch Eel-skins ſtuft, my Face ſo thin,
That in mine Ear I durſt not ſtick a Roſe,
Leſt men ſhould ſay, look where three farthings goes,
And to his ſhape were Heir to all this Land,
Would I might never ſtir from off this place,
I would give it every Foot to have this Face :
I would not be Sir Nobbe in any caſe.
Eli. I like thee well : wilt thou forſake thy Fortune,
Bequeath thy Land to him, and follow me ?
I am a Souldier, and now bound to *France*.
Baſt. Brother, take you my Land, I'le take my chance;
Your Face hath got five hundred pound a year,
Yet ſell your Face for five-pence, and 'tis dear.
Madam, I'le follow you unto the death.
Eli. Nay, I would have you go before me thither.
Baſt. Our Country manners give our betters way.
K. John. What is thy Name?
Baſt. *Philip*, my Liege, ſo is my name begun,
Philip, good old Sir *Robert*'s Wives eldeſt Son.
K. John. From henceforth bear his name
Whoſe form thou beareſt :
Kneel thou down *Philip*, but riſe more great,
Ariſe Sir *Richard* and *Plantagenet*.
Baſt. Brother by th' Mother's ſide, give me your hand,
My Father gave me Honour, yours gave Land,
Now bleſſed be the hour, by night or day,
When I was got, Sir *Robert* was away.
Eli. The very Spirit of *Plantagenet* :
I am thy Grandam, *Richard*, call me ſo.
Baſt. Madam, by chance, but not by truth, what tho ;
Something about, a little from the right,
In at the Window, or elſe o're the Hatch :
Who dares not ſtir by day, muſt walk by night,
And have is have, however men do catch :
Near or far off, well won is ſtill well ſhot,
And I am I, how e're I was begot.
K. John. Go, *Faulconbride*, now haſt thou thy deſire,
A Landleſs Knight, makes thee a Landed Squire :
Come Madam, and come *Richard*, we muſt ſpeed
For *France*, for *France*, for it is more than need.
Baſt. Brother, adieu, good Fortune come to thee,
For thou waſt got i'th' way of honeſty.
[*Exeunt all but Baſtard.*
Baſt. A Foot of Honour better than I was,
But many a many Foot of Land the worſe.
Well, now can I make any *Joane* a Lady ;
Good denne, Sir *Richard*, Godamercy Fellow,
And if his Name be *George*, I'le call him *Peter* ;
For new made Honour doth forget mens Names :
'Tis too reſpective, and too ſociable
For your converſion, now your Traveller,
He and his Tooth-pick, at my Worſhips Meſs,
And when my Knightly ſtomach is ſuffis'd,
Why then I ſuck my teeth and Catechize
My picked man of Countrys : my dear, Sir,
Thus leaning on mine elbow I begin,
I ſhall beſeech you ; that is Queſtion now,
And then comes Anſwer like an Abſey-book :
O Sir, ſays Anſwer, at your beſt Command,
At your Employment, at your Service, Sir :
No Sir, ſays Queſtion, I ſweet, Sir, at yours,
And ſo e're Anſwer knows what Queſtion would,
Saving in Dialogue of Complement,
And talking of the *Alpes* and *Appenines*,
The *Pyrennean* and the River *Poe*,
It draws towards ſupper in concluſion ſo.
But this is worſhipful Society,
And fits the mounting Spirit like my ſelf ;
For he is but a Baſtard to the time
That doth not ſmoak of Obſervation,
And ſo am I whether I ſmack or no ;
And not alone in habit and device,
Exterior Form, outward Accoutrement ;
But from the inward Motion to deliver
Sweet, ſweet, ſweet poyſon for the Ages Tooth,
Which though I will not Practiſe to deceive,
Yet, to avoid deceit, I mean to learn ;
For it ſhall ſtrew the footſteps of my riſing :
But who comes in ſuch haſte in riding Robes ?
What Woman-poſt is this ? hath ſhe no Husband
That will take pains to blow a horn before her ?
O me, 'tis my Mother : how now, good Lady,
What brings you here to Court ſo haſtily ?

Enter Lady Faulconbridge *and* James Gurney.

Lady. Where is that Slave, thy Brother ? where is he?
That holds in chaſe mine Honour up and down.
Baſt. My Brother *Robert*, old Sir *Robert*'s Son :
Colbrand the Gyant, that ſame mighty man,
Is it Sir *Robert*'s Son that you ſeek ſo ?
Lady. Sir *Robert's* Son, I, thou unreverend Boy,
Sir *Robert*'s Son, why ſcorneſt thou at Sir *Robert* ?
He is Sir *Robert*'s Son, and ſo art thou.
Baſt. *James Gurney*, wilt thou give us leave a while?
Gur. Good leave, good *Philip*.
Baſt. *Philip*, Sparrow, *James*,
There's toys abroad, anon I'le tell thee more.
[*Exit James.*
Madam, I was not old Sir *Robert*'s Son,
Sir *Robert* might have eat his part in me

Upon good *Fryday*, and ne're broke his Faſt :
Sir *Robert* could do well, marry, to confeſs! + He did not get me
+ Could get me) Sir *Robert* could not do it ;
We know his handy-work, therefore good Mother
To whom am I beholding for theſe Limbs ?
Sir *Robert* never holp to make this Leg.

Lady. Haſt thou conſpired with thy Brother too
That for thine own gain ſhould'ſt defend mine Honour ?
What means this ſcorn, thou moſt untoward Knave ?

Baſt. Knight, Knight, good Mother, Baſiliſco-like.
What, I am dub'd, I have it on my ſhoulder :
But Mother, I am not Sir *Robert*'s Son,
I have diſclaim'd Sir *Robert* and my Land,
Legitimation, Name, and all is gone ;
Then, good my Mother, let me know my Father,
Some proper man I hope, who was it, Mother ?

Lady. Haſt thou deny'd thy ſelf a *Faulconbridge* ?

Baſt. As faithfully as I deny the Devil.

Lady. King *Richard Cordelion* was thy Father,
By long and vehement ſuit I was ſeduc'd
To make room for him in my Husbands Bed :
Heaven lay not my tranſgreſſion to my charge,
Thou art the Iſſue of my dear Offence
Which was ſo ſtrongly urg'd paſt my defence.

Baſt. Now, by this light, were I to get again,
Madam, I would not wiſh a better Father :
Some ſins do bear their priviledge on Earth,
And ſo doth yours : your fault was not your folly,
Needs muſt you lay your heart at his diſpoſe,
Subjected tribute to commanding love,
Againſt whoſe fury and unmatched force,
The awleſs Lyon could not wage the fight,
Nor keep his Princly heart from *Richard*'s hands :
He that per force robs Lyons of their Hearts,
May eaſily win a Womans: aye, my Mother,
With all my heart I thank thee for my Father:
Who lives and dares but ſay, thou didſt not well
When I was got, I'le ſend his Soul to Hell.
Come, Lady, I will ſhew thee to my Kin,
And they ſhall ſay, when *Richard* me begot,
If thou hadſt ſaid him nay, it had been ſin ;
Who ſays it was, he lyes, I ſay 'twas not.

Exeunt.

Scæna Secunda.

Enter before Angiers, *Philip King of France*, *Lewis*, *Daulphin*, *Auſtria*, *Conſtance*, *Arthur.*

Lewis. Before *Angiers* well met brave *Auſtria*,
Arthur that great fore-runner of thy Blood,
Richard that rob'd the Lyon of his heart,
And fought the Holy Wars in *Paleſtine*,
By this brave Duke came early to his Grave ;
And for amends to his Poſterity,
At our importance hither is he come,
To ſpread his Colours Boy, in thy behalf,
And to rebuke the Uſurpation
Of thy unnatural Uncle *Engliſh John*,
Embrace him, love him, give him welcome hither.

Arth. God ſhall forgive you *Cordelion*'s death
The rather that you give his Off-ſpring life,
Shadowing their Right under your Wings of War :
I give you welcome with a Powerleſs Hand,
But with a Heart full of unſtained Love,
Welcome before the Gates of *Angiers*, Duke.

Lewis. A Noble Boy, who would not do thee right ?

Auſt. Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous kiſs,
As Seal to this Indenture of my love :
That to my home I will no more return
Till *Angiers*, and the Right thou haſt in *France*,
Together with that pale, that white-fac'd ſhore,
Whoſe foot ſpurns back the Oceans roaring Tides ;
And coops from other Lands her Iſlanders,
Even till that *England*, hedg'd in with the Main,
That water-walled Bulwark, ſtill ſecure
And confident from Foreign purpoſes,
Even till that outmoſt Corner of the *Weſt*
Salute thee for her King, till then fair Boy
Will I not think of home, but follow Arms.

Conſt. O take his Mothers thanks, a Widows thanks,
Till your ſtrong hand ſhall help to give him ſtrength,
To make a more requital to your love.

Auſt. The peace of Heaven is theirs who lift their Swords
In ſuch a juſt and charitable War.

King. Well, then to work, our Cannon ſhall be bent
Againſt the Brows of this reſiſting Town,
Call for our chiefeſt men of Diſcipline,
To cull the Plots of beſt Advantages :
We'll lay before this Town our Royal Bones,
Wade to the Market-place in *French-mens* Blood,
But we will make it ſubject to this Boy.

Conſt. Stay for an anſwer to your Embaſſie,
Leſt unadvis'd you ſtain your Swords with Blood :
My Lord *Chattilion* may from *England* bring
That Right in Peace which here we urge in War,
And then we ſhall repent each drop of Blood,
That hot raſh haſte ſo indirectly ſhed.

Enter Chattilion.

King. A wonder, Lady ; lo upon thy wiſh
Our Meſſenger *Chattillon* is arriv'd,
What *England* ſays, ſay briefly gentle Lord,
We coldly pauſe for thee, *Chattillion* ſpeak.

Chat. Then turn your Forces from this paultry Siege,
And ſtir them up againſt a mightier Task.
England, impatient of your juſt Demands,
Hath put himſelf in Arms, the adverſe winds,
Whoſe leiſure I have ſtaid, have given him time
To Land his Legions all as ſoon as I :
His Marches are expedient to this Town,
His Forces ſtrong, his Souldiers confident :
With him along is come the Mother-Queen,
An Ace ſtirring him to bloud and ſtrife,
With her her Neece, the Lady *Blanch* of *Spain*,
With them a Baſtard of the King deceas'd,
And all the unſettled humors of the Land,
Raſh, inconſiderate, fiery Volunteers,
With Ladies Faces, and fierce Dragons Spleens,
Have ſold their Fortunes at their Native Homes,
Bearing their Birth-right proudly on their Backs,
To make a hazzard of new Fortunes here ;
In brief, a braver Choice of dauntleſs Spirits
Than now the *Engliſh* Bottoms have waft o're,
Did never float upon the ſwelling Tide,
To do offence and ſcathe in Chriſtendom :
The interruption of their churliſh Drums
Cuts off more Circumſtance, they are at hand ;

[*Drums beat.*

To parly or to fight, therefore prepare.

King. How much unlook'd for, is this Expedition!

Auſt. By how much unexpected, by ſo much
We muſt awake, endeavour for defence,
For Courage mounteth with occaſion,
Let them be welcome then, we are prepar'd.

Enter King of England, *Baſtard*, *Queen*, *Blanch*, *Pembrook*, *and others.*

K. John. Peace be to *France* : if *France* in peace permit
Our juſt and lineal Entrance to our own ;
If not, bleed *France*, and peace aſcend to Heaven.
Whiles we Gods wrathful Agent do correct
Their proud contempt that beats his peace to Heaven.

Fran. Peace be to *England*, if that War return
From *France* to *England*, there to live in peace :

England we love, and for that *England*'s ſake,
With burthen of our Armour here we ſweat:
This toyl of ours ſhould be a work of thine,
But thou from loving *England* art ſo far
That thou haſt under-wrought his lawful King,
Cut off the ſequence of Poſterity,
Out-faced Infant State, and done a Rape
Upon the Maiden-Vertue of the Crown:
Look here upon thy Brother *Geffreys* Face,
Theſe eyes, theſe brows, were moulded out of his;
This little Abſtract doth contain that large,
Which died in *Geffrey*: and the hand of time
Shall draw this brief into as huge a Volume:
That *Geffrey* was thy Elder Brother born,
And this his Son, *England* was *Geffreys* Right,
And this is *Geffreys*, in the Name of God,
How comes it then that thou art call'd a King,
When living blood doth in theſe Temples beat
Which owe the Crown that thou o're-maſtereſt?
K.John. From whom haſt thou this great Commiſſion,
To draw my Anſwer from thy Articles? [*France*,
Fra. From that ſupernal Judge that ſtirs good thoughts
In any Breaſt of ſtrong Authority,
To look into the Blots and Stains of Right,
That Judge hath made me Guardian to this Boy,
Under whoſe Warrant I impeach thy Wrong,
And by whoſe help I mean to chaſtiſe it.
K. John. Alack thou doſt uſurp Authority.
Fran. Excuſe it is to beat Uſurping down.
Queen. Who is it thou doſt call Uſurper, *France*?
Conſt Let me make anſwer: thy Uſurping Son.
Queen. Out inſolent, thy Baſtard ſhall be King,
That thou may'ſt be a Queen, and check the World.
Conſt. My Bed was ever to thy Son as true,
As thine was to thy Husband, and this Boy,
Liker in feature to his Father *Geffrey*,
Than thou and *John*, in manners being as like,
As Rain to Water, or Devil to his Dam.
My Boy a Baſtard? by my Soul I think
His Father never was ſo true begot,
It cannot be, and if thou wert his Mother.
Qu. There's a good Mother, Boy, that blots thy Father.
Conſt. There's a good Grandam, Boy,
That would blot thee.
Auſt. Peace.
Baſt. Hear the Cryer.
Auſt. What the Devil art thou?
Baſt. One that will play the Devil, Sir, with you.
And a may catch your hide and you alone:
You are the Hare, of whom the Proverb goes,
Whoſe valour plucks dead Lyons by the beard;
I'le ſmoak your Skin-coat, and I catch you right,
Sirra, look to't, i'faith I will, i'faith.
Blan. O well did he become that Lyons Robe,
That did diſrobe the Lyon of that Robe.
Baſt. It lyes as ſightly on the back of him,
As great *Alcides* ſhoos upon an Aſs:
But, Aſs, I'le take that burthen from your back,
Or lay on that ſhall make your ſhoulders crack.
Auſt. What cracker is this ſame that deafs our ears
With this abundance of ſuperfluous breath?
King *Lewis* determine what we ſhall do ſtreight.
Lewis. Women and Fools break off your Conference.
King *John*, this is the very ſum of all:
England, and *Ireland*, *Angiers*, *Torain*, *Main*,
In Right of *Arthur* do I claim of thee:
Wilt thou reſign them, and lay down thy Arms?
John. My life as ſoon, I do defie thee, *France*,
Arthur of *Brittain*, yield thee to my hand;
And out of my dear love I'le give thee more,
Than e're the Coward-hand of *France* can win;
Submit thee, Boy.
Queen. Come to thy Grandam, Child.
Conſt. Do, Child, go to it Grandam, Child,
Give Grandam Kingdom, and it Grandam will
Give it a Plum, a Cherry, and a Fig,
There's a good Grandam.
Arthur. Good my Mother peace,
I would that I were low laid in my Grave,
I am not worth this coyl that's made for me.
Qu.Mo. His Mother ſhames him ſo, poor Boy he weeps.
Conſt. Now ſhame upon yon whe're ſhe does or no.
His Grandam's wrong, and not his Mothers ſhames,
Draws thoſe Heaven-moving Pearls from his poor Eyes,
Which Heaven ſhall take in nature of a Fee:
I, with theſe ſad Cryſtal Beads Heaven ſhall be brib'd
To do him Juſtice, and Revenge on you.
Qu. Thou monſtrous ſlanderer of Heaven and Earth.
Conſt. Thou monſtrous injurer of Heaven and Earth,
Call me not ſlanderer, thou and thine uſurp
The Domination, Royalties and Rights
Of this oppreſſed Boy; this is thy Eldeſt Son's Son,
Infortunate in nothing but in thee;
Thy ſins are viſited in this poor Child,
The Canon of the Law is laid on him,
Being but the ſecond generation
Removed from thy ſin-conceiving Womb.
John. Bedlam have done.
Conſt. I have but this to ſay,
That he is not only plagued for her ſin,
But God hath made her ſin and her, the plague
On this removed iſſue, plagued for her,
And with her plague her ſin: his injury
Her injury the Beadle to her ſin,
All puniſh'd in the perſon of this Child,
And all for her, a plague upon her.
Qu. Thou unadviſed ſcold, I can produce
A Will that bars the Title of thy Son.
Conſt. I, who doubts, a will: a wicked will,
A womans will, a cankered Grandams will.
Fran. Peace Lady, pauſe, or be more temperate,
It ill beſeems this preſence to cry ay me
To theſe ill tuned repetitions:
Some Trumpet ſummon hither to the walls
Theſe men of *Angiers*, let us hear them ſpeak,
Whoſe Title they admit, *Arthurs* or *Johns*.

Trumpet ſounds.
Enter a Citizen upon the Walls.

Citi. Who is it that hath warn'd us to the Walls?
Fran. 'Tis *France*, for *England*.
John. *England* for it ſelf:
You men of *Angiers*, and my loving Subjects.
Fran. You loving men of *Angiers*, *Arthur*'s Subjects,
Our Trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle.
John. For our advantage, therefore hear us firſt:
Theſe Flags of *France* that are advanced here
Before the eye and proſpect of your Town,
Have hither march'd to your endamagement.
The Canons have their bowels full of wrath,
And ready mounted are they to ſpit forth
Their Iron indignation 'gainſt your walls;
All preparation for a bloody Siege
And mercileſs proceeding, by theſe *French*.
Comfort your Cities eyes, your winking gates:
And but for our approach, thoſe ſleeping ſtones,
That as a waiſte doth girdle you about,
By the compulſion of their Ordinance
By this time from their fixed beds of lime
Had been diſhabited, and wide havock made
For bloody power to ruſh upon your peace,
But on the ſight of us your lawful King,
Who painfully with much expedient march
Have brought a counter-check before your Gates,
To ſave unſcratch'd your Cities threatned Cheeks:
Behold the *French* amaz'd vouchſafe a parle,
And now in ſtead of Bullets wrapt in fire,

To make a ſhaking Feaver in your Walls,
They ſhoot but calm words, folded up in ſmoak,
To make a faithleſs error in your ears,
Which truſt accordingly kind Citizens,
And let us in. Your King, whoſe labour'd ſpirits
Fore-wearied in this action of ſwift ſpeed,
Craves harbourage within your City walls.
Fran. When I have ſaid, make anſwer to us both.
Loe in this right hand, whoſe protection
Is moſt divinely vow'd upon the right
Of him it holds, ſtands young *Plantagenet*,
Son to the elder. Brother of this man,
And King o're him, and all that he enjoys:
For this down-trodden equity, we tread
In warlick march, theſe greens before your Town,
Being no further Enemy to you
Than the conſtraint of Hoſpitable zeal,
In the relief of this oppreſſed Child,
Religiouſly provokes. Be pleaſed then
To pay that duty which you truly owe,
To him that owes it, namely, this young Prince,
And then our Arms, like to a muzled Bear,
Save in aſpect, hath all offence ſeal'd up:
Our Canons malice, vainly ſhall be ſpent
Againſt th' invulnerable Clouds of Heaven,
And with a bleſſed, and un-vext retire,
With unhack'd ſwords, and Helmets all unbruis'd,
We will bear home that luſty blood again,
Which here we came to ſpout againſt your Town,
And leave your Children, Wives, and you in peace.
But if you fondly paſs our proffer'd offer,
'Tis not the rounder of your old fac'd Walls,
Can hide you from our Meſſengers of War,
Though all theſe Engliſh, and their Diſcipline,
Were harbour'd in their rude Circumference:
Then tell us, ſhall your City call us Lord,
In that behalf which we have challeng'd it?
Or ſhall we give the ſignal to our rage,
And ſtalk in blood to our poſſeſſion?
Citi. In brief, we are the King of *England*'s Subjects,
For him, and in his right, we hold this Town.
John. Acknowledge then the King, and let me in.
Citi. That can we not, but he that proves the King
To him will we prove loyal, till that time
Have we ramm'd up our Gates againſt the world.
John. Doth not the Crown of *England*, prove the King?
And if not that, I bring you Witneſſes
Twice fifteen thouſand hearts of *England*'s breed.
Baſt. Baſtards, and elſe.
John. To verifie our Title with their Lives.
Fran. As many, and as well born Bloods as thoſe.
Baſt. Some Baſtards too.
Fran. Stand in his face to contradict his Claim.
Citi. Till you compound whoſe right is worthieſt,
We for the worthieſt hold the right from both.
John. Then God forgive the ſin of all thoſe ſouls,
That to their everlaſting reſidence,
Before the dew of evening fall, ſhall fleet
In dreadful trial of our Kingdoms King.
Fran. Amen, Amen, mount Chevaliers to Arms.
Baſt. Saint *George* that ſwindg'd the Dragon,
And e're ſince ſits on's horſeback at mine Hoſteſs door,
Teach us ſome fence. Sirrah, were I at home
At your den, Sirrah, with your Lyonneſs,
I would ſet an Ox-head to your Lyons hide:
And make a Monſter of you.
Auſt. Peace, no more.
Baſt. O tremble: for you hear the Lyon roar.
John. Up higher to the plain, where we'll ſet forth,
In beſt appointment, all our Regiments.
Baſt. Speed then to take advantage of the Field.
Fran. It ſhall be ſo, and at the other hill
Command the reſt to ſtand. God and our right.
(*Exeunt.*

Here after excurſions, enter the Herald of France *with Trumpets to the Gates.*

F. Her. You men of *Angiers* open wide your Gates,
And let young *Arthur* Duke of *Britain* in,
Who by the hand of *France*, this day hath made
Much work for tears in many an *Engliſh* Mother,
Whoſe Sons lye ſcattered on the bleeding ground:
Many a Widows Husband groveling lyes,
Coldly embracing the diſcoloured Earth,
And Victory with little loſs doth play
Upon the dancing Banners of the *French*,
Who are at hand triumphantly diſplayed
To enter Conquerors, and to proclaim
Arthur of *Britain*, *England*'s King, and yours.

Enter Engliſh Herald with Trumpet.

E. Her. Rejoyce you men of *Angiers*, ring your Bells,
King *John*, your King and *England*'s, doth approach,
Commander of this hot malicious day,
Their Armours that march'd hence ſo ſilver bright,
Hither return all gilt with *Frenchmens* Blood:
There ſtuck no Plume in any *Engliſh* Creſt,
That is removed by a Staff of *France*.
Our Colours do return in thoſe ſame hands
That did diſplay them when we firſt marcht forth,
And Like a jolly Troop of Huntſmen come
Our luſty *Engliſh*, all with purpled hands,
Dy'd in the dying ſlaughter of their foes.
Open your Gates, and give the Victors way.
Hub. Heralds, from off our Towers we might behold
From firſt to laſt, the on-ſet and retire,
Of both your Armies, whoſe equality
By our beſt eyes cannot be cenſured:
Blood hath bought Blood, and blows have anſwered blows:
Strength matcht with ſtrength, and power confronted power.
Both are alike, and both alike we like:
One muſt prove greateſt. While they weigh ſo even,
We hold our Town for neither: yet for both.

Enter the two Kings with their Powers at ſeveral doors.

John. *France*, haſt thou yet more Blood to caſt away?
Say ſhall the currant of our Right run on,
Whoſe paſſage vext with thy impediment,
Shall leave his native Channel, and o're-ſwel
With courſe diſturb'd even thy confining ſhores,
Unleſs thou let his ſilver Water keep
A peaceful progreſs to the Ocean.
Fran. *England* thou haſt not ſav'd one drop of Blood
In this hot Tryal more than we of *France*.
Rather loſt more. And by this hand I ſwear
That ſways the Earth this Climat over-looks,
Before we will lay down our juſt-born Arms,
We'll put thee down, 'gainſt whom theſe Arms we bear,
Or add a Royal Number to the dead:
Gracing the Scroul that tells of this Wars loſs,
With ſlaughter coupled to the name of Kings.
Baſt. Ha! Majeſty: how high thy glory towers,
When the rich blood of Kings is ſet on fire:
Oh now doth death line his dead chaps with ſteel,
The Swords of Souldiers are his Teeth, his Phangs,
And now he feaſts, mouſing the fleſh of men
In undetermin'd differences of Kings.
Why ſtand theſe Royal Fronts amazed thus?
Cry havock Kings, back to the ſtained field
You equal Potents, fiery kindled Spirits,
Then let confuſion of one part confirm
The others peace: till then, blows, blood, and death.
John. Whoſe Party do the Townſmen yet admit?
Fran. Speak Citizens, for *England*, who's your King?
Hub. The King of *England*, when we know the King.

Fran. Know him in us, that here hold up his right.
John. In us, that are our own great Deputy,
And bear poſſeſſion of our Perſon here,
Lord of our preſence, *Angiers*, and of you.
Fran. A greater power than We denies all this,
And till it be undoubted, we do lock
Our former ſcruple in our ſtrong barr'd Gates:
Kings of our fear, until our fears reſolv'd
Be by ſome certain King purg'd and depos'd.
Baſt. By Heaven, theſe Scroyles of *Angiers* flout you
And ſtand ſecurely on their Battlements, (Kings,
As in a Theater, whence they gape and point
At your induſtrious Scenes and acts of death.
Your Royal Preſences be rul'd by me,
Do like the Mutines of *Jeruſalem*,
Be friends a while, and both conjointly bend
Your ſharpeſt deeds of malice on this Town.
By *Eaſt* and *Weſt* let *France* and *England* mount
Their battering Canon charged to the mouths,
Till their ſoul-fearing clamours have braul'd down
The flinty ribs of this contemptuous City,
I'de play inceſſantly upon theſe Jades,
Even till unfenced deſolation
Leave them as naked as the vulgar Air:
That done, diſſever your united Strengths,
And part your mingled Colours once again,
Turn face to face, and bloody point to point,
Then in a moment Fortune ſhall cull forth,
Out of one ſide, her happy Minion.
To whom in favour ſhe ſhall give the day,
And kiſs him with a glorious Victory:
How like you this wild Counſel mighty States,
Smacks it not ſomething of the policy?
John. Now by the Sky that hangs above our heads,
I like it well. *France*, ſhall we knit our Powers,
And lay this *Angiers* even with the ground,
Then after fight who ſhall be King of it?
Baſt. And if thou haſt the mettle of a King,
Being wrong'd as we are by this peeviſh Town:
Turn thou the mouth of thy Artillery,
As we will ours, againſt theſe ſaucy Walls,
And when that we have daſh'd them to the ground,
Why then defie each other, and pell-mell,
Make work upon our ſelves for Heaven or Hell.
Fran. Let it be ſo: ſay, where will you aſſault?
John. We from the *Weſt* will ſend deſtruction
Into this Cities boſom.
Auſt. I from the *North*.
Fran. Our Thunder from the *South*,
Shall rain their drift of Bullets on this Town.
Baſt. O prudent Diſcipline! From *North* to *South*:
Auſtria and *France* ſhoot in each others mouth,
I'le ſtir them to it: come away, away.
Hub. Hear us great Kings, vouchſafe a while to ſtay
And I ſhall ſhew you peace, and fair-fac'd League:
Win you this City without ſtroak, or wound,
Reſcue thoſe Breathing lives to dye in Beds,
That here come Sacrifices for the Field.
Perſevere not, but hear me mighty Kings.
John. Speak on with favour, we are bent to hear.
Hub. That Daughter there of *Spain*, the Lady *Blanch*
Is neer to *England*, look upon the years
Of *Lewis* the *Dolphin*, and that lovely Maid.
If luſty love ſhould go in queſt of Beauty,
Where ſhould he find it fairer, than in *Blanch*:
If zealous Love go in ſearch of Vertue,
Where ſhould he find it purer than in *Blanch*?
If Love ambitious, ſought a Match of Birth,
Whoſe Veins bound richer Blood than Lady *Blanch*?
Such as ſhe is, in Beauty, Vertue, Birth,
Is the young *Dolphin* every way compleat,
If not compleat of, ſay he is not ſhe,
And ſhe again wants nothing, to name want,
If want it be not, that ſhe is not he:
He is the half part of a bleſſed man,
Left to be finiſhed by ſuch as ſhe,
And ſhe a fair divided Excellence,
Whoſe fulneſs of perfection lies in him.
O two ſuch ſilver Currents when they joyn,
Do glorifie the Banks that bound them in:
And two ſuch Shores, to two ſuch Streams made one,
Two ſuch controlling Bounds ſhall you be, Kings,
To theſe two Princes, if you marry them:
This Union ſhall do more than Battery can,
To our faſt cloſed Gates: for at this Match,
With ſwifter Spleen than Powder can enforce,
The mouth of paſſage ſhall we fling wide ope,
And give you entrance: but without this Match,
The Sea enraged is not half ſo deaf,
Lyons more confident, Mountains and Rocks
More free from Motion, no not death himſelf
In mortal fury half ſo peremptory,
As we to keep this City.
Baſt. Here's a ſtay,
That ſhakes the rotten Carkaſs of old death
Out of his rags. Here's a large mouth indeed,
That ſpits forth death, and Mountains, Rocks, and Seas,
Talks as familiarly of roaring Lyons,
As Maids of thirteen do of Puppi-dogs.
What Cannoneer begot this luſty Blood,
He ſpeaks plain Cannon fire, and ſmoak, and bounce,
He gives the Baſtinado with his Tongue:
Our ears are cudgel'd, not a Word of his
But buffets better than a Fiſt of *France*;
Zounds I was never ſo bethumpt with words,
Since I firſt call'd my Brother's Father Dad.
Old Qu. Son, liſt to this conjunction, make this Match,
Give with our Neece a Dowry large enough,
For by this Knot, thou ſhalt ſo ſurely tye,
Thy now unſur'd Aſſurance to the Crown,
That yon green Boy ſhall have no Sun to ripe,
The bloom that promiſeth a mighty fruit,
I ſee a yielding in the looks of *France*:
Mark how they whiſper, urge them while their ſouls
Are capable of this ambition,
Leſt zeal now melted by the windy breath
Of ſoft petitions, pity and remorſe,
Cool and congeal again to what it was.
Hub. Why anſwer not the double Majeſties,
This friendly Treaty of our threatned Town?
Fra. Speak *England* firſt, that hath been forward firſt
To ſpeak unto this City: What ſay you?
John. If that the *Dolphin* there, thy Princely Son,
Can in this Book of Beauty read I love:
Her Dowry ſhall weigh equal with the Queen,
For *Angiers*, and fair *Torain*, *Main*, *Poyctiers*,
And all that we upon this ſide the Sea,
(Except this City now by us beſieg'd)
Find liable to our Crown and dignity,
Shall gild her Bridal Bed, and make her rich
In Titles, Honours, and Promotions,
As ſhe in Beauty, Education, Blood,
Holds hands with any Princeſs of the World.
Fra. What ſay'ſt thou, Boy? look in the Ladies face.
Dol. I do, my Lord, and in her eye I find
A wonder, or a wondrous Miracle,
The ſhadow of my ſelf form'd in her eye,
Which being but the ſhadow of your Son,
Becomes a Son, and makes your Son a ſhadow:
I do proteſt I never lov'd my ſelf
Till now, infixed I beheld my ſelf,
Drawn in the flattering Table of her eye.
[*Whiſpers with Blanch.*
Baſt. Drawn in the flattering Table of her eye,
Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow,
And quarter'd in her heart, he doth eſpie
Himſelf Loves Traitor; this is pity now,
That hang'd, and drawn, and quarter'd there ſhould be,

In ſuch a Love, ſo vile a Lout as he.
Blan. My Uncles Will in this reſpect is mine.
If he ſee ought in you that makes him like,
That any thing he ſees which moves his liking
I can with eaſe tranſlate it to my will:
Or if you will, to ſpeak more properly,
I will enforce it eaſily to my love.
Further I will not flatter you my Lord,
That all I ſee in you is worthy Love,
Than this, that nothing do I ſee in you,
Though churliſh thoughts themſelves ſhould be your Judge,
That I can find, ſhould merit any hate.
John. What ſay theſe young-ones? What ſay you my Neece?
Blan. That ſhe is bound in honour ſtill to do
What you in wiſdom ſtill vouchſafe to ſay.
John. Speak then, Prince *Dolphin*, can you love this Lady?
Dol. Nay, ask me if I can refrain from love,
For I do love her moſt unfeignedly.
John. Then do I give *Volqueſſen*, *Torain*, *Main*,
Poyctiers, and *Anjou*, theſe five Provinces
With her to thee, and this addition more,
Full thirty thouſand Marks of Engliſh Coyn;
Philip of *France*, if thou be pleas’d withall,
Command thy Son and Daughter to joyn hands.
Fran. It likes us well: young Princes, cloſe your Hands.
Auſt. And your Lips too, for I am well aſſur’d,
That I did ſo, when I was firſt aſſur’d,
Fran. Now Citizens of *Angiers* ope your Gates,
Let in that amity which you have made,
For at Saint *Marie’s* Chappel preſently,
The Rites of Marriage ſhall be ſolemniz’d.
Is not the Lady *Conſtance* in this Troop?
I know ſhe is not, for this Match made up,
Her preſence would have interrupted much,
Where is ſhe and her Son, tell me, who knows?
Dol. She is ſad and paſſionate at your Highneſs Tent.
Fran. And by my faith, this League that we have made,
Will give her ſadneſs very little cure:
Brother of *England*, how may we content
This Widow Lady? in her Right we came,
Which we, God knows, have turned another way,
To our own vantage.
John. We will heal up all,
For we’ll create young *Arthur* Duke of *Britain*
And Earl of *Richmond* and this rich fair Town
We make him Lord of. Call the Lady *Conſtance*,
Some ſpeedy Meſſenger bid her repair
To our Solemnity: I truſt we ſhall,
(If not fill up the meaſure of her will)
Yet in Some meaſure ſatisfie her ſo,
That we ſhall ſtop her Exclamation.
Go we as well as haſte will ſuffer us,
To this unlook’d for unprepared pomp. [*Exeunt.*
Baſt. Mad world, mad Kings, mad Compoſition;
John, to ſtop *Arthurs* Title in the whole,
Hath willingly departed with a part,
And *France*, whoſe Armour Conſcience buckled on,
Whom Zeal and Charity brought to the Field,
As Gods own Souldier, rounded in the ear
With that ſame Purpoſe-changer, that ſlye Devil
That Broker, that ſtill breaks the pate of Faith,
That daily Break-Vow, he that wins of all,
Of Kings, of Beggars, old men, young men, maids,
Who having no external thing to loſe,
But the word Maid, cheats the poor Maid of that.
That ſmooth-fac’d Gentleman, tickling Commodity,
Commodity, the byas of the World,
The World, who of it ſelf is poyſed well,
Made to run even, upon even ground:
Till this advantage, this vile drawing byas,
This ſway of motion, this Commodity,
Makes it take head from all indifferency,
From all direction, purpoſe, courſe, intent.
And this ſame Byas, this Commodity,
This Bawd, this Broker, that all-changing-world,
Clapt on the outward eye of fickle *France*,
Hath drawn him from his own determin’d aid,
From a reſolv’d and honourable War,
To a moſt baſe and vile concluded Peace.
And why rail I on this Commodity?
But for becauſe he hath not wooed me yet:
Not that I have the power to clutch my Hand,
When his fair Angels would ſalute my Palm,
But for my hand, as unattempted yet,
Like a poor Beggar, raileth on the Rich.
Well, whiles I am a Beggar, I will rail,
And ſay there is no ſin but to be rich,
And being Rich my Vertue then ſhall be,
To ſay there is no Vice, but Beggary,
Since Kings break Faith upon Commodity,
Gain be my Lord, for I will worſhip thee. [*Exit.*

Actus Secundus.

Enter Conſtance, Arthur, and Salisbury.

Conſt. Gone to be married? gone to ſwear a peace?
Falſe blood to falſe blood joyn’d. Gone to be Friends?
Shall *Lewis* have *Blanch*, and *Blanch* thoſe Provinces?
It is not ſo, thou haſt miſpoke, miſheard,
Be well adviſ’d, tell o’re thy tale again.
It cannot be, thou doſt but ſay ’tis ſo.
I truſt I may not truſt thee, for thy word
Is but the vain breath of a common man:
Believe me, I do not believe thee man,
I have a Kings Oath to the contrary.
Thou ſhalt be puniſh’d for thus frighting me,
For I am ſick, and capable of fears.
Oppreſt with wrongs, and therefore full of fears,
A Widow, Husbandleſs, ſubject to fears,
A Woman naturally born to fears;
And though thou now confeſs thou didſt but jeſt
With my vext Spirits, I cannot take a Truce,
But they will quake and tremble all this day.
What doſt thou mean by ſhaking of thy head?
Why doſt thou look ſo ſadly on my Son?
What means that hand upon that breaſt of thine?
Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheume,
Like a proud river peering o’re his bounds?
Be theſe ſad ſigns confirmers of thy words?
Then ſpeak again; not all thy former tale,
But this one word, whether thy tale be true.
Sal. As true, as I believe you think them falſe,
That give you cauſe to prove my ſaying true.
Conſt. Oh if thou teach me to believe this ſorrow,
Teach thou this ſorrow how to make me dye,
And let belief, and life encounter ſo,
As doth the fury of two deſperate men,
Which in the very meeting fall and dye.
Lewis marry *Blanch*? O Boy, then where art thou?
France friend with *England*, what becomes of me?
Fellow be gone: I cannot brook thy ſight,
This news hath made thee a moſt ugly man.
Sal. What other harm have I, good Lady, done,
But ſpoke the harm, that is by others done.
Conſt. Which harm within it ſelf ſo hainous is,
As it makes harmful all that ſpeak of it.
Arthur. I do beſeech you, Madam, be content.
Conſt. If thou that bidſt me be content, wert grim,
Ugly, and ſlandrous to thy Mothers Womb,
Full of unpleaſing blots, and ſightleſs ſtains,
Lame, fooliſh, crooked, ſwart, prodigious,
Patch’d with foul Moles, and eye-offending marks,
I would not care, I then would be content,
For then I ſhould not love thee: no, nor thou
Become thy great Birth, nor deſerve a Crown.

But thou art fair, and at thy birth (dear Boy)
Nature and Fortune joyn'd to make thee great.
Of Natures Gifts thou may'ſt with Lillies boaſt,
And with the half blown Roſe. But Fortune, oh,
She is corrupted, chang'd, and won from thee,
Sh' adulterates hourly with thy Uncle *John*,
And with her golden hand hath pluckt on *France*
To tread down fair reſpect of Soveraignty,
And made his Majeſty the Bawd to theirs.
France is a Bawd to Fortune, and King *John*,
That ſtrumpet Fortune, that uſurping *John* :
Tell me, thou fellow, is not *France* forſworn ?
Envenom him with words, or get thee gone,
And leave theſe woes alone, which I alone
Am bound to under-bear.

Sal. Pardon me, Madam,
I may not go without you to the Kings.

Conſt. Thou mayeſt, thou ſhalt, I will not go with thee.
I will inſtruct my ſorrows to be proud,
For grief is proud, and makes his owner ſtoop;
To me and to the ſtate of my great grief,
Let Kings aſſemble: for my grief's ſo great,
That no Supporter but the huge firm Earth
Can hold it up: here I and ſorrows ſit,
Here is my Throne, bid Kings come bow to it.

Actus Tertius, Scæna prima.

Enter King John, France, Delphin, Blanch, Elianor, Philip, Auſtria, Conſtance.

Fran. 'Tis true (fair Daughter) and this bleſſed day,
Ever in *France* ſhall be kept Feſtival:
To ſolemnize this day the glorious Sun
Stays in his courſe, and plays the Alchymiſt,
Turning with ſplendour of his precious eye
The meager cloddy Earth to glittering Gold:
The yearly courſe that brings this day about,
Shall never ſee it, but a Holy-day.

Conſt. A wicked day, and not a Holy-day.
What hath this day deſerv'd? what hath it done,
That it in golden Letters ſhould be ſet
Among the high Tides in the Kalendar?
Nay, rather turn this day out of the Week,
This day of Shame, Oppreſſion, Perjury.
Or if it muſt ſtand ſtill, let Wives with Child
Pray that their Burthens may not fall this day,
Leſt that their hopes prodigiouſly be croſt:
But (on this day) let Sea-men fear no wrack,
No bargains break that are not this day made;
This day all things begun, come to ill end,
Yea, faith it ſelf, to hollow falſhood change.

Fran. By Heaven, Lady you ſhall have no cauſe
To curſe the fair Proceedings of this day:
Have I not pawn'd to you my Majeſty?

Conſt. You have beguil'd me with a Counterfeit
Reſembling Majeſty, which being touch'd and try'd,
Proves valueleſs: you are forſworn, forſworn,
You came in Arms to ſpill my Enemies Blood,
But now in Arms, you ſtrengthen it with yours.
The grapling vigor, and rough frown of War
Is cold in amity, and painted peace,
And our Oppreſſion hath made up this League:
Arm, arm, you Heavens, againſt theſe perjur'd Kings,
A Widow cryes, be Husband to me (Heavens)
Let not the hours of this ungodly day
Wear out the days in peace: but e're Sun-ſet,
Set armed diſcord 'twixt theſe perjur'd Kings,
Hear me, Oh, hear me.

Auſt. Lady *Conſtance*, peace.

Conſt. War, war, no peace, Peace is to me a War:
O *Lymoges*, O *Auſtria*, thou doſt ſhame
That bloudy ſpoil: thou Slave, thou Wretch, thou Coward,
Thou Little Valiant, Great in Villany:
Thou ever ſtrong upon the ſtronger ſide;
Thou Fortunes Champion, that doſt never fight
But when her humorous Ladyſhip is by
To teach thee ſafety: thou art perjur'd too.
And ſooth'ſt up greatneſs. What a Fool art thou,
A ramping Fool, to brag, to ſtamp, and ſwear,
Upon my Party: thou cold-blouded Slave,
Haſt thou not ſpoke like Thunder on my ſide?
Been ſworn my Souldier, bidding me depend
Upon thy Stars, thy Fortune, and thy Strength,
And doſt thou now fall over to my Foes?
Thou wears a Lyons hide? doff it for ſhame,
And hang a Calves-skin on thoſe recreant Limbs.

Auſt. O that a man ſhould ſpeak thoſe words to me.

Phil. And hang a Calves-skin on thoſe recreant Limbs.

Auſt. Thou dar'ſt not ſay ſo, Villain, for thy life.

Phil. And hang a Calves-skin on thoſe recreant Limbs.

John. We like not this, thou doſt forget thy ſelf.

Enter Pandulph.

Fran. Here comes the holy Legate of the Pope.

Pan. Hail you anointed Deputies of Heaven;
To thee King *John* my holy errand is:
I *Pandulph* of fair *Millane* Cardinal,
And from Pope *Innocent* the Legate here,
Do in his Name religiouſly demand
Why thou againſt the Church, our holy Mother,
So wilfully doſt ſpurn, and force perforce
Keep *Stephen Langton*, choſen Archbiſhop
Of *Canterbury*, from that holy See:
This in our foreſaid holy Fathers Name,
Pope *Innocent*, I do demand of thee.

John. What earthy name to Interrogarories
Can taſte the free-breath of a ſacred King?
Thou canſt not (Cardinal) deviſe a name
So ſlight, unworthy, and ridiculous
To charge me to an anſwer, as the Pope:
Tell him this tale, and from the mouth of *England*,
Add thus much more, that no *Italian* Prieſt
Shall tythe or toll in our Dominions:
But as we, under Heaven, are ſupream head,
So under him that great Supremacy
Where we do Reign, we will alone uphold
Without th' aſſiſtance of a mortal hand:
So tell the Pope, all Reverence ſet apart
To him and his uſurp'd Authority.

Fran. Brother of *England*, you blaſpheme in this.

John. Though you, and all the Kings of Chriſtendom
Are led ſo groſly by this medling Prieſt,
Dreading the Curſe that Money may buy out,
And, by the merit of vile Gold, droſs, duſt,
Purchaſe corrupted Pardon of a man,
Who in that ſale ſells Pardon from himſelf:
Though you, and all the reſt ſo groſly led,
This jugling witch-craft with Revenue cheriſh,
Yet I alone, alone, do me oppoſe
Againſt the Pope, and count his Friends my Foes.

Pand. Then by the lawful power that I have,
Thou ſhalt ſtand curſt, and excommunicate,
And bleſſed ſhall he be that doth revolt
From his Allegiance to an Heretique,
And meritorious ſhall that hand be call'd,
Canonized and woſhipp'd as a Saint,
That takes away by any ſecret courſe
Thy hateful life.

Conſt. O lawful let it be
That I have room with *Rome* to curſe a while,
Good Father Cardinal, cry thou Amen
To my keen Curſes; for without my Wrong
There is no Tongue hath power to curſe him right.

Pan. There's Law and Warrant (Lady) for my curſe.

Conſt. And for mine too, when Law can do no right.
Let it be lawful, that Law bar no wrong:
Law cannot give my Child his Kingdom here;
For he that holds his Kingdom, holds the Law;
Therefore ſince Law it ſelf is perfect wrong,
How can the Law forbid my Tongue to curſe?
Pand. Philip of *France*, on peril of a curſe,
Let go the hand of that Arch-heretique,
And raiſe the Power of *France* upon his head,
Unleſs he do ſubmit himſelf to *Rome*.
Elea. Look'ſt thou pale, *France*? do not let go thy hand.
Conſt. Look to that Devil, leſt that *France* repent,
And by disjoyning hands Hell loſe a Soul.
Auſt. King *Philip*, liſten to the Cardinal.
Baſt. And hang a Calves-skin on his recreant Limbs.
Auſt. Well, Ruffian, I muſt pocket up theſe wrongs,
Becauſe,
Baſt. Your Breeches beſt may carry them.
John. Philip, what ſay'ſt thou to the Cardinal?
Conſt. What ſhould he ſay, but as the Cardinal?
Dolph. Bethink you Father, for the difference
Is purchaſe of a heavie Curſe from *Rome*,
Or the light loſs of *England* for a Friend:
Forgo the eaſier.
Bla. That is the Curſe of *Rome*.
Con. O *Lewis*, ſtand faſt, the Devil tempts thee here
In likeneſs of a new untrimmed Bride.
Bla. The Lady *Conſtance* ſpeaks not from her Faith:
But from her Need.
Conſt. Oh, if thou grant my Need,
Which onely lives but by the death of Faith,
That Need, muſt needs infer this Principle,
That Faith would live again by death of Need:
O then tread down my Need, and Faith mounts up;
Keep my Need up, and Faith is trodden down.
John. The King is moved, and anſwers not to this.
Conſt. O be remov'd from him, and anſwer well:
Auſt. Do ſo, King *Philip*, hang no more in doubt.
Baſt. Hang nothing but a Calves-skin, moſt ſweet lout.
Fran. I am perplext, and know not what to ſay.
Pan. What canſt thou ſay, but will perplex thee more?
If thou ſtand excommunicate, and curſt?
Fran. Good reverend Father, make my perſon yours,
And tell me how you would beſtow your ſelf?
This Royal hand, and mine are newly knit,
And the conjunction of our inward ſouls
Married in league, coupled and link'd together
With all Religious ſtrength of ſacred Vows:
The lateſt breath, that gave the ſound of words,
Was deep ſworn Faith, Peace, Amity, true Love
Between our Kingdoms and our Royal ſelves,
And even before this Truce, but new before,
No longer than we well could waſh our hands,
To clap this Royal bargain up in Peace,
Heaven knows they were beſmear'd and over ſtain'd
With Slaughter's Pencil; where Revenge did paint
The fearful difference of incenſed Kings:
And ſhall theſe hands ſo lately purg'd of Blood?
So newly joyn'd in love? ſo ſtrong in both,
Unyoke this ſeiſure, and this kind regreet?
Play faſt and looſe with Faith? ſo jeſt with Heaven,
Make ſuch unconſtant Children of our ſelves,
As now again to ſnatch our Palm from Palm?
Un-ſwear Faith ſworn, and on the Marriage-bed
Of ſmiling Peace to march a bloody Hoaſt,
And make a riot on the gentle brow
Of true ſincerity? O holy Sir,
My reverend Father, let it not be ſo;
Out of your grace, deviſe, ordain, impoſe
Some gentle Order, and then we ſhall be bleſt
To do your pleaſure, and continue Friends.
Pand. All Form is form'leſs, Order orderleſs,
Save what is oppoſite to *England*'s love.
Therefore to Arms, be Champion of our Church,
Or let the Church our Mother breathe her curſe,
A Mothers curſe, on her revolting Son.
France, thou may'ſt hold a Serpent by the Tongue,
A caſed Lyon by the mortal Paw,
A faſting Tyger ſafer by the Tooth,
Than keep in peace that hand which thou doſt hold.
Fran. I may dis-joyn my Hand, but not my Faith.
Pand. So mak'ſt thou Faith an Enemy to Faith,
And like a Civil War ſet'ſt Oath to Oath,
Thy Tongue againſt thy Tongue. O let thy Vow
Firſt made to Heaven, firſt be to Heaven perform'd,
That is, to be the Champion of our Church,
What ſince thou ſwor'ſt, is ſworn againſt thy ſelf,
And may not be performed by thy ſelf,
For that which thou haſt ſworn to do amiſs,
Is not amiſs when it is truly done:
And being not done, where doing tends to ill,
The truth is then moſt done, not doing it:
The better Act of Purpoſes miſtook,
Is to miſtake again, though indirect,
Yet indirection thereby grows direct,
And falſehood, falſehood cures, as fire cools fire
Within the ſcorching veins of one new burn'd.
It is Religion that doth make Vows kept,
But thou haſt ſworn againſt Religion:
By what thou ſwear'ſt, againſt the thing thou ſwear'ſt:
And mak'ſt an Oath the ſurety for thy Truth;
Againſt an Oath the Truth, thou art unſure
To ſwear, ſwears, only not to be forſworn,
Elſe what a mockery ſhould it be to ſwear?
But thou doſt ſwear, only to be forſworn,
And moſt forſworn, to keep what thou doſt ſwear,
Therefore thy latter Vows, againſt thy firſt,
Is in thy ſelf Rebellion to thy ſelf:
And better Conqueſt never canſt thou make,
Than arm thy conſtant and thy nobler parts
Againſt theſe giddy looſe ſuggeſtions:
Upon which better part, our Pray'rs come in
If thou vouchſafe them. But if not, then know
The peril of our Curſes light on thee
So heavy, as thou ſhalt not ſhake them off,
But in deſpair, dye under their black weight.
Auſt. Rebellion, flat Rebellion.
Baſt. Will't not be?
Will not a Calves-skin ſtop that mouth of thine?
Daul. Father, to Arms.
Blanch. Upon thy Wedding-day?
Againſt the blood that thou haſt married?
What ſhall our Feaſt be kept with ſlaughtered men?
Shall braying Trumpets, and loud churliſh Drums,
Clamours of Hell, be meaſures to our Pomp?
O Husband, hear me: ay, alack, how new
Is Husband in my Mouth? even for that Name
Which till this time my Tongue did ne're pronounce;
Upon my knee I beg, go not to Arms
Againſt mine Uncle.
Conſt. O, upon my knee, made hard with kneeling,
I do pray to thee, thou vertuous *Daulphin*,
Alter not the Doom fore-thought by Heaven.
Blan. Now ſhall I ſee thy love, what motive may
Be ſtronger with thee than the Name of Wife?
Conſt. That which upholdeth him, that thee upholds,
His Honour. Oh thine Honour, *Lewis*, thine Honour.
Dolph. I muſe your Majeſty doth ſeem ſo cold,
When ſuch profound Reſpects do pull you on?
Pand. I will denounce a Curſe upon his head.
Fran. Thou ſhalt not need. *England*, I will fall from thee.
Conſt. O fair return of baniſh'd Majeſty.
Elea. O foul revolt of *French* Inconſtancy.
Eng. France, thou ſhalt rue this hour within this hour.
Baſt. Old Time the Clock-Setter, that bald Sexton, Time,
Is it as he will? well then, *France* ſhall rue.
Blan. The Sun's o'recaſt with Blood: fair day adieu.
Which is the ſide that I muſt go withall?

I am with both, each Army hath a hand,
And in their rage, I having hold of both,
They whurle aſunder, and diſmember me.
Husband, I cannot pray that thou may'ſt win:
Uncle, I needs muſt pray that thou may'ſt loſe:
Father, I may not wiſh the fortune thine:
Grandam, I will not wiſh thy wiſhes thrive:
Who ever wins, on that ſide ſhall I loſe:
Aſſured loſs, before the match be plaid.
Dolph. Lady, with me, with me thy Fortune lies.
Bla. There where my Fortune lives, there my life dies.
John. *Coſen*, go draw our Puiſſance together;
France, I am burn'd up with inflaming wrath,
A rage, whoſe heat hath this condition;
That nothing can allay, nothing but Blood,
The Blood and deareſt valued Blood of *France*.
Fran. Thy rage ſhall burn thee up, and thou ſhall turn
To aſhes, e're our blood ſhall quench that fire:
Look to thy ſelf, thou art in jeopardy.
John. No more than he that threats. To Arms let's hie.
[*Exeunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

Allarms, Excurſions: Enter Baſtard with Auſtria's head.

Baſt. Now by my life, this day grows wondrous hot,
Some ayery Devil hovers in the skie,
And pours down miſchief. *Auſtria's* head lye there,

Enter John, Arthur, Hubert.

While *Philip* breathes.
John. *Hubert*, keep this Boy: *Philip* make up,
My Mother is aſſailed in our Tent,
And tane, I fear.
Baſt. My Lord I reſcued her.
Her Highneſs is in ſafety, fear you not:
But on, my Liege, for very little Pains
Will bring this labour to an happy end. [*Exit.*

Alarms, Excurſions, Retreat. Enter John Eleanor, Arthur, Baſtard, Hubert, Lords.

John. So ſhall it be: your grace ſhall ſtay behind
So ſtrongly guarded: Coſen, look not ſad,
Thy Grandam loves thee, and thy Uncle will
As dear be to thee, as thy Father was.
Arth. O this will make my Mother die with grief.
John. Coſen, away for *England*, haſte before,
And e're our coming ſee thou ſhake the Bags
Of hoarding Abbots, impriſoned Angels
Set at liberty: The fat ribs of Peace
Muſt by the hungry now be fed upon:
Uſe our Commiſſion in his utmoſt force.
Baſt. Bell, Book, and Candle, ſhall not drive me back,
When Gold and Silver becks me to come on.
I leave your Highneſs: Grandam, I will pray
(If ever I remember to be holy)
For your fair ſafety; ſo I kiſs your hand.
Ele. Farewell, gentle Coſen.
John. Coz, farewell.
Ele. Come hither little Kinſman, hark, a word.
John. Come hither, *Hubert*. O my gentle *Hubert*,
We owe thee much: within this wall of fleſh
There is a Soul counts thee her Creditor,
And with advantage means to pay thy love:
And, my good Friend, thy voluntary Oath
Lives in this boſom, dearly cheriſhed.
Give me thy hand, I had a thing to ſay,
But I will fit it with ſome better tune.
By Heaven, *Hubert*, I am almoſt aſham'd
To ſay what good reſpect I have of thee.
Hub. I am much bounden to your Majeſty.
John. Good Friend, thou haſt no cauſe to ſay ſo yet,
But thou ſhalt have: and creep time ne're ſo ſlow,
Yet it ſhall come for me to do thee good.
I had a thing to ſay, but let it go:
The Sun is in the Heaven, and the proud day,
Attended with the pleaſure of the world,
Is all too wanton, and too full of gawds,
To give me audience, if the midnight Bell
Did with his Iron Tongue, and Brazen Mouth
Sound on into the drowſie race of night:
If this ſame were a Church-yard where we ſtand,
And thou poſſeſſed with a thouſand Wrongs:
Or if that ſurly Spirit, Melancholly,
Had bak'd thy Blood, and made it heavy, thick,
Which elſe runs tickling up and down the Veins,
Making that idiot Laughter keep mens Eies,
And ſtrain their Cheeks to idle Merriment,
A paſſion hateful to my Purpoſes:
Or if that thou couldſt ſee me without Eies,
Hear me without thine Ears, and make reply
Without a Tongue, uſing conceit alone,
VVithout Eies, Ears, and harmful ſound of VVords:
Then, in deſpight of brooded watchful day,
I would into thy boſom pour my thoughts:
But (ah) I will not, yet I love thee well,
And by my troth I think thou lov'ſt me well.
Hub. So well, that what you bid me undertake,
Though that my death were adjunct to my Act,
By Heaven I would do it.
John. Do not I know thou wouldſt?
Good *Hubert*, *Hubert*, *Hubert* throw thine eye
On yon young Boy: I'le tell thee what, my Friend,
He is a very Serpent in my way,
And whereſoe're this Foot of mine doth tread,
He lyes before me: doſt thou underſtand me?
Thou art his Keeper.
Hub. And I'le keep him ſo,
That he ſhall not offend your Majeſty.
John. Death.
Hub. My Lord.
John. A Grave.
Hub. He ſhall not live.
John. Enough.
I could be merry now, *Hubert*, I love thee.
Well, I'le not ſay what I intend for thee:
Remember: Madam, fare you well.
I'le ſend thoſe Powers o're to your Majeſty.
Ele. My bleſſing go with thee.
John. For *England* Coſen, go.
Hubert ſhall be your man, to attend on you
With all true duty: on toward *Callice*, hoa. [*Exeunt.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter France, Dolphin, Pandupho. Attendants.

Fran. So by a roaring Tempeſt on the Flood,
A whole Armado of convicted Sail
Is ſcattered and disjoyned from fellowſhip.
Pand. Courage and comfort, all ſhall yet go well.
Fran. What can go well, when we have run ſo ill?
Are we not beaten? Is not *Angiers* loſt?
Arthur tane Priſoner? divers dear Friends ſlain?
And bloody *England* into *England* gone,
O're-bearing Interruption ſpight of *France*?
Dol. What he hath won, that hath he fortified:
So hot a ſpeed, with ſuch Advice diſpos'd,
Such temperate Order in ſo fierce a Cauſe,
Doth want Example: who hath read, or heard
Of any kindred-action like to this?

Fran. Well could I bear that *England* had this Praiſe,
So we could find ſome Pattern of our Shame.
Enter Conſtance.
Look, who comes here ? a Grave unto a Soul,
Holding th'eternal Spirit againſt her Will,
In the vile Priſon of afflicted Breath :
I Prethee, Lady, go away with me.
Conſt. Lo, now : now ſee the iſſue of your Peace.
Fran. Patience, good Lady, comfort gentle *Conſtance.*
Conſt. No, I defie all Counſel, all Redreſs,
But that which ends all Counſel, true Redreſs,
Death, Death, O amiable, lovely Death,
Thou odoriferous ſtench : ſound rottenneſs,
Ariſe forth from the Couch of laſting Night,
Thou hate and terror to Proſperity,
And I will kiſs thy deteſtable Bones.
And put my eye-balls in thy vaulty Brows,
And ring theſe Fingers with thy houſhold Worms,
And ſtop this gap of breath with fulſom duſt,
And be a Carrion Monſter like thy ſelf :
Come, grin on me, and I will think thou ſmil'ſt,
And buſs thee as thy Wife : Miſeries Love,
O come to me.
Fran. O fair Affliction, Peace.
Conſt. No, no, I will not, having breath to cry :
O that my Tongue were in the Thunders Mouth,
Then with a Paſſion I would ſhake the World,
And rowze from ſleep that fell Anatomy
VVhich cannot hear a Ladys feeble Voice,
VVhich ſcorns a modern Invocation.
Pand. Lady, you utter madneſs, and not ſorrow.
Conſt. Thou art not holy to belye me ſo,
I am not mad : this hair I tear is mine,
My name is *Conſtance*, I was *Geffrey*'s Wife,
Young *Arthur* is my Son, and he is loſt :
I am not mad, I would to Heaven I were,
For then 'tis like I ſhould forget my ſelf:
O, if I could, what grief ſhould I forget
Preach ſome Philoſophy to make me mad,
And thou ſhalt be Canoniz'd (Cardinal)
For, being not mad, but ſenſible of grief,
My reaſonable part produces Reaſon
How I may be deliver'd of theſe Woes,
And teaches me to kill or hang my ſelf :
If I were mad, I ſhould forget my Son,
Or madly think a Babe of Clouts were he ;
I am not mad : too well, too well I feel
The different Plague of each Calamity.
Fran. Bind up thoſe Treſſes : O what love I note
In the fair multitude of thoſe her Hairs ;
Where but by chance a ſilver drop hath faln,
Even to that drop ten thouſand wiery Fiends
Do glew themſelves in ſociable grief,
Like true, inſeparable, faithful Loves,
Sticking together in Calamity.
Conſt. To *England*, if you will.
Fran. Bind up your Hairs.
Conſt. Yes, that I will : and wherefore will I do it ?
I tore them from their Bonds, and cry'd aloud,
O, that theſe hands could ſo redeem my Son,
As they have given theſe Hairs their liberty :
But now I envy at their Liberty :
And will again commit them to their Bonds,
Becauſe my poor Child is a Priſoner.
And Father Cardinal, I have heard you ſay
That we ſhall ſee and know our Friends in Heaven :
If that be true, I ſhall ſee my Boy again :
For ſince the birth of *Cain*, the firſt Male-child
To him that did but yeſterday ſuſpire,
There was not ſuch a gracious Creature born :
But now will Canker-ſorrow eat my Bud,
And chaſe the native Beauty from his Cheek,
And he will look as hollow as a Ghoſt,
As dim and meager as an Agues fit,
And ſo he'l dye : and riſing ſo again,
When I ſhall meet him in the Court of Heaven
I ſhall not know him : therefore never, never
Muſt I behold my Pretty *Arthur* more.
Pand. You hold too hainous a reſpect of grief.
Conſt. He talks to me that never had a Son.
Fran. You are as fond of Grief, as of your Child.
Conſt. Grief fills the room up of my abſent Child :
Lies in his Bed, walks up and down with me,
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his Form,
Then have I reaſon to be fond of grief ?
Fare you well : had you ſuch a loſs as I,
I could give better comfort than you do.
I will not keep this Form upon my head,
VVhen there is ſuch diſorder in my Wit :
O Lord, my Boy, my *Arthur*, my fair Son,
My life, my joy, my food, my all the world.
My Widow-comfort, and my Sorrows cure. [*Exit.*
Fran. I fear ſome outrage, and I'le follow her. [*Exit.*
Dol. There's nothing in this world can make me joy.
Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,
Vexing the dull ear of a drowſie man ;
And bitter ſhame hath ſpoil'd the ſweet words taſte,
That it yields nought but ſhame and bitterneſs.
Pand. Before the curing of a ſtrong diſeaſe,
Even in the inſtant of repair and health,
The fit is ſtrongeſt : evils that take leave,
On their departure, moſt of all ſhew evil :
What have you loſt by loſing of this day ?
Dol. All days of glory, joy, and happineſs.
Pand. If you had won it, certainly you had.
No, no : when Fortune means to men moſt good,
She looks upon them with a threatning Eye :
'Tis ſtrange to think how much King *John* hath loſt
In this which he accounts ſo clearly won :
Are not you griev'd that *Arthur* is his Priſoner ?
Dol. As heartily as he is glad he hath him.
Pand. Your Mind is all as youthful as your Blood.
Now hear me ſpeak with a Prophetick Spirit :
For even the breath of what I mean to ſpeak,
Shall blow each duſt, each ſtraw, each little rub
Out of the Path which ſhall directly lead
Thy foot to *England*'s Throne. And therefore mark :
John hath ſeiz'd *Arthur*, and it cannot be,
That whiles warm life plays in that Infants veins,
The miſplac'd-*John* ſhould entertain an hour,
One minute, nay one quiet breath of reſt.
A Scepter ſnatch'd with an unruly hand,
Muſt be as boyſterouſly maintain'd as gain'd.
And he that ſtands upon a ſlipp'ry place,
Makes nice of no vile hold to ſtay him up :
That *John* may ſtand, then *Arthur* needs muſt fall,
So be it, for it cannot be but ſo.
Dol. But what ſhall I gain by young *Arthur*'s fall ?
Pand. You, in the right of Lady *Blanch* your Wife,
May then make all the Claim that *Arthur* did.
Dol. And loſe it, life and all, as *Arthur* did.
Pand. How green you are, and freſh in this old world?
John lays you Plots : the Times conſpire with you,
For he that ſteeps his ſafety in true Blood,
Shall find but bloody ſafety and untrue.
This Act ſo evilly born ſhall cool the hearts
Of all his people, and freeze up their zeal,
That none ſo ſmall advantage ſhall ſtep forth
To check his Reign, but they will cheriſh it.
No natural exhalation in the Skie,
No ſcope of Nature, no diſtemper'd Day,
No common Wind, no cuſtomed Event,
But they will pluck away his Natural Cauſe,
And call them Meteors, Prodigies, and Signs,
Abortives, Preſages, and Tongues of Heaven,
Plainly denouncing Vengeance upon *John.*

Dol. May be he will not touch young *Arthur*'s life,
But hold himſelf ſafe in his Priſonment.
Pand. O Sir, when he ſhall hear of your approach,
If that young *Arthur* be not gone already,
Even at this news he dies: and then the hearts
Of all his People ſhall revolt from him,
And kiſs the lips of unacquainted Change,
And pick ſtrong matter of Revolt, and Wrath
Out of the Bloody Fingers ends of *John.*
Methinks I ſee this Hurley all on foot;
And O, what better matter breeds for you,
Than I have nam'd. The Baſtard *Faulconbridge*
Is now in *England* ranſacking the Church,
Offending Charity: If but a dozen *French*
Were there in Arms, they would be as a Call
To train ten thouſand *Engliſh* to their ſide;
Or, as a little ſnow, tumbled about,
Anon becomes a mountain. O noble *Dolphin*,
Go with me to the King, 'tis wonderful,
What may be wrought out of their Diſcontent,
Now that their Souls are top full of Offence,
For *England* go; I will whet on the King.
Dol. Strong Reaſons makes ſtrong Actions: let us go,
If you ſay I, the King will not ſay no. [*Exeunt*

Actus Quintus. Scæna prima.

Enter Hubert *and Executioners.*

Hub. Heat me theſe Irons hot, and look thou ſtand
Within the Arras: when I ſtrike my foot
Upon the boſom of the ground, ruſh forth
And bind the Boy, which you ſhall find with me,
Faſt to the Chair: be heedful: hence, and watch.
Exec. I hope your Warrant will bear out the Deed!
Hub. Uncleanly Scruples, fear not you: look to't.
Young Lad come forth; I have to ſay with you.
Enter Arthur.
Ar. Good morrow, *Hubert.*
Hub. Good morrow, little Prince.
Ar. As little Prince, having ſo great a Title
To be more Prince, as may be: you are ſad.
Hub. Indeed I have been merrier.
Ar. Mercy on me:
Methinks no body ſhould be ſad but I:
Yet I remember when I was in *France*
Young Gentlemen would be as ſad as night
Only for wantonneſs: by my Chriſtendom,
So I were out of Priſon, and kept Sheep,
I ſhould be as merry as the day is long:
And ſo I would be here, but that I doubt
My Uncle practiſes more harm to me:
He is afraid of me, and I of him:
Is it my fault that I was *Geffrey*'s Son?
No indeed is't not, and I would to Heaven
I were your Son, ſo you would love me, *Hubert.*
Hub. If I talk to him, with his innocent prate
He will awake my Mercy, which lyes dead:
Therefore I will be ſudden, and diſpatch.
Ar. Are you ſick, *Hubert*? you look pale to day;
Inſooth I would you were a little ſick,
That I might ſit all night and watch with you.
I warrant I love you more than you do me.
Hub. His words do take poſſeſſion of my Boſom.
Read here, young *Arthur.* How now fooliſh rheume?
Turning diſpitious Torture out of door?
I muſt be brief, leſt Reſolution drop
Out at mine Eyes, in tender Womaniſh Tears.
Can you not read it? Is it not fair writ?
Ar. Too fairly, *Hubert*, for ſo foul Effect,
Muſt you with hot Irons burn out both mine Eyes?
Hub. Young Boy, I muſt.
Ar. And will you?
Hub. And I will.
Ar. Have you the heart? When your head did but ake,
I knit my Hand-kercher about your Brows
(The beſt I had, a Princeſs wrought it me)
And I did never ask it you again:
And with my Hand, at midnight held your Head;
And like the watchful Minutes, to the Hour,
Still and anon chear'd up the heavy time;
Saying, what lack you? and where lies your grief?
Or what good love may I perform for you?
Many a poor mans Son would have lain ſtill,
And ne're have ſpoke a loving word to you:
But you, at your ſick ſervice had a Prince:
Nay, you may think my love was crafty love,
And call it cunning. Do, and if you will,
If Heaven be pleas'd, that you muſt uſe me ill,
Why then you muſt. Will you put out mine Eies?
Theſe Eies, that never did, nor never ſhall
So much as frown on you.
Hub. I have ſworn to do it,
And with hot Irons muſt I burn them out.
Ar. Ah, none but in this Iron age, would do it:
The Iron of it ſelf, though heat red hot,
Approaching near theſe Eies, would drink my tears,
And quench this fiery Indignation,
Even in the matter of mine Innocence:
Nay, after that, conſume away in Ruſt,
But for containing Fire to harm mine Eye:
Are you more ſtubborn hard, than hammer'd Iron?
And if an Angel ſhould have come to me,
And told me *Hubert* ſhould put out mine Eyes,
I would not have believ'd him: no Tongue but *Hubert*'s.
Hub. Come forth: Do as I bid you do.
Ar. O ſave me, *Hubert*, ſave me: my Eies are out
Even with the fierce looks of theſe bloody men.
Hub. Give me the Iron, I ſay, and bind him here.
Ar. Alas, what need you be ſo boiſterous rough?
I will not ſtruggle, I will ſtand ſtone ſtill:
For Heaven ſake, *Hubert*, let me not be bound:
Nay, hear me, *Hubert*, drive theſe men away,
And I will ſit as quiet as a Lamb.
I will not ſtir, nor wince, nor ſpeak a word,
Nor look upon the Iron angerly:
Thruſt but theſe men away, and I'le forgive you,
What ever torment you do put me to.
Hub. Go, ſtand within: let me alone with him.
Exec. I am beſt pleas'd to be from ſuch a deed.
Art. Alas, I then have chid away my Friend,
He hath a ſtern Look, but a gentle Heart:
Let him come back, that his compaſſion may
Give life to yours.
Hub. Come (Boy) prepare your ſelf.
Ar. Is there no remedy?
Hub. None, but to loſe your Eyes.
Art. O Heaven: that there were but a Moth in yours,
A Grain, a Duſt, a Gnat, a wandring Hair,
Any Annoyance in that precious ſenſe:
Then feeling what ſmall things are boiſterous there,
Your vile intent muſt needs ſeem horrible.
Hub. Is this your Promiſe? Go too, hold your Tongue.
Ar. *Hubert*, the utterance of a brace of Tongues,
Muſt needs want pleading for a pair of Eyes:
Let me not hold my Tongue, let me not, *Hubert*,
Or, *Hubert*, if you will, cut out my Tongue,
So I may keep mine Eies, O ſpare mine Eies,
Though to no uſe, but ſtill to look on you.
Lo, by my troth, the inſtrument is cold,
And would not harm me.
Hub. I can heat it, Boy.
Ar. No, in good ſooth, the fire is dead with grief,
Being create for comfort, to be us'd
In undeſerved Extreams: ſee elſe your ſelf,
There is no malice in this burning coal,

The breath of Heaven hath blown his Spirit out,
And ſtrew'd repentant aſhes on his head.
Hub. But with my breath I can revive it, Boy.
Art. And if you do, you will but make it bluſh,
And glow with ſhame of your proceedings, *Hubert*:
Nay, it perchance will ſparkle in your Eyes:
And, like a Dog that is compell'd to fight,
Snatch at his Maſter that doth tarre him on.
All things that you ſhould uſe to do me wrong
Deny their Office: only you do lack
That Mercy which fierce Fire, and Iron extends,
Creatures of note for Mercy, lacking uſes.
Hub. Well, ſee to live: I will not touch thine Eye
For all the Treaſure that thine Uncle owes,
Yet am I ſworn, and I did purpoſe, Boy,
With this ſame very Iron, to burn them out.
Art. O now you look like *Hubert*. All this while
You were diſguis'd.
Hub. Peace: no more. Adieu,
Your Uncle muſt not know but you are dead.
I'le fill theſe dogged Spies with falſe Reports:
And, pretty Child, ſleep doubtleſs, and ſecure,
That *Hubert*, for the Wealth of all the World,
Will not offend thee.
Art. O heaven! I thank you, *Hubert*.
Hub. Silence, no more: go cloſely in with me.
Much danger do I undergo for thee. [*Exeunt*.

Scæna Secunda.

Enter John, Pembroke, Salisbury, *and other Lords*.

John. Here once again we ſit, once again crownd,
And look'd upon, I hope, with chearful Eyes,
Pem. This once again (but that your Highneſs pleas'd)
Was once ſuperfluous: you were Crown'd before,
And that high Royalty was n'ere pluck'd off:
The Faiths of men, ne're ſtained with Revolt:
Freſh Expectation troubled not the Land
With any long'd-for change, or better State.
Sal. Therefore to be poſſeſs'd with double Pomp,
To guard a Title that was rich before;
To gild refined Gold, to paint the Lilly;
To throw a perfume on the Violet,
To ſmooth the Ice, or add another hew
Unto the Rainbow; or with Taper-light
To ſeek the beauteous Eye of Heaven to garniſh,
Is waſteful and ridiculous exceſs.
Pem. But that your Royal Pleaſure muſt be done,
This Act is as an ancient Tale new told,
And in the laſt repeating troubleſom,
Being urged at a time unſeaſonable.
Sal. In this the Antick, and well noted face
Of plain old form, is much disfigured,
And like a ſhifted Wind unto a Sail,
It makes the courſe of thoughts to fetch about,
Startles and frights Conſideration:
Makes ſound Opinion ſick, and Truth ſuſpected,
For putting on ſo new a faſhion'd Robe.
Pem. When Workmen ſtrive to do better than Well,
They do confound their Skill in Covetouſneſs,
And oftentimes excuſing of a Fault,
Doth make the Fault the worſe by th'excuſe:
As Patches ſet upon a little Breach,
Diſcredit more in hiding of the Fault,
Than did the Fault before it was ſo patch'd.
Sal. To this Effect, before you were new crown'd,
We breath'd our Counſel: but it pleas'd your Highneſs
To over-bear it, and we are all well pleas'd,
Since all; and every part of what we would
Doth make a ſtand, at what your Highneſs will.
John. Some Reaſons of this double Coronation
I have poſſeſt you with, and think them ſtrong.
And more, more ſtrong, then leſs is my fear
I ſhall endue you with: Mean time, but ask
What you would have Reform'd, that is not well,
And well ſhall you perceive, how willingly
I will both hear and grant you your requeſts.
Pem. Then I, as one that am the Tongue of theſe
To ſound the Purpoſes of all their Hearts,
Both for my ſelf, and them: but chief of all
Your ſafety: for the which, my ſelf and them
Bend their beſt ſtudies, heartily requeſt
The Infranchiſement of *Arthur*, whoſe reſtraint
Doth move the murmuring lips of Diſcontent
To break into this dangerous Argument,
If what in Reſt you have, in Right you hold,
Why then your Fears (which as they ſay) attend
The ſteps of Wrong, ſhould move you to mew up
Your tender Kinſman, and to choke his days
With barbarous ignorance, and deny his youth
The rich advantage of good Excerciſe,
That the Times Enemies may not have this
To grace Occaſions: let it be our ſuit,
That you have bid us ask his liberty,
Which for our goods we do no further ask,
Than, whereupon our weal on you depending,
Counts it your weal; he have his Liberty.
Enter Hubert.
John. Let it be ſo: I do commit his Youth
To your direction: *Hubert*, what News with you?
Pem. This is the man ſhould do the Bloody deed:
He ſhew'd his Warrant to a Friend of mine,
The Image of a wicked heynous fault
Lives in his Eye: that cloſe aſpect of his,
Does ſhew the mood of a much troubled Breaſt,
And I do fearfully believe 'tis done,
What we ſo fear'd he had a charge to do.
Sal. The colour of the King doth come and go,
Between his Purpoſe and his Conſcience,
Like Heralds 'twixt two dreadful Battels ſet:
His Paſſion is ſo ripe, it needs muſt break.
Pem. And when it breaks, I fear will iſſue thence
The foul corruption of a ſweet Child's Death.
John. We cannot hold Mortalities ſtrong hand.
Good Lords, although my will to give, is living,
The ſuit which you demand is gone, and dead.
He tells us *Arthur* is deceas'd to night.
Sal. Indeed we fear'd his ſickneſs was paſt cure.
Pem. Indeed we heard how near his death he was,
Before the Child himſelf felt he was ſick;
This muſt be anſwer'd either here or hence.
John. Why do you bend ſuch ſolemn Brows on me?
Think you I bear the Shears of Deſtiny?
Have I Commandment on the Pulſe of Life?
Sal. It is apparent foul-play, and 'tis ſhame
That greatneſs ſhould ſo groſly offer it:
So thrive it in your Game, and ſo farewell.
Pem. Stay yet (Lord *Salisbury*) I'le go with thee,
And find th'inheritance of this poor Child,
His little Kingdom of a forced Grave.
That Blood which ow'd the breadth of all this Iſle,
Three foot of it doth hold; bad world the while:
This muſt not be thus born, this will break out
To all our ſorrows, and e're long I doubt. [*Exeunt*.
John. They burn in indignation: I repent: [*Enter Meſ*.
There is no ſure Foundation ſet on Blood:
No certain Life atchiev'd by others Death:
A fearful Eye thou haſt. Where is that Blood
That I have ſeen inhabit in thoſe Cheeks?
So foul a Skie, clears not without a Storm,
Pour down thy Weather: how goes all in *France*?
Meſ. From *France* to *England*, never ſuch a Power,
For any Foreign Preparation,
Was levied in the Body of a Land.
The Copy of your ſpeed is learn'd by them:

For when you ſhould be told they do prepare,
The tydings come, that they are all arriv'd.
John. Oh where hath our Intelligence been drunk?
Where hath it ſlept? Where is my Mother's care?
That ſuch an Army ſhould be drawn in *France*,
And ſhe not hear of it?
Meſ. My Liege, her ear
Is ſtopt with duſt: the firſt of *April* dy'd
Your noble Mother; and, as I hear, my Lord,
The Lady *Conſtance* in a frenzie dy'd
Three days before: but this from rumours Tongue
I idely heard: if true, or falſe, I know not.
John. With-hold thy ſpeed, dreadful Occaſion;
O make a League with me, 'till I have pleas'd
My diſcontented Peers. What? Mother dead?
How wildly then walks my Eſtate in *France*
Under whoſe Conduct came thoſe Powers of *France*?
That thou for truth giv'ſt out are landed here?
Meſ. Under the *Dolphin*.

Enter Baſtard and Peter *of* Pomfret.

John. Thou haſt made me giddy
With theſe ill tydings: Now? What ſays the World
To your proceedings? Do not ſeek to ſtuff
My head with more ill News: for it is full.
Baſt. But if you be afraid to hear the worſt,
Then let the worſt unheard, fall on your head.
John. Bear with me, Couſin; for I was amaz'd
Under the tide; but now I breath again
Aloft the flood, and can give Audience
To any Tongue, ſpeak it of what it will.
Baſt. How I have ſped among the Clergy-men,
The Sums I have collected ſhall expreſs:
But as I travel'd hither through the Land,
I find the People ſtrangely fantaſied,
Poſſeſt with Rumours, full of idle Dreams,
Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear.
And here's a Prophet that I brought with me
From forth the Streets of *Pomfret*, whom I found
With many hundreds treading on his heels:
To whom he ſung in rude harſh ſounding Rimes,
That e're the next Aſcenſion day at noon,
Your Highneſs ſhould deliver up your Crown.
John. Thou idle Dreamer, wherefore didſt thou ſo?
Pet. Fore-knowing that the truth will fall out ſo.
John. *Hubert*, away with him: impriſon him,
And on that day at noon, whereon he ſays
I ſhall yield up my Crown, let him be hang'd.
Deliver him to ſafety, and return,
For I muſt uſe thee. O my gentle Couſin,
Hear'ſt thou the News abroad, who are arriv'd?
Baſt. The *French* (my Lord) mens mouths are full of it:
Beſides I met Lord *Bigot*, and Lord *Saliſbury*
With Eyes as red as new enkindled fire,
And others more, going to ſeek the Grave
Of *Arthur*, whom they ſay is kill'd to night, on your (ſuggeſtion.
John. Gentle Kinſman, go
And thruſt thy ſelf into their Companies,
I have a way to win their loves again:
Bring them before me.
Baſt. I will ſeek them out.
John. Nay, but make haſte: the better foot before.
O, let me have no Subjects Enemies,
When adverſe Foreigners affright my Towns
With dreadful Pomp of ſtout Invaſion.
Be Mercury, ſet Feathers to thy heels,
And flye (like thought) from them to me again.
Baſt. The Spirit of the Time ſhall teach me ſpeed. [*Exit.*
John. Spoke like a ſprightful Noble Gentleman.
Go after him: for he perhaps ſhall need
Some Meſſenger betwixt me and the Peers,
And be thou he.
Meſ. With all my heart, my Liege.
John. My Mother dead?

Enter Hubert.

Hub. My Lord, they ſay five Moons were ſeen to night:
Four fixed, and the fifth did whirle about,
The other four in wondrous motion.
John. Five Moons?
Hub. Old men and Beldams, in the Sreets
Do propheſie upon it dangerouſly:
Young *Arthur*'s death is common in their Mouths,
And when they talk of him, they ſhake their Heads,
And whiſper one another in the Ear.
And he that ſpeaks, doth gripe the hearer's Wriſt,
Whilſt he that hears makes fearful Action
With wrinkled Brows, with Nods, with rolling Eyes,
I ſaw a Smith ſtand with his Hammer (thus)
The whilſt his Iron did on the Anvil cool,
With open mouth ſwallowing a Taylor's News,
Who with his Sheers, and Meaſure in his hand,
Standing on Slippers, which his nimble haſte
Had falſly thruſt upon contrary feet,
Told of a many thouſand warlike *French*,
That were embatteled, and rank'd in *Kent*.
Another lean, unwaſh'd Artificer,
Cuts off his tale, and talks of *Arthur*'s death.
John. Why ſeek'ſt thou to poſſeſs me with theſe Fears?
Why urgeſt thou ſo oft young *Arthur*'s death?
Thy hand hath murdered him: I had a mighty Cauſe
To wiſh him dead, but thou hadſt none to kill him.
H. No had (my Lord?) why did you not provoke me?
John. It is the Curſe of Kings, to be attended
By Slaves that take their Humours for a Warrant,
To break the bloody houſe of life,
And on the Winking of Authority
To underſtand a Law; to know the meaning
Of dangerous Majeſty, when perchance it frowns
More upon Humour, than adviſ'd Reſpect.
Hub. Here is your Hand and Seal for what I did.
John. Oh, when the laſt account 'twixt Heaven and Earth
Is to be made, then ſhall this Hand and Seal
Witneſs againſt us to Damnation.
How oft the ſight of means to do ill deeds,
Make deeds ill done? hadſt not thou been by,
A Fellow by the hand of Nature mark'd,
Quoted, and ſign'd to do a deed of ſhame,
This Murther had not come into my mind.
But taking note of thy abhor'd Aſpect,
Finding thee fit for Bloody Villany:
Apt, liable to be employ'd in danger,
I faintly broke with thee of *Arthur*'s death:
And thou to be endeared to a King,
Made it no conſcience to deſtroy a Prince.
Hub. My Lord.
John. Had'ſt thou but ſhook thy head, or made a pauſe
When I ſpake darkly, what I purpoſed:
Or turn'd an Eye of doubt upon my Face;
As bid me tell my tale in expreſs words:
Deep ſhame had ſtruck me dumb, made me breake off,
And thoſe thy Fears, might have wrought Fears in me,
But thou didſt underſtand me by my Signs,
And didſt in Signs again parley with ſin,
Yea, without ſtop didſt let thy Heart conſent.
And conſequently thy rude Hand to act
The deed, which both our Tongues held vile to name.
Out of my ſight, and never ſee me more:
My Nobles leave me, and my State is brav'd,
Even at my Gates, with ranks of foreign Powers:
Nay, in the Body of this fleſhly Land,
This Kingdom, this Confine of Blood, and Breath,
Hoſtility and Civil Tumult reigns
Between my Conſcience, and my Couſins death.
Hub. Arm you againſt your other Enemies,
I'le make a peace between your Soul, and you.
Young *Arthur* is alive: this hand of mine
Is yet a Maiden, and an innocent hand,

Not painted with the Crimſon ſpots of Blood:
Within this Boſom, never entred yet
The dreadful motion of a murderous thought,
And you have ſlander'd Nature in my Form,
Which howſoever rude exteriorly,
Is yet the cover of a fairer Mind,
Than to be Butcher of an innocent Child.
John. Doth *Arthur* live? O haſte thee to the Peers,
Throw this Report on their incenſed rage,
And make them tame to their Obedience.
Forgive the Comment that my Paſſion made
Upon thy Feature, for my Rage was blind,
And foul imaginary Eyes of Blood
Preſented thee more hideous than thou art.
Oh, anſwer not; but to my Cloſet bring
The angry Lords, with all expedient haſte,
I conjure thee but ſlowly: run more faſt. [*Exeunt.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Arthur *on the Walls.*

Art. The wall is high, and yet will I leap down.
Good ground be pitiful, and hurt me not:
There's few or none do know me, if they did,
This Ship-boys ſemblance hath diſguis'd me quite.
I am afraid, and yet I'le venture it.
If I get down, and do not break my Limbs,
I'le find a thouſand ſhifts to get away;
As good to dye, and go; as dye, and ſtay.
Oh me, my Uncles ſpirit is in theſe ſtones,
Heaven take my Soul, and *England* keep my Bones. [*Dies.*

Enter Pembroke, *and* Salisbury, *and* Bigot.

Sal. Lords, I will meet him at St. *Edmondsbury,*
It is our ſafety, and we muſt embrace
This gentle Offer of the perillous time.
Pem. Who brought that Letter from the Cardinal?
Sal. The Count *Melloone*, a Noble Lord of *France*,
Whoſe private with me of the *Dolphin*'s love.
Is much more general than theſe lines import.
Bigot. To morrow morning let us meet him then.
Sal. Or rather then ſet forward, for 'twill be
Two long days journey (Lords) or e're we meet.
Enter Baſtard.
Baſt. Once more to day well met, diſtemper'd Lords,
The King by me requeſts your Preſence ſtraight.
Sal. The King hath diſpoſſeſt himſelf of us,
We will not line his thin-beſtained cloke
With our pure Honours: nor attend the Foot
That leaves the print of Blood where e're it walks.
Return, and tell him ſo: we know the worſt. (beſt.
Baſt. What e're you think, good words I think were
Sal. Our Griefs, and not our Manners reaſon now.
Baſt. But there is little Reaſon in your Grief.
Therefore 'twere Reaſon you had Manners now.
Pem. Sir, Sir, impatience hath his Priviledge.
Baſt. 'Tis true, to hurt his Maſter, no man elſe.
Sal. This is the Priſon: what is he lyes here?
P. Oh death made proud with pure and Princely Beauty,
The Earth had not a hole to hide this deed.
Sal. Murther, as hating what himſelf hath done,
Doth lay it open to urge on Revenge.
Big. Or when he doom'd this Beauty to a Grave,
Found it too precious Princely, for a Grave.
Sal. Sir *Richard*, what think you? have you beheld,
Or have you read, or heard, or could you think?
Or do you almoſt think, although you ſee,
That you do ſee? could Thought, without this Object
Form ſuch another? this is the very top,
The heighth, the Creſt,: or Creſt unto the Creſt
Of Murthers Arms: this is the bloodieſt ſhame,
The wildeſt Savagery, the vileſt ſtroke
That ever wall-ey'd Wrath, or ſtaring Rage
Preſented to the Tears of ſoft Remorſe.
Pem. All Murthers paſt, do ſtand excus'd in this:
And this ſo ſole, and ſo unmatchable,
Shall give a holineſs, a purity,
To the yet unbegotten ſin of times;
And prove a deadly blood-ſhed, but a Jeaſt,
Exampled by this heinous Spectacle.
Baſt. It is a damned, and a bloody Work,
The graceleſs action of a heavy hand,
If that it be the work of any hand.
Sal. If that it be the work of any hand?
We had a kind of light, what would enſue:
It is the ſhameful work of *Hubert*'s hand,
The practiſe, and the purpoſe of the King:
From whoſe Obedience I forbid my Soul,
Kneeling before this Ruine of ſweet Life,
And breathing to his breathleſs Excellence
The Incenſe of a Vow, a holy Vow:
Never to taſte the Pleaſures of the World,
Never to be infected with Delight,
Nor converſant with Eaſe, and Idleneſs,
Till I have ſet a glory to this Hand,
By giving it the Worſhip of Revenge.
Pem. Big. Our ſouls Religiouſly confirm thy words.
Enter Hubert.
Hub. Lords, I am hot with haſte, in ſeeking you,
Arthur doth live, the King hath ſent for you.
Sal. Oh he is bold, and bluſhes not at death:
Avant thou hateful Villain, get thee gone.
Hub. I am no Villain.
Sal. Muſt I rob the Law?
Baſt. Your Sword is bright, Sir, put it up again.
Sal. Not till I ſheath it in a Murtherer's skin.
Hub. Stand back, Lord *Salisbury*, ſtand back, I ſay,
By Heaven, I think my Sword's as ſharp as yours.
I would not have you (Lord) forget your ſelf,
Nor tempt the Danger of my true Defence;
Leſt I, by marking of your rage, forget
Your Worth, your Greatneſs, and Nobility.
Big. Out Dunghill, dar'ſt thou brave a Nobleman?
Hub. Not for my life: but yet I dare defend
My innocent life againſt an Emperor.
Sal. Thou art a Murtherer.
Hub. Do not prove me ſo:
Yet I am none. Whoſe tongue ſo e're ſpeaks falſe,
Not truly ſpeaks: who ſpeaks not truly, Lies.
Pem. Cut him to pieces.
Baſt. Keep the peace, I ſay.
Sal. Stand by, or I ſhall gaul you *Faulconbridge.*
Baſt. Thou wert better gaul the Devil *Salisbury.*
If thou but frown on me, or ſtir thy foot,
Or teach thy haſty Spleen to do me ſhame,
I'le ſtrike thee dead. Put up thy Sword betime.
Or I'le ſo maul you, and your toſting-Iron,
That you ſhall think the Devil is come from Hell.
Big. What wilt thou do, renowned *Faulconbridge*?
Second a Villain, and a Murtherer?
Hub. Lord *Bigot*, I am none.
Big. Who kill'd this Prince?
Hub. 'Tis not an hour ſince I left him well:
I honour'd him, I lov'd him, and will weep
My date of life out, for his ſweet lives loſs.
Sal. Truſt not thoſe cunning Waters of his Eyes,
For Villany is not without ſuch Rheume,
And he long traded in it, makes it ſeem
Like Rivers of Remorſe and Innocency.
Away with me, all you whoſe ſouls abhor
Th'uncleanly ſavour of a ſlaughter-houſe,
For I am ſtifled with the ſmell of ſin.
Big. Away toward *Bury*, to the *Dolphin* there.
P. There tell the King he may enquire us out. [*Ex. Lords.*

Ba. Here's a good World : knew you of this fair Work?
Beyond the infinite and boundleſs reach of Mercy,
(If thou did'ſt this deed of death) thou art damn'd, *Hubert.*
Hub. Do but hear me, Sir.
Baſt. Ha? I'le tell thee what.
Thou'rt damn'd as black, nay nothing is ſo black,
Thou art more deep damn'd than Prince *Lucifer.*
There is not yet ſo ugly a Fiend of Hell
As thou ſhalt be, if thou did'ſt kill this Child.
Hub. Upon my Soul.
Baſt. If thou did'ſt but conſent
To this moſt cruel Act : do but deſpair,
And if thou want'ſt a Cord, the ſmalleſt threed
That ever Spider twiſted from her Womb
Will ſerve to ſtrangle thee : A ruſh will be a Beam
To hang thee on. Or would'ſt thou drown thy ſelf,
Put but a little Water in a Spoon,
And it ſhall be as all the Ocean,
Enough to ſtifle ſuch a Villain up.
I do ſuſpect thee very grievouſly.
Hub. If I in act, conſent, or ſin of thought,
Be guilty of the ſtealing that ſweet Breath
Which was embounded in this Beauteous Clay,
Let Hell want pains enough to torture me:
I left him well.
Baſt. Go, bear him in thine Arms:
I am amaz'd methinks, and loſe my way
Among the Thorns, and Dangers of this World.
How eaſie doſt thou take all *England* up,
From forth this Morſel of dead Royalty?
The Life, the Right, and Truth of all this Realm
Is fled to Heaven : and *England* now is left
To tug and ſcamble, and to part by th'Teeth
The unowed intereſt of proud ſwelling State :
Now for the bare-pickt bone of Majeſty,
Doth dogged War briſtle his angry Creſt,
And ſnarleth in the gentle Eyes of Peace :
Now Powers from home, and Diſcontents at home
Meet in one Line : and vaſt Confuſion waits
As doth a Raven on a ſick-fallen Beaſt,
The imminent decay of wreſted Pomp.
Now happy he, whoſe Cloak and Center can
Hold out this tempeſt. Bear away that Child,
And follow me with ſpeed; I'le to the King:
A thouſand buſineſſes are brief in hand,
And Heaven it ſelf doth frown upon the Land. [*Exit.*

Actus Quartus, Scæna Prima.

Enter King John *and* Pandulph, *Attendants.*

K. John. Thus have I yielded up into your hand
The Circle of my Glory.
Pand. Take again
From this my hand, as holding of the Pope,
Your Soveraign Greatneſs and Authority.
John. Now keep your holy word, go meet the *French,*
And from his Holineſs uſe all your Power
To ſtop their Marches 'fore we are enflam'd:
Our diſcontented Counties do revolt:
Our people quarrel with Obedience,
Swearing Allegiance, and the love of Soul
To ſtranger-blood, to foreign Royalty;
This inundation of miſtempered humour,
Reſts by you only to be qualified.
Then pauſe not; for the preſent time's ſo ſick,
That preſent Med'cine muſt be miniſtred,
Or overthrow incurably enſues.
Pand. It was my breath that blew this Tempeſt up,
Upon your ſtubborn uſage of the Pope:
But ſince you are a gentle Convertite.
My Tongue ſhall huſh again this Storm of War,
And make fair Weather in your bluſtring Land:
On this Aſcenſion day, remember well,
Upon your Oath of ſervice to the Pope,
Go I to make the *French* lay down their Arms. [*Exit.*
John. Is this Aſcenſion day? did not the Prophet
Say, that before Aſcenſion day at noon,
My Crown I ſhould give off? even ſo I have:
I did ſuppoſe it ſhould be on conſtraint,
But (Heav'n be thank'd) it is but Voluntary.
Enter Baſtard.
Baſt. All *Kent* hath yielded, nothing there holds out
But *Dover Caſtle* : *London* hath receiv'd,
Like a kind Hoſt, the *Dolphin* and his Powers.
Your Nobles will not hear you, but are gone
To offer ſervice to your Enemy:
And wild Amazement hurries up and down
The little number of doubtful Friends.
John. Would not my Lords return to me again
After they heard young *Arthur* was alive?
Baſt. They found him dead, and caſt into the ſtreets,
An empty Casket, where the Jewel of life
By ſome damn'd hand was rob'd and tane away.
John. That Villain *Hubert* told me he did live.
Baſt. So on my Soul he did, for ought he knew:
But wherefore do you droop? why look you ſad?
Be great in Act, as you have been in Thought:
Let not the world ſee Fear and ſad Diſtruſt
Govern the motion of a Kingly Eye:
Be ſtirring as the time, be fire with fire,
Threaten the threatner, and out-face the Brow
Of bragging Horror: So ſhall inferior Eyes
That borrow their Behaviours from the Great,
Grow great by your Example, and put on
The dauntleſs Spirit of Reſolution.
Away, and gliſter like the God of War
When he intendeth to become the Field:
Shew boldneſs and aſpiring Confidence:
What, ſhall they ſeek the Lyon in his Den,
And fright him there? and make him tremble there?
Oh let it not be ſaid: forrage, and run
To meet diſpleaſure farther from the doors,
And grapple with him e're he come ſo nigh.
John. The Legat of the Pope hath been with me,
And I have made a happy Peace with him,
And he hath promis'd to diſmiſs the Powers
Led by the *Dolphin.*
Baſt. Oh inglorious League:
Shall we upon the footing of our Land,
Send fair-play-orders, and make comprimiſe.
Inſinuation, parley, and baſe truce
To Arms Invaſive? Shall a beardleſs Boy,
A cockred-ſilken Wanton brave our Fields,
And fleſh his Spirit in a War-like Soil,
Mocking the air with Colours idely ſpread,
And find no check? Let us my Liege to Arms:
Perchance the Cardinal cannot make your Peace;
Or if he do, let it at leaſt be ſaid
They ſaw we had a purpoſe of defence.
John. Have thou the ordering of this preſent time.
Baſt. Away then with good Courage: yet I know
Our Party may well meet a prouder Foe. [*Exeunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter (*in Arms*) Dolphin, Salisbury, Melloon, Pembroke,
Bigot, *Souldiers.*

Dol. My Lord *Melloon*, let this be copied out,
And keep it ſafe for our remembrance:
Return the Preſident to theſe Lords again,
That having our fair Order written down,
Both they and we, peruſing o're theſe Notes

May know wherefore we took the Sacrament,
And keep our Faiths firm and inviolable.
Sal. Upon our ſides it never ſhall be broken.
And, noble *Dolphin*, albeit we ſwear
A voluntary Zeal, and an un-urg'd Faith
To your Proceedings: yet believe me, Prince,
I am not glad that ſuch a Sore of Time
Should ſeek a Plaiſter by contemn'd Revolt,
And heal the inveterate Canker of one wound,
By making many: Oh it grieves my Soul,
That I muſt draw this Mettle from my ſide
To be a Widow-maker: Oh, and there
Where honourable Reſcue, and Defence
Cries out upon the Name of *Salisbury.*
But ſuch is the Infection of the time,
That for the Health and Phyſick of our Right,
We cannot deal but with the very Hand
Of ſtern Injuſtice, and confuſed Wrong:
And is't not pity, (oh my grieved Friends)
That we, the Sons and Children of this *Iſle*,
Were born to ſee ſo ſad an hour as this,
Wherein we ſtep after a Stranger, march
Upon her gentle Boſom, and fill up
Her Enemies Ranks? I muſt withdraw and weep
Upon the ſpot of this enforced Cauſe,
To Grace the Gentry of a Land remote,
And follow unacquainted Colours here:
What here? O nation that thou couldſt remove,
That *Neptunes* Arms who clippeth thee about,
Would bear the from thee knowledge of thy ſelf,
And cripple thee unto a Pagan ſhore,
Where theſe two Chriſtian Armies might combine
The blood of malice, in a vein of league,
And not to ſpend it ſo un-neighbourly.
Dol. A noble Temper doſt thou ſhew in this,
And great Affections wreſtling in thy Boſom
Doth make an Earthquake of Nobility
Oh what a Noble combate haſt thou fought
Between compulſion, and a brave reſpect:
Let me wipe off this Honourable Dew,
That ſilverly doth progreſs on thy cheeks:
My heart hath melted at a Ladies tears,
Being an ordinary inundation:
But this Effuſion of ſuch Manly Drops,
This ſhowr blown up by tempeſt of the Soul,
Startles mine Eyes, and maks me more amaz'd
Than had I ſeen the vaulty top of Heaven
Figur'd quite o're with burning Meteors.
Lift up thy brow (renowned *Salisbury,*)
And with a great Heart heave away this ſtorm:
Commend theſe Wars to thoſe Baby-eyes
That never ſaw the Gyant-world enrag'd,
Nor met with Fortune, other than at Feaſts,
Full warm of Blood, of Mirth, of Goſſipping.
Come, come, for thou ſhall thruſt thy hand as deep
Into the Purſe of rich Proſperity
As *Lewis* himſelf: ſo (Nobles) ſhall you all,
That knit your Sinews to the ſtrength of mine.

Enter Pandulpho.

And even there, methinks an Angel ſpake,
Look where the Holy Legate comes apace,
To give us Warrant from the hand of Heaven,
And on our Actions ſet the Name of Right
With holy Breath.
Pan. Hail, Noble Prince of *France*,
The next is this: King *John* hath reconcil'd
Himſelf to *Rome*, his Spirit is come in,
That ſo ſtood out againſt the Holy Church,
The great Metropolis and See of *Rome*:
Therefore thy threatning Colours now wind up,
And tame the Savage Spirit of Wild War,
That like a Lyon foſtered up at hand,
It may lie gently at the foot of Peace,
And be no further harmful than in ſhew.
Dolph. Your Grace ſhall pardon me, I will not back:
I am too high-born to be Propertied,
To be a ſecondary at controll,
Or uſeful Serving-man, and Inſtrument
To any Soveraign State throughout the World:
Your breath firſt kindled the dead Coal of Wars,
Between this chaſtis'd Kingdom and my ſelf,
And brought in Matter that ſhould feed this Fire;
And now 'tis far too huge to be blown out
With that ſame weak wind which enkindled it:
You taught me how to know the face of Right,
Acquainted me with Intereſt to this Land,
Yea thruſt this Enterprize into my heart,
And come ye now to tell me *John* hath made
His Peace with *Rome*? what is that Peace to me?
I (by the Honour of my Marriage-bed)
After young *Arthur*, Claim this Land for mine,
And now it is half conquer'd, muſt I back,
Becauſe that *John* hath made his Peace with *Rome*?
Am I *Romes* Slave? what Penny hath *Rome* born?
What Men provided? what munition ſent
To under-prop this Action? Is't not I
That under-go this Charge? who elſe but I,
And ſuch as to my Claim are liable,
Sweat in this Buſineſs, and maintain this War?
Have I not heard theſe *Iſlanders* ſhout out
Vive le Roy, as I have bank'd their Towns?
Have I not here the beſt Cards for the Game
To win this eaſie Match, play'd for a Crown?
And ſhall I now give o're the yielded Set?
No, no, on my Soul it ſhall never be ſaid.
Pan. You look but on the out-ſide of this Work.
Dolp. Out-ſide or in-ſide, I will not return
Till my Attempt ſo much be glorified,
As to my ample Hope was promiſed,
Before I drew this gallant head of War,
And cull'd theſe fiery Spirits from the world
To out-look Conqueſt, and to win Renown
Even in the jaws of danger, and of death:
What luſty Trumpet thus doth ſummon us?

Enter Baſtard.

Baſt. According to the fair-play of the World,
Let me have Audience: I am ſent to ſpeak:
My holy Lord of *Millane*, from the King
I come, to learn how you have dealt for him:
And as you anſwer, I do know the ſcope
And warrant limited unto my tongue.
Pand. The *Dolphin* is too wilful, oppoſite,
And will not temporize with my Entreaties:
He flatly ſays, he'l not lay down his Arms.
Baſt. By all the blood that ever fury breath'd,
The youth ſays well. Now hear our *Engliſh* King,
For thus his Royalty doth ſpeak in me:
He is prepar'd, and Reaſon too he ſhould,
This apiſh and unmannerly approach,
This harneſs'd Mask, and unadviſed Revel,
This unheard ſawcineſs and Boyiſh Troops,
The King doth ſmile at, and is well prepar'd
To whip this dwarfiſh War, this Pigmy Arms
From out the Circle of his Territories.
That Hand which had the ſtrength, even at your door,
To cudgel you, and make you take the hatch,
To dive like Buckets in concealed Wells,
To crouch in Litter of your Stable Planks,
To lye like Pawns, lock'd up in Cheſts and Trunks,
To hug with Swine, to ſeek ſweet ſafety out
In Vaults and Priſons, and to thrill and ſhake,
Even at the crying of your Nation's Crow,
Thinking this Voice an armed *Engliſh* man.
Shall that victorious Hand be feebled here,

That in your Chambers gave you Chaſtiſement?
No, know the gallant Monarch is in Arms,
And like an Eagle, o're his ayery Towers
To ſouſe Annoyance that comes near his Neſt;
And you degenerate, you ingrate Revolts,
You bloody *Nero's* ripping up the Womb
Of your dear Mother-*England*: bluſh for ſhame:
For your own Ladies, and Pale-viſag'd Maids
Like *Amazons*, come tripping after Drums:
Their Thimbles into armed Gantlets change,
Their Needles to Lances, and their gentle Hearts
To fierce and bloody inclination.

Dol. There end thy Brave, and turn thy Face in Peace,
We grant thou canſt out-ſcold us: fare thee well,
We hold our time too precious to be ſpent
With ſuch a Brabler.

Pan. Give me leave to ſpeak.

Baſt. No, I will ſpeak.

Dol. We will attend to neither:
Strike up the Drums, and let the Tongue of VVar
Plead for our Intereſt, and our being here.

Baſt. Indeed your Drums being beaten, will cry out?
And ſo ſhall you, being beaten: do but ſtart
An eccho with the Clamour of thy Drum,
And even at hand, a Drum is ready brac'd,
That ſhall reverberate all, as loud as thine.
Sound but another, and another ſhall
(As loud as thine) rattle the Welkin's Ear,
And mock the deep-mouth'd Thunder: for at hand
(Not truſting to this halting Legat here
Whom he hath us'd rather for ſport than need)
Is warlike *John*: and in his forehead ſits
A bare-rib'd death, whoſe Office is this day
To feaſt upon whole thouſands of the *French*.

Dol. Strike up our Drums, to find this danger out.

Baſt. And thou ſhalt find it (*Dolphin*) do not doubt.
[*Exeunt.*

Scæna Tertia.

Alarms. Enter John, *and* Hubert.

John. How goes the day with us? oh tell me, *Hubert.*

Hub. Badly, I fear; how fares your Majeſty?

John. This Feaver that hath troubled me ſo long,
Lyes heavy on me: oh, my heart is ſick.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. My Lord: your Valiant Kinſman, *Faulconbridge*,
Deſires your Majeſty to leave the Field,
And ſend him word by me, which way you go.

John. Tell him, toward *Swinſted*, to the Abby there.

Meſſ. Be of good comfort: for the great Supply,
That was expected by the *Dolphin* here,
Are wrack'd three nights ago on *Goodwin* Sands.
This News was brought to *Richard* but even now,
The *French* fight coldly, and retire themſelves.

John. Aye me, this Tyrant Feaver burns me up,
And will not let me welcome this good News.
Set on toward *Swinſted*: to my Litter ſtreight,
Weakneſs poſſeſſeth me, and I am faint. [*Exeunt.*

Scæna Quarta.

Enter Sailiſbury, Pembroke, *and* Bigot.

Sal. I did not think the King ſo ſtor'd with Friends.

Pem. Up once again: put Spirit in the *French*,
If they miſcarry, we miſcarry too.

Sal. That misbegotten Devil *Faulconbridge*,
In ſpight of ſpight, alone upholds the day.

Pem. They ſay King *John*, ſore ſick, hath left the Field.

Enter Meloon *wounded.*

Mel. Lead me to the Revolts of *England* here.

Sal. When we were happy, we had other Names.

Pem. It is the Count *Meloone.*

Sal. Wounded to death.

Mel. Fly, Noble *Engliſh*, you are bought and ſold,
Unthreed the rude Eye of Rebellion,
And welcom home again diſcarded Faith,
Seek out King *John*, and fall before his feet:
For if the *French* be Lords of this loud day,
He means to recompence the Pains you take,
By cutting off your Heads: thus hath he ſworn,
And I with him, and many more with me,
Upon the Altar at St. *Edmondsbury*,
Even on that Altar, where we ſwore to you
Dear Amity, and everlaſting Love.

Sal. May this be poſſible? May this be true?

Mel. Have I not hideous death within my view,
Retaining but a quantity of life,
Which bleeds away, even as a Form of Wax
Reſolveth from his Figure 'gainſt the Fire?
What in the world ſhould make me now deceive,
Since I muſt loſe the uſe of all deceit?
Why ſhould I then be falſe, ſince it is true
That I muſt die here, and live hence, by truth?
I ſay again, if *Lewis* do win the day,
He is forſworn, if e're thoſe Eyes of yours
Behold another Day break in the *Eaſt*:
But even this Night, whoſe black contagious breath
Already ſmoaks about the burning Creſt
Of the old, feeble, and day-wearied Sun,
Even this ill night, your breathing ſhall expire,
Paying the Fine of rated Treachery,
Even with a treacherous Fine of all your lives:
If *Lewis*, by your aſſiſtance win the day.
Commend me to one *Hubert*, with your King;
The love of him, and this reſpect beſides
(For that my Grandſire was an *Engliſhman*)
Awakes my Conſcience to confeſs all this.
In lieu whereof, I pray you bear me hence
From forth the noiſe and rumour of the Field;
Where I may think the remnant of my thoughts
In peace: and part this Body and my Soul,
With Contemplation, and devout Deſires.

Sal. We do believe thee, and beſhrew my Soul,
But I do love the favour, and the form
Of this moſt fair occaſion, by the which
We will untread the ſteps of damned flight,
And like a bated and retired flood,
Leaving our rankneſs, and irregular courſe,
Stoop low within thoſe Bounds we have o're-look'd,
And calmly run on in Obedience,
Even to our Ocean, to our great King *John.*
My Arm ſhall give thee help to bear thee hence,
For I do ſee the cruel Pangs of death
Right in thine Eye. Away, my Friends, new flight,
And happy newneſs that intends old right. [*Exeunt.*

Scæna Quinta.

Enter Dolphin *and his Train.*

Dol. The Sun of Heaven (methought) was loth to ſet;
But ſtaid, and made the Weſtern Welkin bluſh,
When *Engliſh* meaſure backward their own ground
In faint retire: Oh bravely came we off,
VVhen with a Volley of our needleſs ſhot,
After ſuch bloody toyle, we bid good night,
And woon'd our tott'ring Colours clearly up,
Laſt in the Field, and almoſt Lords of it.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Where is my Prince, the *Dolphin*?
Dol. Here, what News?
Meſ. The Count *Melloone* is ſlain: The *Engliſh* Lords
By his perſwaſion are at length faln off,
And your Supply, which you have wiſh'd ſo long,
Are caſt away, and ſunk on *Goodwin* Sands.
Dol. Ah foul ſhrew'd News. Beſhrew thy very heart:
I did not think to be ſo ſad to Night
As this hath made me. Who was he that ſaid
King *John* did fly an hour or two before
The ſtumbling Night did part our weary Powers?
Meſ. Who ever ſpoke it, it is true, my Lord.
Dol. Well: keep good Quarter, and good care to Night,
The Day ſhall not be up ſo ſoon as I,
To try the fair Adventure of to Morrow. [*Exeunt.*

Scæna Sexta.

Enter Baſtard and Hubert *ſeverally.*

Hub. Who's there? Speak, hoa, ſpeak quickly, or I ſhoot.
Baſt. A Friend. What art thou?
Hub. Of the part of *England.*
Baſt. Whither doſt thou go?
Hub. What's that to thee?
Why may not I demand of thine Affairs,
As well as thou of mine?
Baſt. *Hubert*, I think.
Hub. Thou haſt a perfect thought:
I will upon all hazzards well believe
Thou art my Friend, that know'ſt my Tongue ſo well:
Who art thou?
Baſt. Who thou wilt: and if thou pleaſe
Thou maiſt be-friend me ſo much, as to think
I come one way of the *Plantagenets.*
Hub. Unkind Remembrance: thou, and endleſs night,
Have done me ſhame: brave Souldier, pardon me,
That any accent breaking from thy Tongue,
Should ſcape the true acquaintance of mine ear.
Baſt. Come, come: *ſans complement*, What News abroad?
Hub. Why here walk I, in the black Brow of Night,
To find you out.
Baſt. Brief then: and what's the News?
Hub. O my ſweet Sir, news fitting to the Night,
Black, fearful, comfortleſs, and horrible.
Baſt. Shew me the very wound of this ill News,
I am no Woman, I'le not ſwoon at it.
Hub. The King I fear is poyſon'd by a Monk,
I left him almoſt ſpeechleſs, and broke out
To acquaint you with this Evil, that you might
The better Arm you to the ſudden time,
Than if you had at leiſure known of this.
Baſt. How did he take it? Who did taſte to him?
Hub. A Monk, I tell you, a reſolved Villain,
Whoſe Bowels ſuddenly burſt out: The King
Yet ſpeaks, and peradventure may recover.
Baſt. Who didſt thou leave to tend his Majeſty?
Hub. Why, know you not? the Lords are all come back,
And brought Prince *Henry* in their company,
At whoſe requeſt the King hath pardon'd them,
And they are all about his Majeſty.
Baſt. With-hold thine Indignation, mighty Heaven,
And tempt us not to bear above our Power.
I'le tell thee, *Hubert*, half my Power this Night
Paſſing theſe Flats, are taken by the Tide,
Theſe *Lincoln*-Waſhes have devoured them,
My ſelf, well mounted, have eſcap'd.
Away before: Conduct me to the King,
I doubt he will be dead, or e're I come. [*Exeunt.*

Scæna Septima.

Enter Prince Henry, Salisbury, *and* Bigot

Hen. It is too late, the life of all his Blood
Is touch'd corruptibly: and his pure Brain
(Which ſome ſuppoſe the Soul's frail dwelling houſe)
Doth by the idle Comments that it makes,
Foretell the ending of Mortality.
Enter Pembroke.
Pem. His Highneſs yet doth ſpeak, and holds belief,
That being brought into the open air,
It would allay the burning quality
Of that fell Poyſon which aſſaileth him.
Hen. Let him be brought into the Orchard here;
Doth he ſtill rage?
Pem. He is more patient
Than when you left him; even now he ſung.
Hen. Oh vanity of Sickneſs, fierce Extreams
In their continuance will not feel themſelves.
Death having prey'd upon the outward parts
Leaves them inviſible, and her ſiege is now
Againſt the Wind, the which he pricks and wounds
With many Legions of ſtrange Fantaſies,
Which in their throng and preſs to that laſt hold,
Confound themſelves. 'Tis ſtrange that death ſhould ſing:
I am the Symet to this pale faint Swan.
Who chaunts a doleful Hymn to his own death,
And from the Organ-pipe of frailty ſings
His Soul and Body their laſting reſt.
Sal. Be of good comfort (Prince) for you are born
To ſet a form upon that indigeſt
Which he hath left ſo ſhapeleſs and ſo rude.
John *brought in.*
John. I marry now my Soul hath elbow-room,
It would not out at windows, nor at doors,
There is ſo hot a Summer in my Boſom,
That all my Bowels crumble up to Duſt:
I am a ſcribled Form drawn with a Pen,
Upon a Parchment, and againſt this fire do I ſhrink up.
Hen. How fares your Majeſty?
John. Poyſon'd, ill fair: dead, forſook, caſt off,
And none of you will bid the Winter come
To thruſt his Icie Fingers in my Maw;
Nor let my Kingdoms Rivers take their courſe
Through my burn'd Boſom: nor intreat the *North*
To make his bleak winds kiſs my parched lips,
And comfort me with cold. I do not ask you much,
I beg cold comfort: and you are ſo ſtraight
And ſo ungrateful, you deny me that.
Hen. Oh that there were ſome Virtue in my Tears,
That might relieve you.
John. The Salt of them is hot.
Within me is a Hell, and there the Poyſon
Is, as a Fiend, confind to tyrannize,
On unrepreeveable condemned Blood.

Enter Baſtard.

Baſt. Oh, I am ſcalded with my violent Motion
And Spleen of Speed to ſee your Majeſty.
John. Oh Couſin, thou are come to ſet mine Eye:
The Tackle of my Heart is crackt and burnt,
And all the ſhrowds wherewith my life ſhould ſail,
Are turned to one threed, one little hair:
My Heart hath one poor ſtring to ſtay it by,
Which holds but till thy News be uttered,
And then all this thou ſeeſt, is but a Clod,
And module of confounded Royalty.
Baſt. The *Dolphin* is preparing hitherward,
Where Heaven he knows how we ſhall anſwer him.
For in a night the beſt part of my Power,
As I upon advantage did remove,

Were in the *Waſhes* all, unwarily,
Devoured by the unexpected Flood.
Sal. You breath theſe dead News in as dead an Ear;
My Liege, my Lord: but now a King, now thus.
Hen. Even ſo muſt I run on, and even ſo ſtop.
What ſurety of the World, what hope, what ſtay,
When this was now a King, and now is Clay?
Baſt. Art thou gone ſo? I do but ſtay behind
To do the Office for thee, of Revenge,
And then my Soul ſhall wait on thee to Heaven,
As it on Earth hath been thy Servant ſtill.
Now, now you Stars, that move in your right Spheres,
Where be your Powers? Shew now your mended Faiths,
And inſtantly return with me again,
To puſh Deſtruction, and perpetual Shame
Out of the weak door of our fainting Land:
Streight let us ſeek, or ſtreight we ſhall be ſought,
The *Dolphin* rages at our very heels.
Sal. It ſeems you know not then ſo much as we,
The Cardinal *Pandulph* is within at reſt,
Who half an hour ſince came from the *Dolphin*,
And brings from him ſuch Offers of our Peace,
As we with Honour and Reſpect may take,
With purpoſe preſently to leave this War.
Baſt. He will the rather do it, when he ſees
Our ſelves well ſinew'd to our Defence.
Sal. Nay, 'tis in a manner done already,
For many Carriages he hath diſpatch'd
To the Sea-ſide, and put his Cauſe and Quarrel
To the diſpoſing of the Cardinal,
With whom your ſelf, my ſelf, and other Lords,
If you think meet, this Afternoon will poſt
To conſummate this buſineſs happily.
Baſt. Let it be ſo, and you, my Noble Prince,
With other Princes that may beſt be ſpar'd,
Shall wait upon your Father's Funeral.
Hen. At *Worceſter* muſt his Body be interr'd,
For ſo he will'd it.
Baſt. Thither ſhall it then,
And happily may your ſweet ſelf put on
The lineal ſtate, and glory of the Land,
To whom with all ſubmiſſion on my Knee,
I do bequeath my faithful Services
And true Subjection everlaſtingly.
Sal. And the like tender of our love we make
To reſt without a ſpot for evermore.
Hen. I have a kind Soul that would give thanks,
And knows not how to do it but with Tears.
Baſt. Oh let us pay the time: but needful Wo,
Since it hath been before hand with our griefs.
This *England* never did, nor never ſhall
Lye at the proud foot of a Conqueror,
But when it firſt did help to wound it ſelf.
Now, theſe her Princes are come home again,
Come the three Corners of the world in Arms,
And we ſhall ſhock them: Nought ſhall make us rue,
If *England* to it ſelf, do reſt but true. [*Exeunt.*

THE LIFE and DEATH OF KING RICHARD II.

Actus Primus, Scæna Prima.

Enter King Richard, John of Gaunt, *with other Nobles and Attendants.*

King Richard.

OLd *John* of *Gaunt*, time-honoured *Lancaſter*,
Haſt thou according to thy Oath and Band,
Brought hither *Henry Hereford* thy bold Son:
Here to make good the boiſterous late Appeal,
Which then our leiſure would not let us hear,
Againſt the Duke of *Norfolk*, *Thomas Mowbray*?
Gaunt. I have, my Liege.
King. Tell me moreover, haſt thou ſounded him,
If he Appeal the Duke on ancient Malice,
Or worthily, as good Subject ſhould,
On ſome known ground of Treachery in him?
Gaunt. As near as I could ſift him on that Argument,
On ſome apparent Danger ſeen in him,
Aim'd at your Highneſs, no inveterate Malice.
King. Then call them to our Preſence face to face,
And frowning brow to brow, our ſelves will hear
Th'Accuſer, and the Accuſed freely ſpeak;
High ſtomack'd are they both, and full of ire.
In rage, deaf as the Sea; haſty as Fire.

Enter Bullingbrook *and* Mowbray.

Bull. Many years of happy daies befall
My gracious Soveraign, my moſt loving Liege.
Mow. Each day ſtill better others happineſs,
Until the Heavens envying Earths good hap,
Add an immortal Title to your Crown.
King. We thank you both, yet one but flatters us,
As well appeareth by the Cauſe you come,

Namely to Appeal each other of high Treaſon.
Couſin of *Hereford* what doſt thou object
Againſt the Duke of *Norfolk*, *Thomas Mowbray*?
Bull. Firſt Heaven be the record to my ſpeech,
In the devotions of a Subjects love,
Tendring the precious ſafety of my Prince,
And free from other miſ-begotten hate,
Come I Appealant to this Princely Preſence.
Now *Thomas Mowbray* do I turn to thee,
And mark my greeting well: for what I ſpeak,
My Body ſhall make good upon this Earth,
Or my Divine Soul anſwer it in Heaven.
Thou art a Traitor and a Miſcreant;
Too good to be ſo, and too bad to live;
Since the more fair and Cryſtal is the Skie,
The uglier ſeem the Clouds that in it flye:
Once more, the more to aggravate the note,
With a foul Traitors Name ſtuff I thy throat,
And wiſh (ſo pleaſe my Soveraign) e're I move, (prove.
What my Tongue ſpeaks, my right drawn Sword may
Mow. Let not my cool Words here accuſe my Zeal:
'Tis not the Tryal of a Woman's War,
The bitter Clamour of two eager Tongues,
Can arbitrate this Cauſe betwixt us twain:
The Blood is hot that muſt be cool'd for this.
Yet can I not of ſuch tame patience boaſt,
As to be huſht, and nought at all to ſay.
Firſt the fair reverence of your Highneſs curbs me,
From giving reins and ſpurs to my free ſpeech,
Which elſe would poſt, until it had return'd
Theſe terms of Treaſon, doubly down his throat,
Setting aſide his high Bloods Royalty,
And let him be no Kinſman to my Liege,
I do defie him, and I ſpit at him,
Call him a ſlanderous Coward and a Villain:
Which to maintain, I would allow him odds,
And meet him, were I tide to run a foot,
Even to the frozen ridges of the *Alpes*,
Or any other ground inhabitable,
Where ever *Engliſhman* durſt ſet his foot,
Mean time, let this defend my Loyalty,
By all my hopes moſt falſly doth he lie.
Bull. Pale trembling Coward, there I throw my Gage,
Diſclaiming here the Kindred of a King,
And lay aſide my high Blood's Royalty,
Which Fear, not Reverence makes thee to except,
If guilty dread hath left thee ſo much ſtrength,
As to take up mine Honour's Pawn, then ſtoop.
By that, and all the Rights of Knighthood elſe,
Will I make good againſt thee arm to arm,
What I have ſpoken, or thou canſt deviſe.
Mow. I take it up, and by that Sword I ſwear,
Which gently laid my Knighthood on my ſhoulder,
I'le anſwer thee in any fair degree,
Or Chivalrous deſign of Knightly tryal:
And when I mount, alive may I not light,
If I be Traitor, or unjuſtly fight.
King. What doth our Couſin lay to *Mowbray's* Charge?
It muſt be great that can inherit us,
So much as of a thought of ill in him.
Bull. Look what I ſaid, my life ſhall Prove it true,
That *Mowbray* hath receiv'd eight thouſand Nobles,
In name of lendings for your Highneſs Souldiers,
The which he hath detain'd for lewd Imployments,
Like a falſe Traitor and injurious Villain,
Beſides, I ſay, and will in Battel prove,
Or here, or elſewhere, to the furtheſt Verge
That ever was ſurvey'd by *Engliſh* eye,
That all the Treaſons for theſe eighteen years
Complotted and contrived in this Land,
Fetcht from falſe *Mowbray* their Firſt Head and Spring.
Further I ſay, and further will maintain
Upon his bad life, to make all this good,
That he did plot the Duke of *Gloſter's* death,
Suggeſt his ſoon believing Adverſaries,
And conſequently like a Traitor Coward,
Sluc'd out his innocent Soul through ſtreams of Blood:
Which Blood, like ſacrificing *Abel's* cries,
(Even from the tongueleſs Caverns of the Earth)
To me for Juſtice, and rough Chaſtiſement:
And by the glorious worth of my deſcent,
This arm ſhall do it, or this life be ſpent.
King. How high a pitch his Reſolution ſoars:
Thomas of *Norfolk*, what ſay'ſt thou to this?
Mow. Oh let my Soveraign turn away his Face,
And bid his Ears a little while be deaf,
Till I have told this ſlander of his Blood,
How God and good men hate ſo foul a Lyer.
King. Mowbray, impartial are our Eyes and Ears,
Were he my Brother, nay, our Kingdom's Heir,
As he is but my Father's Brother's Son;
Now by my Scepters awe, I make a Vow,
Such neighbour-nearneſs to our ſacred Blood,
Should nothing priviledge him, nor partialize
The unſtooping firmneſs of my upright Soul.
He is our Subject (*Mowbray*) ſo art thou,
Free ſpeech and fearleſs, I to thee allow.
Mow. Then, *Bullingbrock*, as low as to thy heart,
Through the falſe paſſage of thy throat; thou lieſt:
Three parts of that Receipt I had for *Callice*,
Disburſt I to his Highneſs Souldiers;
The other part reſerv'd I by conſent,
For that my Soveraign Liege was in my debt,
Upon remainder of a dear Account,
Since laſt I went to *France* to fetch his Queen:
Now ſwallow down that lye. For *Gloſter*'s death,
I ſlew him not; but (to mine own diſgrace)
Neglected my ſworn Duty in that caſe:
For you, my noble Lord of *Lancaſter*,
The Honourable Father to my Foe,
Once I did lay an ambuſh for your Life,
A treſpaſs that doth vex my grieved Soul:
But e're I laſt receiv'd the Sacrament,
I did confeſs it, and exactly begg'd
Your Graces Pardon, and I hope I had it.
This is my fault: as for the reſt appeal'd,
It iſſues from the rancor of a Villain,
A Recreant and moſt degenerate Traitor,
Which in my ſelf I boldly will defend,
And interchangeably hurle down my Gage,
Upon this overweening Traitors foot,
To prove my ſelf a Loyal Gentleman,
Even in the beſt Blood chamber'd in his boſom.
In haſte whereof moſt heartily I pray
Your Highneſs to aſſign our Tryal-day.
King. Wrath-kindled Gentlemen be rul'd by me:
Let's purge this Choller without letting Blood;
This we preſcribe, though no Phyſitian.
Deep Malice makes too deep Inciſion.
Forget, forgive, conclude and be agreed,
Our Doctors ſay, this is no time to bleed.
Good Uncle, let this end where it begun,
We'll calm the Duke of *Norfolk*, you your Son.
Gaunt. To be a Make-peace ſhall become my age,
Throw down (my Son) the Duke of *Norfolk's* Gage.
King. And *Norfolk* throw down his.
Gaunt. When *Harry*, when? Obedience bids,
Obedience bids, I ſhould not bid agen.
King. Norfolk, throw down, we bid; there is no boot.
Mow. My ſelf I throw (dread Soveraign) at thy foot.
My Life thou ſhalt command, but not my Shame,
The one my Duty owes, but my fair Name,
Deſpight of death that lives upon my Grave,
To dark diſhonours uſe, thou ſhalt not have.
I am diſgrac'd, impeach'd, and baffl'd here,
Pierc'd to the Soul, with ſlanders venom'd Spear.
The which no Blame can cure, but his heart Blood
Which breath'd this Poyſon.

King. Rage muſt be withſtood:
Give me his Gage: Lyons make Leopards tame.
Mow. Yea, but not change his Spots: take but my ſhame,
And I reſign my Gage. My dear, dear Lord,
The pureſt Treaſure mortal times afford,
Is ſpotleſs Reputation: that away,
Men are but gilded Loam, or painted Clay.
A Jewel in a ten-times barr'd up Cheſt,
Is a bold Spirit in a Loyal Breaſt.
Mine Honour is my liſe; both grow in one:
Take Honour from me, and my life is done.
Then (dear my Liege) mine Honour let me try,
In that I live; and for that will I dye.
King. Couſin, throw down your Gage, Do you begin.
Bul. Oh Heaven defend my Soul from ſuch foul ſin.
Shall I ſeem Creſt-faln in my Father's ſight,
Or with pale beggar'd Fear impeach my hight
Before this out-dar'd Daſtard? E're my Tongue
Shall wound my Honour with ſuch feeble Wrong;
Or ſound ſo baſe a parle: my Teeth ſhall tear
The ſlaviſh Motive of recanting Fear,
And ſpit it bleeding in his high diſgrace,
Where ſhame doth harbour, even in *Mowbray*'s Face.
[*Exit* Gaunt.

King. We were not born to ſue, but to Command,
Which ſince we cannot do to make you Friends,
Be ready, (as your lives ſhall anſwer it)
At *Coventrey*, upon Saint *Lambert's* day:
There ſhall your Swords and Lances arbitrate
The ſwelling Difference of your ſetled Hate:
Since we cannot attone you, you ſhall ſee
Juſtice deſign the Victor's Chivalry.
Lord Marſhal command our Officers at Arms,
Be ready to direct theſe home Alarms. [*Exeunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Gaunt, *and Dutcheſs of* Gloſter.

Gaunt. Alas, the part I had in *Gloſter's* blood,
Doth more ſolicite me than your Exclaims,
To ſtir againſt the Butchers of his life.
But ſince Correction lyeth in thoſe Hands
Which made the Fault that we cannot correct,
Put we our Quarrel to the Will of Heaven,
Who when they ſee the Hours ripe on Earth,
Will rain hot Vengeance on Offenders heads.
Dut. Finds Brotherhood in thee no ſharper ſpur?
Hath love in thy old Blood no living fire?
Edward's ſeven Sons (whereof thy ſelf art one)
Were as ſeven Vials of his ſacred Blood.
Or ſeven fair Branches ſpringing from one Root:
Some of thoſe ſeven are dri'd by Natures Courſe,
Some of thoſe Branches by the Deſtinies cut:
But *Thomas*, my dear Lord, my life, my *Gloſter*;
One Vial full of *Edward's* Sacred Blood,
One flouriſhing Branch of his moſt Royal Root
Is crack'd, and all the precious Liquor ſpilt;
Is hackt down, and his Summer Leaves all faded
By Envie's hand, and Murder's Bloody Axe.
Ah *Gaunt*? His Blood was thine, that Bed, that Womb,
That Mettle, that Self-mould that faſhion'd thee,
Made him a Man: And though thou liv'ſt and breath'ſt;
Yet art thou ſlain in him: thou doſt conſent
In ſome large meaſure to thy Father's death,
In that thou ſeeſt thy wretched Brother die,
Who was the Model of thy Father's life,
Call it not Patience (*Gaunt*) it is Deſpair,
In ſuffering thus thy Brother to be ſlaughter'd,
Thou ſhew'ſt the naked Pathway to thy life,
Teaching ſtern Murther how to butcher thee:
That which in mean men, we intitle Patience
Is pale cold Cowardice in noble Breaſts:
What ſhall I ſay, to ſafegard thine own life,
The beſt way is to venge my *Gloſter's* death.
Gaunt. Heavens is the Quarrel: for Heaven's Subſtitute,
His Deputy anointed in his ſight,
Hath caus'd his death, the which if wrongfully
Let Heaven Revenge: for I may never lift
An angry Arm againſt his Miniſter.
Dut. Where then (alas) may I complain my ſelf?
Gaun. To Heaven, the VVidows Champion to defence.
Dut. Why then I will: farewel old *Gaunt.*
Thou go'ſt to *Coventrey*, there to behold
Our Couſin *Hereford*, and fell *Mowbray* fight:
O ſit my Husbands Wrongs on *Hereford's* Spear,
That it may enter Butcher *Mowbray's* breaſt:
Or if Misfortune miſs the firſt Carreer,
Be *Mowbray's* ſins ſo heavy in his Boſom,
That they may break his foaming Courſers back,
And throw the Rider headlong in the Liſts,
A Caytiff recreant to my Couſin *Hereford.*
Farewel old *Gaunt*, thy ſomtimes Brother's Wife
With her Companion Grief muſt end her life.
Gaunt. Siſter farewel: I muſt to *Coventrey*,
As much good ſtay with thee, as go with me.
Dut. Yet one word more, Grief boundeth where it falls,
Not with the empty hollowneſs but weight:
I take my leave, before I have begun,
For Sorrow ends not: when it ſeemeth done.
Commend me to my Brother, *Edward York*.
Lo, this is all: nay yet depart not ſo,
Though this be all, do not ſo quickly go,
I ſhall remember more. Bid him, Oh, what?
With all good ſpeed at *Plaſhie* viſit me.
Alack, and what ſhall good old *York* there ſee
But empty Lodgings, and unfurniſh'd Walls,
Un-peopl'd Offices, untrodden Stones?
And what hear there for Welcome, but my Groans?
Therefore commend me, let him not come there
To ſeek out Sorrow that dwells every where;
Deſolate, deſolate will I hence, and dye,
The laſt leave of thee, takes my weeping Eye. [*Exeunt.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Marſhal and Aumerle.

Mar. My L. *Aumerle*, is *Harry Hereford* arm'd?
Aum. Yea, at all points, and longs to enter in.
Mar. The Duke of *Norfolk*, ſprightful and bold,
Stays but the Summons of the Appealants Trumpet.
Au. Why then the Champions are prepar'd and ſtay
For nothing but his Majeſties approach. [*Flouriſh.*

Enter King, Gaunt, Buſhy, Bagot, Green, *and others:*
Then Mowbray *in Armour*, *and Harrold.*

Rich. Marſhal, demand of yonder Champion
The Cauſe of his arrival here in Arms,
Ask him his Name, and orderly proceed
To ſwear him in the Juſtice of his Cauſe.
Mar. In Gods Name, and the Kings, ſay who thou art?
And why thou com'ſt, thus Knightly clad in Arms?
Againſt what man thou com'ſt, and what's thy Quarrel,
Speak truly on thy Kinghthood, and thine Oath,
As ſo defend thee Heaven, and thy Valour.
Mow. My Name is *Tho. Mowbray*, Duke of *Norfolk*,
Who hither come engaged by my Oath,
(Which Heaven defend a Knight ſhould violate)
Both to defend my Loyalty and Truth,
To God, my King, and his ſucceeding Iſſue,

Againſt the Duke of *Hereford*, that Appeals me:
And by the Grace of God and this mine Arm,
To prove him (in defendiug of my ſelf)
A Traitor to my God, my King, and me;
And as I truly fight, defend me Heaven.

Tucket. *Enter* Hereford, *and Harold.*

Rich. Marſhal: Ask yonder Knight in Arms,
Both who he is, and why he cometh hither,
Thus placed in Habiliments of War:
And formally according to our Law
Depoſe him in the Juſtice of his Cauſe.
Mar. What is thy Name, and wherefore com'ſt thou hither
Before King *Richard*, in his Royal Liſts?
Againſt whom comeſt thou? and what's thy Quarrel?
Speak like a true Knight, ſo defend thee Heaven.
Bull. Harry of *Hereford*, *Lancaſter*, and *Darby*,
Am I, who ready here do ſtand in Arms,
To prove by Heaven's grace, my Body's Valour,
In Liſts, on *Thomas Mowbray* Duke of *Norfolk*,
That he's a Traitor foul and dangerous,
To God of Heaven, King *Richard*, and to me,
And as I truly fight, defend me Heaven.
Mar. On pain of Death, no perſon be ſo bold,
Or daring hardy, as to touch the Liſts,
Except the Marſhal, and ſuch Officers
Appointed to direct theſe fair Deſigns.
Bull. Lord Marſhal, let me kiſs my Soveraign's Hand,
And bow my Knee before his Majeſty:
For *Mowbray* and my ſelf are like two men,
That vow a long and weary Pilgrimage,
Then let us take a ceremonious Leave
And loving Farewel of our ſeveral Friends.
Mar. The Appealant in all duty greets your Highneſs,
And craves to kiſs your hand, and take his leave.
Rich. We will deſcend and fold him in our arms.
Couſin of *Hereford*, as thy Cauſe is juſt,
So be thy Fortune in this Royal Fight:
Farewel, my Blood, which if to day thou ſhed,
Lament me may, but not Revenge thee dead.
Bull. Oh let no noble Eye prophane a Tear
For me, if I be gor'd with *Mowbray's* Spear:
As confident, as is the Faulcon's flight
Againſt a Bird, do I with *Mowbray* fight.
My loving Lord, I take my leave of you,
Of you (my noble Couſin) Lord *Aumerle*;
Not ſick, although I have to do with death,
But luſty, young, and chearly drawing breath.
Lo, as at *Engliſh* Feaſts, ſo I regreet
The daintieſt laſt, to make the end moſt ſweet.
Oh thou the Earthy Author of my Blood,
Whoſe youthful Spirit in me regenerate,
Doth with a two-fold vigour lift me up
To reach at Victory above my Head,
Add proof unto mine Armour with thy Prayers,
And with thy Bleſſings ſteel my Lances Point,
That it may enter *Mowbray's* Waxen Coat,
And furniſh new the Name of *John a Gaunt*
Even in the luſty 'haviour of his Son.
Gaunt. Heaven in thy good Cauſe make thee proſp'rous,
Be ſwift like Lightning in the Execution,
And let thy Blows doubly redoubled,
Fall like amazing thunder on the Cask
Of thy amaz'd pernicious Enemy.
Rouze up thy youthful Blood, be Valiant, and live.
Bull. Mine Innocence, and St. *George* to thrive.
Mow. How ever Heaven or Fortune caſt my Lot,
There lives, or dies, true to King *Richard's* Throne,
A Loyal, Juſt, and Upright Gentleman:
Never did Captain with a freer heart
Caſt off his Chains of Bondage, and embrace
His golden uncontroul'd Enfranchiſement,
More than my dancing Soul doth celebrate
This feaſt of Battle, with mine Adverſary.
Moſt mighty Liege, and my Companion Peers,
Take from my mouth, the wiſh of happy years,
As gentle, and as jocond, as to jeaſt,
Go I to fight: Truth hath a quiet breaſt.
Rich. Farewel, my Lord, ſecurely I eſpy
Vertue with Valour, couched in thine Eye:
Order the Trial Marſhal, and begin.
Mar. Harry of *Hereford*, *Lancaſter* and *Darby*,
Receive thy Launce, and Heaven defend thy Right.
Bull. Strong as a Tower, in hope, I cry Amen.
Mar. Go bear this Launce to *Thomas* Duke of *Norfolk*.
1. *Harry* of *Hereford*, *Lancaſter* and *Darby*,
Stands here for God, his Soveraign, and Himſelf,
On pain to be found falſe and recreant,
To prove the Duke of *Norfolk*, *Thomas Mowbray*,
A Traitor to his God, his King, and him,
And dares him to ſet forward to the fight.
2. *Har.* Here ſtandeth *Thomas Mowbray* Duke of *Norfolk*
On pain to be found falſe and recreant,
Both to defend himſelf, and to approve
Henry of *Hereford*, *Lancaſter*, and *Darby*,
To God, his Soveraign, and to him diſloy:
Couragiouſly, and with a free deſire,
Attending but the Signal to begin. [*A charge ſounded.*
Mar. Sound Trumpets, and ſet forward Combatants:
Bu Stay, the King hath thrown his Warder down.
Rich. Let them lay by their Helmets, and their Spears,
And both return back to their Chairs again:
Withdraw with us, and let the Trumpets ſound,
While we return theſe Dukes what we decree.
[*A long Flouriſh.*

Draw near, and liſt
What with our Council we have done.
For that our Kingdoms Earth ſhould not be ſoild
With that dear Blood which it hath foſtered,
And for our eyes do hate the dire aſpect
Of Civil Wounds plough'd up with Neighbours Swords,
Which ſo rouz'd up with boiſterous untun'd Drums,
With harſh reſounding Trumpets dreadful bray,
And grating ſhock of wrathful Iron Arms,
Might from our quiet Confines fright fair Peace,
And make us wade even in our Kindreds Blood:
Therefore, we baniſh you our Territories.
You Couſin *Hereford*, upon pain of death,
Till twice five Summers have enrich'd our Fields,
Shall not regreet our fair Dominions,
But tread the ſtranger Paths of Baniſhment.
Bull. Your will be done: This muſt my Comfort be,
That Sun that warms you here, ſhall ſhine on me:
And thoſe his golden Beams to you here lent,
Shall point on me, and gild my Baniſhment.
Rich. Norfolk: for thee remains a heavier Doom,
Which I with ſome unwillingneſs pronounce,
The ſlye ſlow Hours ſhall not determinate
The dateleſs limit of thy dear Exile:
The hopeleſs word, of never to return,
Breathe I againſt thee, upon pain of life.
Mow. A heavy Sentence, my moſt Soveraign Liege,
And all unlook'd for from your Highneſs mouth:
A dearer Merit, not ſo deep a Maim,
As to be caſt forth in the common air
Have I deſerved at your Highneſs hands.
The Language I have learn'd theſe forty years
(My native *Engliſh*) now I muſt forgo,
And now my Tongues uſe is to me no more,
Than an unſtringed Viol, or a Harp,
Or like a cunning Inſtrument caſ'd up,
Or being open, put into his hands
That knows no touch to tune the harmony.
Within my Mouth you have engoal'd my Tongue,
Doubly percullis'd with my Teeth and Lips,
And dull, unfeeling, barren Ignorance,
Is made my Goaler to attend on me:

I am too old to fawn upon a Nurſe,
Too far in years to be a Pupil now:
What is thy Sentence then, but ſpeechleſs death,
Which robs my Tongue from breathing native breath?
Rich. It boots thee not to be compaſſionate,
After our Sentence, plaining comes too late.
Mow. Then thus I turn me from my Country's light,
To dwell in ſolemn Shades of endleſs night.
Rich. Return again, and take an Oath with thee,
Lay on your Royal Sword, your baniſh'd hands;
Swear by the Duty that you owe to Heaven
(Our part therein we baniſh with your ſelves)
To keep the Oath that we adminiſter:
You never ſhall (ſo help you Truth, and Heaven)
Embrace each others Love in Baniſhment,
Nor ever look upon each others Face,
Nor ever write, regreet, or reconcile
This lowring Tempeſt of your home-bred Hate,
Nor ever by adviſed purpoſe meet,
To plot, contrive, or complot any ill,
'Gainſt Us, our State, our Subjects, or our Land.
Bul. I ſwear.
Mow. And I, to keep all this.
Bul. *Norfolk*, ſo far, as to mine Enemy.
By this time (had the King permitted us)
One of our Souls had wandred in the air,
Baniſh'd this frail Sepulchre of our fleſh,
As now our fleſh is baniſh'd from this Land.
Confeſs thy Treaſons, e're thou fly this Realm,
Since thou has far to go, bear not along
The clogging burthen of a guilty Soul.
Mow. No *Bullingbrook*: if ever I were Traitor,
My Name be blotted from the book of Life,
And I from Heaven baniſh'd, as from hence:
But what thou art, Heaven, thou and I do know,
And all too ſoon (I fear) the King ſhall rue.
Farewell (my Liege) now no way can I ſtray,
Save back to *England*, all the world's my way.
Rich. Uncle, even in the Glaſſes of thine Eyes
I ſee thy grieved Heart: thy ſad Aſpect,
Hath from the number of his baniſh'd years
Pluck'd four away: Six frozen Winters ſpent,
Return with welcome home from Baniſhment.
Bul. How long a time lies in one little word:
Four lagging Winters, and four wanton Springs
End in a word, ſuch is the breath of Kings.
Gaunt. I thank my Liege, that in regard of me
He ſhortens four years of my Sons Exile:
But little vantage ſhall I reap thereby.
For e're the ſix years that he hath to ſpend,
Can change the Moons, and bring their times about;
My oyl-dry'd Lamp, and time-bewaſted Light,
Shall be extinct with Age, and endleſs Night:
My inch of Taper, will be burnt, and done,
And blindfold death, not let me ſee my Son.
Rich. Why Uncle? thou haſt many years to live.
Gaunt. But not a minute (King) that thou canſt give;
Shorten my days thou canſt with ſudden Sorrow,
And pluck Nights from me, but not lend me a Morrow:
Thou canſt help time to furrow me with Age,
But ſtop no Wrinckle in his Pilgrimage:
Thy word is currant with him, for my death,
But dead, thy Kingdom cannot buy my breath.
Rich. Thy Son is baniſh'd upon good advice,
Whereto thy Tongue a party-verdict gave,
Why at our Juſtice ſeem'ſt thou then to lowre?
Gaunt. Things ſweet to taſte, prove in digeſtion ſowr:
You urg'd me as a Judge, but I had rather
You would have bid me argue like a Father.
Alas, I look'd when ſome of you ſhould ſay,
I was too ſtrict to make mine own away:
But you gave leave to my unwilling Tongue,
Againſt my will, to do my ſelf this wrong.
Rich. Couſin farewell: and Uncle bid him ſo:
Six years we baniſh him, and he ſhall go. [*Exit.*
Flouriſh.
Au. Couſin, farewel, what preſence muſt not know,
From where you do remain, let Paper ſhow.
Mar. My Lord, no leave take I, for I will ride
As far as Land will let me, by your ſide.
Gaunt. Oh to what purpoſe doſt thou hoard thy words,
That thou return'ſt no greeting to thy Friends?
Bul. I have too few to take my leave of you,
When the Tongue's Office ſhould be prodigal,
To breathe th'abundant dolour of the Heart.
Gaunt. Thy Grief is but thy Abſence for a time.
Bul. Joy abſent, Grief is preſent for that time.
Gaunt. What is ſix Winters, they are quickly gone?
Bul. To men in Joy, but Grief makes one hour ten.
Gaunt. Call it a travel that thou tak'ſt for pleaſure.
Bul. My heart will ſigh, when I miſcall it ſo,
Which finds it an inforced Pilgrimage.
Gaunt. The ſullen paſſage of thy weary ſteps
Eſteem a Soil, wherein thou art to ſet
The precious Jewel of thy home return.
Bul. Oh who can hold a Fire in his hand
By thinking on the Froſty *Cancaſus?*
Or cloy the hungry edge of Appetite,
By bare imagination of a Feaſt?
Or wallow naked in *December* Snow
By thinking on fantaſtick Summers Heat?
Oh no, the apprehenſion of the good
Gives but the greater feeling to the worſe:
Fell Sorrow's Tooth, doth neverranckle more
Than when it bites, but lanceth not the ſore.
Gaunt. Come, come (my Son) I'le bring thee on thy way,
Had I thy Youth, and Cauſe, I would not ſtay.
Bul. Then *England*'s ground farewel: ſweet ſoil adieu,
My Mother and my Nurſe, which bears me yet:
Where-e're I wander, boaſt of this I can,
Though baniſh'd, yet a true-born *Engliſh-man.*

Scæna Quarta.

Enter King, Aumerle, Green, Bagot.

Rich. We did obſerve. Couſin *Aumerle*,
How far brought you High *Hereford* on his way?
Aum. I brought High *Hereford* (if you call him ſo)
But to the next high way, and there I left him.
Rich. And ſay, what ſtore of parting tears were ſhed?
Aum. Faith none by me: except the *North-Eaſt* wind
Which then grew bitterly againſt our face,
Awak'd the ſleepy rheume, and ſo by chance
Did grace our hollow parting with a tear.
Rich. What ſaid our Couſin when you parted with him?
Au. Farewel: and for my heart diſdained that my Tongue
Should ſo prophane the word, that taught me craft
To counterfeit oppreſſion of ſuch Grief,
That word ſeem'd buried in my Sorrows Grave.
Marry, would the word farewel, had lengthn'd Hours,
And added Years to his ſhort Baniſhment,
He ſhould have had a Volume of Farewels,
But ſince it would not, he had none of me.
Ric. He is our Couſin (Couſin) but 'tis doubt,
When time ſhall call him home from Baniſhment,
Whether our Kinſman come to ſee his Friends,
Our Self, and *Buſhy*: here *Bagot* and *Green*
Obſerv'd his Courtſhip to the Common People:
How he did ſeem to dive into their Hearts,
With humble, and familiar Courteſie,
What Reverence he did throw away on Slaves;
Wooing poor Crafts-men with the craft of Souls,
And patient under-bearing of his Fortune,
As 'twere to baniſh their Affects with him.
Off goes his Bonnet to an Oyſter-wench,

A

A brace of Dray-men bid God ſpeed him well,
And had the Tribute of his ſupple Knee,
With thanks, my Countrymen, my loving Friends,
As were our *England* in Reverſion his,
And he our Subjects next Degree in hope.
Gr. Well, he is gone, and with him go theſe thoughts:
Now for the Rebels, which ſtand out in *Ireland*,
Expedient mannage muſt be made, my Liege
E're further leiſure, yield the further means
For their advantage, and your Highneſs loſs.
Rich. We will our Self in Perſon to this VVar,
And for our Coffers, with too great a Court,
And liberal Largeſs, are grown ſomewhat light,
VVe are inforc'd to farm our Royal Realm,
The Revenue whereof ſhall furniſh us
For our Affairs in hand: if they come ſhort,
Our Subſtitutes at home ſhall have Blank Charters:
Whereto, when they ſhall know what men are rich,
They ſhall Subſcribe them for large Sums of Gold,
And ſend them after to ſupply our Wants:
For we will make for *Ireland* preſently.
Enter Buſhy.
Buſhy, what News?
Bu. Old *John* of *Gaunt* is very ſick, my Lord,
Suddenly taken, and hath ſent poſt haſte
To intreat your Majeſty to viſit him.
Ric. Where lies he?
Bu. At *Ely-houſe*.
Ric. Now put it (Heaven) in his Phyſitian's mind,
To help him to his Grave immediately:
The lining of his Coffers ſhall make Coats
To deck our Souldiers for theſe *Iriſh* Wars.
Come Gentlemen, let's all go viſit him:
Pray Heaven we may make haſte, and come too late. [*Exit.*

Actus Secundus. Scæna Prima.

Enter ſick Gaunt, *with* York.

Gau. Will the King come, that I may breathe my laſt
In wholeſom counſel to his unſtaid youth?
Yor. Vex not your ſelf, nor ſtrive not with your breath,
For all in vain comes counſel to his ear.
Gau. Oh but (they ſay) the Tongues of dying men
Inforce attention like deep harmony:
Where words are ſcarce, they are ſeldom ſpent in vain,
For they breath truth, that breath their words in pain.
He that no more muſt ſay, is liſten'd more,
Than they whom youth and eaſe have taught to gloſe,
More are mens ends markt than their lives before,
The ſetting Sun, and Muſick is the cloſe,
As the laſt taſte of ſweets, is ſweeteſt laſt,
Writ in remembrance, more than things long paſt;
Though *Richard* my lifes counſel would not hear,
My deaths ſad tale may yet undeaf his Ear.
Yor. No, it is ſtopt with other flatt'ring Sounds,
As praiſes of his State: then there are found
Laſcivious Meeters, to whoſe venom ſound
The open Ears of youth doth always liſten.
Report of Faſhions in proud *Italy*,
Whoſe Manners ſtill our tardie apiſh Nation
Limps after in baſe imitation.
Where doth the World thruſt forth a Vanity,
So it be new, there's no reſpect how vile,
That is not quickly buz'd into their Ears?
That all too late comes counſel to be heard,
Where Will doth mutiny with Wits regard:
Direct not him, whoſe way himſelf will chooſe,
'Tis breath thou lack'ſt, and that breath wilt thou looſe.
Gaunt. Methinks I am a Prophet new inſpir'd,
And thus expiring, do foretell of him,
His raſh fierce Blaze of Ryot cannot laſt,
For violent Fires ſoon burn out themſelves;
Small Showers laſt long, but ſudden Storms are ſhort,
He tires betimes, that ſpurs too faſt betimes;
With eager feeding, food doth choke the feeder;
Light Vanity, inſatiate Cormorant,
Conſuming means, ſoon preys upon it ſelf,
This Royal Throne of Kings, this Scepter'd Iſle,
This Earth of Majeſty, this Seat of *Mars*,
This other *Eden*, demy Paradiſe,
This Fortreſs built by Nature for her ſelf,
Againſt infection, and the hand of War:
This happy Breed of men, this little World,
This precious Stone ſet in the Silver Sea,
Which ſerves it in the Office of a Wall,
Or as a Moat defenſive to a Houſe,
Againſt the envy of leſs happier Lands,
This bleſſed Plot, this Earth, this Realm, this *England*,
This Nurſe, this teeming womb of Royal Kings,
Fear'd by their Breed, and famous for their birth,
Renowned for their Deeds, as far from home,
For Chriſtian Service, and true Chivalrie,
As is the Sepulchre in ſtubborn *Jury*
Of the World's Ranſom, bleſſed *Mary's* Son.
This Land of ſuch dear Souls, this dear dear Land,
Dear for her Reputation through the World,
Is now Leas'd out (I dye pronouncing it)
Like to a Tenement or pelting Farm;
England bound in with the triumphant Sea,
Whoſe rocky ſhore beats back the envious Siege
Of watry *Neptune*, is now bound in with ſhame,
With Inky Blots, and rotten Parchment Bonds.
That *England* that was wont to conquer others,
Hath made a ſhameful Conqueſt of it ſelf.
Ah! would the Scandal vaniſh with my life,
How happy then were my enſuing death!

Enter King, Queen, Aumerle, Buſhy, Green,
Bagot, Roſs, *and* Willoughby.

Yor. The King is come, deal mildly with his youth,
For young hot Colts, being rag'd, do rage the more.
Qu. How fares our Noble Uncle, *Lancaſter*?
Ric. What comfort, man? How is't with aged *Gaunt*?
Ga. Oh how that Name befits my Compoſition:
Old *Gaunt* indeed, and gaunt in being old:
Within me Grief hath kept a tedious Faſt,
And who abſtains from Meat, that is not gaunt:
For ſleeping *England* long time have I watcht,
Whatching breeds leanneſs, leanneſs is all gaunt:
The Pleaſure that ſome Fathers feed upon,
Is my ſtrict Faſt, I mean my Childrens looks,
And therein Faſting haſt thou made me gaunt;
Gaunt am I for the Grave, gaunt as a Grave,
Whoſe hollow Womb inherits nought but Bones.
Ric. Can ſick men play ſo nicely with their Names?
Gau. No, Miſery makes ſport to mock it ſelf:
Since thou doſt ſeek to kill my Name in me,
I mock my Name (great King) to flatter thee.
Ric. Should dying men flatter thoſe that live?
Gau. No, no, men living flatter thoſe that dye.
Ric. Thou now a dying, ſay'ſt thou flatter'ſt me.
Gau. Oh no, thou dy'ſt, though I the ſicker be.
Ric. I am in health, I breathe, I ſee thee ill.
Gau. Now he that made me, knows I ſee thee ill:
Ill in my ſelf to ſee, and in thee ſeeing ill,
Thy Death-bed is no leſſer than the Land,
Wherein thou lieſt in Reputation ſick,
And thou, too careleſs Patient as thou art,
Committ'ſt thy anointed Body to the cure
Of thoſe Phyſitians that firſt wounded thee:
A thouſand flatterers ſit within thy Crown,
Whoſe compaſs is no bigger than thy hand,
And yet ingaged in ſo ſmall a Verge,
The waſte is no whit leſſer than thy Land.

Oh had thy Grandſier with a Prophets Eye,
Seen how his Son's Son ſhould deſtroy his Sons,
From forth thy reach he would have laid thy ſhame,
Depoſing thee before thou wert poſſeſt,
Which art poſſeſt now to depoſe thy ſelf,
Why (Couſin) wert thou Regent of the world,
It were a ſhame to let this Land by leaſe:
But for thy world enjoying but this Land,
Is it not more than ſhame, to ſhame it ſo?
Landlord of *England* art thou, and not King:
Thy ſtate of Law, is bondſlave to the Law,
And———

Rich. And thou, a lunatick lean-witted Fool,
Preſuming on an Agues priviledge,
Dar'ſt with thy frozen Admonition
Make pale our cheek, chaſing the Royal Blood
With fury, from his Native Reſidence;
Now by my Seats right Royal Majeſty,
Wert thou not Brother to great *Edward*'s Son,
This Tongue that runs ſo roundly in thy head,
Should run thy head from thy unreverent ſhoulders.

Gau. Oh ſpare me not, my Brother *Edward*'s Son,
For that I was his Father *Edward*'s Son:
That Blood already (like the Pelican)
Thou haſt tapt out, and drunkenly carows'd.
My Brother *Gloceſter*, plain well meaning Soul
(Whom fair befall in Heaven 'mongſt happy Souls)
May be a Preſident and Witneſs good,
That thou reſpect'ſt not ſpilling *Edward*'s Blood:
Joyn with the preſent ſickneſs that I have,
And thy unkindneſs be like crooked age,
To crop at once a too long wither'd Flower.
Live in thy ſhame, but dye not ſhame with thee,
Theſe words hereafter thy tormentors be.
Convey me to my Bed, then to my Grave.
Love they to live, that Love and Honour have. [*Exit.*

Rich. And let them dye, that Age and Sullens have,
For both haſt thou, and both become the Grave.

Yor. I do beſeech your Majeſty impute his words
To wayward ſicklineſs, and age in him:
He loves you on my life, and holds you dear
As *Harry* Duke of *Hereford*, were he here.

Rich. Right, you ſay true: as *Hereford*'s love, ſo his;
As theirs, ſo mine: and all be as it is.

Enter Northumberland.

Nor. My Liege, old *Gaunt* commends him to your Majeſty.

Rich. What ſay's he?

Nor. Nay nothing, all is ſaid:
His Tongue is now a ſtringleſs Inſtrument,
Words, life, and all, old *Lancaſter* hath ſpent.

Yor. Be *York* the next, that muſt be Bankrupt ſo.
Though Death be poor, it ends a mortal wo.

Rich. The ripeſt Fruit firſt falls, and ſo doth he,
His time is ſpent, our pilgrimage muſt be:
So much for that. Now for our *Iriſh* Wars,
We muſt ſupplant thoſe rough rug-headed Kerns,
Which live like Venom, where no Venom elſe
But only they, have priviledge to live.
And for theſe great Affairs do ask ſome charge,
Towards our Aſſiſtance, we do ſeize to us
The Plate, Coyn, and Revenues, and Moveables,
Whereof our Uncle *Gaunt* did ſtand poſſeſt.

Yor. How long ſhall I be patient? Oh how long
Shall tender duty make me ſuffer wrong?
Not *Gloſter*'s death, nor *Hereford*'s Baniſhment.
Nor *Gaunt*'s Rebukes, nor *England*'s private Wrongs,
Nor the prevention of poor *Bullingbrook*,
About his Marriage, nor my own Diſgrace,
Have ever made me ſower my patient Cheek,
Or bend one wrinkle on my Soveraign's Face:
I am the laſt of noble *Edward*'s Sons,
Of whom thy Fathar Prince of *Wales* was firſt;
In Wars was never Lyon rag'd more fierce:
In Peace, was never gentle Lamb more mild,
Than was that young and Princely Gentleman:
His Face thou haſt, for even ſo look'd he,
Accompliſh'd with the number of thy Hours:
But when he frown'd, it was againſt the *French*,
And not againſt his Friends: his Noble Hand
Did win what he did ſpend: and ſpent not that
Which his triumphant Father's Hand had won:
His Hands were guilty of no Kindreds Blood,
But bloody with the Enemies of his Kin:
Oh *Richard*, *York* is too far gone with Grief,
Or elſe he never would compare between.

Rich. Why Uncle, What's the matte?

Yor Oh, my Liege, pardon me if you pleaſe, if not,
I, pleas'd not to be pardon'd, am content with all:
Seek you to ſeize, and gripe into your hands
The Royalties and Rights of baniſh'd *Hereford*?
Is not *Gaunt* dead, and doth not *Hereford* live?
Was not *Gaunt* juſt, and is not *Harry* true?
Did not the one deſerve to have an Heir?
Is not his Heir a well-deſerving Son?
Take *Hereford*'s Rights away, and take from time
His Charters; and his cuſtomary Rights:
Let not to morrow then enſue to day,
Be not thy ſelf. For how art thou a King
But by fair Sequence and Succeſſion?
Now afore God, God forbid I ſay true,
If you do wrongfully ſeize *Hereford*'s right,
Call in his Letters Patents that he hath
By his Attorneys General, to ſue
His Livery, and deny his offer'd Homage,
You pluck a thouſand Dangers on your head,
You loſe a thouſand well diſpoſed Hearts,
And prick my tender Patience to thoſe thoughts
Which Honour and Allegiance cannot think.

Rich. Think what you will: we ſeize into our hands,
His Plate, his Goods, his Money, and his Lands.

Yor. I'le not be by the while: my Leige, farewell;
What will enſue hereof, there's none can tell,
But by bad Courſes may be underſtood,
That their Events can never fall out good. [*Exit.*

Rich. Go *Buſhie* to the Earl of *Wiltſhire* ſtreight,
Bid him repair to us to *Ely-houſe*,
To ſee this buſineſs: to morrow next
We will for *Ireland*, and 'tis time I trow:
And we create in abſence of our ſelf
Our Uncle *York*, Lord Governour of *England*:
For he is juſt, and always lov'd us well.
Come on our Queen, to morrow muſt we part,
Be merry, for our time of ſtay is ſhort. [*Flouriſh.*

Manet North, Willoughby, and Roſs.

North. Well, Lords, the Duke of *Lancaſter* is dead.

Roſſ. And living too, for now his Son is Duke.

Will. Barely in Title, not in Revenue.

Nor. Richly in both, if Juſtice had her Right.

Roſſ. My Heart is great: but it muſt break with ſilence,
Er't be disburthened with a liberal Tongue.

Nor. Nay ſpeak thy mind: and let him ne'er ſpeak more
That ſpeaks thy words again to do thee harm.

Will. Tends that thou'dſt ſpeak to the Duke of *Hereford*?
If it be ſo, out with it boldly, man:
Quick is mine Ear to hear of good towards him.

Roſſ. No good at all that I can do for him,
Unleſs you call it good to pity him,
Bereft and gelded of his Patrimony.

Nor. Now afore heaven, it's ſhame ſuch wrongs are born,
In him a Royal Prince, and many moe,
Of Noble Blood in this declining Land;
The King is not himſelf, but baſely led
By Flatterers, and what they will inform
Meerly in hate 'gainſt any of us all,
That will the King ſeverely proſecute
'Gainſt us, our Lives, our Children, and our Heirs.

Roſſ. The Commons hath he pill'd with grievous Taxes
And quite loſt their Hearts: the Nobles hath he fin'd

For ancient Quarrels, and quite loſt their Hearts.
Will. And daily new Exactions are deviſ'd
As Blanks, Benevolences, and I wot not what:
But what o'Gods name doth become of this?
Nor. Wars hath not waſted it, for war'd he hath not,
But baſely yielded upon Comprimiſe,
That which his Anceſtors atchiev'd with blows:
More hath he ſpent in Peace, than they in Wars.
Roſ. The Earl of *Wiltſhire* hath the Realm in Farm.
Wil. The King's grown Bankrupt, like a broken man.
Nor. Reproach and Diſſolution hangeth over him.
Roſ. He hath not Money for theſe *Iriſh* Wars:
(His burthenous Taxations notwithſtanding)
But by the robbing of the baniſh'd Duke.
Nor. His Noble Kinſman, moſt degenerate King:
But Lords, we hear this fearful Tempeſt ſing,
Yet ſeek no ſhelter to avoid the Storm:
We ſee the Wind ſit ſore upon our Sails,
And yet we ſtrike not, but ſecurely periſh.
Roſ. We ſee the very Wrack that we muſt ſuffer,
And unavoided is the Danger now
For ſuffering ſo the Cauſes of our Wrack.
Nor. Not ſo: even through the hollow Eies of death,
I ſpie life peering: but I dare not ſay
How near the Tidings of our Comfort is.
Wil. Nay let us ſhare thy Thoughts, as thou doſt ours.
Roſ. Be confident to ſpeak, *Northumberland*,
We three, are but thy ſelf, and ſpeaking ſo,
Thy Words are but as Thoughts, therefore be bold.
Nor. Then thus: I have from Port *le Blan*,
A Bay in *Britain*, receiv'd intelligence,
That *Harry* Duke of *Hereford*, *Rainald* Lord *Cobham*,
That late broke from the Duke of *Exeter*,
His Brother Archbiſhop, late of *Canterbury*,
Sir *Thomas Erpingham*, Sir *John Rainſton*,
Sir *John Norberie*, Sir *Robert Waterton*, and *Francis Quoint*,
All theſe well furniſh'd by the Duke of *Britain*,
With eight tall Ships, three thouſand men of War,
Are making hither with all due Expedience,
And ſhortly mean to touch our *Northern* Shore:
Perhaps they had e're this, but that they ſtay
The firſt departing of the King for *Ireland*.
If then we ſhall ſhake off our ſlaviſh Yoke,
Imp out our drooping Countries broken Wing,
Redeem from broaking Pawn the blemiſh'd Crown,
Wipe off the Duſt that hides our Scepters gilt,
And make high Majeſty look like it ſelf,
A way with me in haſte to *Ravenſpurg*,
But if you faint, as fearing to do ſo,
Stay, and be ſecret, and my ſelf will go.
Roſ. To Horſe, to Horſe, urge Doubts to them that fear.
Wil. Hold out my Horſe, and I will firſt be there. [*Exeunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Queen, Buſhy, *and* Bagot.

Buſh. Madam, your Majeſty is too much ſad,
You promis'd when you parted with the King,
To lay aſide ſelf-harming heavineſs,
And entertain a chearful Diſpoſition.
Qu. To pleaſe the King, I did: to pleaſe my ſelf
I cannot do it: yet I know no Cauſe
VVhy I ſhould welcome ſuch a Gueſt as Grief,
Save bidding farewel to ſo ſweet a Gueſt
As my ſweet *Richard*, yet again methinks
Some unborn Sorrow, ripe in Fortune's VVomb
Is coming towards me, and my inward Soul
VVhich nothing trembles, at ſomething it grieves,
More than with parting from my Lord the King.
Buſh. Each Subſtance of a Grief hath twenty Shadows
VVhich ſhews like Grief it ſelf, but are not ſo:
are
For Sorrows eye, glazed with blinding Tears,
Divides one thing intire, to many Objects,
Like Perſpectives, which rightly gaz'd upon,
[Shew nothing but Confuſion ey'd awry,]
Diſtinguiſh Form: ſo your ſweet Majeſty
Looking awry upon your Lord's departure,
Find ſhapes of Grief, more than himſelf to wail,
VVhich look'd on as it is, is nought but Shadows
Of what it is not: then thrice gracious Queen,
More than your Lords departure weep not, more's not ſeen;
Or if it be, 'tis with falſe Sorrow's eye,
VVhich for things true, weeps things imaginary.
Qu. It may be ſo, but yet my inward ſoul
Perſwades me it is otherwiſe: how-e're it be,
I cannot but be ſad: ſo heavy ſad,
As though one thinking on no thought I think,
Makes me with heavy nothing faint and ſhrink.
Buſh. 'Tis nothing but conceit (my gracious Lady.)
Qu. 'Tis nothing leſs: conceit is ſtill deriv'd
From ſome fore-father Grief, mine is not ſo,
For Nothing hath begot my Something Grief,
Or Something, hath the nothing that I grieve,
'Tis in reverſion that I do poſſeſs,
But what it is, that is not yet known, what
I cannot name, 'tis nameleſs woe I wot.

Enter Green.

Gree. Heaven ſave your Majeſty, and well met Gentlemen,
I hope the King is not yet ſhipt for *Ireland*.
Qu. VVhy hop'ſt thou ſo? 'Tis better hope he is:
For his Deſigns crave haſte, good hope,
Then wherefore doſt thou hope he is not ſhipt?
Gree. That he, our hope, might have retir'd his Power,
And driven into deſpair an Enemies Hope,
VVho ſtrongly hath ſet footing in this Land,
The baniſh'd *Bullingbrook* repeals himſelf,
And with up-lifted Arms is ſafe arriv'd
At *Ravenſpurg*.
Qu. Now God in Heaven forbid.
Gree. O, Madam, 'tis too true: and that is worſe,
The L. *Northumberland*, his young Son *Henry Percy*,
The Lords of *Roſſe*, *Beaumond*, and *Willoughby*,
With all their powerful Friends are fled to him.
Buſh. Why have you not proclaim'd *Northumberland*,
And the reſt of that revolted Faction, Traitors?
Gree. We have: whereupon the Earl of *Worceſter*
Hath broke his Staff, reſign'd his Stewardſhip,
And all the Houſhold Servants fled with him to *Bullingbrook*.
Qu. So *Green*, thou art the Midwife of my woe,
And *Bullingbrook* my Sorrows diſmal Heir:
Now hath my Soul brought forth her Prodigie,
And I a gaſping new delivered Mother,
Have Woe to Woe, Sorrow to Sorrow joyn'd.
Buſh. Deſpair not, Madam.
Qu. Who ſhall hinder me?
I will deſpair and be at enmity
With cozening Hope; he is a Flatterer,
A Paraſite, a keeper back of Death,
Who gently would diſſolve the bands of Life,
Which falſe Hopes linger in Extremity.

Enter York.

Gree. Here comes the Duke of *York*.
Qu. With Signs of War about his aged neck,
Oh full of careful buſineſs are his looks:
Uncle, for Heaven ſake ſpeak comfortable words.
York. Comfort's in Heaven, and we are on the Earth,
Where nothing lives but Croſſes, Care and Grief:
Your Husband he is gone to ſave far off,
Whilſt others come to make his loſe at home:
Here am I left to underprop his Land,
Who weak with Age, cannot ſupport my ſelf:
Now comes his ſick hour that his ſurfeit made,
Now ſhall he try his Friends that flattered him.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. My Lord, your Son was gone before I came.

Yor. He was : why ſo, go all which way it will :
The Nobles they are fled, the Commons they are cold,
And will I fear revolt on *Hereford's* ſide.
Sirrah, get thee to *Plaſhie*, to my Siſter *Gloſter*,
Bid her ſend me preſently a Thouſand Pound,
Hold, take my Ring.
Ser. My Lord, I had forgot
To tell your Lordſhip, to day I came by, and call'd there,
But I ſhall grieve you to report the reſt.
Yor. What is't, Knave ?
Ser. An Hour before I came, the Dutcheſs dy'd.
Yor. Heav'n for his mercy, what a Tide of Woes
Come ruſhing on this woful Land at once ?
I know not what to do : I would to Heaven
(So my Untruth had not provok'd him to it)
The King had cut off my head with my Brother's.
What, are there Poſts diſpatch'd for *Ireland* ?
How ſhall we do for Money for theſe Wars ?
Come Siſter, (Couſin, I would ſay) pray pardon me.
Go follow, get thee home, provide ſome Carts,
And bring away the Armour that is there.
Gentlemen, will you Muſter men ?
If I know how, or which way to order theſe Affairs
Thus diſorderly thruſt into my Hands,
Never believe me. Both are my Kinſmen,
Th' one is my Soveraign, whom both my Oath
And Duty bids defend : th' other again
Is my Kinſman, whom the King hath wrong'd,
Whom Conſcience, and my Kindred bids to right.
Well, ſomewhat we muſt do : Come, Couſin,
I'le diſpoſe of you. Gentlemen, go muſter up your men,
And meet me preſently at *Barkly* Caſtle ;
I ſhould to *Plaſhy* too : but time will not permit,
All is uneven, and every thing is left at ſix and ſeven. [*Exit.*
Buſh. The wind ſits fair for News to go to *Ireland*,
But none returns : for us to levy Power
Proportionable to th' Enemy, is all impoſſible.
Gree. Beſides our nearneſs to the King in love,
Is near the hate of thoſe love not the King.
Bag. And that's the wavering Commons, for their love
Lies in their Purſes, and who ſo empties them,
By ſo much fills their hearts with deadly hate.
Buſh. Wherein the King ſtands generally condemn'd.
Bag. If judgment lie in them, then ſo do we,
Becauſe we have been ever near the King.
Gree. Well : I will for refuge ſtreight to *Briſtol* Caſtle,
The Earl of *Wiltſhire* is already there.
Buſh. Thither will I with you, for little Office
Will the hateful Commons perform for us,
Except like Curs, to tear us all in pieces :
Will you go along with us ?
Bag. No, I will to *Ireland* to his Majeſty :
Farewell, if Hearts preſages be not vain,
We three here part, that never ſhall meet again.
Bu. That's as *York* thrives to beat back *Bullingbrook.*
Gree. Alas poor Duke, the Task he undertakes
Is numbring Sands, and drinking Oceans dry,
Where one on his ſide fights, thouſands will flye.
Buſh. Farewell at once, for once, for all, and ever.
Well, we may meet again.
Bag. I fear me never. [*Ex.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter the Duke of Hereford, *and* Northumberland.

Bul. How far is it, my Lord, to *Barkley* now ?
Nor. Believe me, Noble Lord,
I am a ſtranger here in *Glouſterſhire*,
Theſe high wild Hills, and rough uneven Ways,
Draws out our Miles, and makes them weariſome :
And yet our fair diſcourſe hath been as Sugar,
Making the hard Way ſweet and delectable :
But I bethink me, what a weary way
From *Ravenſpurg* to *Cottſhold* will be found,
In *Roſſe* and *Willoughby*, wanting your company,
Which I proteſt hath very much beguil'd
The tediouſneſs and proceſs of my travel :
But theirs is ſweetned with the hope to have
The preſent benefit that I poſſeſs :
And hope to joy, is little leſs in joy,
Than hope enjoy'd : By this, the weary Lords
Shall make their way ſeem ſhort, as mine hath done,
By ſight of what I have, your noble Company.
Bull. Of much leſs value is my Company,
Than your good words : but who comes here ?
Enter H. Percy.
North. It is my Son, young *Harry Percy*,
Sent from my Brother *Worceſter* : whenceſoever,
Harry, how fares your Uncle ?
Percy. I had thought, my Lord, to have learn'd his
Health of you.
North. Why, is he not with the Queen ?
Percy. No, my good Lord, he hath forſook the Court,
Broken his Staff of Office, and diſperſt
The Houſhold of the King.
North. What was his Reaſon ?
He was not ſo reſolv'd, when we laſt ſpake together.
Percy. Becauſe your Lordſhip was proclaimed Traitor.
But he, my Lord, is gone to *Ravenſpurg*,
To offer ſervice to the Duke of *Hereford*,
And ſent me over by *Barkley*, to diſcover
What Power the Duke of *York* had levied there,
Then with direction to repair to *Ravenſpurg.*
North. Have you forgot the Duke of *Hereford* (Boy.)
Percy. No, my good Lord : for that is not forgot
Which ne're I did remember : to my knowledge,
I never in my life did look on him.
North. Then learn to know him now : this is the Duke.
Percy. My gracious Lord, I tender you my ſervice,
Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young,
Which elder days ſhall ripen, and confirm
To more approved ſervice and deſert.
Bull. I thank thee, gentle *Percy*, and be ſure
I count my ſelf in nothing elſe ſo happy,
As in a Soul remembring my good Friends :
And as my Fortune ripens with thy Love,
It ſhall be ſtill thy true Love's Recompence,
My Heart this Covenant makes, my Hand thus ſeals it.
North. How far is it to *Barkley* ? and what ſtir
Keeps good old *York* there with his Men of War ?
Percy. There ſtands the Caſtle by yond Tuſt of Trees,
Mann'd with three hundred men, as I have heard.
And in it are the Lords of *York*, *Barkley*, and *Seymour*,
None elſe of Name, and Noble Eſtimate.
Enter Roſſe *and* Willoughby.
North. Here comes the Lords of *Roſſe* and *Willoughby*,
Bloody with ſpurring, fiery red with haſte.
Bull. Welcome, my Lords, I wot your love purſues
A baniſht Traitor ; all my Treaſury
Is yet but unfelt Thanks, which more enrich'd,
Shall be your love and labours Recompence.
Roſſe. Your Preſence makes us rich, moſt Noble Lord.
Willo. And far ſurmounts our labour to attain it.
Bull. Evermore Thanks, th' Exchequer of the poor,
Which till my infant-fortune comes to years,
Stand for my Bounty : but who comes here ?
Enter Barkley.
North. It is my Lord of *Barkley*, as I gueſs.
Bark. My Lord of *Hereford*, my Meſſage is to you.
Bull. My Lord, my anſwer is to *Lancaſter*,
And I am come to ſeek that Name in *England*,
And I muſt find that Title in your Town,
Before I make reply to ought you ſay.
Bark. Miſtake me not, my Lord, 'tis not my meaning
To raze one Title of your Honour out.

To you, my Lord, I come (what Lord you will)
From the moſt glorious of this Land,
The Duke of *York*, to know what pricks you on
To take Advantage of the abſent time,
And fright our Native Peace, with ſelf-born Arms.

Enter York.

Bull. I ſhall not need tranſport my words by you,
Here comes his Grace in Perſon. My Noble Uncle.
Yor. Shew me thy humble Heart, and not thy Knee,
Whoſe Duty is deceivable, and falſe.
Bull. My gracious Uncle.
Yor. Tut, tut, Grace me no Grace, nor Uncle me,
I am no Traitors Uncle; and that word Grace,
In an ungracious Mouth, is but prophane.
Why have theſe baniſh'd, and forbidden Legs,
Dar'd once to touch a duſt of *England's* Ground?
But more then, why, why have they dar'd to march
So many Miles upon her peaceful Boſom,
Frighting her pale-fac'd Villages with War,
And oſtentation of deſpiſed Arms?
Com'ſt thou becauſe th' anointed King is hence?
Why, fooliſh Boy, the King is left behind,
And in my loyal Boſom lies his Power.
Were I but now the Lord of ſuch hot youth,
As when brave *Gaunt*, thy Father, and thy ſelf
Reſcued the *Black Prince*, that young *Mars* of men,
From forth the Ranks of many thouſand *French*:
Oh then, how quickly ſhould this arm of mine,
Now Priſoner to the Palſie, chaſtiſe thee,
And miniſter Correction to thy Fault.
Bull. My gracious Uncle, let me know my Fault,
On what condition ſtands it, and wherein?
Yor. Even in condition of the worſt degree,
In groſs Rebellion, and deteſted Treaſon:
Thou art a baniſh'd man, and here art come
Before th' expiration of thy time,
In braving Arms againſt thy Soveraign.
Bull. As I was baniſh'd, I was baniſh'd *Hereford*,
But as I come, I come for *Lancaſter*.
And, noble Uncle, I beſeech your Grace,
Look on my wrongs with an indifferent Eye:
You are my Father, for methinks in you
I ſee old *Gaunt* alive. Oh then, my Father,
Will you permit that I ſhall ſtand condemn'd
A wandring Vagabond; my Rights and Royalties
Pluckt from my Arms perforce, and given away
To upſtart Unthrifts? wherefore was I born?
If that my Couſin King, be King of *England*,
It muſt be granted I am Duke of *Lancaſter*.
You have a Son, *Aumerle*, my Noble Kinſman,
Had you firſt dy'd, and he been thus trod down,
He ſhould have found his Uncle *Gaunt* a Father,
To rowze his Wrongs, and chaſe them to the bay.
I am deny'd to ſue my Livery here,
And yet my Letters Patents give me leave:
My Father's Goods are all diſtrain'd and ſold,
And theſe and all, are all amiſs imploy'd.
What would you have me do? I am a Subject,
And challenge Law: Attorneys are deny'd me,
And therefore Perſonally I lay my Claim
To mine Inheritance of free Deſcent.
North. The Noble Duke hath been too much abus'd.
Roſſ. It ſtands your Grace upon to do him right.
Willo. Baſe men by his Endowments are made great.
Yor. My Lords of *England*, let me tell you this,
I have had feeling of my Couſins Wrongs,
And labour'd all I could to do him Right:
But in this kind, to come in braving Arms,
Be his own Carver, and cut out his Way,
To find out Right with Wrongs it may not be,
And you that do abet him in this kind,
Cheriſh Rebellion, and are Rebels all.
North. The Noble Duke hath ſworn his coming is
But for his own; and for the Right of that,
We all have ſtrongly ſworn to give him aid,
And let him ne'er ſee joy that breaks that Oath.
Yor. Well, well, I ſee the iſſue of theſe Arms,
I cannot mend it, I muſt needs confeſs,
Becauſe my Power is weak, and all ill left:
But if I could, by him that gave me life,
I would attach you all, and make you ſtoop
Unto the Soveraign Mercy of the King.
But ſince I cannot, be it known to you,
I do remain as Neuter. So fare you well,
Unleſs you pleaſe to enter in the Caſtle,
And there repoſe you for this Night.
Bull. An offer, Uncle, that we will accept:
But we muſt win your Grace to go with us
To *Briſtow-Caſtle*, which they ſay is held
By *Buſhy*, *Bagot*, and their Complices,
The Caterpillars of the Common-wealth,
Which I have ſworn to weed, and pluck away.
Yor. It may be I will go with you, but yet I'le pauſe,
For I am loth to break our Country's Laws:
For Friends, nor Foes, to me welcome you are,
Things paſt redreſs, are now with me paſt care. [*Exeunt.*

Scæna Quarta.

Enter Salisbury, *and a Captain.*

Cap. My Lord of *Salisbury*, we have ſtaid ten days,
And hardly kept your Countrey-men together,
And yet we hear no tidings from the King;
Therefore we will diſperſe our ſelves: farewell.
Sal. Stay yet another day, thou truſty *Welchman*,
The King repoſeth all his Confidence in thee.
Cap. 'Tis thought the King is dead, we will not ſtay,
The Bay-tres in our Country are all wither'd,
And Meteors fright the fixed Stars of Heaven;
The pale-fac'd Moon looks bloody on the Earth,
And lean look Prophets wiſper fearful Change;
Rich men look ſad, and Ruffians dance and leap,
The one in fear to loſe what they enjoy,
The other to enjoy by Rage and War:
Theſe ſigns forerun the death of Kings.
Farewell, our Countrymen are gone and fled,
As well aſſur'd *Richard* their King is dead. [*Exit.*
Sal. Ah *Richard*, with Eies of heavy mind,
I ſee thy Glory like a ſhooting Star,
Fall to the baſe Earth from the Firmament:
Thy Sun ſets weeping in the lowly *Weſt*.
Witneſſing Storms to come, Woe, and Unreſt:
Thy Friends are fled to wait upon thy Foes,
And croſly to thy good, all Fortune goes. [*Exit.*

Actus Tertius. Scæna Prima.

Enter Bullinbrook, York, Northumberland, Roſſe, Percy,
Willoughby, *with* Buſhy *and* Green, *Priſoners.*

Bull. Bring forth theſe men:
Buſhy and *Green*, I will not vex your Souls,
(Since preſently your Souls muſt part your Bodies)
With too much urging your pernicious lives,
For 'twere no Charity: yet to waſh your Blood
From off my Hands, here in the view of men,
I will unfold ſome Cauſes of your Deaths.
You have mis-led a Prince, a Royal King,
A happy Gentleman in Blood and Lineaments,
By you unhappied, and disfigur'd clean:
You have in manner with your ſinful Hours
Made a divorce betwixt his Queen and him,
Broke the poſſeſſion of a Royal Bed,

And ſtain'd the Beauty of a fair Queens Cheeks
With Tears drawn from her Eies, with your foul Wrongs.
My ſelf a Prince, by Fortune of my Birth,
Near to the King in Blood, and near in love,
Till you did make him miſ-interpret me,
Have ſtoopt my neck under your Injuries,
And ſigh'd my *Engliſh* breath in foreign Clouds,
Eating the bitter Bread of Baniſhment;
While you have fed upon my Seignories,
Diſ-park'd my Parks, and fell'd my Forreſt Woods;
From mine own Windows torn my Houſhold Coat,
Raz'd out my Impreſs, leaving me no ſign,
Save mens Opinions, and my living Blood,
To ſhew the world I am a Gentleman.
This, and much more, much more than twice all this,
Condemns you to the death: ſee them delivered over
To Execution, and the hand of Death.
Buſhie. More welcome is the ſtroak of death to me,
Than *Bullingbrook* to *England.*
Gree. My comfort is that Heaven will take our Souls,
And plague Injuſtice with the Pains of Hell.
Bull. My Lord *Northumberland*, ſee them diſpatch'd:
Uncle, you ſay the Queen is at your Houſe,
For Heavens ſake, fairly let her be entreated,
Tell her I ſend to her my kind Commends;
Take ſpecial care my Greetings be deliver'd.
Yor. A Gentleman of mine I have diſpatch'd
With Letters of your love to her at large.
Bull. Thanks, gentle Uncle: come Lords away,
To fight with *Glendoure*, and his Complices;
A while to work, and after Holliday. [*Exeunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

Drums: Flouriſh, and Colours.

Enter Richard, Aumerle, Carlile, *and Souldiers.*

Rich. Barkloughly-Caſtle call you this at hand?
Au. Yea, my Lord, How brooks your Grace the air,
After your late toſſing on the breaking Seas?
Rich. Needs muſt I like it well: I weep for joy
To ſtand upon my Kingdom once again.
Dear Earth, I do ſalute thee with my Hand,
Though Rebels wound thee with their Horſes Hoofs:
As a long Parted Mother with her Child,
Plays fondly with her Tears, and ſmiles in meeting;
So weeping, ſmiling, greet I thee the Earth,
And do thee favour with my Royal Hands.
Feed not thy Soveraigns Foe, my gentle Earth,
Nor with thy Sweets, comfort his ravenous Senſe:
But let thy Spiders, that ſuck up thy Venom,
And heavy-gated Toads, lie in their way,
Doing Annoyance to the treacherous feet,
Which with uſurping ſteps do trample thee.
Yield ſtinging Nettles to mine Enemies;
And when they from thy Boſom pluck a Flower,
Guard it I prethee with a lurking Adder,
Whoſe double Tongue may with a mortal touch
Throw death upon thy Soveraign's Enemies.
Mock not my ſenſeleſs Conjuration: Lords;
This Earth ſhall have a feeling, and theſe Stones
Prove armed Souldiers e're her Native King
Shall falter under foul Rebellious Arms.
Car. Fear not, my Lord, that Power that made you King
Hath Power to keep you King, in ſpight of all.
Aum. He means, my Lord, that we are too remiſs
Whilſt *Bullingbrook*, through their ſecurity,
Grows ſtrong and great, in Subſtance and in Friends.
Rich. Diſcomfortable Couſin, knoweſt thou not,
That when the ſearching Eye of Heaven is hid
Behind the Globe, that lights the lower World,
Then Thieves and Robbers range abroad unſeen,
In Murthers, and in out-rage bloody here:
But when from under this Terreſtrial Ball
He fires the proud tops of the *Eaſtern* Pines,
And darts his Lightning through ev'ry guilty hole,
Then Murthers, Treaſons, and deteſted ſins
(The Cloak of Night being pluckt from off their backs)
Stand bare and naked, trembling at themſelves.
So when this Thief, this Traitor *Bullingbrook*,
Who all this while hath revell'd in the Night,
Shall ſee us riſing in our Throne, the *Eaſt*,
His Treaſons will ſet bluſhing in his Face,
Not able to endure the ſight of Day;
But ſelf-affrighted, tremble at his ſin.
Not all the Water in the rough rude Sea
Can waſh the Balm from an anointed King;
The breath of worldly men cannot depoſe
The Deputy elected by the Lord:
For every man that *Bullingbrook* hath preſt,
To lift ſhrewd Steel againſt our Golden Crown,
Heaven for his *Richard* hath in heavenly pay
A glorious Angel: then if Angels fight,
Weak Men muſt fall, for Heaven ſtill guards the Right.
Enter Salisbury.
Welcome, my Lord, how far off lies your Power?
Saliſ. Nor near, nor farther off, my gracious Lord,
Than this weak arm; Diſcomfort guides my Tongue,
And bids me ſpeak of nothing but Deſpair:
One day too late, I fear (my Noble Lord)
Hath clouded all my happy daies on Earth:
Oh call back yeſterday, bid time return,
And thou ſhalt have twelve thouſand fighting men:
To day, to day, unhappy day too late
O'rethrows thy Joys, Friends, Fortune, and thy State.
For all the *Welchmen* hearing thou wert dead,
Are gone to *Bullingbrook*, diſperſt, and fled.
Aum. Comfort, my Liege, why looks your Grace ſo pale?
Rich. But now the Blood of twenty thouſand men
Did triumph in my face, and they are fled,
And till ſo much Blood thither come again,
Have I not reaſon to look pale, and dead?
All Souls that will be ſafe, fly from my ſide,
For Time hath ſet a blot upon my Pride.
Aum. Comfort, my Liege, remember who you are.
Rich. I had forgot my ſelf. Am I not King?
Awake thou ſluggard Majeſty, thou ſleepeſt:
Is not the Kings Name, forty thouſand Names?
Arm, arm my Name: a puny Subject ſtrikes
At thy great Glory. Look not to the ground,
Ye Favorites of a King: are we not high?
High be our thoughts: I know my Uncle *York*
Hath Power enough to ſerve our turn,
But who comes here? [*Enter* Scroop.
Scroop. More health and happineſs betide my Liege,
Than can my care-tun'd Tongue deliver him.
Rich. Mine Ear is open, and my Heart prepar'd:
The worſt is worldly loſs, thou canſt unfold:
Say, Is my Kingdom loſt? why 'twas my Care:
And what loſs is it to be rid of Care?
Strives *Bullingbrook* to be as great as we?
Greater he ſhall not be: if he ſerve God,
We'll ſerve him too, and be his Fellow ſo.
Revolt our Subjects? That we cannot mend,
They break their Faith to God as well as us:
Cry Woe, Deſtruction, Ruine, Loſs, Decay,
The worſt is Death, and death will have his day.
Scroop. Glad am I, that your Highneſs is ſo arm'd
To bear the Tidings of Calamity.
Like an unſeaſonable ſtormy day,
Which make the Silver Rivers drown their Shores,
As if the world were all diſſolv'd to Tears:
So high above his Limits, ſwells the Rage
Of *Bullingbrook*, covering your fearful Land
With hard bright Steel, and hearts harder than Steel:

White Bears have arm'd their thin and hairleſs Scalps
Againſt thy Majeſty, and Boys with Womens voices,
Strive to ſpeak big, and clap their female joints
In ſtiff unwieldy Arms: againſt thy Crown
Thy very Beadſ-men learn to bend their Bows
Of double fatal Ewe: againſt thy State
Yea diſtaff-women manage ruſty Bills:
Againſt thy Seat both young and old rebell,
And all goes worſe than I have power to tell.
Rich. Too well, too well thou tell'ſt a tale ſo ill.
Where is the Earl of *Wiltſhire*? where is *Bigot?*
What is become of *Buſhy*? where is *Green*?
That they have let the dangerous Enemy
Meaſure our Confines with ſuch peaceful ſteps?
If we prevail, their Hands ſhall pay for it.
I warrant they have made peace with *Bullingbrook.*
Scroop. Peace have they made with him indeed (my Lord.)
Rich. Oh Villains, Vipers, damn'd without redemption,
Dogs, eaſily won to fawn on any man,
Snakes in my heart-blood warm'd, that ſting my heart,
Three *Judaſſes*, each one thrice worſe than *Judas*,
Would they make Peace? terrible Hell make War
Upon their ſpotted Souls for this Offence.
Scroop. Sweet Love (I ſee) changing his Property,
Turns to the ſowreſt, and moſt deadly Hate:
Again uncurſe their Souls; their Peace is made
With Heads, and not with Hands: thoſe whom you curſe
Have felt the worſt of Death's deſtroying Hand.
And lie full low, grav'd in the hollow ground.
Aum. Is *Buſhy*, *Green*, and the Earl of *Wiltſhire* dead?
Scroop. Yea, all of them at *Briſtow* loſt their Heads.
Aum. Where is the Duke, my Father, with his Power?
Rich. No matter where, of comfort no man ſpeak:
Let's talk of Graves, of Worms, and Epitaphs,
Make Duſt our Paper, and with Rainy Eies
Write Sorrow in the Boſom of the Earth.
Let's chuſe Executors, and talk of Wills:
And yet not ſo, for what can we bequeath,
Save our depoſed Bodies to the Ground?
Our Lands, our Lives, and all are *Bullingbrook's*,
And nothing can we call our own, but Death,
And that ſmall Model of the barren Earth,
Which ſerves as Paſte, and Cover to our Bones:
For Heavens ſake let us ſit upon the ground,
And tell ſad Stories of the death of Kings:
How ſome have been depos'd, ſome ſlain in War,
Some haunted by the Ghoſts they have depos'd,
Some poyſon'd by their Wives, ſome ſleeping kill'd,
All murther'd. For within the hollow Crown
That rounds the mortal Temples of a King,
Keeps Death his Court, and there the Antique ſits
Scoffing his State, and grinning at his Pomp,
Allowing him a breath, a little ſcene,
To Monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks,
Infuſing him with ſelf and vain Conceit,
As if this Fleſh, which walls about our Life,
Were Braſs impregnable: and humour'd thus,
Comes at the laſt, and with a little Pin
Boars through his Caſtle Walls, and farewell King.
Cover your heads, and mock not fleſh and blood
With ſolemn Reverence: throw away Reſpect,
Tradition, Form, and Ceremonious Duty,
For you have but miſtook me all this while:
I live with Bread like you, feel Want,
Taſte Grief, need Friends: ſubjected thus,
How can you ſay to me, I am a King?
Carl. My Lord, wiſe men ne're wail their preſent Woes,
But preſently prevent the ways to wail:
To fear the Foe, ſince fear oppreſſeth Strength,
Gives in your weakneſs, Strength unto your Foe;
Fear, and be ſlain, no worſe can come to fight:
And fight and die, is death deſtroying death.
Where fearing, dying, pays death ſervile breath.
Aum. My Father hath a Power, enquire of him,
And learn to make a Body of a Limb.
Rich. Thou chid'ſt me well: proud *Bullingbrook* I come
To change Blows with thee, for our day of Doom:
This Ague-fit of Fear is over-blown,
An eaſie task it is to win our own.
Say *Scroop* where lies our Uncle with his Power?
Speak ſweetly man, although thy looks be ſowre.
Scroop. Men judge by the Complexion of the Skie
The ſtate and inclination of the day,
So may you by my dull and heavie Eye:
My Tongue hath but a heavier Tale to ſay:
I play the Torturer, by ſmall and ſmall
To lengthen out the worſt, that muſt be ſpoken.
Your Uncle *York* is joyn'd to *Bullingbrook*,
And all your Northern Caſtles yielded up,
And all your Southern Gentlemen in Arms
Upon his Faction.
Rich. Thou haſt ſaid enough.
Beſhrew thee, Couſin, which didſt lead me forth
Of that ſweet way I was in to Deſpair:
What ſay you now? what Comfort have we now?
By Heaven I'le hate him everlaſtingly
That bids me be of comfort any more.
Go to *Flint-Caſtle*, there I'le pine away,
A King, Woes Slave, ſhall Kingly Wo obey:
That Power I have, diſcharge, and let 'em go
To ear the Land, that hath ſome hope to grow,
For I have none. Let no man ſpeak again
To alter this, for Counſel is but vain.
Aum. My Liege, one word.
Rich. He does me double wrong,
That wounds me with the flatteries of his Tongue.
Diſcharge my Followers: let them hence away,
From *Richard's* Night, to *Bullingbrook's* fair day. [*Exeunt.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter with Drum and Colours, Bullingbrook, York, Northumberland, *Attendants.*

Bul. So that by this Intelligence we learn
The *Welchmen* are diſpers'd, and *Salisbury*
Is gone to meet the King, who lately landed
With ſome few private Friends upon this Coaſt.
North. The News is very fair and good, my Lord.
Richard not far from hence, hath hid his head.
Yor. It would beſeem the Lord *Northumberland*,
To ſay King *Richard*: alack the heavy day,
When ſuch a ſacred King ſhould hide his head.
North. Your Grace miſtakes, onely to be brief,
Left I his Title out.
Yor. The time hath been,
Would you have been ſo brief with him, he would
Have been ſo brief with you, to ſhorten you,
For taking ſo the head, your whole heads length.
Bull. Miſtake not (Uncle) farther than you ſhould.
Yor. Take not (good Couſin) farther than you ſhould,
Leſt you miſtake, the Heavens are o're your head.
Bull. I know it (Uncle) and oppoſe not my ſelf
Againſt their will. But who comes here?
Enter Percie.
Welcom *Harry*: what, will not this Caſtle yield?
Per. The Caſtle royally is mann'd, my Lord,
Againſt thy entrance.
Bull. Royally? Why, it contains no King?
Per. Yes (my good Lord)
It doth contain a King: King *Richard* lies
Within the Limits of yond Lime and Stone,
And with him, the Lord *Aumerle*, Lord *Salisbury*,
Sir *Stephen Scroop*, beſides a Clergy-man
Of holy Reverence; who, I cannot learn.
North. Oh, belike it is the Biſhop of *Carlile.*
Bul. Noble Lord,
Go to the rude Ribs of that ancient Caſtle,

Through brazen Trumpet ſend the breath of Parle
Into his ruin'd ears, and thus deliver:
Henry Bullingbrook upon his Knees doth kiſs
King *Richard*'s Hand, and ſends Allegiance
And true Faith of heart to his Royal Perſon: hither come
Even at his feet, to lay my Arms and Power,
Provided, that my Baniſhment repeal'd,
And Lands reſtor'd again, be freely granted:
If not, I'le uſe the Advantage of my Power,
And lay the Summer's duſt with ſhowers of Blood,
Rain'd from the Wounds of ſlaughter'd *Engliſhmen*;
The which, how far off from the mind of *Bullingbrook*
It is, ſuch Crimſon tempeſt ſhould bedrench
The freſh green Lap of fair King *Richard*'s Land,
My ſtooping Duty tenderly ſhall ſhew.
Go ſignifie as much, while here we march
Upon the Graſſie Carpet of this Plain:
Let's march without the noiſe of threatning Drum,
That from this Caſtles tatter'd Battlements
Our fair Appointments may be well peruſ'd.
Methinks King *Richard* and my ſelf ſhould meet
With no leſs terror than the Elements
Of Fire and Water, when their thundring ſmoak
At meeting tears the cloudy Cheeks of Heaven:
Be he the Fire, I'le be the yielding Water:
The Rage be his, while on the Earth I rain
My Waters on the Earth, and not on him.
March on and mark King *Richard* how he looks.

Parle without, and anſwer within: then a Flouriſh. Enter on the Walls, Richard, Carlile, Aumerle, Scroop, Salisbury.

See, ſee, King *Richard* doth himſelf appear
As doth the bluſhing diſcontented Sun,
From out the fiery Portal of the Eaſt,
When he perceives the envious Clouds are bent
To dim his Glory, and to ſtain the tract
Of his bright paſſage to the Occident.
Yor. Yet looks he like a King: behold his Eye
(As bright as is the Eagles) lightens forth
Controlling Majeſty: alack, alack, for woe,
That any Harm ſhould ſtain ſo fair a ſhow.
Rich. We are amaz'd, and thus long have we ſtood
To watch the fearful bending of thy Knee,
Becauſe we thought our ſelf thy lawful King:
And if we be, how dare thy joynts forget
To pay the awful Duty to our Preſence?
If we be not, ſhew us the Hand of God,
That hath diſmiſ'd us from our Stewardſhip,
For well we know, no Hand of Blood and Bone
Can gripe the ſacred Handle of our Scepter,
Unleſs he do prophane, ſteal or uſurp.
And though you think, that all, as you have done,
Have torn their Souls, by turning them from us,
And we are barren, and bereft of Friends:
Yet know, my Maſter, God Omnipotent,
Is muſtering in his Clouds on our behalf,
Armies of Peſtilence, and they ſhall ſtrike,
Your Children yet unborn, and unbegot,
That lift your Vaſſal Hands againſt my Head,
And threat the Glory of my precious Crown.
Tell *Bullingbrook*, for yond methinks, he is,
That every ſtride he makes upon my Land,
Is dangerous Treaſon, he is come to ope
The purple Teſtament of a bleeding War;
But e're the Crown he looks for, live in peace,
Ten thouſand bloody Crowns of Mothers Sons
Shall ill become the flower of *England*'s face,
Change the Complexion of her Maid-pale Peace
To Scarlet indignation, and bedew
Her Paſtors Graſs with faithful *Engliſh* Blood.
North. The King of Heaven forbid our Lord the King
Should ſo with civil and uncivil Arms
Be ruſh'd upon: Thy thrice-noble Couſin,
Harry Bullingbrook doth humbly kiſs thy hand,
And by the honourable Tomb he ſwears
That ſtands upon your Royal Grandſiers Bones,
And by the Royalties of both your Bloods,
(Currents that ſpring from one moſt gracious Head)
And by the buried hand of VVarlike *Gaunt*,
And by the Worth and Honour of himſelf,
Compriſing all that may be ſworn, or ſaid,
His coming hither hath no further ſcope,
Than for his lineal Royalties, and to beg
Infranchiſement immediate on his Knees:
Which on thy Royal party granted once,
His glittering Arms he will commend to Ruſt,
His barbed Steeds to Stables, and his Heart
To faithful ſervice of your Majeſty:
This ſwears he, as he is a Prince, is juſt,
And as I am a Gentleman, I credit him.
Rich. Northumberland, ſay thus: The King returns,
His Noble Couſin is right welcome hither,
And all the number of his fair Demands
Shall be accompliſh'd without Contradiction:
With all the gracious utterance thou haſt,
Speak to his gentle hearing-kind commends.
We do debaſe our ſelf (Couſin) do we not,
To look ſo poorly, and to ſpeak ſo fair?
Shall we call back *Northumberland*, and ſend
Defiance to the Traitor, and ſo die?
Aum. No, good my Lord, let's fight with gentle words,
Till time lend Friends, and Friends their hopeful Swords.
Rich. Oh God, oh God that e're this tongue of mine
That laid the Sentence of dread Baniſhment
On yond proud man, ſhould take it off again
With words of ſooth: Oh that I were as great
As is my Grief, or leſſer than my Name,
Or that I could forget what I have been,
Or not remember what I muſt be now:
Swell'ſt thou proud Heart? I'le give thee ſcope to beat,
Since foes have ſcope to beat both thee and me.
Aum. Northumberland comes back from *Bullingbrook*.
Rich. What muſt the King do now? muſt he ſubmit?
The King ſhall do it: Muſt he be depos'd?
The King ſhall be contented: Muſt he loſe
The Name of King? o'Gods Name let it go.
I'le give my Jewels for a ſet of Beads,
My gorgeous Pallace, for a Hermitage,
My gay Apparrel, for an Alms-mans Gown,
My figur'd Goblets, for a diſh of Wood,
My Scepter, for a Palmers walking Saff,
My Subjects, for a pair of Carved Saints,
And my large Kingdom, for a little Grave,
A little little Grave, an obſcure Grave.
Or I'le be buried in the Kings high-way,
Some way of common Trade, where Subjects Feet
May hourly trample on their Soveraign's Head:
For on my Heart they tread now, whilſt I live;
And buried once, why not upon my Head?
Aumerle, thou weepſt, (my tender hearted Couſin)
We'l make foul weather with deſpiſed Tears:
Our ſighs, and they, ſhall lodge the Summer Corn,
And make a dearth in this Revolting Land.
Or ſhall we play the Wantons with our Woes,
And make ſome pretty Match with ſhedding Tears?
As thus: to drop them ſtill upon one place,
Till they have fretted us a pair of Graves,
Within the Earth: and therein laid, there lies
Two Kinſmen digg'd their Graves with weeping Eies?
Would not this ill do well? Well, well, I ſee
I talk but idely, and you mock at me.
Moſt mighty Prince, my Lord *Northumberland*,
What ſays King *Bullingbrook*? Will his Majeſty
Give *Richard* leave to live, till *Richard* die?
You make a Leg, and *Bullingbrook* ſays I.
North. My Lord in the baſe Court he doth attend
To ſpeak with you, may it pleaſe you to come down.

Rich. Down, down I come like gliſt'ring *Phaeton*,
Wanting the manage of unruly Jades.
In the baſe Court? baſe Court where Kings grow baſe,
To come at Traitors Calls, and do them Grace.
In the baſe Court come down: down Court, down King,
For night-Owls ſhreek, where mounting Larks ſhould ſing.
Bull. What ſays his Majeſty?
North. Sorrow, and grief of heart
Makes him ſpeak fondly like a frantick man:
Yet he is come.
Bull. Stand all apart,
And ſhew fair duty to his Majeſty.
My gracious Lord.
Rich. Fair Couſin,
You debaſe your Princely knee,
To make the baſe Earth proud with kiſſing it.
Me rather had, my Heart might feel your Love,
Than my un-pleas'd Eye ſee your Courteſie.
Up Couſin, up, your heart is up, I know,
Thus high at leaſt, although your Knee be low.
Bull. My gracious Lord, I come but for mine own.
Rich. Your own is yours, and I am yours, and all.
Bull. So far be mine, (my moſt redoubted Lord,)
As my true Service ſhall deſerve your love.
Rich. Well you deſerv'd:
They well deſerve to have,
That know the ſtrong'ſt and ſureſt way to get.
Uncle give me your hand: nay, dry your Eies,
Tears ſhew their love, but want their Remedies.
Couſin, I am too young to be your Father,
Though you are old enough to be my Heir.
What you will have, I'le give, and willing too,
For do we muſt, what Force will have us do.
Set on towards *London*:
Couſin, is it ſo?
Bull. Yea, my good Lord.
Rich. Then I muſt not ſay no. [*Flouriſh.* [*Exeunt.*

Scæna Quinta.

Enter Queen, and two Ladies.

Qu. What ſport ſhall we deviſe here in this Garden,
To drive away the heavy thought of Care?
La. Madam, we'll play at Bowls.
Qu. 'Twill make me think the world is full of Rubs,
And that my Fortune runs againſt the Byas.
La. Madam, we'll dance.
Qu. My Legs can keep no Meaſure in Delight,
When my poor Heart no Meaſure keeps in Grief.
Therefore no dancing (Girl) ſome other ſport.
La. Madam, we'll tell Tales.
Qu. Of ~~Sorrow~~ Joy, or of Grief?
La. Of either, Madam.
Qu. Of neither, Girl.
For if of Joy, being altogether wanting,
It doth remember me the more of Sorrow:
Or if of Grief, being altogether had,
It adds more Sorrow to my want of Joy:
For what I have, I need not to repeat:
And what I want, it boots not to complain.
La. Madam, I'le Sing.
Qu. 'Tis well that thou haſt Cauſe:
But thou ſhouldſt'ſt pleaſe me better, would'ſt thou weep.
La. I could Weep, Madam, would it do you good?
Qu. And I could Sing, would weeping do me good,
And never borrow any tear of thee.
Enter a Gardiner, and two Servants.
But ſtay here comes the Gardiners,
Let's ſtep into the ſhadow of theſe Trees.
My wretchedneſs, unto a row of Pines,
They'l talk of State; for every one doth ſo,
Againſt a Change; woe is fore-run with woe.
Gard. Go bind thou up yond dangling Apricocks,
Which like unruly Children, make their Syre
Stoop with oppreſſion of their prodigal weight:
Give ſome ſupportance to the bending twigs.
Go thou, and like an Executioner
Cut off the heads of too faſt growing ſprays,
That look too lofty in our Common-wealth:
All muſt be even in our Government.
You thus imploy'd, I will go root away
The noiſom Weeds that without profit ſuck
The Soils fertility from wholſom Flowers.
Ser. Why ſhould we in the compaſs of a Pale,
Keep Law and Form, and due Proportion,
Shewing, as in a Model, our firm ſtate?
When our Sea-walled Garden, (the whole Land,)
Is full of Weeds, her faireſt Flowers choakt up,
Her Fruit trees all upruin'd, her Hedges ruin'd,
Her Knots diſorder'd, and her wholſom Hearbs
Swarming with Caterpillers.
Gard. Hold thy peace,
He that hath ſuffer'd this diſorder'd Spring,
Hath now himſelf met with the fall of Leaf,
The Weeds that his broad-ſpreading Leaves did ſhelter,
That ſeem'd in eating him, to hold him up,
Are pull'd up, root and all, by *Bullingbrook*;
I mean the Earl of *Wiltſhire*, *Buſhy*, *Green*.
Ser. What, are they dead?
Gard. They are,
And *Bullingbrook* hath ſeiz'd the waſteful King.
What pity is it, that he had not trimm'd
Aud dreſt his Land, as we this Garden at time of year;
And wound the Bark, the skin of our Fruit-trees,
Leſt being over proud with Sap and Blood,
With too much Riches it confound it ſelf?
Had he done ſo, to great and growing men,
They might have liv'd to bear, and he to taſte
Their Fruits of Duty. All ſuperfluous Branches
We lop away, that bearing Boughs may live:
Had he done ſo, himſelf had born the Crown,
Which waſte and idle hours hath quite thrown down.
Ser. What think you the King ſhall be depos'd?
Gar. Depreſt he is already, and depos'd
'Tis doubted he will be. Letters came laſt night
To a dear Friend of the Duke of *York*,
That tell black tidings.
Qu. Oh I am preſt to death through want of ſpeaking:
Thou old *Adam*'s likeneſs, ſet to dreſs this Garden,
How dares thy harſh tongue ſound this unpleaſing News?
What *Eve*? what Serpent hath ſuggeſted thee,
To make a ſecond fall of curſed man?
Why doſt thou ſay, King *Richard* is depos'd?
Dar'ſt thou (thou little better thing than Earth)
Divine his downfall? ſay, where, when, and how
Cam'ſt thou by this ill tydings? ſpeak thou Wretch.
Gard. Pardon me, Madam. Little joy have I
To breath theſe News; yet what I ſay is true;
King *Richard*, he is in the mighty hold
Of *Bullingbrook*, their Fortunes both are weigh'd:
In your Lords Scale, is nothing but himſelf,
And ſome few Vanities that make him light:
But in the Ballance of great *Bullingbrook*,
Beſides himſelf, are all the *Engliſh* Peers,
And with that odds he weighs King *Richard* down.
Poſt you to *London*, and you'l find it ſo,
I ſpeak no more, than every one doth know.
Qu. Nimble Miſchance, that art ſo light of Foot,
Doth not thy Embaſſage belong to me?
And am I laſt that knows it? Oh thou think'ſt
To ſerve me laſt, that I may longeſt keep
Thy Sorrow in my breaſt. Come Ladies, go,
To meet at *London* *London*'s King in woe.
What was I born to this! that my ſad look,
Should grace the Tryumph of great *Bullingbrook*!

Gard'ner, for telling me theſe News of woe,
I would the Plants thou graft'ſt may never grow. [*Exit.*
Gar. Poor Queen, ſo that thy State might be no worſe,
I would my ſkill were ſubject to thy Curſe:
Here did ſhe drop a tear, here in this place
I'le ſet a bank of *Rew*, (ſowre *Herb of Grace*:)
Rew ev'n for *Ruth*, here ſhortly ſhall be ſeen,
In the remembrance of a weeping Queen. [*Exit.*

Actus Quartus. Scæna Prima.

Enter as to the Parliament, Bullingbrook, Aumerle, Northumberland, Percie, Fitz-Water, Surrey, Carlile, Abbot *of* Weſtminſter, Herald, *Officers*, *and* Bagot.

Bullingbrook. Call forth *Bagot.*
Now *Bagot*, freely ſpeak thy mind,
What thou doſt know of Noble *Gloſter*'s death;
Who wrought it with the King, and who perform'd
The bloody Office of his timeleſs end.
Bag. Then ſet before my face the Lord *Aumerle.*
Bull. Couſin, ſtand forth, and look upon that man.
Bag. My Lord *Aumerle*, I know your daring Tongue
Scorns to unſay, what it hath once deliver'd.
In that dead time when *Gloſter*'s death was plotted,
I heard you ſay; Is not my Arm of length,
That reacheth from the reſtful *Engliſh* Court
As far as *Callis* to my Uncles head?
Amongſt much other talk, that very time,
I heard you ſay that you had rather refuſe
The offer of an hundred thouſand Crowns,
Than *Bullingbrook* return to *England*; adding withall,
How bleſt this Land would be in this your Couſins death.
Aum. Princes, and Noble Lords:
What anſwer ſhall I make to this baſe man?
Shall I ſo much diſhonour my fair Stars,
On equal terms to give him chaſtiſement?
Either I muſt, or have mine Honour ſpoil'd
With the Attainder of his ſland'rous lips.
There is my Gage, the manual Seal of death,
That marks thee out for Hell. Thou lieſt,
And will maintain what thou haſt ſaid, is falſe,
In thy heart Blood, though being all too baſe,
To ſtain the temper of my Knightly Sword.
Bull. Bagot forbear, thou ſhalt not take it up.
Aum. Excepting one, I would he were the beſt
In all this Preſence that hath moved me ſo.
Fitz. If that thy Valour ſtand on ſympathies:
There is my Gage, *Aumerle*, in Gage to thine:
By that fair Sun, that ſhews me where thou ſtand'ſt,
I heard the ſay (and vauntingly thou ſpak'ſt it)
That thou wert cauſe of Noble *Gloſter*'s death.
If thou deny'ſt it, twenty times thou lieſt,
And I will turn thy falſhood to thy Heart,
Where it was forged, with my Rapiers point.
Aum. Thou dar'ſt not (Coward) live to ſee the day.
Fitz. Now, by my Soul, I would it were this Hour.
Aum. Fitzwater thou art damn'd to Hell for this.
Per. Aumerle, thou lieſt: his Honour is as true
In this Appeal, as thou art all unjuſt:
And that thou art ſo, there I throw my Gage
To prove it on thee, to th'extreameſt point
Of mortal breathing. Seize it, if thou dar'ſt.
Aum. And if I do not may my Hands rot off,
And never brandiſh more revengeful Steel,
Over the glittering Helmet of my Foe.
Surrey. My Lord *Fitzwater*:
I do remember well, the very time
Aumerle and you did talk.
Fitz. My Lord,
'Tis very true: You were in Preſence then;
And you can witneſs with me, this is true.
Surrey. As falſe, by Heaven,
As Heaven it ſelf is true.
Fitz. Surrey, thou lyeſt.
Surrey. Diſhonourable Boy,
That lye, ſhall lie ſo heavie on my Sword,
That it ſhall render Vengeance and Revenge,
Till thou the Lye-giver, and that Lye, do lie
In earth as quiet, as thy Father's Scull.
In proof whereof, there is mine Honours Pawn,
Engage it to the Tryal, if thou dar'ſt.
Fitzw. How fondly do'ſt thou ſpur a forward Horſe?
If I dare eat, or drink, or breath, or live,
I dare meet *Surrey* in a Wilderneſs,
And ſpit upon him, whilſt I ſay he Lyes,
And Lyes, and Lyes: there is my Bond of Faith,
To tye thee to my ſtrong Correction.
As I intended to thrive in this new world,
Aumerle is guilty of my true Appeal.
Beſides, I heard the baniſht *Norfolk* ſay,
That thou *Aumerle* didſt ſend two of thy men,
To Execute the Noble Duke at *Calice.*
Aum. Some honeſt Chriſtian truſt me with a Gage,
That *Norfolk* lies: here do I throw down this,
If he may be repeal'd, to try his Honour.
Bul. Theſe Differences ſhall all reſt under Gage,
Till *Norfolk* be repeal'd: repeal'd he ſhall be;
(And though mine Enemy) reſtor'd again
To all his Lands and Seigniories: when he's return'd,
Againſt *Aumerle* we will enforce his Tryal.
Carl. That honourable day ſhall ne'er be ſeen.
Many a time hath baniſht *Norfolk* fought
For Jeſus Chriſt, in glorious Chriſtian Field
Streaming the Enſign of the Chriſtian Croſs
Againſt black Pagans, Turks, and Saracens:
And toyl'd with works of War, retir'd himſelf
To *Italy*, and there at *Venice* gave
His Body to that pleaſant Countries Earth,
And his pure Soul unto his Captain Chriſt,
Under whoſe Colours he had fought ſo long.
Bull. Why, Biſhop, is *Norfolk* dead?
Carl. As ſure as I live, my Lord.
Bull. Sweet peace conduct his ſweet Soul
To the Boſom of good old *Abraham.*
Lords Appealants, your Differences ſhall all reſt under gage
Till we aſſign you to your days of Tryal.

Enter York.

York. Great Duke of *Lancaſter*, I come to thee
From plume-pluckt *Richard*, who with willing Soul
Adopts thee Heir, and his high Scepter yields
To the poſſeſſion of thy Royal hand.
Aſcend his Throne, deſcending now from him,
And long live *Henry*, of that Name the Fourth.
Bull. In Gods Name, I'le aſcend the Regal Throne.
Carl. Marry, Heaven forbid.
Worſt in this Royal Preſence may I ſpeak,
Yet beſt beſeeming me to ſpeak the truth.
Would God, that any in this Noble Preſence
Were enough Noble to be upright Judge
Of Noble *Richard*, then true Nobleneſs would
Learn him forbearance from ſo foul a Wrong.
What Subject can give Sentence on his King?
And who ſits here that is not *Richard*'s Subject?
Thieves are not judg'd, but they are by to hear,
Although apparent guilt be ſeen in them:
And ſhall the Figure of Gods Majeſty,
His Captain, Steward, Deputy elect,
Anointed, Crown'd and planted many years,
Be judg'd by ſubject and inferiour breath,
And he himſelf not preſent? Oh, forbid it, God,
That in a Chriſtian Climate, Souls refin'd
Should ſhew ſo heinous, black, obſcene a deed.
I ſpeak to Subjects, and a Subject ſpeaks,
Stirr'd up by Heaven, thus boldly for his King.
My Lord of *Hereford* here, whom you call King,

Is a foul Traytor to proud *Hereford's* King.
And if you Crown him, let me propheſie,
The Blood of *Engliſh* ſhall manure the ground,
And future Ages groan for his foul Act.
Peace ſhall go ſleep with *Turks* and *Infidels*,
And in this Seat of Peace, tumultuous Wars
Shall Kin with Kin, and Kind with Kind confound.
Diſorder, Horrour, Fear and Mutiny
Shall here inhabit, and this Land be call'd
The field of *Golgotha*, and dead mens Sculls.
Oh, if you rear this Houſe, againſt this Houſe
It will the wofulleſt Diviſion prove,
That ever fell upon this curſed Earth.
Prevent it, reſiſt it, let it not be ſo,
Leſt Child, Childs Children cry againſt you, wo.
North. Well have you argu'd, Sir: and for your pains,
Of Capital Treaſon we arreſt you here.
My Lord of *Weſtminſter*, be it your charge,
To keep him ſafely, till his day of Tryal.
May it pleaſe you, Lords, to grant the Commons Suit?
Bull. Fetch hither *Richard*, that in common view
He may ſurrender: So we ſhall proceed
Without ſuſpition.
Yor. I will be his Conduct. [*Exit.*
Bull. Lords, you that are here under our Arreſt,
Procure your Sureties for your Days of Anſwer:
Little are we beholding to your Love,
And little look'd for at your helping Hands.

Enter Richard *and* York.

Rich. Alack, why am I ſent for to a King,
Before I have ſhook off the Regal thoughts
Wherewith I reign'd? I hardly yet have learn'd
To inſinuate, flattter, bow, and bend my Knee.
Give Sorrow leave a while, to return me
To this Submiſſion. Yet I will remember
The favours of theſe men: Were they not mine?
Did they not ſometime cry, All hail to me?
So *Judas* did to Chriſt: But he in twelve,
Found truth in all, but one; I, in twelve thouſand, none.
God ſave the King: Will no man ſay, Amen.
Am I both Prieſt and Clark? well then, Amen.
God ſave the King, although I be not he:
And yet Amen, if Heaven do think him me.
To do what ſervice, am I ſent for hither?
Yor. To do that Office of thine own good will,
Which tyred Majeſty did make thee offer:
The Reſignation of thy State and Crown
To *Henry Bullingbrook.*
Rich. Give me the Crown. Here Couſin, ſeize the Crown:
Here Couſin, on this ſide my Hand, on that ſide thine.
Now is this Golden Crown like a deep Well,
That owes two Buckets, filling one another,
The emptier ever dancing in the Air,
The other down, unſeen, and full of Water:
That Bucket down, and full of Tears am I,
Drinking my Griefs, whilſt you mount up on high.
Bull. I thought you had been willing to reſign.
Rich. My Crown I am, but ſtill my Griefs are mine:
You may my Glories, and my State depoſe,
But not my Griefs; ſtill am I King of thoſe.
Bul. Part of your Cares you give me with your Crown.
Rich. Your Cares ſet up, do not pluck my Cares down,
My Care, is loſs of Care, by old Care done,
Your Care, is gain of Care, by new Care won.
The Cares I give, I have, though given away,
They tend the Crown, yet ſtill with me they ſtay,
Bull. Are you contented to reſign the Crown?
Rich. I no; no I, for I muſt nothing be:
Therefore no, no, for I reſign to thee.
Now, mark me how I will undo my ſelf;
I give this heavy Weight from off my Head,
And this unwieldy Scepter from my Hand,
The pride of Kingly ſway from out my Heart,
With mine own Tears I waſh away my blame,
With mine own Hands I give away my Crown,
With mine own Tongue deny my Sacred State,
With mine own Breath releaſe all dutious Oaths:
All Pomp and Majeſty I do forſwear:
My Mannors, Rents, Revenues, I forgo;
My Acts, Decrees, and Statutes I deny:
God pardon all Oaths that are broke to me,
God keep all Vows unbroke are made to thee.
Make me, that nothing have, with nothing griev'd,
And thou with all pleas'd, that haſt all atchiev'd,
Long maiſt thou live in *Richard's* Seat to ſit,
And ſoon lie *Richard* in an Earthy pit.
God ſave King *Henry*, un-King'd *Richard* ſays,
And ſend him many years of Sun-ſhine days.
What more remains?
North. No more: But that you read
Theſe Accuſations, and theſe grievous Crimes,
Committed by your Perſon, and your Followers,
Againſt the State and Profit of this Land:
That by confeſſing them, the Souls of men
May deem that you are worthily depos'd.
Rich. Muſt I do ſo? and muſt I ravel out
My weav'd-up Follies? Gentle *Northumberland*,
If thy Offences were upon Record,
Would it not ſhame thee, in ſo fair a Troop,
To read a Lecture of them? if thou would'ſt,
There ſhould'ſt thou find one hainous Article,
Containing the depoſing of a King,
And cracking the ſtrong Warrant of an Oath,
Mark'd with a blot, damn'd in the Book of Heaven.
Nay, all of you, that ſtand and look upon me,
Whil'ſt that my wretchedneſs doth bait my ſelf,
Though ſome of you, with *Pilate* waſh your Hands,
Shewing an outward Pity: Yet you *Pilates*
Have here delivered me to my ſower Croſs,
And water cannot waſh away your ſin.
North. My Lord, diſpatch, read o're theſe Articles.
Rich. Mine eyes are full of Tears, I cannot ſee:
And yet ſalt-water blinds them not ſo much,
But they can ſee a ſort of Traitors here.
Nay, if I turn mine Eies upon my ſelf,
I find my ſelf a Traytor with the reſt;
For I have given here my Souls conſent,
T'undeck the pompous Body of a King;
Made Glory baſe; a Soveraign, a Slave;
Proud Majeſty, a Subject; State, a Peaſant.
North. My Lord.
Rich. No Lord of thine, thou haught-inſulting man;
No, nor no mans Lord: I have no Name, no Title;
No, not that name was given me at the Font,
But 'tis uſurpt: alack the heavy day,
That I have worn ſo many Winters out,
And know not now, what name to call my ſelf.
Oh, that I were a Mockerie, King of Snow,
Standing before the Sun of *Bullingbrook*,
To melt my ſelf away in Water-Drops.
Good King, great King, and yet not greatly good,
And if my word be Sterling yet in *England*
Let it command a Mirror hither ſtreight,
That it may ſhew me what a Face I have,
Since it is Bankrupt of his Majeſty.
Bull. Go ſome of you, and fetch a Looking Glaſs.
North. Read o're this Paper, while the Glaſs doth come.
Rich. Fiend, thou torments me, e're I come to Hell.
Bull. Urge it no more, my Lord *Northumberland.*
North. The Commons will not then be ſatisfy'd.
Rich. They ſhall be ſatisfy'd: I'le read enough,
When I do ſee the very Book indeed,
Where all my Sins are writ, and that's my ſelf.

Enter one with a Glaſs.

Give me that Glaſs, and therein will I read.
No deeper wrinkles yet? hath ſorrow ſtruck
So many blows upon this Face of mine,
And made no deeper Wounds? Oh flatt'ring Glaſs,

Like to my Followers in Proſperity,
Thou doſt beguile me. Was this Face, the Face
That every day under his Houſhold-roof,
Did keep ten thouſand men? Was this the Face,
That like the Sun did make Beholders wink?
Is this the Face, which fac'd ſo many Follies,
That was at laſt out-fac'd by *Bullingbrook?*
A brittle Glory ſhineth in this Face,
As brittle as the Glory, is the Face,
For there it is, crackt in an hundred ſhivers.
Mark ſilent King, the Moral of this ſport,
How ſoon my Sorrow hath deſtroy'd my Face.
Bull. The ſhadow of your Sorrow hath deſtroy'd
The ſhadow of your Face.
Rich. Say that again.
The ſhadow of my Sorrow: ha, let's ſee,
'Tis very true, my Grief lies all within,
And theſe external Manners of Laments,
Are meerly ſhadows to the unſeen Grief,
That ſwells with ſilence in the tortur'd Soul.
There lies the Subſtance: And I thank thee, King,
For thy great bounty, that not only giv'ſt
Me Cauſe to wail, but teacheſt me the way
How to lament the Cauſe. I'le beg one boon,
And then be gone, and trouble you no more.
Shall I obtain it?
Bull. Name it, fair Couſin.
Rich. Fair Couſin! I am greater than a King:
For when I was a King, my Flatterers
Were then but Subjects; being now a Subject,
I have a King here to my Flatterer:
Being ſo great, I have no need to beg.
Bull. Yet ask.
Rich. And ſhall I have?
Bull. You ſhall.
Rich. Then give me leave to go.
Bull. Whither?
Rich. Whither you will, ſo I were from your ſight.
Bull. Go ſome of you, convey him to the *Tower.*
Rich. Oh good: convey: Conveyers are you all,
That riſe thus nimbly by a true Kings fall.
Bull. On *Wedneſday* next we ſolemnly ſet down
Our Coronation: Lords, prepare your ſelves. [*Exeunt.*
Abbot. A woful Pageant have we here beheld.
Carl. The woe's to come, the Children yet unborn,
Shall feel this day as ſharp to them as thorn.
Aum. You holy Clergy-men, is there no Plot?
To rid the Realm of this pernicious Blot?
Abbot. Before I freely ſpeak my mind herein,
You ſhall not only take the Sacrament,
To bury mine intents, but alſo to effect
What ever I ſhall happen to deviſe.
I ſee your Brows are full of diſcontent,
Your Hearts of Sorrow, and your Eies of Tears,
Come home with me to Supper, I'le lay a Plot
Shall ſhew us all a merry day. [*Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Queen, and Ladies.

Qu. This way the King will come: This is the way
To *Julius Cæſar's* ill-erected Tower,
To whoſe flint Boſom, my condemned Lord
Is doom'd a Priſoner, by proud *Bullingbrook.*
Here let us reſt, if this Rebellious Earth
Have any reſting for her true Kings Queen.
Enter Richard, *and Guard.*
But ſoft, but ſee, or rather do not ſee,
My fair Roſe wither: Yet look up; behold,
That you in pity may diſſolve to dew,
And waſh him freſh again with true-love Tears.
Ah thou, the Model, where old *Troy* did ſtand,
Thou Map of Honour, thou King *Richard's* Tomb,
And not King *Richard*: thou moſt beauteous Inn,
Why ſhould hard-favour'd grief be lodg'd in thee,
When Triumph is become an Ale-houſe Gueſt?
Rich. Joyn not with Grief, fair Woman do not ſo,
To make my End too ſudden: Learn, good Soul,
To think our former State a happy Dream,
From which awak'd, the truth of what we are
Shews us but this. I am ſworn Brother (Sweet)
To grim neceſſity; and he and I
Will keep a League till death. High thee to *France,*
And Cloyſter thee in ſome Religious Houſe:
Our holy lives muſt win a new World's Crown,
Which our Prophane Hours here have ſtricken down.
Qu. What, is my *Richard* both in ſhape and mind
Transform'd and weaken'd? Hath *Bullingbrook*
Depos'd thine Intellect? hath he been in thy Heart?
The Lyon dying thruſteth forth his Paw,
And wounds the Earth, if nothing elſe, with rage
To be o're-powr'd: And wilt thou, Pupil-like,
Take thy Correction mildly, kiſs the Rod,
And fawn on Rage with baſe Humility,
Which art a Lyon and a King of Beaſts?
Rich. A King of Beaſts indeed: If ought but Beaſts,
I had been ſtill a happy King of men.
Good (ſometime) Queen prepare thee hence for *France*:
Think I am dead, and that even here thou tak'ſt,
As from my Death-bed, my laſt-living leave.
In Winters tedious Nights ſit by the Fire
With good old folks, and let them tell thee Tales
Of woful Ages, long ago betide:
And e're thou bid good-night, to quit their Grief,
Tell thou the lamentable fall of me,
And ſend the hearers weeping to their Beds:
For why? the ſenſeleſs Brands will ſympathize
The heavy accent of my moving Tongue,
And in compaſſion weep the Fire out:
And ſome will mourn in Aſhes, ſome coal-black,
For the depoſing of a rightful King.
Enter Northumberland.
North. My Lord, the mind of *Bullingbrook* is chang'd.
You muſt to *Pomfret*, not unto the *Tower.*
And Madam, there is order ta'ne for you:
With all ſwift ſpeed, you muſt away to *France.*
Rich. *Northumberland*, thou Ladder wherewithal
The mounting *Bullingbrook* aſcends my Throne,
The time ſhall not be many Hours of age,
More than it is, e're foul ſin, gathering head,
Shall break into Corruption: thou ſhalt think,
Though he divide the Realm, and give thee half,
It is too little, helping him to all:
He ſhall think, that thou which know'ſt the way
To plant unrightful Kings, wilt know again,
Being ne're ſo little urg'd, another way,
To pluck him headlong from th' uſurped Throne.
The Love of wicked Friends converts to Fear;
That Fear to Hate; and Hate turns one, or both,
To worthy Danger, and deſerved Death.
North. My guilt be on my head, and there's an end:
Take leave, and part, for you muſt part forthwith.
Rich. Doubly divorc'd? (bad men) ye violate
A two-fold Marriage? 'twixt my Crown and me:
And then betwixt me, and my married Wife,
Let me unkiſs the Oath, 'twixt thee and me:
And yet not ſo, for with a kiſs 'twas made.
Part us *Northumberland*: I, towards the North,
Where ſhivering Cold and Sickneſs pines the Clime:
My Queen to *France*: from whence, ſet forth in Pomp,
She came adorned hither like ſweet *May*,
Sent back like *Hollowmas*, or ſhort'ſt of day.
Qu. And muſt we be divided? muſt we part?
Rich. I, hand from hand (my Love) and heart from heart.
Qu. Baniſh us both, and ſend the King with me.

North. That were ſome Love, but little Policy.
Qu. Then whither he goes, thither let me go.
Rich. So two together weeping, make one woe,
Weep thou for me in *France*; I for thee here:
Better far off than near, be ne're the near
Go, count thy way with ſighs, I mine with groans.
Qu. So longeſt way, ſhall have the longeſt moans.
Rich. Twice for one ſtep I'le groan, the way being ſhort,
And piece the way out with a heavy heart.
Come, come in wooing Sorrow let's be brief,
Since wedding it, there is ſuch length in Grief:
One Kiſs ſhall ſtop our mouths, and dumbly part;
Thus give I mine, and thus take I thy Heart.
Qu. Give me mine own again: 'twere no good part,
To take on me to keep, and kill thy Heart.
So, now I have mine own again, be gone,
That I may ſtrive to kill it with a groan.
Rich. We make Wo wanton with this fond delay:
Once more adieu; the reſt let Sorrow ſay. [*Exeunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter York *and his Dutcheſs.*

Dut. My Lord, you told me you would tell the reſt,
When weeping made you break the Story off,
Of our two Couſins coming into *London.*
Yor. Where did I leave?
Dut. At that ſad ſtop, my Lord,
Where rude mis-govern'd hands, from Windows tops,
Threw duſt and rubbiſh on King *Richard's* Head.
Yor. Then, as I ſaid, the Duke (great *Bullingbrook*)
Mounted upon a hot and fiery Steed,
Which his aſpiring Rider ſeem'd to know,
With ſlow, but ſtately pace, kept on his courſe:
While all tongues cry'd, God ſave thee, *Bullingbrook*,
You would have thought the very Windows ſpake,
So many greedy looks of young and old,
Through Caſements darted their deſiring Eies
Upon his Viſage: and that all the Walls
With painted Imagery had ſaid at once,
Jeſu preſerve thee, welcome, *Bullingbrook*,
Whilſt he, from one ſide to the other turning,
Bare-headed lower than his proud Steeds neck,
Beſpeak them thus: I thank you Country-men:
And thus ſtill doing, thus he paſt along.
Dutch. Alas! poor *Richard*, where rides he the whilſt?
Yor. As in a Theater, the Eies of men
After a well-grac'd Actor leaves the Stage,
Are idely bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious:
Even ſo, or with much more contempt, mens Eies,
Did ſcowle on *Richard*: no man cry'd, God ſave him:
No joyful Tongue gave him his welcome home,
But duſt was thrown upon his Sacred Head,
Which with ſuch gentle ſorrow he ſhook off,
His Face ſtill combating with Tears and Smiles
(The Badges of his Grief and Patience)
That had not God (for ſome ſtrong purpoſe) ſteel'd
The hearts of men, they muſt perforce have melted,
And Barbariſm it ſelf have pittied him,
But Heaven hath a hand in theſe Events,
To whoſe high Will we bound our calm Contents.
To *Bullingbrock*, are we ſworn Subjects now,
Whoſe State, and Honour, I for aye allow.
Enter Aumerle.
Dut. Here comes my Son *Aumerle.*
Yor. *Aumerle* that was,
But that is loſt, for being *Richard's* Friend.
And Madam, you muſt call him *Rutland* now:
I am in Parliament pledge for his truth,
And laſting Fealtie in the new-made King.
Dut. Welcome my Son: who are the Violets now,
That ſtrew the green Lap of the new-come Spring?
Aum. Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care not,
God knows I had as lief be none, as one.
Yor. Well, bear you well in this new-ſpring of time,
Leaſt you be cropt before you come to prime.
What News from *Oxford*? Hold thoſe Juſts and Triumphs
Aum. For ought I know, my Lord, they do.
Yor. You will be there I know.
Aum. If God prevent not, I purpoſe ſo.
Yor. What Seale is that that hangs without thy Boſom?
Yea, look'ſt thou pale? let me ſee the Writing.
Aum. My Lord, 'tis nothing.
Yor. No matter then who ſees it,
I will be ſatisfied, let me ſee the Writing.
Aum. I do beſeech your Grace to pardon me,
It is a matter of ſmall Conſequence,
Which for ſome Reaſons I would not have ſeen.
Yor. Which for ſome Reaſons, Sir, I mean to ſee:
I fear, I fear.
Dut. What ſhould you fear?
'Tis nothing but ſome Bond, that he is enter'd into
For gay Apparel, againſt the Triumph.
Yor. Bound to himſelf? VVhat doth he with a Bond
That he is bound to? VVife, thou art a Fool.
Boy, let me ſee the Writing.
Aum. I do beſeech you pardon me, I may not ſhew it.
Yor. I will be ſatisfied, let me ſee it, I ſay. [*Snatches it,*
Treaſon, foul Treaſon, Villain Traitor, Slave.
Dut. What's the matter, my ,Lord?
Yor. Hoa, who's within there? ſaddle my Horſe
Heaven for his mercy: what treachery is here?
Dut. Why, what is't my, Lord?
Yor. Give me my Boots I ſay: ſaddle my Horſe,
Now by my Honour, my life, my Troth,
I will appeach the Villain.
Dut. What is the matter?
Yor. Peace fooliſh Woman.
Dut. I will not peace, VVhat is the matter, Son?
Aum. Good Mother be content, it is no more
Then my poor life muſt anſwer.
Dut. Thy life anſwer.
Enter Servant with Boots.
Yor. Bring my Boots, I will unto the King.
Dut. Strike him, *Aumerle.* Poor Boy, thou art amaz'd,
Hence Villain, never more come in my ſight.
Yor. Give me my Boots, I ſay.
Dut. Why, *York*, what wilt thou do?
Wilt thou not hide the treſpaſs of thine own?
Have we more Sons? or are we like to have?
Is not my teeming date drunk up with Time?
And wilt thou pluck my fair Son, from mine Age,
And rob me of a happy Mother's name?
Is he not like thee? is he not thine own?
Yor. Thou fond mad VVoman:
Wilt thou conceal this dark Conſpiracy?
A dozen of them here have tane the Sacrament,
And interchangeably ſet their hands
To kill the King at *Oxford.*
Dut. He ſhall be none:
We'll keep him here: then what is that to him?
Yor. Away fond VVoman: where he twenty times my Son, I would appeach him.
Dut. Hadſt thou groan'd for him as I have done,
Thou wouldſt be more pittiful:
But now I know thy mind; thou doſt ſuſpect
That I have been diſloyal to thy Bed,
And that he is a Baſtard, not thy Son:
Sweet *York*, ſweet Husband, be not of that mind:
He is as like thee, as a man may be,
Not like to me, nor any of my Kin,
And yet I love him.
Yor. Make way, unruly VVoman. [*Exit.*
Dut. After *Aumerle.* Mount thee upon his Horſe,

Spur poſt, and get before him to the King,
And beg thy Pardon, e're he do accuſe thee,
I'le not be long behind: though I be old,
I doubt not but to ride as faſt as *York*:
And never will I riſe up from the ground,
Till *Bullingbrook* have pardon'd thee: Away, be gon. [*Exit.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Bullingbrook, Percie, *and other Lords.*

Bull. Can no man tell of my unthrifty Son?
'Tis full three Months ſince I did ſee him laſt.
If any plague hang over us, 'tis he:
I would to Heaven (my Lord) he might be found,
Enquire at *London*, 'mongſt the Taverns there:
For there (they ſay) he daily doth frequent,
With unreſtrained looſe Companions,
Even ſuch (they ſay) as ſtand in narrow Lanes,
And rob our VVatch, and beat our Paſſengers,
Which he (young wanton, and effeminate Boy)
Takes on the point of Honour, to ſupport
So diſſolute a Crew.
Per. My Lord, ſome two days ſince I ſaw the Prince,
And told him of theſe Triumphs held at *Oxford.*
Bull. And what ſaid the Gallant?
Per. His anſwer was: he would unto the Stews,
And from the common'ſt Creature pluck a Glove
And wear it as a Favour, and with that
He would unhorſe the luſtieſt Challenger.
Bull. As diſſolute as deſp'rate, yet through both,
I ſee ſome ſparks of better hope: which elder days
May happily bring forth. But who comes here?
Enter Aumerle.
Aum. Where is the King?
Bull. What means our Couſin, that he ſtares
And looks ſo wildly?
Aum. God ſave your Grace. I do beſeech your Majeſty
To have ſome conference with your Grace alone.
Bull. Withdraw your ſelves, and leave us here alone:
What is the matter with our Couſin now?
Aum. For ever may my Knees grow to the Earth,
My Tongue cleave to my roof within my mouth,
Unleſs a Pardon, e're I riſe or ſpeak.
Bull. Intended or committed was this Fault?
If on the firſt, how hainous e're it be,
To win thy after-love I pardon thee,
Aum. Then give me leave that I may turn the Key,
That no man enter till the, Tale be done.
Bull Have thy deſire. [*York within.*
Yor. My Liege beware, look to thy ſelf,
Thou haſt a Traitor in thy Preſence there.
Bull. Villain, I'le make thee ſafe.
Aum. Stay thy revengeful hand, thou haſt no cauſe to fear.
Yor. Open the door, ſecure foul-hardy King:
Shall I for love ſpeak Treaſon to thy face?
Open the door, or I will break it open.
Enter York.
Bull. What is the matter (Uncle) ſpeak, recover breath,
Tell us how near is danger,
That we may arm us to encounter it.
Yor. Peruſe this Writing here, and thou ſhalt know
The reaſon that my haſte forbids me ſhow.
Aum. Remember as thou read'ſt, thy promiſe paſt:
I do repent me, read not my Name there,
My Heart is not confederate with my Hand.
Yor. It was (Villain) e're thy hand did ſet it down.
I tore it from the Traitors boſom, King.
Fear and not Love, begets his Penitence;
Forget to pity him, leaſt thy pity prove
A Serpent, that will ſting thee to the heart.
Bull. Oh heinous, ſtrong, and bold Conſpiracy,
O loyal Father of a treacherous Son:
Thou ſheer, immaculate, and ſilver Fountain,
From whence this ſtream, thourgh muddy paſſages
Hath had his current, and defil'd himſelf.
Thy overflow of good, converts to bad,
And thine abundant goodneſs ſhall excuſe
This deadly blot, in thy digreſſing Son.
Yor. So ſhall my Vertue be his Vices Bawd,
And he ſhall ſpend mine Honour with his ſhame:
As thriftleſs Sons their ſcraping Fathers Gold.
Mine Honour lives when his Diſhonour dies,
Or my ſhame'd life in his Diſhonour lies:
Thou kil'ſt me in his life, giving him breath,
The Traitor lives, the True mans put to death.
[*Dutcheſs within.*
Dut. What hoa (my Liege for Heavens ſake let me in.
Bull. What ſhrill-voic'd Suppliant makes this eager cry,
Dut. A Woman, and thine Aunt (great King) 'tis I.
Speak with me, pity me, open the door,
A Begger begs, that never begg'd before.
Bull. Our Scene is alter'd from a ſerious thing,
And now chang'd to the Beggar, and the King:
My dangerous Couſin, let yonr Mother in,
I know ſhe's come to pray for your foul ſin.
Yor. If thou do pardon, whoſoever pray,
More ſins, for this forgiveneſs, proſper may.
This feſter'd joynt cut off the reſt reſts ſound,
This let alone, will all the reſt confound.
Enter Dutcheſs.
Dut. O King, believe not this hard hearted man,
Love, loving not it ſelf, none other can.
Yor. Thou frantick Woman, what doſt thou make here,
Shall thy old Dugs once more a Traitor rear?
Dut. Sweet *York* be patient, hear me gentle Liege.
Bull. Riſe up good Aunt.
Dut. Not yet I thee beſeech,
For ever will I kneel upon my Knees,
And never ſee day that the happy ſees,
Till thou give joy: until thou bid me joy,
By pardoning *Rutland*, my tranſgreſſing Boy.
Aum. Unto my Mother's Prayers, I bend my Knee.
York. A gainſt them both, my true Joynts bended be
Dut. Pleads he in earneſt? Look upon his face,
His Eyes do drop no Tears: his Prayers are in jeaſt:
His words come from his Mouth, ours from our Breaſt.
He prays bnt faintly, and would be deny'd,
We pray with heart and ſoul, and all beſide:
His weary Joynts would gladly riſe, I know,
Our Knees ſhall kneel, till to the ground they grow:
His prayers are full of falſe Hyrocriſie,
Ours of true zeal, and deep integrity:
Our Prayers do out-pray his, then let them have
That Mercy, which true Prayers ought to have.
Bull. Good Aunt ſtand up.
Dut. Nay, do not ſay ſtand up.
But pardon firſt, and afterwards ſtand up.
And if I were thy Nurſe, thy Tongue to teach,
Pardon ſhould be the firſt word of thy ſpeech.
I never long'd to hear a word till now:
Say Pardon (King) let pity teach thee how.
The word is ſhort, but not ſo ſhort as ſweet,
No word like Pardon, for Kings Mouths ſo meet.
Yor. Speak it in *French* (King) ſay *Pardon'ne moy.*
Dut. Doſt thou teach Pardon, Pardon to deſtroy?
Ah my ſowre Husband, my hard-hearted Lord,
That ſet'ſt the word it ſelf, againſt the word.
Speak Pardon as 'tis currant in our Land,
The choopping *French* we do not underſtand.
Thine Eye begins to ſpeak, ſet thy Tongue there;
Or in thy piteous Heart, plant thou thine Ear,
That hearing how our Plaints and Prayers do pierce,
Pity may move thee, pardon to rehearſe.
Bull. Good Aunt ſtand up.
Dut. I do not ſue to ſtand,

Pardon is all the ſuit I have in hand.
Bull. I pardon him, as Heaven ſhall pardon me.
Dut. O happy vantage of a kneeling Knee :
Yet am I ſick for fear : ſpeak it again,
Twice ſaying Pardon, doth not pardon twain,
But makes one Pardon ſtrong.
Bull. I Pardon him with all my heart.
Dut. A God on Earth thou art.
Bull. But for our truſty Brother-in-Law, the Abbot,
With all the reſt of that conſorted Crew,
Deſtruction ſtreight ſhall dog them at the heels :
Good Uncle help to order ſeveral Powers
To *Oxford*, or where-e're theſe Traitors are :
They ſhall not live within this world, I ſwear,
But I will have them once know where.
Uncle farewel, and Couſin adieu :
Your Mother well hath pray'd, and prove you true.
Dut. Come my old Son, I pray Heaven make thee new.
[*Exit.*

Enter Exton *and Servant.*

Ext. Didſt thou not mark the King what words he ſpake ?
Have I no Friend will rid me of this living fear :
Was it not ſo ?
Ser. Thoſe were his very words.
Ex. Have I no Friend ? (quoth he :) he ſpake it twice,
And urg'd it twice together, did he not ?
Ser. He did.
Ex. And ſpeaking it, he wiſtly look'd on me,
As who ſhall ſay, I would thou wer't the man
That would divorce this terror from my heart ;
Meaning the King at *Pomfret :* Come, let's go,
I am the Kings Friend, and will rid his Foe. [*Exit.*

Scæna Quarta.

Enter Richard.

Rich. I have been ſtudying, how to compare
This Priſon where I live, unto the World :
And for becauſe the World is populous,
And here is not a Creature but my ſelf,
I cannot do it : yet I'le hammer't out.
My Brain, I'le prove the Female to my Soul,
My Soul, the Father : and theſe two beget
A Generation of ſtill breeding Thoughts ;
And theſe ſame Thoughts, People this little World
In humours, like the People of this World,
For no Thought is contented. The better ſort,
As Thoughts of things Divine, are intermixt
With Scruples, and do ſet the Faith it ſelf
Againſt the Faith:as thus:Come little ones:and then again,
It is as hard to come, as for a Camel
To threed the Poſtern of a Needles eye.
Thoughts tending to Ambition they do plot
Unlikely Wonders ; how theſe vain weak Nails
May tear a paſſage though the Flinty ribs
Of this hard World, my ragged Priſon Walls :
And for they cannot, dye in their own pride.
Thoughts tending to Content, flatter themſelves,
That they are not the firſt of Fortunes Slaves,
Nor ſhall not be the laſt. Like ſilly Beggars,
Who ſitting in the Stocks, refuge their ſhame
That many have, and others muſt ſit there ;
And in this Thought, they find a kind of eaſe,
Bearing their own Misfortune on the back
Of ſuch as have before endur'd the like.
Thus play I in one Priſon, many people,
And none contented. Sometimes am I King :
Then Treaſon makes me wiſh my ſelf a Beggar,
And ſo I am. Then cruſhing Penury,
Perſwades me, I was better when a King :
Then am I King'd again : and by and by,
Think that I am un-king'd by *Bullingbrook*,
And ſtreight am nothiug. But what e're I am, [*Muſick.*
Nor I, nor any man, that but man is,
With nothing ſhall be pleas'd, till he be eas'd
With being nothing. Muſick do I hear ?
Ha, ha ? keep time : How ſowr ſweet Muſick is,
When time is broke, and no proportion kept ?
So is it in the Muſick of mens lives :
And here have I the daintineſs of ear
To hear time broke in a diſorder'd ſtring :
But for the Concord of my State and Time,
Had not an Ear to hear my true Time broke.
I waſted Time, and now doth Time waſte me :
For now hath Time made me his numbring Clock ;
My Thoughts are Minutes ; and with Sighs they jar,
Their Watches to mine Eies, the outward Watch,
Whereto my Finger, like a Dials point,
Is pointing ſtill, in cleanſing them from tears.
Now, Sir, the ſound that tells what Hour it is,
Are clamorous Groans, that ſtrike upon my Heart,
Which is the Bell : ſo Sighs, and Tears, and Groans,
Shew Minntes, Hours, and Times : O but my Time
Runs poſting on, in *Bullingbrook*'s proud joy,
While I ſtand fooling here, his Jack o'th'Clock.
This Muſick mads me, let it ſound no more,
For though it have holp mad men to their wits,
In me it ſeems, it will make wiſe men mad :
Yet bleſſing on his heart, that gives it me ;
For 'tis a ſign of love, and love to *Richard*,
Is a ſtrange Brooch, in this all-hating world.

Enter Groom.

Groo. Hail, Royal Prince.
Rich. Thanks, Noble Peer.
The cheapeſt of us, is ten groats too dear.
What art thou ? and how com'ſt thou hither ?
Where no man ever comes, but that ſad Dog
That brings me Food, to make Misfortune live ?
Groo. I was a poor Groom of thy Stable (King)
When thou wer't King, who travelling towards *York*,
With much ado, at length have gotten leave,
To look upon my (ſometimes Royal) Maſter's Face.
O how it yearn'd my heart, when I beheld
In *London-Streets*, that Coronation day,
VVhen *Bullingbrook* rode on Roan Barbary,
That Horſe, that thou ſo often haſt beſtrid,
That Horſe, that I ſo carefully have dreſt.
Rich. Rode he on Barbary ? tell me, gentle Friend,
How went he under him ?
Groo. So proudly, as if he had diſdain'd the ground.
Rich. So proud, that *Bullingbrook* was on his back ;
That Jade hath eat Bread from my Royal Hand.
This Hand hath made him proud with clapping him.
Would he not ſtumble ? would he not fall down
(Since pride muſt have a fall) and break the neck
Of that proud man, that did uſurp his back ?
Forgiveneſs, Horſe : why do I rail on thee,
Since thou, created to be aw'd by man,
Was't born to bear ? I was not made a Horſe,
And yet I bear a burthen like an Aſs,
Spur-gall'd, and tyr'd by jauncing *Bullingbrook*.

Enter Keeper with a diſh.

Keep. Fellow, give place, here is no longer ſtay.
Rich. If thou love me, 'tis time thou wer't away.
Groo. What my Tongue dares not,that my Heart ſhall ſay.
[*Exit.*

Keep. My Lord, wil't pleaſe you to fall to ?
Rich. Taſte of it firſt, as thou wer't wont to do.
Keep. My Lord, I dare not : Sir *Pierce* of *Exton*,
Who lately came from th'King,commands the contrary.
Rich. The Devil take *Henry* of *Lancaſter*, and thee ;
Patience is ſtale, and I am weary of it.
Keep. Help, help, help.

Enter Exton *and Servants.*

Ri. How now ? what means death in this rude aſſault ?

Villain, thine own hand yields thy deaths Inſtrument,
Go thou and fill another Room in Hell.
[Exton *ſtrikes him down.*

That Hand ſhall burn in never-quenching Fire,
That ſtaggers thus my Perſon. *Exton*, thy fierce Hand,
Hath with the Kings Blood, ſtain'd the Kings own Land.
Mount, mount my Soul, thy Seat is up on high,
Whilſt my groſs fleſh ſinks downward here to dye.
Exton. As full of Valour as of Royal Blood,
Both have I ſpilt: Oh would the deed were good,
For now the Devil that told me I did well,
Says, that this Deed is chronicled in Hell.
This dead King to the living King I'le bear,
Take hence the reſt; and give them burial here. [*Exit.*

Scæna Quinta.

Flouriſh. Enter Bullingbrook, York, *with other Lords and Attendants.*

Bull. Uncle *York*, the lateſt News we hear,
Is that the Rebels have conſum'd with Fire
Our Town of *Ciceter* in *Glouceſterſhire*,
But whether they be tane or ſlain, we hear not.
Enter Northumberland.
Welcome, my Lord: what is the News?
Nor. Firſt to thy Sacred State wiſh I all happineſs:
The next News is, I have to *London* ſent
The Heads of *Salisbury*, *Spencer*, *Blunt*, and *Kent*:
The manner of their taking may appear
At large diſcourſed in this Paper here.
Bull. We thank thee gentle *Percey* for thy pains,
And to thy Worth will add right worthy Gains.
Enter Fitz-waters.
Fitz. My Lord, I have from *Oxford* ſent to *London*,
The Heads of *Broccas*, and Sir *Bennet Seely*,
Two of the dangerous conſorted Traytors,
That ſought at *Oxford* thy dire overthrow.
Bull. Thy pains, *Fitz-waters*, ſhall not be forgot,
Right Noble is thy Merit, well I wot.
Enter Percy *and* Carlile.
Per. The grand Conſpirator, *Abbot* of *Weſtminſter*,
With clog of Conſcience, and ſower Melancholly,
Hath yielded up his Body to the Grave:
But here is *Carlile*, living to abide
Thy Kingly doom, and ſentence of his pride.
Bull. Carlile, this is your doom:
Chuſe out ſome ſecret place, ſome reverend Room
More than thou haſt, and with it joy thy ſelf:
So as thou liv'ſt in peace, dye free from ſtrife:
For though mine Enemy thou haſt ever been,
High ſparks of Honour in thee have I ſeen.
Enter Exton *with a Coffin.*
Exton. Great King, within this Coffin I preſent
Thy buried fear. Herein all breathleſs lies
The mightieſt of thy greateſt Enemies,
Richard of Bourdeaux by me hither brought.
Bull. Exton I thank thee not, for thou haſt wrought
A Deed of Slaughter with thy fatal Hand,
Upon my Head, and all this famous Land.
Ex. From your own Mouth my Lord, did I this Deed.
Bull. They love not Poyſon, that do Poyſon need,
Nor do I thee: though I did wiſh him dead,
I hate the Murtherer, love him murthered,
The Guilt of Conſcience take thou for thy labour,
But neither my Good Word, nor Princely Favour.
With *Cain* go wander through the ſhade of night,
And never ſhew thy head by day, nor light.
Lords, I proteſt my Soul is full of Wo,
That Blood ſhould ſprinkle me, and make me grow,
Come mourn with me, for that I do lament,
And put on ſullen black incontinent:
I'le make a Voyage to the Holy-land,
To waſh this Blood off from my Guilty Hand,
March ſadly after, grace my Mourning here,
In weeping after this untimely Beer. [*Exeunt.*

THE

The Firſt Part of
HENRY IV,
with the Life and Death of
HENRY
Sirnamed HOT-SPUR.

Actus Primus, Scæna Prima.

Enter the King, Lord John *of* Lancaſter, *Earl of* Weſtmerland, *with others.*

King.

SO ſhaken as we are, ſo wan with Care,
Find we a time for frighted Peace to pant,
And breathe ſhort winded accents of new Broils
To be commenc'd in Storms afar remote:
No more the thirſty Entrails of this Soyl,
Shall damb her lips with her own Childrens blood:
No more ſhall trenching War channel her Fields,
Nor bruiſe her Flowrets with the armed Hoofs
Of Hoſtile Paces. Thoſe oppoſed Eyes,
Which like the Meteors of a troubled Heaven,
All of one Nature, of one Subſtance bred,
Did lately meet in the inteſtine ſhock,
And furious cloſe of civil Butchery,
Shall now in mutual well-beſeeming Ranks
March all one way, aud be no more oppos'd
Againſt Acquaintance, Kindred, and Allies,
The edge of War, like an ill-ſheathed Knife,
No more ſhall cut his Maſter. Therefore, Friends,
As far as to the Sepulchre of Chriſt,
Whoſe Souldier now, under whoſe bleſſed Croſs
We are impreſſed, and engag'd to fight,
Forthwith a Power of *Engliſh* ſhall we levy,
Whoſe Arms were moulded in their Mother's Womb,
To chaſe theſe Pagans in thoſe holy Fields,
Over whoſe Acres walk'd thoſe bleſſed feet
Which fourteen hundred years ago were nail'd
For our advantage on the bitter Croſs.
But this our purpoſe is a Twelvemonth old,
And bootleſs 'tis to tell you we will go:
Therefore we meet not now. Then let me hear
Of you my gentle Couſin *Weſtmerland*,
What yeſternight our Council did decree,
In forwarding this dear Expedience.
Weſt. My Liege: This haſte was hot in queſtion,
And many limits of the Charge ſet down
But yeſternight: When all athwart there came
A Poſt from *Wales*, loaden with heavy News;
Whoſe worſt was, That the Noble *Mortimer*,
Leading the men of *Herefordſhire* to fight
Againſt the irregular and wild *Glendower*,
Was by the rude hands of that *Welſhman* taken,
And a thouſand of his People butchered:
Upon whoſe dead Corps there was ſuch miſuſe,
Such beaſtly, ſhameleſs transformation,
By thoſe *Welſhwomen* done, as may not be
(Without much ſhame) re-told or ſpoken of.
King. It ſeems then, that the tidings of this Broil,
Brake off our buſineſs for the Holy Land.
Weſt. This matcht, with other like; my gracious Lord,
Far more uneven and unwelcome News
Came from the North, and thus it did report:
On Holy-Rood day, the gallant *Hotſpur* there,
Young *Harry Percy*, and brave *Archibald*,
That ever-valiant and appproved *Scot*,
At *Holmedon* met, where they did ſpend
A ſad and bloody hour:
As by diſcharge of their Artillery
And ſhape of likelihood the News was told:
For he that brought them, in the very Heat
And pride of their Contention, did take Horſe,
Uncertain of the iſſue any way.
King. Here is a dear and true induſtrious Friend,
Sir *Walter Blunt*, new lighted from his Horſe,
Stain'd with the variation of each Soyl,
Betwixt the *Holmedon*, and this Seat of ours:
And he hath brought us ſmooth and welcome News.
The Earl of *Dowglas* is diſcomfited,
Ten thouſand bold *Scots*, two and twenty Knights ×Bath'd
×Balk't in their own blood did Sir *Walter* ſee
On *Holmedon's* Plains. Of Priſoners, *Hotſpur* took
Mordake Earl of *Fife*, and eldeſt Son
To beaten *Dowglas*, and the Earl of *Athol*,
Of *Marry*, *Angus*, and *Menteith*.
And is not this an Honourable Spoyl?
A gallant Prize? Ha, Couſin, is it not? In faith it is.
Weſt. A Conqueſt for a Prince to boaſt of.
King. Yea, there thou mak'ſt me ſad, and mak'ſt me ſin,
In envy, that my lord *Northumberland*
Should be the Father of ſo bleſt a Son:

A Son, who is the Theam of Honour's Tongue:
Amongſt a Grove, the very ſtreighteſt Plant,
Who is ſweet Fortune's Minion, and her pride:
Whil'ſt I by looking on the Praiſe of him,
See Ryot and Diſhonour ſtain the Brow
Of my young *Harry*. O that it could be prov'd,
That ſome Night-tripping Fayry had exchang'd,
In Cradle cloaths, our Children where they lay,
And call'd mine *Percy*, his *Plantagenet*:
Then would I have his *Harry*, and he mine:
But let him from my thoughts. What think you Coze
Of this young *Percie's* Pride? The Priſoners,
Which he in this Adventure hath ſurpriz'd,
To his own uſe he keeps, and ſends me word
I ſhall have none but *Mordake* Earl of *Fife*.
Weſt. This is his Uncles teaching. This is *Worceſter*,
Malevolent to you in all Aſpects:
Which makes him prune himſelf, and briſtle up
The creſt of Youth againſt your Dignity.
King. But I have ſent for him to anſwer this:
And for this cauſe a while we muſt neglect
Our holy purpoſe to *Jeruſalem*.
Couſin, on *Wedneſday* next, our Council we will hold
At *Windſor*, ſo inform the Lords,
But come your ſelf with ſpeed to us again,
For more is to be ſaid, and to be done,
Than out of anger can be uttered.
Weſt. I will, my Liege. [*Exeunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

nter Henry *Prince of* Wales, *Sir* John Falſtaff, *and* Poins.

Fal. Now *Hal*, what time of day is it Lad?

Prince. Thou art ſo fat-witted with drinking of old Sack and unbuttoning thee after Supper, and ſleeping upon Benches in the afternoon, that thou haſt forgotten to demand that truly, which thou wouldſt truly know. What a devil haſt thou to do with the time of the day? unleſs Hour's were Cups of Sack, and Minutes Capons, and Clocks the Tongues of Bawds, and Dials the Signs of Leaping-houſes, and the bleſſed Sun himſelf a fair hot Wench in Flame-coloured Taffata, I ſee no reaſon why thou ſhouldſt be ſo ſuperfluous, to demand the time of the day.

Fal. Indeed you came near me now, *Hal.* For we that take Purſes, go by the Moon and ſeven Stars, and not by *Phœbus*, he, that wandring Knight ſo fair. And I pray thee ſweet Wag, when thou art King, as God ſave thy Grace, Majeſty I ſhould ſay, for Grace thou wilt have none.

Prince. What! none?

Fal. No, not ſo much as will ſerve to be Prologue to an Egg and Butter.

Prince. Well, how then? Come roundly, roundly.

Fal. Marry then, ſweet Wag, when thou art King, let not us that are Squires of the Nights-body, be call'd Thieves of the days Beauty. Let us be *Diana*'s Foreſters, Gentlemen of the Shade, Minions of the Moon: and let men ſay, we be men of good Government, being governed as the Sea is, by our noble and chaſt Miſtreſs the Moon, under whoſe countenance we ſteal.

Prince. Thou ſay'ſt well, and it holds well too: for the Fortune of us that are the Moons men, doth ebb and flow like the Sea, being governed as the Sea is, by the Moon: as for proof. Now a Purſe of Gold moſt reſolutely ſnatch'd on *Monday* night, and moſt diſſolutely ſpent on *Tueſday* morning; got with ſwearing, Laid by: And ſpent with crying, Bring in: Now in as low an ebb, as the foot of the Ladder; and by and by in as high a flow as the ride of the Gallows.

Fal. Thou ſay'ſt true, Lad: And is not my Hoſteſs of the Tavern a moſt ſweet Wench?

Prince. As is the Honey, my old Lad of the Caſtle: and is not a Buff Jerkin a moſt ſweet Robe of durance?

Fal. How, how? how now mad Wag? What in thy quips and thy quiddities? What a Plague have I to do with a Buff Jerkin?

Prince. Why, what a Pox have I to do with my Hoſteſs of the Tavern?

Fal. Well, thou haſt call'd her to a reckoning many a time and oft.

Prince. Did I ever call thee for to pay thy part?

Fal. No, I'le give thee thy due, thou haſt paid all there.

Prince. Yea and elſewhere, ſo far as my Coyn would ſtretch, and where it would not, I have us'd my Credit.

Fal. Yea, and ſo us'd it, that were it here apparent, that thou art Heir apparent. But I prythee ſweet Wag, ſhall there be Gallows ſtanding in *England* when thou art King? and Reſolution thus fobb'd as it is, with the ruſty curb of old Father Antick the Law? Do not thou when thou art a King, hang a Thief.

Prince. No, thou ſhalt.

Fal. Shall I? O rare! I'le be a brave Judge.

Prince. Thou judgeſt falſe already. I mean, thou ſhalt have the hanging of the Thieves, and ſo become a rare Hangman.

Fal. Well, *Hal*, well: and in ſome ſort it jumps with my humour, as well as waiting in the Court, I can tell you.

Prince. For obtaining of Suits?

Fal. Yea, for obtaining of Suits, whereof the Hangman hath no lean Wardrobe. I am as Melancholly as a Gyb-Cat, or a lugg'd Bear.

Prin. Or an old Lion, or a Lovers Lute.

Fal. Yea, or the Drone of a *Lincolnſhire* Bagpipe.

Prin. What ſay'ſt thou to a Hare, or the Melancholly of Moor-Ditch?

Fal. Thou haſt the moſt unſavoury ſimiles, and art indeed the moſt comparative raſcalleſt ſweet young Prince. But, *Hal*, I prythee trouble me no more with vanity, I would thou and I knew, where a Commodity of good Names were to be bought: an old Lord of the Council rated me the other day in the ſtreet about you, Sir; but I mark'd him not, and yet he talk'd very wiſely, but I regarded him not, and yet he talkt wiſely, and in the ſtreet too.

Prince. Thou didſt well: for no man regards it.

Fal. O, thou haſt damnable iteration, and art indeed able to corrupt a Saint. Thou haſt done much harm unto me, *Hal*, God forgive thee for it. Before I knew thee, *Hal*, I knew nothing: and now I am (if a man ſhould ſpeak truly) little better than one of the wicked. I muſt give over this life, and I will give it over: and I do not, I am a Villain. I'le be damned for never a Kings Son in Chriſtendom.

Prin. Where ſhall we take a Purſe to morrow, *Jack*?

Fal. Where thou wilt, Lad, I'le make one: and I do not, call me Villain, and baffle me.

Prin. I ſee a good amendment of life in thee: From Praying, to Purſe-taking.

Fal. Why, *Hal*, 'tis my Vocation, *Hal.* 'Tis no ſin for a man to labour in his Vocation.

Poin. Now ſhall we know if *Gads-hill* have ſet a Watch. O, if men were to be ſaved by merit, what hole in Hell were hot enough for him? This is the moſt omnipotent Villain, that ever cryed, Stand, to a true man.

Prin. Good morrow, *Ned.*

Poin. Good morrow, ſweet *Hal.* What ſays Monſieur Remorſe? What ſays Sir *John* Sack and Sugar, *Jack*? How agrees the Devil and thee about thy Soul, that thou ſoldeſt him on *Good-Fryday* laſt, for a Cup of *Madera*, and a cold Capons leg?

Prin. Sir *John* ſtands to his word, the Devil ſhall have his Bargain, for he was never yet a Breaker of Proverbs; *He will give the Devil his due.*

Poin. Then art thou damn'd for keeping thy word with the Devil.

Prin. Elſe he had been damn'd for cozening the Devil.

Poin. But, my Lads, my Lads, to morrow morning, by four a Clock early at *Gads-hill*,there are Pilgrims going to *Canterbury* with rich Offerings, and Traders riding to *London* with fat Purſes. I have Vizards for you all; you have Horſes for your ſelves: *Gads-hill* lies to night in *Rocheſter*, I have beſpoke Supper to morrow in *Eaſtcheap*; we may do it as ſecure as ſleep: if you will go, I will ſtuff your Purſes full of Crowns: if you will not, tarry at home and be hang'd.

Fal. Hear ye *Yedward*, if I tarry at home, and go not, I'le hang you for going.

Poin. You will, Chops.

Fal. Hal, Wilt thou make one?

Prin. Who, I rob? I a Thief? not I.

Fal. There's neither honeſty,manhood,nor good fellowſhip in thee, nor thou cam'ſt not of the Blood Royal, if thou dar'ſt not ſtand for ten Shillings.

Prin. Well then, once in my days I'le be a mad-cap.

Fal. Why, that's well ſaid.

Prin. Well, come what will, I'le tarry at home.

Fal. I'le be a Traitor then, when thou art King.

Prin. I care not.

Poin. Sir *John*, I prethee leave the Prince and me alone,I will lay him down ſuch Reaſons for this Adventure, that he ſhall go.

Fal. Well,may'ſt thou have the ſpirit of Perſwaſion; and he the Ears of profiting, that what thou ſpeakeſt, may move; and what he hears may be believed, that the true Prince may (for recreation ſake) prove a falſe Thief; for the poor abuſes of the time, want countenance. Farewell, you ſhall find me in *Eaſt-cheap*.

Prin. Farewel the latter Spring. Farewel Allhollown Summer. [*Exit* Fal.

Poin. Now, my good ſweet honey Lord, ride with us to morrow. I have a jeaſt to execute,that I cannot manage alone. *Falſtaff*, *Harvey*, *Roſſil*, and *Gads-hill*, ſhall rob thoſe men that we have already way-laid; your ſelf and I will not be there: and when they have the Booty, if you and I do not rob them,cut this Head from my Shoulders.

Prin. But how ſhall we part with them in ſetting forth?

Poin. Why, we will ſet forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleaſure to fail; and then will they venture upon the Exploit themſelves, which they have no ſooner atchieved,but we'll ſet upon them.

Prin. I but 'tis like that they will know us by our Horſes,by our Habits,and by every other Appointment to be our ſelvs.

Poy. Tut, our Horſes they ſhall not ſee, I'le tye them in the wood; our Vizards we will change after we leave them: and Sirrah,I have Caſes of Buckram for the nonce, to immask our noted outward Garments.

Prin. But I doubt they will be too hard for us.

Poin. Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true bred Cowards as ever turn'd back: and for the third, if he fight longer than he ſees Reaſon, I'le forſwear Arms. The vertue of this Jeaſt will be, the incomprehenſible lies that this fat Rogue will tell us, when we meet at Supper; how thirty at leaſt he fought with, what wards, what blows, what extremities he endured; and in the reproof of this, lies the Jeaſt.

Prin. Well, I'le go with thee, provide us all things neceſſary, and meet me to morrow night in *Eaſtcheap*, there I'le ſup. Farewel.

Poin. Farewel, my Lord. [*Exit Poins.*

Prin. I know you all, and will a while uphold
The unyoak'd Humour of your Idleneſs:
Yet herein will I imitate the Sun,
Who doth permit the baſe contagious Clouds
To ſmother up his Beauty from the World;
That when he pleaſe again to be himſelf,
Being wanted, he may be more wondred at,
By breaking through the foul and ugly Miſts
Of Vapours, that did ſeem to ſtrangle him.
If all the year were playing Holidays,
To ſport, would be as tedious as to work;
But when they ſeldom come, they wiſht-for come,
And nothing pleaſeth but rare Accidents.
So when this looſe Behaviour I throw off,
And pay the debt I never promiſed:
By how much better than my Word I am,
By ſo much ſhall I falſifie mens Hopes,
And like bright Metal on a ſullen groud
My Reformation glittering o're my Fault
Shall ſhew more goodly, and attract more Eyes,
Than that which hath no ſoyl to ſet it off.
I'le ſo offend, to make Offence a skill,
Redeeming time, when men think leaſt I will.

Scæna Tertia.

Enter the King, Northumberland, Worceſter, Hotſpur, *Sir* Walter Blunt, *and others.*

King. My blood hath been too cold and temperate,
Unapt to ſtir at theſe Indignities,
And you have found me; for accordingly,
You tread upon my Patience: But be ſure,
I will from henceforth rather be my ſelf,
Mighty, and to be fear'd, then my condition,
Which hath been ſmooth as Oyl, ſoft as young Down,
And therefore loſt the Title of Reſpect,
Which the proud ne're pays, but to the proud.

Wor. Our Houſe (my Soveraign Liege) little deſerves
The ſcurge of Greatneſs to be uſed on it,
And that ſame Greatneſs too, which our own hands
Have holp to make ſo portly.

Nor. My Lord.

King. Worceſter get thee gone: for I do ſee
Danger and Diſobedience in thine Eye.
O Sir, your Preſence is too bold and peremptory,
And Majeſty might never yet endure
The moody Frontier of a Servant brow,
You have good leave to leave us. When we need
Your uſe and counſel, we ſhall ſend for you.
You were about to ſpeak.

North. Yea, my good Lord.
Thoſe Priſoners in your Highneſs Name demanded,
Which *Harry Percy* here at *Holmedon* took,
Were (as he ſays) not with ſuch ſtrength deny'd
As was delivered to your Majeſty:
Who either through envy, or miſpriſion,
Was guilty of this fault: and not my Son.

Hot. My Liege, I did deny no Priſoners.
But, I remember when the fight was done,
When I was dry with Rage, and extream Toyl,
Breathleſs, and faint, leaning upon my Sword,
Came there a certain Lord, neat and trimly dreſt;
Freſh as a Bride-groom, and his Chin new reapt,
Shew'd like a ſtubble Land at Harveſt home.
He was perfumed like a Milliner,
And 'twixt his Finger and his Thumb, he held
A Pouncet Box: which ever and anon
He gave his Noſe, and took't away again:
Who therewith angry, when it next came there,
Took it in Snuff. And ſtill he ſmil'd and talk'd:
And as the Souldiers bare dead bodies by,
He call'd them untaught Knaves, Unmannerly,
To bring a ſlovenly unhandſome Coarſe
Betwixt the wind, and his Nobility.
With many Holiday and Lady terms
He queſtion'd me: Among the reſt, demanded
My Priſoners, in your Majeſties behalf.
I then, all-ſmarting with my wounds being cold,
(To be ſo peſtered with a Popingay)
Out of my grief, and my impatience,
Anſwer'd (neglectingly) I know not what,
He ſhould or ſhould not: For he made me mad,
To ſee him ſhine ſo brisk, and ſmell ſo ſweet,

And talk ſo like a Waiting-Gentlewoman,
Of Guns, and Drums, and Wounds: God ſave the mark;
And telling me, the Soveraign'ſt thing on Earth
Was Parmacity, for an inward Bruiſe:
And that it was great pity, ſo it was,
That Villanous Salt-peter ſhould be digg'd
Out of the Bowels of the harmleſs Earth,
Which many a good tall Fellow had deſtroy'd
So cowardly. And but for theſe vile Guns,
He would himſelf have been a Souldier.
This bald, unjointed Chat of his (my Lord)
Made me to anſwer indirectly (as I ſaid.)
And I beſeech you, let not this Report
Come currant for an Accuſation,
Betwixt my Love and your high Majeſty.
Blunt. The Circumſtance conſidered, good my Lord,
What ever *Harry Percie* then had ſaid,
To ſuch a perſon, and in ſuch a place,
At ſuch a time, with all the reſt retold,
May reaſonably die, and never riſe
To do him wrong, or any way impeach
What then he ſaid, ſo he unſay it now.
King. Why yet he doth deny his Priſoners,
But with Proviſo and Exception,
That we at our own Charge, ſhall ranſom ſtreight
His Brother-in-Law the fooliſh *Mortimer*,
Who (in my Soul) hath wilfully betra'yd
The lives of thoſe, that he did lead to Fight,
Againſt the great Magician, damn'd *Glendower*,
Whoſe Daughter (as we hear) the Earl of *March*
Hath lately married. Shall our Coffers then
Be emptied, to redeem a Traitor home?
Shall we buy Treaſon? and indent with Fears,
When they have loſt and forfeited themſelves?
No: on the barren Mountains let him ſtarve:
For I ſhall never hold that man my Friend,
Whoſe Tongue ſhall ask me for one penny coſt
To ranſom home revolted *Mortimer*.
Hot. Revolted *Mortimer*?
He never did fall off, my Soveraign Liege,
But by the Chance of War: to prove that true,
Needs no more but one Tongue. For all thoſe Wounds,
Thoſe mouthed Wounds, which valiantly he took,
When on the gentle *Severn's* Sedgie Bank,
In ſingle oppoſition hand to hand
He did confound the beſt part of an hour
In changing hardiment with great *Glendower*:
Three times they breath'd, and three times did they drink
Upon agreement of ſwift *Severn's* Flood;
Who then affrighted with their Bloody looks,
Ran fearfully among the trembling Reeds,
And hid his criſped-head in a hollow Bank,
Blood-ſtained with theſe valiant Combatants.
Never did baſe, and rotten policy
Colour her working with ſuch deadly wounds;
Nor never could the noble *Mortimer*
Receive ſo many, and all willingly:
Then let him not be ſlander'd with Revolt.
King. Thou do'ſt belye him, *Percy*, thou do'ſt belye him;
He never did encounter with *Glendower*:
I tell thee, he durſt as well have met the Devil alone,
As *Owen Glendower* for an Enemy.
Art thou not aſham'd? But, Sirrah, henceforth
Let me not hear you ſpeak of *Mortimer*.
Send me your Priſoners with the ſpeedieſt means,
Or you ſhall hear in ſuch a kind from me
As will diſpleaſe ye. My Lord *Northumberland*
We licenſe your departure with your Son,
Send us your Priſoners, or you'll hear of it. [*Exit King.*
Hot. And if the Devil come and roar for them,
I will not ſend them. I will after ſtreight
And tell him ſo: for I will eaſe my Heart,
Although it be with hazard of my Head.
Nor. What? drunk with Choller? ſtay and pauſe a while,
Here comes your Uncle. [*Enter* Worceſter.
Hot. Speak of *Mortimer*?
Yes, I will ſpeak of him, and let my Soul
Want mercy, if I do not joyn with him.
In his behalf, I'le empty all thoſe Veins,
And ſhed my dear Blood drop by drop i'th' duſt,
But I will lift the downfaln *Mortimer*
As high i'th' air as this unthankful King,
As this ingrate and cankred *Bullingbrook*.
Nor. Brother, the King hath made your Nephew mad.
Wor. Who ſtrook this heat up after I was gone?
Hot. He will (forſooth) have all my Priſoners:
And when I urg'd the Ranſom once again
Of my Wives Brother, then his cheek look'd pale,
And on my Face he turn'd an Eye of death,
Trembling even at the Name of *Mortimer*.
Wor. I cannot blame him: was he not proclaim'd
By *Richard* that dead is, the next of Blood?
Nor. He was: I heard the Proclamation,
And then it was, when the unhappy King
(Whoſe wrongs in us God pardon) did ſet forth
Upon his *Iriſh* Expedition:
From whence, he intercepted, did return
To be depos'd, and ſhortly murthered.
Wor. And for whoſe death, we in the worlds wide mouth
Live ſo ſcandaliz'd, and foully ſpoken of.
Hot. But ſoft, I pray you; did King *Richard* then
Proclaim my Brother *Mortimer*,
Heir to the Crown?
Nor. He did, my ſelf did hear it.
Hot. Nay then I cannot blame his Couſin King,
That wiſh'd him on the barren Mountains ſtarv'd.
But ſhall it be, that you that ſet the Crown
Upon the Head of this forgetful Man,
And for his ſake wore the deteſted Blot
Of murtherous Subornations? ſhall it be,
That you a world of Curſes undergo,
Being the Agents, or baſe ſecond Means,
The Cords, the Ladder, or the Hangman rather?
O pardon, if that I deſcend ſo low,
To ſhew the Line, and the Predicament
Wherein you range under this ſubtle King.
Shall it for ſhame, be ſpoken in theſe days,
Or fill up Chronicles in time to come,
That men of your Nobility and Power,
Did gage them both in an unjuſt behalf
(As both of you, God pardon it, have done)
To put down *Richard*, that ſweet lovely Roſe,
And plant this Thorn, this Canker *Bullingbrook*?
And ſhall it in more ſhame be further ſpoken,
That you are fool'd, diſcarded and ſhook off
By him, for whom theſe Shames ye underwent?
No: yet time ſerves, wherein you may redeem
Your baniſh'd Honours, and reſtore your ſelves
Into the good thoughts of the world again.
Revenge the jeering and diſdain'd Contempt
Of this proud King, who ſtudies day and night
To anſwer all the Debt he owes unto you,
Even with the bloody Payments of your deaths:
Therefore I ſay——
Wor. Peace, Couſin, ſay no more.
And now I will unclaſp a ſecret Book,
And to your quick conveying Diſcontents,
I'le read you Matter, deep and dangerous,
As full of peril and adventurous Spirit,
As to o're-walk a Current, roaring loud,
On the unſtedfaſt footing of a Spear.
Hot. If ~~we~~ fall in, good night, or ſink or ſwim: he
Send danger from the Eaſt unto the Weſt,
So Honour croſs in from the North to South,
And let them grapple: The Blood more ſtirs
To rowze a Lyon, than to ſtart a Hare.
Nor. Imagination of ſome great Exploit,
Drives him beyond the bounds of Patience.

Hot. By Heaven, methinks it were an eaſie leap,
To pluck bright Honour from the pale-fac'd Moon,
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where Fadom-line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drowned Honour by the Locks:
So he that doth redeem her thence, might wear
Without Co-rival, all her Dignities:
But out upon this half-fac'd Fellowſhip.
Wor. He apprehends a world of Figures here,
But not the Form of what he ſhould attend:
Good Couſin give me audience for a while,
And liſt to me.
Hot. I cry you mercy.
Wor. Thoſe ſame Noble Scots
That are your Priſoners.
Hot. I'le keep them all.
By Heaven, he ſhall not have a Scot of them:
No, if a Scot would ſave his Soul, he ſhall not.
I'le keep them, by this Hand.
Wor. You ſtart away,
And lend no ear unto my Purpoſes.
Thoſe Priſoners you ſhall keep.
Hot. Nay, I will; that's flat:
He ſaid he would not Ranſom *Mortimer*:
Forbad my Tongue to ſpeak of *Mortimer*.
But I will find him when he lies aſleep,
And in his Ear I'le holla, *Mortimer*.
Nay, I'le have a Starling ſhall be taught to ſpeak
Nothing but *Mortimer*, and give it him,
To keep his anger ſtill in motion.
Wor. Hear you, Couſin: A word.
Hot. All Studies here I ſolemnly defie,
Save how to gall and pinch this *Bullingbrook*,
And that ſame Sword and Buckler Prince of *Wales*.
But that I think his Father loves him not,
And would be glad he met with ſome Miſchance,
I would have poyſon'd him with a pot of Ale.
Wor. Farewell, Kinſman: I'le talk to you
When you are temper'd to attend.
Nor. Why what a waſp-tongu'd and impatient Fool
Art thou, to break into this Womans mood,
Tying thine Ear to no Tongue but thine own?
Hot. Why look you, I am whipt and ſcourg'd with rods?
Netled, and ſtung with Piſmiers, when I hear
Of this vile Politician *Bullingbrook*,
In *Richard*'s time: What de'ye call the place?
A plague upon't, it is in *Glocester*-ſhire:
'Twas where the madcap Duke his Uncle kept,
His Uncle *York*, where I firſt bow'd my Knee
Unto the King of Smiles, this *Bullingbrook*:
When you and he came back from *Ravenſpurg*.
Nor. At *Barkley* Caſtle.
Hot. You ſay true:
Why what a gaudy deal of Curteſie
This fawning Gray-hound then did proffer me.
Look when his infant Fortune came to age,
And gentle *Harry Percy*, and kind Couſin:
O, the Devil take ſuch Cozeners, God forgive me:
Good Uncle tell your tale, for I have done.
Wor. Nay, if you have not, to't again,
We'l ſtay your leiſure.
Hot. I have done, inſooth.
Wor. Then once more to your Scottiſh Priſoners.
Deliver them up without their Ranſom ſtreight,
And make the *Dowglas* Son your onely mean
For Powers in *Scotland*: Which for divers Reaſons
Which I ſhall ſend you written, be aſſur'd
Will eaſily be granted you, my Lord.
Your Son in *Scotland* being thus employ'd,
Shall ſecretly in the boſom creep
Of that ſame noble Prelate, well belov'd,
The Arch-Biſhop.
Hot. Of *York*, is't not?
Wor. True, who bears hard
His Brothers death at *Briſtow*, the Lord *Scroop*.
I ſpeak not this in eſtimation,
As what I think might be, but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted, and ſet down,
And onely ſtays but to behold the face
Of that occaſion that ſhall bring it on.
Hot. I ſmell it:
Upon my life, it will do wondrous well.
Nor. Before the game's a foot, thou ſtill lett'ſt ſlip.
Hot. Why, it cannot chooſe but be a noble Plot,
And then the Power of *Scotland*, and of *York*
To joyn with *Mortimer*, Ha.
Wor. And ſo they ſhall.
Hot. In faith it is exceeding well aim'd.
Wor. And 'tis no little Reaſon bids us ſpeed,
To ſave our Heads, by raiſing of a Head:
For, bear our ſelves as even as we can,
The King will always think him in our debt,
And think we think our ſelves unſatisfied,
Till he hath found a time to pay us home.
And ſee already, how he doth begin
To make us ſtrangers to his looks of love.
Hot. He does, he does; we'll be reveng'd on him.
Wor. Couſin, farewell. No further go in this,
Than I by Letters ſhall direct your courſe;
When time is ripe, which will be ſuddenly,
I'le ſteal to *Glendower*, and lo, *Mortimer*,
Where you, and *Dowglas*, and our Powers at once,
As I will faſhion it, ſhall happily meet,
To bear our Fortunes in our own ſtrong Arms,
Which now we hold at much uncertainty.
Nor. Farewell, good Brother, we ſhall thrive, I truſt.
Hot. Uncle, adieu: O let Hours be ſhort,
Till fields, and blows, and groans applaud our ſport. [*Exit.*

Actus Secundus. Scæna Prima.

Enter a Carrier, with a Lanthorn in his hand.

1. *Car.* Heigh ho, an't be not four by the day I'le be hang'd. *Charles wain* is over the new Chimney, and yet our Horſe not packt. What, Oſtler?

Oſt. Anon, anon.

1. *Car.* I prethee *Tom*, beat *Cuts* Saddle, put a few Flocks in the point: The poor Jade is wrung in the Withers, out of all ceſs.

Enter another Carrier.

2. *Can.* Peaſe and Beans are as dank here as a Dog, and this is the next way to give poor Jades the Bots: This Houſe is turned upſide down ſince *Robin* the Oſtler died.

1. *Car.* Poor fellow never joy'd ſince the price of Oats roſe, it was the death of him.

2. *Car.* I think this is the moſt Villanous Houſe in all *London* road for Fleas: I am ſtung like a Tench.

1. *Car.* Like a Tench? There's ne're a King in Chriſtendom, could be better bit, than I have been ſince the firſt Cock.

2. *Car.* Why, you will allow us ne'er a Jourden, and then we leak in your Chimney: And your Chamber-lye breeds Fleas like a Loach.

1. *Car.* What Oſtler, come away, and be hang'd come away.

2. *Car.* I have a Gammon of Bacon, and two razes of Ginger, to be delivered as far as *Charing-croſs*.

1. *Car.* The Turkies in my Panniers are quite ſtarved. What Oſtler? a plague on thee, haſt thou never an eye in thy head? canſt not hear? and 'twere not as good a deed as drink, to break the pate of thee, I am a very Villain. Come and be hang'd, haſt no faith in thee?

Enter Gads-hill.

Gad. Good morrow, Carriers. What's a Clock?

Car. I think it be two a Clock.

Gad. I prethee lend me thy Lanthorn to ſee my Gelding in the Stable.

1. *Car.* Nay, ſoft I pray ye, I know a trick worth two of that.

Gad. I prethee lend me thine.

2. *Car* I, when, canſt tell? lend me thy Lanthorn (quoth-a) marry I'le ſee thee hang'd firſt.

Gad. Sirrah, Carrier: what time do you mean to come to *London*?

2. *Car.* Time enough to go to bed with a Candle, I warrant thee. Come Neighbour *Mugges*, we'll call up the Gentlemen, they will along with company, for they have great charge. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Chamberlain.

Gad. What ho, Chamberlain?

Cham. At hand quoth Pick-purſe.

Gad. That's even as fair, as at hand quoth the Chamberlain: For thou varieſt no more from picking of Purſes, than giving direction doth from labouring. Thou lay'ſt the plot, how.

Cham. Good morrow Maſter *Gads-hill*, it holds currant that I told you yeſternight. There's a Franklin in the wild of *Kent*, hath brought three hundred Marks with him in Gold: I heard him tell it to one of his Company laſt night at Supper; a kind of Auditor, one that hath abundance of Charge too, (God knows what) they are up already, and call for Eggs and Butter. They will away preſently.

Gad. Sirrah, if they meet not with S. *Nicholas* Clarks, I'le give thee this neck.

Cham. No, I'le none of it: I prethee keep that for the Hangman, for I know thou worſhip'ſt S. *Nicholas* as truly as a man of falſhood may.

Gad. What talkeſt thou to me of the Hangman? If I hang I'le make a fat pair of Gallows. For if I hang, old Sir *John* hangs with me, and thou know'ſt he's no Straveling. Tut, there are other Trojans that thou dream'ſt not of, the which (for ſport ſake) are content to do the Profeſſion ſome grace; that would (if matters ſhould be look'd into) for their own Credit ſake, make all whole. I am joyned with no Foot-Land-Rakers, no Long-ſtaff ſix penny ſtrikers, none of theſe mad Muſtachio-purple-hu'd-Malt-worms, but with Nobility, and Tranquility; Burgomaſters, and great Oneyers, ſuch as can hold in, ſuch as will ſtrike ſooner than ſpeak; and ſpeak ſooner than drink, and drink ſooner than pray; and yet I lye, for they pray continually unto their Saint the Common-wealth; or rather, not to pray to her, but prey on her: for they ride up and down on her, and make her their Boots.

Cham. What, the Common-wealth their Boots? Will ſhe hold out water in foul way?

Gad. She will, ſhe will; Juſtice hath liquor'd her. We ſteal, as in a Caſtle, Cock-ſure: we have the receit of Fern-ſeed, we walk inviſible.

Cham. Nay, I think rather, you are more beholding to the Night, than the Fern-ſeed, for your walking inviſible.

Gad. Give me thy hand.
Thou ſhalt have a ſhare in our purpoſe,
As I am a true man.

Cham. Nay, rather let me have it, as you are a falſe Thief.

Gad. Go to: *Homo* is a common name to all men. Bid the Oſtler bring the Gelding out of the Stable. Farewell, ye muddy knave. [*Exeunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Prince, Poyns, *and* Peto.

Poyns. Come ſhelter, ſhelter, I have removed *Falſtaffs* Horſe, and he frets like a gumm'd Velvet.

Prin. Stand cloſe.

Enter Falſtaff.

Fal. Poynes, Poynes, and be hang'd *Poynes.*

Prin. Peace ye fat-kidney'd Raſcal, what a bawling doſt thou keep?

Fal. What *Poynes, Hal*?

Prin. He is walk'd up to the top of the Hill, I'le go ſeek him.

Fal. I am accurſt to rob in that Thiefs Company: that Raſcal hath removed my Horſe, and tied him I know not where. If I travel but four foot by the ſquare further a foot, I ſhall break my wind. Well, I doubt not but to die a fair death for all this, if I ſcape hanging for killing that Rogue. I have forſworn his company hourly any time this two and twenty year, and yet I am bewitcht with the Rogues company. If the Raſcal have not given me Medicines to make me love him, I'le be hang'd, it could not be elſe: I have drunk Medicines. *Poynes, Hall,* a Plague upon you both. *Bardolph, Peto*: I'le ſtarve e're I rob a foot further. And 'twere not as good a deed as to drink, to turn True-man, and to leave theſe Rogues, I am the verieſt Varlet that ever chewed with a Tooth. Eight yards of uneven ground, is threeſcore and ten miles a foot with me: and the ſtony-hearted Villains know it well enough. A plague upon't, when Thieves cannot be true one to another. [*They whiſtle.*
Whew a plague light upon you all. Give me my Horſe: you Rogues: give me my Horſe, and be hang'd.

Prin. Peace ye fat-guts, lie down, lay thine ear cloſe to the ground, and liſt if thou can hear the tread of Travellers.

Fal. Have you any Leavers to lift me up again being down? I'le not bear mine own fleſh ſo far afoot again, for all the Coyn in thy Fathers Exchequer. What a plague mean ye to colt me thus?

Prin. Thou lieſt, thou are not colted, thou art uncolted.

Fal. I prethee good Prince *Hal* help me to my Horſe, good Kings Son.

Prin. Out you Rogue, ſhall I be your Oſtler?

Fal. Go hang thy ſelf in thy own heir-apparent-Garters: If I be ta'ne, I'le peach for this: and I have not Ballads made on all, and ſung to filthy tunes, let a Cup of Sack be my Poyſon: when a jeaſt is ſo forward, and a foot too, I hate it.

Enter Gads-hill.

Gad. Stand.

Fal. So I do againſt my will.

Poyn. O 'tis our Setter, I know his voice: *Bardolf,* what News?

Bar. Caſe ye, caſe ye; on with your Vizards, there's Money of the Kings coming down the Hill, 'tis going to the Kings Exchequer.

Fal. You lie, you Rogue, 'tis going to the Kings Tavern.

Gad. There's enough to make us all.

Fal. To be hang'd.

Prin. You four ſhall front them in the narrow Lane: *Ned* and I will walk lower; if they ſcape from your encounter, then they light on us.

Peto. But how many be of them?

Gad. Some eight or ten.

Fal. Will they not rob us?

Prin. What, a Coward, Sir *John* Paunch?

Fal. Indeed I am not *John* of *Gaunt* your Grandfather: but yet no Coward, *Hal.*

Prin. We'll leave that to the proof.

Poyn. Sirrah *Jack*, thy Horſe ſtands behind the Hedge, when thou need'ſt him, there ſhalt thou find him, farewell, and ſtand faſt.

Fal. Now I cannot ſtrike him if I ſhould be hang'd.

Prin. Ned, where are our Diſguiſes?

Poyn. Here hard by: Stand cloſe.

Fal. Now my Maſters, happy man be his dole ſay I: every man to his buſineſs.

Enter Travellers.

Tra. Come, Neighbour: the Boy ſhall lead our Horſes down the hill: We'll a foot a while, and eaſe our Legs.

Thieves. Stay.

Tra. Jeſu bleſs us.

Fal. Strike : down with them, cut the Villains throats; a whorſon Caterpillars : Bacon-fed Knaves, they hate us youth ; down with them, fleece them.

Tra. O, we are undone, both we and ours for ever.

Fal. Hang ye gorbellied Knaves, are you undone ? No ye Fat Chuffs, I would your ſtore were here. On Bacons on, what ye Knaves ? young men muſt live, you are Grand Jurors ? We'll jure ye i'faith.

[*Here they rob them and bind them. Enter the* Prince *and* Poynes.

Prin. The Thieves have bound the True-men : Now could thou and I rob the Thieves and go merrily to *London*, it would be Argument for a Week, Laughter for a Month, and a good Jeaſt for ever.

Poynes. Stand cloſe, I hear them coming.

Enter Thieves again.

Fal. Come my Maſters, let us ſhare, and then to Horſe before day : and the *Prince* and *Poynes* be not two arrand Cowards, there's no equity ſtirring. There's no more Valour that *Poynes*, than in a wild Duck.

Prin. Your Money.

Poyn. Villains.

[*As they are ſharing, the* Prince *and* Poynes *ſet upon them. They all run away, leaving the Booty behind them.*

Prince. Got with much eaſe. Now merrily to Horſe : The Thieves are ſcattered, and poſſeſt with fear ſo ſtrongly, that they dare not meet each other : each takes his Fellow for an Officer. Away good *Ned, Falſtaff* ſweats to death, and Lards the lean earth as he walks along : wer't not for laughing, I ſhould pity him.

Poyn. How the Rogue roar'd. [*Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Hotſpurre *ſolus , reading a Letter.*

But for mine own part, my Lord, I could be well contented to be there, in reſpect of the love I bear your Houſe. He could be contented : Why is he not then ? in reſpect of the love he bears our Houſe. He ſhews in this, he loves his own Barn better than he loves our Houſe. Let me ſee ſome more, *The purpoſe you under take is dangerous.* Why that's certain : 'Tis dangerous to take a cold, to ſleep, to drink : but I tell yon (my Lord Fool) out of this Nettle, Danger ; we pluck this Flower, Safety. *The purpoſe you undertake is dangerous , the Friends you have named uncertain, the Time it ſelf unſorted, and your whole Plot too light, for the counterpoize of ſo great an Oppoſition.* Say you ſo, ſay you ſo : I ſay unto you again, you are a ſhallow cowardly Hinde, and you lye. What a lack-brain is this ? I proteſt, our Plot is as good a Plot as ever was laid ; our Friends true and conſtant : A good Plot. good Friends, and full of Expectation : An excellent Plot, very good Friends. What a Froſty-ſpirited rogue is this ? Why, my Lord of *York* commends the Plot, and the generall courſe of the action. By this hand, if I were now by this Raſcal, I could brain him with his Ladies Fan. Is there not my Father, my Uncle, and my ſelf, Lord *Edmond Mortimer*, my Lord of *York*, and *Owen Glandower* ? Is there not beſides, the *Dowglas* ? Have I not all their Letters, to meet me in Arms by the ninth of the next Month ? and are there not ſome of them ſet forward already ? What a Pagan Raſcal is this ? An Infidel. Ha, you ſhall ſee now in very ſincerity of fear and Cold heart, will he to the King, and lay open all our Proceedings. O, I could divide my ſelf, and go to buffets, for moving ſuch a diſh of skim'd Milk with ſo Honourable an Action. Hang him, let him tell the King we are prepared. I will ſet forwards to night.

Enter his Lady.

How now *Kate*, I muſt leave you within theſe two hours.

La. O my good Lord, why are you thus alone ?
For what Offence have I this fortnight been
A Baniſh'd Woman from my *Harry*'s Bed ?
Tell me (ſweet Lord) what is't that takes from thee
Thy ſtomach, pleaſure, and thy golden ſleep ?
Why doſt thou bend thy Eyes upon the Earth ?
And ſtart ſo often when thon ſitt'ſt alone ?
Why haſt thou loſt the freſh Blood in thy Cheeks ?
And given my Treaſures and my Rights of thee,
To thick-ey'd muſing, and curſt Melancholly ?
In my faint ſlumbers, I by thee have watcht,
And heard thee murmur tales of Iron Wars :
Speak tearms of mannage to thy bounding Steed,
Cry courage to the Field. And thou haſt talk'd
Of Sallies, and Retires ; Trenches, Tents,
Of Palizadoes, Frontiers, Parapets.
Of Baſilisks, of Canon, Culverin.
Of Priſoners ranſom, and of Souldiers ſlain,
And all the current of a heady fight.
Thy ſpirit within thee hath been ſo at War,
And thus hath ſo beſtirr'd thee in thy ſleep,
That †Beds of ſweat hath ſtood upon thy Brow, †Beads
Like bubbles in a late diſturbed Stream ;
And in thy Face ſtrange motion have appear'd,
Such as we ſee when men reſtrain their breath,
On ſome great ſudden haſte. O what Portents are theſe ?
Some heavy buſineſs hath my Lord in hand,
And I muſt know it : elſe he loves me not.

Hot. What ho ; Is *Gilliams* with the Packet gone ?

Ser. He is, my Lord, an hour agone.

Hot. Hath *Butler* brought thoſe Horſes from the Sheriff ?

Ser. One Horſe, my Lord, he brought even now.

Hot. What Horſe ? a Roan, a crop-ear, is it not ?

Ser. It is, my Lord.

Hot. That Roan ſhall be my Throne. Well, I will back him ſtreight. *Eſperance*, bid *Butler* lead him forth into the Park.

La. But hear you, my Lord.

Hot. What ſay'ſt thou, my Lady ?

La. What is it that carries you away ?

Hot. Why, my Horſe (my Love) my Horſe.

La. Out you mad-headed Ape, a Weazell hath not ſuch a deal of Spleen, as you are toſt with. In ſooth I'le know your buſineſs *Harry*, that I will, I fear my Brother *Mortimer* doth ſtir about his Title, and hath ſent for you to line his Interpriſe. But if you go———

Hot. So far a foot, I ſhall be weary, Love.

La. Come, come, you Paraquito, anſwer me directly unto this Queſtion, that I ſhall ask. Indeed I'le break thy little finger *Harry* : if thou wilt not tell me true.

Hot. Away, away, you trifler : Love, I love thee not,
I care not for thee *Kate* : this is no world
To play with Mammets, and to tilt with Lips.
We muſt have bloody Noſes, and crack'd Crowns,
And paſs them currant too. Gods me, my Horſe.
What ſay'ſt thou *Kate* ? what would'ſt thon have with me ?

La. Do ye not love me ? do you not indeed ?
Well, do not then. For ſince you love me not,
I will not love my ſelf. Do you not love me ?
Nay, tell me if thou ſpeakeſt in Jeaſt, or no.

Hot. Come, wilt thou ſee me ride ?
And when I am a Horſe-back, I will ſwear
I love thee infinitely. But hark you, *Kate*,
I muſt not have you henceforth, queſtion me,
Whither I go : nor reaſon whereabout.
Whither I muſt, I muſt : and to conclude,
This Evening muſt I leave thee, gentle *Kate*.
I know you wiſe, but yet no further wiſe
Then *Harry Percies* Wife. Conſtant you are,
But yet a Woman : and for ſecrecie,
No Lady closer. For I will believe,

Thou wilt not utter what thou doſt not know,
And ſo far will I truſt thee, gentle *Kate.*
La. How ſo far?
Hot. Not an inch further. But hark you *Kate,*
Whether I go, thither ſhall you go too:
To day will I ſet forth, to morrow you.
Will this content you *Kate?*
La. It muſt of force. [*Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Prince *and* Poynes.

Prin. Ned, prethee come out of that fat room, and lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

Poynes. Where haſt been, *Hall?*

Prin. With three or four Loggerheads, amongſt three or fourſcore Hogſheads. I have ſounded the very baſe ſtring of humility. Sirrah, I am ſworn Brother to a leſh of Drawers, and can call them by their Names, as *Tom, Dick,* and *Francis.* They take it already upon their Confidence, that though I be but Prince of *Wales,* yet I am the King of Curteſie: telling me flatly, I am not proud like *Jack Falſtaff,* but a *Corinthian,* a lad of mettle, a good Boy, and when I am King of *England,* I ſhall command all the good Lads in *Eaſtcheap.* They call drinking deep, dying Scarlet; and when you break in your watring, then they cry pem, and bid you play it off. To conclude, I am ſo good a proficient in one quarter of an hour, that I can drink with any Tinker in his own Language during my life. I tell thee *Ned,* thou haſt loſt much honour, that thou wert not with me in this action: but ſweet *Ned,* to ſweeten which name of *Ned,* I give thee this penniworth of Suger, clapt even now into my hand by an under Skiner, one that never ſpeake other Engliſh in his life, then *Eight ſhilling and ſix pence,* and, *You are welcome:* with this ſhrill addition, *Anon Sir, Anon Sir, Score a pint of Baſtard in the Half Moon,* or ſo. But *Ned,* to drive away time till *Falſtaff* come, I prethee doe thou ſtand in ſome by-room, while I queſtion my puny Drawer, to what end he gave me the Suger, and do never leave calling *Francis,* that his Tale to me may be nothing but, Anon: ſtep aſide, and I'le ſhew thee a Preſident.

Poynes. Francis.

Prin. Thou art perfect.

Poyn. Francis.

Enter Drawer.

Fran. Anon, anon Sir; look down into the Pomgarnet *Ralf.*

Prince. Come hither, *Francis.*

Fran. My Lord.

Prin. Hoa long haſt thou to ſerve, *Francis?*

Fran. Forſooth five years, and as much as to——

Poyn. Francis.

Fran. Anon, anon Sir.

Prin. Five years; Berlady a long Leaſe for the clinking of Pewter. But *Francis,* dareſt thou be ſo valiant, as to play the Coward with thy Indenture, and ſhew it a fair pair of heels, and run from it?

Fran. O Lord, Sir, I'le be ſworn upon all the Books in *England,* I could find in my heart.

Poyn. Francis.

Fran. Anon, anon, Sir.

Prin. How old art thou, *Francis?*

Fran. Let me ſee, about *Machaelmas* next I ſhall be——

Poyn. Francis.

Fran. Anon Sir, pray you ſtay a little, my Lord.

Prin. Nay but hark you *Francis,* for the Sugar thou gaveſt me, 'twas a penniworth, was't not?

Fran. O Lord Sir, I would it had been two.

Prin. I will give thee for it a thouſand pound: ask me when thou wilt, and thou ſhalt have it.

Poyn. Francis.

Fran. Anon, anon.

Prin. Anon, *Francis?* No, *Francis,* but to morrow *Francis:* or *Francis,* on Thurſday: or indeed *Francis,* when thou wilt. But *Francis.*

Fran. My Lord.

Prin. Wilt thou Rob this Leathern Jerkin, Chriſtal button, Not-pated, Agatring, Puke ſtocking, Caddice garter, Spaniſh pouch.

Fran. O Lord, Sir, who do you mean?

Prin. Why then your brown Baſtard is your only drink: for look you, *Francis,* your whit Canvas doublet will ſully. In *Barbary,* Sir, it cannot come to ſo much.

Fran. What, Sir?

Poyn. Francis.

Prin. A way you Rogue, doſt thou hear them call?

[*Here they both call, the Drawer ſtands amazed, not knowing which way to go.*

Enter Vintner.

Vint. What ſtand'ſt thou ſtill, and hear'ſt ſuch a calling? Look to the Gueſt within: My Lord, old Sir *John* with half a dozen more, are at the door: ſhall I let them in?

Prin. Let them alone a while, and then open the door *Poynes.*

Enter Poynes.

Poyn. Anon, anon Sir.

Prin. Sirrah, *Falſtaff* and the reſt of the Thives are at the door, ſhall we be merry?

Poyn. As merry as Crickets my Lad. But hark ye, what cunning match have you made with this jeaſt of the Drawer? Come, what's the iſſue?

Prin. I am now of all humors, that have ſhewed themſelves humors, ſince the old days of goodman *Adam,* to the pupil age of this preſent twelve a Clock at midnight. What's a clock *Francis.*

Fran. Anon. anon Sir.

Prin. That ever this Fellow ſhould have fewer words then a Parret, and yet the Son of a Woman. His induſtry is up-ſtairs and down-ſtairs, his eloquence the parcell of a reckoning. I am not yet of *Percies* mind, the Hotſpur of the North, he that kills me ſome ſix or ſeven dozen of Scots at a Breakfaſt, waſhes his hands and ſays to his Wife: Fie upon this quiet life, I want work. O my ſweet *Harry,* ſayes ſhe, how many haſt thou kill'd to day? Give my Roan Horſe a dranch (ſays he) and anſwers, ſome fourteen, an hour after: a trifle, a trifle. I prethee call in *Falſtaff,* I'le play *Percy,* and that damn'd Brawn ſhall play Dame *Mortimer* his Wife. *Rivo,* ſays the Drunkard. Call in Ribs, call in Tallow.

Enter falſtaff.

Poyn. Welcome *Jack,* where haſt thou been?

Fal. A plague of all Cowards I ſay, and a vengeance too, marry and Amen. Give me a cup of Sack Boy. E're I lead this life long, I'le ſow nether ſtocks, and mend them too. A plague of all Cowards. Give me a Cup of Sack, Rogue. Is there no virtue extant?

Prin. Didſt thou never ſee *Titan* kiſs a diſh of Butter, pitiful hearted ~~Titan~~ Creature that melted at the ſweet Tale of the Sun? If thou didſt, then behold that compound.

Fal. You Rogue, here's Lime in this Sack too: there is nothing but Roguery to be found in Villanous man; yet a Coward is worſe then a Cup of Sack with Lime. A villanous Coward, go thy ways old *Jack,* die when thou wilt, if Manhood, good Manhood be not forgot upon the face of the Earth, then am I a ſhotten Herring: there lives not three good men unhang'd in *England,* and one of them is fat, and grows old, God help the while, a bad world I ſay. I would I were a *Weaver,* I could ſing all manner of Songs. A plague of all Cowards, I ſay ſtill.

Prin. How now *Woolſack,* what mutter you?

Fal. A Kings Son? If I do not beat thee out of thy Kingdom with a Dagger of Lath, and drive all thy Subjects afore thee like a flock of Wild-geeſe, I'le never wear hair on my face more. You Prince of *Wales?*

Prin. Why you horſon round man? what's the matter?

Fal. Are you not a Coward? anſwer me to that, and *Poynes* there?

Prin. Ye fat Paunch, and ye call me Coward, I'le ſtab thee.

Fal. I call thee Coward? I'le ſee thee damn'd e're I call thee Coward: but I would give a thouſand Pound I could run as faſt as thou canſt. You are ſtreight enough in the ſhoulders, you care not who ſees your back: Call you that backing of your Friends? a Plague upon ſuch backing: give me them that will face me. Give me a Cup of Sack, I am a Rogue if I drunk to day.

Prin. O Villain, thy Lips are ſcarce wip'd, ſince thou drunk'ſt laſt.

Falſt. All's one for that. [*He drinks.*
A plague of all Cowards ſtill, ſay I.

Prin. What's the matter?

Falſt. What's the matter? here be four of us, have ta'ne a thouſand pound this Morning.

Prin. Where is it, *Jack?* where is it?

Falſt. Where is it? taken from us, it is: a hundred upon poor four of us.

Prin. What, a hundred, man?

Falſt. I am a Rogue, if I were not at half Sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have eſcaped by miracle. I am eight times thruſt through the Doublet, four through the Hoſe, my Buckler cut through and through, my Sword hack'd like a Hand-ſaw, *ecce ſignum.* I never dealt better ſince I was a man: all would not do. A Plague of all Cowards: let them ſpeak; if they ſpeak more or leſs than truth, they are Villains and the Sons of darkneſs.

Prin. Speak Sirs, how was it?

Gad. We four ſet upon ſome dozen.

Falſt. Sixteen, at leaſt, my Lord.

Gad. And bound them.

Peto. No, no they were not bound.

Falſt. You Rogue they were bound, every man of them, or I am a Jew elſe, an Ebrew Jew.

Gad. As we were ſharing, ſome ſix or ſeven freſh men ſet upon us.

Falſt. And unbound the reſt, and then came in the other.

Prin. What, fought ye with them all?

Falſt. All? I know not what ye call all: bnt if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a Bunch of Radiſh: if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old *Jack*, then am I no two-legg'd Creature.

Poin. Pray Heaven, you have not murthered ſome of them.

Falſt. Nay, that's paſt praying for. I have pepper'd two of them: Two I am ſure I have payed, two Rogues in Buckrom Sutes. I tell thee what, *Hall*, if I tell thee a Lye, ſpit in my face, call me Horſe: thou knoweſt my old word: here I lay and thus I bore my point; four Rogues in Buckrom let drive at me.

Prince. What, four? thou ſaid'ſt but two, even now.

Falſt. Four *Hal*, I told thee four.

Poin. I, I, he ſaid four.

Falſt. Theſe four came all a-front, and mainly thruſt at me; I made no more ado, but took all their ſeven points in my Target, thus.

Prince. Seven? why there were but four, even now.

Falſt. In Buckrom.

Poin. I, four, in Buckrom Sutes.

Falſt. Seven, by theſe Hilts, or I am a Villain elſe.

Prin. Prithee let him alone, we ſhall have more anon.

Falſt. Doeſt thou hear me, *Hal?*

Prin. I, and mark thee too, *Jack.*

Falſt. Do ſo, for it is worth the liſtning too: theſe nine in Buckrom, that I told thee of.

Prin. So, two more already.

Falſt. Their Points being broken.

Poin. Down fell his Hoſe.

Falſt. Began to give me ground: but I followed me cloſe, came in foot and hand; and with a thought ſeven of the eleven I pay'd.

Prin. O monſtrous! eleven Buckrom men grown out of two?

Falſt. But as the Devil would have it, three miſ-begotten Knaves, in *Kendal* Green, came at my Back, and let drive at me; for it was ſo dark, *Hal*, that thou could'ſt not ſee thy Hand.

Prin. Theſe Lyes are like the Father that begets them, groſs as a Mountain, open, palpable. Why thou Clay-brain'd Guts, thou Knotty-pated Fool, thou Horſon obſcene greaſie Tallow Catch.

Falſt. What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth, the truth?

Prin. Why, how could'ſt thou know theſe men in *Kendal* Green, when it was ſo dark, thou could'ſt not ſee thy hand? Come, tell us your Reaſon: what ſay'ſt thou to this?

Poin. Come, your Reaſon *Jack*, your Reaſon.

Falſt. What, upon compulſion? No: were I at the Strappado, or all the Racks in the World, I would not tell you on compulſion. Give you a Reaſon on compulſion? If Reaſons were as plenty as Black-berries; I would give no man a Reaſon upon compulſion, I.

Prin. I'le be ne longer guilty of this ſin. This ſanguine Coward, this Bed-preſſer, this Horſ-back-breaker, this huge Hill of Fleſh.

Falſt. Away you Starveling, you Elf-skin, you dried Neats tongue, Bulls-piſſel, you ſtock-fiſh: O for breath to utter. What is like thee? You Tailors yard, you ſheath, you Bow-caſe, you vile ſtanding tuck.

Prin. Well, breath a-while, and then to't again: and when thou haſt tyr'd thy ſelf in baſe Compariſons, hear me ſpeak but thus.

Poin. Mark *Jack.*

Prin. We two, ſaw you four ſet on four and bound them, and were Maſters of their Wealth: mark now, how a plain Tale ſhall put you down. Then did we two; ſet on you four, and with a word, outfac'd you from your Prize, and have it: ye, and can ſhew it you in the Houſe. And *Falſtaff*, you carried your Guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy, and ſtill ran and roar'd, as ever I heard Bull-Calf. What a Slave art thou, to hack thy Sword as thou haſt done, and then ſay it was in fight. What trick? what device? what ſtarting hole canſt thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparent ſhame?

Poin. Come, let's hear *Jack*: What trick haſt thou now?

Falſt. I knew ye, as well as he that made ye. Why hear ye my Maſters, was it for me to kill the Heir apparent? Should I turn upon the true Prince? Why, thou knoweſt I am as valiant as *Hercules*: but beware inſtinct, the Lion will not touch the true Prince: Inſtinct is a great matter. I was a Coward on Inſtinct: I ſhall think the better of my ſelf, and thee, during my life: I, for a valiant Lion and thou for a true Prince. But Lads, I am glad you have the Money. Hoſteſs, clap to the doors: watch to Night, pray to Morrow. Gallants, Lands, Boys, Hearts of Gold, all the good titles of Fellowſhip come to you. What, ſhall we be merry? ſhall we have a Play *extempore.*

Prin. Content, and the argument ſhall be, thy running away.

Falſt. A, no more of that, *Hal*, if thou loveſt me.

Enter Hoſteſs.

Hoſt. My Lord the Prince?

Prin. How now, my Lady the Hoſteſs, what ſay'ſt thou to me?

Hoſt. Marry, my Lord, there is a Noble man of the Court at door would ſpeak with you: he ſays he comes from your Father.

Prin. Give him as much as will make him a Royal man, and ſend him back again to my Mother.

Falſt. What manner of man is he?

Hoſteſs. An old man.

Falſt. What doth Gravity out of his Bed at Midnight? Shall I give him his anſwer?

Prin. Prethee do, *Jack.*

Falſt. Faith and I'le ſend him packing. [*Exit.*

Prince. Now Sirs: you fought fair; ſo did you *Peto*, ſo did you *Bardol*: you are Lions too, you ran away upon inſtinct: you will not touch the true Prince; no, fie.

Bard. 'Faith, I ran when I ſaw others run.

Prin. Tell me now in earneſt, how came *Falſtaff*'s Sword ſo hackt?

Peto. Why, he hackt it with his Dagger, and ſaid, he would ſwear truth out of all *England*: but he would make you believe it was done in fight, and perſwaded us to do the like.

Bard. Yea, and tickle our Noſes with Spear-graſs, to make them bleed, and then beſlubber our Garments with it, and ſwear it was the Bloud of true men. I did that I did not theſe ſeven years before, I bluſht to hear his monſtrous devices.

Prin. O Villain, thou ſtoleſt a Cup of Sack eighteen years ago, and wert taken with the manner, and ever ſince thou haſt bluſht *extempore*: thou hadſt Fire and Sword on thy ſide, and yet thou ranneſt away: what inſtinct hadſt thou for it?

Bard. My Lord, do you ſee theſe Meteors? do you behold theſe Exhalations?

Prin. I do.

Bard. What think you they portend?

Prin. Hot Livers, and cold Purſes.

Bard. Choler, my Lord, if rightly taken.

Prin. No, if rightly taken, Halter.

Enter Falſtaff.

Here comes lean *Jack*, here comes bare-bone. How now my ſweet Creature of Bombaſt, how long is't ago, *Jack*; ſince thou ſaw'ſt thine own Knee?

Falſt. My own Knee? When I was about thy years, (*Hal*) I was not an Eagles Talon in the Waſte, I could have crept into any Aldermans Thumb-Ring: a plague of ſighing and grief, it blowes a man up like a Bladder. There's villanous Newes abroad: here was Sir *John Braby* from your Father; you muſt go to the Court in the Morning. The ſame mad fellow of the North, *Percy*; and he of Wales, that gave *Amamon* the Baſtinado, and and made *Lucifer* Cuckold, and ſwore the *Devil* his true Liege-man upon the Croſs of a Welſh-hook; what a Plague call you him?

Poin. O, *Glendower.*

Falſt. *Owen*, *Owen*; the ſame, and his Son in Law *Mortimer*, and old *Northumberland*, and the ſprightly Scot of Scots, *Dowglas*, that runs a Horſe-back up a Hill perpendicular.

Prin. He that rides at high ſpeed, and with a Piſtol kills a Sparrow flying.

Falſt. You have hit it.

Prin. So did he never the Sparrow.

Falſt. Well, that Raſcal hath good metal in him, he will not run.

Prin. Why, what a Raſcal art thou then, to praiſe him ſo for running?

Falſt. A Horſe-back, (ye Cuckow) but a foot he will not budge a foot.

Prin. Yes, *Jack*, upon inſtinct.

Falſt. I grant ye, upon inſtinct: Well, he is there too, and one *Mordake*, and a thouſand blew-Caps more, *Worceſter* is ſtoln away by Night: thy Fathers Beard is turn'd white with the News: you may buy Land now as cheap as ſtinking Mackerel.

Prin. Then 'tis like, if there come a hot Sun, and this civill buffetting hold, we ſhall buy Maidenheads as they buy hob-nails, by the hundreds.

Falſt. By the Maſs, Lad, thou ſay'ſt true, it is like we ſhall have good trading that way. But tell me *Hall*, art not thou horrible afear'd? thou being Heir apparent, could the World pick thee out three ſuch Enemies again as that Fiend *Dowglas*, that Spirit *Percy*, and that Devil *Glendower*? Art thou not horrible afraid? Doth not thy blood thrill at it?

Prin. Not a whit: I lack ſome of thy inſtinct.

Falſt. Well, thou wilt be horrible chid to morrow, when thou comeſt to thy Father: if thou do love me, practiſe an anſwer.

Prin. Do thou ſtand for my Father, and examine me upon the particulars of my Life.

Falſt. Shall I? content: This Chair ſhall be my State, this Dagger my Scepter, and this Cuſhion my Crown.

Prin. Thy State is taken for a Joyn'd-Stool, thy Golden Scepter for a Leaden Dagger, and thy precious rich Crown for a pitiful bald Crown.

Falſt. Well, and the fire of Grace be not quite out of thee, now ſhalt thou be moved. Give me a Cup of Sack to make mine Eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept, for I muſt ſpeak in paſſion, and I will do it in Kings *Cambyſes* vein.

Prin. Well, here is my Leg.

Falſt. And here is my ſpeech: ſtand aſide Nobility.

Hoſteſs. This is excellent ſport, ifaith.

Pal. Weep not, ſweet Queen, for trickling tears are vain.

Hoſteſs. O the Father, how he holds his countenance?

Fal. For Gods ſake, Lords, convey my truſtful Queen, for Tears do ſtop the floud-gates of her eyes.

Hoſteſs. O rare, he doth it as like one of theſe harlotry Players, as ever I ſee.

Fal. Peace good Pint-pot, peace good Tickle-brain. *Harry*, I do not onely marvel, where thou ſpendeſt thy time; but alſo, how thou are accompanied: For though the Camomil, the more it is trodden, the faſter it grows; yet Youth, the more it is waſted, the ſooner it wears. Thou art my Son: I have partly thy Mother's Word, partly my Opinion; but chiefly, a Villanous trick of thine Eye, and a fooliſh hanging of thy nether Lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be Son to me, here lyeth the point: why, being Son to me, art thou ſo Pointed at? Shall the bleſſed Son of Heaven prove a Micher, and eat Black-berries? a queſtion not to be ask'd. Shall the Son of *England* prove a Thief, and take Purſes? a queſtion to be ask'd. There is a thing, *Harry*, which thou haſt often heard of, and it is known to many in our Land, by the name of Pitch: this Pitch (as ancient Writers do report) doth defile; ſo doth the company thou keepeſt: for *Harry*, now I do not ſpeak to thee in Drink, but in Tears; not in Pleaſure, but in Paſſion; not in Words onely, but in Woes alſo: and yet there is a vertuous man, whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his Name.

Prin. What manner of man, and it like your Majeſty?

Falſt. A goodly portly man i'faith, and corpulent, of a chearful Look, a pleaſing Eye, and a moſt noble Carriage, and as I think, his age ſome fifty, or (by'rlady) inclining to threeſcore; and now I remember me, his Name is *Falſtaff*: if that man ſhould be lewdly given, he deceives me; for *Harry*, I ſee Vertue in his Looks. If then the Tree may be known by the Fruit, as the Fruit by the Tree, then peremptorily I ſpeak it, there is Vertue in that *Falſtaff*: him keep with, the reſt baniſh. And tell me now, thou naughty Varlet, tell me, where haſt thou been this Month?

Prin. Do'ſt thou ſpeak like a King? do thou ſtand for me, and I'le play my Father.

Falſt. Depoſe me: if thou do'ſt it half ſo gravely, ſo, majeſtically, both in word and matter, hang me up by the heels for a Rabbet-ſucker, or a Poulters Hare.

Prin. Well, here I am ſet.

Falſt. And here I ſtand: judge, my Maſters.

Prin. Now *Harry*, whence come you?

Falſt. My Noble Lord, from *Eaſt-cheap.*

Prin. The Complaints I hear of thee, are grievous.

Falſt. I'faith, my Lord, they are falſe: Nay, I'le tickle ye for a young Prince.

Prin. Swеareſt thou, ungracious Boy? henceforth ne're look on me: thou art violently carried away from Grace: there's a Devil haunts thee, in the likeneſs of a fat old man; a Tun of Man is thy Companion: Why do'ſt thou converſe with that Trunk of Humors, that Boulting-Hutch of Beaſtlineſs, that ſwoln Parcel of Dropſies, that huge Bombard of Sack, that ſtuft Cloak-bag of Guts, that roſted Manning-Tree Oxe with the Puddings in his Belly, that Reverend Vice, that grey Iniquity, that Father Ruffian, that Vanity in years, wherein is he good, but to taſte Sack and drink it? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a Capon and eat it? wherein Cunning, but in Craft? wherein Crafty, but in Villany? wherein Villanous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

Falſt. I would your Grace would take me with you: whom means your Grace?

Prin. That villanous abominable miſ-leader of Youth, *Falſtaff*, that old white-bearded Sathan.

Falſt. My Lord, the man I know.

Prin. I know thou do'ſt.

Falſt. But to ſay, I know more harm in him than in my ſelf, were to ſay more than I know. That he is old (the more's the pity) his white hairs do witneſs it: But that he is (ſaving your Reverence) a Whore-maſter, that I utterly deny. If Sack and Sugar be a fault, Heaven help the wicked: if to be old and merry, be a ſin, then many a Hoſt that I know is damn'd: if to be fat, to be hated, then *Pharaohs* lean kine are to be loved. No, my good Lord, baniſh *Peto*, baniſh *Bardolph*, baniſh *Poins*: but for ſweet *Jack Falſtaff*, kind *Jack Falſtaff*, true *Jack Falſtaff*, valiant *Jack Falſtaff*, and therefore more valiant, being as he is old *Jack Falſtaff*, baniſh not him thy *Harry*'s company, baniſh not him thy *Harry*'s company; baniſh plump *Jack*, and baniſh all the World.

Prin. I do, I will.

Enter Bardolph *running.*

Bard. O, my Lord, my Lord, the Sheriff with a moſt monſtrous Watch, is at the door

Falſt. Out you Rogue, play out the Play: I have much to ſay in the behalf of that *Falſtaff.*

Enter the Hoſteſs.

Hoſt. O, my Lord, my Lord.

Falſt. Heigh, heigh, the Devil rides upon a Fiddleſtick: what's the matter?

Hoſt. The Sheriff and all the Watch are at the door: they are come to ſearch the Houſe, ſhall I let them in?

Falſt. Do'ſt thou hear, *Hal*? never call a true piece of Gold a Counterfeit: thou art eſſentially mad, without ſeeming ſo.

Prin. And thou a natural Coward, without inſtinct.

Falſt. I deny your *Major*; if you will deny the Sheriff, ſo: if not, let him enter. If I become not a Cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing up: I hope I ſhall as ſoon be ſtrangled with a Halter, as another.

Prince. Go hide thee behind the Arras, the reſt walk up above. Now my Maſters, for a true Face and good Conſcience.

Falſt Both which I have had: but their date is out, and therefore I'le hide me.

Prin. Call in the Sheriff. [*Exit.*

Enter Sheriff and the Carrier.

Prince. Now Maſter Sheriff, what is your will with me?

She. Firſt, pardon me, my Lord. A Hue and Cry hath followed certain men unto this Houſe.

Prin. What men?

She. One of them is well known, my gracious Lord, a groſs fat man.

Car. As fat as Butter.

Prin. The man, I do aſſure you is not here,
For I my ſelf at this time have imploy'd him:
And Sheriff, I will engage my word to thee,
That I will by to morrow Dinner time,
Send him to anſwer thee, or any man,
For any thing he ſhall be charg'd withall:
And ſo let me intreat you, leave the Houſe.

She. I will, my Lord: there are two Gentlemen
Have in this Robbery loſt three hundred Marks.

Prin. It may be ſo: if he have robb'd theſe men,
He ſhall be anſwerable: and ſo farewell.

She. Good Night, my Noble Lord.

Prin. I think it is Good Morrow, is it not?

She. Indeed, my Lord, I think it be two a clock. [*Exit.*

Prin. This oyly Raſcal is known as well as Pauls: go call him forth.

Peto. *Falſtaff*? faſt aſleep behind the Arras, and ſnorting like a Horſe.

Prin. Hark, how hard he fetches his breath: ſearch his Pockets.

He ſearcheth his Pockets, and findeth certain Papers.

Prin. What haſt thou found?

Peto. Nothing but Papers, my Lord.

Prin. Let's ſee, what be they? read them.

Peto. Item, a Capon.	ii s ii d.
Item, Sawce..	iiii d.
Item, Sack, two Gallons.	v s. viii d.
Item, Anchoves and Sack after Supper.	ii s. vi d.
Item, Bread.	ob.

Prince. O monſtrous, but one half penny-worth of Bread to this intolerable deal of Sack? What there is elſe, keep cloſe, we'll read it at more advantage: there let him ſleep till day. I'le to the Court in the Morning: We muſt all to the Wars, and thy place ſhall be honorable. I'le procure this fat Rogue a Charge of Foot, and I know his death will be a March of Twelve-ſcore. The Money ſhall be pay'd back again with advantage. Be with me betimes in the Morning: and ſo good morrow *Peto.*

Peto. Good morrow, good my Lord. [*Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Hotſpur, Worceſter, *Lord* Mortimer, Owen Glendower.

Mort. Theſe Promiſes are fair, the Parties ſure,
And our Induction full of proſperous hope.

Hotſp. Lord *Mortimer*, and Couſin *Glendower*,
Will you ſit down?
And Uncle *Worceſter*; a plague upon it,
I have forgot the Map,

Glend. No, here it is:
Sit Couſin *Percy*, ſit good Couſin *Hotſpur*:
For by that Name, as oft as *Lancaſter* doth ſpeak of you,
His Cheeks look pale, and with a riſing ſigh,
He wiſheth you in Heaven.

Hotſp. And you in Hell, as oft as he hears *Owen Glendower* ſpoke of.

Glend. I cannot blame him: At my Nativity,
The front of Heaven was full of fiery ſhapes,
Of burning Creſſets: and at my Birth,
The frame and foundation of the Earth
Shak'd like a Coward.

Hotſp. Why ſo it would have done at the ſame Seaſon, if your Mothers Cat had but kitten'd, though your ſelf had never been born.

Glend. I ſay the Earth did ſhake when I was born.
Hotſp. And I ſay the Earth was not of my mind:
If you ſuppoſe, as fearing you, it ſhook.
Glen. The Heavens were all on fire,the Earth did tremble.
Hotſp. Oh, then the Earth ſhook
To ſee the Heavens on fire,
And not in fear of your Nativity.
Diſeaſed Nature oftentimes breaks forth
In ſtrange Eruptions: and the teeming Earth
Is with a kind of Cholick pinch'd and vext,
By the impriſoning of unruly wind
Within her Womb: which for enlargement ſtriving,
Shakes the old Beldam Earth, and tumbles down
Steeples, and moſs-grown Towers. At your Birth,
Our Grandam Earth, having this Diſtemperature,
In paſſion ſhook.
Glen. Couſin: of many men
I do not bear theſe Croſſings: Give me leave
To tell you once again, that at my Birth
The front of Heaven was full of fiery ſhapes,
The Goats ran from the Mountains, and the Heards
Were ſtrangly clamorous to the frighted fields:
Theſe Signs have mark'd me extraordinary,
And all the Courſes of my life do ſhew,
I am not in the Roll of common men.
Where is the Living, clipt in with the Sea,
That chides the Banks of *England*, *Scotland* and *Wales*,
Which calls me Pupil, or hath read to me?
And bring him out, that is but VVomans Son
Can trace me in the tedious ways of Art,
And hold me pace in deep Experiments.
Hotſp. I think there's no man ſpeaks better Welſh?
I'le to dinner.
Mort. Peace, Couſin *Percy*, you will make him mad.
Glend. I can call Spirits from the vaſte Deep.
Hotſp. Why ſo can I, or ſo can any man:
But will they come, when you do call for them?
Glend. Why, I can teach thee, Couſin, to command the Devil.
Hotſp. And I can teach thee,Couſin,to ſhame the Devil,
By telling Truth. *Tell Truth, and ſhame the Devil.*
If thou have power to raiſe him, bring him hither,
And I'le be ſworn, I have power to ſhame him hence.
Oh, while you live, tell Truth, and ſhame the Devil.
Mort. Come, come, no more of this unprofitable Chat.
Glen. Three times hath *Henry Bullingbrook* made head
Againſt my power: thrice from the Banks of *Wye*,
And Sandy-bottom'd *Severn*, have I ſent him,
Bootleſs home, and Weather-beaten back
Hot. Home, without Boots,
And in foul VVeather too,
How ſcapes he Agues in the Devil's name?
Glend. Come, here's the Map:
Shall we divide our Right,
According to our threefold order ta'ne?
Mor. The Arch-Deacon hath divided it
Into three Limits, very equally:
England, from *Trent*, and *Severn* hitherto,
By South and Eaſt, is to my part aſſign'd:
All Weſtward, *Wales*, beyond the *Severn* ſhore,
And all the fertile Land within that bound,
To *Owen Glendower*: and dear Couze, to you
The remnant Northward, lying off from *Trent*.
And our Indentures Tripartite are drawn:
Which being ſealed enterchangeably,
(A buſineſs that this Night may execute)
To morrow, Couſin *Percy*, you and I,
And my good Lord of *Worceſter*, will ſet forth,
To meet your Father, and the Scottiſh Power,
As is appointed us at *Shrewsbury*.
My Father *Glendower* is not ready yet,
Nor ſhall we need his help theſe fourteen days:
Within that ſpace, you may have drawn together
Your Tenants, Friends, and neighbouring Gentlemen.
Glend. A ſhort time ſhall ſend me to you, Lords:
And in my Conduct ſhall your Ladies come,
From whom you now muſt ſteal, and take no leave,
For there will be a world of Water ſhed,
Upon the parting of your Wives and you.
Hotſp. Methinks my moity, North from *Burton* here,
In quantity equals not one of yours:
See, how this River comes me cranking in,
And cuts me from the beſt of all my Land,
A huge half Moon, a monſtrous Cantle out.
I'le have the Current in this place damn'd up,
And here the ſmug, and Silver Trent ſhall run,
In a new Channel, fair and evenly:
It ſhall not winde with ſuch a deep indent,
To rob me of ſo rich a bottom here.
Glend. Not winde? it ſhall, it muſt, you ſee it doth.
Mort. Yea, but mark how he bends his courſe,
And runs me up, with like advantage on the other ſide,
Gelding the oppoſing Continent as much,
As on the other ſide it takes from you.
Worc. Yea, but a little Charge will trench him here,
And on this North ſide win this Cape of Land,
And then he runs ſtraight and even.
Hotſp. I'le have it ſo, a little Charge will do it.
Glend. I'le not have it alter'd.
Hotſp. Will not you?
Glend. No, nor you ſhall not.
Hotſp. Who ſhall ſay me nay?
Glend. Why, that will I.
Hotſp. Let me not underſtand you then,ſpeak it in Welſh.
Glend. I can ſpeak Engliſh, Lord, as well as you:
For I was train'd up in the Engliſh Court:
Where, being but young,, I framed to the Harp,
Many an Engliſh Ditty, lovely well,
And gave the Tongue a helpful Ornament;
A Vertue that was never ſeen in you.
Hotſp. Marry, and I am glad of it withall my heart,
I had rather be a Kitten, and cry mew,
Than one of theſe ſame meeter-Ballad-mongers,:
I had rather hear a Brazen Candleſtick tun'd,
Or a dry Wheel grate on the Axle-tree,
And that would ſet my teeth on Edge,
Nothing ſo much as mincing Poetrie;
'Tis like the forc'd gate of a ſhuffling Nag.
Glend. Come, you ſhall have *Trent* turn'd.
Hotſp. I do not care: I'le give thrice ſo much Land
To any well-deſerving Friend;
But in the way of Bargain, mark ye me,
I'le cavil on the ninth part of a Hair.
Are the Indentures drawn? ſhall we be gone?
Glend. The Moon ſhines fair,
You may away by Night:
I'le haſte the Writer; and withall,
Break with your Wives, of your departure hence:
I am afraid my Daughter will run mad.
So much ſhe doteth on her *Mortimer*. [*Exit.*
Mort. Fie, Couſin *Percy*, how you croſs my Father.
Hotſp. I cannot chuſe: ſometime he angers me,
With telling me of the Moldwarp and the Ant,
Of the Dreamer *Merlin*, and his Prophecies;
And of a Dragon, and a fin-leſs Fiſh,
A clip-wing'd Griffin, and a moulten Raven,
A couching Lyon, a ramping Cat,
And ſuch a deal of skimble-skamble Stuff,
As puts me from my Faith. I tell you what,
He held me laſt Night, at leaſt nine hours,
In reckning up theſe ſeveral Devils Names,
That were his Lackeys:
I cry'd hum, and well, go too,
But mark'd him not a word. O, he is as tedious
As a tyred Horſe, a railing Wife,
Worſe than a ſmoaky Houſe. I had rather live
With Cheeſe and Garlick in a Windmill far,
Than feed on Cates, and have him talk to me,

In any Summer-houſe in Chriſtendom.
Mort. In faith he was an honeſt Gentleman;
Exceeding well read, and profited,
In ſtrange Concealments:
Valiant as a Lion, and wondrous affable,
And as bountiful, as Mines of *India.*
Shall I tell you, Couſin,
He holds your temper in a high reſpect,
And curbs himſelf, even of his natural ſcope,
When you do croſs his humour: 'faith he does.
I warrant you, that a man is not alive,
Might ſo have tempted him, as you have done,
Without the taſte of danger, and reproof:
But do not uſe it oft, let me intreat you.
Worc. In faith, my Lord, you are too willful blame,
And ſince your coming hither, have done enough,
To put him quite beſides his patience:
You muſt needs learn, Lord, to amend this fault;
Though ſometimes it ſhew greatneſs, Courage, Blood,
And that's the deareſt grace it renders you;
Yet oftentimes it doth preſent harſh Rage,
Defect of Manners, want of Government,
Pride, Haughtineſs, Opinion, and Diſdain:
The leaſt of which, haunting a Nobleman,
Loſeth mens Hearts, and leaves behind a ſtain
Upon the Beauty of all parts beſides,
Beguiling them of Commendation.
Hot. Well, I am ſchool'd:
Good-manners be your ſpeed;
Here come your Wives, and let us take our leave.

Enter Glendower, *with the Ladies.*

Mort. This is the deadly ſpight that angers me,
My Wife can ſpeak no Engliſh, I no Welſh.
Glend. My Daughter weeps, ſhe'll not part with you,
She'll be a Souldier too, ſhe'll to the Wars.
Mort. Good-Father tell her, that ſhe and my Aunt *Percy*
Shall follow in your Conduct ſpeedily.

Glendower *ſpeaks to her Welſh, and ſhe anſwers him in the ſame.*

Glend. She is deſperate here:
A peeviſh ſelf-will'd Harlotry,
One that Perſwaſion can do no good upon.

The Lady ſpeaks in Welſh.

Mort. I underſtand thy Looks; that pretty Welſh,
Which thou powr'ſt down from theſe ſwelling Heavens,
I am too perfect in: And but for ſhame,
In ſuch a parley ſhould I anſwer thee.

The Lady again in Welſh.

Mort. I underſtand thy Kiſſes, and thou mine,
And that's a feeble diſputation:
But I will never be a Truant, Love,
Till I have learn'd thy Language: For thy Tongue
Makes Welſh as ſweet as Ditties highly penn'd,
Sung by a fair Queen in a Summers Bower,
With raviſhing Diviſion to her Lute.
Glend. Nay, if thou melt, then will ſhe run mad.

The Lady ſpeaks again in Welſh.

Mort. O, I am ignorance it ſelf in this.
Glend. She bids you,
On the wanton ruſhes lay you down,
And reſt your gentle head upon her Lap,
And ſhe will ſing the Song that pleaſeth you,
And on your Eye-Lids Crown the God of Sleep,
Charming your Blood with pleaſing heavineſs;
Making ſuch difference betwixt Wake and Sleep,
As is the difference betwixt Day and Night,
The hour before the Heavenly Harneſs'd Teem
Begins his golden Progreſs in the Eaſt.
Mort. Withal my heart I'le ſit, and hear her ſing:
By what time will our Book, I think, be drawn.
Glend. Go ſo:
And thoſe Muſitians that ſhall play to you,
Hang in the Air a thouſand Leagues from thence;
And ſtraight they ſhall be here: ſit, and attend.
Hot. Come, *Kate*, thou art perfect in lying down:
Come, quick, quick, that I may lay my Head in thy Lap.
Lady. Go, ye giddy-Gooſe.
The Muſick plays.
Hot. Now I perceive the Devil underſtands Welſh,
And 'tis no marvel he is ſo humorous:
Byrlady he's a good Muſitian.
Lady. Then would you be nothing but Muſical,
For you are all together governed by humors:
Lie ſtill ye Thief, and hear the Lady ſing in Welſh.
Hot. I had rather hear (Lady) my Brach howle in Iriſh.
Lady. Would'ſt have thy Head broken?
Hot. No.
Lady. Then be ſtill.
Hot. Neither, 'tis a Womans Fault.
Lady. Now God help thee.
Hot. To the Welſh Ladies Bed.
Lady. What's that?
Hot. Peace, ſhe ſings.

Here the Lady ſings a Welſh Song.

Hot. Come, I'le have your Song too.
Lady. Not mine, in good ſooth.
Hot. Not yours, in good ſooth?
You ſwear like a Comfit-makers Wife,
Not you, in good ſooth; and, as true as I live;
And, as God ſhall mend me; and as ſure as day:
And giveſt ſuch Sarcenet ſurety for thy Oaths,
As if thou never walk'ſt further than *Finſbury.*
Swear me, *Kate*, like a Lady, as thou art,
A good mouth-filling Oath, and leave inſooth,
And ſuch proteſt of Pepper-Ginger-bread,
To Velvet-Guards, and Sunday-Citizens.
Come, ſing.
Lady. I will not ſing.
Hot. 'Tis the next way to turn Taylor, or be Redbreaſt Teacher: And the Indentures be drawn, I'le away within theſe two hours: And ſo come in, when ye will. [*Exit.*
Glend. Come, come, Lord *Mortimer*, you are as ſlow,
As hot Lord *Percy* is on fire to go,
By this our Book is drawn: we'll but ſeal,
And then to Horſe immediately.
Mort. With all my heart. [*Exeunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter the King, Prince of Wales, *and others.*

King. Lords, give us leave:
The Prince of *Wales*, and I,
Muſt have ſome private Conference,
But be near at hand,
For we ſhall preſently have need of you, [*Exeunt Lords.*
I know not whether Heaven will have it ſo,
For ſome diſpleaſing Service I have done;
That in his ſecret Doom, out of my Blood,
He'll breed Revengment, and a Scourge for me:
But thou doſt in thy paſſages of Life,
Make me believe, that thou art onely mark'd
For the hot Vengeance, and the Rod of Heaven

To puniſh my Miſtreadings. Tell me elſe,
Could ſuch inordinate and low deſires,
Such poor, ſuch bare, ſuch lew'd, ſuch mean Attempts,
Such barren Pleaſures, rude Society,
As thou art match'd withall, and grafted too,
Accompany the greatneſs of thy blood,
And hold their level with thy Princely heart?
Prince. So pleaſe your Majeſty, I would I could
Quit all Offences with as clear excuſe,
As well as I am doubtleſs I can purge
My ſelf of many I am charg'd withal:
Yet ſuch extenuation let me beg,
As in reproof of many Tales deviſ'd,
Which oft the Ear of Greatneſs needs muſt hear,
By ſmiling Pick-thanks, and baſe News-mongers;
I may for ſome things true, wherein my youth
Hath faulty wandred, and irregular,
Find pardon on my true ſubmiſſion.
King. Heaven pardon thee:
Yet let me wonder, *Harry*,
At thy Affections, which do hold a Wing
Quite from the flight of all thy Anceſtors,
Thy place in Council thou haſt rudely loſt,
Which by thy younger Brother is ſuppli'd;
And art almoſt an alien to the Hearts
Of all the Court and Princes of my blood.
The Hope and Expectation of thy time
Is ruin'd, and the Soul of every man
Prophetically do fore-think thy fall.
Had I ſo laviſh of my Preſence been,
So common hackney'd in the ways of men,
So ſtale and cheap to vulgar Company;
Opinion, that did help me to the Crown,
Had ſtill kept loyal to Poſſeſſion,
And left me in reputeleſs Baniſhment,
A Fellow of no mark, nor likelihood.
By being ſeldom ſeen, I could not ſtir,
But like a Comet, I was wondred at.
That Men would tell their Children, This is he:
Others would ſay, where? which is *Bullingbrook*?
And then I ſtole all Courteſie from Heaven,
And dreſt my ſelf in ſuch Humility,
That I did pluck Allegiance from Mens Hearts,
Loud ſhouts and ſalutations from their Mouths,
Even in the preſence of the crowned King.
Thus I did keep my Perſon freſh and new,
My Preſence like a Robe Pontifical,
Ne're ſeen, but wondred at: and ſo my ſtate,
Seldom but ſumptuous, ſhewed like a Feaſt,
And won by rareneſs ſuch Solemnity.
The skipping King he ambled up and down,
With ſhallow Jeſters, and raſh Bavin Wits,
Soon kindled, and ſoon burnt, carded his State,
Mingled his Royalty with carping Fools,
Had his great Name prophaned with their ſcorns,
And gave his Countenance, againſt his Name,
To laugh at gybing Boys, and ſtand the puſh
Of every beardleſs vain comparative:
Grew a Companion to the common ſtreets,
Enfeoff'd himſelf to Popularity:
That being daily ſwallowed by mens Eyes,
They ſurfeited with Honey, and began to loathe
The taſte of ſweetneſs, whereof a little
More than a little, is by much too much.
So when he had occaſion to be ſeen,
He was but as the Cuckow is in *June*,
Heard, not regarded: ſeen, but with ſuch Eyes,
As ſick and blunted with community,
Afford no extraordinary gaze,
Such as is bent on Sun-like Majeſty,
When it ſhines ſeldom in admiring Eyes:
But rather drowz'd, and hung their Eye-lids down,
Slept in his Face, and rendred ſuch aſpect
As cloudy men uſe to do their Adverſaries,
Being with his Preſence glutted, gorg'd, and full.
And in that very Line, *Harry*, ſtandeſt thou;
For thou haſt loſt thy Princely priviledge,
With vile participation. Not an Eye
But is a-weary of thy common ſight,
Save mine, which hath deſir'd to ſee thee more:
Which now doth, that I would not have it do,
Make blind it ſelf with fooliſh tenderneſs.
Prince. I ſhall hereafter, my thrice gracious Lord,
Be more my ſelf.
King. For all the World,
As thou art to this hour, was *Richard* then,
When I from *France* ſet forth at *Ravenſpurg*;
And even as I was then, is *Percy* now:
Now by my Scepter, and my Soul to boot,
He hath more worthy Intereſt to the ſtate
Than thou the Shadow of Succeſſion;
For of no Right, nor Colour like to Right,
He doth fill Fields with Harneſs in the Realm,
Turns Head againſt the Lyon's armed Jaws;
And being no more in debt to years than thou,
Leads ancient Lords, and reverend Biſhops on
To bloody Battels, and to bruiſing Arms.
What never-dying Honour hath he got,
Againſt renowned *Dowglas*, whoſe high Deeds,
Whoſe hot Incurſions, and great Name in Arms,
Holds from all Souldiers chief Majority,
And Military Title Capital.
Through all the Kingdoms that acknowledge Chriſt,
Thrice hath the *Hotſpur Mars*, in ſwathing Cloaths,
This infant-Warriour, in his Enterpriſes,
Diſcomfited great *Dowglas*, ta'ne him once,
Enlarged him, and made a Friend of him,
To fill the Mouth of deep Defiance up,
And ſhake the Peace and Safety of our Throne.
And what ſay you to this? *Percy*, *Northumberland*,
The Arch-Biſhops Grace of *York*, *Dowglas*, *Mortimer*,
Capitulate againſt us, and are up.
But wherefore do I tell this News to thee?
Why, *Harry*, do I tell thee of my Foes,
Which art my near'ſt and deareſt Enemy?
Thou art like enough, through Vaſſal Fear,
Baſe Inclination, and the ſtart of Spleen,
To fight againſt me under *Percie*'s Pay,
To dog his Heels, and courtſie at his Frowns.
To ſhew how much thou art degenerate.
Prince. Do not think ſo, you ſhall not find it ſo:
And Heaven forgive them, that ſo much have ſway'd
Your Majeſties good thoughts away from me:
I will redeem all this on *Percie's* Head,
And in the cloſing of ſome glorious day,
Be bold to tell you, that I am your Son,
When I will wear a Garment all of Blood,
And ſtain my Favours in a bloody Mask:
Which waſht away, ſhall ſcowre my ſhame with it.
And that ſhall be the day, when e're it lights,
That this ſame Child of Honour and Renown,
This gallant *Hotſpur*, this all-praiſed Knight,
And your unthought of *Harry*, chance to meet:
For every Honour ſitting on his Helm,
VVould they were multitudes, and on my Head
My Shames redoubled. For the time will come,
That I ſhall make this Northern Youth exchange
His Glorious Deeds for my Indignities:
Percy is but my Factor, good, my Lord,
To engroſs up glorious deeds on my behalf:
And I will call him to ſo ſtrict account,
That he ſhall render every Glory up,
Yea, even the ſleighteſt VVorſhip of his Time,
Or I will tear the Reckoning from his heart.
This, in the Name of Heaven, I promiſe here:
The which, if I promiſe, and do ſurvive,
I do beſeech your Majeſty, may ſalve
The long-grown VVounds of my intemperature:

If not, the end of Life cancels all Bands,
And I will dye a hundred thouſand deaths,
E're break the ſmalleſt parcel of this Vow.
King. A hundred thouſand Rebels die in this:
Thou ſhalt have Charge, and Soveraign truſt herein.

Enter Blunt.

How now, good *Blunt*? thy looks are full of ſpeed.
Blunt. So hath the buſineſs that I come to ſpeak of.
Lord *Mortimer* of *Scotland* hath ſent word,
That *Dowglas* and the *Engliſh* Rebels met
The eleventh of this Month, at *Shrewsbury*:
A mighty and a fearful Head they are,
(If promiſes be kept on every hand)
As ever offered foul play in a State.
King. The Earl of *Weſtmerland* ſet forth to day:
With him my Son, Lord *John* of *Lancaſter*,
For this Advertiſement is five days old.
On *Wedneſday* next, *Harry*, thou ſhalt ſet forward:
On *Thurſday*, we our ſelves will march.
Our meeting is *Bridgenorth*: And *Harry*, you ſhall march
Through *Glocester*-ſhire: By which account,
Our Buſineſs valued, ſome twelve days hence,
Our general Forces at *Bridgenorth* ſhall meet.
Our hands are full of buſineſs: Let's away,
Advantage feeds them fat, while men delay. [*Exeunt.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Falſtaff, *and* Bardolph.

Falſt. *Bardolph*, am I not faln away vilely, ſince this laſt action? do I not bate? do I not dwindle? Why my skin hangs about me like an old Ladies looſe Gown: I am withered like an old Apple *John*. Well I'le repent, and that ſuddenly, while I am in ſome liking: I ſhall be out of heart ſhortly, and then I ſhall have no ſtrength to repent. And I have not forgotten what the in-ſide of a Church is made of, I am a Pepper Corn, a Brewers Horſe: The in-ſide of a Church. Company, villanous Company hath been the ſpoil of me.

Bard. Sir *John*, you are ſo fretful, you cannot live long.

Falſt. Why there is it: Come, ſing me a bawdy Song, make me merry: I was as virtuouſly given, as a Gentleman need to be; virtuous enough, ſwore little, Dic'd not above ſeven times a week, went to a Bawdy-houſe not above once in a quarter of an hour, paid money that I borrowed three or four times: lived well, and in good compaſs: And now I live out of all order, out of compaſs.

Bard. Why, you are ſo fat, Sir *John*, that you muſt needs be out of all compaſs; out of all reaſonable compaſs, Sir *John*.

Falſt. Do thou amend thy Face, and I'le amend my Life. Thou art our Admiral, +thou beareſt the Lantern in the Poop, but 'tis in the Noſe of thee; thou art the Knight of the burning Lamp.

Bard. Why, Sir *John*, my Face does you no harm.

Falſt. No, I'le be ſworn: I make as good uſe of it, as many a man doth of a Deaths-Head, or a *Memento Mori.* I never ſee thy Face, but I think upon Hell fire, and *Dives* that lived in Purple; for there he is in his Robes burning. If thou wert any way given to Virtue, I would ſwear by thy Face; my Oath ſhould be, *By this Fire*: But thou art altogether given over; and wert indeed, but for the Light in thy Face, the Sun of utter Darkneſs. When thou rann'ſt up *Gads-hill* in the night to catch my Horſe, if I did not think thou hadſt been an *Ignis fatuus*, or a Ball of Wild-fire, there's no purchaſe in Money. O, thou art a perpetual Triumph, an everlaſting Bone-fire-light, thou haſt ſaved me a thouſand Marks in Links and Torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt Tavern and Tavern: But the Sack that thou haſt drunk me, would have bought me light as good cheap, at the deareſt Chandlers in *Europe.* I have maintain'd that *Salamander* of yours with fire, any time this two and thirty years, Heaven reward me for it.

Bard. I would my Face were in your belly.

Falſt. So ſhould I be ſure to be heart-burn'd.

Enter Hoſteſs.

How now, Dame *Parlet* the Hen, have you enquir'd yet who pick'd my Pocket?

Hoſteſs. Why, Sir *John*, what do you think, Sir *John*? do you think I keep Thieves in my Houſe? I have ſearch'd, I have enquir'd, ſo has my Husband. Man by Man, Boy by Boy, Servant by Servant: xThe tight of a Hair was never loſt in my Houſe before.

Falſt. Ye lye, *Hoſteſs*: *Bardolph* was ſhav'd, and loſt many a hair; and I'le be ſworn my Pocket was pick'd; go to, you are a Woman, go.

Hoſteſs. Who I? I defie thee. I was never call'd ſo in mine own Houſe before.

Falſt. Go to, I know you well enough.

Hoſteſs. No, Sir *John*: You do not know me, Sir *John*; I know you, Sir *John*: You owe me Money, Sir *John*, and now you pick a quarrel to beguile me of it: I bought you a dozen of Shirts to your back.

Falſt. Dowlas, filthy Dowlas: I have given them away to Bakers Wives, and they have made Boulters of them.

Hoſteſs. Now as I am a true Woman, *Holland* of eight ſhillings an Ell: You owe Money here beſides, Sir *John*, for your Diet, and by-Drinkings, and Money lent you, four and twenty pounds.

Falſt. He had his part of it, let him pay.

Hoſteſs. He? alas! he is poor, he hath nothing.

Falſt. How? poor? look upon his face: What call you rich? Let him coyn his Noſe, let him coyn his Cheeks, I'le not pay a Denier. What, will you make a Yonker of me? Shall I not take mine eaſe in mine Inn, but I ſhall have my Pocket pick'd? I have loſt a Seal-Ring of my Grand-fathers, worth forty Mark.

Hoſteſs. I have heard the Prince tell him, I know not how oft, that that Ring was Copper.

Falſt. How? the Prince is a Jack, a Sneak-Cup: and if he were here, I would cudgel him like a Dog, if he would ſay ſo.

Enter the Prince marching, and Falſtaff *meets him, playing on his Trunchion like a Fife.*

Falſt. How now, Lad? is the wind in that Door? Muſt we all march?

Bard. Yea, two and two, *Newgate* faſhion.

Hoſt. My Lord, I pray you hear me.

Prince. What ſay'ſt thou, Miſtreſs *Quickly*? How does thy Husband? I love him well, he is an honeſt man.

Hoſteſs. Good, my Lord, hear me.

Falſt. Prethee let her alone, and liſt to me.

Prince. What ſay'ſt thou, *Jack*?

Falſt. The other night I fell aſleep here behind the Arras, and had my Pocket pickt: This Houſe is turn'd Bawdy-houſe, they pick Pockets.

Prince. What didſt thou loſe, *Jack*?

Falſt. Wilt thou believe me, *Hal*? Three or four Bonds of forty pound a piece, and a Seal-Ring of my Grand-fathers.

Prince. A trifle, ſome eight-penny matter.

Hoſt. So I told him, my Lord; and I ſaid, I heard your Grace ſay ſo: And (my Lord) he ſpeaks moſt vilely of you, like a foul-mouth'd man as he is, and ſaid he would cudgel you.

Prince. What, he did not?

Hoſt. There's neither Faith, Truth, nor Woman-hood in me elſe.

Fal. There's no more faith in thee than in a ſtude Prune; nor no more truth in thee than in a drawn Fox: and for Woman-hood, Maid-Marian may be the Deputies Wiſe of the Ward to thee. Go you nothing, go.

Hoſt

+ [redacted]

Hoſt. Say, what thing? what thing?

Falſt. What thing? why a thing to thank Heaven on.

Hoſt. I am nothing to thank Heaven on, I would thou ſhouldſt know it: I am an honeſt Man's Wife: and ſetting thy Knighthood aſide, thou art a Knave to call me ſo.

Falſt. Setting thy Womanhood aſide, thou art a Beaſt to ſay otherwiſe.

Hoſt. Say, what Beaſt, thou Knave thou?

Fal. What Beaſt? Why an Otter.

Prin. An Otter, Sir *John*, why an Otter?

Fal. Why? ſhe's neither fiſh nor fleſh; a man knows not where to have her.

Hoſt. Thou art an unjuſt man in ſaying ſo; thou, or any man knows where to have me, thou Knave thou.

Prin. Thou ſay'ſt true, Hoſteſs, and he ſlanders thee moſt groſly.

Hoſt. So he doth you, my Lord, and ſaid this other day, you ow'd him a thouſand pound.

Prince. Sirrah, do I owe you a thouſand pound?

Fal. A thouſand pound, *Hal?* a million: thy love is worth a million: thou ow'ſt me thy love.

Hoſt. Nay, my Lord, he call'd you Jack, and ſaid he would cudgel you.

Fal. Did I, *Bardolph*?

Bar. Indeed, Sir *John*, you ſaid ſo.

Fal. Yea, if he ſaid my Ring was Copper.

Prin. I ſay 'tis Copper. Dar'ſt thou be as good as thy word now?

Fal. Why, *Hal*? thou know'ſt, as thou art but a man, I dare, but as thou art a Prince, I fear thee, as I fear the roaring of the Lyons Whelp.

Prin. And why not as the Lyon?

Fal. The King himſelf is to be feared as the Lyon: Do'ſt thou think I'le fear thee, as I fear thy Father? nay if I do, let my Girdle break.

Prin. O, if it ſhould, how would thy guts fall about thy knees. But, ſirrah, there's no room for Faith, Truth, nor Honeſty, in this boſom of thine: it is all fill'd up with Guts and Midriff. Charge an honeſt Woman with picking thy Pocket? Why thou horſon impudent, imboſt Raſcal, if there were any thing in thy Pocket but Tavern Recknings, *Memorandums* of Bawdy-Houſes, and one poor penny-worth of Sugar-candy to make thee long-winded: if thy Pocket were enrich'd with any other injuries but theſe, I am a Villain: And yet you will ſtand to it, you will not Pocket up Wrongs. Art thou not aſham'd?

Fal. Doſt thou hear, *Hal*? Thou know'ſt in the ſtate of Innocency, *Adam* fell: and what would poor *Jack Falſtaff* do, in the days of Villany; Thou ſeeſt, I have more fleſh than another man, and therefore frailty. You confeſs then you pickt my Pocket?

Prin. It appears ſo by the Story.

Fal. *Hoſteſs*, I forgive thee:
Go make ready Breakfaſt, love thy Husband,
Look to thy Servants, and cheriſh thy Gueſts:
Thou ſhalt find me tractable to any honeſt Reaſon:
Thou ſeeſt, I am pacified ſtill.
Nay, I prethee be gone. [*Exit Hoſteſs.*
Now, *Hal*, to the news at Court for the Robbery, Lad?
How is that anſwered?

Prin. O my ſweet Beef:
I muſt ſtill be good Angel to thee.
The Money is paid back again.

Fal. O, I do not like that paying back, 'tis a double Labour.

Prin. I am good Friends with my Father, and may do any thing.

Fal. Rob me the Exchequer the firſt thing thou do'ſt, and do it with un-waſh'd hands too.

Bard. Do, my Lord.

Prin. I have procured thee, *Jack*, a Charge of Foot.

Fal. I would it had been of Horſe. Where ſhall I find one that can ſteal well? O, for a fine Thief, of two and twenty, or thereabout: I am hainouſly unprovided. Well, God be thanked for theſe Rebels, they offend none but the Virtuous. I laud them, I praiſe them.

Prin. *Bardolph.*

Bar. My Lord.

Prin. Go bear this Letter to Lord *John* of *Lancaſter*, to my Brother *John*. This to my Lord of *Weſtmerland*:
Go *Peto*, to Horſe: for thou, and I,
Have thirty Miles to ride yet e're dinner time.
Jack, meet me to Morrow in the *Temple-Hall*
At two a Clock in the Afternoon,
There ſhalt thou know thy Charge, and there receive
Money, and Order for their Furniture.
The Land is burning, *Percy* ſtands on hie,
And either they, or we, muſt lower lie.

Fal. Rare words: brave world,
Hoſteſs, my Breakfaſt, come:
Oh, I could wiſh this Tavern were my Drum.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Harry Hotſpur, Worceſter, *and* Dowglas.

Hot. Well ſaid, my Noble Scot, if ſpeaking truth
In this fine Age, were not thought Flattery,
Such attribution ſhould the *Dowglas* have,
As not a Souldier of this Seaſons ſtamp,
Should go ſo general currant through the world.
By Heaven I cannot flatter: I defie
The Tongues of Soothers. But a braver place
In my Heart's love, hath no man than your Self.
Nay, task me to my word: approve me, Lord.

Dow. Thou art the King of Honour:
No man ſo potent breathes upon the ground,
But I will Beard him.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Hot. Do ſo, and 'tis well. What Letters haſt thou there? I can but thank you.

Meſ. Theſe Letters come from your Father.

Hot. Letters from him?
Why comes he not himſelf?

Meſſ. He cannot come, my Lord,
He is grievous ſick.

Hot. How? has he the leiſure to be ſick now,
In ſuch a juſtling time? who leads his Power?
Under whoſe Government come they along?

Meſſ. His Letters bears his mind, not I his mind.

Wor. I prethee tell me, doth he keep his Bed?

Meſſ. He did, my Lord, four days e're I ſet forth:
And at the time of my departure thence,
He was much fear'd by his Phyſician.

Wor. I would the ſtate of time had firſt been whole,
E're he by Sickneſs had been viſited;
His Health was never better worth than now.

Hotſp. Sick now? droop now? this ſickneſs doth infect
The very Life-blood of our Enterpriſe,
'Tis catching hither, even to our Camp.
He writes me here, that inward Sickneſs,
And that his Friends by deputation
Could not ſo ſoon be drawn: nor did he think it meet
To lay ſo dangerous and dear a truſt
On a Soul remov'd, but on his own.
Yet doth he give us bold Advertiſement,
That with our ſmall Conjunction we ſhould on,
To ſee how Fortune is diſpos'd to us,
For, as he writes, there is no quailing now,
Becauſe the King is certainly poſſeſt
Of all our Purpoſes. What ſay you to it?

Wor. Your Father's ſickneſs is a maim to us.

Hotſp. A perilous Gaſh, a very Limb lopt off:

And yet, in faith, 'tis not, his preſent want
Seems more than we ſhall find it,
Were it good, to ſet the exact Wealth of all our States
All at one Caſt ? to ſet ſo rich a Mine
On the nice hazard of one doubtful Hour,
It were not good : for therein ſhould we read
The very bottom, and the Soul of hope,
The very Liſt, the very utmoſt bound
Of all our Fortunes.

Dowg. Faith, and ſo we ſhould,
Where now remains a ſweet Reverſion.
We may boldly ſpend, upon the hope
Of what is to come in:
A comfort of Retirement lives in this.

Hotſp. A Rendezvous, a Home to flie unto,
If that the Devil and Miſchance look big
Upon the Maidenhead of our Affairs.

Wor. But yet I would your Father had been here:
The Quality and Heir of our Attempt
Brooks no Diviſion : It will be thought
By ſome, that know not why he is away,
That Wiſdom, Loyalty, and meer Diſlike
Of our Proceedings, kept the Earl from hence.
And think, how ſuch an Apprehenſion
May turn the Tide of fearful Faction,
And breed a kind of Queſtion in our Cauſe:
For well you know, we of the offering ſide,
Muſt keep aloof from ſtrict arbitrement,
And ſtop all ſight-holes, every loop, from whence
The Eye of Reaſon may prye in upon us:
This abſence of your Father draws a Curtain,
That ſhews the ignorant a kind of fear
Before not dreamt of.

Hotſp. You ſtrain too far.
I rather of his Abſence make this uſe:
It lends a luſtre, and more great Opinion,
A larger Dare to your great Exterprize,
Than if the Earl were here : for men muſt think,
If we without his help, can make a Head
To puſh againſt the Kingdom : with his help,
We ſhall o'return it topſie-turvy down.
Yet all goes well, yet all our joynts are whole.

Dowg. As heart can think:
There is not ſuch a word ſpoke of in *Scotland*,
As this Dream of Fear.

Enter Sir Richard Vernon.

Hotſp. My Couſin *Vernon*, welcome by my Soul.

Vern. Pray God my News be worth a welcome, Lord.
The Earl of *Weſtmerland*, ſeven thouſand ſtrong,
Is marching hither-wards with Prince *John*.

Hotſp. No harm : what more ?

Vern. And further, I have learn'd,
The King himſelf in Perſon hath ſet forth,
Or hither-wards intended ſpeedily,
With ſtrong and mighty Preparation.

Hotſp. He ſhall be welcome too,
Where is his Son,
The nimble-footed Mad-cap, Prince of *Wales*,
And his Comrades, that daft the World aſide,
And bid it paſs ?

Vern. All furniſht, all in Arms,
All plum'd like Eſtridges, that with the Wind
Baited like Eagles, having lately bath'd,
Glittering in Golden Coats, like Images,
As full of Spirit as the Month of *May*,
And gorgeous as the Sun at Mid-ſummer,
Wanton as youthful Goats, wild as young Bulls.
I ſaw young *Harry* with his Beaver on,
His Cuſhes on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,
Riſe from the ground like feathered *Mercury*,
And vaulted with ſuch eaſe into his Seat,
As if an Angel dropt down from the Clouds,
To turn and wind a fiery *Pegaſus*,
And witcht the world with noble Horſemanſhip.

Hotſp. No more, no more;
Worſe than the Sun in *March*,
This Praiſe doth nouriſh Agues : let them come.
They come like Sacrifices in their trim,
And to the fire-ey'd Maid of ſmoaky War,
All hot, and bleeding, will we offer them:
The mailed *Mars* ſhall on his Altar ſit
Up to the ears in Blood. I am on fire,
To hear this rich Reprizal is ſo nigh,
And yet not ours. Come, let me take my Horſe,
Who is to bear me like a Thunder-bolt,
Againſt the boſom of the Prince of *Wales*.
Harry to *Harry*, ſhall not Horſe to Horſe
Meet, and ne're part, till one drop down a Coarſe ?
Oh, that *Glendower* were come.

Ver. There is more News:
I learn'd in *Worceſter*, as I rode along,
He cannot draw his Power this fourteen days.

Dowg. That's the worſt Tidings that I hear of, yet.

Wor. I, by my faith, that bears a froſty ſound.

Hotſp. What may the Kings whole Battel reach unto ?

Ver. To thirty thouſand.

Hot. Forty let it be,
My Father and *Glendower* being both away,
The Power of us may ſerve ſo great a day.
Come, let us take a Muſter ſpeedily:
Dooms-day is near ; die all, die merrily.

Dowg. Talk not of dying, I am out of fear
Of death, or deaths hand, for this one half year.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Falſtaff *and* Bardolph.

Falſt. *Bardolph*, get thee before to *Coventry*, fill me a Bottle of Sack, our Souldiers ſhall march through : we'll to *Sutton-cop-hill* to Night.

Bard. Will you give me Money, Captain ?

Falſt. Lay out, lay out.

Bard. This Bottle makes an Angel.

Falſt. And if it do, take it for thy labour : and if it make twenty, take them all, I'le anſwer the Coynage. Bid my Lieutenant *Peto* meet me at the Towns end.

Bard. I will Captain : farewell. [*Exit.*

Falſt. If I be not aſham'd of my Souldiers, I am a ſowc't Gurnet : I have miſ-us'd the Kings Preſs damnably. I have got, in exchange of a hundred and fifty Souldiers, three hundred and odd pounds. I preſs me none but good houſe-holders, Yeomens Sons: enquire me out contracted Batchelors, ſuch as had been ask'd twice on the Banes : ſuch a Commodity of warm Slaves, as had as lieve hear the Devil, as a Drum ; ſuch as fear the report of a Caliver, worſe than a ſtruck-Fool, or a hurt Wild-Duck. I preſt me none but ſuch Toſtes and Butter, with hearts in their Bellies no bigger than Pins heads, and they have bought out their Services : And now my whole Charge conſiſts of Ancients, Corporals, Lieutenants, Gentlemen of Companies, Slaves as ragged as *Lazarus* in the painted Cloth, where the Gluttons Dogs licked his Sores ; and ſuch as indeed were never Souldiers, but diſ-carded unjuſt Servingmen, younger Sons to younger Brothers : Revolted Tapſters and Oſtlers, Trade-faln, the Cankers of a calm World, and long Peace, ten times more diſhonourable, ragged, than an old-fac'd Ancient ; and ſuch have I to fill up the rooms of them that have bought out their Services : that you would think, that I had a hundred and fifty tatter'd Prodigals, lately come from Swine-keeping, from eating Draff and Husks. A mad fellow met me on the way, and told me, I had unloaded all the Gibbets, and preſt the dead Bodies. No eye hath ſeen ſuch skar-Crows : I'le not march though *Coventry* with them, that's flat. Nay, and the Villains march wide betwixt the Legs, as if they had Gyves on; for indeed, I had the moſt of them out of Priſon. There's not a Shirt and a half in all my Company: and the half Shirt is two Napkins tack together, and thrown over the Shoulders like a Heralds Coat, without ſleeves: and the Shirt, to ſay the truth, ſtoln from my Hoſt of S. *Albans*; or the Red-Noſe Inn-keeper of *Dayntry*. But that's all one, they'l find Linnen enough on every Hedge.

Enter the Prince, and the Lord of Weſtmerland.

Prince. How now, blown *Jack*? how now, Quilt?

Falſt. What, *Hal*? How now, mad Wag, what a Devil do'ſt thou in *Warwick*-ſhire? My good Lord of *Weſtmerland*, I cry you mercy, I thought your Honour had already been at *Shrewsbury*.

Weſt. 'Faith, Sir *John*, 'tis more than time that I were there, and you too: but my Powers are there already. The King, I can tell yon, looks for us all: we muſt away all to Night.

Falſt. Tut, never fear me, I am as vigilant as a Cat, to ſteal Cream.

Prince. I think to ſteal Cream indeed, for thy theft hath already made thee Butter: but tell me, *Jack*, whoſe Fellows are theſe that come after?

Falſt. Mine, *Hal*, mine.

Prince. I did never ſee ſuch pitiful Raſcals.

Falſt. Tut, tut, good enough to toſs: food for Powder, food for Powder: they'll fill a Pit, as well as better: tuſh man, mortal men, mortal men.

Weſtm. I, but Sir *John*, methinks they are exceeding poor and bare, too beggarly.

Fal. Faith, for their poverty, I know not where they had that; and for their bareneſs, I am ſure they never learn'd that of me.

Prin. No, I'le be ſworn, unleſs you call three fingers on the Ribs, bare. But, ſirrah, make haſte. *Percy* is already in the Field.

Falſt. What, is the King encamp'd?

Weſt. He is, *John*, I fear we ſhall ſtay too long.

Falſt. Well, to the latter end of a Fray, and the beginning of a Feaſt, fits a dull Fighter, and a keen Gueſt. [*Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Hotſpur, Worceſter, Dowglas, *and* Vernon.

Hotſp. We'll fight with him to Night.
Worc. It may not be.
Dowg. You give him then advantage.
Vern. Not a whit.
Hotſp. Why ſay you ſo? looks he not for Supply?
Vern. So do we.
Hotſp. His is certain, Ours is doubtful.
Worc. Good Couſin be adviſ'd, ſtir not to Night.
Vern. Do not, my Lord.
Dowg. You do not counſel well:
You ſpeak it out of fear, and cold heart.
Vern. Do me no ſlander, *Dowglas*: by my Life,
And I dare well maintain it with my Life,
If well-reſpected Honour bid me on,
I hold as little counſel with weak fear.
As you, my Lord, or any Scot that this day lives.
Let it be ſeen to morrow in the Battel,
Which of us fears.
Dowg. Yea, or to night.
Vern. Content.
Hotſp. To night, ſay I.
Vern. Come, come, it may not be.
I wonder much, being men of ſuch great Leading as you are,
That you foreſee not what Impediments
Drag back our Expedition: certain Horſe
Of my Couſin *Vernon's* are not yet come up,
Your Uncle *Worceſter's* Horſe came but to day,
And now their pride and mettle is aſleep,
Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,
That not a Horſe is half the half of himſelf.
Hotſp. So are the Horſe of the Enemy
In general, journey-bated, and brought low:
The better part of Ours are full of reſt.
Worc. The number of the Kings exceedeth ours:
For Gods ſake, Couſin, ſtay till all come in.

The Trumpet ſounds a Parley. Enter Sir Walter Blunt.

Blunt. I come with gracious offers from the King,
If you vouchſafe me hearing, and reſpect.
Hotſp. Welcome, Sir *Walter Blunt*:
And would to God you were of our determination.
Some of us love you well: and even thoſe ſome
Envy your great Deſervings, and good Name,
Becauſe you are not of our Quality,
But ſtand againſt us like an Enemy.
Blunt. And Heaven defend, but ſtill I ſhould ſtand ſo,
So long as out of Limit, and true Rule,
You ſtand againſt Anointed Majeſty.
But to my Charge.
The King hath ſent to know
The Nature of your Griefs, and whereupon
You conjure from the breaſt of Civil peace,
Such bold Hoſtility, teaching his dutious Land
Audacious Cruelty. If that the King
Have any way your good Deſerts forgot,
Which he confeſſeth to be manifold,
He bids you name your Griefs; and with all ſpeed
You ſhall have your deſires, with intereſt:
And Pardon abſolute for your ſelf, and theſe,
Herein mis-led by your ſuggeſtion.
Hotſp. The King is kind:
And well we know, the King
Knows at what time to Promiſe, when to Pay.
My Father, my Uncle, and my ſelf,
Did give him that ſame Royalty he wears:
And when he was not ſix and twenty ſtrong,
Sick in the worlds regard, wretched and low,
A poor unminded Out-law, ſneaking home,
My Father gave him welcome to the ſhore:
And when he heard him ſwear, and vow to God,
He came to be but Duke of *Lancaſter*,
To ſue out his Livery, and beg his Peace,
With tears of Innocency, and terms of zeal:
My Father, in kind heart and pity mov'd,
Swore him aſſiſtance, and Perform'd it too.
Now, when the Lords and Barons of the Realm
Perceiv'd *Northumberland* did lean to him,
They more and leſs came in with Cap and Knee,
Met him in Boroughs, Cities, Villages,
Attended him on Bridges, ſtood in Lanes,
Laid Gifts before him, proffer'd him their Oaths,
Gave him their Heirs, as Pages, followed him,
Even at the heels, in golden multitudes.
He preſently, as greatneſs knows it ſelf,
Steps me a little higher than his Vow
Made to my Father, while his Blood was poor,
Upon the naked ſhore at *Ravenſpurg*:
And now (forſooth) takes on him to reform
Some certain Edicts, and ſome ſtrait Decrees,
That lay too heavy on the Common-wealth;
Cries out upon Abuſes, ſeems to weep
Over his Countreys Wrongs: and by his Face,
This ſeeming Brow of Juſtice, did he win
The Hearts of all that he did angle for.
Proceeded further, cut me off the Heads
Of all the Favourites, that the abſent King

In deputation left behind him here,
When he was perſonal in the *Iriſh* War.
Blunt. Tut, I came not to hear this.
Hot. Then to the point.
In ſhort time after, he depos'd the King,
Soon after that, depriv'd him of his Life:
And in the neck of that, taſk't the whole State.
To make that worſe, ſuffer'd his kinſman *March*,
Who is, if every Owner were right plac'd,
Indeed his King, to be engag'd in *Wales*,
There, without Ranſom, to lie forfeited:
Diſgrac'd me in my happy Victories,
Sought to intrap me by intelligence,
Rated my Uncle from the Council Boord,
In rage diſmiſs'd my Father from the Court,
Broke Oath, committing Wrong on Wrong,
And in concluſion, drove us to ſeek out
This Head of ſafety; and withall, to prie
Into his Title: the which we find
Too indirect, for long continuance.
Blunt. Shall I return this anſwer to the King?
Hotſp. Not ſo, Sir *Walter*.
We'll withdraw a while:
Go to the King, and let there be impawn'd
Some ſurety for a ſafe return again:
And in the morning early ſhall my Uncle
Bring him our purpoſe: and ſo farewell.
Blunt. I would you would accept of Grace and Love.
Hotſp. And't may be, ſo we ſhall.
Blunt. Pray Heaven you do. [*Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter the Arch-Biſhop of York, *and Sir* Michel.

Arch. Hie, good Sir *Michel*, bear this ſealed Brief
With winged haſte to the Lord Marſhal,
This to my Couſin *Scroop*, and all the reſt
To whom they are directed.
If you knew how much they do import,
You would make haſte.
Sir Michel. My good Lord, I gueſs their tenour.
Arch. Like enough you do.
To morrow, good Sir *Michel*, is a day,
Wherein the Fortune of ten thouſand men
Muſt bide the touch. For, Sir, at *Shrewsbury*,
As I am truly given to underſtand,
The King, with mighty and quick-raiſed Power,
Meets with Lord *Harry*: and I fear, Sir *Michel*,
What with the ſickneſs of *Northumberland*,
Whoſe Power was in the firſt proportion;
And what with *Owen Glendowers* abſence thence,
Who with them was rated firmly too,
And comes not in, over-rul'd by Prophecies,
I fear the Power of *Percy* is too weak,
To wage an inſtant tryal with the King.
Sir Mich. Why, my good Lord, you need not fear,
There is *Dowglas*, and Lord *Mortimer*.
Arch. No, *Mortimer* is not there.
Sir Mich. But there is *Mordake*, *Vernon*, Lord *Harry Percy*,
And there is my Lord of *Worceſter*,
And a Head of gallant Warriours,
Noble Gentlemen.
Arch. And ſo there is, but yet the King hath drawn
The ſpecial head of all the Land together:
The Prince of *Wales*, Lord *John* of *Lancaſter*,
The Noble *Weſtmerland*, and warlike *Blunt*;
And many more Corrivals, and dear men
Of Eſtimation, and Command in Arms.
Sir M. Doubt not, my Lord, he ſhall be well oppos'd.
Arch. I hope no leſs: Yet needful 'tis to fear,
And to prevent the worſt, Sir *Michel* ſpeed;
For if Lord *Percy* thrive not e're the King
Diſmiſs his Power, he means to viſit us;
For he hath heard of our Confederacy,
And, 'tis but Wiſdom to make ſtrong againſt him:
Therefore make haſte, I muſt go write again
To other Friends: and ſo farewell, Sir *Michel*. [*Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter the King; Prince of Wales, *Lord* John *of* Lancaſter, *Earl of* Weſtmerland, *Sir* Walter Blunt, *and* Falſtaff.

King. How bloudily the Sun begins to peer
Above yon busky hill: the day looks pale
At his Diſtemperature.
Prin. The Southern wind
Doth play the Trumpet to his purpoſes,
And by his hollow whiſtling in the Leaves,
Foretels a Tempeſt, and a bluſt'ring day.
King. Then with the loſers let it ſympathize,
For nothing can ſeem ſowre to them that win.
[*The Trumpet ſounds.*
Enter Worceſter.
King. How now, my Lord of *Worſter*? 'Tis not well,
That you and I ſhould meet upon ſuch terms,
As now we meet. You have deceiv'd our Truſt,
And made us doff our eaſie Robe of Peace,
To cruſh our old Limbs in ungentle Steel:
This is not well, my Lord, this is not well.
What ſay you to it? Will you again unknit
This churliſh Knot of all-abhorred War?
And move in that Obedient Orb again,
Where you did give a fair and natural light,
And be no more an exhal'd Meteor,
A Prodigie of Fear, and a Portent
Of broached Miſchief, to the unborn Times?
Wor. Hear me, my Liege:
For mine own part, I could be well content
To entertain the Lag-end of my life
With quiet hours: For I do proteſt,
I have not ſought the day of this diſlike.
King. You have not ſought it: how comes it then?
Falſt. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.
Prin. Peace, Chewet, peace.
Wor. It pleas'd your Majeſty, to turn your looks
Of Favour, from my Self, and all our Houſe;
And yet I muſt remember you, my Lord,
We were the firſt, and deareſt of your Friends:
For you, my Staff of Office did I break
In *Richard's* time, and poſted day and night
To meet you on the way, and kiſs your hand,
When yet you were in place, and in account
Nothing ſo ſtrong and fortunate, as I;
It was my ſelf, my Brother, and his Son,
That brought you home, and boldly did out-dare
The danger of the time. You ſwore to us,
And you did ſwear that Oath at *Doncaſter*,
That you did nothing of purpoſe 'gainſt the State,
Nor claim no further, than your new-faln right,
The ſeat of *Gaunt*, Dukedom of *Lancaſter*.
To this, we ſware our aid: But in ſhort ſpace,
It rain'd down Fortune ſhowring on your head,
And ſuch a floud of Greatneſs fell on you,
What with our help, what with the abſent King,
What with the Injuries of wanton Time,
The ſeeming Sufferances that you had born,
And the contrarious Winds that held the King
So long in the unlucky *Iriſh* Wars,
That all in *England* did repute him dead:
And from this ſwarm of fair Advantages,
You took occaſion to be quickly woo'd,
To gripe the generall ſway into your Hand,
Forgot your Oath to us at *Doncaſter*,

And being fed by us, you us'd us ſo,
As that ungentle gull the Cuckows Bird,
Uſeth the Sparrow, did oppreſs our Neſt,
Grew by our Feeding, to ſo great a Bulk,
That even our Love durſt not come near your ſight
For fear of ſwallowing: But with nimble wing
We were inforc'd for ſafety's ſake, to flye
Out of your ſight, and raiſe this preſent Head,
Whereby we ſtand oppoſed by ſuch means
As you your ſelf, have forg'd againſt your ſelf,
By unkind Uſage, dangerous Countenance,
And violation of all Faith and Troth
Sworn to us in your younger Enterprize.
King. Theſe things indeed you have articulated,
Proclaim'd at Market Croſſes, read in Churches,
To face the Garment of Rebellion
With ſome fine Colour, that may pleaſe the eye
Of fickle Changelings, and poor Diſcontents,
Which gape, and rub the Elbow at the News
Of hurly burly Innovation:
And never yet did Inſurrection want
Such Water-colours, to impaint his Cauſe:
Nor moody Beggars, ſtarving for a time
Of pell-mell Havock, and Confuſion.
Prin. In both our Armies, there is many a Soul
Shall pay full dearly for this Encounter,
If once they joyn in trial. Tell your Nephew,
The Prince of *Wales* doth joyn with all the World,
In praiſe of *Henry Percy*: By my Hopes,
This preſent Enterprize ſet off his head,
I do not think a braver Gentleman,
More Active, Valiant, or more valiant young,
More daring, or more bold, is now alive,
To grace this latter Age with Noble Deeds.
For my part, I may ſpeak it to my ſhame,
I have a Truant been to Chivalry,
And ſo I hear, he doth account me too:
Yet this before my Fathers Majeſty,
I am content that he ſhall take the odds
Of his great Name and Eſtimation,
And will, to ſave the Bloud on either ſide,
Try Fortune with him, in a Single Fight.
King. And, Prince of *Wales*, ſo dare we venture thee,
Albeit, Conſiderations infinite
Do make againſt it: No, good *Worſter*, no,
We love our People well; even thoſe we love
That are miſled upon your Couſins part:
And will they take the offer of our Grace:
Both he, and they, and you, yea, every man
Shall be my Friend again, and I'le be his.
So tell your Couſin, and bring me word,
What he will do. But if he will not yield,
Rebuke and dread Correction wait on us,
And they ſhall do their Office. So be gone,
We will not now be troubled with reply,
We offer fair, take it adviſedly. [*Exit* Worceſter.
Prin. It will not be accepted, on my Life,
The *Dowglas* and the *Hotſpur* both together,
Are confident againſt the world in Arms.
King. Hence therefore, every Leader to his Charge,
For on their Anſwer will we ſet on them;
And God befriend us, as our Cauſe is juſt. [*Exeunt.*
Manet Prince and Falſtaff.
Fal. Hal, if thou ſee me down in the Battel,
And beſtride me, ſo; 'tis a point of Friendſhip.
Prin. Nothing but a Coloſſus can do thee that Friendſhip:
Say thy Prayers, and farewell.
Falſt. I would it were Bed time? *Hal*, and all well.
Prin. Why, thou oweſt Heaven a death.

Fal. 'Tis not due yet: I would be loth to pay him before his day. What need I be ſo forward with him that call's not on me? Well, 'tis no matter, Honour pricks me oh. But how if Honour prick me off when I come on? How then; Can Honour ſet to a leg? No: or an arm? No: Or take away the grief of a Wound? No. Honour hath no skill in Surgery then? No. What is Honour? a word. What is that word Honour? Ayre: A trim reckoning. Who hath it? He that dy'd a *Wedneſday*. Doth he feel it? No. Doth he hear it? No. Is it inſenſible then? yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? No. Why? Detraction will not ſuffer it, therefore I'le none of it. Honour is a meer Scutcheon, and ſo ends my Catechiſm. [*Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Worceſter, *and Sir* Richard Vernon.

Wor. O no, my Nephew muſt not know, Sir *Richard*,
The liberal kind Offer of the King.
Ver. Twere beſt he did.
Wor. Then we are all undone.
It is not poſſible, it cannot be,
The King would keep his Word in loving us,
He will ſuſpect us ſtill, and find a time
To Puniſh this Offence in other Faults:
Suppoſition, all our lives ſhall be ſtuck full of Eyes;
For Treaſon is but truſted like the Fox,
Who ne're ſo tame, ſo cheriſh'd, and lock'd up,
Will have a wilde trick of his Anceſtors:
Look how he can, or ſad, or merrily,
Interpretation will miſquote our looks,
And we ſhall feed like Oxen at a Stall,
The better cheriſh'd, ſtill the nearer death.
My Nephews treſpaſs may be well forgot,
It hath the excuſe of Youth, and heat of Bloud,
And an adopted Name of Priviledge,
A hare-brain'd *Hotſpur*, govern'd by a Spleen:
All his Offences live upon my Head,
And on his Fathers. We did train him on,
And his Corruption being tane from us,
We as the Spring of all, ſhall pay for all:
Therefore, good Couſin, let not *Harry* know
In any caſe, the Offer of the King.
Ver. Deliver what you will, I'le ſay 'tis ſo.
Here comes your Couſin.
Enter Hotſpur.
Hot. My Uncle is return'd:
Deliver up, my Lord of *Weſtmerland.*
Uncle, what Newes?
Wor. The King will bid you Battel preſently.
Dow. Defie him by the Lord of *Weſtmerland*,
Hot. Lord *Dowglas*: go you and tell him ſo.
Dow. Marry and ſhall, and very willingly.
[*Exit* Dowglas.
Wor. There is no ſeeming mercy in the King.
Hot. Did you beg any? God forbid.
Wor. I told him gently of our Grievances.
Of his Oath-breaking: which he mended thus,
By now forſwearing that he is forſworn,
He calls us Rebels, Traitors, and will ſcourge
With haughty Arms, this hateful Name in us.
Enter Dowglas.
Dow. Arm, Gentlemen, to Arms, for I have thrown
A brave defiance in King *Henries* teeth:
And *Weſtmerland* that was ingag'd did bear it,
Which cannot chooſe but bring him quickly on,
Wor. The Prince of *Wales* ſtept forth before the King,
And, Nephew, challeng'd you to ſingle fight.
Hot. O, would the Quarrell lay upon our Heads,
And that no man might draw ſhort breath to day,
But I and *Harry Monmouth*. Tell me, tell me,
How ſhew'd his *Talking*? Seem'd it in contempt?
Ver. No, by my Soul: I never in my life
Did hear a Challenge urg'd more modeſtly,
Unleſs a Brother ſhould a Brother dare

To gentle Exerciſe and proof of Arms.
He gave you all the Duties of a Man,
Trim'd up your Praiſes with a Princely Tongue,
Spoke your Deſervings like a Chronicle,
Making you ever better than his Praiſe,
By ſtill diſpraiſing Praiſe, valu'd with you:
And which became him like a Prince indeed,
He made a bluſhing cital of himſelf,
And chide his Trewant youth ſo with a Grace,
As if he maſtered there a double Spirit
Of teaching and of learning inſtantly:
There did he pauſe. But let me tell the World,
If he out-live the Envy of this day,
England did never owe ſo ſweet a hope,
So much miſconſtrued in his Wantonneſs.
Hot. Couſin, I think thou art enamoured
On his follies: never did I hear
Of any Prince ſo wild at Liberty.
But be he as he will, yet once e're night,
I will embrace him with a Souldiers Arm,
That he ſhall ſhrink under my courteſie.
Arm, arm with ſpeed. And Fellows, Souldiers, Friends,
Better conſider what you have to do,
Than I, that have not well the gift of Tongue,
Can lift your Blood up with Perſwaſion.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. My Lord, here are Letters for you.
Hot. I cannot read them now.
O Gentlemen, the time of life is ſhort;
To ſpend that ſhortneſs baſely, were too long.
If life did ride upon a Dials point,
Still ending at the arrival of an hour,
And if we live, we live ro tread on Kings:
If dye; brave death, when Princes dye with us.
Now for our Conſciences, the Arms is fair,
When the intent for bearing them is juſt.

Enter another Meſſenger.

Meſ. My Lord, prepare, the King comes on apace.
Hot. I thank him, that he cuts me from my tale:
For I profeſs not talking: Only this,
Let each man do his beſt. And here I draw my Sword,
Whoſe worthy temper I intend to ſtain
With the beſt blood that I can meet withall,
In the Adventure of this perillous day.
Now Eſperance *Percy*, aud ſet on:
Sound all the lofty Inſtruments of War,
And by that Muſick, let us all embrace:
For Heaven to Earth, ſome of us never ſhall,
A ſecond time do ſuch a courteſie.

They embrace, the Trumpets ſound, the King entreth with his Power, alarm unto the Battell. Then enter Dowglas *and Sir* Walter Blunt.

Blu. What is thy Name, that in Battel thus thou croſſeſt (me?
What Honour doſt thou ſeek upon my Head?
Dow. Know then my name is *Dowglas*,
And do haunt thee in the Battel thus,
Becauſe ſome tell me, that thou art a King.
Blunt. They tell thee true.
Dow. The Lord of *Stafford* here to day hath bought
Thy likeneſs: for inſtead of thee, King *Harry*,
This Sword hath ended him, ſo ſhall it thee,
Unleſs thou yield thee as a Priſoner.
Blu. I was not born to yield, thou haughty Scot,
And thou ſhalt find a King that will revenge
Lord *Stafford*'s death.

Fight, Blunt *is ſlain, then enters* Hotſpur.

Hot. O *Dowglas*, hadſt thou fought at *Holmedon* thus,
I never had triumphed o're a Scot.
Dow. All's done, all's won, here breathleſs lies the King.
Hot. Where?
Dow. Here.
Hot. This, *Dowglas*? No, I know this face full well:
A gallant Knight he was, his name was *Blunt*,
Semblably furniſh'd like the King himſelf.
Dow. Ah fool: go with thy Soul whither it goes,
A borrowed Title haſt thou bought too dear.
Why didſt thou tell me, that thou wert a King?
Hot. The King hath many marching in his Coats.
Dow. Now by my Sword, I will kill all his Coats,
I'le murther all his Wardrobe piece by piece,
Untill I meet the King.
Hot. Up and away.
Our Souldiers ſtand full fairly for the day. [*Exeunt*.

Alarm, and enter Falſtaff *ſolus.*

Fal. Though I could ſcape ſhot-free at *London*, I fear the ſhot here: here's no ſcoring, but upon the pate. Soft, who art thou? Sir *Walter Blunt*, there's Honour for you: here's no Vanity, I am as hot as moulten Lead, and as heavy too; Heaven keep Lead out of me, I need no more weight than mine own Bowels. I have led my rag of Muffians where they are pepper'd: there's not three of my 150 left alive, and they for the Towns end, to beg during life. But who comes here?

Enter Prince.

Prin. What ſtand'ſt thou idle here? lend me thy Sword,
Many a Noble man lies ſtark and ſtiff
Under the hooves of vaunting Enemies,
Whoſe deaths are unreveng'd. Prethee lend me thy Sword.
Fal. O *Hal*, I prethee give me leave to breathe a while. Turk *Gregory* never did ſuch deeds in Arms, as I have don this day. I have pay'd *Percy*, I have made him ſure.
Prin. He is indeed, and living to kill thee;
I prethee lend me thy Sword.
Falſt. Nay, *Hal*, if *Percy* be alive, thou get'ſt not my Sword; but take my Piſtol if thou wilt.
Prin. Give it me: What, is it in the Caſe?
Fal. I *Hal*, 'tis hot: There's that will Sack a City.

The Prince draws out a Bottle of Sack

Prin. What, is it a time to jeſt and dally now? [*Exit.*
Throws it at him.

Falſt. If *Percy* be alive. I'le pierce him: if he do come in my way, ſo: if he do not, if I come in his (willingly) let him make a Carbonado of me, I like not ſuch grinning Honour as Sir *Walter* hath: Give me life, which if I can ſave, ſo: if not, Honour comes unlook'd for, and there's an end. [*Exit.*

Scena Tertia.

Alarm, Excurſions, enter the King, the Prince, Lord John *of* Lancaſter, *and the Earle of* Weſtmerland.

King. I prethee, *Harry*, withdraw thy ſelf, thou bleedeſt too much: Lord *John* of *Lancaſter*, go you with him.
P. John. Not I, my Lord, unleſs I did bleed too.
Prin. I beſeech your Majeſty make up,
Leaſt your retirement do amaze your Friends.
King. I will do ſo:
My Lord of *Weſtmerland*, lead him to his Tent.
Weſt. Come my Lord, I'le lead you to your Tent.
Prin. Lead me, my Lord? I do not need your help,
And Heaven forbid a ſhallow ſcratch ſhould drive
The Prince of *Wales* from ſuch a Field as this,
Where ſtain'd Nobility lyes trodden on,
And Rebels Arms triumph in Maſſacres.
John. We breathe too long: come Couſin *Weſtmerland*,
Our duty this way lies, for Heavens ſake come.
Prin. By Heaven thou haſt deceived me, *Lancaſter*,

I did not think thee Lord of ſuch a Spirit:
Before, I lov'd thee as a Brother, *John*;
But now, I do reſpect thee as my Soul.
King. I ſaw him hold Lord *Percy* at the point,
With luſtier maintenance than I did look for
Of ſuch an ungrown Warrior.
Prin. O this Boy, lends mettle to us all. [*Exit.*
Enter Dowglas.
Dow. Another King? They grow like *Hydra*'s Heads:
I am the *Dowglas* fatal to all thoſe
That wear thoſe Colours on them. What art thou
That counterfeit'ſt the Perſon of a King?
King. The King himſelf: who, *Dowglas*, grieves at heart
So many of his Shadows thou haſt met,
And not the very King. I have two Boys
Seek *Percy* and thy ſelf about the Field:
But ſeeing thou fall'ſt on me ſo luckily
I will aſſay thee: ſo defend thy ſelf.
Dow. I fear thou art another Counterfeit:
And yet in faith thou bear'ſt thee like a King:
But mine I am ſure thou art, who e're thou be,
And thus I win thee. [*They fight, the K. being in danger.*
Enter Prince.
Prin. Hold up thy head, vile Scot, or thou art like
Never to hold it up again: the Spirits
Of valiant *Sherly*, *Stafford*, *Blunt*, are in my Arms;
It is the Prince of *Wales* that threats thee,
Who never promiſeth, but means to pay.
They fight, Dowglas *flyeth.*
Chearly, My Lord: how fares your Grace?
Sir *Nicholas Gawſey* hath for ſuccour ſent,
And ſo hath *Clifton*: I'le to *Clifton* ſtreight.
King. Stay, and breathe a while.
Thou haſt redeem'd thy loſt opinion,
And ſhew'd thou mak'ſt ſome tender of my life
In this fair Reſcue thou haſt brought to me.
Prin. O Heaven, they did me too much injury,
That ever ſaid I hearkned to your death.
If it were ſo, I might have let alone
The inſulting Hand of *Dowglas* over you,
Which would have been as ſpeedy in your end,
As all the poyſonous Potions in the World,
And ſav'd the Treacherous labour of your Son.
K. Make up to *Clifton*, I'le to Sir *Nichol. Gawſey.* [*Exit.*
Enter Hotſpur.
Hot. If I miſtake not, thou art *Harry Monmouth.*
Prin. Thou ſpeakeſt as if I would deny my Name.
Hot. My Name is *Harry Percy.*
Prin. Why then I ſee a very valiant Rebel of that Name.
I am the Prince of *Wales*, and think not *Percy*,
To ſhare with me in glory any more:
Two Stars keep not their motion in one Sphere,
Nor can one *England* brook a double Reign,
Of *Harry Percy*, and the Prince of *Wales.*
Hot. Nor ſhall it, *Harry*, for the Hour is come
To end the one of us; and would to Heaven,
Thy Name in Arms, were now as great as mine.
Prin, I'le make it greater, e're I part from thee,
And all the budding Honours on thy Creſt,
I'le crop, to make a Garland for my Head.
Hot. I can no longer brook thy Vanities. [*Fight.*
Enter Falſtaff.
Fal. Well ſaid, *Hal*, to it *Hal.* Nay, you ſhal find no Boys play here, I can tell you.

Enter Dowglas, *he fights with* Falſtaff, *who falls down as as if he were dead. The Prince killeth* Percy.

Hot. Oh *Harry* thou haſte rob'd me of my youth:
I better brook the loſs of bitter life,
Than thoſe proud Titles thou haſt won of me,
They wound my thoughts worſe, than the Sword my fleſh:
But thought's the ſlave of Life, and Life Time's Fool;
And Time, that takes ſurvey of all the World,
Muſt have a ſtop. O, I could Propheſie,
But that the Earth. and the cold hand of death,
Lyes on my Tongue: No, *Percy* thou art duſt
And food for———
Prin. For Worms, brave *Percy.* Farewel great Heart:
Ill-weav'd Ambition, how much art thou ſhrunk?
When that this Body did contain a Spirit,
A Kingdom for it was too ſmall a bound:
But now two paces of the vileſt Earth
Is room enough. This Earth that bears thee dead,
Bears not alive ſo ſtout a Gentleman.
If thou wer't ſenſible of Courteſie,
I ſhould not make ſo great a ſhow of Zeal.
But let my Favours hide thy mangled Face,
And even in thy behalf, I'le thank my ſelf
For doing theſe fair Rites of Tenderneſs.
Adieu, and take thy praiſe with thee to Heaven,
Thy ignominy ſleep with thee in the Grave,
But not remembred in thy Epitaph.
What? Old Acqaintance? Could not all this fleſh
Keep in a little life? Poor *Jack*, farewell:
I could have better ſpar'd a better man.
O, I ſhould have a heavie miſs of thee,
If I were much in love with Vanity.
Death hath not ſtruck ſo fat a Deer to day,
Though many dearer in this bloody Fray:
Imbowell'd will I ſee thee by and by,
Till then, in blood by Noble *Percy* lye. [*Exit.*
Falſtaff *riſeth up.*

Falſt. Imbowell'd? If thou imbowel me to day, I'le give you leave to powder me, and eat me too to morrow. 'Twas time to counterfeit, or that hot Termagant Scot had paid me ſcot and lot too. Counterfeit? I am no counterfeit; to dye, is to be a counterfeit, for he is but the counterfeit of a man, who hath not the life of a man: But to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of Valour, is Diſcretion; in the which better part, I have ſaved my life. I am afraid of this Gun-powder *Percy*, though he be dead. How if he ſhould counterfeit too, and riſe, I am afraid he would prove the better counterfeit: therefore I'le make him ſure: yea, and I'le ſwear I have kill'd him. Why may not he riſe as well as I? Nothing confutes me but Eyes, and no body ſees me. Therefore, Sirrah, with a new wound in your thigh come you along with me. [*Takes* Hotſpur *on his back.*

Enter Prince and John of Lancaſter.

Prin. Come Brother *John*, full bravely haſt thou fleſht thy Maiden Sword.
John. But ſoft, who have we here?
Did you not tell me this fat man was dead?
Prin. I did, I ſaw him dead,
Breathleſs, and bleeding on the ground: Art thou alive
Or is it Fantaſie that plays upon our Eye-ſight?
I prethee ſpeak, we will not truſt our Eyes
Without our Ears. Thou art not what thou ſeem'ſt.
Falſt. No, that's certain: I am not a double man: but if I am not *Jack Falſtaff*, then am I a Jack: There is *Percy*, if your Father will do me any Honour, ſo: if not, let him kill the next *Percy* himſelf. I look either to be Earle or Duke, I can aſſure you.
Prin. Why, *Percy* I kill'd my ſelf, and ſaw thee dead.
Fal. Did'ſt thou? Lord, Lord, how the world is given to Lying? I grant you I was down, and out of Breath, and ſo was he, but we roſe both at an inſtant, and fought a long hour by *Shrewsbury* Clock if I may be believed, ſo: if not, let them that ſhould reward Valour bear the ſin upon their own heads. I'le take't on my death I gave him this wound in the Thigh: if the man were alive, and would deny it, I would make him eat a piece of my Sword,
John. This is the ſtrangeſt tale that e're I heard.

Prin. This is the ſtrangeſt Fellow, Brother *John.*
Come bring your luggage nobly on your back:
For my part, if a lye may do thee grace,
I'le gild it with the happieſt terms I have.
A Retreat is ſounded.
The Trumpets ſound Retreat, the day is ours:
Come Brother, let's to the higheſt of the Field,
To ſee what Friends are living, who are dead. [*Exeunt.*

Fal. I'le follow as they ſay, for Reward. He that rewards me, Heaven reward him. If I do grow great again, I'le grow leſs? for I'le purge, and leave Sack, and live cleanly, as a Noble man ſhould do. [*Exit.*

Scena Quarta.

The Trumpets ſound.
Enter King, Prince of Wales, *Lord* John *of* Lancaſter, *Earl of* Weſtmerland, *with* Worceſter *and* Vernon *priſoners.*

King. Thus ever did Rebellion find Rebuke.
Ill-ſpirited *Worceſter*, did we not ſend Grace,
Pardon, and terms of Love to all of you?
And would'ſt thou turn our Offers contrary?
Miſuſe the tenor of thy Kinſman's Truſt?
Three Knights upon our Party ſlain to day,
A Noble Earl and many a Creature elſe
Had been alive this hour,
If like a Chriſtian thou had'ſt truly born,
Betwixt our Armies, true Intelligence.
Wor. What I have done, my ſafety urg'd me to,
And I embrace this Fortune patiently,
Since, not to be avoided, it falls on me.
King. Bear *Worceſter* to death, and *Vernon* too.
Other Offenders we will pauſe upon.
[*Exit* Worceſter *and* Vernon.
How goes the Field?
Prin. The Noble Scot Lord *Dowglas*, when he ſaw
The Fortune of the day quite turn'd from him,
The Noble *Percy* ſlain, and all his men,
Upon the foot of fear, fled with the reſt;
And falling from a hill, he was ſo bruiz'd
That the Purſuers took him. At my Tent
The *Dowglas* is, and I beſeech your Grace,
I may diſpoſe of him.
King. With all my heart.
Prin. Then Brother *John* of *Lancaſter*,
To you this Honourable Bounty ſhall belong:
Go to the *Dowglas*, and deliver him
Up to his pleaſure, ranſomleſs and free:
His Valour ſhewn upon our Creſts to day,
Hath taught us how to cheriſh ſuch high Deeds,
Even in the boſom of our Adverſaries.
King. Then this remains: that we divide our Power.
You Son *John*, and my Couſin *Weſtmerland*
Towards *York* ſhall bend you, with your deareſt ſpeed
To meet *Northumberland*, and the Prelate *Scroop*,
Who (as we hear) are buſily in Arms.
My ſelf, and Son *Harry* will towards *Wales*.
To fight with *Glendower*, and the Earl of *March*.
Rebellion in this Land ſhall loſe his way,
Meeting the Check of ſuch another day;
And ſince this buſineſs ſo far is done,
Let us not leave till all our own be won. [*Exeunt.*

The Second Part of
HENRY IV,
CONTAINING HIS DEATH:
And Coronation of King
HENRY V.

Actus Primus, Scena Prima.

INDUCTION.

Enter Rumor.

OPen your Ears: For Which of you will ſtop
The vent of Hearing, when loud *Rumor* ſpeaks?
I, from the Orient, to the drooping Weſt
(Making the wind my Poſt-horſe) ſtill unfold
The Acts commenced on this Ball of Earth.
Upon my Tongue continual Slanders ride,
The which, in every Language, I pronounce,
Stuffing the ears of them with falſe Reports:
I ſpeak of Peace, while covert Enmity
(Under the ſmile of ſafety) wounds the World:
And who but *Rumor*, who but only I
Make fearful Muſters, and prepar'd Defence,
Whil'ſt the big year, ſwoln with ſome other griefs,
Is thought with child, by the ſtern Tyrant War;

And no ſuch matter. *Rumor* is a Pipe
Blown by Surmiſe, Jealouſies, Conjectures ;
And of ſo eaſie, and ſo plain a ſtop,
That the blunt Monſter, with uncounted Heads,
The ſtill diſcordant, wavering Multitude,
Can play upon it. But what need I thus
My well-known Body to Anatomize
Among my Houſhold ? Why is *Rumor* here ?
I run before King *Harry's* Victory,
Who in a bloody Field by *Shrewsbury*
Hath beaten down young *Hotſpur*, and his Troops,
Quenching the Flame of bold Rebellion,
Even with the Rebels blood. But what mean I
To ſpeak of Truth at firſt ? My Office is
To noiſe abroad, that *Harry Monmouth* fell
Under the Wrath of Noble *Hoſpur*'s Sword :
And that the King, before the *Dowglas* Rage
Stoop'd his Anointed head, as low as death.
This have I rumor'd through the Peaſant Towns,
Between the Royall Field of *Shrewsbury*,
And this Worm-eaten-Hole of ragged Stone,
Where *Hotſpur*'s Father, old *Northumberland*,
Lyes crafty ſick. The Poſts come tyring on,
And not a man of them brings other News
Than they have learn'd of me. From *Rumor*'s Tongues.
They bring ſmooth-Comforts-falſe, worſe than True-wrongs. [*Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Lord Bardolf, *and the Porter.*

L. Bar. Who keeps the Gate, hoa ?
Where is the Earl ?
Por. What ſhall I ſay you are ?
L. Bar. Tell thou the Earl
That the Lord *Bardolf* doth attend him here ?
Por. His Lordſhip is walk'd forth into the Orchard,
Pleaſe it your Honor, knock but at the Gate,
And he himſelf will anſwer.
Enter Northumberland.
L. Bar. Here comes the Earl.
Nor. What news, Lord *Bardolf* ? Ev'ry minute now
Should be the Father of ſome Stratagem ;
The Times are wilde : Contention (like a Horſe
Full of high feeding) madly hath broke looſe,
And bears down all before him.
L. Bar. Noble Earl,
I bring you certain News from *Shrewsbury*.
Nor. Good, and Heaven will.
L. Bar. As good as heart can wiſh :
The King is almoſt wounded to the death :
And in the Fortune of my Lord your Son,
Prince *Harry* ſlain outright : and both the *Blunts*
Kill'd by the hand of *Dowglas*, Young Prince *John*,
And *Weſtmerland*, and *Stafford*, fled the Field.
And *Harry Monmouth*'s Brawn (The Hulk Sir *John*)
Is Priſoner to your Son. O, ſuch a Day,
(So fought, ſo follow'd, and ſo fairly won)
Came not, till now, to digniſie the Times
Since *Cæſar*'s Fortunes.
Nor. How is this deriv'd ?
Saw you the Field ? Came you from *Shrewsbury* ?
L. Bar. I ſpake with one (my L.) that came from thence
A Gentleman well bred, and of good Name,
That freely render'd me this News for true.
Nor. Here comes my ſervant *Travers*, whom I ſent
On *Tueſday* laſt, to liſten after News.
Enter Travers.
L. Bar. My Lord, I over-rode him on the way.
And he is furniſh'd with no Certainties,
More than he (haply) may retail from me.
Nor. Now *Travers*, what good Tidings comes from you?
Tra. My Lord, *John Umfrevil* turn'd me back
With joyfull tydings ; and being better hors'd
Out-rode me. After him, came ſpurring hard
A Gentleman (almoſt fore-ſpent with ſpeed)
That ſtopp'd by me, to breathe his bloodied Horſe.
He ask'd the way to *Cheſter* : And of him
I did demand what News from *Shrewsbury* :
He told me, that Rebellion had ill luck,
And that young *Harry Percie's* Spur was cold.
With that he gave his able Horſe the head,
And, bending forward, ſtrook his able heels
Againſt the panting ſides of his poor Jade,
Up to the Rowel-head, and ſtarting ſo,
He ſeem'd in running to devour the way,
Staying no longer queſtion.
North. Ha ? Again :
Said he young *Harry Percie's* Spur was cold ?
(Of *Hotſpur*, cold-Spur) that Rebellion
Had met ill luck ?
L. Bar. My Lord : I'le tell you what,
If my young Lord your Son, have not the day,
Upon mine Honour, for a ſilken Point
I'le give my Barony. Never talk of it.
Nor. Why ſhould the Gentleman that rod by *Travers*
Give then ſuch inſtances of Loſs ?
L. Bar. Who he ?
He was ſome hielding Fellow, that had ſtoln
The Horſe he rode on : and upon my life
Spake at adventure. Look, here comes more News.
Enter Morton.
Nor. Yea, this mans brow, like to a Title-leaf,
Foretels the Nature of a Tragick Volume :
So looks the Strond, when the Imperious Flood
Hath left a witneſs'd Uſurpation.
Say, *Morton*, did'ſt thou come from *Shrewsbury* ?
Mor. I ran from *Shrewsbury* (my Noble Lord)
Where hateful death put on his ung lieſt Mask
To fright our Party.
Nor. How doth my Son, and Brother ?
Thou trembl'ſt ; and the whiteneſs in thy Cheek
Is apter than thy Tongue, to tell thy Errand.
Even ſuch a man, ſo faint, ſo ſpiritleſs,
So dull, ſo dead in look, ſo woe-be-gone,
Drew *Priam*'s Curtain, in the dead of night,
And would have told him, half his *Troy* was burn'd.
But *Priam* found the Fire, e're he his Tongue :
And I, my *Percie's* death, e're thou report'ſt it.
This, thou would'ſt ſay : Your Son did thus, and thus:
Your Brother, thus. So fought the Noble *Dowglas*,
Stopping my greedy Ear with their bold deeds.
But in the end (to ſtop my Ear indeed)
Though haſt a Sigh, to blow away this Praiſe,
Ending with Brother, Son, and all are dead.
Mor. *Dowglas* is living, and your Brother, yet:
But for my Lord, your Son.
Nor. Why, he is dead.
See what a ready Tongue ſuſpition hath ;
He that but fears the thing, he would not know,
Hath by Inſtinct, knowledge from others Eyes,
That what he fear'd is chanc'd. Yet ſpeak (*Morton*)
Tell thou thy Earl, his Divination Lies,
And I will take it as a ſweet Diſgrace,
And make thee rich, for doing me ſuch wrong.
Mor. You are too great, to be (by me) gainſaid :
Your Spirit is too true, your Fears too certain.
Nor. Yet for all this, ſay not that *Percie*'s dead.
I ſee a ſtrange Confeſſion in thine Eye :
Thou ſhak'ſt thy head, and hold'ſt it Fear, or Sin,
To ſpeak a truth. If he be ſlain, ſay ſo:
The Tongue offends not, that reports his death :
And he doth ſin that doth belye the dead ;
Not he, which ſays the dead is not alive :
Yet the firſt bringer of unwelcome News

Hath but a loſing Office: And his Tongue,
Sounds ever after as a ſullen Bell
Remembred, knolling a departing Friend.
L. Bar. I cannot think (my Lord) your Son is dead.
Mor. I am ſorry I ſhould force you to believe
That, which I would to Heaven I had not ſeen.
But theſe mine Eyes ſaw him in bloody ſtate,
Rend'ring faint acquittance (wearied and out-breath'd)
To *Henry Monmouth*, whoſe ſwift wrath beat down
The never-daunted *Percy* to the Earth,
From whence (with life) he never more ſprung up.
In few; his death (whoſe Spirit lent a Fire,
Even to the dulleſt Peazant in his Camp)
Being bruited once, took Fire and Heat away
From the beſt temper'd Courage in his Troops.
For from his Metal was his Party ſteel'd;
Which once in him abated, all the reſt
Turn'd on themſelves, like dull and heavy Lead,
And as the thing that's heavy in it ſelf,
Upon enforcement, flies with greateſt ſpeed,
So did our Men, heavy in *Hotſpur*'s loſs,
Lend to this weight ſuch lightneſs with their fear,
That Arrows fled not ſwifter toward their aim,
Than did our Souldiers (aiming at their ſafety)
Fly from the field. Then was that Noble *Worceſter*
Too ſoon ta'ne Priſoner: And that furious Scot,
(The bloody *Dowglas*) whoſe well-labouring Sword
Had three times ſlain th' Appearance of the King,
'Gan vail his ſtomack, and did grace the ſhame
Of thoſe that turn'd their back: And in his flight,
Stumbling in Fear, was took. The ſum of all,
Is, that the King hath won: And hath ſent out
A ſpeedy Power, to encounter you, my Lord,
Under the Conduct of young *Lancaſter*
And *Weſtmerland*. This is the News at full.
Nor. For this, I ſhall have time enough to mourn.
In Poyſon there is Phyſick: And this News
(Having been well) that would have made me ſick,
Being ſick, hath in ſome meaſure made me well.
And as the Wretch, whoſe Feaver-weakened Joynts,
Like ſtrengthleſs Hinges, buckle under life,
Impatient of his Fit, breaks like a fire
Out of his Keepers arms: Even ſo, my Limbs
(Weakned with grief) being now inrag'd with grief,
Are thrice themſelves. Hence therefore thou nice Crutch,
A ſcaly Gauntlet now, with Joynts of Steell
Muſt glove his hand. And hence thou ſickly Quoif,
Thou art a guard too wanton for the head,
Which Princes fleſh'd with Conqueſt, aim to hit.
Now bind my Brows with Iron, and approach
The ragged'ſt hour that Time and Spight dare bring,
To frown upon th' enrag'd *Northumberland*.
Let Heaven kiſs Earth: Now let not Nature's hand
Keep the wild Flood confin'd: Let Order die,
And let the World no longer be a ſtage
To feed Contention in a lingring Act:
But let one Spirit of the firſt-born *Cain*,
Reign in all boſoms, that each heart being ſet
On bloody Courſes, the rude Scene may end,
And darkneſs be the burier of the dead.
L. Bar. Sweet Earl, divorce not wiſdom from your Honour.
Mor. The Lives of all your loving Complices
Lean on your Health, the which if you give o're
To ſtormy Paſſion, muſt perforce decay.
You caſt th' event of War (my Noble Lord)
And ſum'd the accompt of Chance, before you ſaid,
Let us make Head: It was your preſurmiſe,
That in the dole of blows, your Son might drop.
You knew he walk'd o're Perils, on an Edge
More likely to fall in, then to get o're:
You were adviſ'd his fleſh was capable
Of Wounds, and Scars; and that his forward Spirit
Would lift him, where moſt trade of danger rang'd,
Yet did you ſay, go forth: And none of this
(Though ſtrongly apprehended) could reſtrain
The ſtiff-born action: What hath then befaln?
Or what hath this bold Enterprize brought forth,
More than that Being, which was like to be?
L. Bar. We all that are engaged to this loſs,
Knew that we ventur'd on ſuch dangerous Seas,
That if we wrought out life, was ten to one:
And yet we ventur'd for the Gain propos'd,
Choak'd the reſpect of likely Peril fear'd,
And ſince we are o're-ſet, venture again.
Come, we will all put forth; Body and Goods.
Mor. 'Tis more than time: And (my moſt noble Lord)
I hear for certain, and do ſpeak the truth:
The gentle Arch-Biſhop of *York* is up
With well appointed Powers: he is a man
Who with a double Surety bindes his Followers.
My Lord (your Son) had onely but the Corps,
But Shadows, and the Shews of men to fight.
For that ſame word (Rebellion) did divide
The action of their Bodies, from their Souls,
And they did fight with queaſineſs, conſtrain'd,
As men drink Potions; that their Weapons only
Seem'd on our ſide: But for their Spirits and Souls,
This word (Rebellion) it had froze them up,
As Fiſh are in a Pond. But now the Biſhop
Turns Inſurrection to Religion,
Suppos'd ſincere, and holy in his Thoughts:
He's follow'd both with Body, and with Mind:
And doth enlarge his Riſing, with the Blood
Of fair King *Richard*, ſcrap'd from *Pomfret* ſtones,
Derives from Heaven his Quarrel, and his Cauſe:
Tells them, he doth beſtride a bleeding Land,
Gaſping for life, under great *Bullingbrook*,
And more, and leſs, do flock to follow him.
North. I knew of this before. But to ſpeak truth,
This preſent grief had wip'd it from my mind.
Go in with me, and counſel every man
The apteſt way for Safety, and Revenge:
Get Poſts, and Letters, and make Friends with ſpeed,
Never ſo few, nor never yet more need. [*Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Falſtaff, *and Page.*

Fal. Sirrah, you Giant, what ſays the Doct. to my Water?

Pag. He ſaid, Sir, the water it ſelf was a good healthy Water: But for the Party that own'd it, he might have more Diſeaſes than he knew for.

Fal. Men of all ſorts take a pride to gird at me: The brain of this fooliſh compounded Clay-man, is not able to invent any thing that tends to laughter, more than I invent, or is invented on me. I am not onely witty in my ſelf, but the cauſe that wit is in other men. I do here walk before thee, like a Sow, that hath o'rewhelm'd all her Litter, but one. If the Prince put thee into my Service for any other reaſon, than to ſet me off, why then I have no judgment. Thou horſon Mandrake, thou art fitter to be worn in my cap, than to wait at my heels. I was never maim'd with an Agot till now: But I will ſet you neither in Gold nor Silver, but in vile Apparel, and ſend you back again to your Maſter, for a Jewel. The *Juvenal* (the Prince your Maſter) whoſe Chin is not yet fledg'd, I will ſooner have a Beard grow in the Palm of my hand, then he ſhall get one on his Cheek: Yet he will not ſtick to ſay, his Face is a Face-Royal. Heaven may finiſh it when he will, it is not a hair amiſs yet: he may keep it ſtill as a Face-Royal, for a Barber ſhall never earn ſix-pence out of it; and yet he will be crowing, as if he had writ Man ever ſince his Father was a Batchelor. He may keep his own Grace, but he is almoſt out of mine, I can aſſure him. What ſaid M. *Dombledon*, about the Satten for my ſhort Cloak, and Slops?

Pag. He ſaid, Sir, you ſhould procure him better aſſurance than *Bardolph*: he would not take his Bond and yours, he lik'd not the Security.

Fal. Let him be damn'd like the Glutton, may his Tongue be hotter, a horſon *Achitophel*, a Raſcally-yea-forſooth-knave, to bear a Gentleman in hand, and then ſtand upon Security? The horſon ſmooth-pates do now wear nothing but high ſhoes, and bunches of Keyes at their Girdles: and if a man is through with them in honeſt Taking up, then they muſt ſtand upon Security: I had as lief they would put Rats-bane in my mouth, as offer to ſtop it with Security. I look'd he ſhould have ſent me two and twenty yards of Satten, (as I am a true Knight) and he ſends me Security. Well, he may ſleep in Security, for he hath the horn of Abundance: And the lightneſs of his Wife ſhines through it, and yet cannot he ſee, though he have his own Lanthorn to light him. Where's *Bardolf*?

Pag. He's gone into *Smithfield* to buy your Worſhip a Horſe.

Fal. I bought him in *Pauls*, and he'll buy me a Horſe in *Smithfield*. If I could get me a Wife in the Stews, I were Mann'd, Hors'd, and Wiv'd.

Enter Chief Juſtice, and Servant.

Pag. Sir, here comes the Nobleman that committed the Prince for ſtriking him, about *Bardolph*.

Fal. VVait cloſe, I will not ſee him.

Ch. Juſt. What's he that goes there?

Ser. *Falſtaff*, and't pleaſe your Lordſhip.

Juſt. He that was in queſtion for the Robbery?

Ser. He, my Lord, but he hath ſince done good ſervice at *Shrewsbury*: and (as I hear) is now going with ſome Charge to the Lord *John* of *Lancaſter*.

Juſt. VVhat to *York*? Call him back again.

Ser. Sir *John Falſtaff*.

Fal. Boy, tell him I am deaf.

Pag. You muſt ſpeak lowder, my Maſter is deaf.

Juſt. I am ſure he is, to the hearing of any thing good. Go pluck him by the Elbow. I muſt ſpeak with him.

Ser. Sir *John*.

Fal. What? a young Knave and beg? Is there not Wars? Is there not Employment? Doth not the King lack Subjects? do not the Rebels want Souldiers? Though it be a ſhame to be on any ſide but one, it is worſe ſhame to beg, than to be on the worſt ſide, were it worſe than the Name of Rebellion can tell how to make it.

Ser. You miſtake me, Sir.

Fal. VVhy, Sir, did I ſay you were an honeſt man? Setting my Knight-hood, and my Souldierſhip aſide. I had lyed in my throat, if I had ſaid ſo.

Ser. I pray you (Sir) then ſet your Knighthood and your Souldier-ſhip aſide, and give me leave to tell you, you lye in your throat, If you ſay I am any other than an honeſt man.

Fal. I give thee leave to tell me ſo! I lay aſide that which grows to me! If thou gett'ſt any leave of me, hang me, if thou tak'ſt leave, thou wer't better be hang'd: you Hunt-counter: hence, avant.

Ser. Sir, my Lord would ſpeak with you.

Juſt. Sir *John Falſtaff*, a word with you.

Fal. My good Lord: Give your Lordſhip good time of the day. I am glad to ſee your Lordſhip abroad: I heard ſay, your Lordſhip was ſick. I hope your Lordſhip goes abroad by advice. Your Lordſhip (though not clean paſt your youth) hath yet ſome ſmack of age in you: Some relliſh of the ſaltneſs of time: and I moſt humbly beſeech your Lordſhip, to have a reverend care of your health.

Juſt. Sir *John*, I ſent for your before your Expedition to *Shrewsbury*.

Fal. If it pleaſe your Lordſhip, I hear his Majeſty is return'd with ſome diſcomfort from *Wales*.

Juſt. I talk not of his Majeſty: You would not come when I ſent for you?

Fal. And I hear moreover, his Highneſs is faln into this ſame whorſon Apoplexy.

Juſt. Well, Heaven mend him. I pray let me ſpeak with you.

Fal. This Apoplexy is (as I take it) a kind of Lethargy, a ſleeping of the Blood, a horſon Tingling.

Juſt. What tell you me of it? be it as it is.

Fal. It hath its original from much Grief; from Study and perturbation of the Brain. I have read the Cauſe of its Effects in *Galen*. It is a kind of deafneſs.

Juſt. I think you are faln into that Diſeaſe: For you hear not what I ſay to you.

Fal. Very well (my Lord) very well: Rather (an't pleaſe you) it is the Diſeaſe of not Liſtning, the Malady of not Marking, that I am troubled withall.

Juſt. To puniſh you by the Heels, would amend the attention of your Ears, and I care not if I be your Phyſitian.

Fal. I am as poor as *Job*, my Lord; but not ſo patient: your Lordſhip may miniſter the Potion of Impriſonment to me, in reſpect of Poverty: But how I ſhould be your Patient to follow your Preſcriptions, the VViſe may make ſome dram of a ſcruple, or indeed, a ſcruple it ſelf.

Juſt. I ſent for you (when there were matters againſt you for your life) to ſpeak with me.

Fal. As I was then adviſ'd by my Learned Counſel, in the Laws of this Land-ſervice, I did not come.

Juſt. Well, the truth is (Sir *John*) you live in great Infamy.

Fal. He that buckles him in my Belt, cannot live in leſs.

Juſt. Your Means is very ſlender, and your waſte great.

Fal. I would it were otherwiſe: I would my Means were greater, and my Waſte ſlenderer.

Juſt. You have miſled the youthful Prince.

Fal. The young Prince hath miſled me. I am the Fellow with the great Belly, and he my Dog.

Juſt. Well, I am loth to gall a new-heal'd wound: your Days Service at *Shrewsbury*, hath a little gilded over your Nights Exploit on *Gads-hill*. You may thank the unquiet time, for your quiet o're-poſting that Action.

Fal. My Lord?

Juſt. But ſince all is well, keep it ſo: wake not a ſleeping Wolf.

Fal. To wake a Wolf, is as bad as to ſmell a Fox.

Juſt. What? you are as a Candle, the better part burnt out.

Fal. A Waſſel-Candel, my Lord; all Tallow: if I did ſay of Wax, my growth would approve the truth.

Juſt. There is not a white Hair on your face, but ſhould have his Effect of Gravity.

Fal. His Effect of gravy, gravy, gravy.

Juſt. You follow the young Prince up and down, like his evil Angel.

Fal. Not ſo (my Lord) your ill Angel is light: but I hope, he that looks upon me, will take me without weighing: and yet, in ſome reſpects I grant, I cannot go: I cannot tell. Virtue is of ſo little regard in theſe Coſtor-mongers days, that true Valour is turn'd Bear-herd. Pregnancy is made a Tapſter, and hath his quick Wit waſted in giving Recknings: all the other Gifts appertinent to man (as the malice of this Age ſhapes them) are not worth a Gooſe-berry. You that are old, conſider not the Capacities of us that are young: you meaſure the heat of our Livers, with the bitterneſs of your Galls: and we that are in the vaward of our youth, I muſt confeſs, are wags too.

Juſt. Do you ſet down your Name in the Scrowl of youth, that are written down old, with all the Characters of Age? Have you not a moyſt Eye? a dry Hand? a yellow Cheek? a white Beard? a decreaſing Leg? an increaſing Belly? Is not your voice broken? your wind ſhort? your Wit ſingle? and every part about you blaſted with Antiquity? and will you call your ſelf young? Fy, fie, fie, Sir *John*.

Fal. My Lord, I was born with a white head, and ſomthing a round belly. For my Voice, I have loſt it with hollowing and ſinging of Anthems. To approve my youth further, I will not. The truth is, I am onely old in Judgment and Underſtanding, and he that will caper with me for a thouſand Marks, let him lend me the Money, and have at him. For the Box o'th'ear that the Prince gave you, he gave it like a rude Prince, and you took it like a ſenſible Lord. I have checkt him for it, and the young Lyon repents: Marry not in Sack-cloth, but in new Silk, and old Sack.

Juſt. Well, Heaven ſend the Prince a better Companion.

Fal. Heaven ſend the Companion a better Prince: I cannot rid my hands of him.

Juſt. Well, the King hath ſever'd you and Prince *Harry*, I hear you are going with Lord *John* of *Lancaſter*, againſt the Archbiſhop, and the Earl of *Northumberland.*

Fal. Yes, I thank your pretty ſweet wit for it: but look you pray, (all you that kiſs my Lady Peace at home) that our Armies joyn not in a hot day: for I take but two ſhirts out with me, and I mean not to ſweat extraordinarily: if it be a hot day, if I brandiſh any thing but my Bottle, would I might never ſpit white again: There is not a dangerous Action can peep out his head, but I am thruſt upon it. Well, I cannot laſt ever.

Juſt. Well, be honeſt, be honeſt, and heaven bleſs your Expedition.

Fall. Will your Lordſhip lend me a thouſand pound, to furniſh me forth?

Juſt. Not a penny, not a penny: you are too impatient to bear Croſſes. Fare you well. Commend me to my Couſin *Weſtmerland.* [*Exit.*

Fal. I do, fillop me with a three-man-Beetle. A man can no more ſeparate Age and Covetouſneſs, than he can part young limbs and letchery: but the Gowt galls the one, and the Pox pinches the other; and ſo both the Degrees prevent my Curſes. Boy?

Pag. Sir.

Fal. What Money is in my Purſe?

Pag. Seven Groats, and two pence.

Fal. I can get no remedy againſt this Conſumption of the Purſe. Borrowing onely lingers, and lingers it out, but the Diſeaſe is incurable. Go bear this Letter to my Lord of *Lancaſter*, this to the Prince, this to the Earl of *Weſtmerland*, and this to old Miſtris *Urſula*, whom I have weekly ſworn to marry, ſince I perceiv'd the firſt white Hair on my Chin. About it: you know where to find me. A pox of this Gowt, or a Gowt of this Pox: for the one or th'other plays the rogue with my great Toe: It is no matter, if I do halt, I have the Wars for my Colour, and my Penſion ſhall ſeem the more reaſonable: A good Wit will make uſe of any thing: I will turn Diſeaſes to commodity. [*Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Archbiſhop, Haſtings, Mowbray, *and Lord* Bardolf.

Ar. Thus have you heard our Cauſes, and know our (Means:
And my moſt noble Friends, I pray you all
Speak plainly your Opinions of our Hopes,
And firſt (Lord Marſhal) what ſay you to it?

Mow. I well allow the occaſion of our Arms,
But gladly would be better ſatisfied,
How (in our Means) we ſhould advance our ſelves
To look with forehead bold and big enough
Upon the Power and Puiſſance of the King?

Haſt. Our preſent Muſters grow upon the File
To five and twenty thouſand men of choice:
And our Supplies live largely in the hope
Of great *Northumberland*, whoſe boſom burns
With an incenſed Fire of Injuries.

L. Bar. The queſtion then (Lord *Haſtings*) ſtandeth (thus,
Whether our preſent five and twenty thouſand
May hold up head without *Northumberland?*

Haſt. With him we may.

L. Bar. I marry, there's the point:
But if without him we be thought too feeble,
My judgment is, we ſhould not ſtep too far
Till we had his Aſſiſtance by the hand.
For in a Theam ſo bloody fac'd as this,
Conjecture, Expectation, and Surmiſe
Of Aids uncertain, ſhould not be admitted.

Arch. 'Tis true, Lord *Bardolf*, for indeed
It was young *Hotſpur*'s caſe at *Shrewsbury.*

L. Bar. It was (my Lord) who lin'd himſelf with hope,
Eating the air, on promiſe of Supply,
Flattering himſelf with Project of a Power,
Much ſmaller than the ſmalleſt of his Thoughts,
And ſo with great Imagination
(Proper to mad men) led his Powers to death,
And (winking) leap'd into deſtruction.

Haſt. But (by your leave) it never yet did hurt,
To lay down likely-hoods, and forms of hope.

L. Bar. Yes, if this preſent quality of War,
Indeed the inſtant Action: a Cauſe on foot,
Lives ſo in hope: As in an early Spring
We ſee th'appearing Buds, which to prove Fruit,
Hope gives not ſo much warrant, as Deſpair
That Froſts will bite them. When we mean to build,
We firſt ſurvey the Plot, then draw the Model,
And when we ſee the figure of the Houſe,
Then muſt we rate the Coſt of the Erection,
Which if we find out-weighs Ability,
What do we then, but draw a-new the Model
In fewer Offices; Or at leaſt, deſiſt
To build at all? Much more, in this great work,
(Which is (almoſt) to pluck a Kingdom down,
And ſet another up) ſhould we ſurvey
The Plot of Situation, and the Model,
Conſent upon a ſure Foundation:
Queſtion Surveyors, know our own Eſtate:
How able ſuch a Work to undergo,
To weigh againſt his Oppoſite? or elſe,
We fortifie in Paper, and in Figures,
Uſing the Names of men, inſtead of men:
Like one that draws the Model of a Houſe
Beyond his power to build it; who (half through)
Gives o're, and leaves his part-created Coſt
A naked ſubject to the Weeping Clouds,
And waſte, for churliſh Winters tyranny.

Haſt. Grant that our hopes (yet likely of fair birth)
Should be ſtill-born: and that we now poſſeſt
The utmoſt man of expectation:
I think we are a Body ſtrong enough
(Even as we are) to equal with the King.

L. Bar. What is the King but five and twenty thouſand?

Haſt. To us no more: nay not ſo much, Lord *Bardolf.*
For his diviſions (as the Times do brawl)
Are in three Heads: one Power againſt the French,
And one againſt *Glendower*: Perforce a third
Muſt take up us: So is the unfirm King
In three divided: and his Coffers ſound
With hollow Poverty, and Emptineſs.

Ar. That he ſhould draw his ſeveral Strengths together,
And come againſt us in full Puiſſance,
Need not be dreaded.

Haſt. If he ſhould do ſo,
He leaves his back unarm'd, the French, and Welſh
Baying him at the heel: never fear that.

L. Bar. Who is it like ſhould lead is Forces hither?

Haſt. The Duke of *Lancaſter* and *Weſtmerland*:
Againſt the Welſh, himſelf, and *Harry Monmouth.*
But who is ſubſtituted 'gainſt the French,
I have no certain notice.

Arch. Let us on:
And publiſh the occaſion of our Arms.
The Common-wealth is ſick of their own choice,
Their over-greedy love hath ſurfeited,
An habitation giddy, and unſure
Hath he that buildeth on the vulgar heart.

O thou fond Many, with what loud applauſe
Did'ſt thou beat Heaven with bleſſing *Bullingbrook*,
Before he was, what thou would'ſt have him be?
And being now trim'd up in thine own deſires,
Thou (beaſtly Feeder) art ſo full of him,
That thou provok'ſt thy ſelf to caſt him up.
So, ſo, (thou common Dog) didſt thou diſgorge
Thy glutton-boſom of the Royal *Richard*,
And now thou would'ſt eat thy dead vomit up,
And howl'ſt to find it. What truſt is in theſe Times?
They, that when *Richard* liv'd, would have him die,
Are now become enamour'd on his grave.
Thou that threwſt duſt upon his goodly head,
When through proud *London* he came ſighing on,
After th'admired heels of *Bullingbrook*,
Cri'ſt now, O Earth yield us that King again,
And take thou this, (O thoughts of men accurs'd)
Paſt, and to come, ſeems beſt; things preſent, worſt.

Mow. Shall we go draw our Numbers, and ſet on?

Haſt. We are Times ſubjects, and Time bids, be gon.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Hoſteſs, with two Officers, Fang, *and* Snare.

Hoſteſs. Mr. *Fang*, have you entred the Action?

Fang. It is enter'd.

Hoſt. Where's your Yeoman? Is it a luſty Yeoman? Will he ſtand to it?

Fang. Sirrah, where's *Snare?*

Hoſt. I, I, good Mr. *Snare.*

Snare. Here, here.

Fang. *Snare*, we muſt Arreſt Sir *John Falſtaff.*

Hoſt. I, good Mr. *Snare*, I have enter'd him, and all.

Sn. It may chance coſt ſome of us our lives: he will ſtab.

Hoſt. Alas-the-day: take heed of him: he ſtab'd me in mine own Houſe, and that moſt beaſtly: he cares not what miſchief he doth, if his Weapon be out. He will foyn like any Devil, he will ſpare neither Man, Woman, nor Child.

Fang. If I can cloſe with him, I care not for his thruſt.

Hoſt. No, nor I neither: I'le be at your Elbow.

Fang. If I but fiſt him once: if he come but within my Vice.

Hoſt. I am undone with his going: I warrant he is an infinitive thing upon my ſcore. Good Mr. *Fang*, hold him ſure; good Mr. *Snare*, let him not ſcape, he comes continually to *Pie-corner* (ſaving your Manhoods) to buy a Saddle, and he is invited to dinner to the *Lubbars-head* in *Lombard-ſtreet* to Mr. *Smooths* the *Silkman.* I pray ye ſince my Action is enter'd, and my Caſe ſo openly known to the world, let him be brought in to his anſwer. A hundred Mark is a long one, for a poor lone Woman to bear: and I have born, and born, and born; and have bin fub'd off, and fub'd off, from this day to that day, that it is a ſhame to be thought on. There is no honeſty in ſuch dealing, unleſs a Woman ſhould be made an Aſs and a Beaſt, to bear every Knaves wrong.

Enter Falſtaff *and* Bardolph.

Yonder he comes, and that arrant Malmſey-Noſe *Bardolph* with him, do your Offices, do your Offices: Mr. *Fang*, and Mr. *Snare*, do me, do me, do me your Offices.

Fal. How now? whoſe Mare's dead? what's the matter?

Fang. Sir *John*, I arreſt you at the ſuit of Miſt. *Quickly.*

Fal. Away Varlets, draw *Bardolph*: Cut me off the Villains head: throw the Quean in the Channel.

Hoſt. Throw me in the Channel? I'le throw thee there. Wilt thou? wilt thou? thou baſtardly Rogue. Murder, murder: O thou Hony-ſuckle Villain, wilt thou kill Gods Officers and the Kings? O thou hony-ſeed Rogue, thou art a hony-ſeed, a Man-queller, and a Woman-queller.

Fal. Keep them off, *Bardolph.*

Fang. A reſcue, a reſcue.

Hoſt. Good people bring a reſcue. Thou wilt not? thou wilt not? Do, do thou Rogue: Do thou Hempſeed.

Fal. Away you Scullion, you Rampallian, you Fuſtilirian: I'le tuck your Cataſtrophe. [*Enter Ch. Juſtice.*

Juſt. What's the matter? Keep the Peace here, hoa.

Hoſt. Good my Lord, be good to me. I beſeech you ſtand to me.

Ch. Ju. How now, Sir *John*? what are you brawling here? Doth this become your place, your time, and buſineſs? You ſhould have been well on your way to *York.* Stand from him Fellow, wherefore hang'ſt upon him?

Hoſt. Oh my moſt worſhipful Lord, and't pleaſe your Grace, I am a poor Widow of *Eaſtcheap*, and he is arreſted at my Suit.

Ch. Juſt. For what ſum?

Hoſt. It is more than for ſome (my Lord) it is for all: all I have, he hath eaten me out of houſe and home? he hath put all my ſubſtance into that fat belly of his: but I will have ſome of it out again, or I will ride thee o' Nights, like the Mare.

Fal. I think I am as like to ride the Mare, if I have any vantage of ground to get up.

Ch. Juſt. How comes this, Sir *John?* Fie, what a man of good temper would endure this tempeſt of Exclamation? Are you not aſham'd to inforce a poor Widow to ſo rough a courſe to come by her own?

Fal. What is the groſs Sum that I owe thee?

Hoſt. Marry) if thou wer't an honeſt man) thy ſelf, and the money too. Thou didſt ſwear to me upon a parcel-gilt Goblet, ſitting in my Dolphin-chamber, at the round table, by a ſea-cole fire, on *Wedneſday* in *Whitſon-week*, when the Prince broke thy head for likening him to a ſinging-man of *Windſor*; thou didſt ſwear to me then (as I was waſhing thy wound) to marry me, and make me my Lady thy Wife. Canſt thou deny it? Did not Good-wife *Keech*, the Butcher's wife, come in then, and call me Goſſip *Quickly*? coming in to borrow a meſs of Vinegar: telling us, ſhe had a good diſh of Prawns: whereby thou didſt deſire to eat ſome: whereby I told thee they were ill for a green wound? And didſt not thou (when ſhe was gone down ſtairs) deſire me to be no more familiar with ſuch poor people, ſaying, that e're long they ſhould call me Madam? And didſt thou not kiſs me, and bid me fetch thee thirty ſhillings? I put thee now to thy Book-oath, deny it if thou canſt?

Fal. My Lord, this is a poor mad ſoul: and ſhe ſays up and down the town, that her eldeſt Son is like you. She hath been in good caſe, and the truth is, poverty hath diſtracted her: but for theſe fooliſh Officers, I beſeech you, I may have redreſs againſt them.

Juſt. Sir *John*, Sir *John*, I am well acquainted with your manner of wrenching the true Cauſe, the falſe way. It is not a confident brow, nor the throng of words, that come with ſuch (more than impudent) ſawcineſs from you, can thruſt me from a level conſideration, I know you ha' practis'd upon the eaſie-yielding ſpirit of this Woman.

Hoſt. Yes in troth, my Lord.

Juſt. Prethee, peace: pay her the Debt you owe her, and unpay the Villany you have done her: the one you may do with ſterling-Money, and the other with currant Repentance.

Fal. My Lord, I will not undergo this ſneap without reply. You call Honorable Boldneſs Impudent Sawcineſs. If a man will curt'ſie, and ſay nothing, he is Virtuous: No, my Lord (your humble duty remembred) I will not be your Sutor. I ſay to you, I deſire deliv'rance from theſe Officers being upon haſty Employment in the Kings Affairs.

Juſt. You ſpeak, as having power to do wrong: But anſwer in the Effect your Reputation, and ſatisfie the poor woman.

Fal. Come hither, Hoſteſs. [*Enter Mr. Gower.*

Ch. Juſt. Now, Maſter *Gower*, what News?

Gow. The King (my Lord) and *Henry* Prince of *Wales* are near at hand: The reſt the Paper tells.

Fal. As I am a Gentleman.

Hoſt. Nay, you ſaid ſo before.

Fal. As I am a Gentleman, Come, no more words of it.

Hoſt. By this heavenly ground I tread on, I muſt be fain to pawn both my Plate, and the Tapiſtry of my Dining Chambers.

Fal. Glaſſes, glaſſes, is the onely drinking: and for thy walls a pretty ſlight Drollery, or the Story of the Prodigal, or the German hunting in Water-work, is worth a thouſand of theſe Bed-hangings, and theſe Fly-bitten Tapiſtries. Let it be ten pound (if thou canſt.) Come, if it were not for thy humours, there is not a bet-Wench in *England.* Go, waſh thy face, and draw thy Action: Come, thou muſt not be in this humour with me, come, I know thou was't ſet on to this.

Hoſt. Prethee (Sir *John*) let it be but twenty Nobles, I am loth to pawn my Plate, in good earneſt la.

Fal. Let it alone, I'le make other ſhift: you'l be a fool ſtill.

Hoſt. Well, you ſhall have it, although I pawn my Gown. I hope you'll come to Supper: You'll pay me altogether?

Fal. Will I live? Go with her, with her: hook on, hook on.

Hoſt. Will you have *Doll Tear-ſheet* meet you at ſupper?

Fal. No more words. Let's have her.

Ch. Juſt. I have heard bitter news.

Fal. What's the News, my good Lord?

Ch. Juſt. VVhere lay the King laſt night?

Meſ. At *Baſing-ſtoke*, my Lord.

Fal. I hope (my Lord) all's well. VVhat is the News, my Lord?

Ch. Juſt. Come all his Forces back?

Meſ. No: fifteen hundred Foot, and five hundred Horſe, are march'd up to my Lord of *Lancaſter*, againſt *Northumberland* and the Arch-Biſhop.

Fal. Comes the King back from *Wales*, my noble Lord?

Ch. Juſt. You ſhall have Letters of me preſently.
Come, go along with me, good M. *Gower.*

Falſt. My Lord.

Ch. Juſt. VVhat's the matter?

Fal. Maſter *Gower*, I ſhall entreat you with me to dinner.

Gow. I muſt wait upon my good Lord here.
I thank you, good Sir *John.*

Ch. Juſt. Sir *John* you loyter here too long, being you are to take Souldiers up in Countreys as you go.

Fal. Will you ſup with me, Maſter *Gower*?

Ch. Juſt. What fooliſh Maſter taught you theſe manners, Sir *John*?

Fal. Maſter *Gower*, if they become me not, he was a Fool that taught them me. This is the right Fencing grace (my Lord) tap for tap, and ſo part fair.

Ch. Juſt. Now the Lord lighten thee, thou art a great Fool.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Prince Henry, Poyns, Bardolf, *and Page.*

Prin. Truſt me, I am exceeding weary.

Poyn. Is it come to that? I had thought wearineſs durſt not have attach'd one of ſo High Blood.

Prin. It doth me, though it diſcolours the complexion of my greatneſs to acknowledge it. Doth it not ſhew vilely in me, to deſire ſmall Beer?

Poyn. VVhy, a Prince ſhould not be ſo looſly ſtudied, as to remember ſo weak a Compoſition.

Prin. Belike then, my Appetite was not Princely got: for (in troth) I do now remember the poor Creature, Small Beer. But indeed theſe humble conſiderations make me out of love with my Greatneſs. VVhat a diſgrace is it to me, to remember thy name? or to know thy face to morrow? or to take notice how many pair of Silk Stockings thou haſt? (*viz.* theſe, and thoſe that were the peach-colour'd ones:) or to bear the Inventory of thy Shirts; as one for ſuperfluity, and one other for uſe: but that the Tennis-Court Keeper knows better than I, for it is a low ebbe of Linnen with thee, when thou keepeſt not Racket there, as thou haſt not done a great while, becauſe the reſt of thy Low Countreys have made a ſhift to eat up thy Holland.

Poin. How ill it fcllows, after you have labour'd ſo hard, you ſhould talk ſo idlely? Tell me how many good young Princes would do ſo, their Fathers lying ſo ſick, as yours is?

Prin. Shall I tell thee one thing, *Poyns*?

Poyn. Yes: and let it be an excellent good thing.

Prin. It ſhall ſerve among VVits of no higher breeding than thine.

Poyn. Go to: I ſtand the puſh of your one thing, that you'll tell.

Prin. VVhy, I tell thee, it is not meet that I ſhould be ſad now my Father is ſick: albeit I could tell to thee (as to one it pleaſes me, for fault of a better, to call my Friend) I could be ſad, and ſad indeed too.

Poyn. Very hardly upon ſuch a Subject.

Prin. Thou think'ſt me as far in the Devils Book, as thou, and *Falſtaff*, for obduracy and perſiſtency. Let the end try the man. But I tell thee, my heart bleeds inwardly, that my Father is ſick: and keeping ſuch vile company as thou art, hath in Reaſon taken from me, all oſtentation of ſorrow.

Poyn. The Reaſon?

Pr. VVhat would'ſt thou think of me, if I ſhould weep?

Poyn. I would think thee a moſt Princely Hypocrite.

Prin. It would be every mans thought: and thou art a bleſſed Fellow, to think as every man thinks: never a mans thought in the world keeps the rode-way better than thine: every man would think me an Hypocrite indeed. And what excites your moſt VVorſhipful thought to think ſo?

Poyn. VVhy, becauſe you have been ſo lewd, and ſo much ingraffed to *Falſtaff.*

Prin. And to thee,

Poyn. Nay, I am well ſpoken of, I can hear it with mine own ears: the worſt that they can ſay of me is, that I am a ſecond Brother, and that I am a proper Fellow of my hands; and thoſe two things I confeſs I cannot help. Look, look, here comes *Bardolf.*

Prin. And the Boy that I gave *Falſtaff*: he had him from me Chriſtian, and ſee if the fat Villain have not transform'd him Ape. [*Enter Bardolf.*

Bar. Save your Grace.

Prin. And yours, moſt Noble *Bardolf.*

Poyn. Come you pernicious Aſs, you baſhful Fool, muſt you be bluſhing? wherefore bluſh you now? what a Maidenly man at Arms are you become? Is it ſuch a matter to get a Pottle-pots Maidendead?

Page. He call'd me even now (my Lord) through a red Lattice, and I could diſcern no part of his Face from the Window; at laſt I ſpy'd his Eyes, and methought he had made two holes in the Ale-wives new Petticoat, and peeped through.

Prin. Hath not the Boy profited?

Bar. Away, you horſon upright Rabbet, away.

Pag. Away you raſcally *Althea's* dream, away.

Prin. Inſtruct us, Boy, what dream, Boy?

Pag. Marry (My Lord) *Althea* dream'd, ſhe was deliver'd of a Firebrand, and therefore I call him her dream.

Prince. A Crowns-worth of good Interpretation: There it is, Boy.

Poin. O that this good Bloſſom could be kept from Cankers: Well, there is ſix pence to preſerve thee.

Bard. If you do not make him be hang'd among you, the Gallows ſhall be wrong'd.

Prin. And how doth thy Maſter, *Bardolph?*

Bard. Well, my good Lord: he heard of your Graces coming to Town. There's a Letter for you.

Prin. Deliver'd with good reſpect: And how doth the *Martlemas*, your Maſter?

Bard. In bodily health, Sir.

Poin. Marry, the immortal part needs a Phyſitian: but that moves not him: Though that be ſick, it dyes not.

Prin. I do allow this VVen to be as familiar with me as my Dog. And he holds his place, for look you how he writes.

Poin. Letter, John Falſtaff Knight: (Every man muſt know that, as oft as he hath occaſion to name himſelf:) Even like thoſe that are kin to the King, for they never prick their finger, but they ſay there is ſome of the Kings blood ſpilt. How comes that? (ſays he that takes upon him not to conceive) the Anſwer is as ready as a borrowed Cap: I am the Kings poor Couſin, Sir.

Prin. Nay, they will be kin to us, but they will fetch it from *Japhet*. But to the Letter:——*Sir John Falſtaff Knight, to the Son of the King, neareſt his Father*, Harry *Prince of* VVales, *greeting.*

Poin. VVhy this is a Certificate.

Prin. Peace.

I will imitate the honourable Romans in brevity.

Poin. Sure he means brevity in breath: ſhort-winded.

I commend me to thee, I commend thee, and I leave thee. Be not too familiar with Poins, *for he miſuſes thy Favours ſo much; that he ſwears thou art to marry his Siſter* Nell. *Repent at idle times as thou maiſt, and ſo farewell.*

Thine, by yea and no: Which is as much as to ſay,
as thou uſeſt him. Jack Falſtaff *with my Familiars:*
John *with my Brothers and Siſter: and* Sir John
with all Europe.

My Lord, I will ſteep this Letter in Sack, and make him eat it.

Prin. That's to make him eat twenty of his VVords. But do you uſe me thus, *Ned*? Muſt I marry your Siſter?

Poin. May the VVench have no worſe Fortune. But I never ſaid ſo.

Prin. VVell, thus we play the Fool with the time, and the Spirits of the VViſe ſit in the Clouds, and mock us: Is your Maſter here in *London?*

Bard. Yes, my Lord.

Prin. VVhere ſups he? Doth the old Boor feed in the old Frank?

Bard. At the old place, my Lord, in *Eaſt-cheap.*

Prin. VVhat Company?

Page. Epheſians, my Lord, of the old Church.

Prin. Sup any VVomen with him?

Page. None, my Lord, but old Miſtriſs *Quickly*, and Mrs. *Dol Tear-ſheet.*

Prin. What Pagan may that be?

Page. A proper Gentlewoman, Sir, and a Kinſwoman of my Maſters.

Prin. Even ſuch Kin, as the Pariſh Heyſers are to the Town-Bull?
Shall we ſteal upon them (*Ned*) at Supper?

Poin. I am your ſhadow, my Lord, I'le follow you.

Prin. Sirrah, you Boy, and *Bardolph*, no word to your Maſter that I am yet in Town.
There's for your Silence.

Bar. I have no Tongue, Sir.

Pag. And for mine, Sir, I will govern it.

Prin. Fare ye well: Go.
This *Dol Tear-ſheet* ſhould be ſome Rode.

Prin. I warrant you, as common as the way between S. *Albans* and *London.*

Prin. How might we ſee *Falſtaff* beſtow himſelf to night in his true Colours, and not our ſelves be ſeen?

Poin. Put on two Leather Jerkins, and Aprons, and wait upon him at his Table, like Drawers.

Prin. From a God to a Bull? A heavy declenſion: It was *Jove's* caſe. From a Prince to a Prentice, a low tranſformation, that ſhall be mine: For in every thing, the purpoſe muſt weigh with the folly. Follow me, *Ned.* [*Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Northumberland, *his Lady, and* Harry Percie's *Lady.*

North. I prethee loving Wife, and gentle Daughter,
Give an even way unto my rough Affairs.
Put not you on the Viſage of the Times,
And be like them to *Percie*, troubleſome.

Wife. I have given over, I will ſpeak no more;
Do what you will: Your Wiſdom be your Guide.

Nor. Alas (ſweet Wife) my Honour is at Pawn,
And but my going, nothing can redeem it.

La. Oh yet, for Heavens ſake, go not to theſe Wars.
The Time was (Father) when you broke your word,
When you were more endear'd to it, than now,
When your own *Percie*, when my heart-dear-*Harry*,
Threw many a Northward look, to ſee his Father
Bring up his Powers: But he did long in vain.
Who then perſwaded you to ſtay at home?
There were two Honours loſt; yours and your Sons.
For Yours, may heavenly glory brighten it:
For His, it ſtuck upon him, as the Sun
In the grey Vault of Heaven: And by his Light
Did all the Chevalry of *England* move
To do brave Acts. He was (indeed) the Glaſs
VVherein the Noble-Youth did dreſs themſelves.
He had no Legs, that practis'd not his Gate:
And ſpeaking thick (which Nature made his blemiſh)
Became the Accents of the Valiant,
For thoſe that could ſpeak low, and tardily,
VVould turn their own Perfection to Abuſe,
To ſeem like him. So that in Speech, and Gate,
In Diet, in Affections of delight,
In Military Rules, Humors of Blood,
He was the Mark, and Glaſs, Copy, and Book,
That faſhion'd others. And him, O wondrous! him,
O Miracle of Men! Him did you leave
(Second to none) un-ſeconded by you,
To look upon the hideous God of VVar,
In diſadvantage, to abide the Field,
VVhere nothing but the ſound of *Hotſpur's* Name
Did ſeem ſenſible: So you left him.
Never, O never do his Ghoſt the wrong,
To hold your Honour more preciſe and nice
VVith others, than with him. Let them alone:
The Marſhal and the Arch-biſhop are ſtrong.
Had my ſweet *Harry* had but half their Number,
To day might I (hanging on *Hotſpur's* Neck)
Have talk'd of *Monmouth's* Grave.

North. Beſhrew your heart,
(Fair Daughter) you do draw my Spirits from me,
VVith new lamenting ancient Over-ſights.
But I muſt go, and meet with danger there.
Or it will ſeek me in another place,
And find me worſe provided.

Wife. O flye to *Scotland*,
Till that the Nobles, and the armed Commons,
Have of their Puiſſance made a little taſte.

Lady. If they get ground, and vantage of the King,
Then joyn you with them, like a Rib of Steel,
To make Strength ſtronger. But, for all our loves,
Firſt let them try themſelves. So did your Son,
He was ſo ſuffer'd; ſo came I a VVidow:
And never ſhall have length of Life enough,
To rain upon Remembrance with mine Eyes,
That it may grow, and ſprowt, as high as Heaven,

For Recordation to my Noble Husband.
Nor. Come, come go in with me: 'tis with my Mind
As with the Tyde, ſwell'd up unto his height,
That makes a ſtill-ſtand, running neither way.
Fain would I go to meet the Arch-Biſhop,
But many a thouſand Reaſons hold me back,
I will reſolve for *Scotland* there am I,
Till Time and Vantage crave my company. [*Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter two Drawers.

1 *Drawer.* What haſt thou brought there? Apple-*Johns?* Thou know'ſt Sir *John* cannot endure an Apple *John.*

2. *Draw.* Thou ſay'ſt true: the Prince once ſet a Diſh of Apple-*Johns* before him, and told him there were five more Sir *Johns*: and, putting off his hat, ſaid, I will now take my leave of theſe ſix drie, round, old-wither'd Knights. It anger'd him to the heart: but he hath forgot that.

1. *Draw.* Why then cover, and ſet them down: and ſee if thou canſt find out *Sneak*'s Noyſe; Miſtriſs *Tear-ſheet* would fain have ſome Muſick.

2. *Draw.* Sirrah, here will be the Prince, and Maſter *Poins*, anon: and they will put on two of our Jerkins, and Aprons, and Sir *John* muſt not know of it. *Bardolph* hath brought word.

1. *Draw.* Then here will be old *Utis*: it will be an excellent Stratagem.

2. *Draw.* I'le ſee if I can find out *Sneak.* [*Exit.*

Enter Hoſteſs and Dol.

Hoſt. Sweet-heart, methinks now you are in an excellent good temperality: your Pulſidge beats as extraordinarily, as heart would deſire; and your Colour (I warrant you) is as red as any Roſe: But you have drunk too much Canary, and that's a marvellous ſearching Wine; and it perfumes the Blood, e're we can ſay what's this. How do you now?

Dol. Better than I was: Hem.

Hoſt. Why that was well ſaid: A good heart's worth Gold. Look, here comes Sir *John.*

Enter Falſtaff.

Fal. When Arthur *firſt in Court*--(empty the Jordan) *and was a worthy King*: How now Miſtriſs *Dol.*

Hoſt. Sick of a Calm: yea, good-ſooth.

Falſt. So is her Sect, if they be once in a Calm, they are ſick.

Dol. You muddy Raſcal, is that all the comfort you give me?

Fal. You make fat Raſcals, Miſtriſs *Dol.*

Dol. I make them? Gluttony and Diſeaſes make them, I make them not.

Fal. If the Cook make the Gluttony, you help to make the Diſeaſes (*Dol*), we catch of you (*Dol*), we catch of you: Grant that, my poor Vertue, grant that.

Dol. I marry, our Chains, and our Jewels.

Falſt. Your Brooches, Pearls, and Owches: For to ſerve bravely, is to come halting off: you know to come off the Breach, with his Pike bent bravely, and to Surgery bravely; to venture upon the charg'd Chambers bravely.

Hoſt. Why is this the old faſhion: you two never meet, but you fall to ſome diſcord: you are both (in good troth) as Rheumatick as two drie Toſtes, you cannot one bear with anothers Confirmities. What the good-yeer? One muſt bear, and that muſt be you: you are the weaker Veſſel, as they ſay, the emptier Veſſel.

Dol. Can a weak empty Veſſel bear ſuch a huge full Hogs-head? There's a whole Merchants Venture of *Burdeaux* ſtuff in him: you have not ſeen a Hulk better ſtuft in the Hold. Come, I'le be friends with thee, *Jack*: Thou art going to the Wars, and whether I ſhall ever ſee thee again, or no, there is no body cares.

Enter Drawer.

Draw. Sir, Ancient *Piſtol* is below, and would ſpeak with you.

Dol. Hang him, ſwaggering Raſcal, let him not come hither: it is the foul-mouth'dſt Rogue in *England.*

Hoſt. If he ſwagger, let him not come here: I muſt live amongſt my Neighbours, I'le no ſwaggerers: I am in good name, and fame, with the very beſt: ſhut the door, there comes no ſwaggerers here: I have not liv'd all this while, to have ſwaggering now: ſhut the door, I pray you.

Fal. Do'ſt thou hear, Hoſteſs?

Hoſt. 'Pray you pacifie your ſelf (Sir *John*) there comes no ſwaggerers here.

Falſt. Do'ſt thou hear? it is mine Ancient.

Hoſt. Tilly-fally (Sir *John*) never tell me, your ancient Swaggerer comes not in my doors. I was before Maſter *Tiſick* the Deputy, the other day: and as he ſaid to me, it was no longer ago than *Wedneſday* laſt: Neighbour *Quickly* (ſayes he;) Maſter *Domb* our Miniſter, was by then: Neighbour *Quickly* (ſayes he) receive thoſe that are Civil; for (ſaith he) you are in an ill Name: now he ſaid ſo, I can tell whereupon: for (ſayes he) you are an honeſt Woman, and well thought on, therefore take heed what Gueſts you receive: Receive (ſays he) no ſwaggering Companions. There come none here. You would bleſs you to hear what he ſaid. No, I'le no Swaggerers.

Falſt. He's no Swaggerer (*Hoſteſs*:) a tame Cheater, he: you may ſtroake him as gently, as a Puppy-Greyhound: he will not ſwagger with a *Barbary* Hen: If her Feathers turn back in any ſhew of reſiſtance. Call him up (Drawer.)

Hoſt. Cheater, call you him? I will bar no Honeſt man my houſe, nor no Cheater: but I do not love ſwaggering; I am the worſe when one ſays ſwaggerer: Feel Maſters, how I ſhake: look you, I warrant you.

Dol. So you do, Hoſteſs.

Hoſt. Do I? yea, in very truth do I, if it were an Aſpen Leaf: I cannot abide Swaggerers.

Enter Piſtol, *and* Bardolph, *and his Boy.*

Piſt. 'Save you, Sir *John.*

Fal. Welcome Ancient *Piſtol.* Here (*Piſtol*) I charge you with a Cup of Sack: do you diſcharge upon mine Hoſteſs.

Piſt. I will diſcharge upon her (Sir *John*) with two Bullets.

Faſt. She is Piſtol-proof (Sir) you ſhall hardly offend her.

Hoſt. Come, I'le drink no Proofs, nor no Bullets: I will drink no more than will do me good, for no mans pleaſure, I.

Piſt. Then to you (Miſtriſs *Dorothie*) I will charge you.

Dor. Charge me; I ſcorn you (ſcurvy Companion,) What? you poor, baſe, raſcally, cheating, lack-Linnen-Mate: away you mouldy Rogue, away, I am meat for your Maſter.

Piſt. I know you, Miſtriſs *Dorothie.*

Dol. Away you cut-purſe Raſcal, you filthy Bung away: By this Wine, I'le thruſt my Knife in your mouldy Chaps, if you play the ſawcy Cuttle with me. Away you Bottle-Ale Raſcal, you Basket-hilt ſtale Jugler, you. Since when, I pray you, Sir? what, with two Points on your ſhoulder? much.

Piſt. I will murther your Ruff, for this.

Hoſt. No, good Captain *Piſtol*: not here, ſweet Captain.

Dol. Captain ? thou abominable damn'd Cheater, art thou not aſham'd to be call'd Captain ? If Captains were of my mind, they would trunchion you out, for taking their Names upon you, before you have earn'd them. You a Captain ? you ſlay, for what ? for tearing a poor Whores Ruff in a Bawdy-houſe ? He a Captain ? hang him Rogue, he lives upon mouldy ſtew'd-Prunes, and dry'd Cakes. A Captain ? Theſe Villains will make the word Captain odious : Therefore Captains had need look to it.

Bard. Pray thee go down, good Ancient.

Fal. Heark thee hither Miſtriſs *Dol.*

Piſt. Not I : I tell thee what, Corporal *Bardolph*, I could tear her: I'le be reveng'd on her.

Page. 'Pray thee go down.

Piſt. I'le ſee her damn'd firſt : to *Pluto's* damn'd Lake, to the Infernal Deep, where *Erebus* and Tortures vile alſo. Hold Hook and Line, ſay I : Down : down Dog, down Fates : have we not *Hiren* here ?

Hoſt. Good Captain *Peeſel* be quiet, it is very late : I beſeek you now, aggravate your Choler.

Piſt. Theſe be good humors indeed. Shall Pack-Horſes, and hollow-pamper'd Jades of *Aſia*, which cannot go but thirty Miles a day, compare with *Cæſar*, and with *Cannibal*, and *Trojan Greeks* ? nay, rather damn them with King *Cerberus*, and let the Welkin roar : ſhall we fall foul for Toyes ?

Hoſt. By my troth, Captain, theſe are very bitter words.

Bard. Be gone, good Ancient : this will grow to a Brawl anon.

Piſt. Die men, like Dogs ; give Crowns like Pins : Have we not *Hiren* here ?

Hoſt. On my word (Captain) there's none ſuch here. What the good-yeree, do you think I would deny her ? I pray be quiet.

Piſt. Then feed, and be fat (my fair *Calipolis*) Come, give me ſome Sack, *Si fortune me tormente, ſperato me contente.* Fear we broad-ſides ? No, let the Fiend give fire: Give me ſome Sack : and Sweet-heart lye thou there : Come we to full Points here ; and are *& cœtera's* nothing ?

Fal. Piſtol, I would be quiet.

Piſt. Sweet Knight, kiſs thy Neaffe : what ? we have ſeen the ſeven Stars.

Dol. Thruſt him down ſtairs, I cannot endure ſuch a Fuſtian Raſcal.

Piſt. Thruſt him down ſtairs ? know we not Galloway Nags ?

Fal. Quoit him down (*Bardolph*) like a ſhove-groat ſhilling : nay, if he do nothing but ſpeak nothing, he ſhall be nothing here.

Bard. Come get you down ſtairs.

Piſt. What ſhall we have Inciſion ? ſhall we embrew ? then Death rock me aſleep, abridge my doleful days : why then let grievous, gaſtly, gaping Wounds, untwine the Siſters three : Come *Atropos*, I ſay.

Hoſt. Here's good ſtuff toward.

Fal. Give me my Rapier, Boy.

Dol. I prethee, *Jack*, I prethee do not draw.

Falſt. Get you down ſtairs.

Hoſt. Here's a goodly tumult : I'le forſwear keeping houſe, before I'le be in theſe tirrits, and frights. So : Murther I warrant now. Alas, put up your naked Weapons, put up your naked Weapons.

Dol. I prethee, *Jack*, be quiet, the Raſcal is gone : ah you whorſon little valiant Villain, you.

Hoſt. Are you not hurt i'th' Groyn ? me thought he made a ſhrewd Thruſt at your Belly.

Falſt. Have you turn'd him out of doors ?

Bard. Yes, Sir, the Raſcal's drunk : you have hurt him (Sir) in the ſhoulder.

Falſt. A Raſcal to brave me.

Dol. Ah, you ſweet little Rogue, you : alas, poor Ape, how thou ſweat'ſt ? come, let me wipe thy Face : Come on, you whorſon Chops : Ah Rogue, I love thee : Thou art as valorous as *Hector* of *Troy*, worth five of *Agamemnon* ; and ten times better than the nine Worthies : ah Villain.

Falſt. A raſcally Slave, I will toſs the Rogue in a Blanket.

Dol. Do, if thou dar'ſt for thy heart : if thou do'ſt, I'le canvaſs thee between a pair of ſheets.

Enter Muſick.

Pag. The Muſick is come, Sir.

Falſt. Let them play ; play Sirs. Sit on my Knee, *Dol.* A Raſcal, bragging Slave : the Rogue fled from me like Quick-ſilver.

Dol. And thou followd'ſt him like a Church : thou whorſon little tydie *Bartholmew* Boor-pig, when wilt thou leave fighting on days, and foyning on nights, and begin to patch up thine old Body for Heaven ?

Enter the Prince and Poins diſguis'd.

Fal. Peace, (good *Dol*) do not ſpeak like a Deathshead : do not bid me remember mine end.

Dol. Sirrah, what humour is the Prince of ?

Fal. A good ſhallow young Fellow : he would have made a good Pantler, he would have chipp'd Bread well.

Dol. They ſay *Poins* hath a good Wit.

Falſt. He a good Wit ? hang him Baboon, his Wit is as thick as *Tewksbury* Muſtard : there is no more conceit in him, than is in a Mallet.

Dol. Why doth the Prince love him ſo then ?

Fal. Becauſe their Legs are both of a bigneſs : and he plays at Quoits well, and eats Conger and Fennel, and drinks off Candles ends for Flap-dragons, and rides the wild-Mare with the Boyes, and jumps upon Joyn'd-ſtools, and ſwears with a good grace, and wears his Boot very ſmooth, like unto the Sign of the Leg, and breeds no bate with telling of diſcreet ſtories : and ſuch other Gambol faculties he hath, that ſhew a weak Mind, and an able Body, for the which the Prince admits him : for the Prince himſelf is ſuch another : the weight of an Hair will turn the Scales between their *Haberde-pois.*

Prince. Would not this Nave of a Wheel have his Ears cut off ?

Poin. Let us beat him before his Whore.

Prin. Look, if the wither'd Elder hath not his Poll claw'd like a Parrot.

Poin. Is it not ſtrange, that Deſire ſhould ſo many years out-live performance ?

Fal. Kiſs me, *Dol.*

Prince. Saturn and *Venus* this year in Conjunction ? What ſays the Almanack to that ?

Poin. And look, whether the fiery *Trigon*, his Man, be not liſping to his Maſters old Tables, his Note-Book, his Counſel-keeper ?

Fal. Thou do'ſt give me flatt'ring Buſſes.

Dol. Nay truly, I Kiſs thee with moſt conſtant heart.

Fal. I am old, I am old.

Dol. I love thee better, than I love e're a ſcurvy young Boy of them all.

Fal. What Stuff wilt thou have a Kirtle of ? I ſhall receive Money on *Thurſday* : thou ſhalt have a Cappe to morrow. A merry Song, come : it grows late, we will to Bed. Thou wilt forget me, when I am gone.

Dol. Thou wilt ſet me a weeping, if thou ſay'ſt ſo : prove that ever I dreſs my ſelf handſom, till thy return : Well, hearken the end.

Fal. Some Sack, *Francis.*

Prin. Poin. Anon, anon, Sir.

Fal. Ha ? a Baſtard Son of the Kings ? And art not thou *Poins*, his Brother ?

Prin. Why thou Globe of ſinful Continents, what a Life doſt thou lead ?

Fal. A better than thou: I am a Gentleman, thou art a Drawer.

Prin. Very true, Sir: and I come to draw you out by the Ears.

Hoſt. Oh, the Lord preſerve thy good Grace: Welcome to *London.* Now Heaven bleſs that ſweet Face of thine: What are you come from *Wales*?

Fal. Thou whorſon mad Compound of Majeſty: by this light Fleſh, and corrupt Blood, thou art welcome.

Prin. How? you fat Fool, I ſcorn you.

Poin. My Lord, he will drive you out of your revenge, and turn all to merriment, if you take not the heat.

Prin. You whorſon Candle-myne you, how vilely did you ſpeak of me even now, before this honeſt, vertuous, civil Gentlewoman?

Hoſt. 'Bleſſing on your good heart, and ſo ſhe is by my troth.

Fal. Didſt thou hear me?

Prince. Yes: and you knew me, as you did when you ran away by Gads-hill: you knew I was at your back, and ſpoke it on purpoſe, to try my patience.

Fal. No, no, no: not ſo: I did not think, thou waſt within hearing.

Prin. I ſhall drive you then to confeſs the wilful abuſe, and then I know how to handle you.

Fal. No abuſe (*Hal*) on mine Honor, no abuſe.

Prin. Not to diſpraiſe me? and call me Pantler, and Bread-chopper, and I know not what?

Fal. No abuſe, (*Hal.*)

Poin. No abuſe?

Fal. No abuſe (*Ned*) in the World: honeſt *Ned*, none. I diſprais'd him before the Wicked, that the Wicked might not fall in love with him: In which doing, I have done the part of a careful Friend, and true Subject, and thy Father is to give me thanks for it. No abuſe (*Hal:*) none (*Ned*) none; no Boys, none.

Prin. See now whether pure Fear, and entire Cowardiſe, doth not make thee wrong this vertuous Gentlewoman, to cloſe with us? Is ſhe of the Wicked? Is thine Hoſteſs here, of the Wicked? Or is the Boy of the Wicked? Or honeſt *Bardolph* (whoſe zeal burns in his noſe) of the Wicked?

Poin. Anſwer, thou dead Elm, anſwer.

Fal. The Fiend hath Prickt down *Bardolph* irrecoverable, and his face is *Lucifer*'s Privy-Kitchin, where he doth nothing but roaſt Mault-Worms: for the Boy, there is a good Angel about him, but the Devil out-bids him too.

Prin. For the Women?

Fal. For one of them, ſhe is in Hell already, and burns poor ſouls: for the other, I owe her Money; and whether ſhe be damn'd for that, I know not.

Hoſt. No. I warrant you.

Fal. No. I think thou art not: I think thou art quit for that. Marry, there is another Indictment upon thee, for ſuffering fleſh to be eaten in thy houſe, contrary to the Law, for the which I think thou wilt howle.

Hoſt. All Victuallers do ſo: What is a Joynt of Mutton or two in a whole *Lent*?

Prin. You, Gentlewoman.

Dol. What ſays your Grace?

Falſt. His Grace ſays that, which his fleſh rebels againſt.

Hoſt. Who knocks ſo loud at the door? Look to the door there, *Francis*?

Enter Peto.

Prin. *Peto*, how now? what news?

Peto. The King, your Father, is at *Weſtminſter*,
And there twenty weak and wearied Poſts,
Come from the North: and as I came along,
I met, and over-took a dozen Captains,
Bare-headed, ſweating, knocking at the Taverns,
And asking every one for Sir *John Falſtaff.*

Prin. By Heaven (*Poins*) I feel me much to blame,
So idly to prophane the precious time;
When Tempeſt of Commotion, like the South
Born with black Vapour, doth begin to melt,
And drop upon our bare unarmed Heads.
Give me my Sword, and Cloak:
Falſtaff, good night. [*Exit.*

Falſt. Now comes in the ſweeteſt Morſel of the night, and we muſt hence, and leave it unpickt. More knocking at the door? How now? what's the matter?

Bard. You muſt away to the Court, Sir, preſently,
A dozen Captains ſtay at the door for you.

Falſt. Pay the Muſitians, Sirrah: farewel Hoſteſs, farewel *Dol.* You ſee (my good Wenches) how men of Merit are ſought after: the undeſerver may ſleep, when the man of Action is call'd on. Farewel, good Wenches: if I be not ſent away poſt, I will ſee you again, e're I go.

Dol. I cannot ſpeak: if my heart be not ready to burſt. Well (ſweet *Jack*) have a care of thy ſelf.

Falſt. Farewel, farewel. [*Exit.*

Hoſt. Well, fare thee well: I have known thee theſe twenty nine years, come Peſcod-time: but an honeſter, and true-hearted man. Well, fare thee well.

Bard. Miſtriſs *Tear-ſheet.*

Hoſt. What's the matter?

Bard. Bid Miſtriſs *Tear-ſheet* come to my Maſter.

Hoſt. O run, *Dol*, run: run, good *Dol.* [*Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter the King, with a Page.

Kin. Go, call the Earls of *Surrey*, and *Warwick*:
But e're they come, bid them o're-read theſe Letters.
And well conſider of them: make good ſpeed. [*Exit.*
How many thouſand of my pooreſt Subjects
Are at this hour aſleep? O Sleep, O gentle Sleep,
Natures ſoft Nurſe, how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my Eye-lids down,
And ſteep my Senſes in Forgetfulneſs?
Why rather (Sleep) lyeſt thou in ſmoaky Cribs,
Upon uneaſie Pallads ſtretching thee,
And huſht with buzzing Night, flyes to thy ſlumber,
Than in the perfum'd Chambers of the Great?
Under the Canopies of coſtly State,
And lull'd with ſounds of ſweeteſt Melody?
O thou dull God, why lyeſt thou with the vile,
In loathſom Beds, and leav'ſt the Kingly Couch
A watch-caſe, or a common Larum-Bell?
Wilt thou, upon the high and giddy Maſt,
Seal up the Ship-boys Eyes, and rock his Brains,
In Cradle of the rude imperious Surge,
And in the viſitation of the Winds,
Who take the Ruffian Billows by the top,
Curling their monſtrous heads and hanging them
With deaf'ning Clamors in the ſlip'ry Clouds,
That with the hurley, Death it ſelf awakes?
Canſt thou (O partial Sleep) Give thy Repoſe
To the wet Sea-boy in an hour ſo rude:
And in the calmeſt, and moſt ſtilleſt Night,
With all appliances, and means to boot,
Deny it to a King? Then happy Low, lye down,
Uneaſie lyes the Head, that wears a Crown.

Enter Warwick *and* Surrey.

War. Many good-morrows to your Majeſty.

King. It is good-morrow, Lords?

War. 'Tis one a Clock, and paſt.

King. Why then good-morrow to you all (my Lords:)
Have you read o're the Letters that I ſent you?

War. We have (my Liege.)
King. Then you perceive the Body of our Kingdom,
How foul it is : what rank Diſeaſes grow,
And with what danger, near the heart of it?
War. It is but as a Body, yet diſtemper'd,
Which to the former ſtrength may be reſtor'd,
With good advice, and little Medicine ;
My Lord, *Northumberland* will ſoon be cool'd.
King. Oh Heaven, that one might read the Book of Fate,
And ſee the Revolution of the Times
Make Mountains level, and the Continent
(Weary of ſolid firmneſs) melt it ſelf
Into the Sea : and other Times, to ſee
The beachy Girdle of the Ocean
Too wide for *Neptunes* hipps ; how Chances mocks
And Changes fill the Cup of Alteration
With divers Liquors. 'Tis not ten years gone,
Since *Richard*, and *Northumberland*, great Friends,
Did feaſt together ; and in two years after,
Were they at Wars. It is but eight years ſince,
This *Percie* was the man, neareſt my Soul ;
Who like a Brother, toyl'd in my Affairs,
And laid his Love and Life under my foot :
Yea, for my ſake, even to the eyes of *Richard*
Gave him defiance. But which of you was by,
(You Couſin *Nevil*, as I may remember)
When *Richard*, with his Eye, brim-full of Tears,
(Then check'd, and rated by *Northumberland*)
Did ſpeak theſe words (now prov'd a Prophecie :)
Northumberland, thou Ladder, by the which
My Couſin *Bullingbrook* aſcends my Throne :
(Though then, Heaven knows, I had no ſuch intent,
But that neceſſity ſo bow'd the State,
That I and Greatneſs were compell'd to kiſs :)
The time ſhall come (thus did he follow it)
The time will come, that foul Sin-gathering head
Shall break into Corruption : ſo went on,
Fore-telling this ſame Times Condition,
And the diviſion of our Amity.
War. There is a Hiſtory in all mens Lives,
Figuring the Nature of the Times deceas'd.
The which obſerv'd, a man may prophecie,
With a near aim, of the main Chance of things
As yet not come to Life, which in their Seeds
And weak beginnings lye entreaſured :
Such things become the Hatch and Brood of Time ;
And by the neceſſary form of this,
King *Richard* might create a perfect gueſs,
That great *Northumberland*, then falſe to him,
Would of that Seed, grow to a greater falſeneſs,
Which ſhould not find a ground to root upon,
Unleſs on you.
King. Are theſe things then Neceſſities ?
Then let us meet them like Neceſſities ;
And that ſame word, even now cryes out on us :
They ſay the Biſhop and *Northumberland*
Are fifty thouſand ſtrong.
War. It cannot be (my Lord :)
Rumor doth double, like the Voice and Eccho,
The number of the feared. Pleaſe it your Grace
To go to bed, upon my Life (my Lord)
The Pow'rs that you already have ſent forth,
Shall bring this Prize in very eaſily.
To comfort you the more, I have receiv'd
A certain inſtance that *Glendower* is dead.
Your Majeſty hath been this fort-night ill,
And theſe unſeaſon'd hours perforce muſt add
Unto your Sickneſs.
King. I will take your counſel :
And were theſe inward Wars once out of hand,
We would (dear Lords) unto the Holy-Land.

[*Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Shallow *and* Silence, *with* Mouldy, *and* Shadow, Wart, Feeble, Bull-calf.

Shal. Come-on, come-on, come-on : give me your Hand, Sir, give me your Hand, Sir : an early ſtirrer, by the Rood. And how doth my good Couſin *Silence* ?

Sil. Good-morrow, good Couſin *Shallow.*

Shal. And how doth my Couſin, your Bed-fellow? and your faireſt Daughter, and mine, my God-Daughter *Ellen* ?

Sil. Alas, a black Ouzel, (Couſin *Shallow.*)

Shal. By yea and nay, Sir, I dare ſay my Couſin *William* is become a good Scholar ? he is at *Oxford* ſtill, is he not ?

Sil. Indeed, Sir, to my coſt.

Shal. He muſt then to the Inns of Court ſhortly : I was once of *Clement*'s Inn ; where (I think) they will talk of mad *Shallow* yet.

Sil. You were call'd luſty *Shallow* then, (Couſin.)

Shal. I was call'd any thing : and I would have done any thing indeed too, and roundly too. There was I, and little *John Doit* of *Staffordſhire*, and black *George Bare*, and *Francis Pick-bone*, and *Will. Squele* a Cot-ſal-man, you had not four ſuch Swinge-bucklers in all the Inns of Court again : And I may ſay to you, we knew where the *Bona-Roba*'s were, and had the beſt of them all at commandement. Then was *Jack Falſtaff* (now Sir *John*) a Boy, and a Page to *Thomas Mowbray*, Duke of *Norfolk.*

Sil. This Sir *John*, (Couſin) that comes hither anon about Souldiers ?

Shal. The ſame Sir *John*, the very ſame : I ſaw him break *Schoggan*'s Head at the Court-Gate, when he was a Crack, not thus high : and the very ſame day did I fight with one *Sampſon Stock-fiſh*, a Fruiterer, behind Greys-Inn. Oh the mad days that I have ſpent ! and to ſee how many of mine old Acquaintance are dead ?

Sil. We ſhall all follow, (Couſin.)

Shal. Certain : 'tis certain : very ſure, very ſure : Death is certain to all, all ſhall dye. How a good Yoke of Bullocks at *Stamford* Fair ?

Sil. Truly, Couſin, I was not there.

Shal. Death is certain. Is old *Double* of your Town living yet ?

Sil. Dead, Sir.

Shal. Dead ? See, ſee : he drew a good Bow : and dead ? he ſhot a fine ſhoot. *John* of *Gaunt* loved him well, and betted much Money on his head. Dead ? he would have clapt in the Clowt at Twelve-ſcore, and carryed you a fore-hand Shaft at fourteen, and fourteen and a half, that it would have done a mans heart good to ſee. How a ſcore of Ewes now ?

Sil. Thereafter as they be : a ſcore of good Ewes may be worth ten pounds.

Shal. And is old *Double* dead ?

Enter Bardolph *and his Boy.*

Sil. Here come two of Sir *John Falſtaff*'s men (as I think.)

Shal. Good-morrow, honeſt Gentlemen.

Bard. I beſeech you, which is Juſtice *Shallow* ?

Shal. I am *Robert Shallow* (Sir) a poor Eſquire of this County, one of the Kings Juſtices of the Peace : What is your good pleaſure with me ?

Bard. My Captain, (Sir) commends him to you : my Captain, Sir *John Falſtaff* : a tall Gentleman, and a moſt gallant Leader.

Shal. He greets me well : (Sir) I knew him a good Back-Sword-man. How doth the good Knight ? may I ask, how my Lady his Wife doth ?

Bard. Sir, pardon: a Souldier is better accommodated, than with a Wife.

Shal. It is well ſaid, Sir; and it is well ſaid indeed, too: Better accommodated? it is good, yea indeed is it: good phraſes are ſurely and every where very commendable. Accommodated, it comes of *Accommodo*: very good, a good phraſe.

Bard. Pardon, Sir, I have heard the word. Phraſe, call you it? by this day, I know not the Phraſe: but I will maintain the Word with my Sword, to be a Souldier-like Word, and a Word of exceeding good Command. Accommodated: that is, when a man is (as they ſay) accommodated: or, when a man is, being whereby he thought to be accommodated, which is an excellent thing.

Enter Falſtaff.

Shal. It is very juſt: Look, here comes good Sir *John*. Give me your hand, give me your Worſhip's good hand: Truſt me, you look well: and bear your years very well. Welcome, good Sir *John*.

Falſt. I am glad to ſee you well, good Maſter *Robert Shallow*: Maſter *Sure-card*, as I think?

Shal. No, Sir *John*, it is my Couſin *Silence*: in Commiſſion with me.

Falſt. Good Maſter *Silence*, it well bents, you ſhould be of the Peace.

Sil. Your good Worſhip is welcome.

Falſt. Fie, this is hot weather, (Gentlemen) have you provided me here half a dozen of ſufficient men?

Shal. Marry have we, Sir: Will you ſit?

Falſt. Let me ſee them, I beſeech you.

Shal. Where's the Roll? Where's the Roll? Where's the Roll? Let me ſee, let me ſee, let me ſee: ſo, ſo, ſo, ſo: yea marry, Sir, *Ralph Mouldy*: let them appear as I call: let them do ſo, let them do ſo: Let me ſee, Where is *Mouldy*?

Moul. Here, if it pleaſe you.

Shal. What think you (Sir *John*) a good limb'd Fellow: young, ſtrong, and of good Friends.

Falſt. Is thy name *Mouldy*?

Moul. Yea, if it pleaſe you.

Falſt. 'Tis the more time thou wert us'd.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha, moſt excellent. Things that are mouldy, lack uſe: very ſingular good. VVell ſaid, Sir *John*, very well ſaid.

Falſt. Prick him.

Moul. I was prickt well enough before, if you could have let me alone: my old Dame will be undone now, for one to do her Husbandry, and her Drudgery; you need not to have prickt me, there are other men fitter to go out than I.

Falſt. Go to: peace *Mouldy*, you ſhall go. *Mouldy*, it is time you were ſpent.

Moul. Spent?

Shal. Peace, fellow, peace; ſtand aſide: Know you where you are? For the other, Sir *John*: Let me ſee: *Simon Shadow*.

Falſt. I marry, let me have him to ſit under: he's like to be a cold Souldier.

Shal. Where's *Shadow*?

Shad. Here, Sir.

Falſt. *Shadow*, whoſe Son art thou?

Shad. My Mother's Son, Sir.

Falſt. Thy Mother's Son: like enough, and thy Fathers Shadow: ſo the Son of the Female is the Shadow of the Male: it is often ſo indeed, but not of the Fathers ſubſtance.

Shal. Do you like him, Sir *John*?

Falſt. *Shadow* will ſerve for Summer: prick him: For we have a number of ſhadows to fill up the Muſter-Book.

Shal. *Thomas Wart*.

Falſt. Where's he?

Wart. Here, Sir.

Falſt. Is thy name *Wart*?

Wart. Yea, Sir.

Falſt. Thou art a very ragged Wart.

Shal. Shall I prick him down, Sir *John*?

Falſt. It were ſuperfluous: for his apparel is built upon his back, and the whole frame ſtands upon pins: prick him no more.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha, you can do it, Sir: you can do it: I commend you well.

Francis Feeble.

Feeble. Here, Sir.

Shal. What Trade art thou, *Feeble*?

Feeble. A Woman's Taylor, Sir?

Shal. Shall I prick him, Sir?

Falſt. You may:

But if it had been a Man's Taylor, he would have prick'd you. Wilt thou make as many holes in an Enemies Battel, as thou haſt done in a Woman's Petticoat?

Feeb. I will do my good will, Sir? you can have no more.

Falſt. Well ſaid, good Woman's Taylor: Well ſaid, Couragious *Feeble*: thou wilt be as valiant as the wrathfull Dove, or moſt magnanimous Mouſe. Prick the woman's Taylor well, Maſter *Shallow*, deep, Maſter *Shallow*.

Feeble. I would *Wart* might have gone, Sir.

Falſt. I would thou wert a Man's Taylor, that thou might'ſt mend him, and make him fit to go. I cannot put him to a private Souldier, that is the Leader of ſo many thouſands. Let that ſuffice, moſt forcible *Feeble*.

Feeble. It ſhall ſuffice.

Falſt. I am bound to thee, reverend *Feeble*. Who is the next?

Shal. *Peter Bulcalf* of the Green.

Falſt. Yea marry, let us ſee *Bulcalf*.

Bul. Here, Sir.

Falſt. Truſt me, a likely Fellow. Come prick me *Bulcalf*, till he roar again.

Bul. Oh, good my Lord Captain.

Falſt. What? do'ſt thou roar before th'art prickt.

Bul. Oh, Sir, I am a diſeaſed man.

Falſt. What diſeaſe haſt thou?

Bul. A whorſon cold, Sir; a cough, Sir, which I caught with Ringing in the Kings Affairs, upon his Coronation day, Sir.

Falſt. Come, thou ſhalt go to the Wars in a Gown: we will have away thy Cold, and I will take ſuch order that thy Friends ſhall ring for thee. Is here all?

Shal. There is two more called than your number, you muſt have but four here, Sir, and ſo, I pray you, go in with me to Dinner.

Falſt. Come, I will go drink with you, but I cannot tarry Dinner. I am glad to ſee you in good troth, Maſter *Shallow*.

Shal. O, Sir *John*, do you remember ſince we lay all night in the Wind-mill in Saint *George*'s Fields?

Falſt. No more of that, good Maſter *Shallow*: No more of that.

Shal. Ha? it was a merry night. And is *Jane Nightwork* alive?

Falſt. She lives, Maſter *Shallow*.

Shal. She never could away with me.

Falſt. Never, never: She would always ſay, ſhe could not abide Maſter *Shallow*.

Shal. I could anger her to the heart: ſhe was then a *Bona-Roba*. Doth ſhe hold her own well?

Falſt. Old, old, Maſter *Shallow*.

Shal. Nay ſhe muſt be old, ſhe cannot chuſe but be old: certain ſhe's old: and had *Robin Night-work*, by old *Night-work*, before I came to *Clement*'s Inn.

Sil. That's fifty five yeares ago.

Shal. Hah, Couſin *Silence*, that thou hadſt ſeen that, that this Knight and I have ſeen: hah, Sir *John*, ſaid I well?

Falſt. We have heard the Chimes at mid-night, Maſter *Shallow*.

Shal. That we have, that we have; in faith, Sir *John*, we have: our watch-word was, Hem-Boys. Come, let's to dinner; come, let's to dinner: Oh the dayes that we have ſeen. Come, come.

Bul. Good Maſter Corporate *Bardolph*, ſtand my Friend, and here is four *Harry* ten ſhillings in French Crowns for you: in very truth, Sir, I had as lief be hang'd, Sir, as go, and yet for mine own part, Sir, I do not care, but rather, becauſe I am unwilling, and for mine own part, have a deſire to ſtay with my Friends: elſe, Sir, I did not care, for mine own part, ſo much.

Bard. Go too: ſtand aſide.

Moul. And good Maſter Corporal Captain, for my old Dame's ſake, ſtand my Friend: ſhe hath no body to do any thing about her, when I am gone: and ſhe is old and cannot help her ſelf: you ſhall have forty, Sir.

Bard. Go too: ſtand aſide.

Feeble. I care not, a man can dye but once: we owe a death. I will never bear a baſe mind: if it be my deſtiny, ſo: if it be not, ſo: no man is too good to ſerve his Prince: and let it go which way it will, he that dies this year, is quit for the next.

Bard. Well ſaid, thou art a good Fellow.

Feeble. Nay, I will bear no baſe mind.

Falſt. Come Sir, which men ſhall I have?

Shal. Four of which you pleaſe.

Bard. Sir, a word with you: I have three pound, to free *Monldy* and *Bulcalf*.

Falſt. Go too: well.

Shal. Come, Sir *John*, which four will you have?

Falſt. Do you chuſe for me.

Shal. Marry then, *Mouldy*, *Bulcalf*, *Feeble*, and *Shallow*.

Falſt. Mouldy, and *Bulcalf*: for you *Mouldy*, ſtay at home, till you are paſt ſervice: and for your part *Bulcalf*, grow till you come unto it: I will none of you.

Shal. Sir *John*, Sir *John*, do not your ſelf wrong, they are your likelieſt men, and I would have you ſerv'd with the beſt.

Falſt. Will you tell me (Maſter *Shallow*) how to chuſe a man? Care I for the Limb, the Thewes, the Stature, Bulk, and big aſſemblance of a man? give me the Spirit (Maſter *Shallow*.) Where's *Wart?* you ſee what a ragged appearance it is: he ſhall charge you, and diſcharge you, with the motion of a Pewterers Hammer: Come off, and on, ſwifter than he that gibbets on the Brewers Bucket. And this ſame half-fac'd fellow, *Shadow*, give me this man, he preſents no mark to the Enemy, the fo-man may with as great ayme level at the edge of a Pen-knife: and for a Retreat, how ſwiftly will this *Feeble*, the womans Taylor, run off. O give me the ſpare men, and ſpare me the great ones. Put me a Calyver into *Wart*'s hand, *Bardolph*.

Bard. Hold *Wart*, Traverſe: thus, thus, thus.

Falſt. Come, manage me your Calyver: ſo, very well, go to, very good, exceeding good. O give me alwayes a little, lean, old, chopt, bald Shot. Well ſaid *Wart*, thou art a good Scab: hold, there is a Teſter for thee.

Shal. He is not his Craft-maſter, he doth not do it right. I remember at *Mile-end-Green*, when I lay at *Clement*'s Inn, I was then Sir *Dagenet* in *Arthur*'s Show, there was a little quiver fellow, and he would manage you his Piece thus: and he would about, and about, and come you in, and come you in: Rah, tah, tah, would he ſay, Bownce would he ſay, and away again would he go, and again would he come: I ſhall never ſee ſuch a Fellow.

Falſt. Theſe Fellows will do well, Maſter *Shallow*. Farewel Maſter *Silence*, I will not uſe many words with you: fare you well, Gentlemen both: I thank you: I muſt a dozen miles to night. *Bardolph* give the Souldiers Coats.

Shal. Sir *John*, Heaven bleſs you, and proſper your Affairs, and ſend us Peace. As you return viſit my Houſe. Let our old acquaintance be renewed: Peradventure I will with you to the Court.

Falſt. I would you would, Maſter *Shallow*.

Shal. Go to: I have ſpoke at a word, Fare you well. [*Exit.*

Falſt. Fare you well, Gentlemen. On *Bardolph* lead the men away. As I return, I will fetch off theſe Juſtices: I do ſee the bottom of Juſtice *Shallow*. How ſubject we old men are to this vice of Lying? This ſame ſtarv'd Juſtice hath done nothing but prate to me of the wildeneſs of his Youth, and the Feats he hath done about *Turnbal-ſtreet*, and every third word a Lye, duer pay'd to the hearer, than the Turks tribute. I do remember him at *Clement*'s Inn, like a man made after ſupper, of a Cheeſe-paring. When he was naked, he was, for all the world, like a forked Radiſh, with a Head fantaſtically carv'd upon it with a Knife. He was forlorn, that his Dimenſions (to any thick ſight) were invincible. He was the very *Genius* of Famine: he came ever in the rear-ward of the faſhion: And now is the Vices Dagger become a Squire, and talks as familiarly of *John* of *Gaunt*, as if he had been ſworn Brother to him: and I'le be ſworn he never ſaw him but once in the Tilt-yard, and then he burſt his head, for crouding among the Marſhals men. I ſaw it and told *John* of *Gaunt*, he beat his own Name, for you might have truſs'd him, and all his apparel into an Eel-skin: The Caſe of a Treble Ho-boy was a Manſion for him; a Court; and now hath he Land, and Beeves. Well, I will be acquainted with him, if I return; and it ſhall go hard, but I will make him a Philoſophers two Stones to me. If the young Dace be a Bait for the old Pike, I ſee no reaſon; in the Law of Nature, but I may ſnap at him. Let time ſhape and there an end. [*Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter the Arch-Biſhop, Mowbray, Haſtings,
Weſtmerland, Colevile.

Biſh. What is the Forreſt call'd?

Haſt. 'Tis *Gualtree* Forreſt, and't pleaſe your Grace.

Biſh. Stand here, (my Lords) and ſend diſcoveries forth,
To know the number of our Enemies.

Hoſt. We have ſent forth already.

Biſh. 'Tis well done.
My Friends and Brethren (in theſe great Affairs)
I muſt acquaint you, that I have receiv'd
New-dated Letters from *Northumberland*:
Their cold intent, tenure, and ſubſtance thus.
How doth he wiſh his Perſon, with ſuch Powers
As might hold ſortance with his Quality,
The which he could not levy: whereupon
He is retir'd, to ripe his growing Fortunes
To *Scotland*: and concludes in hearty Prayers,
That your Attempts may over-live the hazard,
And fearful meeting of their Oppoſite.

Mow. Thus do the hopes we have in him touch ground,
And daſh themſelves to pieces.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Haſt. Now? what Newes?

Meſſ. Weſt of this Forreſt, ſcarcely off a mile,
In goodly form comes on the Enemy:
And by the ground they hide, I judge their number
Upon, or near, the rate of thirty thouſand.

Mow. The juſt proportion that we gave them out.
Let us ſway on, and face them in the Field.

Enter Weſtmerland.

Biſh. What well appointed Leader fronts us here?

Mow. I think it is my Lord of *Weſtmer*

Weſt. Health, and fair greeting from our General,
The Prince, Lord *John*, and Duke of *Lancaſter*.

Biſh. Say on (my Lord of *Weſtmerland*) in peace:

What doth concern your coming?
Weſt. Then (my Lord)
Unto your Grace do I in chief addreſs
The ſubſtance of my Speech. If that Rebellion
Came like it ſelf, in baſe and abject Routs,
Led on by bloody Youth, guarded with Rage,
And countenanc'd by Boys, and Beggery:
I ſay if damn'd Commotion ſo appear,
In his true, native, and moſt proper ſhape,
You (Reverend Father, and theſe Noble Lords)
Had not been here, to dreſs the ugly Form
Of baſe, and bloody Inſurrection
With your fair Honours. You, Lord Arch-Biſhop,
Whoſe See is by a Civil Peace maintain'd,
Whoſe Beard, the Silver Hand of Peace hath touch'd,
Whoſe Learning, and good Letters, Peace hath tutor'd,
Whoſe white Inveſtments figure Innocence,
The Dove, and very bleſſed Spirit of Peace;
Wherefore do you ſo ill tranſlate your ſelf,
Out of the ſpeech of Peace, that bears ſuch Grace,
Into the harſh and boyſtrous Tongue of War?
Turning your Books to Graves, your Ink to Blood,
Your Pens to Launces, and your Tongue divine
To a lowd Trumpet, and a Point of War?
Biſh. Wherefore do I this? ſo the queſtion ſtands.
Briefly to this end: We are all diſeas'd,
And with our ſurfeiting, and wanton hours,
Have brought our ſelves into a burning Feaver,
And we muſt bleed for it: of which diſeaſe
Our late King *Richard* (being infected) dy'd.
But (my moſt Noble Lord of *Weſtmerland*)
I take not on me here as a Phyſitian,
Nor do I, as an Enemy to Peace,
Troop in the Throngs of Military men:
But rather ſhew a while like fearful War,
To dyet rank Minds, ſick of happineſs;
And purge th'obſtructions which begin to ſtop
Our very Veins of Life: hear me more plainly.
I have in equal Ballance juſtly weigh'd,
What Wrongs our Arms may do, what Wrongs we ſuffer,
And find our Griefs heavier than our Offences.
We ſee which way the ſtream of Time doth run,
And are enforc'd from our moſt quiet there,
By the rough Torrent of Occaſion,
And have the ſummary of all our Griefs
(When time ſhall ſerve) to ſhew in Articles;
Which long e're this, we offer'd to the King,
And might by no Suit, gain our Audience:
When we are wrong'd and would unfold our Griefs,
We are deny'd acceſs unto his Perſon,
Even by thoſe men, that moſt have done us wrong.
The dangers of the days but newly gone,
Whoſe memory is written on the Earth
With yet appearing Blood; and the Examples
Of every Minutes inſtance (preſent now)
Hath put us in theſe ill-beſeeming Arms:
Not to break Peace, or any Branch of it,
But to eſtabliſh here a Peace indeed,
Concurring both in Name and Quality.
Weſt. When ever yet was your appeal deny'd?
Wherein have you been galled by the King?
What Peer hath been ſuborn'd, to grate on you,
That you ſhould ſeal this lawleſs bloody Book
Of forg'd Rebellion, with a Seal divine?
Biſh. My Brother General, the Common-wealth
I make my Quarrel in particular.
Weſt. There is no need of any ſuch redreſs;
Or if there were, it not belongs to you.
Mow. Why not to him in part, and to us all,
That feel the bruiſes of the days before,
And ſuffer the Condition of theſe Times
To lay an heavie and unequal Hand upon our Honours?
Weſt. O my good Lord *Mowbray*,
Conſtrue the Times to their Neceſſities,
And you ſhall ſay (indeed) it is the time,
And not the King that doth you injuries.
Yet for your part, it not appears to me,
Either from the King, or in the preſent Time
That you ſhould have an inch of any ground
To build a Grief on: were you not reſtor'd
To all the Duke of *Norfolk*'s Seignories,
Your Noble and right well remembred Father's?
Mow. What thing, in Honour, had my Father loſt,
That need to be reviv'd, and breath'd in me?
The King that lov'd him, as the State ſtood then,
Was forc'd, perforce compell'd to baniſh him:
And then, that *Henry Bullingbrook* and he
Being mounted, and both rowſed in their Seats,
Their neighing Courſers daring of the Spur,
Their armed Staves in charge, their Beavers down,
Their Eyes of Fire, ſparkling through ſights of Steel,
And the loud Trumpet blowing them together:
Then, then, when there was nothing could have ſtay'd
My Father from the Breaſt of *Bullingbrook*;
O, when the King did throw his Warder down,
(His own Life hung upon the Staff he threw)
Then threw he down himſelf, and all their Lives,
That by Indictment, and by dint of Sword,
Have ſince miſcarried under *Bullingbrook*.
Weſt. You ſpeak (Lord *Mowbray*) now you know not what.
The Earl of *Hereford*, was reputed then
In *England* the moſt valiant Gentleman.
Who knows, on whom Fortune would then have ſmil'd?
But if your Father had been Victor there,
He ne're had born it out of *Coventry*.
For all the Country, in a general voice,
Cry'd hate upon him: and all their Prayers, and Love,
Were ſet on *Hereford*, whom they doted on,
And bleſs'd, and grac'd, and did more than the King.
But this is meer digreſſion from my purpoſe.
Here come I from our Princely General,
To know your Griefs; to tell you from his Grace,
That he will give you Audience: and wherein
It ſhall appear, that your Demands are juſt,
You ſhall enjoy them, every thing ſet off
That might ſo much as think you Enemies.
Mow. But he hath forc'd us to compel this Offer,
And it proceeds from Policie, not Love.
Weſt. *Mowbray*, you over-ween to take it ſo:
This Offer comes from Mercy, not from Fear.
For lo, within a Ken our Army lies.
Upon mine Honour, all too confident
To give admittance to a thought of Fear.
Our Battel is more full of Names than yours,
Our Men more perfect in the uſe of Arms,
Our Armour all as ſtrong, our Cauſe the beſt;
Then Reaſon will, our Hearts ſhould be as good.
Say you not then our Offer is compell'd.
Mow. Well, by my will we ſhall admit no Parley.
Weſt. That argues but the ſhame of your Offence:
A rotten Caſe abides no handing.
Haſt. Hath the Prince *John* a full Commiſſion,
In very ample virtue of his Father,
To hear, and abſolutely to determine
Of what conditions we ſhall ſtand upon?
Weſt. That is intended in the Generals Name:
I muſe you make ſo ſlight a Queſtion.
Biſh. Then take (my Lord of *Weſtmerland*) this Schedule,
For this contains our general Grievances:
Each ſeveral Article herein redreſs'd,
All members of our Cauſe, both here, and hence,
That are inſinewed to this Action,
Acquitted by a true ſubſtantial form,
And preſent execution of our wills,
To us, and to our Purpoſes confin'd,
We come within our awful Banks again,
And knit our Powers to the Arm of Peace.
Weſt. This will I ſhew the General. Pleaſe you Lords

In ſight of both our Battels, we may meet
At either end in peace: which Heaven ſo frame,
Or to the place of difference call the Swords,
Which muſt needs decide it.
Biſh. My Lord, we will do ſo.
Mow. There is a thing within my Boſom tells me,
That no Condition of our peace can ſtand.
Haſt. Fear you not that, if we can make our Peace
Upon ſuch large terms, and ſo abſolute,
As our Conditions ſhall conſiſt upon,
Our Peace ſhall ſtand as firm as Rocky Mountains.
Mow. I, but our valuation ſhall be ſuch,
That every ſlight, and falſe-derived Cauſe,
Yea, every idle, nice, and wanton Reaſon,
Shall to the King, taſte of this Action:
That were our Royal Faiths, Martyrs in Love,
We ſhall be winnowed with ſo rough a wind,
That even our Corn ſhall ſeem as light as Chaff,
And good from bad find no partition.
Biſh. No, no (my Lord) note this: the King is weary
Of dainty and ſuch picking Grievances:
For he hath found, to end one doubt by Death,
Revives two greater in the Heirs of Life.
And therefore will he wipe his Tables clean,
And keep no Tell-tale to his Memory,
That may repeat, and Hiſtory his loſs,
To new remembrance. For full well he knows,
He cannot ſo preciſely weed this Land,
As his miſdoubts preſent occaſion:
His Foes are ſo enrooted with his Friends,
That plucking to unfix an Enemy,
He doth unfaſten ſo, and ſhake a Friend.
So that this Land, like an offenſive Wife,
That hath enrag'd him on, to offer ſtrokes,
As he is ſtriking, holds his Infant up,
And hangs reſolv'd Correction in the Arm,
That was uprear'd to execution.
Haſt. Beſides, the King hath waſted all his Rods,
On late Offenders, that he now doth lack
The very Inſtruments of Chaſtiſement:
So that his Power, like to a Fangleſs Lyon
May offer, but not hold.
Biſh. 'Tis very true:
And therefore be aſſur'd (my good Lord Marſhal)
If we do now make our Atonement well,
Our Peace will (like a broken Limb united)
Grow ſtronger, for the breaking.
Mow. Be it ſo:
Here is return'd my Lord of *Weſtmerland.*
Enter Weſtmerland.
We. The Prince is here at hand: Pleaſeth your Lordſhip
To meet his Grace, juſt diſtance 'tween our Armies?
Mow. Your Grace of *York*, in Heavens name then forward.
Biſh. Before, and greet his Grace, (my Lord) we come.
Enter Prince John.
John. You are well encountred here (my Couſin *Mowbray*)
Good day to you gentle Lord Arch-Biſhop,
And ſo to you Lord *Haſtings*, and to all.
My Lord of *York*, it better ſhew'd with you,
When that your Flock (aſſembled by the Bell)
Encircled you, to hear with reverence
Your Expoſition on the holy Text,
Than now to ſee you here an Iron man,
Cheering a rout of Rebels with your Drum,
Turning the Word to Sword, and Life to death.
That man that ſits within a Monarch's Heart,
And ripens in the Sun-ſhine of his Favour,
Would he abuſe the Countenance of the King,
Alack, what miſchiefs might he ſet abroach,
In ſhadow of ſuch greatneſs? With you, Lord Biſhop,
It is even ſo. Who hath not heard it ſpoken,
How deep you were within the Books of Heaven?
To us, the Speaker in his Parliament;
To us, the imagine voice of Heaven it ſelf:
The very Opener, and Intelligencer
Between the Grace, the Sanctities of Heaven,
And our dull workings. O, who ſhall believe,
But you miſuſe the reverence of your Place,
Employ the Countenance and Grace of Heaven,
As a falſe Favourite doth his Princes Name,
In deeds diſhonourable? You have taken up,
Under the counterfeit Zeal of Heaven,
The Subjects of Heaven's Subſtitute, my Father,
And both againſt the Peace of Heaven, and Him,
Have here up-ſwarmed them.
Biſh. Good my Lord of *Lancaſter*,
I am not here againſt your Father's Peace:
But (as I told my Lord of *Weſtmerland*)
The time (miſ-order'd) doth in common ſenſe
Crowd us, and cruſh us, to this monſtrous Form,
To hold our ſafety up. I ſent your Grace
The parcels, and particulars of our Grief,
The which hath been with ſcorn ſhov'd from the Court:
Whereon this *Hydra*-Son of War is born,
Whoſe dangerous Eyes may well be charm'd aſleep,
With grant of our moſt juſt and right deſire;
And true Obedience of this Madneſs cur'd,
Stoop tamely to the foot of Majeſty.
Mow. If not, we ready are to try our Fortunes
To the laſt man.
Haſt. And though we here fall down,
We have Supplies to ſecond our Attempt:
If they miſcarry, theirs ſhall ſecond them.
And ſo, ſucceſs of miſchief ſhall be born,
And Heir from Heir ſhall hold this Quarrel up,
Whiles *England* ſhall have Generation.
John. You are too ſhallow (*Haſtings*)
Much too ſhallow,
To ſound the bottom of the after-times.
Weſt. Pleaſeth your Grace, to anſwer them directly,
How far-forth you do like their Articles?
John. I like them all, and do allow them well:
And ſwear here, by the Honour of my Blood,
My Father's purpoſes have been miſtook,
And ſome, about him, have too laviſhly
Wreſted his meaning, and Authority.
My Lord, theſe Griefs ſhall be with ſpeed redreſt:
Upon my Life, they ſhall. If this may pleaſe you,
Diſcharge your Powers unto their ſeveral Counties,
As we will ours: and here between the Armies,
Let's drink together friendly, and embrace,
That all their Eyes may bear thoſe Tokens home,
Of our reſtored Love, and Amity.
Biſh. I take your Princely word, for theſe redreſſes.
John. I give it you, and will maintain my word;
And thereupon I drink unto your Grace.
Haſt. Go Captain, and deliver to the Army
This News of Peace; let them have pay, and part:
I know it will well pleaſe them.
Hie thee, Captain. [*Exit.*
Biſh. To you my noble Lord of *Weſtmerland.*
Weſt. I pledge your Grace:
And if you knew what pains I have beſtow'd,
To breed this preſent Peace,
You would drink freely: but my love to ye
Shall ſhew it ſelf more openly hereafter.
Biſh. I do not doubt you.
Weſt. I am glad of it.
Health to my Lord, and gentle Couſin *Mowbray.*
Mow. You wiſh me health in very happy ſeaſon,
For I am on the ſudden, ſomething ill.
Biſh. Againſt ill Chances men are ever merry,
But Heavineſs fore-runs the good Event.
Weſt. Therefore be merry (Coz) ſince ſudden ſorrow
Serves to ſay thus: ſome good thing comes to morrow.
Biſh. Believe me, I am paſſing light in Spirit.
Mow. So much the worſe, if your own Rule be true.

John. The word of Peace is render'd: hark how they ſhowt.

Mow. This had been chearful after Victory.

Biſh. A peace is of the nature of a Conqueſt:
For then both Parties nobly are ſubdu'd,
And neither party loſer.

John. Go (my Lord)
And let our Army be diſcharged too:
And good my Lord ſo (pleaſe you) let our Trains
March by us, that we may peruſe the men, [*Exit.*
We ſhould have cop'd withall.

Biſh. Go, good Lord *Haſtings*:
And e're they be diſmiſs'd, let them march by. [*Exit.*

John. I truſt (Lords) we ſhall lie to night together.

Enter Weſtmerland.

Now Couſin, wherefore ſtands our Army ſtill?

Weſt. The Leaders, having charge from you to ſtand,
Will not go off until they hear you ſpeak.

John. They know their Duties. [*Enter* Haſtings.

Haſt. Our Army is diſpers'd:
Like youthful Steers, unyoak'd, they took their courſe
Eaſt, Weſt, North, South: or like a School broke up,
Each hurries towards his home, and ſporting place.

Weſt. Good tidings, (my Lord *Haſtings*) for the which
I do arreſt thee (Traytor) of high Treaſon:
And you Lord Arch-Biſhop, and you Lord *Mowbray*,
Of Capital Treaſon, I attach you both.

Mow. Is this proceeding juſt and honourable?

Weſt. Is your Aſſembly ſo?

Biſh. Will you thus break your Faith?

John. I pawn'd thee none:
I promis'd you redreſs of theſe ſame Grievances
Whereof you did complain; which by mine Honour,
I will perform, with a moſt Chriſtian care.
But for you (Rebels) look to taſte the due
Meet for Rebellion, and ſuch Acts as yours.
Moſt ſhallowly did you theſe Arms commence,
Fondly brought here, and fooliſhly ſent hence.
Strike up our Drums purſue the ſcatter'd ſtray,
Heaven, and not we, have ſafely fought to day.
Some guard theſe Traitors to the block of Death,
Treaſons true bed, and yielder up of breath. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Falſtaff, *and* Colevile.

Falſt. What's your Name, Sir? of what Condition are you? and what place, I pray?

Col. I am a Knight, Sir:
And my Name is *Colevile* of the Dale.

Falſt. Well then, *Colevile* is your Name, a Knight is your Degree, and your Place, the Dale. *Colevile* ſhall ſtill be your Name, a Traitor your Degree, and the Dungeon your Place, a place deep enough: ſo ſhall you be ſtill *Colevile* of the Dale.

Col. Are not you Sir *John Falſtaff*?

Falſtaff. As good a man as he, Sir, who e're I am: do ye yield, Sir, or ſhall I ſweat for you? if I do ſweat, they are the drops of thy Lovers, and they weep for thy death, therefore rowze up Fear and Trembling, and do obſervance to my mercy.

Col. I think you are Sir *John Falſtaff*, and in that thought yield me.

Fal. I have a whole School of Tongues in this belly of mine, and not a Tongue of them all ſpeaks any other word but my Name: and I had but a belly of any indifferency, I were ſimply the moſt active fellow in *Europe*: my womb, my womb, my womb undoes me. Here comes our General.

Enter Prince John *and* Weſtmerland.

John. The heat is paſt, follow no farther now,
Call in the Powers, good Couſin *Weſtmerland*.
Now *Falſtaff*, where have you been all this while?
When every thing is ended, then you come.
Theſe tardy tricks of yours will (on my life)
One time or other, break ſome Gallows back.

Fal. I would be ſorry (my Lord) but it ſhould be thus: I never knew yet, but rebuke and check was the reward of Valour. Do you think me a Swallow, an Arrow, or a Bullet? Have I, in my poor and old Motion, the expedition of Thought? I have ſpeeded hither with the very extremeſt inch of poſſibility. I have foundred ninescore and odd Poſts: and here (travel-tainted as I am) have, in my pure and immaculate Valour, taken Sir *John Colevile* of the Dale, a moſt furious Knight, and valorous Enemy: But what of that? he ſaw me, and yielded: that I may juſtly ſay with the hook-noſ'd fellow of *Rome*, I came, ſaw, and over-came.

John. It was more of his Courteſie, than your Deſerving.

Fal. I know not: here he is, and here I yield him: and I beſeech your Grace, let it be book'd with the reſt of this days deeds; or, I ſwear, I will have it in a particular Ballad, with mine own Picture on the top of it, (*Colevile*) kiſſing my foot: To the which courſe, if I be enforc'd, if you do not all ſhew like gilt two-pences to me; and I, in the clear Sky of Fame, o're-ſhine you as much as the full Moon doth the Cynders of the Element, (which ſhew like Pins Heads to her) believe not the word of the Noble: therefore let me have right, and let deſert mount.

John. Thine's too heavy to mount.

Falſt. Let it ſhine then.

John. Thine's too thick to ſhine.

Falſt. Let it do ſomething (my good Lord) that may do me good, and call it what you will.

John. Is thy Name *Colevile*?

Col. It is (my Lord.)

John. A famous Rebel art thou, *Colevile*.

Falſt. And a famous true Subject took him.

Col. I am (my Lord) but as my Betters are,
That led me hither: had they been rul'd by me,
You ſhould have won them dearer than you have.

Falſt. I know not how they ſold themſelves, but thou like a kind Fellow, gav'ſt thy ſelf away; and I thank thee, for thee.

Enter VVeſtmerland.

John. Have you left purſuit?

Weſt. Retreat is made, and Execution ſtay'd.

John. Send *Colevile*, with his Confederates,
To *York*, to preſent Execution.
Blunt, lead him hence, and ſee you guard him ſure.
[*Exit* Colevile.
And now diſpatch we toward the Court (my Lords)
I hear the King, my Father is ſore ſick,
Our News ſhall go before us, to his Majeſty,
VVhich (Couſin) you ſhall bear, to comfort him:
And we with ſober ſpeed will follow you.

Falſt. My Lord, I beſeech you, give me leave to go through *Glouceſterſhire*; and when you come to Court, ſtand my good Lord, 'pray, in your good report.

John. Fare you well, *Falſtaff*: I, in my condition,
Shall better ſpeak of you, than you deſerve. [*Exit.*

Falſt. I would you had but the wit: twere better than your Dukedome. Good faith, this ſame young ſober-blooded Boy doth not love me, nor a man cannot make him laugh; but that's no marvel, he drinks no VVine. There's never any of theſe demure Boys come to any proof: for thin drink doth ſo over-cool their blood, and making many Fiſh-Meals, that they fall into a kind of Male Green-ſickneſs: and then, when they marry, they get VVenches. They are generally Fools, and Cowards; which ſome of us ſhould be too, but for inflammation. A good Sherris-Sack hath a two-fold operation in it: it aſcends me into the Brain, dries me there all the fooliſh, and dull, and crudy Vapours, which environ it: makes it apprehenſive, quick, forgetive, full of nimble, fiery, and delectable ſhapes; which deliver'd o're to the

Voyce, the Tongue, which is the Birth, becomes excellent Wit. The ſecond property of your excellent Sherris, is, the warming of the Blood: which before (cold, and ſetled) left the Liver white, and pale: which is the Badge of Puſillanimity, and Cowardiſe: but the Sherris warms it, and makes it courſe from the inwards, to the parts extreme: it illuminateth the Face, which (as a Beacon) gives warning to all the reſt of this little Kingdom (man) to Arm: and then the Vital Commoners, and inland petty Spirits, muſter me all to their Captain, the Heart; who great, and puft up with his retinue, doth any deed of Courage: and this Valour comes of Sherris. So that skill in the Weapon is nothing, without Sack (for that ſets it a work:) and Learning, a meer Hoard of Gold, kept by a Devil, till Sack commences it, and ſets it in act, and uſe. Hereof comes it, that Prince *Harry* is valiant: for the cold blood he did naturally inherit of his Father, he hath, like lean, ſteril, and bare Land, manured, husbanded, and till'd, with excellent endeavour of drinking good, and good ſtore of fertil Sherris, that he is become very hot, and valiant. If I had a thouſand ſons, the firſt Principle I would teach them, ſhould be to forſwear thin Potations, and to addict themſelves to Sack. [*Enter* Bardolph.

How now, *Bardolph.*

Bard. Thy Army is diſcharged all, and gone.

Falſt. Let them go: I'le through *Glocеſterſhire*, and there will I viſit Maſter *Robert Shallow*, Eſquire: I have him already tempering between my finger and my thumb, and ſhortly will I ſeal with him. Come away.

[*Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter King, Warwick, Clarence, Gloceſter.

King. Now Lords, if Heaven doth give ſucceſsful end
To this Debate that bleedeth at our doors,
We will our Youth lead on to higher Fields,
And draw no Swords, but what are ſanctifi'd.
Our Navy is addreſſed, our Power collected,
Our Subſtitutes, in abſence, well inveſted,
And every thing lies level to our wiſh;
Onely we want a little perſonal ſtrength:
And pawſe us, till theſe Rebels, now a foot,
Come underneath the yoak of Government.

War. Both which we doubt not, but your Majeſty
Shall ſoon enjoy.

King. *Humphrey* (my Son of *Glouceſter*) where is the
Prince, your Brother?

Glo. I think he's gone to hunt (my Lord) at *Windſor.*

King. And how accompanied?

Glo. I do not know (my Lord.)

King. Is not his Brother, *Thomas* of *Clarence*, with him?

Glo. No (my good Lord) he is in preſence here.

Clar. What would my Lord, and Father?

King. Nothing but well to thee, *Thomas* of *Clarence*,
How chance thou art not with the Prince, thy Brother?
He loves thee, and thou do'ſt neglect him (*Thomas*)
Thou haſt a better place in his Affection
Than all thy Brothers: Cheriſh it (my Boy)
And Noble Offices thou may'ſt effect
Of Mediation (after I am dead)
Between his Greatneſs, and thy other Brethren.
Therefore omit him not: blunt not his Love,
Nor loſe the good advantage of his Grace,
By ſeeming cold, or careleſs of his will.
For he is gracious if he be obſerv'd:
He hath a Tear for Pity, and a Hand
Open (as Day) for melting Charity:
Yet notwithſtanding, being incens'd, he's Flint,
As humorous as Winter, and as ſudden
As Flaws congealed in the Spring of day.
His temper therefore muſt be well obſerv'd:
Chide him for faults, and do it reverently,
When you perceive his blood inclin'd to mirth:
But being moody, give him line, and ſcope,
Till that his paſſions (like a Whale on ground)
Confound themſelves with working. Learn this, *Thomas*,
And thou ſhalt prove a ſhelter to thy Friends,
A Hoop of Gold to bind thy Brothers in:
That the united Veſſel of their Blood
(Mingled with Venome of Suggeſtion,
As force, perforce, the Age will pour it in)
Shall never leak, though it do work as ſtrong
As *Aconitum*, or raſh Gun-powder.

Clar. I ſhall obſerve him with all care, and love.

King. Why art thou not at *Windſor* with him, (*Thomas?*)

Clar. He is not there to day: be dines in *London.*

King. And how accompanied? Canſt thou tell that?

Clar. With *Poins*, and other his continual Followers.

King. Moſt ſubject is the fatteſt Soyl to Weeds:
And He (the Noble Image of my Youth)
Is over-ſpread with them: therefore my grief
Stretches it ſelf beyond the hour of Death.
The blood weeps from my heart, when I do ſhape
(In forms imaginary) th'unguided Days,
And rotten Times, that you ſhall look upon,
When I am ſleeping with my Anceſtors.
For when his head-ſtrong Riot hath no Curb,
When Rage and hot-blood are his Counſellers,
When Means and laviſh Manners meet together,
Oh, with what Wings ſhall his Affections flye
Towards fronting Peril, and oppos'd decay?

War. My gracious Lord, you look beyond him quite:
The Prince but ſtudies his Companions,
Like a ſtrange Tongue: wherein, to gain the Language,
'Tis needful, that the moſt immodeſt word
Be look'd upon, and learn'd: which once attain'd,
Your Highneſs knows, comes to no farther uſe,
But to be known, and hated. So, like groſs terms,
The Prince will, in the perfectneſs of time,
Caſt off his Followers: and their memory
Shall as a Pattern, or a Meaſure live,
By which his Grace muſt mete the lives of others,
Turning paſt Evils to advantages.

King. 'Tis ſeldom, when the Bee doth leave her Comb
In the dead Carrion.

Enter VVeſtmerland.

VVho's here? *Weſtmerland?*

Weſt. Health to my Soveraign, and new happineſs
Added to that, that I am to deliver.
Prince *John*, your Son, doth kiſs your Graces hand:
Mowbray, the Biſhop, *Scroop*, *Haſtings*, and all,
Are brought to the Correction of your Law,
There is not now a Rebels Sword unſheath'd,
But Peace puts forth her Olive every where:
The manner how this Action hath been born,
Here (at more leiſure) may your Highneſs read,
VVith every courſe, in his particular.

King. O *Weſtmerland*, thou art a Summer Bird,
VVhich ever, in the baunch of VVinter, ſings
The lifting up of day.

Enter Harcourt.

Look, here's more News.

Har. From Enemies, Heaven keep your Majeſty:
And when they ſtand againſt you, may they fall,
As thoſe that I am come to tell you of.
The Earl *Northumberland*, and the Lord *Bardolf*,
VVith a great Power of *Engliſh*, and of *Scots*,
Are by the Sheriff of *York-ſhire* overthrown:
The manner, and true order of the fight,
This Packet (pleaſe you) contains at large.

King. And wherefore ſhould theſe good News
Make me ſick?
VVill Fortune never come with both hands full,

But write her fair words ſtill in fouleſt Letters?
She either gives a Stomack, and no food,
(Such are the Poor, in health) or elſe a Feaſt,
And takes away the Stomach, (Such are the Rich,
That have aboundance, and enjoy it not.)
I ſhould rejoyce now, at this happy News,
And now my Sight fails, and my brains is giddy.
O me, come near me, now I am much ill.
Glo. Comfort your Majeſty.
Cla. Oh, my Royal Father.
Weſtmer. My Soveraign Lord, chear up your ſelf, look up.
War. Be patient (Princes) you do know, theſe Fits
Are with his Highneſs very ordinary.
Stand from him, give him air:
He'll ſtraight be well.
Clar. No no, he cannot long hold out: theſe pangs,
Th'inceſſant care, and labour of his mind,
Hath wrought the Mure, that ſhould confine in it,
So thin, that life looks through, and will break out.
Glo. The people fear me: for they do obſerve
Unfather'd Heirs, and loathly Births of Nature:
The Seaſons change their manners, as the year
Had found ſome Months aſleep, and leap'd them over.
Clar. The River hath thrice flow'd, no ebb between:
And the old folk (Times doting Chronicles)
Say it did ſo, a little time before
That our Grand-ſire *Edward* ſick'd, and dy'd.
War. Speak lower, (Princes) for the King recovers.
Glo. This Apoplexy will (certain) be his end.
King. I pray you take me up, and bear me hence
Into ſome other Chamber: ſoftly 'pray.
Let there be no noyſe made, (my gentle Friends)
Unleſs ſome dull and favourable hand
Will whiſper Muſick to my weary Spirit.
War. Call for the Muſick in the other Room.
King. Set me the Crown upon my Pillow here.
Clar. His eye is hollow, and he changes much.
War. Leſs noyſe, leſs noyſe.

Enter Prince Henry.

Prin. Hen. Who ſaw the Duke of *Clarence*?
Cla. I am here (Brother) full of heavineſs.
Prin. Hen. How now? Rain within doors, and none abroad? How doth the King?
Glo. Exceeding ill.
Prin. Hen. Heard he the good News yet?
Tell it him.
Glo. He alter'd much, upon the hearing it.
Prin. Hen. If he be ſick with Joy,
He'l recover without Phyſick.
War. Not ſo much noyſe, (my Lords)
Sweet Prince, ſpeak low.
The King, your Father, is diſpos'd to ſleep.
Clar. Let us with-draw into the other Room.
War. Wil't pleaſe your Grace to go along with us?
Prin. Hen. No: I will ſit, and watch here, by the King.
Why doth the Crown lye there, upon his Pillow,
Being ſo troubleſom a Bed-fellow?
O poliſh'd Perturbation! Golden Care!
That keeep'ſt the Ports of ſlumber open wide
To many a watchful Night: ſleep with it now,
Yet not ſo ſound, and half ſo deeply ſweet,
As he whoſe Brow (with homely Biggen bound)
Snores out the Watch of Night. O Majeſty!
When thou do'ſt pinch thy Bearer, thou do'ſt ſit
Like a rich Armor, worn in heat of day,
That ſcald'ſt with ſafety: by his Gates of breath,
There lyes a downy Feather, which ſtirs not:
Did he ſuſpire, that light and weightleſs down
Perforce muſt move. My gracious Lord, my Father,
This ſleep is ſound indeed: this is a ſleep,
That from this Golden Rigol hath divorc'd
So many *Engliſh* Kings. Thy due from me,
Is Tears, and heavy Sorrows of the Blood,
Which Nature, Love, and filial tenderneſs
Shall (O dear Father) pay thee plenteouſly.
My due, from thee, is this Imperial Crown,
Which (as immediate from thy place, and blood)
Derives it ſelf to me. Lo, here it ſits,
Which heaven ſhall guard:
And put the World's whole ſtrength into one Gyant Arm,
It ſhall not force this Lineal Honor from me.
This, from thee, will I to mine leave,
As 'tis left to me. [*Exit.*

Enter Warwick, Glouceſter, Clarence.

King. Warwick, Glouceſter, Clarence.
Clar. Doth the King call?
War. What would your Majeſty? how fares your Grace?
King. Why did you leave me here alone, (my Lords)
Cla. We left the Prince (my Brother) here (my Liege,
Who undertook to ſit and watch by you.
King. The Prince of *Wales*? where is he? let me ſee him.
War. This door is open, he is gone this way.
Glo. He came not through the Chamber where we ſtaid.
King. Where is the Crown? who took it from my Pillow?
War. When we with-drew (my Liege) we left it here.
King. The Prince hath t'ane it hence:
Go ſeek him out.
Is he ſo haſty, that he doth ſuppoſe
My ſleep, my death? Find him (my Lord of *Warwick*)
Chide him hither: this part of his conjoyns
With my diſeaſe, and helps to end me.
See Sons, what things you are:
How quickly Nature falls into revolt,
When Gold becomes her Object?
For this, the fooliſh over-careful Fathers
Have broke their ſleeps with thoughts,
Their brains with care, their bones with induſtry.
For this, they have ingroſſed and pyl'd up
The canker'd heaps of ſtrange-atchieved Gold:
For this, they have been thoughtful, to inveſt
Their Sons with Arts, and Martial Exerciſes:
When, like the Bee, culling from every Flower
The vertuous Sweets, our Thighs packt with Wax,
Our Mouths with Honey, we bring it to the Hive;
And like the Bees, are murthered for our pains.
This bitter taſte yields his Engroſsments
To the ending Father.

Enter Warwick.

Now where is he, that will not ſtay ſo long,
Till his friends ſickneſs hath determin'd me?
War. My Lord, I found the Prince in the next Room,
Waſhing with kindly Tears his gentle Cheeks,
With ſuch a deep demeanour, in great ſorrow,
That Tyranny, which never quafft but blood,
Would (by beholding him) have waſh'd his Knife
With gentle eye-drops. He is coming hither.
King. But wherefore did he take away the Crown?

Enter Prince Henry.

Lo, where he comes. Come hither to me, (*Harry*)
Depart the Chamber, leave us here alone. [*Exit.*
Prin. Hen. I never thought to heare you ſpeak again.
King. Thy wiſh was Father (*Harry*) to that thought:
I ſtay too long by thee, I weary thee.
Do'ſt thou ſo hunger for my empty Chair,
That thou wilt needs inveſt thee with mine Honors,
Before thy hour be ripe? O fooliſh youth!
Thou ſeek'ſt the Greatneſs, that will over-whelm thee:
Stay but a little: for my Cloud of Dignity
Is held from falling, with ſo weak a wind,
That it will quickly drop: my Day is dim.
Thou haſt ſtoln that, which after ſome few hours
Were thine, without offence: and at my death
Thou haſt ſeal'd up my Expectation.
Thy life did manifeſt, thou lovd'ſt me not,

And thou wilt have me dye aſſur'd of it.
Thou hid'ſt a thouſand Daggers in thy thoughts,
Which thou haſt whetted on thy ſtony heart,
To ſtab at half an hour of my frail life.
What ? canſt thou not forbear me half an hour ?
Then get thee gone, and dig thy grave thy ſelf,
And bid the merry Bells ring to thy ear,
That thou art Crowned, not that I am dead,
Let all the Tears, that ſhould bedew my Herſe
Be drops of Balm, to ſanctifie thy head :
Onely compound me with forgotten duſt ;
Give that, which gave thee life, unto the Worms :
Pluck down my Officers, break my Decrees ;
For now a time is come, to mock at Form.
Henry the Fifth is Crown'd : Up Vanity,
Down Royal State : All you ſage Counſellors, hence :
And to the Engliſh Court, aſſemble now
From ev'ry Region, Apes of Idleneſs.
Now Neighbour-Confines, purge you of your Scum :
Have you a Ruffian that will ſwear ? drink ? and dance ?
Revel the night ? rob ? murder ? and commit
The oldeſt ſins, the neweſt kind of ways ?
Be happy, he will trouble you no more :
England ſhall double guil'd, his trebble guilt.
England ſhall give him Office, Honor, Might :
For the Fifth *Harry*, from curb'd Licenſe plucks
The muzzle of Reſtraint, and the wilde Dog
Shall fleſh his tooth in every Innocent.
O my poor Kingdom (ſick with civil blows)
When that my Care could not with-hold thy Ryots,
What wilt thou do, When Ryot is thy Care ?
O, thou wilt be a Wilderneſs again,
Peopled with Wolves (thy old Inhabitants.)
Prin. O pardon me (my Liege)
But for my Tears,
The moſt Impediments unto my Speech, moist
I had fore-ſtall'd, your grave and deep rebuke,
E're you (with grief) had ſpoke, and I had heard
The courſe of it ſo far. There is your Crown,
And he that wears the Crown immortally,
Long guard it yours : If I affect it more,
Than as your Honour, and as your Renown,
Let me no more from this Obedience riſe,
Which my moſt true, and inward dutious ſpirit
Teacheth this proſtrate, and exteriour bending.
Heaven witneſs with me, when I here came in,
And found no courſe of breath within your Majeſty,
How cold it ſtruck my heart. If I do feign,
O let me, in my preſent wildeneſs, dye,
And never live, to ſhew th'incredulous World,
The Noble change that I have purpoſed.
Coming to look on you, thinking you dead,
(And dead almoſt (my Liege) to think you were)
I ſpake unto the Crown (as having ſenſe)
And thus upbraided it. The Care on thee depending,
Hath fed upon the body of my Father,
Therefore, thou beſt of Gold art worſt of Gold.
Other, leſs fine in Carract, is more precious,
Preſerving life, in Med'cine potable :
But thou, moſt Fine, moſt Honour'd, moſt Renown'd,
Haſt eat the Bearer up.
Thus (my Royal Liege)
Accuſing it, I put it on my Head,
To try with it (as with an Enemy,
That had before my face murd'red my Father)
The Quarrel of a true Inheritor :
But if it did infect my blood with joy,
Or ſwell my Thoughts to any ſtrain of Pride,
If any Rebel, or vain Spirit of mine,
Did, with the leaſt Affection of a Welcome,
Give entertainment to the might of it.
Let Heaven, for ever, keep it from my head,
And make me as the pooreſt Vaſſal is,
That doth with awe, and terrour kneel to it.
King. O my Son !
Heauen put it in thy mind to take it hence,
That thou might'ſt joyn the more, thy Fathers love,
Pleading ſo wiſely, in excuſe of it.
Come hither *Harry*, ſit thou by my bed,
And hear (I think) the very lateſt Counſel
That ever I ſhall breathe : Heaven knows, my Son,
By what by-pathes, and indirect crook'd-ways
I met this Crown : and I my ſelf know well
How troubleſom it ſate upon my head.
To thee, it ſhall deſcend with better Quiet,
Better Opinion, better Confirmation :
For all the ſoyl of the Atchievment goes
With me, into the Earth. It ſeem'd in me,
But as an Honour ſnatch'd with boy'ſtrous hand,
And I had many living, to upbraid
My gain of it, by their Aſſiſtances,
Which daily grew to a Quarrel, and to Blood-ſhed,
Wounding ſuppoſed Peace.
All theſe bold Fears,
Thou ſeeſt (with peril) I have anſwered :
For all my Reign hath been but as a Scene
Acting that Argument. And now my death
Changes the Mode : For what in me was purchas'd,
Falls upon thee, in a more Fairer ſort.
So thou the Garland wear'ſt ſucceſſively,
Yet, though thou ſtand'ſt more ſure, than I could do,
Thou art not firm enough, ſince griefs are green :
And all thy Friends, which thou muſt make thy Friends,
Have but their ſtings, and teeth, newly taken out,
By whoſe fell working, I was firſt advanc'd,
And by whoſe Power, I well might lodge a Fear
To be again diſplac'd. Which to a void,
I cut them off, and had a purpoſe now
To lead out many to the Holy Land ;
Leſt reſt, and lying ſtill, might make them look
Too near unto my State.
Therefore (my *Harry*)
Be it thy courſe to buſie giddy Minds
With Forreign Quarrels : that Action, hence born out,
May waſte the memory of the former days.
More would I, but my Lungs are waſted ſo,
That ſtrength of Speech is utterly deny'd me.
How I came by the Crown, O Heaven forgive :
And grant it may, with thee, in true peace live.
Prin. My gracious Liege :
You won it ; wore it, kept it, gave it me,
Then plain and right muſt my poſſeſſion be ;
Which I, with more, than with a common pain,
'Gainſt all the World, will rightfully maintain.

Enter Lord John *of* Lancaſter *and* Warwick.

King. Look, look,
Here comes my *John* of *Lancaſter* :
John. Health, Peace, and Happineſs
To my Royal Father :
King. Thou bring'ſt me happineſs,
(Son *John*,)
But health (alack) with youthful wings is flown
From this bare, wither'd Trunk. Upon thy ſight
My worldly buſineſs makes a Period.
Where is my Lord of *Warwick* ?
Prin. My Lord of *Warwick.*
King. Doth any Name particular belong
Unto the Lodging, where I firſt did ſwoon ?
War. 'Tis call'd *Jeruſalem*, my Noble Lord.
King. Laud be to Heaven :
Even there my life muſt end.
It hath been propheſi'd to me many years,
I ſhould not dye but in *Jeruſalem* :
Which (vainly) I ſuppoſ'd the Holy-Land.
But bear me to that Chamber, there I'le lye :
In that *Jeruſalem*, ſhall *Harry* dye. [*Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Shallow, Silence, Falſtaff, Bardolph, Page, *and* Davy.

Shal. By Cock and Pye, you ſhall not away to night.
What, *Davy*, I ſay.

Fal. You muſt excuſe me, Maſter *Robert Shallow.*

Shal. I will not excuſe you: you ſhall not be excuſed. Excuſes ſhall not be admitted: there is no excuſe ſhall ſerve: you ſhall not be excus'd.
Why *Davy.*

Davy. Here, Sir.

Shal. *Davy*, *Davy*, *Davy*, let me ſee, *Davy*, let me ſee: *William* Cook, bid him come hither. Sir *John*, you ſhall not be excus'd.

Davy. Marry, Sir, thus: thoſe Precepts cannot be ſerv'd: and again, Sir, ſhall we ſow the head-land with Wheat?

Shal. With red Wheat, *Davy.* But for *William* Cook: are there no young Pidgeons?

Davy. Yea, Sir.
Here is now the Smith's note for Shooing,
And Plough-Irons.

Shal. Let it be caſt, aud paid: Sir *John*, you ſhall not be excus'd.

Davy. Sir, a new link to the Bucket muſt needs be had: And, Sir, do you mean to ſtop any of *Williams* Wages, about the Sack he loſt the other day at *Hinckley* Fair?

Shal. He ſhall anſwer it:
Some Pidgeons, *Davy*, a couple of ſhort-legg'd Hens: a joint of Mutton, and any pretty little tine Kickſhaws, tell *William* Cook.

Davy. Doth the man of War, ſtay all night, Sir?

Shal. Yes, *Davy*:
I will uſe him well. A Friend i'th' Court, is better than a Penny in Purſe. Uſe his men well, *Davy*, for they are arrant Knaves, and will back-bite.

Davy. No worſe than they are bitten, Sir: for they have marvellous foul Linnen.

Shal. Well conceited, *Davy*: about thy buſineſs, *Davy.*

Davy. I beſeech you, Sir,
To countenance *William Viſor* of *Woncot*, againſt *Clement Perkes* of the Hill.

Shal. There are many Complaints, *Davy*, againſt that *Viſor*, that *Viſor* is an arrant Knave, on my knowledge.

Davy. I grant your Worſhip, that he is a Knave, Sir: But yet Heaven forbid, Sir, but a Knave ſhould have ſome Countenance, at his Friends requeſt. An honeſt man, Sir, is able to ſpeak for himſelf, when a Knave is not. I have ſerv'd your Worſhip truly, Sir, theſe eight years: and if I cannot once or twice in a Quarter bear out a Knave againſt an Honeſt man, I have but a very little credit with your Worſhip. The Knave is mine honeſt Friend, Sir, therefore, I beſeech your Worſhip, let him be Countenanc'd.

Shal. Go too,
I ſay, he ſhall have no wrong: Look about, *Davy.*
Where are you, Sir *John*? Come, off with your Boots.
Give me your hand, Maſter *Bardolph.*

Bard. I am glad to ſee your Worſhip.

Shal. I thank thee, with all my heart, kind Maſter
Bardolph, and welcome, my tall Fellow:
Come, Sir *John.*

Falſt. I'le follow you, good Maſter *Robert Shallow.* *Bardolph*, look to our Horſes. If I were ſaw'd into Quantities, I ſhould make four dozen of ſuch bearded Hermites ſtaves, as Maſter *Shallow.* It is a wonderful thing to ſee the ſemblable Coherence of his mens Spirits, and his: They, by obſerving of him, do bear themſelves like fooliſh Juſtices: He, by converſing with them, is turn'd into a Juſtice-like Servingman. Their Spirits, are ſo married in Conjunction, with the Participation of Society, that they flock together in conſent, like ſo many Wild-Geeſe. If I had a ſuit to Maſter *Shallow*, I would humour his men, with the imputation of being near their Maſter. If to his men, I would curry with Maſter *Shallow*, that no man could better Command his Servants. It is certain, that either wiſe bearing, or ignorant Carriage is caught, as men take diſeaſes, one of another: therefore, let men take heed of their Company. I will deviſe matter enough out of this *Shallow*, to keep Prince *Harry* in continual Laughter, the wearing out of ſix faſhions, which is four Terms, or two Actions, and he ſhall laugh with *Intervallums.* O it is much that a Lye (with a ſlight Oath) and a Jeſt (with a ſad Brow) will do with a Fellow, that never had the Ache in his ſhoulders. O you ſhall ſee him laugh, till his Face be like a wet Cloak, ill laid up.

Shall. Sir *John.*

Fal. I come, Maſter *Shallow*, I come, Maſter *Shallow.* [*Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Earl of Warwick, *and the Lord Chief Juſtice.*

War. How now, my Lord Chief Juſtice, whither away?

Ch. Juſt. How doth the King?

War. Exceeding well: his Cares
Are now all ended.

Ch. Juſt. I hope, not dead.

War. He's walk'd the way of Nature,
And to our purpoſes, he lives no more.

Ch. Juſt. I would his Majeſty had call'd me with him,
The Service, that I truly did his life,
Hath left me open to all Injuries.

War. Indeed I think the young King loves you not.

Ch. Juſt. I know he doth not, and do arm my ſelf
To welcome the condition of the Time,
Which cannot look more hideouſly upon me,
Than I have drawn it in my fantaſie.

Enter John *of* Lancaſter, Glouceſter, *and* Clarence.

War. Here comes the heavy iſſue of dead *Harry*:
O, that the living *Harry* had the temper
Of him, the worſt of theſe three Gentlemen:
How many Nobles then ſhould hold their places,
That muſt ſtrike ſail to Spirits of vile ſort?

Ch. Juſt. Alas, I fear, all will be over-turn'd.

John. Good morrow, Couſin *Warwick*, good morrow.

Glou. Clar. Good morrow, Couſin.

John. We meet, like men, that had forgot to ſpeak.

War. We do remember: But our Argument
Is all too heavy, to admit much talk.

Joh. Well: Peace be with him, that hath made us heavy.

Ch. Juſt. Peace be with us, leſt we be heavier.

Glou. O, Good my Lord, you have loſt a Friend indeed:
And I dare ſwear, you borrow not that Face
Of ſeeming ſorrow, it is ſure your own.

Joh. Though no man be aſſur'd what Grace to find,
You ſtand in coldeſt expectation.
I am the ſorrier, would 'twere otherwiſe.

Cla. Well, you muſt now ſpeak Sir *John Falſtaff* fair,
Which ſwims againſt your ſtream of Quality.

Ch. Juſt. Sweet Princes: what I did, I did in honor,
Led by th'Imperial Conduct of my Soul,
And never ſhall you ſee, that I will beg
A ragged and foreſtall'd Remiſſion.
If Troth, and upright Innocency fail me,
I'le to the King (my Maſter) that is dead,
And tell him, who hath ſent me after him.

War. Here comes the Prince.

Enter Prince Harry.

Ch. Juſt. Good morrow: and Heaven ſave your Majeſty.

Prin. This new, and gorgeous Garment, Majeſty,
Sits not ſo eaſie on me, as you think.
Brothers, you mix your Sadneſs with ſome Fear:
This is the *Engliſh*, not the *Turkiſh* Court:
Not *Amurah* an *Amurah* ſucceeds,
But *Harry*, *Harry*: Yet be ſad (good Brothers)
For (to ſpeak truth) it very well becomes you:
Sorrow, ſo Royally in you apears,
That I will deeply put the faſhion on,
And wear it in my Heart. Why then be ſad,
But entertain no more of it (good Brothers)
Than a joint-burthen laid upon us all.
For me, by Heaven (I bid you be aſſur'd)
I'le be your Father, and your Brother too:
Let me but bear your Love, I'le bear your Cares;
But weep that *Harry*'s dead, and ſo will I,
But *Harry* lives, that ſhall convert thoſe Tears
By number, unto hours of Happineſs.
John.&c. We hope no other from your Majeſty.
Prin. You all look ſtrangely on me: and you moſt.
You are (I think) aſſur'd, I love you not.
Ch. Juſt. I am aſſur'd (if I be meaſur'd rightly)
Your Majeſty hath no juſt cauſe to hate me.
Prin. No? How might a Prince of my great hopes forget
So great Indignities you laid upon me?
What? Rate? Rebuke? and roughly ſend to Priſon
Th'immediate Heir of *England*? Was this eaſie?
May this be waſh'd in *Lethe*, and forgotten?
Ch. Juſt. I then did uſe the Perſon of your Father;
The Image of his Power lay then in me,
And in th'adminiſtration of his Law,
Whiles I was buſie for the Common-wealth,
Your Highneſs pleaſed to forget my place,
The Majeſty, and Power of Law, and Juſtice,
The Image of the King, whom I preſented,
And ſtruck me in my very Seat of Judgment:
Whereon (as an Offender to your Father)
I gave bold way to my Authority,
And did commit you. If the deed were ill;
Be you contented, wearing now the Garland,
To have a Son, ſet your decrees at naught?
To pluck down Juſtice from your awful Bench?
To trip the courſe of Law, and blunt the Sword
That guards the peace, and ſafety of your Perſon?
Nay more, to ſpurn at your moſt Royal Image,
And mock your workings, in a Second body?
Queſtion your Royal Thoughts, make the caſe yours:
Be now the Father, and propoſe a Son:
Hear your own dignity ſo much prophan'd,
See your moſt dreadful Laws, ſo looſely ſlighted;
Behold your ſelf, ſo by a Son diſdained:
And then imagine me, taking your part,
And in your Power, ſoft ſilencing your Son:
After this cold conſiderance, ſentence me;
And, as you are a King, ſpeak in your State,
What I have done, that misbecame my place,
My perſon, or my Lieges Soveraignty.
Prin. You are right Juſtice, and you weigh this well:
Therefore ſtill bear the Ballance, and the Sword:
And I do wiſh your Honours may increaſe,
Till you do live, to ſee a Son of Mine
Offend you, and obey you, as I did.
So ſhall I live to ſpeak my Fathers words:
Happy am I, that have a man ſo bold,
That dares do Juſtice, on my proper Son;
And no leſs happy, having ſuch a Son,
That would deliver up his greatneſs ſo,
Into the hands of Juſtice. You did commit me:
For which I do commit into your Hand,
Th'unſtained Sword that you have us'd to bear:
With this Remembrance; That you uſe the ſame
With the like bold, juſt, and impartial Spirit
As you have done 'gainſt me. There is my Hand,
You ſhall be as a Father to my Youth
My Voice ſhall ſound, as you do prompt mine Ear,
And I will ſtoop, and humble my intents,
To your well practis'd, wiſe Directions.
And Princes all, believe me, I beſeech you:
My Father is gone wild into his Grave,
(For in his Tomb, lye my Affections)
And with his Spirit, ſadly I ſurvive,
To mock the expectation of the World:
To fruſtrate Propheſies, and to race out
Rotten Opinion, who hath writ me down
After my ſeeming. The Tide of Blood in me,
Hath proudly flow'd in Vanity, till now.
Now doth it turn, and ebb back to the Sea.
Wherein it ſhall mingle with the ſtate of floods,
And flow henceforth in formal Majeſty.
Now call we our High Court of Parliament,
And let us chooſe ſuch Limbs of Noble Counſel,
That the great Body of our State may go
In equal rank with the beſt govern'd Nation,
That War, or Peace, or both at once may be
As things acquainted and familiar to us,
In which you (Father) ſhall have formoſt hand,
Our Coronation done, we will accite
(As I before remembred) all our State,
And (Heaven conſigning to my good intents)
No Prince, nor Peer, ſhall have juſt cauſe to ſay,
Heaven ſhorten *Harry*'s happy life, one day. [*Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Falſtaff, Shallow, Silence, Bardolph,
Page, Davy, *and* Piſtol.

Shal. Nay; you ſhall ſee mine Orchard, where in an Arbour we will eat a laſt years Pippin of my own graffing, with a diſh of Carrawayes, and ſo forth: Come, couſin *Silence*, and then to bed.

Fal You have here a goodly dwelling, and a rich.

Shal. Barren, barren, barren: Beggers all, beggers all, Sir *John*: Marry, good air. Spread *Davy*, ſpread *Davy*: Well ſaid *Davy*.

Fal. This *Davy* ſerves you for good uſes: he is your Servingman, and your Husbandman.

Shal. A good Varlet, a good Varlet, a very good Varlet, Sir *John*: I have drunk too much Sack at Supper. A good Varlet. Now ſit down, now ſit down: Come Couſin.

Sil. Ah Sirrah, (quoth-a) we ſhall do nothing but eat, and make good cheer, and praiſe Heaven for the merry year: when Fleſh is cheap, and Females dear, and luſty Lads more here and there: ſo merrily, and ever among ſo merrily.

Fal. There's a merry heart, good Maſter *Silence.* I'le drink your health for that anon.

Shal. Good Maſter *Bardolph*: Some wine, *Davy*.

Dav. Sweet Sir, ſit: I'le be with you anon: moſt ſweet, Sir, ſit. Maſter *Page*, ſit: good Maſter *Page*, ſit: Proface. What you want in meat, we'll have in drink: but you bear, the heart's all.

Shal. Be merry, Maſter *Bardolph*, and my little Souldier there, be merry.

Sil. Be merry, be merry, my wife has all.
For women are ſhrews, both ſhort and tall:
'Tis merry in Hall, when Beards wag all:
And welcome merry *Shrovetide*. Be merry, be merry.

Fal. I did not think Maſter *Silence* had been a man of this Mettle.

Sil. Who I? I have been merry twice and once, o're now.

Dav. There is a diſh of Leather-coats for you.

Shal. *Davy*.

Dav. Your Worſhip: I'le be with you ſtreight. A cup of Wine, Sir.

Sil. A Cup of Wine, that's brisk and fine, and drink unto the Leman mine: and a merry heart lives long-a.

Fal. Well ſaid, Maſter *Silence.*

Sil. If we ſhall be merry, now comes in the ſweet of the night.

Fal. Health, and long life to you, Maſter *Silence.*

Sil. Fill the Cup, and let it come. I'le pledge you, were't a mile to the bottom.

Shal. Honeſt *Bardolf*, welcome: If thou want'ſt any thing, and will not call, beſhrew thy heart. Welcome my little tyne thief, and welcome indeed too: I'le drink to Maſter *Bardolf*, and to all Cavileroes about *London.*

Dav. I hope to ſee *London*, once e're I dye.

Bar. If I might ſee you there, *Davy.*

Shal. You'll crack a quart together? Ha, will you not, Maſter *Bardolf*?

Bar. Yes Sir, in a pottle pot.

Shal. I thank thee: the Knave will ſtick by thee, I can aſſure thee that. He will not out, he is true bred.

Bard. And I'le ſtick by him, Sir.

Shal. Why there ſpoke a King: lack nothing, be merry. Look, who's at door there, ho: who knocks?

Fal. Why now you have don me right.

Sil. Do me right, and dub me Knight, *Samingo.* Is't not ſo?

Fal. 'Tis ſo.

Sil. Is't? Why then ſay an old man can do ſomewhat.

Dav. If it pleaſe your Worſhip, there's one *Piſtol* come from the Court with News.

Fal. From the Court? Let him come in.

Enter Piſtol.

How now, *Piſtol*?

Piſt. Sir *John*, ſave you, Sir.

Fal. What wind blew you hither, *Piſtol*?

Piſt. Not the ill wind which blows none to good, ſweet Knight: Thou art now one of the greateſt men in the Realm.

Silen. Indeed, I think he be, but Goodman *Puff* of Barſon.

Piſt. *Puff*? puff in thy teeth, moſt recreant Coward baſe. Sir *John*, I am thy *Piſtol*, and thy Friend: helter ſkelter have I rode to thee, and tydings do I bring, and lucky joyes, and golden Times, and happy News of price.

Fal. I prethee now deliver them, like a man of this VVorld.

Piſt. A footra for the VVorld, and VVorldlings baſe,
I ſpeak of *Africa*, and Golden Joys.

Fal. O baſe *Aſſyrian* Knight, what is thy News?
Let King *Covitha* know the truth thereof.

Sil. And *Robin-hood*, *Scarlet*, and *John.*

Piſt. Shall dunghil Curs confront the *Helicon*?
And ſhall good News be baffl'd?
Then *Piſtol* lay thy head in Furies lap.

Shal. Honeſt Gentleman,
I know not your breeding.

Piſt. VVhy then lament therefore.

Shal. Give me pardon, Sir.
If, Sir, you come with News from the Court, I take it, there is but two ways, either to utter them, or to conceal them. I am Sir, under the King, in ſome Authority.

Piſt. Under which King?
Bezonian, ſpeak, or dye.

Shal. Under King *Harry.*

Piſt. *Harry* the Fourth? or Fifth?

Shal. *Harry* the Fourth.

Piſt. A footra for thine Office.
Sir *John*, thy tender Lamb-kin now is King,
Harry the Fifth's the man, I ſpeak the truth.
VVhen *Piſtol* lyes, do this, and fig-me, like
The bragging *Spaniard.*

Falſt. VVhat, is the old King dead?

Piſt. As nail in door.
The things I ſpeak are juſt,

Fal. Away *Bardolf*, Saddle my Horſe,
Maſter *Robert Shallow*, chooſe what Office thou wilt
In the Land, 'tis thine. *Piſtol*, I will double charge thee
VVith Dignities.

Bard. O joyful day!
I would not take a Knighthood for my Fortune.

Piſt. VVhat? I do bring good News.

Falſt. Carry Maſter *Silence* to Bed: Maſter *Shallow*, my Lord *Shallow*, be what thou wilt, I am Fortunes Steward. Get on thy Boots, we'll ride all night. Oh ſweet *Piſtol*: Away *Bardolf*: Come *Piſtol*, utter more to me: and withal deviſe ſomething to do thy ſelf good. Boot, Boot, Maſter *Shallow*, I know the young King is ſick for me. Let us take any mans Horſes: The Laws of *England* are at my commandment. Happy are they, which have been my Friends: and wo unto my Lord Chief Juſtice.

Piſt. Let Vultures vile ſeize on his Lungs alſo:
Where is the Life that late I led, ſay they?
VVhy here it is, welcome thoſe pleaſant days. [*Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Hoſteſs Quickly, Doll Tear-ſheet, and Beadles.

Hoſteſs. No, thou arrant knave: I would I might die, that I might have thee hang'd: Thou haſt drawn my ſhoulder out of joynt.

Off. The Conſtables have deliver'd her over to me: and ſhe ſhall have Whipping cheer enough, I warrant her. There hath been a man or two (lately) kill'd about her.

Dol. Nut-hook, nut-hook, you lye: Come on, I'le tell thee what, thou damn'd Tripe-viſag'd Raſcal, if the Child, I now go with, do miſcarry, thou had'ſt better thou had'ſt ſtrook thy Mother, thou Paper-fac'd Villain.

Hoſt. O that Sir *John* were come, he would make this a bloody day to ſome body. But I would the Fruit of her Womb might miſcarry.

Officer. If it do, you ſhall have a dozen of Cuſhions again, you have but eleven now. Come, I charge you both go with me: for the man is dead, that you and *Piſtol* beat among you.

Dol. I'le tell thee what, thou thin man in a Cenſor; I will have you as ſoundly ſwing'd for this, you blew-Bottl'd Rogue: you filthy famiſh'd Correctioner, if you be not ſwing'd, I'le forſwear half Kirtles.

Off. Come, come, you ſhe-Knight-arrant, come.

Hoſt. O, that right ſhould thus o'recome might. Well, of ſufferance comes eaſe.

Dol. Come you Rogue, come:
Bring me to a Juſtice.

Hoſt. Yes, come, you ſtarv'd Blood-hound.

Dol. Goodman Death, goodman Bones.

Hoſt. Thou Anatomy, thou.

Dol. Come, you thin Thing:
Come, you Raſcal.

Offi. Very well. [*Exeunt.*

Scena Quinta.

Enter two Grooms.

1. *Groom.* More Ruſhes, more Ruſhes.

2. *Groom.* The Trumpets have ſounded twice.

1. *Groo.* It will be two of the Clock e're they come from the Coronation. [*Exeunt Grooms.*

Enter Falſtaff, Shallow, Piſtol, Bardolf, *and Page.*

Falſtaff. Stand here by me, M. *Robert Shallow*, I will make the King do you Grace. I will leer upon him, as he comes by: and do but mark the countenance, that he will give me.

Piſtol. Bleſs thy Lungs, good Knight.

Falſt. Come here *Piſtol*, ſtand behind me. O, if I had had time to have made new Liveries, I would have beſtowed the thouſand pound I borrowed of you. But it is no matter, this poor ſhew doth better: this doth infer the zeal I had to ſee him.

Shal. It doth ſo.

Falſt. It ſhews my earneſtneſs in affection.

Piſt. It doth ſo.

Falſt. My devotion.

Piſt. It doth, it doth, it doth.

Falſt. As it were to ride day and night,
And not to deliberate, not to remember,
Not to have patience to ſhift me.

Shal. It is moſt certain.

Falſt. But to ſtand ſtained with Travel and ſweating with deſire to ſee him, thinking of nothing elſe, putting all Affairs in oblivion, as if there were nothing elſe to be done, but to ſee him.

Piſt. 'Tis *ſemper idem*; for *abſque hoc nihil eſt.* 'Tis all in every part.

Shal. 'Tis ſo indeed.

Piſt. My Knight, I will enflame thy Noble Liver, and make thee rage. Thy *Dol*, and *Helen* of thy Noble thoughts is in baſe Durance, and contagious priſon: Hal'd thither by moſt Mechanical and durty hands. Rowze up Revenge from *Ebon* den, with fell *Alecto*'s Snake, for *Dol*'s in. *Piſtol* ſpeaks nought but troth.

Falſt. I will deliver her.

Piſt. There roar'd the Sea: and Trumpet Clangour ſounds.

The Trumpets ſound. Enter King Henry *the Fifth,*
Brothers, Lord Chief-Juſtice.

Falſt. Save thy Grace, King *Hall*, my Royal *Hall.*

Piſt. The Heavens thee guard and keep, moſt Royal Imp of Fame.

Falſt. 'Save thee, my ſweet Boy.

King. My Lord Chief Juſtice, ſpeak to that vain man.

Ch. Juſt. Have you your wits?
Know you what 'tis you ſpeak?

Falſt. My King, my *Jove*; I ſpeak to thee, my heart.

King. I know thee not, old man: Fall to thy Prayers:
How ill white Hairs become a Fool, and Jeſter?
I have long dream'd of ſuch a kind of man,
So ſurfeit-ſwell'd, ſo old, and ſo prophane:
But being awake, I do deſpiſe my dream.
Make leſs thy Body, (hence) and more thy Grace,
Leave gormandizing. Know the Grave doth gape
For thee, thrice wider than for other men.
Reply not to me, with a Fool-born Jeſt,
Preſume not, that I am the thing I was,
For Heaven doth know (ſo ſhall the world perceive)
That I have turn'd away my former Self,
So will I thoſe that kept me Company.
When thou do'ſt hear I am, as I have bin,
Approach me, and thou ſhalt be as thou was't,
The Tutor and the Feeder of my Riots:
Till then, I baniſh thee, on pain of death,
As I have done the reſt of my Miſleaders,
Not to come near our Perſon, by ten mile.
For competence of life, I will allow you,
That lack of means enforce you not to evil:
And as we hear you do redeem your ſelves,
We will according to your ſtrength, and Qualities,
Give you advancement. Be it your charge (my Lord)
To ſee perform'd the tenure of our word. Set on.
[*Exit King.*

Falſt. Maſter *Shallow*, I owe you a thouſand pound.

Shal. I marry, Sir *John*, which I beſeech you to let me have home with me.

Falſt. That can hardly be, M. *Shallow*, do not you grieve at this: I ſhall be ſent for in private to him: Look you, he muſt ſeem thus to the world: fear not your Advancement: I will be the man yet, that ſhall make you Great.

Shal. I cannot well perceive how, unleſs you ſhould give me your Doublet, and ſtuff me out with ſtraw. I beſeech you, good Sir *John*, let me have five hundred of my thouſand.

Falſt. Sir, I will be as good as my word. This, that you heard, was but a colour.

Shal. A colour I fear, that you will dye in, Sir *John.*

Fal. Fear no Colours, go with me to dinner:
Come Lieutenant *Piſtol*, come *Bardolf*,
I ſhall be ſent for ſoon at night.

Ch. Juſt. Go carry Sir *John Falſtaff* to the *Fleet*,
Take all his company along with him.

Falſt. My Lord, My Lord.

Ch. Juſt. I cannot now ſpeak, I will hear you ſoon:
Take them away.

Piſt. Si fortuna me tormento, ſpera me contento.
[*Exit. Manet* Lancaſter, *and Chief Juſtice.*

John. I like this fair proceeding of the Kings,
He hath intent his wonted Followers
Shall be very well provided for:
But are baniſht, till their Converſations
Appear more wiſe, and modeſt in the world.

Ch. Juſt. And ſo they are.

John. The King hath call'd his Parliame,
My Lord.

Ch. Juſt. He hath.

John. I will lay odds, that e're this year expire,
We bear our Civil Swords, and Native fire
As far as *France.* I heard a bird ſo ſing,
Whoſe Muſick (to my thinking) pleas'd the King.
Come, will you hence? [*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

EPILOGUE.

Firſt, my Fear; then, my Curteſie; laſt, my Speech. My Fear, is your Diſpleaſure; my Curteſie, my Duty; and my Speech, to beg your Pardons. If you look for a good Speech now, you undo me: for what I have to ſay, is of mine own making, and what (indeed) I ſhould ſay, will (I doubt) prove mine own marring. But to the Purpoſe, and ſo to the Venture. Be it known to you, (as it is very well) I was lately here in the end of a diſpleaſing Play, to pray your Patience for it, and to promiſe you a better, I did mean (indeed) to pay you with this, which if (like an ill Venture) it come unluckily home, I break; and you, my gentle Creditors loſe: Here I promiſt you I would be, and here I commit my Body to your Mercies: Bate me ſome, and I will pay you ſome, and (as moſt Debtors do) promiſe you infinitely.

If my Tongue cannot entreat you to acquit me, will you command me to uſe my Legs? And yet that were but light payment, to dance out of your debt: But a good Conſcience will make any poſſible ſatisfaction, and ſo will I. All the Gentlewomen here have forgotten me; if the Gentlewomen will not, then the Gentlemen do not agree with the Gentlewomen, which was never ſeen before in ſuch an aſſembly.

One word more, I beſeech you: if you be not too much cloid with Fat meat, our humble Authour will continue the ſtory (with Sir *John* in it) and make you merry with fair *Katherine* of *France*: where (for any thing I know) *Falſtaff* ſhall die of a Sweat, unleſs already he be kill'd with your hard Opinions: for *Oldcaſtle* died a Martyr, and this is not the man. My Tongue is weary, when my Legs are too, I will bid you good night; and ſo kneel down before you: (But indeed) to pray for the Queen.

The Actors Names.

RUMOUR the Preſenter.
King *Henry* the Fourth.
Prince *Henry*, afterwards Crowned King *Henry* the Fifth.

Prince *John* of *Lancaſter*.
Humphrey of *Gloceſter*.
Thomas of *Clarence*.
} Sons to *Henry* the Fourth, and Brethren to *Henry* the Fifth.

Northumberland.
The Arch Biſhop of *York*.
Mowbray.
Haſtings,
Lord Bardolf.
Travers.
Morton.
Colevile.
} Oppoſites againſt King *Henry* the Fourth.

Warwick.
Weſtmerland.
Surrey.
Gower.
Harecourt.
Lord Chief Juſtice.
} Of the Kings Party.

Poyns.
Falſtaff.
Bardolph.
Piſtol.
Peto.
Page.
} Irregular Humoriſts.

Shallow
Silence.
} Both Countrey Juſtices.

Davy, Servant to Shallow.
Phang, and Snare, 2 Serjeants,
Mouldy.

Shadow.
Wart.
Feeble.
Bulcalf.
} Country Souldiers.

Drawers.
Beadles.
Grooms.

Northumberlands Wife.
Percies Widow.
Hoſteſs Quickly.
Doll Tear-ſheet.
Epilogue.

THE LIFE OF KING HENRY V.

Enter Prologue.

O, For a Muſe of Fire, that would aſcend
The brighteſt Heaven of Invention,
A Kingdom for a Stage, Princes to act,
And Monarchs to behold the ſwelling Scene.
Then ſhould the Warlike Harry, *like himſelf,*
Aſſume the Port of Mars, *and at is heels*
(Leaſht in, like hounds) ſhould Famine, Sword, and Fire
Crouch for Employment. But pardon, Gentles all,
The flat unraiſed Spirit, that hath dar'd,
On this unworthy Scaffold, to bring forth
So great an Object. Can this Cock-Pit hold
The vaſty Field of France? Or may we cramm
Within this Wooden O the very Casket
That did affright the Air at Agincourt?
O pardon: ſince a crooked Figure may
Atteſt in little place a Million,
And let us, Cyphers to this great Accompt,
On your imaginary Forces work.
Suppoſe within the Girdle of theſe Walls
Are now confi n'd two mighty Monarchs,
Whoſe high, up-rear'd, and abutting Fronts,
The perillous narrow Ocean parts aſunder.
Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts:
Into a thouſand parts divide one Man,
And make imaginary Puiſſance.
Think, when we talk of Horſes, that you ſee them
Printing their proud Hoofs i'th' receiving Earth:
For 'tis your thoughts that now muſt deck our Kings,
Carry them here and there: jumping o're Times;
Turning th' accompliſhment of many years
Into an Hour-glaſs: for the which ſupply,
Admit me Chorus *to this Hiſtory;*
Who Prologue-like, your humble patience pray,
Gently to heare, kindly to judge our Play. [Exit.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter the Biſhops of Canterbury, *and* Ely.

Biſh. Cant.
MY Lord, I'le tell you, that ſelf Bill is urg'd,
Which in th' eleventh year of the laſt Kings Reign
Was like, and had indeed againſt us paſt,
But that the ſcambling and unquiet time
Did puſh it out of farther Queſtion.
Biſh. Ely. But how, my Lord, ſhall we reſiſt it now?
Biſh. Cant. It muſt be thought on: if it paſs againſt vs,
We loſe the better part of our Poſſeſſion:
For all the Temporal Lands, which men devout
By Teſtament have given to the Church,
Would they ſtrip from us; being valu'd thus,
As much as would maintain, to the King's Honour,
Full fifteen Earls, and fifteen hundred Knights,
Six thouſand and two hundred good Eſquires:
And to relief of Lazars, and weak age
Of indigent faint Souls, paſt corporal toyl,
A hundred Alms-houſes, right well ſuppli'd:
And to the Coffers of the King, beſide,
A thouſand pound by th' year. Thus runs the Bill.
Biſh. Ely. This would drink deep.
Biſh. Cant. 'Twould drink the Cup and all.
Biſh. Ely. But what prevention?
Bſh. Cant. The King is full of grace, and fair regard.
Biſh. Ely. And a true lover of the Holy Church.
Biſh. Cant. The courſes of his youth promis'd it not,
The breath no ſooner left his Fathers Body,
But that his wildneſs mortifi'd in him,
Seem'd to die too: yea at that very moment,
Conſideration, like an Angel, came,
And whipt th' offending *Adam* out of him,
Leaving his Body as a Paradiſe,
T' invelope and contain Celeſtial Spirits.
Never was ſuch a ſudden Scholar made:
Never came Reformation in a Flood
With ſuch a heady current, ſcowring Faults:
Nor never *Hydra*-headed Wilfulneſs
So ſoon did loſe his Seat, and all at once,
As in this King.
Biſh. Ely. We are bleſſed in the Change.
Biſh. Cant. Hear him but reaſon in Divinity,
And all-admiring, with an inward wiſh
You would deſire the King were made a Prelate.
Hear him debate of Common-wealth Affairs;
You would ſay, it hath been all in all his ſtudy:
Liſt his diſcourſe of War, and you ſhall hear
A fearful Battel rendred you in Muſick.

Turn him to any Cauſe of Policy,
The Gordian Knot of it he will unlooſe,
Familiar as his Garter: that when he ſpeaks,
The Air, a Charter'd Libertine, is ſtill,
And the mute Wonder lurketh in mens ears,
To ſteal his ſweet and honied Sentences:
So that the Art and Practick part of Life
Muſt be the Miſtreſs to his Theorique.
Which is a wonder how his Grace ſhould glean it,
Since his addiction was to courſes vain,
His companies unletter'd, rude, and ſhallow,
His Hours fill'd up with Riots, Banquets, Sports;
And never noted in him any ſtudy,
Any retirement, any ſequeſtration
From open Haunts and Popularity.
B. Ely. The Strawberry grows underneath the Nettle,
And wholſom Berries thrive and ripen beſt,
Neighbour'd by fruit of baſer quality:
And ſo the Prince obſcur'd his Contemplation
Under the vail of wildneſs, which (no doubt)
Grew like the Summer Graſs, faſteſt by Night,
Unſeen, yet creſcive in his faculty.
B. Can. It muſt be ſo; for Miracles are ceas'd:
And therefore we muſt needs admit the Means,
How things are perfected.
B. Ely. But, my good Lord:
How now for mitigation of this Bill,
Urg'd by the Commons? doth his Majeſty
Incline to it, or no?
B. Can. He ſeems indifferent:
Or rather ſwaying more upon our part,
Than cheriſhing th'exhibiters againſt us:
For I have made an offer to his Majeſty,
Upon our Spiritual Convocation,
And in regard of Cauſes now in hand,
Which I have open'd to his Grace at large,
As touching *France*, to give a greater Sum,
Than ever at one time the Clergy yet
Did to his Predeceſſors part withal.
B. Ely. How did this Offer ſeem receiv'd, my Lord?
B. Cant. With good acceptance of his Majeſty:
Save that there was not time enough to hear,
As I perceiv'd his Grace would fain have done,
The ſeverals and unhidden paſſages
Of his true Titles to ſome certain Dukedomes,
And generally, to the Crown and ſeat of *France*,
Deriv'd from *Edward*, his great Grandfather.
B. Ely. What was th'impediment, that broke this off?
B. Cant. The *French* Ambaſſador upon that inſtant
Crav'd audience: and the hour I think is come,
To give him hearing: Is it four a Clock?
B. Ely. It is.
B. Cant. Then go we in to know his Embaſſie;
Which I could with a ready gueſs declare,
Before the Frenchman ſpeaks a word of it.
B. Ely. I'le wait upon you, and I long to hear it.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter the King, Humfrey, Bedford, Clarence, Warwick, Weſtmerland, *and* Exeter.

King. Where is my gracious Lord of *Canterbury*?
Exeter. Not here in preſence.
King. Send for him, good Uncle.
Weſtm. Shall we call in the Ambaſſadour, my Liege?
King. Not yet, my Couſin: we would be reſolv'd,
Before we hear him, of ſome things of weight,
That task our thoughts, concerning us and *France*.
Enter two Biſhops.
B. Cant. God and his Angels guard your ſacred (Throne,
And make you long become it.
King. Sure we thank you,
My learned Lord, we pray you to proceed,
And juſtly and religiouſly unfold,
Why the Law *Salike*, that they have in *France*,
Or ſhould, or ſhould not bar us in our Claim:
And God forbid, my dear and faithful Lord,
That you ſhould faſhion, wreſt, or bow your reading,
Or nicely charge your underſtanding Soul
With opening Titles miſcreate, whoſe right
Sutes not in native colours with the truth:
For God doth know, how many now in health
Shall drop their blood, in approbation
Of what your Reverence ſhall incite us to.
Therefore take heed how you impawn our Perſon,
How you awake our ſleeping Sword of War:
We charge you in the name of God take heed;
For never two ſuch Kingdoms did contend
Without much fall of Blood, whoſe guiltleſs drops
Are every one, a Woe, a ſore Complaint,
'Gainſt him, whoſe Wrong gives edge unto the Swords?
That makes ſuch waſte in brief Mortality.
Under this Conjuration, ſpeak my Lord:
For we will hear, note, and believe in heart,
That what you ſpeak is in your Conſcience waſht,
As pure as ſin with Baptiſm.
B. Cant. Then hear me, gracious Soveraign, and you Peers,
That owe your ſelves, your lives, and ſervices,
To this Imperial Throne There is no bar
To make againſt your Highneſs claim to *France*,
But this which they produce from *Pharamond*,
In terram Salicam Mulieres ne ſuccedant,
No Woman ſhall ſucceed in *Salike* Land:
Which *Salike* Land, the *French* unjuſtly gloze
To be the Realm of *France*, and *Pharamond*
The Founder of this Law and female Bar.
Yet their own Authours faithfully affirm,
That the Land *Salike* is in *Germany*,
Between the Floods of *Sala* and of *Elve*:
Where *Charles* the Great having ſubdu'd the *Saxons*,
There left behind and ſettled certain *French*:
Who holding in diſdain the *German* Women,
For ſome diſhoneſt manners of their life,
Eſtabliſht then this Law; to wit, No Female
Should be Inheritrix in *Salike* Land:
Which *Salike* (as I ſaid) 'twixt *Elve* and *Sala*,
Is at this day in *Germany* call'd *Meiſen*.
Then doth it well appear: the *Salike* Law
VVas not deviſed for the Realm of *France*:
Nor did the *French* poſſeſs the *Salike* Land,
Until four hundred one and twenty years
After defunction of King *Pharamond*,
Idely ſuppos'd the Founder of this Law,
VVho died within the year of our Redemption,
Four hundred twenty ſix: and *Charles* the Great
Subdu'd the *Saxons*, and did ſeat the *French*
Beyond the River *Sala*, in the year
Eight hundred five. Beſides, their VVriters ſay,
King *Pepin*, which depoſed *Childerike*,
Did, as Heir general, being deſcended
Of *Blithild*, which was Daughter to King *Clothair*,
Make Claim and Title to the Crown of *France*;
Hugh Capet alſo, who uſurp't the Crown
Of *Charles* the Duke of *Lorain*, ſole Heir male
Of the true Line and ſtock of *Charles* the great:
To find his Title with ſome ſhews of truth,
Though in pure truth it was corrupt and naught,
Convey'd himſelf as th'Heir to th'Lady *Lingare*,
Daughter to *Charlemain*, who was the Son
To *Lewes* the Emperour, and *Lewes* the Son
Of *Charles* the Great: alſo King *Lewes* the Tenth,
VVho was ſole Heir to the Uſurper *Capet*,
Could not keep quiet in his Conſcience,
VVearing the Crown of *France*, 'till ſatisfied,
That fair Queen *Iſabel*, his Grandmother,
VVas Lineal of the Lady *Ermengare*,
Daughter to *Charles* the foreſaid Duke of *Lorain*:
By the which Marriage, the Line of *Charles* the Great

Was re-united to the Crown of *France*.
So, that as clear as is the Summers Sun,
King *Pepin*'s Title, and *Hugh Capet*'s Claim,
King *Lewes* his ſatisfaction, all appear
To hold in Right and Title of the Female:
So do the Kings of *France* upon this day.
Howbeit, they would hold up this *Salique* Law,
To bar your Highneſs claiming from the Female,
And rather chuſe to hide them in a Net,
Than amply to imbar their crooked Titles,
Uſurpt from you and your Progenitors.
King. May I with Right and Conſcience make this Claim?
Biſh. Cant. The ſin upon my head, dread Soveraign:
For in the Book of *Numbers*, it is writ,
When the man dies, let the Inheritance
Deſcend unto the Daughter. Gracious Lord,
Stand for your own, unwind your bloody Flag:
Look back into your mighty Anceſtors:
Go, my dread Lord, to your great Grandſires Tomb,
From whom you claim; invoke his Warlike Spirit,
And your great Uncle, *Edward* the Black Prince,
Who on the *French* ground play'd a Tragedy,
Making defeat on the full Power of *France*:
Whiles his moſt Mighty Father on a Hill
Stood ſmiling, to behold his Lyons Whelp
Forrage in blood of *French* Nobility.
O Noble *Engliſh*, that could entertain,
With half their Forces, the full pride of *France*,
And let another half ſtand laughing by,
And out of work, and cold for action.
Biſh. Ely. Awake remembrance of theſe valiant dead,
And with your puiſſant Arm renew their Feats;
You are their Heir, you ſit upon their Throne:
The Blood and Courage that renowned them,
Runs in your Veins: and my thrice-puiſſant Liege
Is in the very *May*-Morn of his Youth,
Ripe for Exploits and mighty Enterpriſes.
Exe. Your Brother Kings and Monarchs of the Earth
Do all expect, that you ſhould rouze your ſelf,
As did the former Lions of your Blood. (might;
Weſt. They know your Grace hath cauſe, and means, and
So hath your Highneſs, never King of *England*
Had Nobles richer, and more loyal Subjects,
Whoſe Hearts have left their Bodies here in *England*,
And lie pavillion'd in the Field of *France*.
Biſh. Cant. O let their Bodies follow, my dear Liege,
With Blood, and Sword, and Fire, to win your Right:
In aid whereof, we of the Spirituality
Will raiſe your Highneſs ſuch a mighty Sum,
As never did the Clergy at one time
Bring in to any of your Anceſtors.
King. We muſt not onely arm t'invade the *French*,
But lay down our Proportions, to defend
Againſt the *Scot*, who will make road upon us,
With all advantages.
Biſh. Can. They of thoſe Marches, gracious Soveraign,
Shall be a Wall ſufficient to defend
Our in-land from the pilfering Borderers.
King. We do not mean the courſing ſnatchers onely,
But fear the main intendment of the *Scot*,
Who hath been ſtill a giddy Neighbour to us:
For you ſhall read, that my great Grandfather
Never went with his Forces into *France*,
But that the *Scot*, on his unfurniſht Kingdom,
Came pouring like a Tide into a Breach,
With ample and brim fulneſs of his force,
Galling the gleaned Land with hot aſſays,
Girding with grievous ſiege, Caſtles and Towns:
That *England* being empty of defence,
Hath ſhook and trembled at th'ill neighbourhood.
B. Can. She hath bin then more fear'd than harm'd, my
For hear her but exampl'd by her ſelf, (Liege,
When all her Chivalry hath been in *France*,
And ſhe a mourning Widow of her Nobles,
She hath her ſelf not onely well defended,
But taken and impounded as a Stray,
The King of *Scots*: whom ſhe did ſend to *France*,
To fill King *Edward*'s fame with Priſoner Kings,
And make their Chronicle as rich with praiſe,
As is the *Owſe* and bottom of the Sea
With ſunken Wrack, and ſum-leſs Treaſuries.
Biſh. Ely. But there's a ſaying very old and true,
If that you will France *win, then with* Scotland *firſt begin.*
For once the Eagle (*England*) being in prey,
To her ungarded Neſt, the Weazel (*Scot*)
Comes ſneaking, and ſo ſucks her Princely Eggs,
Playing the Mouſe in abſence of the Cat,
To tame and havock more than ſhe can eat.
Exet. It follows then, the Cat muſt ſtay at home,
Yet that is but a cruſh'd neceſſity;
Since we have Locks to ſafeguard Neceſſaries,
And pretty Traps to catch the petty Thieves.
While that the Armed hand doth fight abroad,
Th'adviſed head defends it ſelf at home:
For Government, though high, and low, and lower,
Put into parts, doth keep in one conſent,
Congreeing in a full and natural cloſe,
Like Muſick.
Cant. Therefore doth Heaven divide
The ſtate of man in divers functions,
Setting endeavour in continual Motion:
To which is fixed, as an Aim or Butt,
Obedience: for ſo work the Hony Bees,
Creatures that by a rule in Nature teach
The Act of Order to a peopled Kingdom.
They have a King, and Officers of ſorts,
Where ſome like Magiſtrates correct at home:
Others, like Merchants, venture Trade abroad:
Others, like Souldiers armed in their ſtings,
Make boot upon the Summers Velvet buds:
Which pillage, they with merry march bring home
To the Tent-Royal of their Emperor:
Who buſied in his Majeſties ſurveys,
The ſinging Maſon building roofs of Gold,
The civil Citizens kneading up the Hony;
The poor Mechanick Porters, crowding in
Their heavy Burthens at his narrow gate:
The ſad-ey'd Juſtice with his ſurly hum,
Delivering o're to Executors pale
The lazy yawning Drone: I this infer,
That many things having full reference
To one conſent, may work contrariouſly,
As many Arrows looſed ſeveral ways
Come to one mark: as many ways meet in one town,
As many freſh ſtreams meet in one ſalt Sea;
As many Lines cloſe in the Dials center:
So may a thouſand actions once a foot,
And in one purpoſe, and be all well born
Without defeat. Therefore to *France*, my Liege,
Divide your happy *England* into four,
Whereof, take you one quarter into *France*,
And you withall ſhall make all *Gallia* ſhake,
If we with thrice ſuch Powers left at home,
Cannot defend our own doors from the dog,
Let us be worried, and our Nation loſe
The name of hardineſs and policie.
King. Call in the Meſſengers ſent from the *Dolphin.*
Now are we all reſolv'd, and by Gods help
And yours, the noble ſinews of our Power;
France being ours, we'll bend it to our Awe,
Or break it all to pieces. Or there we'll ſit,
(Ruling in large and ample Emperie,
O're *France*, and all her (almoſt) Kingly Dukedoms)
Or lay theſe Bones in an unworthy Urn,
Tombleſs, with no remembrance over them:
Either our Hiſtory ſhall with full mouth
Speak freely of our Acts, or elſe our Grave
Like Turkiſh mute, ſhall have a tongueleſs mouth,

Not worſhipt with a waxen Epitaph.

Enter Ambaſſadors of France.

Now are we well prepar'd to know the pleaſure
Of our fair Couſin *Dolphin:* for we hear,
Your greeting is from him, not from the King.
Amb. May't pleaſe your Majeſty to give us leave
Freely to render what we have in Charge:
Or ſhall we ſparingly ſhew you far off
The *Dolphin*'s meaning, and our Embaſſie.
King. We are no Tyrant, but a Chriſtian King,
Unto whoſe grace our paſſion is as ſubject
As is our Wretches fettred in our Priſons:
Therefore with frank and with uncurbed plainneſs,
Tell us the *Dolphin*'s mind.
Amb. Thus then in few:
Your Highneſs lately ſending into *France*,
Did claim ſome certain Dukedoms, in the right
Of your great Predeceſſor, King *Edward* the third.
In anſwer of which Claim, the Prince our Maſter
Says that you ſavour too much of your youth,
And bids you be adviſ'd: There's nought in *France*
That can be with a nimble Galliard won;
You cannot revel into Dukedoms there,
He therefore ſends you, meeter for your ſpirit,
This Tun of Treaſure; and in lieu of this,
Deſires you let the Dukedoms that you claim
Hear no more of you. This the *Dolphin* ſpeaks.
King. What Treaſure, Uncle?
Exe. Tennis-balls, my Liege.
King. We are glad the *Dolphin* is ſo pleaſant with us,
His Preſent, and your pains we thank you for:
When we have match'd our Rackets to theſe Balls,
We will in *France* (by Gods grace) play a ſet,
Shall ſtrike his Father's Crown into the hazard.
Tell him he hath made a match with ſuch a Wrangler,
That all the Courts of *France* will be diſturb'd
With Chaces. And we underſtand him well,
How he comes o're us with our wilder days,
Not meaſuring what uſe we made of them.
We never valu'd this poor ſeat of *England*,
And therefore living hence, did give our ſelf
To barbarous licenſe: and 'tis common,
That men are merrieſt, when they are from home:
But tell the *Dolphin*, I will keep my State,
Be like a King, and ſhew my ſayl of Greatneſs,
When I do rowze me in my Throne of *France*.
For that I have laid by my Majeſty,
And plodded like a man for working days:
But I will riſe there with ſo full a glory,
That I will dazle all the Eyes of *France*,
Yea ſtrike the *Dolphin* blind to look on us.
And tell the pleaſant Prince, this Mock of his
Hath turn'd his Balls to Gun-ſtones, and his Soul
Shall ſtand ſore charg'd, for the waſteful Vengeance
That ſhall flye with them: For many a thouſand Widows
Shall this his Mock mock out of their dear Husbands;
Mock Mothers from their Sons, mock Caſtles down:
And ſome are yet ungotten and unborn,
That ſhall have cauſe to curſe the *Dolphin*'s ſcorn.
But this lyes all within the will of God,
To whom I do appeal, and in whoſe name
Tell you the *Dolphin*, I am coming on,
To venge me as I may, and to put forth
My rightful hand in a well-hallow'd cauſe.
So get you hence in peace, and tell the *Dolphin*,
His Jeſt will ſavor but of ſhallow wit,
When thouſands weep more than did laugh at it.
Convey them with ſafe conduct. Fare ye well.
[*Exeunt Ambaſſadors.*
Exe. This was a merry Meſſage.
King. We hope to make the Sender bluſh at it:
Therefore, my Lord's omit no happy hour,
That may give furth'rance to our Expedition;
For we have now no thought in us but *France*,
Save thoſe to God, that run before our buſineſs,
Therefore let our Proportions for theſe Wars
Be ſoon collected, and all things thought upon,
That may with reaſonable ſwiftneſs add
More Feathers to our Wings: For God before,
We'll chide this *Dolphin* at his Father's door.
Therefore let every man now task his thought,
That this fair Action may on foot be brought. [*Exeunt.*

Flouriſh. Enter Chorus.

Now all the Youth of *England* are on fire,
And ſilken Dalliance in the Wardrobe lyes:
Now thrive the Armourers, and Honour's thought
Reigns ſolely in the breaſt of every man.
They ſell the Paſture now, to buy the Horſe,
Following the Mirror of all Chriſtian Kings,
With winged heels as Engliſh *Mercuries*.
For now ſits expectation in the Air,
And hides a Sword, from Hilts unto the Point,
With Crowns imperial, Crowns and Coronets,
Promis'd to *Harry*, and his Followers.
The *French* adviſ'd by good intelligence
Of this moſt dreadful preparation,
Shake in their fear, and with pale Policy
Seek to divert the *Engliſh* purpoſes.
O *England*: Model to thy inward Greatneſs,
Like little Body with a mighty Heart:
What might'ſt thou do, that Honour would thee do,
Were all thy Children kind and natural:
But ſee, thy fault *France* hath in thee found out,
A neſt of hollow boſoms, which he fills
With treacherous Crowns, and three corrupted men;
One *Richard* Earl of *Cambridge*, and the ſecond
Henry Lord *Scroop* of *Maſham*, and the third
Sir *Thomas Gray* Knight of *Northumberland*,
Have for the Gilt of *France* (O Guilt indeed)
Confirm'd Conſpiracy with fearful *France*,
And by their hands, this grace of Kings muſt dye,
If Hell and Treaſon hold their promiſes,
E're he take ſhip for *France*; and in *Southampton*,
Linger your patience on, and we'll digeſt
Th'abuſe of diſtance; force a play:
The ſum is pay'd, the Traitors are agreed,
The King is ſet for *London*, and the Scene
Is now tranſported (Gentles) to *Southampton*,
There is the play-houſe now, there muſt you ſit,
And thence to *France* ſhall we convey you ſafe,
And bring you back: Charming the narrow Seas
To give you gentle Paſs: for if we may,
We'll not offend one ſtomack with our Play.
But till the King come forth, and not till then,
Unto *Southampton* we do ſhift our Scene. [*Exit.*

Enter Corporal Nim, *and Lieutenant* Bardolph.

Bar. Well met, Corporal *Nim*.

Nim. Good morrow, Lieutenant *Bardolph*.

Bar. What, are Ancient *Piſtol* and you Friends yet?

Nim. For my part, I care not: I ſay little: but when time ſhall ſerve, there ſhall be ſmiles, but that ſhall be as it may. I dare not fight, but I will wink, and hold out mine Iron: it is but a ſimple one, but what though? It will toſt cheeſe, and it will endure cold, as another mans ſword will: and there's an end.

Bar. I will beſtow a breakfaſt to make you Friends, and we'll be all three ſworn Brothers to *France*: Let's be ſo, good Corporal *Nim*.

Nim. Faith, I will live ſo long as I may, that's the certain of it: and when I cannot live any longer, I will do as I may: That is my reſt: that is the rendezvous of it.

Bar. It is certain, Corporal, that he is married to *Nel Quickly*, and certainly ſhe did you wrong, for you were troth-plight to her.

Nim. I cannot tell, Things muſt be as they may: men may ſleep, and they may have their throats about them at that time, and ſome ſay, knives have edges: It muſt be as it may, though patience be a tyred name, yet ſhe will plod, there muſt be Concluſions, well, I cannot tell.

Enter Piſtol, *and* Quickly.

Bar. Here comes Ancient *Piſtol* and his Wife: good Corporal, be patient here. How now, mine Hoſte *Piſtol*?

Piſt. Baſe Tyke, call'ſt thou me Hoſte, now by this hand, I ſwear I ſcorn the term: nor ſhall my *Nel* keep Lodgers.

Hoſt. No by my troth, not long: For we cannot lodge and board a dozen or fourteen Gentlewomen that live honeſtly by the prick of their Needles, but it will be thought we keep a Bawdy-houſe ſtraight. O welliday Lady, if he be not hewn now, we ſhall ſee wilful Adultery and Murther committed.

Bar. Good Lieutenant, Good Corporal, offer nothing here. *Nim.* Piſh.

Piſt. Piſh for thee, *Iſland* dog: thou prickear'd Cur of *Iſland*.

Hoſt. Good Corporal *Nim*, ſhew thy Valour, and put up thy Sword.

Nim. Will you ſhog off? I would have you *Solus.*

Piſt. *Solus*, egregious Dog; O Viper vile; The *ſolus* in thy moſt marvellous face, the *ſolus* in thy teeth, and in thy throat, and in thy hateful Lungs, yea in thy Maw perdy; and which is worſe within thy naſty mouth. I do retort the *ſolus* in thy Bowels, for I can take, and *Piſtol's* cock is up, and flaſhing fire will follow.

Nim. I am not *Barbaſon*, you cannot conjure me: I have an humour to knock you indifferently well: If you grow foul with me, *Piſtol*, I will ſcour you with my Rapier, as I may in fair terms. If you would walk off, I would prick your guts a little in good terms, as I may, and that's the humor of it.

Piſt. O Braggard vile, and damned furious wight,
The Grave doth gape, and doting death is near,
Therefore exhale.

Bar. Hear me, hear me what I ſay: He that ſtrikes the firſt ſtroak, I'le run him up to the hilts, as I am a Souldier.

Piſt. An Oath of mickle might, and fury ſhall abate. Give me thy fiſt, thy fore-foot to me give: Thy ſpirits are moſt tall.

Nim. I will cut thy throat one time or other in fair terms, that is the humor of it.

Piſtol. *Couple a gorge* that is the word. I defie thee again. O hound of *Creet*, think'ſt thou my ſpouſe to get? No, to the *Spittle* go, and from the Powdring tub of infamy, fetch forth the Lazer Kit of *Creſſid's* kind, *Dol Tear-ſheet*, ſhe by name, and her eſpouſe. I have, and I will hold the *Quondam Quickly* for the only ſhe: and *Pauca*, there's enough to go to.

Enter the Boy.

Boy. Mine Hoſte *Piſtol*, you muſt come to my Maſter, and your Hoſteſs: He is very ſick and would to bed. Good *Bardolph*, put thy face between the ſheets, and do the Office of a Warming-man: Faith, he's very ill.

Bard. Away, you Rogue.

Hoſt. By my troth, he'll yield the Crow a pudding one of theſe dayes: the King has kill'd his heart. Good Husband come preſently. [*Exit.*

Bar. Come, ſhall I make you two Friends. We muſt to *France* together: why the Devil ſhould we keep Knives to cut one another's throats?

Piſt. Let Flouds o'reſwell, and Fiends for food howl on.

Nim. You'll pay me the eight ſhillings, I won of you at Betting.

Piſt. Baſe is the Slave, that pays.

Nim. That now I will have: that's the humour of it.

Piſt. As manhood ſhall compound: puſh home. [*Draw.*

Bard. By this Sword, he that makes the firſt thruſt, I'le kill him: by this Sword, I will.

Piſt. Sword is an Oath, and Oaths muſt have their courſe.

Bar. Corporal *Nim*, and thou wilt be Friends, be Friends, and thou wilt not, why then be Enemies with me too: prethee put up.

Piſt. A Noble ſhalt thou have, and preſent pay, and Liquor likewiſe will I give to thee, and Friendſhip ſhall combine, and Brotherhood. I'le live by *Nim*, and *Nim* ſhall live by me, is not this juſt? For I ſhall Sutler be unto the Camp, and profits will accrue. Give me thy hand.

Nim. I ſhall have my Noble?

Piſt. In caſh, moſt juſtly paid.

Nim. Well then, that's the humour of't.

Enter Hoſteſs.

Hoſt. As ever you came of Women, come in quickly to Sir *John*: A poor heart, he is ſo ſhak'd of a burning quotidian Tertian, that it is moſt lamentable to behold. Sweet men, come to him.

Nim. The King hath run bad humours on the Knight, that's the even of it.

Piſt. *Nim*, thou has ſpoke the right, his heart is fracted and corroborate.

Nim. The King is a good King, but it muſt be as it may: he paſſes ſome humours and carreers.

Piſt. Let us condole the Knight, for (Lambkins) we will live.

Enter Exeter, Bedford, *and* Weſtmerland.

Bed. Fore God, his Grace is bold to truſt theſe Traitors.
Exe. They ſhall be apprehended by and by.
Weſt. How ſmooth and even they do bear themſelves,
As if all allegiance in their Boſoms ſate
Crowned with Faith and conſtant Royalty.
Bed. The King hath note of all that they intend,
By interception which they dream not of.
Exe. Nay, but the man that was his Bedfellow,
Whom he hath lull'd and cloy'd with gracious favours,
That he ſhould, for a Foreign Purſe, ſo ſell
His Soveraigns life to death and treachery.
[*Sound Trumpets.*

Enter the King, Scroop, Cambridge, *and* Gray.

King. Now ſits the wind fair, and we will aboard.
My Lord of *Cambridge*, and my kind Lord of *Maſham*,
And you my gentle Knight, give me your thoughts:
Think you not, that the Powers we bear with us
Will cut their paſſage through the Force of *France*?
Doing the execution, and the act,
For which we have in head aſſembled them.
Scro. No doubt, my Liege: if each man do his beſt.
King. I doubt not that, ſince we are well perſwaded,
We carry not a heart with us from hence,
That grows not in a fair conſent with ours:
Nor leave not one behind, that doth not wiſh
Succeſs and Conqueſt to attend on us.
Cam. Never was a Monarch better fear'd and lov'd,
Than is your Majeſty; there's not I think a Subject
That ſits in heart-grief and uneaſineſs
Under the ſweet ſhade of your Government.
Gray. True: thoſe that were your Fathers Enemies,
Have ſteept their Gauls in Honey, and do obſerve you
With hearts create of duty, and of zeal.
King. We therefore have great cauſe of thankfulneſs;
And ſhall forget the Office of our hand
Sooner than quittance of deſert and merit,
According to the weight and worthineſs.
Scro. So ſervice ſhall with ſteeled ſinews toyl,
And labour ſhall refreſh it ſelf with hope
To do your Grace inceſſant ſervices.
King. We judge no leſs. Uncle of *Exeter*,
Inlarge the man committed yeſterday,
That rail'd againſt our Perſon: We conſider,
It was exceſs of Wine that ſet him on,

And on his more advice, We pardon him.
Scro. That's mercy, but too much ſecurity:
Let him be puniſh'd, Soveraign, leſt Example
Breed (by his ſufferance) more of ſuch a kind.
King. O let us yet be merciful.
Camb. So may your Highneſs, and yet puniſh too.
Gray. Sir, you ſhew great mercy, if you give him Life,
After the taſte of much Correction.
King. Alas, your too much love and care of me,
Are heavie Oriſons 'gainſt this poor wretch:
If little faults, proceeding on diſtemper,
Shall not be wink'd at, how ſhall we ſtretch our Eye
When Capital Crimes, chew'd, ſwallow'd, and diſgeſted
Appear before us? We'll yet enlarge that man,
Though *Cambridge*, *Scroop*, and *Gray*, in their dear care
And tender preſervation of our Perſon,
Would have him puniſh'd. And now to our *French* Cauſes,
Who are the late Commiſſioners?
Cam. I one, my Lord,
Your Highneſs bad me ask for it to day.
Scro. So did you me, my Liege.
Gray. And I, my Royal Soveraign.
King. Then *Richard* Earl of *Cambridge*, there is yours:
There yours Lord *Scroop* of *Maſham*, and Sir Knight,
Gray of *Northumberland*, this ſame is yours:
Read them, and know I know your worthineſs.
My Lord of *Weſtmerland*, and Uncle *Exeter*,
We will aboard to night. Why, how now Gentlemen?
What ſee you in thoſe Papers, that you loſe
So much Complexion? Look ye how they change:
Their cheeks are Paper. Why, what read you there,
That hath ſo cowarded and chaſ'd your Blood
Out of appearance.
Camb. I do confeſs my fault,
And do ſubmit me to your Highneſs mercy.
Gray. Scro. To which we all appeal.
King. The mercy that was quick in us but late,
By your own Counſel is ſuppreſt and kill'd:
You muſt not dare (for ſhame) to talk of mercy,
For your own Reaſons turn into your Boſoms,
As Dogs upon their Maſters, worrying you:
See you, my Princes and my Noble Peers,
Theſe *Engliſh* monſters: My Lord of *Cambridge* here,
You know how apt our love was to accord
To furniſh him with all appertinents
Belonging to his Honour: and this man,
Hath for a few light Crowns, lightly conſpir'd
And ſworn unto the practices of *France*
To kill us here in *Hampton*. To the which,
This Knight no leſs for bounty bound to us
Than *Cambridge* is, hath likewiſe ſworn. But O,
What ſhall I ſay to thee, Lord *Scroop*, thou cruel,
Ingrateful, ſavage, and inhumane Creature?
Thou that didſt bear the key of all my Counſels,
That knew'ſt the very bottom of my Soul,
That (almoſt) might'ſt have coyn'd me into Gold,
Would'ſt thou have practis'd on me, for thy uſe?
May it be poſſible, that foreign hire
Could out of thee extract one ſpark of Evil
That might annoy my finger? 'Tis ſo ſtrange,
That though the truth of it ſtand off as groſs,
As black and white, my Eye will ſcarcely ſee it.
Treaſon and Murther, ever kept together,
As two yoak Devils ſworn to eithers purpoſe,
Working ſo groſly in a Natural Cauſe,
That admiration did not hoop at them.
But thou ('gainſt all Proportion) didſt bring in
Wonder to wait on Treaſon, and no murther:
And whatſoever cunning Fiend it was
That wrought upon thee ſo prepoſterouſly,
Hath got the voice in Hell for excellence:
And other Devils that ſuggeſt by Treaſons,
Do botch and bungle up Damnation,
With Patches, Colours, and with Forms, being fetcht
From gliſt'ring Semblances of Piety:
But he that temper'd thee, bad thee ſtand up,
Gave thee no inſtance why thou ſhouldſt do Treaſon,
Unleſs to dub thee with the name of Traitor.
If that ſame Dæmon that hath gull'd thee thus,
Should with his Lyon-gate walk the whole world,
He may return to vaſty *Tartar* back,
And tell the Legions, I can never win
A Soul ſo eaſie as that *Engliſh*-mans.
Oh, how haſt thou with jealouſie infected
The ſweetneſs of affiance? Shew men dutiful?
Why ſo didſt thou. Seem they grave and learned?
Why ſo didſt thou. Come they of Noble Family?
Why ſo didſt thou. Seem they religious?
Why ſo didſt thou. Or are they ſpare in dyet,
Free from groſs paſſion, or of mirth, or anger,
Conſtant in ſpirit, not ſwerving with the blood,
Garniſh'd and deck'd in modeſt complement,
Not working with the Eye, without the Ear,
And but in purged judgment truſting neither?
Such and ſo finely boulted didſt thou ſeem:
And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot,
To make thee full fraught man, and beſt endued
With ſome ſuſpition, and I will weep for thee.
For this revolt of thine, me thinks is like
Another fall of man. Their faults are open,
Arreſt them to the anſwer of the Law
And God acquit them of their practices.
Exe. I arreſt thee of High Treaſon, by the name of *Richard* Earl of *Cambridge*.
I arreſt thee of High Treaſon, by the name of *Thomas* Lord *Scroop* of *Marſham*.
I arreſt thee of High Treaſon, by the name of *Thomas Grey*, Knight of *Northumberland*.
Scro. Our purpoſes God juſtly hath diſcover'd,
And I repent my fault more than my death;
Which I beſeech your Highneſs to forgive,
Although my Body pay the price of it.
Camb. For me the Gold of *France* did not ſeduce,
Although I did admit it as a motive,
The ſooner to effect, what I intended:
But God be thanked for prevention,
Which I in ſufferance heartily will rejoyce,
Beſeeching God to pardon me.
Gray. Never did faithful Subject more rejoyce
At the diſcovery of moſt dangerous Treaſon,
Than I do at this hour joy o're my ſelf,
Prevented from a damned Enterprize:
My fault, but not my body, pardon Soveraign.
King. God quit, you in his Mercy: Hear your ſentence.
You have conſpir'd againſt our Royal Perſon,
Joyn'd with an Enemy proclaim'd; and from his Coffers
Receiv'd the Golden Earneſt of Our death:
Wherein you would have ſold your King to ſlaughter,
His Princes and his Peers to ſervitude,
His Subjects to oppreſſion, and contempt,
And his whole Kingdom into deſolation:
Touching our Perſon, ſeek we no revenge,
But we our Kingdoms ſafety muſt ſo tender,
Whoſe ruine you three ſought, that to her Laws
We do deliver you. Get you therefore hence,
(Poor miſerable wretches, to your death:
The taſte whereof, God of his mercy give
You patience to endure, and true repentance
Of all your dear offences. Bear them hence. [*Exeunt.*
Now Lords for *France*: the Enterpriſe whereof
Shall be to you, as us, like glorious.
We doubt not of a fair and lucky War,
Since God ſo graciouſly hath brought to light
This dangerous Treaſon, lurking in our way
To hinder our beginning. We doubt not now,
But every Rub is ſmoothed in our way:
Then forth, dear Country-men: Let us deliver
Our Puiſſance into the hand of God,

Putting it ſtreight in expedition.
Chearly to Sea, the ſigns of War advance,
No King of *England*, if not King of *France*. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Piſtol, Nim, Bardolph, Boy, *and* Hoſteſs.

Hoſt. Prethee honey, ſweet Husband, let me bring thee to *Staines.*

Piſtol. No: for my manly heart doth yern. *Bardolph*, be blythe: *Nim*, rouze thy vaunting Veins: Boy, briſtle thy Courage up: for *Falſtaff* he is dead, and we muſt yern therefore.

Bard. Would I were with him, whereſoe're he is, either in Heaven, or in Hell.

Hoſteſs. Nay ſure, he's not in Hell: he's in *Arthur*'s Boſom, if ever man went to *Arthur*'s Boſom: a made finer end, and went away and it had been any Chriſtom Child: a parted juſt between Twelve and One, ev'n at the turning o'th' Tyde: for after I ſaw him fumble with the Sheets, and play with Flowers, and ſmile upon his fingers end, I knew there was but one way: for his Noſe was as ſharp as a Pen, and a Table of green Fields. How now Sir *John* (quoth I?) what man? be a good cheer: ſo a cryed out, God, God, God, three or four times: now I, to comfort him, bid him a ſhould not think of God; I hop'd there was no need to trouble himſelf with any ſuch thoughts yet: ſo a bad me lay more Clothes on his feet: I put my hand into the Bed, and felt them, and they were as cold as a ſtone: then I felt to his knees, and ſo upward and upward, all was as cold as any ſtone.

Nim. They ſay he cryed out of Sack.

Hoſteſs. I, that a did.

Bard. And of Women.

Hoſteſs. Nay, that a did not.

Boy. Yes that a did, and ſaid they were Devils incarnate.

Woman. A could never abide Carnation, 'twas a Colour he never lik'd.

Boy. A ſaid once, the Deule would have him about Women.

Hoſteſs. A did in ſome ſort (indeed) handle Women: but then he was rheumatick, and talk'd of the Whore of *Babylon.*

Boy. Do you not remember a ſaw a Flea ſtick upon *Bardolph*'s Noſe, and ſaid it was a black Soul burning in Hell.

Bard. Well, the fuel is gone that maintain'd that fire: that's all the Riches I got in his ſervice.

Nim. Shall we ſhogg? the King will be gone from *Southampton.*

Piſt. Come, let's away. My love, give me thy Lips: Look to my Chattels, and my Moveables: Let Senſes rule: The world is, Pitch and pay: truſt none: for Oaths are Straws, mens Faiths are Wafer-Cakes, and hold-faſt is the onely Dog: My Duck, therefore, *Caveto* be thy Counſellor. Go, clear thy Chryſtals. Yoke-fellows in Arms, let us to *France*, like Horſe-leeches my Boys, to ſuck, to ſuck, the very blood to ſuck.

Boy. And that's but unwholſome food they ſay.

Piſt. Touch her ſoft mouth, and march.

Bard. Farewel, Hoſteſs.

Nim. I cannot kiſs, that is the humour of it: but adieu.

Piſt. Let Houſwifry appear: keep cloſe, I thee command.

Hoſteſs. Farewel: adieu. [*Exeunt.*

Enter the French *King*, *the* Dolphin, *the Dukes of* Berry *and* Britain.

King. Thus comes the *Engliſh* with full Power upon us,
And more than carefully it us concerns,
To anſwer Royally in our defences.
Therefore the Dukes of *Berry* and of *Britain*,
Of *Brabant* and of *Orleance* ſhall make forth,
And you Prince *Dolphin*, with all ſwift diſpatch
To line and new repair our towns of War
With men of courage, and with means defendant:
For *England* his approaches makes as fierce,
As Waters to the ſucking of a Gulf.
It fits us then to be as provident,
As fear may teach us, out of late Examples
Left by the fatal and neglected *Engliſh*
Upon our Fields.

Dolphin. My moſt redoubted Father,
It is moſt meet we arm us 'gainſt the Foe:
For Peace it ſelf ſhould not ſo dull a Kingdom,
(Though War, nor no known Quarrel were in queſtion)
But that Defences, Muſters, Preparations
Should be maintain'd, aſſembled, and collected,
As were a War in expectation.
Therefore I ſay, 'tis meet we all go forth,
To view the ſick and feeble parts of *France*:
And let us do it with no ſhew of fear,
No, with no more, than if we heard that *England*
Were buſied with a *Whitſon* Morris-dance:
For, my good Liege, ſhe is ſo idly King'd,
Her Scepter ſo phantaſtically born,
By a vain giddy ſhallow humorous Youth,
That Fear attends her not.

Conſt. O Peace, Prince *Dolphin*,
You are too much miſtaken in this King:
Queſtion your Grace the late Embaſſadors,
With what great State he heard their Embaſſie,
How well ſupply'd with Noble Councellors,
How modeſt in exception, and with all,
How terrible in conſtant reſolution:
And you ſhall find, his Vanities fore-ſpent
Were but the out-ſide of the Roman *Brutus*,
Covering Diſcretion with a Coat of Folly;
As Gardeners do with Ordure hide thoſe Roots
That ſhall firſt ſpring, and be moſt delicate.

Dolph. Well, 'tis not ſo, my Lord High Conſtable.
But though we think it ſo, it is no matter:
In Cauſes of defence, 'tis beſt to weigh
The Enemy more mighty than he ſeems,
So the Proportions of defence are fill'd:
Which of a weak and nigardly projection,
Doth like a Miſer ſpoil his Coat, with ſcanting
A little Cloth.

King. Think we King *Harry* ſtrong:
And Princes, look, you ſtrongly arm to meet him.
The Kindred of him hath been fleſh'd upon us:
And he is bred out of that bloody ſtrain,
That haunted us in our familiar Paths:
Witneſs our too much memorable ſhame,
When *Creſſy* Battel fatally was ſtruck,
And all our Princes captiv'd, by the hand
Of that black Name, *Edward*, black Prince of *Wales*:
Whiles that his Mountain Sire, on Mountain ſtanding
Up in the Air, crown'd with the Golden Sun,
Saw his Heroical Seed, and ſmil'd to ſee him
Mangle the Work of Nature, and deface
The Patterns, that by God and by *French* Fathers
Had twenty years been made. This is a Stem
Of that Victorious Stock: and let us fear
The Native mightineſs and fate of him.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Ambaſſadors from *Harry*, King of *England*,
Do crave admittance to your Majeſty.

King. We'll give them preſent Audience.
Go, and bring them.
You ſee this Chaſe is hotly followed, Friends.

Dolph. Turn head, and ſtop purſuit: for coward Dogs
Moſt ſpend their mouths, when what they ſeem to threaten
Runs far before them. Good my Soveraign
Take up the *Engliſh* ſhort, and let them know
Of what a Monarchy you are the Head:
Self-love, my Liege, is not ſo vile a ſin,
As ſelf-neglecting.

Enter Exeter.

King. From our Brother of *England*?

Exe. From him, and thus he greets your Majeſty:
He wills you in the Name of God Almighty,
That you deveſt your ſelf, and lay apart
The borrowed Glories, that, by gift of Heaven,
By Law of Nature, and of Nations, longs
To him and to his Heires, namely the Crown;
And all wide-ſtretched Honors, that pertain
By Cuſtom, and the Ordinance of Times,
Unto the Crown of *France*: that you may know
'Tis no ſiniſter, nor no awk-ward Claim,
Pick't from the Worms-holes of long-vaniſh't days,
Nor from the duſt of old Oblivion rak't,
He ſends you this moſt memorable Line,
In every Branch truly demonſtrative;
Willing you over-look this Pedigree:
And when you find him evenly deriv'd
From his moſt fam'd, of famous Anceſtors,
Edward the third; he bids you then reſign
Your Crown and Kingdom indirectly held
From him, the Native and true Challenger.

King. Or elſe, what follows?

Exe. Bloody conſtraint: for if you hide the Crown
Even in your hearts, there will he rake for it.
Therefore in fierce Tempeſt is he coming,
In Thunder and in Earth-quake, like a *Jove*:
That if requiring fail, he will compell.
And bids you, in the Bowels of the Lord,
Deliver up the Crown, and to take mercy
On the poor Souls for whom this hungry War
Opens his vaſty Jaws: and on your head
Turning the Widow's Tears, the Orphans Crys,
The dead-mens Bloods, the privy Maidens Groans
For Husbands, Fathers, and betrothed Lovers,
That ſhall be ſwallowed in this Controverſie.
This is his Claim, his threatning, and my Meſſage:
Unleſs the *Dolphin* be in preſence here;
To whom expreſly I bring greeting too.

King. For us, we will conſider of this further:
To morrow ſhall you bear our full intent
Back to our Brother of *England*.

Dolph. For the *Dolphin*,
I ſtand here for him: what to him from *England*?

Exe. Scorn and defiance, ſleight regard, contempt,
And any thing that may not miſ-become
The mighty Sender, doth he prize you at.
Thus ſays my King: and if your Father's Highneſs
Do not, in grant of all Demands at large,
Sweeten the bitter Mock you ſent his Majeſty;
He'l call you to ſo hot an Anſwer of it,
That Caves and Womby Vaultages of *France*
Shall chide your Treſpaſs, and return your Mock
In ſecond Accent of his Ordinance.

Dolph. Say: if my Father tender fair return,
It is againſt my will: for I deſire
Nothing but Odds with *England*,
To that end, as matching to his Youth and Vanity,
I did preſent him with the Paris-Balls.

Ex. He'l make your *Paris Louver* ſhake for it,
Were it the Miſtreſs Court of mighty Europe:
And be aſſur'd, you'l find a diff'rence,
As we his Subjects have in wonder found,
Between the promiſe of his greener days,
And theſe he maſters now: now he weighs Time
Even to the utmoſt Grain; that you ſhall read
In your own Loſſes, if he ſtay in *France*.

King. To morrow ſhall you know our mind at full.
[*Flouriſh*.

Exe. Diſpatch us with all ſpeed, leſt that our King
Come here himſelf to queſtion our delay;
For he his footed in this Land already.

King. You ſhall be ſoon diſpatcht, with fair Conditions.
A Night is but ſmall breath, and little pauſe
To anſwer matters of this conſequence. [*Exeunt*.

Actus Secundus.

Enter Chorus.

Thus with imagin'd wing our ſwiſt Scene flyes,
In motion of no leſs celerity, than that of Thought.
Suppoſe, that you have ſeen
The wel-appointed King at *Dover* Peer,
Embark his Royalty: and his brave Fleet,
With ſilken Streamers, the young *Phœbus* faining;
Play with your Fancies: and in them behold,
Upon the Hempen Tackle, Ship-boys climbing;
Heart the ſhrill Whiſtle, which doth order give
To ſounds confus'd: behold the threaden Sails,
Born with th'inviſible and creeping VVind,
Draw the huge Bottom's through the furrowed Sea,
Breſting the lofty Surge. O, do but think
You ſtand upon the Rivage, and behold
A Citie on th'inconſtant Billows dancing:
For ſo appears this Fleet Majeſtical,
Holding due courſe to *Harflew*. Follow, follow.
Grapple your minds to ſternage of this Navy,
And leave your *England* as dead Mid-night, ſtill,
Guarded with Grandſires, Babies, and old VVomen,
Either paſt, or not arriv'd to pith and puiſſance:
For who is he, whoſe Chin is but enricht
VVith one appearing Hair, that will not follow
Theſe cull'd and choice-drawn Cavaliers to *France*?
VVork, work your Thoughts, and therein ſee a Siege:
Behold the Ordnance on their Carriages,
VVith fatal mouths gaping on girded *Harflew*.
Suppoſe th'Embaſſador from the *French* comes back,
Tells *Harry*, That the King doth offer him
Katharine his Daughter, and with her to Dowry
Some petty and unprofitable Dukedoms.
The offer likes not: and the nimble Gunner
VVith Lynſtock now the deviliſh Cannon touches.
[*Alarum, and Chambers go off.*
And down goes all before him. Still be kind,
And ech out our performance with your mind. [*Exit*.

Enter the King, Exeter, Bedford, *and* Glouceſter.
Alarum. Scaling-Ladders at Harflew.

King. Once more unto the Breach,
Dear Friends, once more;
Or cloſe the Wall up with our *Engliſh* dead:
In Peace, there's nothing ſo becomes a man,
As modeſt ſtilneſs and humility:
But when the blaſt of War blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the Tyger:
Stiffen the ſinews, commune up the blood,
Diſguiſe fair Nature with hard-favour'd Rage:
Then lend the Eye a terrible aſpect:
Let it pry through the portage of the Head,
Like the Braſs Cannon, let the Brow o'rewhelm it,
As fearfully, as doth a galled Rock
O're-hang and jutty his confounded Baſe,
Swill'd with the wilde and waſtful Ocean.
Now ſet the Teeth, and ſtretch the Noſtril wide,
Hold hard the Breath, and bend up every Spirit
To his full height. On, you Nobleſt *Engliſh*,
Whoſe blood is fet from Fathers of War-poof;
Fathers, that like ſo many *Alexanders*,
Have in theſe parts from Morn till Even fought,
And ſheath'd their Swords for lack of argument,
Diſhonour not your Mothers: now atteſt,
That thoſe whom you call'd Fathers, did beget you.
Be Copy now to men of groſſer blood,
And teach them how to VVar. And you, good Yeomen,

Whoſe Limbs were made in *England*; ſhew us here
The mettle of your Paſture: let us ſwear,
That you are worth your breeding, which I doubt not:
For there is none of you ſo mean and baſe,
That hath not Noble luſtre in your Eyes.
I ſee you ſtand like Grey-hounds in the ſlips,
Straying upon the Start. The Game's a-foot:
Follow your Spirit; and upon this Charge,
Cry, God for *Harry*, *England*, and St. *George*.
[*Alarum, and Chambers go off.*

Enter Nim, Bardolph, Piſtol, *and Boy.*

Bard. On, on, on, on, on, to the Breach, to the Breach.

Nim. 'Pray thee, Corporal, ſtay, the Knocks are too hot: and for mine own part, I have not a Caſe of Lives: the humor of it is too hot, that is the yery plain-Song of it.

Piſt. The plain-Song is moſt juſt: for humors do abound: Knocks go and come: God's Vaſſals drop and dye: and Sword and Shield, in bloody Field, doth win immortal Fame.

Boy. Would I were in an Ale-houſe in *London*, I would give all my Fame for a Pot of Ale, and ſafety.

Piſt. And I: if wiſhes would prevail with me, my purpoſe ſhould not fail with me; but thither would I hye.

Boy. As duly, but not as truly, as Bird doth ſing on bough.

Enter Fluellen.

Flu. Up to the breach, you Dogs; avant you Collions.

Piſt. Be merciful, great Duke, to men of Mould, abate thy Rage, abate thy manly Rage; abate thy Rage, great Duke. Good Bawcock, bate thy Rage, uſe lenity, ſweet Chuck.

Nim. Theſe be good humors: your Honour wins bad humors. [*Exit.*

Boy. As young as I am, I have obſerv'd theſe three Swaſhers. I am Boy to them all three, but all they three, though they would ſerve me, could not be Man to me; for indeed three ſuch Antiques do not amount to a man: for *Bardolph*, he is white-liver'd, and red-fac'd; by the means whereof, a faces it out, but fights not: for *Piſtol*, he hath a killing Tongue, and a quiet Sword; by the means whereof, a breaks Words, and keeps whole Weapons: for *Nim*, he hath heard, that men of few Words are the beſt men, and therefore he ſcorns to ſay his prayers, leſt a ſhould be thought a Coward: but his few bad Words are matcht with as few good Deeds; for a never broke any man's head but his own, and that was againſt a Poſt, when he was drunk. They will ſteal any thing, and call it Purchaſe. *Bardolph* ſtole a Lute-caſe, bore it twelve Leagues, and ſold it for three half-Pence. *Nim* and *Bardolph* are ſworn Brothers in filching; and in *Calice* they ſtole a fire-ſhovel. I knew, by that piece of Service, the men would carry Coals. They would have me as familiar with men's Pockets, as their Gloves or their Hand-kerchers: which makes much againſt my Manhood, if I ſhould take from another's Pocket, to put into mine; for it is plain pocketting up of Wrongs. I muſt leave them, and ſeek ſome better Service: their Villanie goes againſt my weak ſtomack, and therefore I muſt caſt it up. [*Exit.*

Enter Gower.

Gower. Captain *Fluellen*, you muſt come preſently to the Mines; the Duke of Glouceſter would ſpeak with you.

Flu. To the Mines? Tell you the Duke, it is not ſo good to come to the Mines: for look you, the Mines are not according to the Diſciplines of War; the Concavities of it is not ſufficient: for look you, th' athverſary, you may diſcuſs unto the Duke, look you, is digt himſelf four yards under the Countermines: by *Cheſhu*, I think a will plow up all, if there is not better directions.

Gower. The Duke of *Glouceſter*, to whom the Order of the Siege is given, is altogether directed by an Iriſh man, a very valiant Gentleman, I'faith.

Welch. It is Captain *Makmorrice*, is it not?

Gower. I think it be.

Welch. By *Cheſhu* he is an Aſs, as in the World, I will verifie as much in his Beard: he ha's no more directions in the true diſciplines of the Wars, look you, of the *Roman* diſciplines, than is a Puppy-dog.

Enter Makmorrice, *and Captain* Jamy.

Gower. Here a comes, and the *Scots* Captain, Captain *Jamy*, with him.

Welch. Captain *Jamy* is a marvellous valorous Gentleman, that is certain, and of great expedition and knowledge in th'aunchiant Wars, upon my particular knowledge of his directions; by *Cheſhu* he will maintain his Argument as well as any Militarie man in the World, in the Diſciplines of the priſtine Wars of the *Romans*.

Scot. I ſay gudday, Captain *Fluellen*.

Welch. Godden to your Worſhip, good Captain *James*.

Gower. How now, Captain *Makmorrice*, have you quit the Mines? have the Pioners given o're?

Iriſh. By Chriſh, Law, tiſh ill done: the Work iſh give over, the Trompet ſound the Retreat. By my Hand I ſwear, and my father's Soul, The Work iſh ill done: it iſh give over: I would have blowed up the Town, ſo Chriſh ſave me, law, in an hour. O tiſh ill done, tiſh ill done: by my Hand tiſh ill done.

Welch. Captaine *Makmorrice*, I beſeech you now, will you vouchaſe me, look you, a few diſputations with you, as partly touching or concerning the diſciplines of the War, the *Roman* Wars, in the way of Argument, look you, and friendly communication: partly to ſatisfie my Opinion, and partly for the ſatisfaction, look you, of my Mind, as touching the direction of the Military diſcipline, that is the Point.

Scot. It ſall be vary gud, gud feith, gud Captens bath, and I ſall quit you with gud leve, as I may pick occaſion: that ſal I marry.

Iriſh. It is no time to diſcourſe, ſo Chriſh ſave me: The day is hot, and the Weather, and the Wars, and the King, and the Duke: it is not time to diſcourſe, the Town is beſeech'd: and the Trumpet calls us to the Breach, and we talk, and by Chriſh do nothing, 'tis ſhame for us all: ſo God ſa'me 'tis ſhame to ſtand ſtill, it is ſhame by my hand: and there is Throats to be cut, and Works to be done, and there iſh nothing done, ſo Chriſt ſa'me law.

Scot. By the Mes, ere theiſe eyes of mine take themſelves to ſlomber, ayle de gud ſervice, or Ile ligge i'th' grund for it; ay, or go to death· and Ile pay't as valorouſly as I may, that ſal I ſurely do, the breff and the long; marry, I wad full fain heard ſome queſtion 'tween you tway.

Welch. Captain *Makmorrice*, I think, look you, under your correction, there is not many of your Nation.

Iriſh. Of my Nation? What iſh my Nation? Iſh a Villain, and a Baſterd, and a Knave, and a Raſcal .What iſh my Nation? Who talks of my Nation?

Welch. Look you, if you take the matter otherwiſe than is meant, Captain *Makmorrice*, peradventure I ſhall think you do not uſe me with that affability, as in diſcretion you ought to uſe me, look you, being as good a man as your ſelf both in the diſciplines of War, and in the derivation of my birth, and in other particularities.

Iriſh. I do not know you ſo good a man as my ſelf, ſo Chriſh ſave me, I will cut off your head.

Gower. Gentlemen both, you will miſtake each other.

Scot. A, that's a foul fault. [*A Parley.*

Gower. The Town ſounds a Parley.

Welch. Captain *Makmorrice*, when there is more better opportunity to be required, look you, I will be ſo bold as to tell you, I know the diſciplines of War, and there is an end. [*Exit.*

Enter the King, and all his Train before the Gates.

King. How yet reſolves the Governour of the Town?
This is the lateſt Parle we will admit:
Therefore to our beſt mercy give your ſelves,
Or like to men proud of deſtruction,
Defie us to our worſt: for as I am a Souldier,
A Name that in my thoughts becomes me beſt;
If I begin the batt'ry once again,
I will not leave the half-atchieved *Harflew*,
'Till in her aſhes ſhe lye buried.
The Gates of Mercy ſhall be all ſhut up,
And the fleſh'd Souldier, rough and hard of heart,
In liberty of bloody hand, ſhall range
With Conſcience wide as Hell, mowing like Graſs
Your freſh fair Virgins, and your ſtowring Infants.
What is it then to me, if impious War,
Arrayed in games like to the Prince of Fiends,
Do with his ſmircht complexion of fell feats,
Enlinckt to waſte and deſolation?
What is't to me, when you your ſelves are cauſe,
If your pure Maidens fall into the hand
Of hot and forcing Violation?
What Rein can hold licentious Wickedneſs,
When down the Hill he holds his fierce Carreer?
We may as bootleſs ſpend our vain Command
Upon th'enraged Souldiers in their Spoil,
As ſend Precepts to the *Leviathan* to come a-ſhoar.
Therefore, you men of *Harflew*,
Take pity of your Town and of your People,
Whiles yet my Souldiers are in my Command,
Whiles yet the cool and temperate Wind of Grace
O're-blows the filthy and contagious Clouds
Of heady Murther, Spoil, and Villany.
If not: why in a moment look to ſee
The blind and bloody Souldier, with foul hand
Deſire the Locks of your ſhrill-ſhrieking Daughters;
Your Fathers taken by the ſilver Beards,
And their moſt reverend Heads daſht to the VValls:
Your naked Infants ſpitted upon Pikes,
Whiles the mad Mothers, with their howles confus'd,
Do break the Clouds; as did the Wives of *Jewry*,
At *Herod*'s bloody-hunting ſlaughter-men.
What ſay you? Will you yield, and this avoid?
Or guilty in defence be thus deſtroy'd?

Enter Governour.

Gover. Our expectation hath this day an end:
The Dolphin, whom of Succours we entreated,
Returns us, that his Powers are yet not ready,
To raiſe ſo great a Siege. Therefore, great King,
We yield our Town and Lives to thy ſoft Mercy:
Enter our Gates, diſpoſe of us and ours,
For we no longer are defenſible.

King. Open your Gates: Come Uncle *Exeter*,
Go you and enter *Harflew*, there remain,
And fortifie it ſtrongly'gainſt the *French*:
Uſe mercy to them all for us, dear Uncle.
The Winter coming on, and Sickneſs growing
Upon our Souldiers, we will retire to *Calis*.
To night in *Harflew* will we be your Gueſt,
To morrow for the March are we addreſt.

[*Flouriſh, and enter the Town.*

Enter Katharine *and an old Gentlewoman.*

Kath. Alice, tu as eſté en Angleterre, & tu parlois bien le Language.

Alice. En peu, Madame.

Kath. Je te prie de m'enſeigner, il faut que j'apprenne a parler. Comment appellé vous la main en Anglois?

Alice. La main, il eſt appellé, de Hand.

Kath. De Hand.

Alice. Et le doyt.

Ka. Le doyt, ma foy je ouble le doyt, mais je me ſouviendray le doyt, je penſe qu'ils ont appellé des fingres, ou de fingres.

Alice. La main, de Hand, le doyt, le Fingres, Je penſe que je ſuis le bon eſcholier.

Kath. J'ay gaigné deuz mots d'Anglois viſtement, comment appellé vous les ongles?

Alice. Les ongles, les appellons de Nayles.

Kath. De Nayles eſcoutez: dites moy, ſi je parle bien: de Hand, de Fingres, de Nayles.

Alice. C'eſt bien dit Madame, il eſt fort bon Anglois.

Kath. Dites moy en Anglois le bras.

Alice. De Arme, Madame.

Kath. Et le coude.

Alice. D'Elbow.

Kath. D'Elbow: Je m'en faitz la repetition de tous les mots que m'avez apprins-dés a preſent.

Alice. Il eſt trop difficile Madame, comme je penſe.

Kath. Excuſe moy Alice, eſcoute, d'Hand, de Fingre, de Nayles, d'Arme, de Bilbow.

Alice. D'elbow, Madame.

Kath. O Seigneur Dieu, je men oublie d'Elbow, comment appellé vous le col?

Alice. De Neck, Madame.

Kath. De Neck, & le manton?

Alice. De Chin.

Kath. De Sin: le le col, de Neck: le manton, de Sin.

Alice. Ouy. Sauf voſtre honnour en verité vous prononciés les mots auſſi droict, que le Natiffs d'Angleterre.

Kath. Je ne doute point d'apprendre par la grace de Dieu, & en peu de temps.

Al. N'avez vous pas deſia oublié ce que je vous ay enſeigné.

Kath. Nomme, je reciteray a vous promptement d'Hand, de Fingre, de Nayles, Madame.

Alice. De Nayles, Madame.

Kath. De Nayles, de Arme, de Ilbow.

Alice. Sar voſtre honneur d'Elbow.

Kath. Ainſi dis-je d'Elbow, de Neck, de Sin: comment appellé vous les pieds & de roba.

Alice. Le Foot Madame, & le Count.

Kath. Le Foot, & le Count: O Seigneur Dieu, ce ſont des mots mauvais, corruptible & impudique, & non pour les Dames d'Honneur d'uſer: Je ne voudrois prononcer ces mots devant les Seigneurs ae France, pour toue le monde, il faut le Foot, & le Count, neant moins, Je reciteray un autrefois ma lecon enſemble, d'Hand, de Fingre, de Naylep, d'Arme, d'Elbow, de Neck, de Sin, de Foot, de Count.

Alice. Excellent, Madame.

Ka. C'eſt aſſez pour une fois, allons nous en diſner. [Exeunt.

Enter the King of France, *the Dolphin, the Conſtable of* France, *and others.*

King. 'Tis certain he hath paſt the River *Some*.

Conſt. And if he be not fought withal, my Lord,
Let us not live in *France*: let us quit all,
And give our Vineyards to a barbarous People.

Dolph. O Dieu vivant! ſhall a few Sprays of us,
The emptying of our Fathers Luxury,
Our Syens, put in wild and ſavage Stock,
Spirt up ſo ſuddenly into the Clouds,
And over-look their Grafters?

Brit. Normans, but baſtard *Normans, Norman* baſtards.
Mort de ma vie, if they march along
Unfought withall, but I will ſell my Dukedom,
To buy a ſlobbry and a dirty Farm
In that nook-ſhotten Iſle of *Albion*.

Conſt. Dieu de Batailles! where have they this mettel?
Is not their Climate foggy, raw, and dull?
On whom, as in deſpight, the Sun looks pale,
Killing their Fruit with frowns? Can ſodden Water,
A Drench for ſur-reyn'd Jades, their Barly broth,
Decoct their cold blood to ſuch valiant heat?
And ſhall our quick blood, ſpirited with Wine,

Seem froſtie? O, for the Honour of our Land,
Let us not hang like roping Iſicles
Upon our Houſes Thatch, whiles a more froſtie People
Sweat drops of gallant Youth in our rich Fields:
Poor we may call them, in their Native Lords.

Dolph. By Faith and Honour,
Our Madams mock at us, and plainly ſay,
Our Mettle is bred out, and they will give
Their bodies to the Luſt of *Engliſh* Youth,
To new-ſtore *France* with Baſtard Warriors.

Brit. Thy bid us to the *Engliſh* Dancing-Schools,
And teach *Lavalta*'s high, and ſwift *Carranto*'s,
Saying, our Grace is onely in our Heels.
And that we are moſt lofty Run-aways.

King. Where is *Montjoy*, the Herald? ſpeed him hence,
Let him greet *England* with our ſharp defiance.
Up Princes, and with Spirit of Honour edged,
More ſharper than your Swords, hie to the Field:
Charles Delabreth, High Conſtable of France,
You Duke of *Orleance*, *Burbon*, and of *Berry*,
Alanſon, *Brabant*, *Bar*, and *Burgondie*,
Jaques Chatillion, *Rambures*, *Vaudemont*,
Beaumont, *Grand Pree*, *Rouſſie*, and *Faulconbridge*,
Loys, *Leſtrale*, *Bouciquall*, and *Charaloys*,
High Dukes, great Princes, Barons, Lords, and Kings:
For your great Seats, now quit you of great ſhames:
Bar *Harry England*, that ſweeps through our Land
With Penons painted in the blood of *Harflew*:
Ruſh on his Hoſt, as doth the melted Snow
Upon the Vallies, whoſe low Vaſſal Seat
The *Alpes* doth ſpit, and void his rhewm upon.
Go down upon him, you have Power enough,
And in a Captive Chariot, into *Roan*
Bring him our Priſoner.

Conſt. This becomes the Great.
Sorry am I his numbers are ſo few,
His Souldiers ſick, and famiſht in the March:
For I am ſure, when he ſhall ſee our Army,
He'll drop his Heart into the ſink of Fear,
And for Atchievment, offer us his Ranſom.

King. Therefore Lord Conſtable, haſte on *Montjoy*,
And let him ſay to *England*, that we ſend,
To know what willing Ranſom he will give.
Prince *Dolphin*, you ſhall ſtay with us in *Roan*.

Dolph. Not I, I do beſeech your Majeſty.

King. Be patient, for you ſhall remain with us.
Now forth Lord Conſtable, and Princes all;
And quickly bring us word of *England*'s fall. *Exeunt.*

Enter Captains, Welch, *and* Engliſh, Gower, *and* Fluellen.

Gow. How now Captain *Fluellen*, come you from the Bridge?

Flu. I aſſure you, there is very excellent Services committed at the Bridge.

Gow. Is the Duke of *Exeter* ſafe?

Flu. The Duke of *Exeter* is as magnanimous as *Agamemnon*, and a man that I love and honour with my ſoul, and my heart, and my duty, and my live, and my living, and my uttermoſt power. He is not, God be praiſed and bleſſed, any hurt in the World, but keeps the Bridge moſt valiantly, wich excellent diſcipline. There is an auncient Lieutenant there at the Bridge, I think in my very conſcience he is as valiant a man as *Mark Anthony*, and he is a man of no eſtimation in the World, but I did ſee him do as gallant ſervice.

Gow. What do you call him?

Flu. He is call d'auncient *Piſtol.*

Gow. I know him not.

Enter Piſtol.

Flu. Here is the man.

Piſt. Captain, I thee beſeech to do me favours: the Duke of *Exeter* doth love thee well.

Flu. I, I praiſe God, and I have merited ſome love at his hands.

Piſt. *Bardolph*, a Souldier firm aud ſound of heart, and of buxom valour, hath by cruel Fate, and giddy Fortunes furious fickle Wheel, that Goddeſs blind, that ſtands upon the rolling reſtleſs Stone.

Flu. By your patience auncient *Piſtol*: Fortune is painted blind, with a Muffler afore his Eyes, to ſignifie to you, that Fortune is blind; and ſhe is painted alſo with a Wheel, to ſignifie to you, which is the Moral of it, that ſhe is turning and inconſtant, and mutability, and variation: and her foot, look you, is fixed upon a Spherical Stone, which rowles, and rowles, and rowles: in good truth, the Poet makes a moſt excellent deſcription of it: Fortune is an excellent Moral.

Piſt. Fortune is *Bardolph*'s Foe, and frowns on him: for he hath ſtoln a *Pax*, and hanged muſt a be: damned death: let Gallows gape for Dog, let Man go free, and let not Hemp his Wind-pipe ſuffocate: but *Exeter* hath given the doom of death for *Pax* of little price. Therefore go ſpeak, the Duke will hear thy voice; and let not *Bardolph*'s vital thread be cut with edge of Penny-Cord, and vile reproach. Speak Captain for his Life, and I will thee requite.

Flu. Auncient *Piſtol*, I do partly underſtand your meaning.

Piſt. Why then rejoyce therefore.

Flu. Certainly Auncient, it is not a thing to rejoice at: for if, look you, he were my Brother, I would deſire the Duke to uſe his good Pleaſure, and put him to Execution; for diſcipline ought to be uſed.

Piſt. Die, and be damn'd, and *Figo* for thy Friendſhip.

Flu. It is well.

Piſt. The Fig of *Spain.* [*Exit.*

Flu. Very good.

Gow. Why, this is an arrant counterfeit Raſcal, I remember him now: a Bawd, a Cut-purſe.

Flu. I'le aſſure you, a utt'red as prave words at the Pridge, as you ſhall ſee in Summers day: but it is very well: what he ha's ſpoke to me, that is well, I warrant you, when time is ſerve.

Gow. Why 'tis a Gull, a Fool, a Rogue, that now and then goes to the Wars, to grace himſelf at his return into *London*, under the form of a Souldier, and ſuch fellows are perfit in the Great Commanders Names, and they will learn you by rote where Services were done; at ſuch and ſuch a Sconce, at ſuch a Breach, at ſuch a Convoy: who came off bravely, who was ſhot, who diſgrac'd, what terms the Enemy ſtood on; and this they con perſitly in the phraſe of War, which they trick up with new-tuned Oaths: and what a Beard of the Generals Cut, and a horrid Sute of the Camp, will do among foming Bottles, and Ale-waſh't wits, is wonderful to be thought on: but you muſt learn to know ſuch ſlanders of the Age, or elſe you may be be marvellouſly miſtook.

Flu. I tell you what, Captain *Gower*: I do perceive he is not the man that he would gladly make ſhew to the World he is: if I find a hole in his Coat, I will tell him my mind: hear you, the King his coming, aud I muſt ſpeak with him from the Pridge.

Drum and Colours. Enter the King and his poor Souldiers.

Flu. God pleſs your Majeſty.

King. How now *Fluellen*, cam'ſt thou from the Bridge?

Flu. I, ſo pleaſe your Majeſty: The Duke of *Exeter* has very gallantly maintain'd the Pridge; the *French* is gone off, look you, and there is gallant and moſt prave paſſages: marry, th'athverſary was have poſſeſſion of the Pridge, but he is enforced to retire, and the Duke of *Exeter* is Maſter of the Pridge: I can tell your Majeſty, the Duke is a prave man.

King. What men have you loſt, *Fluellen?*

Flu. The perdition of th'athverſay hath been very great, reaſonable great: marry for my part, I think the Duke hath loſt never a man, but one that is like to be executed for Robbing a Church, one *Bardolph*, if your Majeſty know the man: his face is all bubukles, and whelks, and knobs, and flames a fire, and his lips blows at his noſe, and it is like a coal of fire, ſometimes plew, and ſometimes red, but his noſe is executed, and his fire's out.

King. We would have all ſuch offenders ſo cut off, and we give expreſs charge, that in our Marches through the Country, there be nothing compell'd from the Villages; nothing taken, but paid for: none of the *French* upbraided or abuſed in diſdainful Language: for when Levity and Cruelty play for a Kingdom, the gentler Gameſter is the ſooneſt winner.

Tucket. Enter Mountjoy.

Mountjoy. You know me by my habit.

King. Well then, I know thee: what ſhall I know of thee?

Mount. My Maſter's mind.

King. Unfold it.

Mountjoy. Thus ſays my King: Say thou to *Harry* of *England*, Though we ſeem'd dead, we did but ſleep: Advantage is a better Souldier than Raſhneſs. Tell him, we could have rebuk'd him at *Harflew*, but that we thought not good to bruiſe an injury, till it were full ripe. Now we ſpeak upon our Q. and our voice is imperial: *England* ſhall repent his folly, ſee his weakneſs, and admire our ſufferance. Bid him therefore conſider of his Ranſom, which muſt proportion the loſſes we have born, the Subjects we have loſt, the diſgrace we have digeſted; which in weight to re-anſwer, his pettineſs would bow under. For our loſſes, his Exchequer is too poor; for th'effuſion of our blood, the Muſter of his Kingdom too faint a number; and for our diſgrace, his own Perſon kneeling at our feet, but a weak and worthleſs ſatisfaction. To this add defiance: and tell him for concluſion, he hath betrayed his Followers, whoſe condemnation is pronounc'd: So far my King and Maſter; ſo much my Office.

King. What is thy Name? I know thy Quality.

Moun. Mountjoy.

King. Thou do'ſt thy Office fairly. Turn thee back,
And tell thy King, I do not ſeek him now,
But could be willing to march on to *Calice*,
Without impeachment: for to ſay the ſooth,
Though 'tis no wiſdom to confeſs ſo much
Unto an Enemy of Craft and Vantage,
My People are with ſickneſs much enfeebled,
My Numbers leſſen'd: and thoſe few I have,
Almoſt no better than ſo many *French*;
Who when they were in health, I tell thee, Herald,
I thought, upon one pair of *Engliſh* Legs
Did march three *Frenchmen*. Yet forgive me, God,
That I do brag thus; this your air of *France*
Hath blown that Vice in me. I muſt repent:
Go therefore tell thy Maſter, here I am;
My Ranſom is this frail and worthleſs Trunk;
My Army, but a weak and ſickly Guard:
Yet God before, tell him we will come on,
Though *France* himſelf, and ſuch another Neighbour
Stand in our way. There's for thy labour, *Mountjoy.*
Go bid thy Maſter well adviſe himſelf,
If we may paſs, we will: if we be hindred,
We ſhall your tawny ground with your red blood
Diſcolour: and ſo *Montjoy* fare you well.
The ſum of all our Anſwer is but this:
We would not ſeek a Battel, as we are,
Nor as we are, we ſay, we will not ſhun it:
So tell your Maſter.

Mount. I ſhall deliver ſo: Thanks to your Highneſs.

Glou. I hope they will not come upon us now.

King. We are in Gods hand, Brother, not in theirs:
March to the Bridge, it now draws toward night,
Beyond the River we'll encamp our ſelves,
And on to morrow bid them march away. [*Exeunt.*

Enter the Conſtable of France, *the Lord* Ramburs, Orleans, Dolphin, *with others.*

Conſt. Tut, I have the beſt Armour of the World: would it were day.

Orl. You have an excellent Armour: but let my Horſe have his due.

Conſt. It is the beſt Horſe of *Europe.*

Orl. Will it never be Morning?

Dolph. My Lord of *Orleance*, and my Lord High Conſtable, you talk of Horſe and Armour?

Orl. You are as well provided of both, as any Prince in the World.

Dolph. What a long Night is this? I will not change my Horſe with any that treads but on four paſterns: ch'ha: he bounds from the Earth, as if his entrails were hairs: *le Cheval volant*, the Pegaſus, *ches les narines de feu.* When I beſtride him, I ſoar, I am a Hawk: he trots the air: the Earth ſings, when he touches it: the baſeſt horn of his hoof is more Muſical than the Pipe of *Hermes.*

Orl. He's of the colour of the Nutmeg.

Dolph. And of the heat of the Ginger. It is a Beaſt for *Perſeus*: he is Pure Air and Fire; and the dull Elements of Earth and Water never appear in him, but only in patient ſtilneſs while his Rider mounts him: he is indeed a Horſe, and all other Jades you may call Beaſts.

Conſt. Indeed my Lord, it is a moſt abſolute and excellent Horſe.

Dolph. It is the Prince of Palfrays, his Neigh is like the bidding of a Monarch, and his Countenance enforces Homage.

Orl. No more, Couſin.

Dolph. Nay, the man hath no wit, that cannot from the riſing of the Lark to the lodging of the Lamb, vary deſerved praiſe on my Palfray: it is a Theme as fluent as the Sea: Turn the Sands into eloquent tongues, and my Horſe is argument for them all: 'tis a ſubject for a Soveraign to reaſon on, and for a Soveraigns Soveraign to ride on: And for the World, familiar to us, and unknown, to lay a part their particular Functions, and wonder at him. I once writ a Sonnet in his praiſe and began thus, *Wonder of Nature.*

Orleance. I have heard a Sonnet begin ſo to ones Miſtreſs.

Dolph. Then did they imitate that, which I compos'd to my Courſer, for my Horſe is my Miſtreſs.

Orl. Your Miſtreſs bears well.

Dolph. Me well, which is the preſcript praiſe and perfection of a good and particular Miſtreſs.

Conſt. Nay, for me thought yeſterday your Miſtreſs ſhrewdly ſhook your back.

Dolph. So perhaps did yours.

Conſt. Mine was not bridled.

Dolph. O then belike ſhe was old and gentle, and you rode like a *Kerne* of *Ireland*, your *French* Hoſe off, and in you ſtrait Stroſſers.

Conſt. You have good judgement in Horſemanſhip.

Dolph. Be warn'd by me then: they that ride ſo, and ride not warily, fall into foul Boggs: I had rather have my Horſe to my Miſtreſs.

Conſt. I had as lieve have my Miſtreſs a Jade.

Dolph. I tell thee, Conſtable, my Miſtreſs wears his own hair.

Conſt. I could make as true a boaſt as that, if I had a Sow to my Miſtreſs.

Dol. Le chien eſt retourné à ſon propre vomiſſement, eſt la levye lavee au bourbier: thou mak'ſt uſe of any thing.

Conſt. Yet do I not uſe my Horſe for my Miſtreſs, or any ſuch Proverb, ſo little kin to the purpoſe.

Ramb. My Lord Conſtable, the Armour that I ſaw in your Tent to night, are thoſe Stars or Suns upon it?

Conſt. Stars, my Lord.

Dolph. Some of them will fall to morrow, I hope.

Conſt. And yet my Sky ſhall not want.

Dolph. That may be, for you bear a many ſuperfluouſly, and 'twere more Honor ſome were away.

Conſt. Ev'n as your Horſe bears your praiſes, who would trot as well, were ſome of your brags diſmounted.

Dolph. Would I were able to load him with his deſert. Will it never be day? I will trot to morrow a mile, and my way ſhall be paved with *Engliſh* Faces.

Conſt. I will not ſay ſo, for fear I ſhould be fac't out of my way: but I would it were morning, for I would fain be about the Ears of the *Engliſh*.

Ramb. Who will go Hazard with me for twenty Priſoners?

Conſt. You muſt firſt go your ſelf to hazard, e're you have them.

Dolph. 'Tis Mid-night, I'le go arm my ſelf. [*Exit.*

Orl. The *Dolphin* longs for morning.

Ramb. He longs to eat the *Engliſh*.

Conſt. I think he will eat all he kills.

Orl. By the white Hand of my Lady, he's a gallant Prince.

Conſt. Swear by her Foot, that ſhe may tread out the Oath.

Orleance. He is ſimply the moſt active Gentleman of *France*.

Conſt. Doing is activity, and he will ſtill be doing.

Orl. He never did harm, that I heard of.

Conſt. Nor will do none to morrow: he will keep that good Name ſtill.

Orl. I know him to be valiant.

Conſt. I was told that, by one that knows him better than you.

Orl. What's he?

Conſt. Marry, he told me ſo himſelf, and he ſaid he car'd not who knew it.

Orleance. He needs not, it is no hidden virtue in him.

Conſt. By my faith, Sir, but it is: never any body ſaw it, but his Lacquey: 'tis a hooded Valour, and when it appears, it will bate.

Orl. Ill will never ſaid well.

Conſt. I will cap that Proverb with, There is flattery in friendſhip.

Orl. And I will take up that with, Give the Devil his due.

Conſt. Well plac'd: there ſtands your Friend for the Devil: have at the very Eye of that Proverb with, A Pox of the Devil.

Orl. You are the better at Proverbs, by how much a Fools Bolt is ſoon ſhot.

Conſt. You have ſhot over.

Orl. 'Tis not the firſt time you were over-ſhot.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſen. My Lord high Conſtable, the *Engliſh* lye within fifteen hundred paces of your Tents.

Conſt. Who hath meaſur'd the ground?

Meſ. The Lord *Grandpree*.

Conſt. A valiant and moſt expert Gentleman. Would it were day. Alas poor *Harry* of *England*: he longs not for the Dawning, as we do.

Orl. What a wretched and peeviſh Fellow is this King of *England*, to mope with his fat-brain'd Followers ſo far out of his knowledge.

Conſt. If the *Engliſh* had any apprehenſion, they would run away.

Orl. That they lack: for if their Heads had any intellectual Armour, they could never wear any ſuch heavy Head-pieces.

Ramb. That Iſland of *England* breeds very valiant Creatures; their Maſtiffs are of unmatchable courage.

Orleance. Fooliſh Curs, that run winking into the mouth of a Ruſſian Bear, and have their heads cruſh't like rotten Apples: you may as well ſay, that's a valiant Flea, that dare to eat his breakfaſt on the Lip of a Lyon.

Conſt. Juſt, juſt: and the men do ſympathize with the Maſtiffs, in robuſtious and rough coming on, leaving their Wits with their Wives: and then give them great Meals of Beef, and Iron and Steel; they will eat like Wolves, and fight like Devils.

Orl. I, but theſe *Engliſh* are ſhrewdly out of Beef.

Conſt. Then ſhall we find to morrow, they have only ſtomachs to eat, and none to fight. Now is it time to arm: come, ſhall we about it?

Orl. It is now two a Clock: but let me ſee, by ten We ſhall have each a hundred *Engliſhmen*. [*Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius.

Chorus.

Now entertain Conjecture of a time,
When creeping Murmur and the poring Dark
Fills the wide Veſſel of the Univerſe.
From Camp to Camp, through the foul Womb of Night
The Hum of either Army ſtilly ſounds,
That the fixt Centinels almoſt receive
The ſecret Whiſpers of each others Watch.
Fire anſwers fire, and though their paly flames
Each Battel ſees the others umber'd face.
Steed threatens Steed, in high and boaſtful Neighs
Piercing the Nights dull Ear: and from the Tents,
The Armourers accompliſhing the Knights,
With buſie Hammers cloſing Rivets up,
Give dreadful note of preparation.
The Country Cocks do crow, the Clocks do towle:
And the third Hour of drowſie Morning nam'd,
Proud of their Numbers, and ſecure in Soul,
The confident and over-luſty *French*,
Do the low-rated *Engliſh* play at Dice;
And chide the creeple-tardy-gated Night,
Who like a foul and ugly Witch doth limp
So tediouſly away. The poor condemned *Engliſh*,
Like Sacrifices, by their watchful Fires
Sit patiently, and inly ruminate
The Mornings danger, and their geſture ſad,
Inveſting lank-lean Cheeks, and War-worn Coats,
Preſented them unto the gazing Moon
So many horrid Ghoſts. O now who will behold
The Royal Captain of this ruin'd Band
Walking from Watch to Watch, from Tent to Tent;
Let him cry, Praiſe and Glory on his Head:
For forth he goes, and viſits all his Hoſt,
Bids them good morrow with a modeſt Smile,
And calls them Brothers, Friends, and Countrymen.
Upon this Royal Face there is no note,
How dread an Army hath enrounded him;
Nor doth he dedicate one jot of Colour
Unto the weary and all-watched Night:
But freſhly looks, and over-bears Attaint,
With chearful ſemblance, and ſweet Majeſty:
That every Wretch, pining and pale before,
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his Looks.
A Largeſs univerſal, like the Sun,
His liberal Eye doth give to every one,
Thawing cold fear, that mean and gentle all
Behold, as may unworthineſs define,
A little touch of *Harry* in the Night,
And ſo our Scene muſt to the Battel flie:
Where, O for pity, we ſhall much diſgrace,
With four or five moſt vile and ragged foils
(Right ill diſpos'd, in brawl ridiculous)
The Name of *Agincourt*. Yet ſit and ſee,

Minding true things, by what their Mock'ries be. [*Exit*.

Enter the King, Bedford, *and* Glouceſter.

King. *Gloſter*, 'tis true that we are in great danger,
The greater therefore ſhould our Courage be.
Good morrow, Brother *Bedford* : God Almighty,
There is ſome ſoul of goodneſs in things evil,
Would men obſervingly diſtil it out.
For our bad Neighbour makes us early ſtirrers,
Which is both healthful, and good husbandry.
Beſides, they are our outward Conſciences,
And Preachers to us all ; admoniſhing,
That we ſhould dreſs us fairly for our end.
Thus may we gather Honey from the Weed,
And make a Moral of the Devil himſelf.

Enter Erpingham.

Good morrow, old Sir *Thomas Erpingham*:
A good ſoft Pillow for that good white Head,
Were better than a churliſh turf of *France*.
Erping. Not ſo my Liege, this Lodging likes me better,
Since I may ſay, now lye I like a King.
King. 'Tis good for men to love their preſent pain,
Upon Example, ſo the Spirit is eaſed:
And when the Mind is quickned, out of doubt
The Organs, though defunct and dead before,
Break up their drowſie Grave, and newly move
With caſted ſlough, and freſh celerity,
Lend me thy Cloak, Sir *Thomas* : Brothers both,
Commend me to the Princes in our Camp :
Do my Good morrow to them, and anon
Deſire them all to my Pavilion.
Gloſter. We ſhall, my Liege.
Erping. Shall I attend your Grace?
King. No, my good Knight:
Go with my Brothers to my Lords of *England*:
I and my Boſom muſt debate a while,
And then I would no other company.
Erping. The Lord in Heaven bleſs thee, Noble *Harry*. [*Exeunt*.
King. God a mercy old Heart, thou ſpeak'ſt chearfully.

Enter Piſtol.

Piſt. *Che vous la*?

King. A Friend.

Piſt. Diſcuſs unto me, art thou Officer, or art thou baſe, common, and popular?

King. I am Gentleman of a Company.

Piſt. Trayl'ſt thou the puiſſant Pike?

King. Even ſo : what are you?

Piſt. As good a Gentleman, as the Emperour.

King. Then you are better than the King.

Piſt. The King's a Bawcock, and a Heart of Gold, a Lad of Life, an Impe of Fame, of Parents good, of Fiſt moſt valiant: I kiſs his dirty ſhoo, and from heartſtring I love the lovely Bully. What is thy Name?

King. *Harry le Roy*.

P. *Le Roy*? a Corniſh Name: art thou of Corniſh Crew?

King. No, I am a *Welchman*.

Piſt, Know'ſt thou *Fluellen*?

King. Yes.

Piſt. Tell him, I'le knock his Leek about his Pate upon S. *Davies* day.

King. Do not you wear your Dagger in your Cap that day, leſt he knock that about yours.

Piſt. Art thou his Friend?

King. And his Kinſman too.

Piſt. The *Figo* for thee then.

King. I thank you : God be with you.

Piſt. My name is *Piſtol* call'd. [*Exit*.

King. It ſorts well with your fierceneſs. [*Manet King*.

Enter Fluellen *and* Gower.

Gower. Captain *Fluellen*.

Flu. 'So, in the Name of *Jeſu Chriſt*, ſpeak fewer: it is the greateſt admiration in the univerſal World, when the true and auncient Prerogatifes and Laws of the Wars is not kept : if you would take the pains but to examine the Wars of *Pompey* the Great, you ſhall find, I warrant you, that there is no tiddle taddle, nor pibble babble in *Pompey*'s Camp : I warrant you, you ſhall find the Ceremonies of the Wars, and the Cares of it, and the Forms of it, and the Sobriety of it, and the Modeſty of it, to be otherwiſe.

Gower. Why the Enemy is loud, your hear him all Night.

Flu. If the Enemy is an Aſs and a Fool, and a prating Coxcomb ; is it meet, think you, that we ſhould alſo, look you, be an Aſs, and a Fool, and a prating Coxcomb, in your own conſcience now?

Gow. I will ſpeak lower.

Flu. I pray you, and beſeech you, that you will. [*Exit*.

King. Though it appear a little out of faſhion,
There is much Care and Valour in this *Welchman*.

Enter three Souldiers, John Bates, Alexander Court, *and* Michael Williams.

Court. Brother *John Bates*, is not that the Morning, which breaks yonder?

Bates. I think it be : but we have no great cauſe to deſire the approach of day.

Williams. We ſee yonder the beginning of the day, but I think we ſhall never ſee the end of it. Who goes there?

King. A Friend.

Will. Under what Captain ſerve you?

King. Under Sir *John Erpingham*.

Will. A good old Commander, and a moſt kind Gentleman: I pray you, what thinks he of our eſtate?

King. Even as men wrack't upon a Sand, that look to be waſh't off the next Tide.

Bates. He hath not told his thought to the King?

King. No : nor it is not meet he ſhould : for though I ſpeak it to you, I think the King is but a man, as I am: the Violet ſmells to him, as it doth to me ; the Element ſhews to him, as it doth to me ; all his ſenſes have but humane Conditions : his Ceremonies laid by, in his Nakedneſs he appears but a man ; and though his affections are higher mounted than ours, yet when they ſtoop, they ſtoop with the like wing : therefore, when he ſees reaſon of fears, as we do ; his fears, out of doubt, be of the ſame reliſh as ours are : yet in reaſon, no man ſhould poſſeſs him with any appearance of fear ; leſt he, by ſhewing it, ſhould diſhearten his Army.

Bates. He may ſhew what outward courage he will: but, I believe as cold a Night as 'tis, he could wiſh himſelf in *Thames* up to the Neck ; and ſo I would he were, and I by him, at all adventures, ſo we were quit here.

King. By my troth, I will ſpeak my conſcience of the King : I think he would not wiſh himſelf any where, but where he is.

Bates. Then would he were here alone ; ſo ſhould he be ſure to be ranſomed, and a many poor mens lives ſaved.

King. I dare ſay, you love him not ſo ill, to wiſh him here alone : howſoever you ſpeak this to feel other mens minds, methinks I could not dye any where ſo contented, as in the Kings company : his Cauſe being juſt, and his Quarrel honorable.

Will. That's more than we know.

Bates. I, or more than we ſhould ſeek after ; for we know enough, if we know we are the King's Subjects : if his Cauſe be wrong, our Obedience to the King wipes the Crime of it out of us.

Williams. But if the Cauſe be not good, the King himſelf hath a heavy Reckoning to make, when all thoſe Legs, and Arms, and Heads chop't off in a Battel, ſhall joyn together at the latter day, and cry all, We dyed at ſuch a place, ſome ſwearing, ſome crying for a Surgeon; ſome upon their Wives left poor behind them; ſome upon the Debts they ow, ſome upon their Children rawly left: I am afear'd, there are few die well, that die in Battel: for how can they charitably diſpoſe of any thing, when Blood is their argument? Now, if theſe men do not die well, it will be a black matter for the King, that led them to it; whom to diſobey, were againſt all proportion of ſubjection.

King. So, if a Son, that is by his Father ſent about Merchandize, do ſinfully miſcarry upon the Sea; the imputation of his wickedneſs, by your Rule, ſhould be impoſed upon his Father, that ſent him: or if a Servant, under his Maſter's command, tranſporting a ſum of Money, be aſſailed by Robbers, and die in many irreconcil'd Iniquities; you may call the buſineſs of the Maſter the Author of the Servants damnation: but this is not ſo; The King is not bound to anſwer the particular endings of his Souldiers, the Father of his Son, nor the Maſter of his Servant; for they purpoſe not their Death, when they purpoſe their Services. Beſides, there is no King, be his Cauſe never ſo ſpotleſs, if it come to the arbitrement of Swords, can try it out with all unſpotted Souldiers: ſome (peradventure) have on them the guilt of premeditated and contrived Murther; ſome, of beguiling Virgins with the broken Seals of Perjury; ſome, making the Wars their bulwark, that have before gored the gentle Boſom of Peace with Pillage and Robberie. Now if theſe men have defeated the Law, and outrun Native puniſhment; though they can out-ſtrip men, they have no wings to flie from God. War is his Beadle, War is his Vengeance: ſo that here men are puniſh't, for before breach of the Kings Laws, in now the Kings Quarrel: where they feared the death, they have born life away; and where they would be ſafe, they periſh. Then if they die unprovided, no more is the King guilty of their damnation, than he was before guilty of thoſe Impieties, for the which they are now viſited. Every Subjects Duty is the Kings, but every Subjects Soul is his own. Therefore ſhould every Souldier in the Wars, as every ſick man in his Bed, waſh every Moth out of his Conſcience: and dying ſo, Death is to him advantage; or not dying, the time was bleſſedly loſt, wherein ſuch preparation was gained; and in him that eſcapes, it were not ſin to think, that making God ſo free an offer, he let him outlive that day, to ſee his Greatneſs, and to teach others how they ſhould prepare.

Will. 'Tis certain, every man that dyes ill, the ill is upon his own head, the King is not to anſwer for it.

Bates. I do not deſire he ſhould anſwer for me, and yet I determine to fight luſtily for him.

King. I my ſelf heard the King ſay, he would not be ranſom'd.

Will. I, he ſaid ſo, to make us fight chearfully: but when our throats are cut, he may be ranſom'd, and we ne're the wiſer.

King. If I live to ſee it, I will never truſt his word after.

Will. You pay him then: that's a perilous ſhot our of an Elder-Gun, that a poor and private diſpleaſure can do againſt a Monarch: you may as well go about to turn the Sun to Ice, with fanning in his Face with a Peacocks Feather: You'll never truſt his word after! come, 'tis a fooliſh ſaying.

King. Your reproof is ſomething too round, I ſhould be angry with you, if the time convenient.

Will. Let it be a Quarrel between us, if you live.

King. I embrace it.

Will. How ſhall I know thee again?

King. Give me any Gage of thine, and I will wear it in my Bonnet: Then if ever thou dar'ſt acknowledge it, I will make it my Quarrel.

Will. Here's my Glove: Give me another of thine.

King. There.

Will. This will I alſo wear in my Cap: if ever thou come to me, and ſay, after to morrow, This is my Glove, by this Hand I will give thee a box on the ear.

King. If ever I live to ſee it, I will challenge it.

Will. Thou dar'ſt as well be hang'd.

King. Well. I will do it, though I take thee in the King's company.

Will. Keep thy word: fare thee well.

Bates. Be Friends, you *Engliſh* Fools, be Friends, we have *French* Quarrels enow, if you could tell how to reckon.

Exeunt Souldiers.

King. Indeed the *French* may lay twenty *French* Crowns to one, they will beat us, for they bear them on their ſhoulders: but it is no *Engliſh* Treaſon to cut *French* Crowns, and to morrow the King himſelf will be a Clipper.
Upon the King, let us, our Lives, our Souls,
Our debts, our careful Wives,
Our Children, and our Sins, lay on the King:
He muſt bear all.
O hard Condition, twin-born with Greatneſs,
Subject to the breath of every Fool, whoſe ſenſe
No more can feel, but his own wringing.
What infinite heart-eaſe muſt Kings neglect,
That private men enjoy?
And what have Kings, that Privates have not too,
Save Ceremony, ſave general Ceremony?
And what art thou, thou Idol Ceremony?
What kind of God art thou? that ſuffer'ſt more
Of mortal griefs, than do thy Worſhippers,
What are thy Rents? what are thy Comings in?
O Ceremony, ſhew me but thy worth.
What? is thy Soul of Adoration?
Art thou ought elſe but Place, Degree, and Form,
Creating aw and fear in other men?
Wherein thou art leſs happy, being fear'd,
Than they in fearing.
What drink'ſt thou oft, in ſtead of Homage ſweet,
But poiſon'd flattery? O, be ſick, great Greatneſs,
And bid thy Ceremony give thee cure.
Thinks thou the fiery Feaver will go out
With titles blown from Adulation?
Will it give place to flexure and low bending?
Can'ſt thou, when thou command'ſt the beggars knee,
Command the health of it? No, thou proud Dream,
Thou play'ſt ſo ſubtilly with a King's Repoſe,
I am a King that find thee: and I know,
'Tis not the Balm, the Scepter, and the Ball,
The Sword, the Mace, the Crown Imperial,
The enter-tiſſued Robe of Gold and Pearl,
The farſed Title running 'fore the King,
The Throne he ſits on: nor the Tide of Pomp,
That beats upon the high ſhoar of this World:
No, not all theſe, thrice-gorgeous Ceremonies,
Not all theſe, laid in bed Majeſtical,
Can ſleep ſo ſoundly, as the wretched Slave:
Who with a body fill'd, and vacant mind,
Gets him to reſt, cramm'd with diſtreſsful bread,
Never ſees horrid Night, the Child of Hell:
But like a Lacquey, from the Riſe to Set,
Sweats in the eye of *Phœbus*; and all night
Sleeps in *Elyſium*: next day after dawn,
Doth riſe and help *Hyperion* to his Horſe,
And follows ſo the ever-running year
With profitable labour to his Grave:
And but for Ceremony, ſuch a Wretch,
Winding up Days with toyl, and Nights with ſleep,

Had the fore-hand and vantage of a King.
The Slave, a Member of the Countries peace,
Enjoys it: but in groſs brain little wots,
What watch the King keeps, to maintain the peace;
Whoſe hours the Peaſant beſt advantages.

Enter Erpingham.

Erp. My Lord, your Nobles jealous of your abſence,
Seek through your Camp to find you.
King. Good old Knight, collect them all together,,
At my Tent: I'le be before thee.
Erp. I ſhall do't, my Lord. [*Exit.*
King. O God of Battels, ſteel my Souldiers hearts,
Poſſeſs them not with fear: Take from them now
The ſenſe of reck'ning of the oppoſed numbers:
Pluck their hearts from them. Not to day, O Lord,
O not to day, think not upon the fault,
My Father made, in compaſſing the Crown.
I *Richard*'s Body have interred new,
And on it have beſtowed more contrite tears,
Than from it iſſued forced drops of Blood.
Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,
Who twice a day their wither'd hands hold up
Toward Heaven, to pardon blood:
And I have built two Chauntries,
Where the ſad and ſolemn Prieſts ſing ſtill
For *Richard*'s Soul. More will I do:
Though all that I can do, is nothing worth:
Since that my Penitence comes after all,
Imploring Pardon.
Enter Glouceſter.
Glouc. My Liege.
King. My Brother *Glouceſter*'s voice?
I know thy errand, I will go with thee:
The day, my Friend, and all things ſtay for me. [*Exeunt.*

Enter the Dolphin, Orleance, Ramburs,
and Beaumont.

Orleance. The Sun doth gild our Armour, up, my Lords.
Dolph. Monte Cheval: My Horſe, *Valet Lacquay*: Ha.
Orl. Oh brave Spirit!
Dolph. Via les ewes & terre.
Orl. Rien puis le air & feu.
Dolph. Cien, Couſin *Orleance.* [*Enter Conſtable.*
Now my Lord Conſtable?
Conſt. Heark how our Steeds for preſent ſervice neigh.
Dolph. Mount them, and make inciſion in their Hides,
That their hot blood may ſpin in *Engliſh* eyes,
And doubt them with ſuperfluous courage: ha.
Ram. What, will you have them weep our Horſes blood?
How ſhall we then behold their natural tears?

Enter Meſſenger.

Meſſenger. The *Engliſh* are embattel'd, you *French* Peers.
Conſt. To Horſe, you gallant Princes, ſtreight to Horſe.
Do but behold yond poor and ſtarved Band,
And your fair ſhew ſhall ſuck away their Souls,
Leaving them but the ſhales and husks of men.
There is not work enough for all our hands,
Scarce blood enough in all their ſickly Veins,,
To give each naked Curtle-ax a ſtain,
That our *French* Gallants ſhall to day draw out,
And ſheath for lack of ſport. Let us but blow on them.
The vapour of our Valour will o're-turn them.
'Tis poſitive 'gainſt all exception, Lords,
That our ſuperfluous Lacquies, and our Peaſants,
Who in unneceſſary action ſwarm
About our Squares of Battel, were enow
To purge this Field of ſuch a hilding Foe;
Though we upon this Mountains Baſis by,
Took ſtand for idle ſpeculation:
But that our Honours muſt not. What's to ſay?
A very little little let us do,
And all is done: then let the Trumpets ſound
The Tucket Sonuance, and the Note to mount:
For our approach ſhall ſo much dare the Field,
That *England* ſhall couch down in fear, and yeild.
Enter Graundpree.
Graund. Why do you ſtay ſo long, my Lords of *France*?
Yond Iſland Carrions, deſperate of their Bones,
Ill-favour'dly become the Morning Field:
Their ragged Curtains poorly are let looſe,
And our air ſhakes them paſſing ſcornfully.
Big *Mars* ſeems banqu'rout in their begger'd Hoſt,
And faintly through a ruſty Bever peeps,
The Horſemen ſit like fixed Candleſticks,
With Torch-ſtaves in their hand: and their poor Jades
Lob down their heads, drooping the hide and hips:
The Gum down roping from their pale-dead eyes,
And in their pale dull Mouths the Jymold Bitt
Lyes foul with chaw'd graſs, ſtill and motionleſs,
And their Executors, the knaviſh Crows,
Flye o're them all, impatient for their hour.
Deſcription cannot ſuit it ſelf in words,
To demonſtrate the Life of ſuch a Battel,
In life ſo liveleſs, as it ſhews it ſelf.
Conſt. They have ſaid their Prayers,
And they ſtay for death.
Dol. Shall we go ſend them Dinners, and freſh Sutes,
Aud give their faſting Horſes Provender,
And after fight with them?
Conſt. I ſtay but for my Guard: on
To the Field, I will the Banner from a Trumpet take,
And uſe it for my haſte. Come, come away,
The Sun is high, and we out-wear the day. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Glouceſter, Bedford, Exeter, Erpingham *with all his Hoſt*: Salisbury, *and* Weſtmerlaud.

Glouceſt. Where is the King?
Bedf. The King himſelf is rode to view their Battel.
Weſt. Of fighting men they haue full threeſcore thouſand.
Eze. There's five to one, beſides they all are freſh.
Saliſb. Gods Arm ſtrike with us, 'tis a fearful odds.
God buy' you Princes all; I'le to my Charge:
If we no more meet, 'till we meet in Heaven;
Then joyfully, my Noble Lord of *Bedford*,
My dear Lord *Glouceſter*, and my good Lord *Exeter*,
And my kind Kinſman, Warriors all, adieu.
Bed. Farewel, good *Salisbury*, and good luck go with
And yet I do thee wrong, to mind thee of it, [thee:
For thou art fam'd of the firm truth of Valour.
Exe. Farewel, kind Lord: fight valiantly to day.
Bed. He is as full of valour as of kindneſs,
Princely in both.
Enter the King.

Weſt. O that we now had here
But one ten thouſand of thoſe men in *England*,
That do no work to day.
King. What's he that wiſhes ſo?
My Couſin *Weſtmerland.* No, my fair Couſin:
If we are markt to die, we are enow
To do our Countrey loſs: and if to live,
The fewer men, the greater ſhare of Honour.
Gods will, I pray thee wiſh not one man more.
By *Jove*, I am not covetous for Gold,
Nor care I, who doth feed upon my coſt:
It yerns me not, if men my Garments wear;
Such outward things dwell not in my deſires.
But if it be a ſin to covet Honour,

I am the moſt offending Soul alive.
No 'faith, my Couze, wiſh not a man from *England*:
God's peace, I would not loſe ſo great an Honour,
As one man more me-thinks would ſhare from me,
For the beſt hope I have. O, do not wiſh one more:
Rather proclaim it (*Weſtmerland*) through my Hoſt;
That he which hath no ſtomack to this Fight,
Let him depart, his Paſport ſhall be made,
And Crowns for Convoy put into his Purſe:
We would not die in that man's company,
That fears his fellowſhip, to die with us.
This day is call'd the Feaſt of *Criſpian*:
He that out-lives this day, and comes ſafe home,
Will ſtand a tip-toe when this day is named,
And rouze him at the Name of *Criſpian*:
He that ſhall ſee this day, and live old age,
Will yearly on the Vigil feaſt his Neighbours,
And ſay to morrow is Saint *Criſpian*:
Then will he ſtrip his ſleeve, and ſhew his Scars:
Old men forget; yet all ſhall not be forgot:
But he'll remember, with advantages,
What feats he did that day. Then ſhall our Names,
Familiar in his mouth as houſhold words,
Harry the King, *Bedford* and *Exeter*,
Warwick and *Talbot*, *Saliſbury* and *Glouceſter*,
Be in their flowing Cups freſhly remembred.
This ſtory ſhall the good man teach his Son;
And *Criſpine Criſpian* ſhall ne're go by,
From this day to the ending of the World,
But we in it ſhall be remembred;
We few, we happy few, we band of Brothers:
For he to day that ſheds his blood with me,
Shall be my Brother: be he ne're ſo vile,
This day ſhall gentile his condition.
And Gentlemen in *England* now a-bed,
Shall think themſelves accurs'd they were not here;
And hold their Manhoods cheap, whiles any ſpeaks,
That fought with us upon Saint *Criſpian*'s day.

Enter Saliſbury.

Sal. My Soveraign Lord, beſtow your ſelf with ſpeed:
The *French* are bravely in their Battels ſet,
And will with all expedience charge on us.
King. All things are ready, if our minds be ſo.
Weſt. Periſh the man, whoſe mind is backward now.
King. Thou do'ſt not wiſh more help from *England*, Couze?
Weſt. God will, my Liege, would you and I alone,
Without more help could fight this Royal Battel.
King. Why now thou haſt unwiſht five thouſand men:
Which likes me better, than to wiſh us one.
You know your places: God be with you all.

Tucket. Enter Montjoy.

Mon. Once more I come to know of thee, King *Harry*,
If for thy Ranſom thou wilt now compound,
Before thy moſt aſſured Overthrow:
For certainly, thou art ſo near the Gulf,
Thou needs muſt be englutted. Beſides, in mercy
The Conſtable deſires thee, thou wilt mind
Thy Followers of Repentance; that their Souls
May make a peaceful and a ſweet Retire
From off theſe Fields: where (Wretches) their poor Bodies
Muſt lye and feſter.
King. Who hath ſent thee now?
Mon. The Conſtable of *France*.
King. I pray thee bear my former Anſwer back:
Bid them atchieve me, and then ſell my Bones.
Good God! why ſhould they mock poor Fellows thus?
The man that once did ſell the Lyon's skin
While the beaſt liv'd, was kill'd with hunting him.
And many of our Bodies ſhall no doubt
Find Native Graves: upon the which, I truſt
Shall witneſs live in Braſs of this days work.
And thoſe that leave their valiant Bones in *France*,
Dying like men, though buried in your Dunghills,
They ſhall be fam'd: for there the Sun ſhall greet them,
And draw their Honours reeking up to Heaven,
Leaving their earthly parts to choak your Clime,
The ſmell whereof ſhall breed a Plague in *France*.
Mark then abounding valour in our *Engliſh*:
That being dead, like to the Bullets graſing,
Break out into a ſecond courſe of miſchief,
Killing in relapſe of Mortality.
Let me ſpeak proudly: Tell the Conſtable,
We are but Warriors for the working day:
Our Gayneſs and our Gilt are all be-ſmircht
With rainy Marching in the painful Field.
There's not a piece of Feather in our Hoſt:
Good argument (I hope) we will not flie:
And time hath worn us into ſlovenry.
But by the Maſs, our hearts are in the trim:
And my poor Souldiers tell me, yet e're night,
They'le be in freſher Robes, or they will pluck
The gay new Coats o're the *French* Souldiers heads,
And turn them out of ſervice. If they do this,
As if God pleaſe, they ſhall; my Ranſom then
Will ſoon be levyed.
Herald, ſave thou thy labour:
Come thou no more for Ranſom, gentle Herald,
They ſhall have none, I ſwear, but theſe my Joynts:
Which if they have as I will leave 'um them,
Shall yield them little, tell the Conſtable.
Mon. I ſhall, King *Harry*. And ſo fare thee well:
Thou never ſhalt hear Herald any more. [*Exit.*
King. I fear thou wilt once more come again for a Ranſom.

Enter York.

York. My Lord, moſt humbly on my knee I beg
The leading of the Vaward.
King. Take it, brave *York*.
Now Souldiers march away;
And how thou pleaſeſt, God, diſpoſe the day. [*Exeunt.*

Alarum. Excurſions.

Enter Piſtol, *French Souldier*, *Boy*.

Piſt. Yield Cur.

French. Ie penſe que vous eſtes le Gentil-home de bone qualité.

Piſt. Quality calmy cuſture me. Art thou a Gentleman? what is thy Name? diſcuſs.

French. O Seigneur Dieu.

Piſt. O Signieur Dewe ſhould be a Gentleman: perpend my words O Signieur Dew, and mark: O Signieur Dewe, thou dyeſt on point of Fox, except O Signieur thou do give to me egregious Ranſom.

French. O prennez miſericorde ayez pitie de moy.

Piſt. Moy ſhall not ſerve, I will have forty Moyes: for I will fetch thy rym out at thy Throat, in drops of Crimſon blood.

French. Eſt-il impoſſibile d'eſchapper la force de ton bras.

Piſt. Braſs, Cur? thou damned and luxurious Mountain Goat, offer'ſt me Braſs?

French. O pardonne moy.

Piſt. Say'ſt thou me ſo? is that a Ton of Moyes? Come hither Boy, ask me this Slave in *French* what is his Name.

Boy. Eſcoute comment eſtes vous appellé?

French. Monſieur le Fer.

Boy. He ſays his name is Mr. *Fer.*

Piſt. Mr. *Fer*: I'le fer him, and firk him, and ferret him: diſcuſs the ſame in *French* unto him.

Boy. I do not know the *French* for *fer*, and *ferret*, and *firk*.

Piſt. Bid him prepare, for I will cut his throat.

French. Que dit-il Monſieur?

Boy. Il me commande de vous dire que vous vous teniez preſt, car ce ſoldat icy eſt diſpoſee tout aſture de *couper voſtre gorge.*

Piſt. Owy, cuppele gorge parmafoy peſant, unleſs thou give me Crowns, brave Crowns, or mangled ſhalt thou be by this my Sword.

French. O Ie vous ſupplie pour l' amour de Dieu: me pardonner, Ie ſuis Gentilhome de bonne maiſon, gar de ma vie, & Je vous donner ay deux cents eſcus.

Piſt. What are his words?

Boy. He prays you to ſave his life, he is a Gentleman of a good houſe, and for his Ranſom he will give you two hundred Crowns.

Piſt. Tell him my fury ſhall abate, and I the Crowns will take.

French. Petit Monſieur que dit-ill?

Boy. Encore qu'il eſt contre ſon Jurement, de pardonner aucun priſonnier: neant moins pour les eſcus que vous luy promittez, il eſt content de vous donner la liberté de franchiſe.

Fre.Sur mes genoux ie voux donne milles remerciement, & ie me eſtime heureux qui ie ne tombe entre les mains d'un Chevalier, ie penſe le plus brave, valiant, & tres deſtiné Signeur d' Angleterre.

Piſt. Expound unto me, Boy.

Boy. He gives you upon his knees a thouſand thanks, and eſteems himſelf happy, that he hath fal'n into the hands of one (as he thinks) the moſt brave, valorous, and thrice-worthy Signeur of *England.*

Piſt. As I ſuck blood, I will ſome mercy ſhew. Follow me.

Boy. Suave vous le grand Capitain!
I did never know ſo woful a voice iſſue from ſo empty a heart: but the Song is true, the empty veſſel makes the greateſt ſound. *Bardolf* and *Nim* had ten times more valour than this roaring Devil i'th' old Play, that every one may pair his nails with a wooden dagger, and they are both hang'd, and ſo would this be, if he durſt ſteal any thing adventurouſly. I muſt ſtay with the Lackies, with the luggage of our Camp, the *French* might have a good prey of us, if he knew of it, for there is none to guard it but Boys. [*Exit.*

Enter Conſtable, Orleance, Burbon, Dolphin, *and* Ramburs.

Con. O Diable.
Orl.O Signeur le jour & perdia, toute & perdie.
Dol. Mort Dieu ma vie, all is confounded, all,
Reproach, and everlaſting ſhame
Sits mocking in our Plumes. [*A ſhort Alarum.*
O *meſchante fortune*, do not run away.
Con. Why, all our Ranks are broke.
Dol. O perdurable ſhame, let's ſtab our ſelves:
Be theſe the Wretches that we play'd at Dice for?
Orl. Is this the King we ſent to, for his Ranſom?
Bur. Shame, and eternal ſhame, nothing but ſhame,
Let us flye in once more back again,
And he that will not follow *Burbon* now,
Let him go hence, and with his Cap in hand
Like a baſe Pander, hold the Chamber-door,
Whilſt by a baſe Slave, no gentler than my Dog,
His faireſt Daughter is contaminated.
Con. Diſorder, that hath ſpoyl'd us, Friend us now,
Let us on heaps go offer up our lives.
Orl. We are enow yet living in the Field,
To ſmother up the *Engliſh* in our Throngs
If any order might be thought upon.
Bur. The Devil take Order now, I'le to the throng;
Let Life be ſhort, elſe ſhame will be too long. [*Exit.*

Alarum. Enter the King and his Train, with Priſoners.

King. Well have we done, thrice valiant Countrymen,
But all's not done, yet keep the *French* the Field.
Exe. The D. of *York* commends him to your Majeſty.
King. Lives he, good Uncle: thrice within this hour
I ſaw him down; thrice up again, and fighting,
From Helmet to the Spur all Blood he was.
Exe. In which array (brave Souldier) doth he lye,
Larding the plain: and by his bloody ſide,
(Yoak-fellow to his Honour-owing wounds)
The Noble Earl of *Suffolk* alſo lyes.
Suffolk firſt dyed, and *York* all hagled over
Comes to him, where in gore he lay inſteeped,
And takes him by the Beard, kiſſes the gaſhes
That bloodily did yawn upon his face.
He crys aloud: Tarry my Couſin *Suffolk*,
My Soul ſhall thine keep company to Heaven:
Tarry (ſweet Soul) for mine, then flye a-breaſt:
As in this glorious and well-foughten Field
We kept together in our Chivalry.
Upon theſe words I came, and cheer'd him up,
He ſmil'd me in the Face, caught me his Hand,
And with a feeble gripe, ſays, Dear my Lord,
Commend my ſervice to my Soveraign;
So did he turn, and over *Suffolk*'s neck
He threw his wounded Arm, and kiſt his lips,
And ſo eſpeus'd to death, with blood he ſeal'd
A Teſtament of Noble-ending-Love:
The pretty and ſweet manner of it forc'd
Thoſe waters from me, which I would have ſtop'd,
But I had not ſo much of man in me,
And all my Mother came into mine Eyes,
And gave me up to Tears.
King. I blame you not,
For hearing this I muſt perforce compound
With mixtful Eyes, or they will iſſue too. [*Alarum.*
But heark, what new alarum is this ſame?
The *French* have re-enforc'd their ſcatter'd men:
Then every Souldier kill his Priſoners,
Give the word through.

Actus Quartus.

Enter Fluellen, *and* Gower.

Flu. Kill the poyes and the luggage, 'Tis expreſly againſt the Law of Arms, 'tis as arrant a piece of Knavery, mark you now, as can be offert in your Conſcience now, is it not?

Gow. 'Tis certain, there's not a Boy left alive, and the Cowardly Raſcals that ran away from the Battel, ha' don this Slaughter: beſides, they have burned and carried away all that was in the King's Tent, wherefore the King moſt worthily hath caus'd every Souldier to cut his Priſoner's throat. O 'tis a gallant King.

Flu. I, he was porn at *Monmouth*, Captain *Gower*: what call you the Town's name, where *Alexander* the pig was born?

Gow. Alexander the Great,

Flue. Why I pray yon, is not pig, great? The pig, or the great, or the mighty, or the huge, or the magnanimous are all one reckonings, ſave the phraſe is a little variations.

Gow. I think *Alexander* the Great was born in *Macedon*, his Father was called *Philip* of *Macedon*, as I take it.

Flu. I think it is in *Macedon*, where *Alexander* is porn: I tell you Captain, if you look in the Maps of the Orld, I warrant you ſall find in the compariſons between *Macedon* and *Monmouth*, that the ſituations, look you, is both alike. There is a River in *Macedon*, and there is alſo moreover a River at *Monmouth*, it is call'd *Wye* at *Monmouth*: but it is out of my prains, what is the name of the other River, but 'tis all one, 'tis alike as my Fingers is to my Fingers, and there is Salmons in both. If you mark *Alexander*'s life well, *Harry* of *Monmouth*'s life is come after it indifferent well, for there is Figures in all things. *Alexander*, God knows, and you know, in his rages, and his furies, and his wraths, and his cholers, and his moods, and his diſpleaſures, and his indignations, and alſo being a little intoxicates in his prains, did in his Ales and his angers, (look you) kill his beſt Friend *Clytus*.

Gow. Our King is not like him in that, he never kill'd any of his Friends.

Flu. It is not well done (mark you now) to take the tales out of my mouth, e're it is made and finiſhed. I ſpeak but in the Figures, and Compariſons of it : as *Alexander* kill'd his Friend *Clytus*, being in his Ales and his Cups ; ſo alſo *Harry Monmouth* being in his right wits, and his good judgements, turn'd away the fat Knight with the great belly doublet : he was full of jeſt, and gypes, and knaveries, and mocks, I have forgot his name.

Gow. Sir *John Falſtaff*.

Flu. That is he : I'le tell you, there is good men porn at *Monmouth*.

Gow. Here comes his Majeſty.

Alarum. Enter King Harry *and* Burbon *with Priſoners. Flouriſh.*

King. I was not angry ſince I came to *France*,
Until this inſtant. Take a Trumpet, Herald,
Ride thou unto the Horſemen on yond hill :
If they will fight with us, bid them come down,
Or voyd the Field : they do offend our ſight.
If they'll do neither, we will come to them,
And make them sker away, as ſwift as ſtones
Enforced from the old *Aſſyrian* ſlings :
Beſides, we'll cut the throats of thoſe we have,
And not a man of them that we ſhall take,
Shall taſte our mercy. Go and tell them ſo.

Enter Montjoy.

Exe. Here comes the Herald of the *French*, my Liege.

Glou. His Eyes are humbler than they us'd to be.

King. How now, what means their Herald ? Know'ſt thou not,
That I have fin'd theſe Bones of mine for Ranſom ?
Com'ſt thou again for Ranſom ?

Her. No, great King :
I come to thee for charitable Licenſe,
That we may wander o're this bloody Field,
To book our dead, and then to bury them,
To ſort our Nobles from our common men.
For many of our Princes (woe the while)
Lie drown'd and ſoak'd in mercenary blood :
So do our vulgar drench their peaſant limbs
In blood of Princes, and with wounded Steeds
Fret fet-lock deep in gore, and with wilde rage
Yerk out their armed heels at their dead Maſters,
Killing them twice. O give us leave great King,
To view the Field in ſafety, and diſpoſe
Of their dead Bodies.

King. I tell thee truly, Herald,
I know not if the day be ours or no,
For yet a many of your Horſemen peer,
And gallop o're the Field.

Her. The day is yours.

King. Praiſed be God, and not our ſtrength for it :
What is this Caſtle call'd, that ſtands hard by.

Her. They call it *Agincourt*.

King. Then call we this the Field of *Agincourt*,
Fought on the day of *Criſpin Criſpianus*.

Flu. Your Grandfather of famous memory (an't pleaſe your Majeſty) and your great Uncle *Edward* the Plack Prince of *Wales*, as I have read in the Chronicles, fought moſt prave pattle here in *France*.

King. They did, *Flnellen*.

Flu. Your Majeſty ſays very true : If your Majeſties is remembred of it, the *Welchmen* did good ſervice in a Garden where Leeks did grow, wearing Leeks in their *Monmouth* Caps, which your Majeſty know to this hour is an honorable Badge of the ſervice : And I do believe your Majeſty takes no ſcorn to wear the Leek upon S. *Tavie*'s day.

King. I wear it for a memorable Honour :
For I am *Welch* you know, good Countryman.

Flu. All the water in *Wye*, cannot waſh your Majeſties *Welſh* plood out of your pody, I can tell you that : God pleſs, and preſerve it, as long as it pleaſes his Grace, and his Majeſty too.

King. Thanks, good my Countryman.

Flu. By Jeſhu, I am your Majeſties Countryman, I care not who know it : I will confeſs it to all the Orld, I need not to be aſhamed of your Majeſty, praiſed be God, ſo long as your Majeſty is an honeſt man.

King. God keep me ſo.

Enter Williams.

Our Heralds go with him,
Bring me juſt notice of the numbers dead
On both our Parts. Call yonder Fellow hither.

Exe. Souldier, you muſt come to the King.

King. Souldier, why wear'ſt thou that Glove in thy Cap ?

Will. And't pleaſe your Majeſty, 'tis the Gage of one that I ſhould fight withall, if he be alive.

King. An *Engliſhman* ?

Will. And't pleaſe your Majeſty, a Raſcal that ſwagger'd with me laſt night : who if alive, and ever dare to challenge this Glove, I have ſworn to take him a box o'th'ear : or if I can ſee my Glove in his Cap, which he ſwore as he was a Souldier he would wear, (if alive) I will ſtrike it out ſoundly.

King. What think you, Captain *Fluellen*, is it fit this Souldier keep his Oath ?

Flu. He is a Craven and a Villain elſe, and't pleaſe your Majeſty in my Conſcience.

King. It may be, his Enemy is a Gentleman of great ſort, quite from the anſwer of his degree.

Flu. Though he be as good a Jentleman as the Devil is, as *Lucifer* and *Belzebub* himſelf, it is neceſſary (look your Grace) that he keep his Vow and his Oath : If he be perjur'd (ſee you now) his reputation is as arrant a Villain and a Jack ſawce, as ever his black ſhoo trod upon Gods ground, and his earth, in my conſcience, law.

King. Then keep thy vow, Sirrah, when thou meet'ſt the Fellow.

Will. So, I will my Liege, as I live.

King. Who ſerv'ſt thou under ?

Will. Under Captain *Gower*, my Liege.

Flu. *Gower* is a good Captain, and is good knowledge and literatured in the Wars.

King. Call him hither to me, Souldier.

Will. I will, my Liege. [*Exit.*

King. Here *Fluellen*, wear thou this favour for me, and ſtick it in thy Cap : when *Alanſon* and my ſelf were down together, I pluck't this Glove from his Helm : if any man challenge this, he is a Friend to *Alanſon*, and an Enemy to our Perſon, if thou encounter any ſuch, apprehend him, and thou do'ſt me love.

Flu. Your Grace does me as great Honours, as can be deſir'd in the hearts of his Subjects : I would fain ſee the man, that has but two legs, that ſhall find himſelf agriev'd at this Glove ; that is all : but I would fain ſee it once, and pleaſe God of his grace that I might ſee.

King. Know'ſt thou *Gower* ?

Flu. He is my dear friend, and pleaſe you.

King. Pray thee go ſeek him, and bring him to my Tent ?

Flu. I will fetch him. [*Exit.*

King. My Lord of *Warwick*, and my brother *Gloſter*,
Follow *Fluellen* cloſely at the heels,
The Glove which I have given him for a Favour
May haply purchaſe him a box o'th'ear.
It is the Souldiers : I by bargain ſhould

Wear it my ſelf. Follow, good Couſin *Warwick*:
If that the Souldier ſtrike him, as I judge
By this blunt bearing, he will keep his word;
Some ſudden miſchief may ariſe of it:
For I do know *Fluellen* valiant,
And touch't with Choler, hot as Gunpowder,
And quickly will return an injury.
Follow, and ſee there be not harm between them.
Go you with me, Uncle of *Exeter*. *Exeunt.*

Enter Gower *and* Williams.

Will. I warrant it is to Knight you, Captain.

Enter Fluellen.

Flu. Gods will, and his pleaſure, Captain, I beſeech you now, come apace to the King: there is more good toward you peradventure, then is in your knowledge to dream of.

Will. Sir, know you this Glove?

Flu. Know the Glove? I know the Glove is a Glove.

Will. I know this, and thus I challenge it. [*Strikes him.*

Flu. 'Sbud, an arrant Traitor as any's in the Univerſal World, or in *France*, or in *England*.

Gow. How now, Sir? you Villain.

Will. Do you think, I'le be forſworn?

Flu. Stand away, Captain *Gower*, I will give Treaſon his payment into plows, I warrant you.

Will. I am no Traitor,

Flu. That's a Lie in thy Throat. I charge you in his Majeſties Name apprehend him, he's a friend of the Duke *Alanſons*.

Enter Warwick *and* Glouceſter.

War. How now, how now, what's the matter?

Flu. My Lord of *Warwick*, here is, praiſed be God for it, a moſt contagious Treaſon come to light, look you, as you ſhall deſire in a Summers day. Here is his Majeſty.

Enter King, and Exeter.

King. How now, what's the matter?

Flu. My Leige, here is a Villain and a Traitour, that, look your Grace, ha's ſtruck the Glove which your Majeſty is take out of the Helmet of *Alanſon*.

Will. My Liege, this was my Glove, here is the Fellow of it: and he that I gave it to in change, promis'd to wear in his Cap: I promis'd to ſtrike him, if he did: I met this man with my Glove in his Cap, and I have been as good as my word.

Flu. Your Majeſty hear now, ſaving your Majeſties Man-hood, what an arrant, raſcally, beggarly, lowſie Knave it is: I hope your Majeſty is pear me teſtimony and witneſs, and will avouchment, that this is the Glove of *Alanſon*, that your Majeſties give me, in your Conſcience now.

King. Give me thy Glove, Souldier;
Look, here is the fellow of it:
'Twas I indeed thou promiſedſt to ſtrike.
And thou haſt given me moſt bitter terms.

Flu. And pleaſe your Majeſty, let his Neck anſwer for it, if there is any Marſhal Law in the world.

King. How canſt thou make me ſatisfaction?

Will. All offences, my Lord, come from the heart: never came any from mine, that might offend your Majeſty.

King. It was our ſelf thou didſt abuſe.

Will. Your Majeſty came not like your ſelf: you appear'd to me but as a common man: witneſs the Night, your Garments, your Lowlineſs: and what your Highneſs ſuffer'd under that ſhape, I beſeech you take it for your own fault, and not mine; for had you been as I took you for, I made no offence; therefore I beſeech your Highneſs pardon me.

King. Here Uncle *Exeter*, fill this Glove with Crowns,
And give it to this Fellow. Keep it Fellow,
And wear it for an Honor in thy Cap,
Till I do challenge it. Give him the Crowns:
And, Captain, you muſt needs be friends with him.

Flu. By this Day and this Light, the fellow has mettle enough in his belly: hold, there is twelve-pence for you, and I pray you ſerve God, and keep you out of prawls and prabbles, and quarrels and diſſentions, and I warrant you it is the better for you.

Will. I will none of your Money.

Flu. It is with a good will: I can tell you it will ſerve you to mend your ſhoos; come, wherefore ſhould you be ſo paſhful; your ſhoos is not ſo good; 'tis a good ſilling I warrant you, or I will change it.

Enter Herald.

King. Now *Herald*, are the dead numbred?

Her. Here is the number of the ſlaught'red *French*.

King. What Priſoners of good ſort are taken, Uncle?

Exe. *Charles* Duke of *Orleance*, Nephew to the King,
John Duke of *Burbon*, and Lord *Bouchiquald*:
Of other Lords and Barons, Knights and Squires,
Full fifteen hundred, beſides common men.

King. This Note doth tell me of ten thouſand *French*
That in the Field lie ſlain: of Princes in this number,
And Nobles bearing Banners, there lye dead
One hundred twenty ſix: added to theſe,
Of Knights, Eſquires, and gallant Gentlemen,
Eight thouſand and four hundred: of the which,
Five hundred were but yeſterday dubb'd Knights,
So that in theſe ten thouſand they have loſt,
There are but ſixteen hundred Mercenaries:
The reſt are Princes, Barons, Lords, Knights, Squires,
And Gentlemen of blood and Quality,
The Names of thoſe their Nobles that lie dead:
Charles Delabreth, High Conſtable of *France*,
Jacques of *Chatilion*, Admiral of *France*,
The Maſter of the Croſs-bows, Lord *Ramburs*,
Great Maſter of *France*, the brave Sir *Guichard Dolphin*,
John Duke of *Alanſon*, *Anthonio* Duke of *Brabant*,
The Brother to the Duke of *Burgundy*,
And *Edward* Duke of *Barr*: of luſty Earls,
Grandpree and *Rouſſie*, *Faulconbridge* and *Foyes*,
Beaumont and *Marle*, *Vaudemont* and *Leſtrale*.
Here was a Royal fellowſhip of death.
Where is the number of our *Engliſh* dead?
Edward the Duke of *York*, the Earl of *Suffolk*,
Sir *Richard Ketly*, *Davy Gam* Eſquire;
None elſe of name: and of all other men,
But five and twenty.

King. O God, thy Arm was here:
And not to us, but to thy Arm alone,
Aſcribe we all: when, without ſtratagem,
But in plain ſhock, and even play of Battel,
Was ever known ſo great and little loſs?
On one part and on th'other, take it God,
For it is none's, but thine.

Exet. 'Tis wonderful.

King. Come, go we in Proceſſion to the Village:
And be it death proclaimed through our Hoſt,
To boaſt of this, or take that praiſe from God,
Which is his onely.

Flu. Is it not lawful and pleaſe your Majeſty, to tell how many is kill'd?

King. Yes, Captain; but with this acknowledgement,
That God fought for us.

Flu. Yes, my conſcience, he did us great good.

King. Do we all holy Rights;
Let there be ſung *Non nobis*, and *Te Deum*,
The dead with charity encloſ'd in Clay:
And then to *Calice*, and to *England* then,
Where ne're from *France* arriv'd more happy men.
Exeunt.

Actus Quintus.

Enter Chorus.

Vouchſafe to thoſe that have not read the Story,
That I may prompt them: and of ſuch as have,
I humbly pray them to admit th'excuſe
Of time, of numbers, and due courſe of things
Which cannot in their huge and proper life
Be here preſented. Now we bear the King
Toward *Callice*: grant him there; And there being ſeen,
Heave him away upon your winged thoughts,
Athwart the Sea; Behold the *Engliſh* beach
Pales in the flood, with Men, with Wives, and Boys,
Whoſe ſhouts and claps out-voyce the deep-mouth'd Sea,
Which like a mighty Whiffler 'fore the King
Seems to prepare his way: So let him land,
And ſolemnly ſee him ſet on to *London.*
So ſwift a pace hath Thought, that even now
You may imagine him upon *Black-Heath*:
Where, that his Lords deſire him, to have born
His bruiſed Helmet, and his bended Sword
Before him, through the City: he forbids it,
Being free from vainneſs, and ſelf-glorious pride:
Giving full Trophee, Signal, and Oſtent,
Quite from himſelf, to God. But now behold,
In the quick Forge and working-houſe of Thought,
How *London* doth pour out her Citizens,
The Mayor, and all his Brethren in beſt ſort,
Like to the Senators of th'antique *Rome*,
With the *Plebeians* ſwarming at their heels,
Go forth and fetch their Conqu'ring *Cæſar* in:
As by a lower, but by loving likelihood,
Were now the General of our gracious Empreſs,
As in good time he may, from *Ireland* coming,
Bringing Rebellion broached on his Sword;
How many would the peaceful City quit.
To welcome him? much more, and much more cauſe,
Did they this *Harry*. Now in *London* place him.
As yet the lamentation of the *French*
Invites the King of *England*'s ſtay at home:
The Emperour's coming in behalf of *France*,
To order Peace between them: and omit
All the occurrences, what ever chanc'd,
Till *Harrys* back return again to *France*:
There muſt we bring him: and my ſelf have play'd
The *Interim*, by remembring you 'tis paſt.
Then brook abridgement, and your Eyes advance,
After your thoughts, ſtraight back again to *France*.
[*Exit.*

Enter Fluellen *and* Gower.

Gow. Nay, that's right: but why wear you your Leek to day? Saint *Davies* day is paſt.

Flu. There is occaſions and cauſes why, and wherefore in all things: I will tell you aſſe my Friend, Captain *Gower*; the raſcally, ſcauld, beggarly, lowſie, pragging Knave *Piſtol*, which, you and your ſelf, and all the world know to be no petter than a Fellow, look you now, of no merits: he is come to me, and prings me pread and ſalt yeſterday, look you, and bid me eat my Leek: it was in a place were I could not breed no contention with him; but I will be ſo bold as to wear it in my Cap till I ſee him once again, and then I will tell him a little piece of my deſires.

Enter Piſtol.

Gow. Why here he comes, ſwelling like a Turky-cock.

Flu. 'Tis no matter for his ſwelling, nor his Turky-cocks. God pleſſe aunchient *Piſtol*: you ſcurvy lowſie Knave, God bleſſe you.

Piſt. Ha, art thou bedlam? do'ſt thou thirſt, baſe Trojan, to have me fold up *Parcas* fatal Web? Hence; I am qualmiſh at the ſmell of Leek.

Flu. I peſeech you heartily, ſcurvy lowſie Knave, at my deſires, and my requeſts, and my petitions, to eat, look you, this Leek, becauſe, look you, You do not love it, nor your affections, and your appetites, and your diſgeſtions does not agree with it, I would deſire you to eat it.

Piſt. Not for *Cadwalladar* and all his Goats.

Flu. There is one Goat for you, [*Strikes him.* Will you be ſo good, ſcauld Knave, as eat it?

Piſt. Baſe Trojan, thou ſhalt die.

Flu. You ſay very true, ſcauld Knave, when Gods will is: I will deſire you to live in the mean time, and eat your Victuals: come, there is ſawce for it. You call'd me yeſterday Mountain-Squire, but I will make you to day a Squire of low degree. I pray you fall to, if you can mock a Leek, you can eat a Leek.

Gow. Enough Captain, you have aſtoniſht him.

Flu. I ſay, I will make him eat ſome part of my Leek, or I will peat his pate four days: bite I pray you, it is good for your green wound, and your ploody Coxcomb.

Piſt. Muſt I bite?

Flu. Yes certainly, and out of doubt, and out of queſtion too, and ambiguities.

Piſt. By this Leek, I will moſt horribly revenge: I eat and, eat, I ſwear.

Flu. Eat I pray you, will you have ſome more ſawce to your Leek: there is not enough Leek to ſwear by.

Piſt. Quiet thy Cudgel, thou doſt ſee I eat.

Ful. Much good do you, ſcauld knave, heartily. Nay, pray you throw none away, the skin is good for your broken Coxcomb; when you take occaſions to ſee Leeks hereafter, I pray you mock at'em, that is all.

Piſt. Good.

Flu. I, Leeks is good: hold you, there is a groat to heal your pate.

Piſt. Me a groat?

Flu. Yes verily, and in truth you ſhall take it, or I have another Leek in my pocket, which you ſhall eat.

Piſt. I take thy groat in earneſt of revenge.

Flu. If I owe you any thing, I will pay you in Cudgels, you ſhall be a Woodmonger, and buy nothing of me but Cudgels: Gud bu'y you, and keep you, and heal your pate. [*Exit.*

Piſt. All hell ſhall ſtir for this.

Gow. Go, go, you are a counterfeit cowardly Knave, will you mock at an ancient Tradition, began upon an honourable reſpect, and worn as a memorable Trophee of predeceaſed valour, and dare not avouch in your deeds any of your words. I have ſeen you gleeking and galling at this Gentleman twice or thrice. You thought, becauſe he could not ſpeak *Engliſh* in the native garb, he could not therefore handle an *Engliſh* Cudgel: you find it otherwiſe, and henceforth let a Welſh correction teach you a good *Engliſh* condition, fare ye well. [*Exit.*

Piſt. Doth fortune play the huſwife with me now? News have I that my *Doll* is dead i'th' Spittle of a malady of *France*, and there my rendezvous is quite cut off: Old I do wax, and from my weary limbs Honour is Cudgell'd. Well, Bawd I'le turn, and ſomething lean to Cut-purſe of quick hand: To *England* will I ſteal, and there I'le ſteal:
And patches will I get unto theſe cudgel'd Scars,
And ſwear I got them in the *Gallia* wars. *Exit.*

Enter at one door, King Henry, Exeter, Bedford, Warwick, *and other Lords; at another, Queen* Iſabel, *the King, the Duke of* Burgoign, *and other French.*

King. Peace to this meeting, wherefore are we met?
Unto our Brother *France*, and to our Siſter,
Health and fair time of day: Joy and good wiſhes

To our moſt fair and Princely Couſin *Katharine*;
And as a branch and member of this Royalty,
By whom this great Aſſembly is contriv'd,
We do ſalute you, Duke of *Burgoigne*,
And Princes *French* and Peers, health to you all.
Fra. Right joyous are we to behold your face,
Moſt worthy Brother *England*, fair met.
So are you Princes (*Engliſh* every one.)
Quee. So happy be the Iſſue, Brother *England*,
Of this good day, and of this gracious meeting,
As we are now glad to behold your Eyes,
Your Eyes which hitherto have born in them
Againſt the *French*, that met them in their bent,
The fatal Balls of murthering Baſilisks:
The venom of ſuch Looks we fairly hope
Have loſt their quality, and that this day
Shall change all griefs and quarrels into love.
Eng. To cry *Amen* to that, thus we appear.
Quee. You *Engliſh* Princes all, I do ſalute you.
Burg. My duty to you both, on equal love.
Great Kings of *France* and *England*: that I have labour'd
With all my wits, my pains, and ſtrong endeavours,
To bring your moſt imperial Maieſties
Unto this Bar, and Royal Enterview:
Your Mightineſs on both parts beſt can witneſs.
Since then my Office hath ſo far prevail'd,
That Face to Face, and Royal Eye to Eye,
You have congreeted: let it not diſgrace me,
If I demand before this Royal view,
What Rub, or what Impediment there is,
Why that the naked, poor, and mangled Peace,
Dear nurſe of Arts, Plenties, and joyful Births,
Should not in this beſt Garden of the World,
Our fertile *France*, put up her lovely Viſage?
Alas, ſhe hath from *France* too long been chas'd,
And all her Husbandry doth lie on heaps,
Corrupting in it's own fertility.
Her Vine, the merry chearer of the heart,
Unpruned dies: her Hedges even, pleach'd,
Like Priſoners wildly over-grown with hair,
Put forth diſorder'd Twigs: her fallow Leas,
The *Darnel*, *Hemlock*, and rank *Fumitory*,
Doth root upon; while that the *Culter* ruſts,
That ſhould deracinate ſuch Savagery:
The even Mead, that erſt brought ſweetly forth
The freckled *Cowſlip*, *Burnet*, and green *Clover*,
Wanting the Sythe, withall uncorrected, rank,
Conceives by idleneſs, and nothing teems,
But hateful *Docks*, rough *Thiſtles*, *Keckſies*, *Burs*,
Loſing both beauty and utility;
And all our Vineyards, Fallows, Meads, and Hedges,
Defective in their Natures, grow to wildneſs.
Even ſo our Houſes, and our ſelves, and Children,
Have loſt, or do not learn, for want of time,
The Sciences, that ſhould become our Country;
But grow like Savages, as Souldiers will,
That nothing do, but meditate on Blood,
To ſwearing, and ſtern Looks, diffuſ'd Attire,
And every thing that ſeems unnatural.
Which to reduce into our former favour,
You are aſſembled: and my ſpeech entreats,
That I may know the Let, why gentle Peace
Should not expel theſe Inconveniences,
And bleſs us with her former qualities.
Eng. If, Duke of *Burgony*, you would the Peace,
Whoſe want gives growth to th' imperfections
Which you have cited; you muſt buy that Peace
With full accord to all our juſt Demands,
Whoſe Tenures and particular Effects
You have enſchedul'd briefly in your Hands.
Burg. The King hath heard them: to the which, as yet
There is no Anſwer made.
Eng. Well then: the Peace which you before ſo urg'd,
Lies in his Anſwer.
Fran. I have but with a curſelary Eye
O're glanc't the Articles: Pleaſeth your Grace
To appoint ſome of your Council preſently
To ſit with us once more, with better heed
To re-ſurvey them: we will ſuddenly
Paſs our accept and peremptory Anſwer.
Eng. Brother we ſhall. Go, Uncle *Exeter*,
And Brother *Clarence*, and Brother *Glouceſter*,
Warwick and *Huntington*, go with the King,
And take with you free power, to ratifie,
Augment, or alter, as your Wiſdoms beſt
Shall ſee advantageable for our Dignity,
Any thing in or out of our Demands,
And we'll conſign thereto. Will you, fair Siſter,
Go with the Princes, or ſtay here with us?
Quee. Our gracious Brother, I will go with them:
Haply a Woman's Voyce may do ſome good,
When Articles too nicely urg'd, be ſtood on.
Eng. Yet leave our Couſin *Katharine* here with us,
She is our capital Demand compris'd
Within the fore-rank of our Articles.
Quee. She hath good leave. [*Exeunt Omnes.*

Manet King, and Katharine.

King. Fair *Katharine*, moſt fair,
Will you vouchſafe to teach a Souldier terms,
Snch as will enter at a Ladies ear,
And plead his Love-ſuit to her gentle heart?

Kath. Your Majeſty ſhall mock at me, I cannot ſpeak your *England.*

King. O fair *Katharine*, if you will love me ſoundly with your *French*-heart, I will be glad to hear you confeſs it brokenly with your *Engliſh* Tongue. Do you like me, *Kate*?

Kath. Pardonne moy, I cannot tell, wat is like me.

King. An Angel is like you *Kate*, and you are like an Angel.

Kath. Que dit-il, que de ſuis ſemblable à les Anges?

Lady. Ouy verament (*ſauf voſtre Grace*) *ainſi dit-il.*

King. I ſaid ſo, dear *Katharine*, and I muſt not bluſh to affirm it.

Kath. O bon Dieu, les langues des hommes ſont plein de tromperies.

King. What ſays ſhe, fair one? that Tongues of men are full of deceits?

Lady. Ouy, dat de tongues of de mans is be full of deceits: dat is de Princeſs.

King. The Princeſs is the better Engliſh-woman; i'faith *Kate*, my wooing is fit for thy underſtanding, I am glad thou canſt ſpeak no better *Engliſh*, for if thou could'ſt, thou woul'dſt find me ſuch a plain King, that thou would'ſt think, I had ſold my farm to buy my Crown, I know no ways to mince it in love, but directly to ſay, I love you, then if you urge me farther, then to ſay Do you in faith? I wear out my ſuit: Give me your anſwer i'ſaith do, and clap hands, and a bargain: how ſay you, Lady?

Kath. Sauf voſtre honour, me underſtand well.

King. Marry, if you would put me to Verſes, or to Dance for your ſake, *Kate*, why you undid me: for the one, I have neither words nor meaſure; and for the other, I have no ſtrength in meaſure, yet a reaſonable meaſure in ſtrength. If I could win a Lady at Leap-frog, or by vaulting into my Saddle, with my Armor on my back; under the correction of bragging be it ſpoken, I ſhould quickly leap into a Wife: Or if I might buffet for my Love, or bound my Horſe for her favours, I could lay on like a Butcher, and ſit like a Jack an Apes, never off. But before God, *Kate*, I cannot look greenly, nor gaſp out my Eloquence, nor I have no cunning in Proteſtation; onely down-right Oaths, which I never us'd till urg'd, nor never break for urging, If thou canſt love a Fellow of this temper, *Kate*, whoſe face is not worth Sun-burning?

ning? that never looks in his Glaſs, for love of any thing he ſees there? let thine Eye be the Cook, I ſpeak to thee plain Souldier: if thou canſt love me for this, take me? if not? to ſay to thee that I ſhall dye, is true; but for thy love, by the L. No: yet I love thee too. And while thou liv'ſt, dear *Kate*, take a Fellow of plain and uncoyned Conſtancy, for he perforce muſt do thee right, becauſe he hath not the gift to woo in other places: For theſe Fellows of infinite Tongue, that can ryme himſelfe into Ladies favours, they do always reaſon themſelves out again. What? a ſpeaker is but a prater, a Ryme is but a Ballad; a good Leg will fall, a ſtraight back will ſtoop, a black Beard will turn white, a curl'd Pate will grow bald, a fair Face will wither, a full Eye will wax hollow: but a good heart, *Kate*, is the Sun and the Moon, or rather the Sun, and not the Moon; for it ſhines bright, and never changes, but keeps his courſe truly. If thou would have ſuch a one, take me? and take me; take a Souldier; take a Souldier; take a King, And what ſay'ſt thou then to my Love? ſpeak my fair, and fairly, I pray thee.

Kath. Is it poſſible dat I ſould love de enemy of *France*?

King. No, it is not poſſible that you ſhould love the Enemy of *France*, *Kate*; but in loving me, you ſhould love the Friend of *France*: for I love *France* ſo well, that I will not part with a Village of it: I will have it all mine: and, *Kate*, when *France* is mine, and I am yours; then yours is *France*, and you are mine.

Kath. I cannot tell wat is dat.

King. No, *Kate*? I will tell thee in *French*, which I am ſure will hang upon my Tongue, like a new married Wife about her Husbands Neck, hardly to be ſhook off: *Je quand ſur le poſſeſſion de Fraunce, & quand vous aves le poſſeſſion de moy*, (Let me ſee, what then? Saint *Dennis* be my ſpeed) *Donc voſtre eſt Fraunce, et vous eſtes mienne.* It is as eaſie for me, *Kate*, to conquer the kingdom, as to ſpeak ſo much more *French*: I ſhall never move thee in *French*, unleſs it be to laugh at me.

Kath. Sauf voſtre honeur, le Francois ques vous parleis, il & melius quel' Anglois le quel je parle.

King. No faith is't not, *Kate*: but thy ſpeaking of my Tongue, and I thine, moſt truly falſly, muſt needs be granted to be much at one. But *Kate*, do'ſt thou underſtand thus much *Engliſh*? Canſt thou love me?

Kath. I cannot tell.

King. Can any of your Neighbours tell, *Kate*? I'le ask them, Come, I know thou loveſt me: and at night, when you come into your Cloſet, you'll queſtion this Gentlewoman about me; and I know, *Kate*, you will to her diſpraiſe thoſe parts in me, that you love with your heart; but, good *Kate*, mock me mercifully, the rather, gentle Princeſs, becauſe I love thee cruelly. If ever thou beeſt mine, *Kate*, as I have ſaving Faith within me tells me, thou ſhalt; I get thee with skambling, and thou muſt therefore needs prove a good Souldier-breeder: Shall not thou and I, between Saint *Dennis* and Saint *George*, compound a Boy, half *French* half *Engliſh*, that ſhall go to *Conſtantinople*, and take the *Turk* by the Beard. Shall we not? what ſay'ſt thou, my fair Flower-de-Luce.

Kath. I do not know dat.

King. No: 'tis hereafter to know, but now to promiſe: do but now promiſe, *Kate*, you will endeavour for your *French* part of ſuch a Boy; and for my *Engliſh* moiyty, take the word of a King, and a Batchelor. How anſwer you, *La plus belle Katharine du monde mon treſcher & devin deeſſe.*

Kath. Your Majeſtee aue fauſe Frenche enough to deceive de moſt ſage Damoiſel dat is in en *France*.

King. Now fie upon my falſe *French*: by mine Honour, in true *Engliſh*, I love thee, *Kate*; by which Honour I dare not ſwear thou loveſt me, yet my blood begins to flatter me, that thou do'ſt; yet notwithſtanding the poor and untempering effect of my Viſage. Now beſhrew my Father's Ambition, he was thinking of Civil Wars, when he got me, therefore was I created with a ſtubborn outſide, with an aſpect of Iron, that when I come to woo Ladies, I fright them: but in faith, *Kate*, the elder I wax, the better I ſhall appear. My comfort is, that Old Age, that ill layer up of Beauty, can do no more ſpoyl upon my Face. Thou haſt me, if thou haſt me, at the worſt; and thou ſhalt wear me, if thou wear me, better and better: and therefore tell me, moſt fair *Katharine*, will you have me? Put off thoſe Maiden Bluſhes, avouch the Thoughts of your Heart with the Looks of an Empreſs, take me by the Hand, and ſay, *Harry* of *England*, I am thine: which word thou ſhalt no ſooner bleſs mine Ear withall, but I will tell thee aloud, *England* is thine, *Ireland* is thine, *France* is thine, and *Henry Plantagenet* is thine; who, though I ſpeak it before his Face, if he be not Fellow with the beſt King, thou ſhalt find the beſt King of Good-fellows. Come your anſwer in broken Muſick; for thy Voice is Muſick, and thy *Engliſh* broken: Therefore Queen of all, *Katharine*, break thy mind to me in broken *Engliſh*, wilt thou have me?

Kath. Dat is as it ſhall pleaſe *de roy mon pere.*

King. Nay, it will pleaſe him well, *Kate*; it ſhall pleaſe him, *Kate*.

Kath. Den it ſhall alſo content me.

King. Upon that I kiſs your Hand, and I call you my Queen.

Kath. Laiſſe mon Seigneur, laiſſe, laiſſe, may foy: Je ne veus point que vous abbaiſſe voſtre grandeur, en baiſant le main d' une noſtre Seigneur indignie ſerviteur, excuſe moy. Je vous ſupply mon treſ-puiſſant Seigneur.

King. Then I will kiſs your Lips, *Kate*.

Kath. Les Dames & Damoiſels pour eſtre baiſe devant leur nopceſe il net pas le Coſtume de Fraunce.

King. Madam, my Interpreter, what ſays ſhe?

Lady. Dat is not to be de faſhion pour le Ladies of *France*; I cannot tell what is buiſſe en *Engliſh*.

King. To Kiſs.

Lady. Your Majeſty *entendre bettre que moy.*

King. Is it not a faſhion for the Maids in *France* to kiſs before they are married, would ſhe ſay?

Lady. Ouy verayment.

King. O *Kate*, nice Cuſtoms curſie to great Kings, Dear *Kate*, you and I cannot be confin'd within the weak Liſt of a Countries faſhion: we are the makers of Manners, *Kate*; and the liberty that follows our Places, ſtops the mouth of all find-faults, as I will do yours, for upholding the nice faſhion of your Country, in denying me a kiſs: therefore patiently, and yielding. You have Witch-craft in your Lips, *Kate*: there is more eloquence in a Sugar touch of them; than in the Tongues of the *French* Council: and they ſhould ſooner perſwade *Harry* of *England*, than a general Petition of Monarchs. Here comes your Father.

Enter the French Power, and the Engliſh Lords.

Burg. God ſave your Majeſty, my Royal Couſin, teach you our Princeſs *Engliſh*?

King. I would have her learn, my fair Couſin, how perfectly I love her, and that is good *Engliſh*.

Burg. Is ſhe apt?

King. Our Tongue is rough, Coze, and my condition is not ſmooth: ſo that having neither the Voice nor the Heart of Flattery about me, I cannot ſo conjure up the ſpirit of love in her, that he will appear in his true likeneſs.

Burg. Pardon the frankneſs of my mirth, if I anſwer you for that. If you would conjure in her, you muſt make a Circle : if conjure up love in her in his true likeneſs, he muſt appeare naked , and blind. Can you blame her then, being a Maid, yet ros'd over with the Virgin Crimſon of Modeſty, if ſhe deny the appearance of a naked blind Boy in her naked ſeeing ſelf? It were (my Lord) a hard Condition for a Maid to conſign to.

King. Yet they do wink and yield as Love is blind and enforces.

Burg. They are then excus'd, my Lord, when they ſee not what they do.

King. Then, good my Lord, teach your Couſin to conſent to winking.

Burg. I will wink on her to conſent, my Lord, if you will teach her to know my meaning : for Maids well Summer'd, and warm kept, are like Flyes at *Bartholomew*-tyde, blind, though they have their Eyes, and then they will endure handling, which before would not abide oking on.

King· This Moral ties me over to Time, and a hot Summer ; and ſo I ſhall catch the Flie, your Couſin, in the latter end, and ſhe muſt blind too.

Burg. As Love is, my Lord, before it loves.

King. It is ſo : and you may, ſome of you, thank ove for my blindneſs, who cannot ſee many a fair *French* City for one fair *French* Maid ; for that ſtands in my way.

French King. Yes my Lord, you ſee them perſpectively : the Cities turn'd into a Maid ; for they are all girdled with Maiden Walls, that War hath entred.

King. Shall *Kate* be my Wife ?

Fran. So pleaſe you.

England. I am content, ſo the Maiden Cities you talk of, may wait on her : ſo the Maid that ſtood in the Way for my Wiſh, ſhall ſhew me the way to my Will.

France. We have conſented to all terms of reaſon.

Eng. Is't ſo, My Lords of *England*?

Weſt. The King hath granted every Article :
His Daughter firſt ; and then in ſequele all,
According to their firm propoſed natures.

Exet. Onely he hath not yet ſubſcribed this :
Where your Majeſty demands, That the King of *France* having occaſion to write for matter of Grant, ſhall name your Highneſs in this form, and with this addition, in French : *Noſtre treſcher filz Henry Roy, d'Angleterre Heretere de France* ; and thus in Latine ; *Præclariſſimus Filius noſter Henricus Rex Angliæ & Hæres Franciæ.*

Fran. Nor this I have not Brother ſo deny'd,
But your requeſt ſhall make me let it paſs.

Engl. I pray you then, in love and dear allyance,
Let that one Article rank with the reſt,
And thereupon give me your Daughter.

Fran. Take her, fair Son, and from her Blood raiſe up
Iſſue to me, that the contending Kingdoms
Of *France* and *England*, whoſe very ſhoars look pale,
With envy of each others happineſs,
May ceaſe their hatred ; and this dear Conjunction
Plant Neighbourhood and Chriſtian-like accord
In their ſweet Boſoms : that never War advance
His bleeding Sword 'twixt *England* and fair *France.*

Lords. Amen.

King. Now welcome, *Kate* : and bear me witneſs all,
That here I kiſs her, as my Soveraign Queen.

Flouriſh.

Queen. God, the beſt maker of all Marriages,
Combine your hearts in one, your Realms in one,
As Man and Wife being two, are one in love,
So be there 'twixt your Kingdoms ſuch a Spouſal,
That never may ill Office, or fell jealouſie,
Which troubles oft the Bed of bleſſed Marriage,
Thruſt in between the Paſſion of theſe Kingdoms,
To make divorce of their incorporate League :
That *Engliſh* may as *French*, *French Engliſh* men,
Receive each other. God ſpeak this Amen.

All. Amen.

King. Prepare for our Marriage : on which day,
My Lord of *Burgundy* we'll take your Oath
And all the Peers, for ſurety of our Leagues.
Then ſhall I ſwear to *Kate*, and you to me,
And may our Oaths well kept and proſp'rous be.

Sonet. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Chorus.

Thus far with rough, and all-unable Pen,
Our bending Author hath perſu'd the Story,
In little room confining Mighty men,
Mangling by ſtarts the full courſe of their glory.
Small time: but in that ſmall, moſt greatly lived
This Star of *England.* Fortune made his Sword ;
By which, the worlds beſt Garden he atchieved :
And of it left his Son Imperial Lord,
Henry the Sixth, in Infant Bands crown'd King
Of *France* and *England*, did this King ſucceed :
Whoſe State ſo many had the managing,
That they loſt *France*, and make his *England* bleed :
Which oft our Stage hath ſhown ; and for their ſake,
In your fair minds let this acceptance take.

The Firſt Part of
KING HENRY VI.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Dead March.

Enter the Funeral of King Henry *the Fifth, attended on by the Duke of* Bedford, *Regent of* France ; *the Duke of* Gloſter, *Protector : the Duke of* Exeter, Warwick, *the Biſhop of* Winchester, *and the Duke of* Somerſet.

Bedford.
Hung be the Heavens with black, yield day to night ;
Comets, importing change of Times and States,
Brandiſh your Cryſtal Treſſes in the Sky,
And with them ſcourge the bad revolting Stars,
That have conſented unto *Henry's* death :
+ ~~King~~ *Henry* the Fifth, too famous to live long,
England ne're loſt a King of ſo much worth.
Gloſt. *England* ne're had a King untill his time :
Vertue he had, deſerving to command.
+ His brandiſht Sword did blind men with ~~his~~ its Beams,
His Arms ſpread wider than a Dragons Wings :
His ſparkling Eyes, repleat with wrathful fire,
More dazled and drove back his Enemies,
Than mid-day ſun fierce bent againſt their Faces.
What ſhould I ſay ? his Deeds exceed all ſpeech :
He ne're lift up his hand, but conquered.
Exe. We mourn in black, why mourn we not in blood ?
Henry is dead, and never ſhall revive :
Upon a Wooden Coffin we attend :
And Deaths diſhonorable Victory,
We with our ſtately preſence glorifie,
Like Captives bound to a Triumphant Car.
What ? ſhall we curſe the Planets of Miſhap,
That plotted thus our Glories overthrow ?
Or ſhall we think the ſubtile-witted *French*,
Conjurers and Sorcerers, that afraid of him,
By Magick Verſe They have contriv'd his end ?
+ *Winch.* He was a King, bleſt of the King of Kings.
Unto the *French*, the dreadful judgement-Day
So dreadful will not be, as was his ſight.
The battels of the Lord of Hoſts he fought :
The Churches Prayers made him ſo proſperous.
Gloſt. The Church ? Where is it ? had not Ch-m-p-
— Had not Church-men pray'd, — ~~
His thread of Life had not ſo ſoon decay'd.
None do you like, but an effeminate Prince,
Whom like a School-boy you may over-aw.
Winch. *Gloſter*, what e're we like, thou art Protector,
And lookeſt to command the Prince and Realm.
Thy Wife is proud, ſhe holdeth thee in aw,
Choriambic More than God or Religious Church-men may.
Gloſt. Name not Religion, for thou lov'ſt the Fleſh,
And ne're throughout the year to Church thou go'ſt,
Except it be to pray againſt thy foes.
Bed. Ceaſe, ceaſe theſe Jars, and reſt your minds in (peace :
Let's to the Altar : Heralds wait on us ;
Inſtead of Gold, we'll offer up our Arms,
Since Arms avail not, now that *Henry*'s dead.
Poſterity await for wretched years,
When at their Mothers moiſt Eyes, Babes ſhall ſuck,
Our Iſle be made a Nouriſh of ſalt Tears,
And none but Women left to wayle the dead.
Henry the Fifth, thy Ghoſt I invocate:
Proſper this Realm, keep it from Civil Broyles,
Combat with adverſe Planets in the Heavens;
A far more glorious Star thy Soul will make,
Than *Julius Cæſar*, or bright—— — — —

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. My Honorable Lords, health to you all:
Sad tidings bring I to you out of *France*,
Of loſs, of ſlaughter, and diſcomfiture:
Guyen, *Champaigne*, *Rheimes*, *Orleance*, — alas ;
Paris, *Guyſors*, *Poictiers*, are all quite loſt.
Bed. What ſay'ſt thou man, before dead *Henry*'s Coarſe ?
Speak ſoftly, or the loſs of thoſe great Towns
Will make him burſt his Lead, and riſe from death.
Gloſt. Is *Paris* loſt, and is *Roan* yielded up ?
If *Henry* were recall'd to life again,
Theſe News would cauſe him once more yield the ghoſt.
Exe. How were they loſt ? what treachery was us'd ?
Meſſ. No treachery, but want of Men and Money.
Amongſt the Souldiers this is muttered,
That here you maintain ſeveral Factions :
And whil'ſt a Field ſhould be diſpatch'd and fought,
You are diſputing of your Generals.
+ One would have lingring Wars with little coſt ;
Another would flye ſwift but wanteth Wings :
A third man thinks, without expence at all,
By guileful fair words, Peace may be obtain'd.
Awake, awake, *Engliſh* Nobility,
Let not ſloth dim your Honours, new begot ;
Crop't are the Flower-de-Luces in your Arms,
Of *England*'s Coat, one half is cut away.
Exe. Were our Tears wanting to this Funeral,
Theſe Tidings would call forth her flowing Tides.
Bed. Me they concern, Regent I am of *France* :
Give me my ſteeled Coat, I'le fight for *France*.
Away with theſe diſgraceful wayling Robes ;
Wounds will I lend the *French*, in ſteed of Eyes,
To weep their intermiſſive Miſeries.

Enter to them another Meſſenger :

Meſſ. Lords, view theſe Letters, full of bad miſchance.
France is revolted from the *Engliſh* quite,
Except ſome petty Towns of no import.
The *Dolphin Charles* is crowned King in *Rhemes* :
The Baſtard of *Orleance* with him is joyn'd :
Reynold Duke of *Anjou* ~~doth~~ his Part, takes
The Duke of *Alanſon* flieth on his ſide. [*Exit.*
Exe. The Dolphin Crown'd King ? all flye to him ?
O, whither ſhall we flye from this reproach ?
Gloſt. We will not flye, but to our Enemies throats.
Bedford, if thou be ſlack, I'le fight it out.
Bed. *Gloſter*, why doubt'ſt thou of my forwardneſs.
An Army have I muſter'd in my thoughts,
Wherewith already *France* is over-run.

Enter another Meſſenger.

Meſſ. My gracious Lords, to add to your laments
Wherewith you now bedew King *Henry*'s Hearſe,
I muſt inform you of a diſmal fight
Betwixt the ſtout Lord *Talbot*, and the *French*.
Win. What? wherein *Talbot* overcame, is't ſo?
3. *Meſſ.* O no: wherein Lord *Talbot* was o'rethrown:
The circumſtance I'le tell you more at large.
The tenth of *Auguſt* laſt, this dreadful Lord,
Retiring from the Siege of *Orleance*,
Having full ſcarce ſix thouſand in his Troop,
By three and twenty thouſand of the *French*
Was round encompaſſed, and ſet upon:
x No leiſure had ~~to~~ he enrank his men.
He wanted Pikes to ſet before his Archers:
Inſtead whereof, ſharp Stakes pluckt out of Hedges
They pitched in the ground confuſedly,
To keep the Horſemen off, from breaking in.
More than three hours the fight continued:
Where valiant *Talbot*, above human thought,
Enacted wonders with his Sword and Lance.
Hundreds he ſent to Hell, and none durſt ſtand him:
Here, there, and very where enrag'd, he ſlew.
The *French* exclaim'd, the Devil was in Arms,
All the whole Army ſtood agaz'd on him.
His Souldiers ſpying his undaunted Spirit,
A *Talbot*, a *Talbot*, cry'd out amain.
And ruſht into the bowels of the Battel.
Here, had the Conqueſt fully been ſeal'd up,
If Sir *John Falſtaff* had not play'd the Coward,
He being in the Vauward, plac't behind
Quaere x if This be agreeable to the Truth of History
With purpoſe to relieve and follow them,
Cowardly fled, not having ſtruck one ſtroak.
Hence grew the general wrack and maſſacre;
Encloſed were they with their Enemies.
A baſe *Walloon* to win the *Dolphin*'s grace,
Thruſt *Talbot* with a Spear into the Back,
Whom all *France*, with their aſſembled ſtrength, x whole
Durſt not preſume to look once in the Face.
Bed. Is *Talbot* ſlain then? I will ſlay my ſelf,
For living idely here in pomp and eaſe,
Whil'ſt ſuch a worthy Leader, wanting aid,
Unto his daſtard foe-men is betray'd.
3. *Meſſ.* O no, he lives, but is took Priſoner,
And Lord *Scales* with him, and Lord *Hungerford*:
Moſt of the reſt ſlaughter'd, or took likewiſe.
Bed. His Ranſom there is none but I ſhall pay.
I'le hale the *Dolphin* headlong from his Throne,
His Crown ſhall be the Ranſom of my Friend:
Four of their Lords I'le change for one of ours.
Farewell, my Maſters, to my Task will I,
Boneſires in *France* forthwith I am to make,
To keep our great Saint *Georges* Feaſt withall.
Ten thouſand Souldiers with me I will take,
Whoſe bloody deeds ſhall make all *Europe* quake.
3. *Meſſ.* So you had need, for *Orleance* is beſieg'd,
The *Engliſh* Army is grown weak and faint:
The Earl of *Salisbury* craveth ſupply,
And hardly keeps his men from mutiny,
Since they ſo few, watch ſuch a multitude.
Exe. Remember, Lords, your Oaths to *Henry* ſworn:
Either to quell the *Dolphin* utterly,
Or bring him in obedience to your yoak.
Bed. I do remember it, and here take leave,
To go about my preparation. [*Exit* Bedford.
Gloſt. I'le to the Tower with all the haſte I can,
To view the Artillery and Munition,
And then I will proclaim young *Henry* King.
[*Exit* Gloſter.
Exe. To *Eltam* will I, where the young King is,
Being ordain'd his ſpecial Governour,
And for his ſafety there I'le beſt deviſe. [*Exit.*
Winch. Each hath his place and Function to attend:
I am left out; for me nothing remains:
But long I will not be Jack out of Office,
The King from *Eltam* I intend to ſend,
And ſit at chiefeſt ſtern of publick Weal. [*Exit.*

Enter Charles, Alanſon, *and* Reigneir, *marching with Drum and Souldiers.*

Charl. *Mars* his true moving, even as in the Heavens,
So in the Earth, to this day is not known.
Late did he ſhine upon the *Engliſh* ſide:
Now we are Victors, upon us he ſmiles.
What Towns of any moment, but we have?
At pleaſure here we lye, near *Orleance*:
Otherwhiles, the famiſh't *Engliſh*, like pale Ghoſts,
Faintly beſiege us one hour in a Month.
Al. They want their Porredge, and their fat Bull-
Either they muſt be dieted like Mules. (Beeves
Reig. Let's raiſe the Siege: why live we idlely here?
And have their Provender ti'd to their Mouths,
Or piteous they will look, like drowned Mice.
Talbot is taken, whom we wont to fear:
Remaineth none but mad-brain'd *Salisbury*,
And he may well in fretting ſpend his gall,
Nor Men, nor Mony hath he to make War.
Char. Sound, ſound Alarum, we will ruſh on them,
Now for the Honour of the forlorn *French*:
Him I forgive my death, that killeth me;
When he ſees me go back on foot, or flye. [*Exeunt.*

Here Alarum, they are beaten back by the Engliſh, *with great loſs.*

Enter Charles, Alanſon, *and* Reignier.

Charl. Who ever ſaw the like? what men have I?
Dogs, Cowards, Daſtards: I would ne're have fled,
But that they left me 'midſt my Enemies.
Reig. *Salisbury* is a deſperate Homicide,
He fighteth as one weary of his life:
Too other Lords, like Lyons wanting food,
Do ruſh upon us as their hungry prey.
Alanſ. *Froyſard*, a Countryman of ours, records,
England all *Olivers* and *Rowlands* breed, x
During the time *Edward* the third did reign:
More truly now may this be verified;
For none but *Samſon's* and *Goliaſſ's*
It ſendeth forth to skirmiſh: one to ten?
Lean raw-bon'd Raſcals, who would e're ſuppoſe,
They had ſuch courage and audacity?
Charl. Let's leave this Town,
For they are hair-brain'd Slaves,
And hunger will enforce them to be more eager:
Of old I know them; rather with their Teeth
The VValls they 'll tear down, than forſake the Siege.
Reig. I think by ſome odd Gimmals or device
Their Arms are ſet, like Clocks, ſtill to ſtrike on;
Elſe ne're could they hold out ſo as they do:
By my conſent, we'll even let them alone.
Alan. Be it ſo.

Enter the Baſtard of Orleance.

Baſt. Where's the Prince *Dolphin*? I have News for him.
Dolph. Baſtard of *Orleance*, thrice welcome to us.
Baſt. Me thinks your looks are ſad, your chear appal'd,
Hath the late overthrow wrought this Offence?
Be not diſmay'd, for ſuccour is at hand:
A holy Maid hither with me I bring,
Which by a Viſion ſent to her from Heaven,
Ordained is to raiſe this tedious Siege,
And drive the *Engliſh* forth the bounds of *France*:
The ſpirit of deep Propheſie ſhe hath,

Exceeding the nine *Sibyls* of old *Rome* :
What’s, paſt, and what’s to come, ſhe can deſcry.
Speak, ſhall I call her in? believe my words,
For they are certain, and unfallible.
Dolph. Go, call her in: but firſt, to try her sklll,
Reignier ſtand thou as *Dolphin* in my place;
Queſtion her proudly, let thy Looks be ſtern,
By this means ſhall we ſound what skill ſhe hath.

Enter Joan Puzel.

Reig. Fair Maid, is’t thou, wilt do theſe wondrous feats?
Puz. *Reignier*, is’t thou, that thinkeſt to beguile me?
Where is the *Dolphin*? Come, come from behind,
I know thee well, though never ſeen before.
Be not amaz’d, there’s nothing hid from me:
In private will I talk with thee apart:
Stand back, you Lords, and give us leave a while.
Reig. She takes upon her bravely at firſt daſh.
Puz. Dolphin, I am by birth a Shepherds Daughter,
My wit untrain’d in any kind of Art:
Heaven and our Lady gracious hath it pleas’d
To ſhine on my contemptible eſtate.
Lo, whil’ſt I waited on my tender Lambs,
And to Suns parching heat diſplay’d my cheeks,
Gods Mother deigned to appear to me,
And in a Viſion full of Majeſty,
Will’d me to leave my baſe Vocation,
And free my Country from Calamity:
Her aid ſhe promis’d, and aſſur’d ſucceſs.
In compleat Glory ſhe reveal’d her ſelf:
And whereas I was black and ſwart before:
With thoſe clear Rays, which ſhe infus’d on me,
That Beauty am I bleſt with, which you ſee.
Ask me what queſtion thou canſt poſſible,
And I will anſwer unpremeditated:
My Courage try by Combat, if thou dar’ſt,
And thou ſhalt find that I exceed my Sex.
Reſolve on this, thou ſhalt be fortunate,
If thou receive me for thy Warlike Mate.
Dolph. Thou haſt aſtoniſht me with thy high terms:
Onely this proof I’le of thy Valour make,
In ſingle Combat thou ſhalt buckle with me;
And if thou vanquiſheſt, thy words are true,
Otherwiſe I renounce all confidence.
Puz. I am prepar’d: here is my keen-edg’d Sword,
Deck’t with fine Flower-de-Luces on each ſide,
The which at *Tourain* in S. *Katharine*’s Church-yard,
Out of a great deal of old Iron, I choſe forth.
Dolph. Then come a God’s name, I fear no Woman.
Puzel. And while I live, I’le ~~ne’re~~ flie no man. never
[*Here they fight, and* Joan de Puzel *overcomes.*
Dolph. Stay, ſtay thy hands, thou art an *Amazon*,
And fighteſt with the Sword of *Debora*.
Puzel. Chriſts Mother helps me, elſe I were too weak.
Dolph. Who e’re helps thee, ’tis thou that muſt help (me:
Impatiently I burn with thy deſire,
My heart and hands thou haſt at once ſubdu’d,
Excellent *Puzel*, if thy name be ſo,
Let me thy ſervant, and not Soveraign be,
’Tis the *French* Dolphin ſueth to thee thus.
Puzel. I muſt not yield to any rights of Love,
For my Profeſſion’s ſacred from above:
When I have chaſed all thy Foes from hence,
Then will I think upon a Recompence.
Dolph. Mean time look gracious on thy proſtrate Thrall.
Reig. My Lord, me thinks is very long in talk.
Alan. Doubtleſs he ſhrives this Woman to her ſmock,
Elſe ne’re could he ſo long protract his ſpeech.
Reign. Shall we diſturb him, ſince he keeps no mean?
Ala. He may mean more than we poor men do know?
Theſe Women are ſhrewd tempters with their Tongues.
Reig. My Lord, where are you? what deviſe you on,
Shall we give ~~o’re~~ *Orleance*, or no? + over
Puzel. Why no, I ſay: diſtruſtful Recreants,
Fight till the laſt gaſp: for I’le be yonr guard.
Dolph. What ſhe ſays, I’le confirm: we’ll fight it out.
Puzel. Aſſign’d I am to be the *Engliſh* Scourge.
This night the Siege aſſuredly I’le raiſe:
Expect Saint *Martin*’s Summer, *Halcyon* days,
Since I have entred thus into theſe Wars.
Glory is like a Circle in the Water:
Which never ceaſeth to enlarge it ſelf,
Till by broad ſpreading, it diſperſe to nought.
With *Henry*’s death, the *Engliſh* Circle ends,
Diſperſed are the glories it included:
Now am I like that proud inſulting Ship,
Which *Cæſar* and his fortune bare at once.
Dolph. Was *Mahomet* inſpired with a Dove?
Thou with an Eagle art inſpired then.
Helen, the Mother of great *Conſtantine*,
Nor yet S. *Philips* Daughters were like thee.
Bright Star of *Venus*, faln down on the Earth,
How may I reverently worſhip thee enough?
Alan. Leave off delays, and let us raiſe the Siege.
Reig. Woman, do what thou canſt to ſave our Honors,
Drive them from *Orleance*, and ~~by~~ immortaliz’d. be
Dolph. Preſent~~ly~~ we’ll try: come, let’s away about it,
No Prophet will I truſt, if ſhe prove falſe. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Glouceſter, *with his ſerving-men.*

Gloſt. I am to ſurvey the Tower this day;
Since *Henry*’s death, I fear there’~~s~~ ~~is~~ a Conveyance:
Where be theſe Warders, that they wait not here?
Open the Gates, ’tis *Gloſter* that calls.
1. *Warder.* Who’s there, that knocks ſo imperiouſly?
Gloſt. 1. *man.* It is the Noble Duke of *Gloſter*.
2. *Warder.* Who e’re he be, you may not be let in.
1. *Man.* Villains, anſwer you ſo the Lord Protector?
1. *Warder.* The Lord protect him, ſo we anſwer him,
We do not otherwiſe than we are will’d.
Gloſt. Who willed you? or whoſe will ſtands but mine?
There’s none Protector of the Realm, but I:
Break up the Gates, I’le be your warrantize;
Shall I be flouted thus by dunghill Grooms?

Gloſter’s *men ruſh at the Tower Gates, and* Woodvile *the Lieutenant ſpeaks within.*

Wood. What noyſe is this? what Traytors have we here?
Gloſt. Lieutenant, is it you whoſe voice I hear?
Open the Gates, here’s *Gloſter* that would enter.
Wood. Have patience, Noble Duke, I may not open,
The Cardinal of *Wincheſter* forbids:
From him I have expreſs commandment,
That thou nor none of thine ſhall be let in.
Gloſt. Faint-hearted *Woodvile*, prizeſt him, ’fore me?
Arrogant *Wincheſter*, that haughty Prelate,
Whom *Henry* our late Soveraign ne’re could brook?
Thou art no Friend to God, or to the King:
Open the Gates, or I’le ſhut thee out ſhortly.
Servingmen. Open the Gates unto the Lord Protector,
Or we’ll burſt them open, if that you come not quickly.

Enter to the Protector at the Tower Gates, Wincheſter *and his men in Tawny Coats.*

Wincheſt. How now ambition us ~~*Umpire*~~ Humphry what means this?
Gloſt. Piel’d Prieſt, do’ſt thou command me to be ſhut out?
Winch. I do, thou moſt uſurping Proditor,
And not Protector of the King or Realm.
Gloſt. Stand back, thou manifeſt Conſpirator,
Thou that contriv’d’ſt to murther our dead Lord,
Thou that giv’ſt Whores Indulgences to ſin,
I’le canvas thee in thy Broad Cardinals Hat,
If thou proceed in this thy inſolence.
Winch. Nay, ſtand thou back, I will not budge a foot:

This be *Damaſcus*, be thou curſed *Cain*,
To ſlay thy Brother *Abel*, if thou wilt.
Gloſt. I will not ſlay thee, but I'le drive thee back:
Thy Scarlet Robes, as a Childs bearing Cloth,
I'le uſe, to carry thee out of this place.
Winch. Do what thou dar'ſt, I beard thee to thy face.
Gloſt. What? am I dar'd, and bearded to my face?
Draw men, for all this priviledged place,
Blew Coats to Tawny Coats. Prieſt, beware thy Beard,
I mean to tugge it, and to cuff you ſoundly.
Under my feet I'le ſtamp thy Cardinals Hat:
In ſpight of Pope, or Dignities of Church,
Here by the Checks I'le drag thee up and down.
Winch. *Gloſter*, thou ~~wil~~t anſwer this before the Pope.
Gloſt. *Wincheſter* Gooſe, I cry, a Rope, a Rope.
Now beat them hence, why do you let them ſtay?
Thee I'le chaſe hence, thou Wolf in Sheep's array.
Out Tawny-Coats, out Scarlet Hypocrite.

Here Gloſter's men beat out the Cardinals men, and enter in the hurly-burly the Mayor of London, *and his Officers.*

Mayor. Fie Lords, that you being ſupream Magiſtrates,
Thus contumeliouſly ſhould break the Peace.
Glo. Peace Mayor, for thou know'ſt little of my wrongs:
Here's *Beauford*, that regards not God nor King,
Hath here diſtrain'd the Tower to his uſe.
Winch. Here's *Gloſter* too, a Foe to Citizens,
One that ſtill motions War and never Peace,
O're-charging your free Purſes with large Fines;
That ſeeks to overthrow Religion,
Becauſe he is Protector of the Realm;
And would have Armour here out of the Tower,
To Crown himſelf King, and ſuppreſs the Prince.
Gloſt. I will not anſwer thee with words, but blows.

Here they skirmiſh again.

Mayor. Nought reſts for me, in this tumultuous ſtrife,
But to make open Proclamation.
Come Officer, as loud as e're thou canſt, cry:
All manner of men aſſembled here in Arms this day, againſt Gods Peace and the Kings, we charge and command you, in his Highneſs Name, to repair to your ſeveral dwelling places, and not to wear, handle, or uſe any Sword, Weapon, or Dagger hence-forward, upon pain of death.
Gloſt. Cardinal, I'le be no breaker of the Law:
But we ſhall meet, and break our minds at large.
Winch. *Gloſter*, we'll meet to thy dear coſt be ſure:
Thy heart-blood I will have for this days work.
Mayor. I'le call for Clubs, if you will not away:
This Cardinal is more haughty than the Devil.
Gloſter. Mayor, farewell: thou do'ſt but what thou may'ſt.
Winch. Abominable *Gloſter*, guard thy head,
For I intend to have it e're be long. [*Exeunt.*
Mayor. See the Coaſt clear'd, and then we will depart.
Good God, theſe Nobles ſhould ſuch ſtomacks bear,
I my ſelf fight not once in forty year. [*Exeunt.*

Enter the Maſter-Gunner of Orleance, *and his Boy.*

M. Gun. Sirra, thou know'ſh how *Orleance* is beſiedg'd,
And how the *Engliſh* have the Suburbs won.
Boy. Father, I know, and oft have ſhot at them,
How e're unfortunate I miſs'd my aim.
M. Gun. But now thou ſhalt not. Be thou rul'd by me:
Chief Maſter Gunner am I of this Town,
Something I muſt do to procure me grace:
The Princes eſpyals have informed me:
How the *Engliſh*, in the Suburbs cloſe entrencht,
Went, through a ſecret Grate of Iron Bars,
In yonder Tower, to over-peer the City,
And thence diſcover, how with moſt advantage
They may vex us with ſhot or with Aſſault.
To intercept this inconvenience,
A piece of Ordnance 'gainſt it I have plac'd,
And fully even theſe three days have I watch'd,
If I could ſee them. Now, Boy, do thou watch,
For I can ſtay no longer.
If thou ſpy'ſt any, run and bring me word,
And thou ſhalt find me at the Governors. [*Exit.*
Boy. Father, I warrant you take you no care,
I'le never trouble you, if I may ſpy them.

Enter Salisbury, *and* Talbot *on the* Turrets, *with others.*

Salis. *Talbot*, my life, my joy, again return'd?
How wert thou handled, being Priſoner?
Or by what means got'ſt thou to be releas'd?
Diſcourſe I prethee on this Turrets top.
Tal. The Earl of *Bedford* had a Priſoner,
Call'd the brave Lord *Ponton de Santraile*,
For him was I exchang'd, and ranſom'd.
But with a baſer man of Arms by far,
Once in contempt they would have barter'd me:
Which I diſdaining, ſcorn'd, and craved death,
Rather than I would be ſo pil'd eſteem'd; { vile
In fine redeem'd I was as I deſir'd.
But O, the treacherous *Falſtaff* wounds my heart,
Whom with my bare Fiſts I would execute,
If I now had him brought into my power.
Salis. Yet tell'ſt thou not, how thou wert entertain'd.
Tal. With ſcoffs and ſcorns, and contumelious taunts,
In open Market-place produc'd they me,
To be a publick ſpectacle to all:
Here, ſaid they, is the Terror of the *French*,
The Scare-Crow that affrights our Children ſo.
Then broke I from the Officers that led me,
And with my nails digg'd ſtones out of the Ground,
To hurle at the beholders of my ſhame.
My griſly countenance made others flye,
None durſt come near, for fear of ſudden death.
In Iron Walls they deem'd me not ſecure:
So great fear of my Name 'mongſt them were ſpread,
That they ſuppos'd I could rend Bars of Steel,
And ſpurn in pieces poſts of Adamant.
Wherefore a guard of choſen Shot I had;
That walkt about me every Minute while:
And if I did but ſtir out of my Bed,
Ready they were to ſhoot me to the heart.

Enter the Boy with a Linſtock.

Salis. I grieve to hear what torments you endur'd,
But we will be reveng'd ſufficiently.
Now it is Supper time in *Orleance*:
Here, through this Grate, I can count every one,
And view the *Frenchmen* how they fortifie:
Let us look in, the ſight will much delight thee:
Sir *Thomas Gargrave*, and Sir *William Glandſdale*,
Let me have your expreſs Opinions,
Where is beſt place to make our Batt'ry next?
Garg. I think at the North Gate, for there ſtand Lords.
Glandſ. And I here, at the Bulwark of the Bridge.
Talb. For ought I ſee, this City muſt be famiſht,
Or with light Skirmiſhes enfeebled.

Here they ſhot, and Salisbury *falls down.*

Salis. O Lord have mercy on us, wretched ſinners.
Garg. O Lord have mercy on me, woful man.
Talb. What chance is this that ſuddenly hath croſt us?
Speak *Salisbury*; at leaſt, if thou canſt, ſpeak:
How far'ſt thou, Mirror of all Martial men?
One of thy Eyes, and thy Cheeks ſide ſtruck off?
Accurſed Tower, accurſed fatal Hand,
That hath contriv'd this woful Tragedy.

In thirteen Battels, *Salisbury* o'recame:
Henry the Fifth he firſt train'd to the Wars.
Whil'ſt any Trump did ſound, or Drum ſtruck up,
His Sword did ne're leave ſtriking in the feild.
Yet liv'ſt thou, *Salisbury*? though thy ſpeech doth fail,
One eye thou haſt to look to Heaven for grace.
The Sun with one Eye vieweth all the World.
Heaven be thou gracious to none alive,
If *Salisbury* wants mercy at thy hands.
Bear hence this Body, I will help to bury it.
Sir *Thomas Gargrave*, haſt thou any life?
Speak unto *Talbot*, nay, look up to him.
Salisbury chear thy Spirit with this comfort,
Thou ſhalt not die whiles——
He beckens with his hand, and ſmiles on me:
As who ſhould ſay, When I am dead and gone,
Remember to avenge me on the *French.*
Plantaginet I will, and, *Nero* like, will
Play on the Lute, beholding the Towns burn:
Wretched ſhall *France* be onely in my Name.
—Here an Alarum, and it Thunders and Lightens.
What ſtir is this? what tumult's in the Heavens?
Whence cometh this Alarum, and the noyſe?
Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. My Lord, my Lord, the *French* have gather'd
The *Dolphin*, with one *Joan de Puzel* joyn'd, (head.
A holy Propheteſs, new riſen up,
Is come with a great Power, to raiſe the Siege.

Here Salisbury *lifteth himſelf up and groans.*

Tal. Hear, hear, how dying *Salisbury* doth groan,
It irks his heart he cannot be reveng'd,
French-men, I'le be a *Salisbury* to you.
Puzel or *Puſſel*, Dolphin or Dog-fiſh,
Your hearts I'le ſtamp out with my Horſes heels,
And make a Quagmire of your mingled brains.
Convey me *Salisbury* into his Tent,
And then we'll try, what theſe daſtard *French-men* dare.
Alarum. [*Exit.*

Here an Alarum again: *and* Talbot *purſueth the* Dolphin, *and driveth him*: *Then enter* Joan de Puzel, *driving* Engliſh-men *befor her. Then enter* Talbot.

Tal. Where is my Strength, my Valour, and my Force?
Our *Engliſh* Troops retire, I cannot ſtay them.
A Woman clad in Armour chaſeth them.
Enter Puzel.
Here, here ſhe comes. I'le have a bout with thee:
Devil, or Devils Dam, I'le conjure thee:
Blood will I draw on thee, thou art a Witch.
And ſtraightway give thy Soul to him thou ſerv'ſt.

Puz. Come, come, 'tis onely I that muſt diſgrace thee.
Here they fight.

Tal. Heavens, can you ſuffer Hell ſo to prevail?
My breaſt I'le burſt with ſtraining of my Courage,
And from my ſhoulders crack my Arms aſunder,
But I will chaſtiſe this high-minded Strumpet.
They fight again.

Puz. Talbot farewel, thy hour is not yet come,
I muſt go Victual *Orleance* forthwith?

A ſhort Alarum: *Then Enter the Town with Souldiers.*

O're-take me if thou canſt, I ſcorn thy ſtrength.
Go, go, chear up thy hungry-ſtarved men,
Help *Salisbury* to make his Teſtament,
This Day is ours, as many more ſhall be. [*Exit.*

Tal. My thoughts are whirled like a Potter's Wheel.
I know not where I am, nor what I do:
A Witch by fear, not force, like *Hannibal*,
Drives back our Troops, and conquers as ſhe liſts:
So Bees with ſmoak, and Doves with noiſom ſtench,
Are from their Hives and Houſes driven away.
They call'd us, for our fierceneſs, *Engliſh* Dogs,
Now like the Whelps, we crying run away.
A ſhort Alarum.
Heark Countreymen, either renew the fight,
Or tear the Lyons out of *England*'s Coat:
Renounce your Soil, give Sheep in Lyons ſtead:
Sheep run not half ſo treacherous from the Wolf,
Or Horſe or Oxen from the Leopard,
As you flie from your oft-ſubdued Slaves.

Alarum. Here another Skirmiſh.

It will not be, retire into your Trenches:
You all conſented unto *Salisburie's* death,
For none would ſtrike a ſtroke in his revenge.
Puzel is entred into *Orleance*,
In ſpight of us, or ought that we could do.
O would I were to die with *Salisbury*,
The ſhame hereof will make me hide my head.
[*Exit* Talbot.

Alarum, Retreat, Flouriſh.

Enter on the Wall Puzel, Dolphin, Reigneir, Alanſon, *and Souldiers.*

Puzel. Advance our waving Colours on the Walls,
Reſcu'd is *Orleance* from the *Engliſh* Wolves:
Thus *Joan de Puzel* hath perform'd her word.

Dolph. Divineſt Creature, bright *Aſtrea*'s Daughter,
How ſhall I honour thee for this ſucceſs,
Thy promiſes are like *Adonis* Garden,
That one day bloom'd, and fruitful were the next.
France, triumph in thy glorious Propheteſs,
Recover'd is the Town of *Orleance*,
More bleſſed hap did ne're befal our State.

Reigneir. Why ring not out the Bells aloud,
Throughout the Town?
Dolphin command the Citizens make Bonfires,
And feaſt and banquet in the open ſtreets,
To celebrate the joy that God hath given us.

Alanſ. All *France* will be repleat with mirth and joy,
When they ſhall hear how we have play'd the men.

Dolph. 'Tis *Joan*, not we, by whom the day is won:
For which, I will divide my Crown with her,
And all the Prieſts and Fryers in my Realm,
Shall in proceſſion ſing her endleſs praiſe.
A ſtatelier Pyramis to her I'le rear,
Than *Rhodope*'s or *Memphis* ever was.
In memory of her when ſhe is dead,
Her Aſhes, in an Urn more precious
Than the rich-jewel'd Coffer of *Darius*,
Tranſported ſhall be at high Feſtivals
Before the Kings and Queens of *France*.
No longer on Saint *Dennis* will we cry,
But *Joan de Puzel* ſhall be *France*'s Saint.
Come in, and let us Banquet Royally,
After this Golden day of Victory.
Flouriſh. [*Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter a Serjeant of a Band, with two Centinels.

Ser. Sirs, take your places and be vigilant:
If any noiſe or Souldier you perceive
Near to the walls, by ſome apparent ſign
Let us have knowledge at the Court of Guard.

Cent. Serjeant you ſhall. Thus are poor Servitors
(When others ſleep upon their quiet Beds)
Conſtrain'd to watch in darkneſs, rain, and cold.

Enter Talbot, Bedford, *and* Burgundy, *with ſcaling*
Ladders : Their Drums beating a
Dead March.

Tal. Lord Regent, and redoubted *Burgundy*,
By whoſe approach, the Regions of *Artoys*,
Wallon, and *Picardie*, are Friends to us :
This happy night, the *Frenchmen* are ſecure,
Having all day carous'd and banquetted,
Embrace we then this opportunity,
As fitting beſt to quittance their deceit,
Contriv'd by Art, and baleful Sorcery.
Bed. Coward of *France*, how mnch he wrongs his Fame,
Deſpairing of his own Arms fortitude,
To joyn with Witches, and the help of Hell.
Bur. Traitors have never other company.
But what's that *Puzel*, whom they term ſo pure?
Tal. A Maid, they ſay.
Bed. A Maid? And be ſo martial?
Bur. Pray God, ſhe prove not maſculine e're long :
If underneath the Standard of the *French*
She carry Armour, as ſhe hath begun.
Tal. Well, let them practiſe and converſe with Spirits.
God is our Fortreſs, in whoſe conquering Name
Let us reſolve to ſcale their flinty Bulwarks.
Bed. Aſcend, brave *Talbot*, we will follow thee.
Tal. Not altogether : Better far I gueſs,
That we do make our entrance ſeveral ways :
That it if chance the one of us do fail,
The other yet may riſe againſt their force.
Bed. Agreed ; I'le to yond corner.
Bur. And I to this.
Tal. And here will *Talbot* mount, or make his Grave.
Now *Salisbury* for thee and for the right
Of Engliſh *Henry*, ſhall this night appear
How much in duty, I am bound to both.
Cent. Arm, Arm, the Enemy doth make aſſault.
Cry, *S.* George. *A* Talbot.

The French leap o're the Walls in their ſhirts. Enter ſeveral
wayes, Baſtard, Alanſon, Reignier, *half ready,*
and half unready.

Alan. How now my Lords? what all unready ſo?
Baſt. Unready? I and glad we ſcap'd ſo well.
Reig. 'Twas time (I trow) to wake and leave our Beds,
Hearing Alarms at our Chamber doors.
Alan. Of all Exploits ſince firſt I follow'd Arms,
Ne're heard I of a warlike enterprize
More venturous, or deſperate than this.
Baſt. I think this *Talbot* be a Fiend of Hell.
Reig. If not of Hell, the Heavens ſure favour him.
Alanſ. Here commeth *Charles*, I marvel how he ſped.
Enter Charles *and* Joan.
Baſt. Tut, holy *Joan* was his defenſive Guard.
Charl. Is this thy cunning, thou deceitful Dame?
Didſt thou at firſt, to flatter us withal,
Make us partakers of a little gain,
That now our loſs might be ten times ſo much?
Joan. Wherefore is *Charles* impatient with his Friend?
At all times will you have my power alike?
Sleeping or waking, muſt I ſtill prevail,
Or will you blame and lay the fault on me?
Improvident Souldiers, had your watch been good,
This ſudden miſchief never could have faln.
Charl. Duke of *Alanſon*, this was your default,
That being Captain of the Watch to Nigh,
Did look no better to that weighty Charge.
Alanſ. Had all our Quarter been as ſafely kept,
As that, whereof I had the Government,
We had not been thus ſhamefully ſurpriz'd.
Baſt. Mine was ſecure.
Reign. And ſo was mine, my Lord.
Charl. And for my ſelf, moſt part of all this Night
Within her Quarter, and mine own Precinct,
I was employ'd in paſſing to and fro,
About relieving of the Centinels.
Then how, or which way, ſhould they firſt break in?
Joan. Queſtion (my Lord) no further of the caſe,
How, or which way ; 'tis ſure they found ſome place,
But weakly guarded, where the breach was made :
And now there reſts no other ſhifts but this,
To gather our Souldiers, ſcatter'd and diſpers't,
And lay new Plat-forms to endamage them. [*Exeunt.*

Alarum. Enter a Souldier, crying, a Talbot, *a* Talbot :
they flie, leaving their Cloaths behind.

Soul. I'le be ſo bold to take what they have left :
The Cry of *Talbot* ſerves me for a Sword,
For I have loaden me with many Spoils,
Uſing no other Weapon but his Name. [*Exit.*

Enter Talbot, Bedford, Burgundie.

Bedf. The day begins to break, and Night is fled,
Whoſe pitchy Mantle over-vail'd the Earth.
Here ſound Retreat, and ceaſe our hot purſuit. [*Retreat.*
Talb. Bring forth the Body of old *Salisbury*,
And here advance it in the Market-place,
The middle Centre of this curſed Town.
Now have I pay'd my Vow unto his Soul,
For every drop of Blood was drawn from him,
There hath at leaſt five *Frenchmen* dyed to night.
And that hereafter Ages may behold
What ruine happened in revenge of him,
Within their chiefeſt Temple I'le erect
A Tomb, wherein his Corps ſhall be interr'd :
Upon the which, that every one may read,
Shall be engrav'd the ſack of *Orleance*,
The treacherous manner of his mournful death,
And what a terrour he had been to *France*.
But, Lords, in all our bloody Maſſacre,
I muſe we met not with the *Dolphin*'s Grace,
His new-come Champion, virtuous *Joan* of *Acre*,
Nor any of his falſe Confederates.
Bedf. 'Tis thought, Lord *Talbot*, when the fight began,
Rouz'd on the ſudden from their drowſie Beds,
They did amongſt the Troops of armed men,
Leap o're the Walls for refuge in the Field.
Burg. My ſelf, as far as I could well diſcern,
For ſmoak, and dusky Vapours of the night,
Am ſure I ſcar'd the Dolphin and his Trull,
When Arm in Arm they both came ſwiftly running,
Like to a pair of loving Turtle Doves,
That could not live aſunder day or night.
After that things are ſet in order here,
We'll follow them with all the Power we have.
Enter a Meſſenger.
Meſ. All hail, my Lords : which of this Princely train
Call ye the Warlike *Talbot*, for his Acts
So much applauded through the Realm of *France*?
Talb. Here is the *Talbot*, who would ſpeak with him?
Meſſ. The virtuous Lady, Counteſs of *Avergne*,
With modeſty admiring thy Renown,
By me intreats (great Lord) thou would'ſt vouchſafe
To viſit her poor Caſtle where ſhe lyes,
That ſhe may boaſt ſhe hath beheld the man,
Whoſe glory fills the World with loud report.
Burg. Is it even ſo? Nay, then I ſee our Wars
Will turn unto a peaceful Comick ſport,
When Ladies crave to be encountred with
You may ~~not~~ (my Lord) deſpiſe her gentle ſuit.
Talb. Ne're truſt me then : for when a World of men
Could not prevail with all their Oratorie,
Yet hath a Woman's kindneſs over-rul'd :
And therefore tell her, I return great thanks,

And in ſubmiſſion will attend on her.
Will not your Honours bear me company?
Beaf. No, truly, 'tis more than manners will: Sir
And I have heard it ſaid, Unbidden Gueſts
Are often welcomeſt when they are gone.
Talb. Well then, alone (ſince there's no remedy)
I mean to prove this Ladies courteſie.
Come hither, Captain, you perceive my mind. [*Whiſpers.*
Capt. I do, my Lord, and mean accordingly. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Counteſs.

Count. Porter, remember what I gave in charge,
And when you have done ſo, bring the Keyes to me.
Port. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*
Count. The plot is laid, if all things fall out right,
I ſhall as famous be by this exploit,
As Scythian *Tomyris* by *Cyrus* death,
Great is the rumor of this dreadful Knight,
And his Atchievements of no leſs account:
Fain would mine Eyes be witneſs with my Ears,
To give their cenſure of theſe rare reports.

Enter Meſſenger and Talbot.

Meſſ. Madam, according as your Ladyſhip deſir'd,
By meſſage crav'd, ſo is Lord *Talbot* come.
Count. And he is welcome: what? is this the man?
Meſſ. Madam, it is.
Count. Is this the Scourge of *France*?
Is this the *Talbot*, ſo much fear'd abroad?
That with his Name the Mothers ſtill their Babes?
I ſee report is fabulous and falſe.
I thought I ſhould have ſeen ſome *Hercules*,
A ſecond *Hector*, for his grim aſpect,
A large proportion of his ſtrong knit Limbs.
Alas, this is a Child, a ſilly Dwarf:
It cannot be, this weak and writhled ſhrimp
Should ſtrike ſuch terrour to his Enemies.
Talb. Madam, I have been bold to trouble you:
But ſince your Ladyſhip is not at leiſure,
I'le ſort ſome other time to viſit you.
Count. What means he now?
Go ask him, whither he goes?
Meſſ. Stay, my Lord *Talbot*, for my Lady craves,
To know the cauſe of your abrupt departure.
Talb. Marry, for that ſhe's in a wrong belief,
I go to certifie her, *Talbot*'s here.

Enter Porter with keys.

Count. If thou be he, then art thou Priſoner.
Talb. Priſoner? to whom?
Count. To me, blood-thirſty Lord:
And for that cauſe I train'd thee to my Houſe.
Long time thy ſhadow hath been thrall to me,
For in my Gallery thy picture hangs:
But now the Subſtance ſhall endure the like,
And I will chain theſe Legs and Arms of thine,
That haſt by tyranny theſe many years
Waſted our Country, ſlain our Citizens,
And ſent our Sons and Husbands captivate.
Talb. Ha, ha, ha.
Count. Laugheſt thou Wretch?
Thy mirth ſhall turn to moan.
Talb. I laugh to ſee your Ladyſhip ſo fond,
To think, that you have ought but *Talbot*'s Shadow,
Wherein to practice your ſeverity.
Count. Why? art thou not the man?
Talb. I am indeed.
Count. Then have I Subſtance too.
Talb. No, no, I am but Shadow of my ſelf:
You are deceiv'd, my Subſtance is not here;
For what you ſee is but the ſmalleſt part,
And leaſt proportion of Humanity:
I tell you Madam, were the whole Frame here,
It is of ſuch a ſpatious lofty pitch,
Your Roof were not ſufficient to contain't.
Count. This is a Riddling Merchant for the nonce,
He will be here, and yet he is not here:
How can theſe contrarieties agree?
Talb. That will I ſhew you preſently.

Winds his Horn, Drums ſtrike up, a Peal of Ordinance: Enter Souldiers.

How ſay you Madam? are you now perſwaded,
That *Talbot* is but Shadow of himſelf?
Theſe are his Subſtance, Sinews, Arms, and Strength,
With which he yoaketh your rebellious Necks,
Razeth your Cities, and ſubverts your Towns,
And in a moment makes them deſolate.
Count. Victorious *Talbot*, pardon my abuſe,
I find thou art no leſs than Fame hath bruited,
And more than may be gathered by thy ſhape,
Let my preſumption not provoke thy wrath,
For I am ſorry, that with Reverence
I did not entertain thee as thou art.
Talb. Be not diſmay'd, fair Lady, nor miſconſter
The mind of *Talbot*, as you did miſtake
The outward compoſition of his Body.
What you have done, hath not offended me:
Nor other ſatisfaction do I crave,
But only with our patience, that we may
Taſte of your Wine, and ſee what Cates you have,
For Souldiers ſtomacks always ſerve them well.
Count. With all my heart, and think me honoured,
To feaſt ſo great a Warriour in my houſe. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Richard Plantagenet, Warwick, Somerſet, Pool, *and others.*

York. Great Lords and Gentlemen,
What means this ſilence?
Dare no man anſwer in a Caſe of Truth?
Suff. Within the Temple Hall we were too loud,
The Garden here is more convenient.
York. Then ſay at once, if I maintain'd the Truth:
Or elſe was wrangling *Somerſet* in th'error?
Suff. Faith I have been a Truant in the Law,
And never yet could frame my will to it,
And therefore frame the Law into my will.
Som. Judge you, my Lord of *Warwick*, then between us.
War. Between two Hawks, which flies the higher pitch,
Between two Dogs, which hath the deeper mouth,
Between two Blades, which bears the better temper,
Between two Horſes, which doth bear him beſt,
Between two Girls, which hath the merrieſt Eye,
I have perhaps ſome ſhallow ſpirit of judgment:
But in theſe nice ſharp Quillets of the Law,
Goodfaith, I am no wiſer than a Daw.
York. Tut, tut, here is a mannerly forbearance:
The Truth appears ſo naked on my ſide,
That any pur-blind Eye may find it out.
Som. And on my ſide, it is ſo well apparell'd,
So clear, ſo ſhining, and ſo evident,
That it will glimmer through a blind mans Eye.
York. Since you are Tongue-ty'd, and ſo loth to ſpeak,
In dumb ſignificants proclaim your thoughts:
Let him that is a true-born Gentleman,
And ſtands upon the Honour of his Birth,
If he ſuppoſe that I have pleaded truth,
From off this Bryar pluck a white Roſe with me.
Som. Let him that is no Coward, nor no Flatterer,
But dare maintain the party of the Truth,
Pluck a red Roſe from off this Thorn with me.
War. I love no Colours: and without all colour
Of baſe inſinuating Flattery,

I pluck this white Roſe with *Plantagenet.*
Suff. I pluck this red Roſe with young *Somerſet*,
And ſay withal, I think he held the right.
Vernon. Stay, Lords and Gentlemen, and pluck no more
'Till you conclude, that he upon whoſe ſide
The feweſt Roſes are crop't from the tree,
Shall yield the other in the right Opinion.
Som. Good Maſter *Vernon*, it is well objected:
If I have feweſt, I ſubſcribe in ſilence.
York. And I.
Vernon. Then for the truth, and plainneſs of the Caſe,
I pluck this pale and Maiden Bloſſom here,
Giving my Verdict on the white Roſe ſide.
Som. Prick not your finger as you pluck it off,
Leſt bleeding, you do paint the white Roſe red,
And fall on my ſide ſo againſt your will.
Vernon. If I, my Lord, for my Opinion bleed,
Opinion ſhall be ſurgeon to my hurt,
And keep me on the ſide ſtill where I am.
Som. Well, well, come on, who elſe?
Lawyer. Unleſs my Study and my Books be falſe,
The Argument you held, was wrong in you;
In ſign whereof, I pluck a white Roſe too.
York. Now *Somerſet*, where is your Argument?
Som. Here in my Scabbard, meditating that,
Shall dy your white Roſe in a bloudy red.
York. Mean time your cheeks do counterfeit our Roſes,
For pale they look with fear, as witneſſing
The truth on our ſide.
Som. No, *Plantagenet.*
'Tis not for fear, but anger, that my cheeks
Bluſh for pure ſhame, to counterfeit our Roſes,
And yet thy tongue will not confeſs thy Error.
York. Hath not thy Roſe a Canker, *Somerſet*?
Som. Hath not thy Roſe a Thorn, *Plantagenet*?
York. I, ſharp and piercing to maintain his truth,
Whiles thy conſuming Canker eats his falſhood.
Som. Well, I'le find Friends, to wear my bleeding Roſes,
That ſhall maintain what I have ſaid is true,
Where falſe *Plantagenet* dare not be ſeen.
York. Now by this Maiden Bloſſom in my hand,
I ſcorn thee and thy faſhion, peeviſh Boy. faction vid.
Suff. Turn not thy ſcorns this way, *Plantagenet.* will I for ever and my faction wear
York. Proud *Pool*, I will, and ſcorn both him and thee.
Suff. I'le turn my part thereof into thy throat.
Som. Away, away, good *William de la Pool*,
We grace the Yeoman, by converſing with him.
Warw. Now by God's will thou wrong'ſt him, *Somerſet*:
His Grandfather was *Lyonel* Duke of *Clarence*,
Third Son to the third *Edward* Duke of *England*:
Spring Creſtleſs Yeomen from ſo deep a Root?
York. He bears him on the place's Priviledge,
Or durſt not for his craven heart ſay thus.
Som. By him that made me, I'le maintain my words
On any plot of Ground in Chriſtendom.
Was not thy Father, *Richard*, Earl of *Cambridge*,
For Treaſon executed in our late King's days?
And by his Treaſon, ſtand'ſt not thou attainted,
Corrupted and exempt from ancient Gentry?
His treſpaſs yet lives guilty in thy blood,
And 'till thou be reſtor'd, thou art a Yeoman.
York. My Father was attached, not attainted,
Condemn'd to dye for Treaſon, but not Traytor;
And that I'le prove on better men than *Somerſet*,
Were growing time once ripened to my will.
For your partaker *Pool*, and you your ſelf,
I'le note you in my Book of Memory,
To ſcourge you for this apprehenſion:
Look to it well, and ſay you are well warn'd.
Som. Ah, thou ſhalt find us ready for thee ſtill:
And know us by theſe Colours, for thy Foes,
For theſe, my Friends in ſpight of thee ſhall wear.
York. And by my Soul, this pale and angry Roſe,
As Cognizance of my blood-drinking hate,
Will I for ever, and my Faction wear,
Until it wither with me to my Grave,
Or flouriſh to the height of my Degree.
Suff. Go forward, and be choak'd with thy ambition:
And ſo farewel, until I meet thee next. [*Exit.*
Som. Have with thee, *Pool*: Farewel, ambitious *Richard.* [*Exit.*
York. How I am brav'd, and muſt perforce endure it?
Warw. This blot, that they object againſt your Houſe,
Shall be wip't out in the next Parliament,
Call'd for the Truce of *Wincheſter* and *Glouceſter*:
And if thou be not then created *York*,
I will not live to be accounted *Warwick*.
Mean time, in ſignal of my love to thee,
Againſt proud *Somerſet*, and *William Pool*,
Will I upon thy party wear this Roſe.
And here I propheſie: this Brawl to day,
Grown to this Faction in the Temple Garden,
Shall ſend between the Red Roſe and the White,
A thouſand Souls to Death and deadly Night.
York. Good Maſter *Vernon*, I am bound to you,
That you on my behalf would pluck a Flower.
Ver. In your behalf ſtill will I wear the ſame.
Lawyer. And ſo will I.
York. Thanks, gentle Sir.
Come, let us four to dinner: I dare ſay,
This Quarrel will drink Bloud another day. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Mortimer, *brought in a Chair, and Jaylors.*

Mort. Kind Keepers of my weak decaying Age,
Let dying *Mortimer* here reſt himſelf.
Even like a man new haled from the Wrack,
So fare my Limbs with long Impriſonment:
And theſe gray Locks, the Purſuivants of Death,
Neſtor-like aged, in an Age of Care,
Argue the end of *Edmund Mortimer*.
Theſe Eyes, like Lamps, whoſe waſting Oil is ſpent,
Wax dim, as drawing to their Exigent.
Weak Shoulders, over-born with burthening Grief,
And pithleſs Arms, like to a withered Vine,
That droops his ſap-leſs Branches to the ground.
Yet are theſe Feet, whoſe ſtrength-leſs ſtay is num,
(Unable to ſupport this Lump of Clay)
Swift-winged with deſire to get a Grave,
As witting I no other comfort have.
But tell me Keeper, will my Nephew come?
Keeper. *Richard Plantagenet*, my Lord, will come:
We ſent unto the Temple to his Chamber,
And anſwer was return'd, that he will come.
Mort. Enough: my ſoul then ſhall be ſatisfied.
Poor Gentleman, his wrong doth equal mine,
Since *Henry Monmouth* firſt began to Reign,
Before whoſe Glory I was great in Arms,
This loathſom ſequeſtration have I had;
And even ſince then, hath *Richard* been obſcur'd,
Depriv'd of Honor and Inheritance.
But now, the Arbitrator of Deſpairs,
Juſt Death, kind Umpire of men's Miſeries,
With ſweet Enlargement doth diſmiſs me hence:
I would his troubles likewiſe were expir'd,
That ſo he might recover what was loſt.
Enter Richard.
Keeper. My Lord, your loving Nephew now is come.
Mort. *Richard Plantagenet*, my Friend, is he come?
Rich. I, Noble Uncle, thus ignobly us'd,
Your Nephew, late deſpiſed *Richard*, comes.
Mort. Direct mine Arms, I may embrace his Neck,
And in his Boſom ſpend my later gaſp.
Oh tell me when my Lips do touch his Cheeks,
That I may kindly give one fainting Kiſs:
And now declare, ſweet Stem from *York*'s great Stock,
Why did'ſt thou ſay of late thou wert deſpis'd?

Rich. Firſt, lean thine aged Back againſt mine Arm,
And in that eaſe I'le tell thee my Diſeaſe.
This day in argument upon a Caſe,
Some words there grew'twixt *Somerſet* and me:
Amongſt which terms, he us'd his laviſh tongue,
And did upbraid me with my Father's death;
Which obloquie ſet bars before my tongue,
Elſe with the like I had requited him.
Therefore, good Uncle, for my Father's ſake,
In honour of a true *Plantagenet*,
And for Alliance ſake, declare the Cauſe,
My Father, Earl of *Cambridge*, loſt his Head.
Mort. That Cauſe (fair Nephew) that impriſon'd me,
And hath detain'd me all my flow'ring Youth,
Within a loathſom Dungeon, there to pine,
Was curſed Inſtrument of his deceaſe.
Rich. Diſcover more at large, what Cauſe that was,
For I am ignorant, and cannot gueſs.
Mort, I will, if that my fading breath permit,
And Death approach not, e're my Tale be done.
Henry the Fourth, Grandfather to this King,
Depos'd his Nephew *Richard*, *Edward*'s Son,
The firſt begotten, and the lawful Heir
Of *Edward* King, the third of that Deſcent.
During whoſe Reign, the *Piercies* of the North,
Finding his Uſurpation moſt unjuſt,
Endeavour'd my advancement to the Throne.
The Reaſon mov'd theſe Warlike Lords to this,
Was, for that (young *Richard* thus remov'd,
Leaving no Heir begotten of his Body)
I was the next by Birth and Parentage:
For by my Mother I derived am
From *Lyonel* Duke of *Clarence*, the third Son
To King *Edward* the Third; whereas he,
From *John* of *Gaunt* doth bring his Pedigree,
Being but the fourth of that Heroick Line.
But mark: as in this haughty great attempt,
They laboured to Plant the rightful Heir,
I loſt my Liberty, and they their Lives,
Long after this, when *Henry* the Fifth
(Succeeding his Father *Bullingbrook*) did reign;
Thy Father, Earl of *Cambridge*, then deriv'd
From famous *Edmund Langley*, Duke of *York*,
Marrying my Siſter, that thy Mother was;
Again, in pity of my hard diſtreſs,
Levied an Army, weening to redeem,
And have inſtall'd me in the Diadem:
But as the reſt, ſo fell that Noble Earl,
And was beheaded. Thus the *Mortimers*,
In whom the Title reſted, were ſuppreſt.
Rich. Of which, my Lord, your Honour is the laſt.
Mort. True; and thou ſeeſt, that I no Iſſue have
And that my fainting words do warrant death:
Thou art my Heir; the reſt, I wiſh thee gather:
But yet be wary in thy ſtudious care.
Rich. Thy grave admoniſhments prevail with me:
But yet, methinks, my Father's execution
Was nothing leſs, than bloody Tyranny.
Mort. With ſilence, Nephew, be thou politick,
Strong fixed is the Houſe of *Lancaſter*,
And like a Mountain, not to be remov'd.
But now thy Uncle is removing hence,
As Princes do their Courts, when they are cloy'd
With long continuance in a ſetled place.
Rich. O Uncle, would ſome part of my young years
Might but redeem the paſſage of your Age.
Mort. Thou do'ſt then wrong me, as that ſlaughterer
Which giveth many Wounds, when one will kill. (doth,
Mourn not, except thou ſorrow for my good,
Onely give order for my Funeral.
And ſo farewel, and fair be all thy hopes;
And proſperous be thy Life in Peace and War. [*Dyes.*
Rich. And Peace, no War, befall thy parting Soul.
In Priſon haſt thou ſpent a Pilgrimage,
And like a Hermite over-paſt thy days.
Well, I will lock his Counſel in my Breaſt,
And what I do imagine, let that reſt.
Keepers convey him hence, and I my ſelf
Will ſee his Burial better than his Life. [*Exit.*
Here dyes the duskie Torch of *Mortimer*,
Choak't with Ambition of the meaner ſort.
And for thoſe Wrongs, thoſe bitter Injuries,
Which *Somerſet* hath offer'd to my Houſe,
I doubt not, but with Honour to redreſs.
And therefore haſte I to the Parliament,
Either to be reſtored to my Blood,
Or make my will th'advantage of my good. [*Exit.*

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Flouriſh. Enter King, Exeter, Gloſter, Wincheſter, Warwick, Somerſet, Suffolk, Richard Plantagenet. Gloſter *offers to put up a Bill*: Wincheſter *ſnatches it, tears it.*

Winch. Com'ſt thou with deep premeditated Lines?
With written Pamphlets, ſtudiouſly deviſ'd?
Humfrey of *Gloſter*, if thou canſt accuſe,
Or ought intend'ſt to lay unto my charge,
Do it without invention, ſuddenly,
As I with ſudden, and extemporal ſpeech,
Purpoſe to anſwer what thou canſt object. (patience,
Glo. Preſumptuous Prieſt, this place commands my
Or thou ſhould'ſt find thou haſt diſhonour'd me.
Think not, although in Writing I preferr'd
The manner of thy vile outragious Crimes,
That therefore I have forg'd, or am not able
Verbatim to rehearſe the Method of my Pen.
No, Prelate, ſuch is thy audacious wickedneſs,
Thy leud, peſtiferous, and diſſentious pranks,
As very infants prattle of thy pride.
Thou art a moſt pernicious Uſurer,
Froward by Nature, Enemy to Peace,
Laſcivious, wanton, more than well beſeems
A man of thy Profeſſion, and Degree.
And for thy Treachery, what's more manifeſt?
In that thou laid'ſt a Trap to take my Life,
As well at *London Bridge*, as at the Tower.
Beſide, I fear me, if thy thoughts were fifted,
The King, thy Soveraign, is not quite exempt
From envious malice of thy ſwelling heart.
Winch. Gloſter, I do defie thee. Lords, vouchſafe
To give my hearing what I ſhall reply.
If I were Covetous, Ambitious, or Perverſe,
As he will have me: how am I ſo poor?
Or how hap's it, I ſeek not to advance
Or raiſe my ſelf? but keep my wonted Calling.
And for Diſſention, who preferreth Peace
More than I do? except I be provok'd.
No, my good Lords, it is not that offends,
It is not that, that hath incens'd the Duke:
It is becauſe no one ſhould ſway but he,
No one, but he, ſhould be about the King;
And that engenders Thunder in his breaſt,
And makes him roar theſe Accuſations forth.
But he ſhall know, I am as good ———
Gloſt. As good?
Thou Baſtard of my Grandfather.
Winch. I, Lordly Sir: for what are you, I pray,
But one imperious in another's Throne?
Gloſt. Am not I Protector, ſawcie Prieſt?
Winch. And am not I a Prelate of the Church?
Gloſt. Yes, as an Out-law in a Caſtle keeps,
And uſeth it, to patronage his Theft.
Winch. Unreverend *Glocester*.
Gloſt. Thou art Reverend,
Touching thy Spiritual Function, not thy Life.

Winch. *Rome* ſhall remedy this.
Warw. Roam thither then.
My Lord, it were your duty to forbear.
Som. I, ſee the Biſhop be not over-born:
Me thinks my Lord ſhould be Religious,
And know the Office that belongs to ſuch.
Warw. Me thinks his Lordſhip ſhould be humbler,
It fitteth not a Prelate ſo to plead.
Som. Yes, when his holy State is touch'd ſo near.
Warw. State holy, or unhallow'd, what of that?
Is not his Grace Protector to the King?
Rich. *Plantagenet* I ſee muſt hold his tongue,
Leſt it be ſaid, Speak, Sirrah, when you ſhould,
Muſt your bold Verdict enter talk with Lords?
Elſe would I have a fling at *Wincheſter*.
King. Uncles of *Gloſter* and of *Wincheſter*,
The ſpecial Watch-men of our *Engliſh* Weal,
I would prevail, if Prayers might prevail,
To join your hearts in love and amity.
Oh, what a Scandal is it to our Crown,
That two ſuch Noble Peers, as ye, ſhould jar?
Believe me, Lords, my tender years can tell,
Civil diſſention is a viperous Worm,
That gnaws the Bowels of the Common-wealth.
A noiſe within. Down with the Tawny Coats.
King. What Tumult is this?
Warw. An Uproar, I dare warrant,
Begun through malice of the Biſhop's men.
A noiſe again, Stones, Stones.
Enter Mayor.
Mayor. Oh my good Lords, and virtuous *Henry*,
Pity the City of *London*, pity us:
The Biſhop and the Duke of *Gloſter*'s men,
Forbidden late to carry any Weapon,
Have fill'd their Pockets full of peble ſtones;
And banding themſelves in contrary parts,
Do pelt ſo faſt at one anothers Pate,
That many have their giddy brains knock't out:
Our Windows are broke down in every Street,
And we, for fear, compell'd to ſhut our Shops.

Enter in skirmiſh with bloody Pates.

King. We charge you on allegiance to our ſelves,
To hold your ſlaughtering hands, and keep the Peace:
Pray Uncle *Gloſter* mitigate this ſtrife.
1. *Serving.* Nay, if we be forbidden ſtones, we'll fall to it with our teeth.
2. *Serving.* Do what ye dare, we are as reſolute.
Skirmiſh again.
Gloſt. You of my houſhold leave this peeviſh broil,
And ſet this unaccuſtom'd fight aſide.
3. *Serving.* My Lord, we know your Grace to be a man
Juſt, and upright; and for your Royal Birth,
Inferiour to none, but to his Majeſty:
And e're that we will ſuffer ſuch a Prince,
So kind a Father of the Common weal,
To be diſgraced by an Ink-horn Mate,
We and our Wives and Children all will fight,
And have our Bodies ſlaughtred by thy Foes.
1. *Serv.* I, and the very paring of our Nails
Shall pitch a Field when we are dead.
Begin again.
Gloſt. Stay, ſtay, I ſay,
And if you love me, as you ſay you do,
Let me perſuade you to forbear a while.
King. Oh how this diſcord doth afflict my Soul.
Can you, my Lord of *Wincheſter*, behold
My Sighs and Tears, and will not once relent?
Who ſhould be pitiful, if you be not?
Or who ſhould ſtudy to prefer a Peace,
If holy Church-men take delight in Broils?
Warw. Yield, my Lord Protector, yield *Wincheſter*:
Except you mean with obſtinate repulſe
To ſlay your Soveraign, and deſtroy the Realm.
You ſee what miſchief, and what Murther too,
Hath been enacted through your enmity:
Then be at Peace, except ye thriſt for blood.
Winch. He ſhall ſubmit, or I will never yield.
Gloſt. Compaſſion on the King commands me ſtoop,
Or I would ſee his heart out, e're the Prieſt
Should ever get that priviledge of me.
Warw. Behold, my Lord of *Wincheſter*, the Duke
Hath baniſht moody diſcontented fury,
As by his ſmoothed Brows it doth appear:
Why look you ſtill ſo ſtern, and Tragical?
Gloſt. Here *Wincheſter*, I offer thee my Hand.
King. Fie, Uncle *Beauford*, I have heard you preach,
That Malice was a great and grievous ſin:
And will not you maintain the thing you teach?
But prove a chief Offender in the ſame.
Warw. Sweet King: the Biſhop hath a kindly gird:
For ſhame my Lord of *Wincheſter*, relent;
What, ſhall a Child inſtruct you what to do?
Winch. Well, Duke of *Gloſter*, I will yield to thee,
Love for thy Love, and Hand for Hand I give.
Gloſt. I, but I fear me with a hollow Heart.
So here my Friends, and loving Countrymen,
The token ſerveth for a Flag of Truce,
Betwixt our ſelves, and all our Followers:
So help me God, as I diſſemble not.
Winch. So help me God, as I intend it not.
King. Oh, loving Uncle, kind Duke of *Gloſter*,
How joyful am I made by this Contract?
Away my Maſters, trouble us no more,
But join in Friendſhip, as your Lords have done.
1. *Serv.* Content, I'le to the Surgeon's.
2. *Serv.* And ſo will I.
3. *Serv.* And I will ſee what phyſick the Tavern affords. [*Exeunt.*
Warw. Accept this Scrowl, moſt gracious Soveraign,
Which in the Right of *Richard Plantagenet*,
We do exhibit to your Majeſty.
Glo. Well urg'd my Lord of *Warwick*: for, ſweet Prince,
And if your Grace mark every cicumſtance,
You have great reaſon to do *Richard* right,
Eſpecially for thoſe occaſions
At *Eltham* place I told your Majeſty.
King. And thoſe occaſions, Uncle, were of force:
Therefore, my loving Lords, our pleaſure is,
That Richard be reſtored to his Blood.
Warw. Let *Richard* be reſtored to his Blood,
So ſhall his Fathers wrongs be recompens'd.
Winch. As will the reſt, ſo willeth *Wincheſter*.
King. If *Richard* will be true, not that alone,
But all the whole Inheritance I give
That doth belong unto the Houſe of *York*,
From whence you ſpring, by lineal deſcent.
Rich. Thy humble Servant vows obedience,
And humble ſervice till the point of death.
King. Stoop then, and ſet your Knee againſt my Foot,
And in reguerdon of that duty done,
I gird thee with the valiant Sword of *York*.
Riſe *Richard* like a true *Plantagenet*,
And riſe created Princely Duke of *York*.
Rich. And ſo thrive *Richard*, as thy Foes may fall,
And as my duty ſprings, ſo periſh they,
That grudge one thought againſt your Majeſty.
All. Welcome high Prince, the mighty Duke of *York*.
Som. Periſh, baſe Prince, ignoble Duke of *York*.
Gloſt. Now will it beſt avail your Majeſty,
To croſs the Seas, and to be Crown'd in *France*:
The preſence of a King engenders love,
Amongſt his Subjects and his loyal Friends,
As it dis-animates his Enemies.
King. When *Gloſter* ſays the word, King *Henry* goes,
For friendly counſel cuts off many Foes.
Gloſt. Your ſhips already are in readineſs. [*Exeunt.*

Manet Exeter.
Exe. I, we may march in *England* or in *France*,
Not ſeeing what is likely to enſue ;
This late diſſention grown betwixt the Peers,
Burns under feigned aſhes of forg'd love,
And will at laſt break out into a flame,
As feſtred members rot but by degree,
Till bones, and fleſh, and ſinews fall away,
So will this baſe and envyous diſcord breed.
And now I fear that fatal Prophecy
Which in the time of *Henry* nam'd the Fifth,
Was in the mouth of every ſucking Babe,
That *Henry* born at *Monmouth* ſhould win all,
And *Henry* born at *Windſor* ſhould loſe all :
Which is ſo plain, that *Exeter* doth wiſh,
His days may finiſh e're that hapleſs time. [*Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Puzel *diſguiſ'd, and four Souldiers with Sacks upon their backs.*

Puzel. Theſe are the City Gates, the Gates of *Roan*,
Through which our policy muſt make a breach.
Take heed, be wary how you place your words,
Talk like the vulgar ſort of Market men,
That come to gather Money for their Corn.
If we have entrance, as I hope we ſhall,
And that we find the ſloathful Watch but weak,
I'le by a ſign give notice to our Friends,
That *Charles* the *Dolphin* may encounter them.
Souldier. Our Sacks ſhall be a mean to ſack the City,
And we be Lords and Rulers over *Roan*,
Therefore we'll knock. [*Knock.*
Watch. Che la ?
Puzel. Peaſauns la pouure gens de France.
Poor Market-folks that come to ſell their Corn.
Watch. Enter, go in, the Market Bell is rung.
Puzel. Now *Roan*, I'le ſhake thy Bulwarks to the ground. [*Exeunt.*
Enter Charles, *Baſtard*, Alanſon.

Charles. Saint *Dennis* bleſs this happy Stratagem,
And once again we'll ſleep ſecure in *Roan.*
Baſtard. Here entred *Puzel*, and her Practiſants:
Now is ſhe there, how will ſhe ſpecifie ?
Here is the beſt and ſafeſt paſſage in.
Reign. By thruſting out a Torch from yonder Tower,
Which once diſcern'd ſhews that her meaning is,
No way to that (for weakneſs) which ſhe entred.

Enter Puzel *on the top, thruſting out a Torch burning.*

Puzel. Behold, this is the happy Wedding Torch,
That joineth *Roan* unto her Countrymen,
But burning fatal to the *Talbonites.*
Baſtard. See, Noble *Charles*, the Beacon of our Friend,
The burning Torch in yonder Turret ſtands.
Charels. Now ſhines it like a Comet of Revenge,
A Prophet to the fall of all our Foes.
Reign. Defer no time, delays have dangerous ends,
Enter, and cry, the *Dolphin*, preſently,
And then do execution on the Watch. [*Alarum.*

An Alarum, Talbot *in an Excurſion.*

Talb. France, thou ſhalt rue this Treaſon with thy tears,
If *Talbot* but ſurvive thy Treachery.
Puzel that Witch, that damned Sorcereſs,
Hath wrought this Helliſh miſchief unawares,
That hardly we eſcap'd the Pride of *France*. [*Exit.*

An Alarum : Excurſions. Bedford *brought in ſick in a Chair.*

Enter Talbot *and* Burgonie *without : within* Puzel, Charles, *Baſtard, and* Reignier *on the Walls.*

Puz. Good morrow, Gallants, want ye Corn for Bread ?
I think the Duke of *Burgonie* will faſt,
Before he'll buy againe at ſuch a rate.
'Twas full of Darnel : do you like the taſte ?
Burg. Scoff on, vile Fiend, and ſhameleſs Courtizan,
I truſt e're long to choak thee with thine own,
And make thee curſe the Harveſt of that Corn.
Charles. Your Grace may ſtarve (perhaps) before that time.
Bedf. Oh let not words, but deeds, revenge this Treaſon.
Puzel. What will you do, good gray Beard ?
Break a Launce, and run a Tilt at Death
Within a Chair.
Talb. Foul Fiend of *France*, and Hag of all diſpight,
Incompaſs'd with thy luſtful Paramours,
Becomes it thee to taunt his valiant Age,
And twit with Cowardiſe a man half dead ?
Damſel I'le have a bout with you again,
Or elſe let *Talbot* periſh with this ſhame.
Puzel. Are ye ſo hot, Sir : yet *Puzel* hold thy peace,
If *Talbot* do but Thunder, Rain will follow.
They whiſper together in counſel.
God ſpeed the Parliament : who ſhall be the Speaker ?
Talb. Dare ye come forth, and meet us in the Field?
Puzel. Belike your Lordſhip takes us then for Fools,
To try if that our own be ours, or no.
Talb. I ſpeake not to that railing *Hecate*,
But unto thee *Alanſon*, and the reſt.
Will ye, like Souldiers, come and fight it out ?
Alanſ. Seignior, no.
Talb. Seignior, hang : baſe Muleters of *France*,
Like Peſant foot-Boys do they keep the Walls,
And dare not take up Arms, like Gentlemen.
Puzel. Away Captains, let's get us from the Walls,
For *Talbot* means no goodneſs by his Looks.
God b'uy my Lord, we came Sir but to tell you,
That we are here. [*Exeunt from the Walls.*
Talb. And there we will be too, e're it be long.
Or elſe Reproach be *Talbot*'s greateſt Fame.
Vow *Burgonie*, by Honour of thy Houſe,
Prick't on by publick Wrongs ſuſtain'd in *France*,
Either to get the Town again or dye.
And I, as ſure as Engliſh *Henry* lives,
And as his Father here was Conquerour ;
As ſure as in this late betrayed Town,
Great *Cordelion*'s heart was buryed ;
So ſure I ſwear, to get the Town or die.
Burg. My Vows are equal partners with thy Vows.
Talb. But e're we go, regard this dying Prince,
The valiant Duke of *Bedford* : Come, my Lord,
We will beſtow you in ſome better place,
Fitter for ſickneſs, and for crazie Age.
Bedf. Lord *Talbot*, do not ſo diſhonour me :
Here I will ſit, before the Walls of *Roan*,
And will be partner of your weal or wo.
Burg. Couragious *Bedford*, let us now perſuade you.
Bedf. Not to be gone from hence, for once I Read,
That ſtout *Pendragon*, in his Litter ſick,
Came to the Field, and vanquiſhed his Foes.
Me thinks I ſhould revive the Souldiers Hearts,
Becauſe I ever found them as my ſelf.
Talb. Undaunted Spirit in a dying Breaſt,
Then be it ſo : Heavens keep old *Bedford* ſafe.
And now no more ado, brave *Burgonie*,
But gather we our Forces out of hand,
And ſet upon our boaſting Enemy. [*Exit.*
An Alarum : Excurſions. Enter Sir John Falſtaff, *and a Captain.*

Cap. Whither away, Sir *John Falſtaff*, in ſuch haſte?
Falſt. Whither away? to ſave my ſelf by flight,
We are like to have the overthrow again.
Cap. What? will you flye, and leave Lord *Talbot*?
Falſt. I, all the *Talbot*'s in the world, to ſave my life.
[*Exit.*
Cap. Cowardly Knight, ill Fortune follow thee. [*Exit.*
Retreat. Excurſions. Puzel, Alanſon, *and* Charles *flie.*
Bedf. Now, quiet Soul, depart when Heaven pleaſe,
For I have ſeen our Enemies overthrow.
What is the truſt or ſtrength of fooliſh man?
They that of late were daring with their ſcoffs,
Are glad and fain by flight to ſave themſelves.
Bedford *dyes, and is carried by two in his Chair.*

An Alarum. Enter Talbot, Burgonie, *and the reſt.*

Talb. Loſt, and recovered in a day again,
This is a double Honour, *Burgonie*:
Yet Heavens have glory for this Victory.
Burg. Warlike and Martial *Talbot*, *Burgonie*
Inſhrines thee in his heart, and there erects
Thy Noble Deeds, as Valour's Monuments.
Talb. Thanks, gentle Duke: but where is *Puzel* now?
I think her old Familiar is aſleep.
Gleeks
Now where's the Baſtard's braves, and *Charles* his glikes?
What, all amort? *Roan* hangs her head for grief,
That ſuch a valiant company are fled.
Now will we take ſome order in the Town,
Placing therein ſome expert Officers,
And then depart to *Paris* to the King,
For there young *Henry* with his Nobles lye.
Burg. What will's Lord *Talbot* pleaſeth *Burgonie*.
Talb. But yet before we go, let's not forget
The Noble Duke of *Bedford*, late deceas'd,
But ſee his Exequies fulfill'd in *Roan*,
A braver Souldier never couched Launce,
A gentler heart did never ſway in Court.
But Kings and mightieſt Potentates muſt die,
For that's the end of Humane Miſerie. [*Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Charles, *Baſtard*, Alanſon, Puzel.

Puzel. Diſmay not (Princes) at this accident,
Nor grieve that *Roan* is ſo recovered.
Care is no cure, but rather corroſive,
For things that are not to be remedy'd.
Let frantick *Talbot* triumph for a while,
And like a Peacock ſweep along his tail,
We'll pull his Plumes, and take away his Train,
If *Dolphin* and the reſt will be but rul'd.
Charles. We have been guided by thee hitherto,
And of thy Cunning had no diffidence,
One ſudden Foyl ſhall never breed diſtruſt.
Baſtard. Search out thy wit for ſecret policies,
And we will make thee famous through the World.
Alanſ. We'll ſet thy Statue in ſome holy place,
And have thee reverenc'd like a bleſſed Saint.
Employ thee then, ſweet Virgin, for our good.
Puzel. Then thus it muſt be, this doth *Joan* deviſe:
By fair perſwaſions, mixt with ſugred words,
We will entice the Duke of *Burgonie*
To leave the *Talbot*, and to follow us.
Charles. I marry, ſweeting, if we could do that,
France were no place for *Henry*'s Warriours,
Nor ſhall that Nation boaſt it ſo with us,
But be extirped from our Provinces.
Alanſ. For ever ſhould they be expulſ'd from *France*,
And not have Title of an Earldom here.
Puz. Your Honours ſhall perceive how I will work,
To bring this matter to the wiſhed end.
Drum ſounds a-far off.
Heark, by the ſound of Drum you may perceive
Their Powers are marching unto *Paris*-ward.
Here ſound an Engliſh march.
There goes the *Talbot* with his Colours ſpread,
And all the Troops of *Engliſh* after him.
French march.
Now in the Rereward comes the Duke and his:
Fortune in favour makes him lag behind.
Summon a Parley, we will talk with him.
Trumpets ſound a Parley.
Charles. A Parley with the Duke of *Burgonie*?
Burg. Who craves a Parley with the *Burgonie*?
Puzel. The Princely Charles of *France*, thy Countryman.
Burg. What ſay'ſt thou, *Charles*? for I am marching hence.
Charles. Speak *Puzel*, and enchant him with thy words.
Puzel. Brave *Burgonie*, undoubted hope of *France*,
Stay, let thy humble Hand-maid ſpeak to thee.
Burg. Speak on, but be not over-tedious.
Puz. Look on thy Country, look on fertile *France*,
And ſee the Cities and the Towns defac't,
By waſting Ruine of the cruel Foe,
As looks the Mother on her lowly Babe,
When Death doth cloſe his tender-dying Eyes,
See, ſee the pining Malady of *France*:
Behold the Wounds, the moſt unnatural Wounds,
Which thou thy ſelf haſt given her woful Breaſt.
Oh turn the edged Sword another way,
Strike thoſe that hurt, and hurt not thoſe that help:
One drop of Blood drawn from thy Country's Boſom,
Should grieve thee more than ſtreams of common gore,
Return thee therefore with a floud of Tears,
And waſh away thy Country's ſtained Spots.
Burg. Either ſhe hath bewitch't me with her words,
Or Nature makes me ſuddenly relent.
Puzel. Beſides, all *French* and *France* exclaims on thee,
Doubting thy Birth and Lawful Progenie.
Whom joyn'ſt thou with, but with a Lordly Nation,
That will not truſt thee but for profits ſake?
When *Talbot* hath ſet footing once in *France*,
And faſhion'd thee that Inſtrument of Ill,
Who then, but *Engliſh Henry*, will be Lord,
And thou be thruſt out like a Fugitive?
Call we to mind, and mark but this for proof:
Was not the Duke of *Orleance* thy Foe?
And was he not in *England* Priſoner?
But when they heard he was thine Enemy,
They ſet him free, without his Ranſom pay'd,
In ſpight of *Burgonie* and all his Friends,
See then, thou fight'ſt againſt thy Conntrymen,
And joyn'ſt with them will be thy ſlaughter-men.
Come, come, return, return thou wandring Lord,
Charles and the reſt will take thee in their arms.
Burg. I am vanquiſhed:
Theſe haughty words of hers
Have batter'd me like roaring Cannon-ſhot,
And made me almoſt yield upon my knees.
Forgive me Country and ſweet Countrymen:
And Lords accept this hearty kind embrace.
My Forces, and my Power of men, are yours.
So farewel *Talbot*, I'le no longer truſt truſt thee.
Puz. Done like a *French* man: turn, and turn again.
Charles. Welcome, brave Duke, thy friendſhip makes us freſh.
Baſtard. And doth beget new Courage in our Breaſts.
Alanſ. Puzel hath bravely play'd her part in this,
And doth deſerve a Coronet of Gold.
Charles. Now let us on, my Lords,

And joyn our Powers,
And ſeek how we may prejudice the Foe. [*Exit.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter the King, Gloceſter, Wincheſter, York, Suffolk, Somerſet, Warwick, Exeter: *To them, with his Souldiers*, Talbot.

Tal. My gracious Prince, and honourable Peers,
Hearing of your arrival in this Realm,
I have a while given Truce unto my Wars,
To do my duty to my Soveraign.
In ſign whereof, this Arm, that hath reclaim'd
To your obedience, fifty Fortreſſes,
Twelve Cities, and ſeven walled Towns of ſtrength,
Beſide five hundred Priſoners of eſteem;
Lets fall his Sword before your Highneſs feet:
And with ſubmiſſive loyalty of heart
Aſcribes the Glory of his Conqueſt got,
Firſt to my God, and next unto your Grace.
King. Is this the Lord *Talbot*, Uncle *Gloceſter*,
That hath ſo long been Reſident in *France*?
Gloſt. Yes, if it pleaſe your Majeſty, my Liege.
King. Welcom, brave Captain, and victorious Lord.
When I was young (as yet I am not old)
I do remember how my Father ſaid,
A ſtouter Champion never handled Sword.
Long ſince we have reſolved of your truth,
Your faithful ſervice, and your toil in War:
Yet never have you taſted our reward,
Or been reguerdon'd with ſo much as Thanks,
Becauſe till now, we never ſaw your face;
Therefore ſtand up, and for theſe good deſerts,
We here create you Earl of *Shrewsbury*,
And in our Coronation take your place. [*Exeunt.*
Manent Vernon *and* Baſſet.
Vern. Now, Sir, to you that were ſo hot at Sea,
Diſgracing of theſe Colours that I wear,
In honour of my Noble Lord of *York*,
Dar'ſt thou maintain the former words thou ſpak'ſt?
Baſſ. Yes, Sir, as well as you dare patronage
The envious barking of your ſawcie Tongue,
Againſt the Duke of *Somerſet*.
Vern. Sirrah, thy Lord I honour as he is.
Baſſ. Why what is he? as good a man as *York*.
Vern. Heark ye: not ſo: in witneſs take you that. [*Strikes him.*
Baſſ. Villain, thou knoweſt
The Law of Arms is ſuch,
That who ſo draws a Sword, 'tis preſent death,
Or elſe this Blow ſhould broach thy deareſt Blood.
But I'le unto his Majeſty, and crave,
I may have liberty to venge this Wrong,
When thou ſhall ſee, I'le meet thee to thy coſt.
Vern. Well, miſcreant, I'le be there as ſoon as you,
And after meet you, ſooner than you would. [*Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter King, Gloceſter, Wincheſter, York, Suffolk, Somerſet, Warwick, Talbot, *and Governor* Exeter.

Glo. Lord Biſhop, ſet the Crown upon his head.
Win. God ſave King *Henry* of that name the ſixth.
Glo. Now Governour of *Paris* take your Oath,
That you elect no other King but him;
Eſteem none Friends, but ſuch as are his Friends,
And none your Foes, but ſuch as ſhall pretend
Malicious practices againſt his State:
This ſhall ye do, ſo help you righteous God.
Enter Falſtaff.
Fal. My gracious Soveraign, as I rode from *Calice*,
To haſte unto your Coronation:
A Letter was deliver'd to my hands,
Writ to your Grace, from th' Duke of *Burgundy*.
Tal. Shame to the Duke of *Burgundy*, and thee:
I vow'd (baſe Knight) when I did meet thee next,
To tear the Garter from thy Craven's leg,
Which I have done, becauſe (unworthily)
Thou waſt inſtalled in that High Degree.
Pardon, my Princely *Henry*, and the reſt,
This Daſtard, at the Battel of *Poctiers*,
When (but in all) I was ſix thouſand ſtrong,
And that the *French* were almoſt ten to one,
Before we met, or that a ſtroke was given,
Like to a truſty Squire, did run away.
In which aſſault we loſt twelve hundred men.
My ſelf, and divers Gentlemen beſide,
Were there ſurpriz'd, and taken Priſoners.
Then judge, (great Lords) if I have done amiſs:
Or whether that ſuch Cowards ought to wear
This Ornament of Knighthood, yea or no?
Glo. To ſay the truth, this fact was infamous,
And ill beſeeming any common man:
Much more a Knight, a Captain, and a Leader.
Tal. When firſt this Order was ordain'd, my Lords,
Knights of the Garter were of Noble birth;
Valiant, and Virtuous, full of haughty Courage,
Such as were grown to credit by the Wars:
Not fearing Death, nor ſhrinking for Diſtreſs.
But alwaies reſolute, in moſt extreams.
He then, that is not furniſh'd in this ſort,
Doth but uſurp the Sacred name of Knight,
Prophaning this moſt Honourable Order,
And ſhould (if I were worthy to be Judge)
Be quite degraded, like a Hedge-born Swain,
That doth preſume to boaſt of Gentle Blood.
K. Stain to thy Countrymen, thou hear'ſt thy doom;
Be packing therefore, thou that waſt a Knight:
Henceforth we baniſh thee on pain of death. [*Exit.*
And now my Lord Protector view the Letter,
Sent from our Uncle Duke of *Burgundie*.
Glo. What means his Grace, that he hath chang'd his ſtyle?
No more but plain and bluntly? (*To the King.*)
Hath he forgot he is his Soveraign?
Or doth this churliſh Superſcription
Pretend ſome alteration in good will?
What's here? *I have upon eſpecial cauſe,*
Mov'd with compaſſion of my countries wrack,
Together with the pitiful complaints
Of ſuch as your Oppreſſion feeds upon,
Forſaken your pernicious Faction,
And joyn'd with Charles, *the rightful King of* France.
O monſtrous Treachery! Can this be ſo?
That in alliance, amity, and oaths,
There ſhould be found ſuch falſe diſſembling guile?
King. What? doth my Uncle *Burgundy* revolt?
Glo. He doth, my Lord, and is become my Foe.
King. Is that the worſt this Letter doth contain?
Glo. It is the worſt, and all (my Lord) he writes.
King. Why then, Lord *Talbot* there ſhall talk with him,
And give him chaſtiſement for this abuſe.
How ſay you, (my Lord) are you not content?
Tal. Content, my Liege? Yes: but that I am prevented
I ſhould have begg'd I might have been employ'd.
King. Then gather ſtrength, and march unto him ſtreight:
Let him perceive how ill we brook his Treaſon,
And what offence it is to flout his Friends.
Tal. I go, my Lord, in heart deſiring ſtill
You may behold confuſion of your Foes.
[*Enter* Vernon *and* Baſſet.

Ver. Grant me the Combat, gracious Soveraign.
Baſ. And me (my Lord) grant me the Combat too.
York. This is my Servant, hear him Noble Prince.
Som. And this is mine (ſweet *Henry*) favour him.
King. Be patient, Lords, and give them leave to ſpeak,
Say, Gentlemen, what makes you thus exclaim
And wherefore crave you Combat? or with whom?
Ver. With him, (my Lord) for he hath done me wrong.
Baſ. And I with him, for he hath done me wrong.
King. What is that wrong whereon you both complain?
Firſt let me know, and then I'le anſwer you.
Baſ. Croſſing the Sea, from *England* unto *France*,
This Fellow here with carping tongue,
Upbraided me about the Roſe I wear,
Saying, the ſanguine Colour of the Leaves
Did preſent my Maſter's bluſhing Cheeks:
When ſtubbornly he did repugn the truth,
About a certain queſtion in the Law,
Argu'd betwixt the Duke of *York* and him:
With other vile and ignominious terms.
In confutation of which rude Reproach,
And in defence of my Lord's worthineſs,
I crave the benefit of Law of Arms.
Ver. And that is my Petition (Noble Lord:)
For though he ſeem with forged quaint conceit
To ſet a gloſs upon his bold intent,
Yet know (my Lord) I was provok'd by him,
And he firſt took exceptions at this Badge,
Pronouncing that the paleneſs of this Flower,
Bewray'd the faintneſs of my Maſter's heart.
York. Will not this malice, *Somerſet*, be left?
Som. Your private grudge, my Lord of *York*, will out,
Though ne're ſo cunningly you ſmother it.
King. Good Lord! What madneſs rules in brain-ſick men.
When for ſo ſlight and frivolous a cauſe,
Such factious emulations ſhall ariſe?
Good Couſins both of *York* and *Somerſet*,
Quiet your ſelves, and be at peace.
York. Let this diſſention firſt be tryed by fight,
And then your Highneſs ſhall command a Peace.
Som. The quarrel toucheth none but us alone,
Betwixt our ſelves let us decide it then.
York. There is my pledge, accept it *Somerſet.*
Ver. Nay let it reſt, where it began at firſt.
Baſ. Confirm it ſo, mine honourable Lord.
Glo. Confirm it ſo? confounded be your ſtrife,
And periſh ye with your audacious prate;
Preſumptuous Vaſſals, are you not aſham'd
With this immodeſt clamorous outrage,
To trouble, and diſturb, the King, and Us?
And you, my Lords, methinks you do not well
To bear with their perverſe Objections:
Much leſs to take occaſion from their mouths,
To raiſe a mutiny betwixt your ſelves:
Let me perſwade you take a better courſe.
Exet. It grieves his Highneſs,
Good my Lords, be Friends.
King Come hither you that would be Combatants,
Henceforth I charge you, as you love our favour,
Quite to forget this Quarrel, and the Cauſe.
And you, my Lords, Remember where you are,
In *France* among a fickle wavering Nation:
If they perceive diſſention in our looks,
And that within our ſelves we diſagree;
How will their grudging ſtomacks be provok'd
To wilful Diſobedience, and Rebel?
Beſide, What infamy will there ariſe,
When Forreign Princes ſhall be certified,
That for a toy, a thing of no regard,
King *Henry*'s Peers, and chief Nobility,
Deſtroy'd themſelv's, and loſt the Realm of *France*?
O think upon the Conqueſt of my Father,
My tender years, and let us not forgo
That for a trifle, that was bought with blood.
Let me be Umpier in this doubtful ſtrife:
I ſee no Reaſon, if I wear this Roſe,
That any one ſhould therefore be ſuſpicious
I more encline to *Somerſet* than *York*:
Both are my Kinſmen, and I love them both.
As well they may upbraid me with my Crown,
Becauſe (forſooth) the King of *Scots* is Crown'd.
But your diſcretions better can perſwade,
Than I am able to inſtruct or teach:
And therefore as we hither came in peace,
So let us ſtill continue peace and love.
Couſin of *York*, we inſtitute your Grace
To be our Regent in theſe parts of *France*:
And good my Lord of *Somerſet*, unite
Your Troops of Horſemen, with his Bands of Foot,
And like true Subjects Sons of your Progenitors,
Go chearfully together, and digeſt
Your angry choler on your Enemies.
Ourſelf, my Lord Protector, and the reſt,
After ſome reſpite will return to *Calice*;
From thence to *England*, where I hope e're long
To be preſented by your Victories,
With *Charles*, *Alanſon*, and that traiterous rout.
Exeunt. Manet York, Warwick, Exeter, Vernon.
War. My Lord of *York*, I promiſe you the King
Prettily (me thought) did play the Orator.
York. And ſo he did, but yet I like it not,
In that he wears the Badge of *Somerſet.*
War. Tuſh, that was but his fancy, blame him not,
I dare preſume (ſweet Prince) he thought no harm.
York. And if I wiſh he did. But let it reſt,
Other affairs muſt now be managed. [*Exeunt.*
Flouriſh. *Manet* Exeter.
Exet. Well didſt thou *Richard* to ſuppreſs thy voice:
For it the paſſions of thy heart burſt out,
I fear we ſhould have ſeen decypher'd there
More rancorous ſpight, more furious Raging Broyls,
Than yet can be imagin'd or ſuppos'd:
But howſoe're, no ſimple man that ſees
This jarring diſcord of Nobility,
This ſhouldering of each other in the Court,
This factious bandying of their Favourites,
By that it doth preſage ſome ill event.
'Tis much, when Scepters are in Childrens hands:
But more, when Envy breeds unkind Diviſion:
Then comes the Ruin, there begins Confuſion. [*Exit.*

Enter Talbot *with Trumpets and Drum*
before Burdeaux.

Talb. Go to the Gates of *Burdeaux*, Trumpeter,
Summon their General unto the Wall. [*Sounds.*
Enter General aloft.
Engliſh *John Talbot* (Captains) calls you forth,
Servant in Arms to *Harry* King of *England*,
And thus he would: Open your City Gates,
Be humbled to us, call my Soveraign yours,
And do him homage as obedient Subjects,
And I'le withdraw me, and my bloody Power.
But if you frown upon this proffer'd Peace,
And tempt the fury of my three Attendants,
Lean Famine, quartering Steel, and climbing Fire,
Who in a moment even with the Earth
Shall lay your ſtately, and air-braving Towers,
If you forſake the offer of their love.
Cap. Thou ominous and fearful Owl of death,
Our Nations terrour, and their bloody ſcourge,
The period of thy Tyranny approacheth,
On us thou canſt not enter but by Death:
For I proteſt we are well fortified,
And ſtrong enough to iſſue out and fight.
If thou retire, the *Dolphin* well appointed,
Stands with the Snares of War to tangle thee.

On either hand thee, there are Squadrons pitcht,
To wall thee from the liberty of Flight;
Ten thouſand *French* have ta'ne the Sacrament,
And no way canſt thou turn thee for Redreſs,
But death doth front thee with apparent ſpoil,
And pale deſtruction meets thee in the Face:
To rive their dangerous Artillery
Upon no Chriſtian ſoul, but *Engliſh Talbot*:
Lo there thou ſtand'ſt a breathing valiant man
Of an invincible unconquer'd ſpirit:
This is the lateſt Glory of thy praiſe,
That I thy Enemy dew thee withall;
For e're the Glaſs, that now begins to run,
Finiſh the proceſs of his ſandy hour,
Theſe Eyes that ſee thee now well coloured,
Shall ſee thee withered, bloody, pale, and dead.
[*Drum a-far off.*
Heark, heark, the *Dolphin*'s drum, a warning Bell.
Sings heavie Muſick to thy timorous ſoul,
And mine ſhall ring thy dire departure out. [*Exit.*
Talb. He Fables not, I heard the Enemy:
Out ſome light Horſemen, and peruſe their Wings.
O negligent and heedleſs Diſcipline,
How are we park'd and bounded in a pale?
A little Heard of *England*'s Timorous Deer,
'Maz'd with a yelping kennel of *French* Curs,
If we be *Engliſh* Dear, be then in blood,
Not Raſcal-like to fall down with a pinch,
But rather moodie mad and deſperate Stags,
Turn on the bloody Hounds, with heads of Steel
And make the Cowards ſtand aloof at bay:
Sell every man his life as dear as mine,
And they ſhall find dear Deer of us, my Friends.
God and S. *George*, *Talbot* and *England*'s right,
Proſper our Colours in this dangerous fight. [*Exeunt.*

Enter a Meſſenger that meets York. *Enter* York *with Trumpet, and many Souldiers.*

York. Are not the ſpeedy Scouts return'd again,
That dogg'd the mighty Army of the *Dolphin?*
Meſſ. They are return'd, my Lord, and give it out,
That he is march'd to Burdeaux with his Power
To fight with *Talbot*: as he march'd along,
By your eſpyals were diſcovered
Two mightier Troops, than that the *Dolphin* led,
Which join'd with him and made their march for (*Burdeaux.*
York. A plague upon that Villain *Somerſet*,
That thus delays my promiſed ſupply
Of Horſemen that were levied for the Siege.
Renowned *Talbot* doth expect my aid,
And I am lowted by a Traitor Villain,
And cannot help the Noble Chevalier:
God comfort him in this neceſſity:
If he miſcarry, farewel Wars in *France.*

Enter another Meſſenger.

2. *Meſſ.* Thou Princely Leader of our *Engliſh* ſtrength,
Never ſo needful on the earth of *France*,
Spur to the Reſcue of the Noble *Talbot*,
Who now is girdled with a waſte of Iron,
And hem'd about with grim deſtruction:
To *Burdeaux*, warlick Duke, to *Burdeaux*, *York.*
Elſe farewel *Talbot*, *France*, and *England*'s Hononr.
York. O God, that *Somerſét* who in proud heart
Doth ſtop my Cornets, were in *Talbot*'s place,
So ſhould we ſave a valiant Gentleman,
By forfeiting a Traitor and a Coward:
Mad ire, and wrathful fury makes me weep,
That thus we dye, while remiſs Traitors ſleep.
Meſſ. O ſend ſome ſuccour to the diſtreſt Lord.
York. He dyes, we loſe: I break my warlike word:
We mourn, *France* ſmiles: We loſe, they dayly get:
All long of this vile Traitor *Somerſet.*
Meſſ. Then God take mercy on brave *Talbot*'s Soul,
And on his Son, young *John*, who two hours ſince,
I met in travel towards his warlike Father;
This ſeven years did not *Talbot* ſee his Son,
And now they meet, where both their lives are done.
York. Alas! What joy ſhall Noble *Talbot* have,
To bid his young Son welcome to his Grave:
Away, vexation almoſt ſtops my breath,
That ſundred Friends greet in the hour of death.
Lucie farewel, no more my fortune can,
But curſe the cauſe, I cannot aid the man.
Maine, *Bloys*, *Poytiers*, and *Toures*, are won away,
Long all of *Somerſet*, and his delay. [*Exit.*
Meſſ. Thus while the Vulture of Sedition,
Feeds in the boſom of ſuch great Commanders,
Sleeping neglection doth betray to loſs,
The Conqueſts of our ſcarce cold Conqueror,
That ever-living man of Memory,
Henry the fifth. Whiles they each others croſs,
Lives, Honours, Lands, and all, hurry to loſs. [*Exit.*

Enter Somerſet *with his Army.*

Som. It is too late, I cannot ſend them now:
This expedition was by York and *Talbot*
Too raſhly plotted. All our general force
Might with a ſally of the very Town
Be buckled with: the over-daring *Talbot*
Hath ſullied all his gloſs of former Honor
By this unheedful, deſperate, wild Adventure:
York ſet him on to fight, and dye in ſhame,
That *Talbot* dead, great York might bear the name.
Capt. Here is Sir *William Lucie*, who with me,
Set from our o're-matcht Forces forth for aid.
Som. How now, Sir *William*, whither were thou ſent?
Lu. Whither my Lord? from bought and ſold L. *Talbot*,
Who ring'd about with bold adverſity,
Cryes out for Noble York and *Somerſet*,
L
To beat aſſailing death from his weak Regions;
And whiles the Honourable Captain there
Drops bloody ſweat from his war-wearied Limbs,
And in advantage lingring looks for Reſcue,
You, his falſe hopes, the truſt of *England*'s Honour,
Keep off aloof with worthleſs emulation:
Let not your private diſcord keep away
The levied Succours that ſhall lend him aid,
While he renowned Noble Gentleman
Yields up his life unto a world of odds.
Orleance the *Baſtard*, *Charles*, and *Burgundie*,
Alanſon, *Reignard*, compaſs him about,
And *Talbot* periſheth by your default.
Som. *York* ſet him on, York ſhould have ſent him aid.
Luc. And York as faſt upon your Grace exclaims,
Swearing that you with-hold his levied Hoſt,
Collected for this Expedition.
Som. York lyes: He might have ſent, and had the Horſe:
I owe him little Duty, and leſs Love,
And take foul ſcorn to fawn on him by ſending.
Luc. The fraud of *England*, not the force of *France*,
Hath now entrap't the Noble-minded *Talbot*:
Never to *England* ſhall he bear his Life,
But dies betray'd to Fortune by your ſtrife.
Som. Come, go, I will diſpatch the Horſemen ſtraight:
Within ſix hours, they will be at his aid.
Luc. Too late comes Reſcue, if he is ta'ne, or ſlain,
For flie he could not, if he would have fled:
And flie would *Talbot* never, though he might.
Som. If he be dead, brave *Talbot* then adieu.
Luc. His fame lives in the World, his ſhame in you
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Talbot *and his Son.*

Tal. O young *John Talbot*, I did ſend for thee,
To tutor thee in Stratagems of War,
That *Talbot*'s Name might be in thee reviv'd,
When ſapleſs Age, and weak unable limbs,
Should bring thy Father to his drooping Chair.

But O malignant and ill-boading Stars,
Now art thou come unto a Feaſt of death,
A terrible and unavoided danger:
Therefore, dear Boy, mount on my ſwifteſt Horſe,
And I'le direct thee how thou ſhalt eſcape
By ſudden flight. Come, dally not, be gone.
John. Is my name *Talbot*? and am I your Son?
And ſhall I flye? O, if you love my Mother's,
Diſhonour not her honourable Name,
To make a Baſtard and a ſlave of me,
The World will ſay, he is not *Talbot*'s blood,
That baſely fled, when Noble *Talbot* ſtood.
Talb. Flye, to revenge my death, If I be ſlain.
John. He that flyes ſo, will ne're return again.
Talbot. If we both ſtay, we both are ſure to dye.
John. Then let me ſtay, and, Father, do you flye;
Your loſs is great, ſo your regard ſhould be;
My worth unknown, no loſs is known in me.
Upon my death, the *French* can little boaſt;
In yours they will, in you all hopes are loſt.
Flight cannot ſtain the Honour you have won,
But mine it will, that no exploit have done.
You fled for Vantage, every one will ſwear:
But if I bow, they'l ſay it was for Fear.
There is no hope that ever I will ſtay,
If the firſt hour I ſhrink and run away.
Here on my knee I beg Mortality,
Rather than Life, preſerv'd with Infamy.
Talb. Shall all thy Mothers hopes lye in one Tomb?
John. I, rather then I'le ſhame my Mother's Womb.
Talb. Upon my bleſſing I command thee go.
John. To fight I will, but not flye the Foe.
Talb. Part of thy Father may be ſav'd in thee.
John. No part of him, but will be ſhame in me.
Talb. Thou never hadſt Renown, nor canſt not loſe it.
John. Yes, your renowned Name: ſhall flight abuſe it?
Talb. Thy Father's charge ſhall clear thee from the ſtain.
John. You cannot witneſs for me, being ſlain.
If Death be ſo apparent, then both flye.
Talb. And leave my Followers here to fight and die?
My age was never tainted with ſuch ſhame.
John. And ſhall my Youth be guilty of ſuch blame?
No more can I be ſevered from your ſide,
Than can your ſelf your ſelf in twain divide:
Stay, go, do what you will, the like do I;
For live I will not: if my Father die.
Talb. Then here I take my leave of thee, fair Son,
Born to eclipſe thy life this afternoon:
Come, ſide by ſide, together live and die,
And Soul with Soul from *France* to heaven flye.
[*Exeunt.*

Alarum: Excurſions, wherein Talbot's *Son is hemm'd about, and* Talbot *reſcues him.*

Tal. S. *George*, and Victory, fight Souldiers, fight:
The Regent hath with *Talbot* broke his word,
And left us to the rage of *France* his Sword.
Where is *John Talbot*? pawſe, and take thy breath,
I gave thee Life, and reſcu'd thee from Death.
John. O twice my Father, twice am I thy Son:
The Life thou gav'ſt me firſt, was loſt and done,
Till with thy Warlike Sword, deſpight of Fate,
To my determin'd time thou gav'ſt new date.
Talb. When from the *Dolphin*'s Creſt thy Sword ſtruck fire,
It warm'd thy Fathers heart with proud deſire
Of bold-fac't Victory. Then Leaden Age,
Quicken'd with Youthful Spleen, and Warlike Rage,
Beat down *Alanſon*, *Orleance*, *Burgundy*,
And from the pride of *Gallia* reſcued thee.
The ireful Baſtard *Orleance*, that drew Blood
From thee, my Boy, and had the Maidenhood
Of thy firſt fight, I ſoon encountered,
And interchanging blows, I quickly ſhed
Some of his Baſtard blood, and in diſgrace
Beſpoke him thus: Contaminated, baſe
And mis-begotten blood, I ſpill of thine,
Mean and right poor, for that pure blood of mine,
Which thou didſt force from *Talbot*, my brave Boy.
Here purpoſing the Baſtard to deſtroy,
Came in ſtrong reſcue. Speak, thy Fathers care?
Art thou not weary, *John*? How do'ſt thou fare?
Wilt thou yet leave the Battel, Boy, and flye,
Now thou art ſeal'd the Son of Chivalry?
Flye, to revenge my death when I am dead,
The help of one ſtands me in little ſtead.
Oh, too much folly is it, well I wot,
To hazard all our lives in one ſmall Boat.
If I to day dye not with *French*-mens Rage,
To morrow I ſhall die with mickle age.
By me they nothing gain, and if I ſtay,
'Tis but the ſhortning of my Life one day.
In thee thy Mother dies, our Houſehold's Name,
My Death's Revenge, thy Youth, and *England*'s Fame:
All theſe, and more, we hazard by thy ſtay;
All theſe are ſav'd, if thou wilt flye away.
John. The Sword of *Orleance* hath not made me ſmart,
Theſe words of yours draw Life-blood from my heart.
On that advantage, bought with ſuch a ſhame,
To ſave a paltry Life, and ſlay bright Fame,
Before young *Talbot* from old *Talbot* flye,
The Coward Horſe that bears me, fall and die:
And like me to the pezant Boyes of *France*,
To be Shames ſcorn, and ſubject of Miſchance.
Surely, by all the Glory you have won,
And if I flye, I am not *Talbot*'s Son.
Then talk no more of flight, it is no boot,
If Son to *Talbot*, die at *Talbot*'s foot.
Tal. Then follow thou thy deſp'rate Sire of *Creet*,
Thou *Icarus*, thy life to me is ſweet:
If thou wilt fight, fight by thy Father's ſide,
And commendable prov'd let's die in pride. [*Exit.*

Alarum. Excurſions. Enter old Talbot led.

Talb. Where is my other Life? mine own is gone.
O, where's young *Talbot*? where is valiant *John*?
Triumphant Death, ſmear'd with Captivity,
Young *Talbot*'s Valour makes me ſmile at thee.
When he perceiv'd me ſhrink, and on my Knee,
His bloody Sword he brandiſh't over me,
And like a hungry Lyon did commence
Rough deeds of Rage, and ſtern impatience:
But when my angry Guardant ſtood alone,
Tendring my ruine, and aſſail'd of none,
Dizzy-ey'd Fury, and great rage of heart,
Suddenly made him from my ſide to ſtart
Into the cluſtring Battel of the *French*:
And in that Sea of Blood, my Boy did drench
His over-mounting Spirit; and there dy'd
My *Icarus*, my Bloſſom in his pride.

Enter with John Talbot, *born.*

Serv. O, my dear Lord, lo where your Son is born.
Ta. Thou antick Death, which laugh'ſt us here to ſcorn,
Anon from thy inſulting Tyranny,
Coupled in Bonds of perpetuity,
Two *Talbot*'s winged through the lither Skie,
In thy deſpight ſhall ſcape Mortality.
O thou, whoſe wounds become hard favoured death,
Speak to thy Father, e're thou yield thy breath,
Brave death by ſpeaking, whether he will or no:
Imagine him a *French*-man, and thy Foe.
Poor Boy, he ſmiles, me thinks, as who ſhould ſay,
Had Death been *French*, then Death had died to day.
Come, come, and lay him in his Fathers Arms,
My ſpirit can no longer bear theſe harms.

Souldiers adieu: I have what I would have,
Now my old arms are young *John Talbot*'s Grave. [*Dies.*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Charles, Alanſon, Burgundy, *Baſtard*, *and* Puzel.

Char. Had *York* and *Somerſet* brought reſcue in,
We ſhould have found a bloody day of this.
Baſt. How the young whelp of *Talbot*'s raging wood,
Did fleſh his puny-ſword in *French*-mens blood.
Puz. Once I encountred him, and thus I ſaid:
Thou Maiden youth, be vanquiſht by a Maid.
But with a proud Majeſtical high ſcorn
He anſwer'd thus: young *Talbot* was not born
To be the pillage of a Giglot Wench,
He left me proudly, as unworthy fight.
Bur. Doubtleſs he would have made a noble Knight:
See where he lies inhearſed in the arms
Of the moſt bloody Nurſer of his harms.
Baſt. Hew them to pieces, hack their bones aſunder,
Whoſe life was *England*'s glory, *Gallia*'s wonder.
Char. Oh no, forbear: For that which we have fled
During the life, let us not wrong it dead.

Enter Lucy.

Lu. Herald, couduct me to the Dolphins Tent,
To know who hath obtained the glory of the day.
Char. On what ſubmiſſive meſſage art thou ſent?
Lucy. Submiſſion, Dolphin? 'tis a meer *French* word:
We *Engliſh* Warriors wot not what it means.
I come to know what Priſoners thou haſt ta'ne,
And to ſurvey the Bodies of the dead.
Char. For Priſoners ask'ſt thou? Hell our Priſon is.
But tell me whom thou ſeek'ſt?
Luc. But where's the great *Alcides* of the Field,
Valiant Lord *Talbot*, Earl of *Shrewsbury*?
Created for his rare ſucceſs in Arms,
Great Earl of *Waſhford*, *Waterford*, and *Valence*,
Lord *Talbot* of *Goodrig* and *Urchinfield*,
Lord *Strange* of *Blackmere*, Lord *Verdon* of *Alton*,
Lord *Cromwel* of *Wingfield*, Lord *Furnival* of *Sheffeild*,
The thrice victorious Lord of *Falconbridge*,
Knight of the Noble Order of S. *George*,
Worthy S. *Michael*, and the *Golden Flece*,
Great Marſhal to our King *Henry* the ſixth,
Of all his Wars within the Realm of *France*.
Puz. Here's a ſilly ſtately ſtyle indeed:
The Turk that two and fifty Kingdoms hath,
Writes not ſo tedious a Style as this.
Him that thou magnifi'ſt with all theſe Titles,
Stinking and flye-blown lies here at our feet.
Lucy. Is *Talbot* ſlain, the *French*-mens only Scourge,
Your Kingdoms terrour, and black *Nemeſis*?
Oh were mine eye-balls into Bullets turn'd,
That I in rage might ſhoot them at your faces.
Oh, that I could but call theſe dead to life,
It were enough to fright the Realm of *France*.
Were but his Picture left among you here,
It would amaze the proudeſt of you all.
Give me their Bodies that I may bear them hence,
And give them burial, as beſeems their worth.
Puz. I think this upſtart is old *Talbot*'s Ghoſt,
He ſpeaks with ſuch a proud commanding Spirit:
For Gods ſake, let him have him: to keep them here,
They would but ſtink, and putrifie the air.
Char. Go take their Bodies hence.
Lucy. I'le bear them hence: but from their aſhes ſhall be rear'd
A Phœnix that ſhall make all *France* afear'd.
Char. So we be rid of them, do with them what thou wilt.
And now to *Paris* in this conquering vein,
All will be ours, now bloody *Talbot*'s ſlain.

Scena Secunda.

Enter King, Gloceſter, *and* Exeter.

King. Have you perus'd the Letters from the Pope,
The Emperour, and the Earl of *Arminack*?
Glo. I have, my Lord, and their intent is this,
They humbly ſue unto your Excellence,
To have a godly Peace concluded of,
Between the Realms of *England* and of *France*.
King. How doth your Grace affect this motion?
Glo. Well (my good Lord) and as the only means
To ſtop effuſion of our Chriſtian blood,
And ſtabliſh quietneſs on every ſide.
King. I marry, Uncle, for I always thought,
It was both impious and unnatural,
That ſuch immanity and bloody ſtrife
Should reign among Profeſſors of one Faith,
Glo. Beſide, my Lord, the ſooner to effect,
And ſurer bind his knot of Amity,
The Earl of *Arminack* near knit to *Charles*,
A man of great Authority in *France*,
Proffers his onely Daughter to your Grace,
In marriage, with a large and ſumptuous Dowry.
King. Marriage, Uncle? Alas my years are young:
And fitter is my Study, and my Books
Than wanton dalliance with a Paramour.
Yet call th' Ambaſſadours, and as you pleaſe,
So let them have their Anſwers every one:
I ſhall be well content with any choice
Tends to God's glory, and my Country's weal.

Enter Wincheſter, *and three Ambaſſadours.*

Exet. What, is my Lord of *Wincheſter* inſtall'd,
And call'd unto a Cardinals degree?
Then I perceive, that will be verified
Henry the Fifth did ſometime propheſie.
If once he come to be a Cardinal,
He'll make his Cap coequal with the Crown.
King. My Lords Ambaſſadours, your ſeveral ſuits
Have been conſider'd and debated on,
Your purpoſe is both good and reaſonable:
And therefore are we certainly reſolv'd,
To draw Conditions of a friendly Peace,
Which by my Lord of *Wincheſter* we mean
Shall be tranſported preſently into *France*.
Glo. And for the proffer of my Lord your Maſter,
I have inform'd his Highneſs ſo at large,
As liking of the Ladies virtuous gifts,
Her Beauty, and the value of her Dower,
He doth intend ſhe ſhall be *Englands* Queen.
King. In argument and proof of which contract,
Bear her this Jewel, pledge of my Affection.
And ſo, my Lord Protector, ſee them guarded,
And ſafely brought to *Dover*, where inſhipp'd
Commit them to the fortune of the Sea. [*Exeunt.*
Win. Stay my Lord *Legat*, you ſhall firſt receive
The ſum of mony which I promiſed
Should be delivered to his Holineſs
For cloathing me in theſe grave Ornaments.
Legat. I will attend upon Lordſhips leiſure.
Win. Now *Wincheſter* will not ſubmit, I trow,
Or be inferiour to the proudeſt Peer.
Humphry of *Gloceſter*, thou ſhalt well perceive,
That neither in birth, or for Authority,
The Biſhop will be over-born by thee:
I'le either make thee ſtoop, and bend thy knee,
Or ſack this Country with a mutiny. [*Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Charles, Burgundy, Alanſon, *Baſtard,* Reignier, *and* Joan.

Charl. This news (my Lords) may cheer our drooping ſpirits:
'Tis ſaid, the ſtout *Pariſians* do revolt,
And return again unto the warlike *French.*
Alan. Then march to *Paris,* Royal *Charles* of *France.*
And keep not back your Power in dalliance.
Puz. Peace be amongſt them if they turn to us,
Elſe ruine combat with their Palaces.
Enter Scout.
Scout. Succeſs unto our valiant General,
And happineſs to his Accomplices.
Char. What tidings ſend our Scout? I prethee ſpeak.
Scout. The *Engliſh* Army that divided was
Into two Parties, is now conjoyn'd in one,
And means to give you Battel preſently.
Charl. Somewhat too ſudden, Sirs, the warning is,
But we will preſently provide for them.
Bur. I truſt the Ghoſt of *Talbot* is not there:
Now he is gone, my Lord, you need not fear.
Puz. Of all baſe paſſions, Fear is moſt accurſt.
Command the Conqueſt, *Charles,* it ſhall be thine:
Let *Henry* fret, and all the world repine.
Charl. Then on, my Lords, and *France* be fortunate.
[*Exeunt. Alarum. Excurſions.*
Enter Joan de Puzel.
Puz. The Regent conquers, and the *French*-men flye.
Now help ye charming Spells and Periapts,
And ye choiſe ſpirits that admoniſh me,
And give me ſignes of future accidents. [*Thunder.*
You ſpeedy helpers, that are Subſtitutes
Under the Lordly Monarch of the North,
Appear, and aid me in this enterprize.
Enter Fiends.
This ſpeedy and quick appearance argues proof
Of your accuſtom'd diligence to me.
Now, ye familiar Spirits, that are cull'd
Out of the powerful Regions under earth.
Help me this once, that *France* may get the Field.
[*They walk and ſpeak not.*
Oh hold me not with ſilence over long:
Where I was wont to feed you with my Blood,
I'le lop a member off, and give it you
In earneſt of a further benefit:
So you do condeſcend to help me now.
[*They hang their heads.*
No hope to have redreſs? My Body ſhall
Pay recompence, if you will grant my ſuit.
[*They ſhake their heads.*
Cannot my Body, nor blood-ſacrifice,
Intreat you to your wonted furtherance?
Then take my Soul; my Body, Soul, and all,
Before that *England* give the *French* the foyl.
[*They depart.*
See, they forſake me. Now the time is come,
That *France* muſt vail her lofty plumed Creſt,
And let her head fall into *England's* lap.
My ancient Incantations are too weak,
And hell too ſtrong for me to buckle with:
Now *France* thy glory droopeth to the duſt. [*Exit.*

Excurſions. Burgundy *and* York *fight hand to hand. French flye.*

York. Damſel of *France,* I think I have you faſt,
Unchain your Spirits now with ſpelling Charms,
And try if they can gain your liberty.
A goodly prize, fit for the Devils grace.
See how the ugly Witch doth bend her brows,
As if with *Circe,* ſhe would change my ſhape.
Puz. Chang'd to a worſer ſhape thou can'ſt not be.
York. Oh, *Charles* the Dolphin is a proper man,
No ſhape but his can pleaſe your dainty eye.
Puz. A Plaguing miſchief light on *Charles* and thee,
And may ye both be ſuddenly ſurpris'd
By bloody hands, in ſleeping on your Beds.
York. Fell banning Hag, Inchantreſs, hold thy tongue.
Puz. I prethee give me leave to curſe a while.
York. Curſe Miſcreant, when thou com'ſt to the ſtake.
[*Exeunt.*

Alarum. Enter Suffolk *with* Margaret *in his hand.*

Suf. Be what thou wilt, thou art my Priſoner.
[*Gazes on her.*
Oh faireſt Beauty, do not fear, nor flye:
For I will touch thee but with reverend hands,
I kiſs theſe fingers for eternal peace,
And lay them gently on thy tender ſide.
Who art thou, ſay? that I may honour thee.
Mar. Margaret my name, and daughter to a King,
The King of *Naples,* who ſo e're thou art.
Suf. An Earl I am, and *Suffolk* am I call'd.
Be not offended, Natures miracle,
Thou art allotted to be ta'ne by me:
So doth the *Swan* her downy Cignets ſave,
Keeping them Priſoners underneath her wings:
Yet if this ſervile uſage once offend,
Go, and be free again, as *Suffolk's* Friend. [*She is going.*
Oh ſtay: I have no power to let her paſs,
My hand would free her, but my heart ſayes no.
As plays the Sun upon the glaſſie ſtreams,
Twinkling another counterfeited beam,
So ſeems this gorgeous Beauty to mine Eyes:
Fain would I woo her, yet I dare not ſpeak:
I'le call for Pen and Ink, and write my mind:
Fie *De la Pole,* diſable not thy ſelf:
Haſt not a Tongue? Is ſhe not here thy Priſoner?
Wilt thou be daunted at a Womans ſight?
I, Beauties Princely Majeſty is ſuch,
Confounds the Tongue, and makes the Senſes rough.
Mar. Say, Earl *Suffolk,* if thy Name be ſo,
What Ranſom muſt I pay before I paſs?
For I perceive I am thy Priſoner.
Suf. How canſt thou tell, ſhe will deny thy ſuit,
Before thou make a trial of her Love?
M. Why ſpeak'ſt thou not? What Ranſom muſt I (pay?
Suf. She's beautiful; and therefore to be wooed:
She is a Woman, therefore to be won.
Mar. Wilt thou accept of Ranſom, yea or no?
Suf. Fond man, remember that thou haſt a Wife,
Then how can *Margaret* be thy Paramour?
Mar. I were beſt to leave him, for he will not hear.
Suf. There all is marr'd: there lies a cooling card.
Mar. He talks at random: ſure the man is mad.
Suf. And yet a diſpenſation may be had.
Mar. And yet I would that you would anſwer me:
Suf. I'le win this Lady *Margaret.* For whom?
Why, for my King: Tuſh that's a wooden thing.
Mar. He talks of wood: It is ſome Carpenter.
Suf. Yet ſo my fancy may be ſatisfied,
And peace eſtabliſhed between theſe Realms;
But there remains a ſcruple in that too:
For though her Father be the King of *Naples,*
Duke of *Anjou* and *Main,* yet he is poor,
And our Nobility will ſcorn the Match.
Mar. Hear ye Captain? are you not at leiſure?
Suf. It ſhall be ſo, diſdain they ne're ſo much:
Henry is youthful, and will quickly yield.
Madam, I have a ſecret to reveale.
Mar. What though I be inthrall'd, he ſeems a Knight,

And will not any way diſhonour me.
Suf. Lady, vouchſafe to liſten what I ſay.
Mar. Perhaps I ſhall be reſcu'd by the *French*,
And then I need not crave his courteſie.
Suf. Sweet Madam, give me hearing in a cauſe.
Mar. Tuſh, women have been captivate e're now.
Suf. Lady, wherefore talk you ſo?
Mar. I cry you mercy, 'tis but *Quid* for *Quo*.
Suf. Say, gentle Princeſs, would you not ſuppoſe
Your Bondage happy to be made a Queen?
Mar. To be a Queen in Bondage, is more vile,
Than is a Slave in baſe ſervility:
For Princes ſhould be free.
Suf. And ſo ſhall you,
If happy *England's* Royal King be free.
Mar. Why, what concern's his freedom unto me?
Suf. I'le undertake to make thee *Henry's* Queen,
To put a Golden Scepter in thy hand,
And ſet a precious Crown upon thy head,
If thou wilt condeſcend to my———
Mar. What?
Suf. His love.
Mar. I am unworthy to be *Henry's* Wife.
Suf. No, gentle Madam, I unworthy am
To woo ſo fair a Dame to be his Wife,
And have no Portion in the choice my ſelf.
How ſay you, Madam, are you ſo content?
Mar. And if my Father pleaſe, I am content.
Suf. Then call our Captains and our Colours forth,
And, Madam, at your Father's Caſtle Walls,
We'll crave a Parley to confer with him.
Sound. Enter Reignier *on the Walls.*
See *Reignier* ſee, thy Daughter Priſoner.
Reig. To whom?
Suf. To me.
Reig. Suffolk, what remedy?
I am a Souldier and unapt to weep,
Or to exclaim on Fortunes fickleneſs.
Suf. Yes, there is remedy enough, my Lord,
Conſent, and for thy Honour give conſent,
Thy Daughter ſhall be wedded to my King:
Whom I with pain have woo'd and won thereto:
And this her eaſie held Impriſonment
Hath gain'd thy Daughter Princely liberty.
Reig. Speaks *Suffolk* as he thinks?
Suf. Fair *Margaret* knows,
That *Suffolk* doth not flatter, face, or fain.
Reig. Upon thy Princely Warrant, I deſcend,
To give thee anſwer of thy juſt demand.
Suf. And here I will expect thy coming.

Trumpets ſound. Enter Reignier.

Reig. Welcome, brave Earl, into our Territories,
Command in *Anjou* what your Honour pleaſes.
Suf. Thanks, *Reignier*, happy for ſo ſweet a Child,
Fit to be made Companion with a King:
What anſwer makes your Grace unto my ſuit?
Reig. Since thou doſt daign to woo her little worth,
To be the Princely Bride of ſuch a Lord:
Upon condition I may quietly
Enjoy mine own, the Country *Main* and *Anjou*,
Free from oppreſſion, or the ſtroke of War,
My Daughter ſhall be *Henry's*, if he pleaſe.
Suf. That is her Ranſom, I deliver her,
And thoſe two Counties, I will undertake,
Your Grace ſhall well and quietly enjoy.
Reig. And I again in *Henry's* Royal name,
As Deputy unto that gracious King,
Give thee her hand for ſign of plighted Faith.
Suf. Reignier of *France*, I give thee Kingly thanks,
Becauſe it is in Traffick of a King.
And yet methinks I could be well content
To be mine own Attorney in this caſe.
I'le over then to *England* with this News,
And make this Marriage to be ſolemniz'd:
So farewel *Reignier*, ſet this Diamond ſafe
In Golden Palaces as it becomes.
Reig. I do embrace thee, as I would embrace
The Chriſtian Prince King *Henry*, were he here.
Mar. Farewel my Lord, good wiſhes, praiſe, and prayers,
Shall *Suffolk* ever have of *Margaret*. [*She is going.*
Suf. Farewel, ſweet Madam: but hark you? *Margaret*,
No Princely Commendations, to my King?
Mar. Such Commendations as becomes a Maid,
A Virgin and his Servant, ſay to him.
Suf. Words ſweetly plac'd, and modeſtly directed,
But, Madam, I muſt trouble you again,
No loving Token to his Majeſty?
Mar. Yes, my good Lord, a pure unſpotted heart,
Never yet taint with love, I ſend the King.
Suf. And this withal. [*Kiſſes her.*
Wark. That for thy ſelf, I will not ſo preſume,
To ſend ſuch peeviſh Tokens to a King.
Suf. Oh wer't thou for my ſelf: but *Suffolk* ſtay,
Thou mayeſt not wander in that Labyrinth,
There Minotaurs, and ugly Treaſons lurk.
Solicite *Henry* with her wondrous praiſe,
Bethink thee on her Virtues that ſurmount,
Made natural Graces that extinguiſh Art,
Repeat their ſemblance often on the Seas,
That when thou com'ſt to kneel at *Henry's* feet,
Thou mayeſt bereave him of his wits with wonder. [*Exit.*

Enter York, Warwick, Shepherd, Puzel.

Yor. Bring forth that Sorcereſs condemn'd to burn.
Shep. Ah, *Joan*, this kills thy Fathers heart out-right,
Have I ſought every Country far and near,
And now it is my chance to find thee out,
Muſt I behold thy timeleſs cruel death:
Ah *Joan*, ſweet Daughter, I'le die with thee.
Puz. Decrepit Miſer, baſe ignoble Wretch,
I am deſcended of a gentler blood.
Thou art no Father, nor no Friend of mine.
Shep. Out, out: My Lords, and pleaſe you, 'tis not ſo,
I did beget her all the Pariſh knows:
Her Mother liveth yet, can teſtifie
She was the firſt fruit of my Batch'lor-ſhip.
War. Graceleſs, wilt thou deny thy Parentage?
Yor. This argues what her kind of life hath been,
Wicked and vile, and ſo her death concludes.
Shep. Fie *Joan*, that thou wilt be ſo obſtacle:
God knows thou art a Collop of my Fleſh,
And for thy ſake have I ſhed many a tear:
Deny me not, I pray thee, gentle *Joan*.
Puz. Pezant avant; you have ſuborn'd this man
Of purpoſe to obſcure my Noble Birth.
Shep. 'Tis true, I gave a Noble to the Prieſt,
The morn that I was wedded to her Mother.
Kneel down and take my bleſſing, Good my Girl.
Wilt thou not ſtoop? Now curſed be the time
Of thy Nativity: I would the Milk
Thy Mother gave thee, when thou ſuck'dſt her breaſt,
Had been a little Ratsbane for thy ſake:
Or elſe, when thou didſt keep thy Lambs afield,
I wiſh ſome ravenous Wolf had eaten thee.
Doſt thou deny thy Father, curſed Drab?
O burn her, burn her, hanging is too good. [*Exit.*
Yor. Take her away, for ſhe hath liv'd too long,
To fill the world with vitious qualities.
Puz. Firſt, let me tell you whom you have condemn'd,
Not me, begotten of a Shepherd Swain,
But iſſued from the Progeny of Kings.
Virtuous and Holy, choſen from above,
By inſpiration of Celeſtial Grace,
To work exceeding Miracles on earth.
I never had to do with wicked Spirits,

But you that are polluted with your luſts,
Stain'd with the guiltleſs blood of Innocents,
Corrupt and tainted with a thouſand Vices:
Becauſe you want the grace that others have,
You judge it ſtreight a thing impoſſible
To compaſs Wonders, but by the help of Devils.
No, miſconceived *Joan* of *Aire* hath been
A Virgin from her tender infancy,
Chaſte, and immaculate in very thought,
Whoſe Maiden-blood thus rigorouſly effus'd,
Will cry for vengeance at the Gates of Heaven.
Yor. I, I: away with her to execution.
War. And heark ye, Sirs: becauſe ſhe is a Maid,
Spare for no Faggots, let there be enow:
Place Barrels of pitch upon the fatal ſtake,
That ſo her torture may be ſhortned.
Puz. Will nothing turn your unrelenting hearts?
Then *Joan* diſcover thine infirmity,
That warranteth by Law, to be thy priviledge.
I am with Child, ye bloody Homicides:
Murther not then the Fruit within my Womb,
Although ye hale me to a violent death.
Yor. Now Heaven forfend, the holy Maid with Child?
War. The greateſt Miracle that e're ye wrought:
Is all your ſtrict preciſeneſs come to this?
Yor. She and the Dolphin have been juggling,
I did imagine what would be her refuge.
War. Well, go to, we will have no Baſtards live,
Eſpecially ſince *Charles* muſt Father it.
Puz. You are deceiv'd, my Child is none of his,
It was *Alanſon* that enjoy'd my love.
Yor. *Alanſon*, that notorious Matchevile?
It dies, and if it had a thouſand lives.
Puz. O give me leave, I have deluded you,
'Twas neither *Charles*, nor yet the Duke I nam'd,
But *Reignier* King of *Naples* that prevail'd.
War. A married man! that's moſt intolerable.
Yor. Why here's a Girl: I think ſhe knows not well
(There were ſo many) whom ſhe may accuſe.
War. It's a ſign ſhe had been liberal and free.
Yor. And yet foreſeeth ſhe is a Virgin pure.
Strumpet, thy words condemn thy Brat, and thee.
Uſe no intreaty, for it is in vain.
Puz. Then lead me hence: with whom I leave my curſe.
May never glorious Sun reflex his Beams
Upon the Country where you make abode:
But darkneſs, and the gloomy ſhade of death
Inviron you, till Miſchief and Deſpair
Drive you to break your necks, or hang your ſelves. [*Exit.*

Evter Cardinal.

Yor. Break thou in pieces, and conſume to aſhes,
You foul accurſed miniſter of Hell.
Car. Lord Regent, I do greet your Excellence
With Letters of Commiſſion from the King.
For know, my Lords, the States of Chriſtendom,
Mov'd with remorſe of theſe outrageous broyles,
Have earneſtly implor'd a general Peace,
Betwixt our Nation, and th' aſpiring *French*;
And here at hand, the Dolphin and his Train
Approacheth, to confer about ſome matters.
Yor. Is all our travel turn'd to this Effect,
After the ſlaughter of ſo many Peers,
So many Captains, Gentlemen, and Souldiers,
That in this quarrel have been overthrown,
And ſold their Bodies for their Countries Benefit,
Shall we at laſt conclude effeminate Peace?
Have we not loſt moſt part of all the Towns,
By treaſon, falſhood, and by treachery,
Our great Progenitors had conquered?
Oh *Warwick*, *Warwick*, I foreſee with grief
The utter loſs of all the Realm of *France*.
War. Be patient, *York*, if we conclude a Peace,
It ſhall be with ſuch ſtrict and ſevere Covenants,
As little ſhall the *French-men* gain thereby.

Enter Charles, Alanſon, *Baſtard*, Reignier.

Char. Since, Lords of *England*, it is thus agreed,
That peaceful Truce ſhall be proclaim'd in *France*,
We come to be informed by your ſelves,
What the Conditions of that League muſt be.
Yor. Speak, *Wincheſter*, for boyling choler chokes
The hollow paſſage of my poiſon'd voyce,
By ſight of thoſe our baleful Enemies.
Win. *Charles*, and the reſt, it is enacted thus:
That in regard King *Henry* gives conſent,
Of meer compaſſion, and of lenity,
To eaſe your Country of diſtreſsful War,
And ſuffer you to breath in fruitful peace,
You ſhall become true Liegemen to his Crown.
And *Charles*, upon condition thou wilt ſwear
To pay him Tribute, and ſubmit thy ſelf,
Thou ſtalt be plac'd as Viceroy under him,
And ſtill enjoy thy Regal Dignity.
Alan. Muſt he be then a ſhadow of himſelf?
Adorn his Temples with a Coronet,
And yet in Subſtance and Authority,
Retain but priviledge of a private man?
This profer is abſurd, and reaſonleſs.
Char. 'Tis known already, that I am poſſeſt
With more than half the *Gallian* Territories,
And therein reverenced for their lawful King.
Shall I for lucre of the reſt un-vanquiſht,
Detract ſo much from that Prerogative,
As to be call'd but Viceroy of the whole?
No, Lord Ambaſſadour, I'le rather keep
That which I have, than coveting for more,
Be caſt from poſſibility of all.
Yor. Inſulting *Charles*, haſt thou by ſecret means
Us'd interceſſion to obtain a League,
And now the matter grows to compremize,
Stand'ſt thou aloof upon Compariſon.
Either accept the Title thou uſurp'ſt,
Of benefit proceeding from our King,
And not of any challenge of Deſert,
Or we will plague thee with inceſſant Wars.
Reig. My Lord, you do not well, in obſtinacy
To cavil in the courſe of this Contract:
If once it be neglected, ten to one
We ſhall not find the like opportunity.
Alan. To ſay the truth, it is your policy,
To ſave your Subjects from ſuch maſſacre
And ruthleſs ſlaughters as are daily ſeen
By our proceeding in Hoſtility.
And therefore take this contract of a Truce,
Although you break it, when your pleaſure ſerves.
War. How ſay'ſt thou *Charles*?
Shall our Condition ſtand?
Char. It ſhall:
Onely reſerv'd, you claim no intereſt
In any of our Towns of Garriſon.
Yor. Then ſwear Allegiance to his Majeſty,
As thou art Knight, never to diſobey,
Nor be Rebellious to the Crown of *England*,
Thou nor thy Nobles, to the Crown of *England*.
So, now diſmiſs your Army when you pleaſe:
Hang up your Enſigns, let your Drums be ſtill,
For here we entertain a ſolemn peace. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Suffolk *in conference with the King*,
Gloceſter, *and* Exeter.

King. Your wondrous rare deſcription (noble Earl)
Of beauteous *Margaret* hath aſtoniſh'd me:
Her Virtues grac'd with external gifts,
Do breed Loves ſettled Paſſions in my Heart,
And like as rigour with tempeſtuous guſts
Provokes the mightieſt Hulk againſt the tide,

So am I driven by breath of her Renown,
Either to ſuſter Shipwrack, or arrive
Where I may have fruition of her Love.
Suff. Tuſh, my good Lord, this ſuperficial tale
Is but a preface to her worthy praiſe:
The chief Perfections of that lovely Dame,
(Had I ſufficient skill to utter them)
Would make a Volume of inticing lines,
Able to raviſh any dull conceit.
And which is more, ſhe is not ſo Divine,
So full repleat with choyce of all delights,
But with a humble lowlineſs of mind,
She is content to be at your command:
Command, I mean, of virtuous chaſte intents,
To love, and honour *Henry* as her Lord.
King. And otherwiſe, will *Henry* ne're preſume:
Therefore, my Lord Protector, give conſent,
That *Margaret* may be *England*'s Royal Queen.
Glo. So ſhould I give conſent to flatter ſin,
You know (my Lord) your Highneſs is betroth'd
Unto another Lady of eſteem.
How ſhall we then diſpence with that contract,
And not deface your honour with reproach?
Suf. As doth a Ruler with unlawful Oaths,
Or one that at a Triumph, having vow'd
To try his ſtrength, forſaketh yet the Liſts
By reaſon of his Adverſaries odds.
A poor Earl's Daughter is unequal odds,
And therefore may be broke without offence.
Glo. Why, what (I pray) is *Margaret* more than that?
Her Father is no better than an Earl,
Although in glorious Titles he excel.
Suf. Yes, my good Lord, her Father is a King,
The King of *Naples* and *Jeruſalem*,
And of ſuch great Authority in *France*,
As his alliance will confirm our peace,
And keep the *French-men* in Allegiance.
Glo. And ſo the Earl of *Arminack* may do,
Becauſe he is near Kinſman unto *Charles*.
Exet. Beſide, his wealth doth warrant liberal Dower,
Where *Reignier* ſooner will receive than give.
Suf. A Dower, my Lords? diſgrace not ſo your King,
That he ſhould be ſo abject, baſe, and poor,
To choſe for wealth, and not for perfect Love.
Henry is able to enrich his Queen,
And not to ſeek a Queen to make him rich:
So worthleſs Pezants bargain for their Wives,
As Market-men for Oxen, Sheep, or Horſe.
But Marriage is a matter of more worth,
Than to be dealt in by Atturney-ſhip:
Not whom we will, but whom his Grace affects,
Muſt be companion of his Nuptial Bed.
And therefore, Lords, ſince he affects her moſt,
Moſt of all theſe Reaſons bindeth us,
In our Opinons ſhe ſhould be preferr'd,
For what is Wedlock forced, but a Hell,
An age of diſcord and continual ſtrife?
Whereas the contrary bringeth forth bliſs,
And is a pattern of Celeſtial peace.
Whom ſhould we match with *Henry*, being a King,
But *Margaret*, that is Daughter to a King?
Her peerleſs Feature, joyned with her birth,
Approves her fit for none, but for a King.
Her valiant Courage, and undaunted Spirit,
(More than in Women commonly is ſeen)
Will anſwer our hope in iſſue of a King:
For *Henry*, Son unto a Conquerour,
Is likely to beget more Conquerors,
If with a Lady of ſo high reſolve,
(As is fair *Margaret*) he be link'd in Love.
Then yield my Lords, and here conclude with me,
That *Margaret* ſhall be Queen, and none but ſhe.
King. Whether it be through force of your report,
My Noble Lord of *Suffolk*: Or for that
My tender youth was never yet attaint
With any Paſſion of inflaming Love,
I cannot tell: but this I am aſſur'd,
I feel ſuch ſharp diſſention in my Breaſt,
Such fierce alarums both of hope and Fear,
As I am ſick with working of my thoughts.
Take therefore ſhipping; poſt, my Lord, to *France*,
Agree to any Covenants, and procure
That Lady *Margaret* do vouchſafe to come
To croſs the Seas to *England*, and be Crown'd
King *Henry*'s faithful and anointed Queen.
For your Expences and ſufficient Charge,
Among the people gather up a tenth.
Be gone, I ſay, for till you do return,
I reſt perplexed with a thouſand Cares.
And you (good Uncle) baniſh all offence:
If you do cenſure me, by what you were,
Not what you are, I know it will excuſe
This ſudden execution of my Will.
And ſo conduct me, where from company,
I may revolve and ruminate my grief. [*Exit.*
Glo. I, grief I fear me, both at firſt and laſt.
[*Exit* Gloceſter
Suf. Thus *Suffolk* hath prevail'd, and thus he goes
As did the youthful *Paris* once to *Greece*,
With hope to find the like event in love,
But proſper better than the *Trojan* did:
Margaret ſhall now be Queen, and rule the King:
But I will rule both her, the King, and Realm. [*Exit.*

FINIS.

The Second Part of
KING HENRY VI,
With the Death of the
Good Duke Humphrey.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Flouriſh of Trumpets: Then Hoboyes.

Enter King, Duke Humprey, Saliſbury, Warwick, *and* Beauford *on the one ſide.*

The Queen, Suffolk, York, Somerſet, *and* Buckingham *on the other.*

Suffolk.
As by your high Imperial Majeſty,
I had in charge at my depart from *France*,
As procurator to your Excellence,
To marry Princeſs *Margaret* for your Grace;
So in the famous ancient City, *Tours*,
In preſence of the Kings of *France*, and *Sicil*,
The Dukes of *Orleance*, *Calabar*, *Britaigne*, *Alanſon*,
Seven Earls, twelve Barons, and twenty reverend Biſhops,
I have perform'd my Task, and was eſpous'd,
And humbly now upon my bended knee,
In ſight of *England*, and her Lordly Peers,
Deliver up my Title in the Queen
To your moſt gracious hand, that are the Subſtance
Of that great Shadow I did repreſent:
The happieſt gift that ever Marqueſs gave,
The faireſt Queen that ever King receiv'd.
King. Suffolk ariſe. Welcome, Queen *Margaret*,
I can expreſs no kinder ſign of Love
Than this kind Kiſs: O Lord, that lends me life,
Lend me a heart repleat with thankfulneſs:
For thou haſt given me in this beauteous Face
A world of earthly Bleſſings to my Soul,
If ſympathy of Love unite our thoughts.
Quee. Great King of *England*, and my gracious Lord,
The mutual conference that my mind hath had,
By day, by night; waking, and in my dreams,
In Courtly company, or at my Beads,
With you mine *Alder lefeſt* Sovereign,
Makes me the bolder to ſalute my King,
With ruder terms, ſuch as my wit affords,
And over-joy of heart doth miniſter.
King. Her ſight did raviſh, but her grace in Speech,
Her words yclad with Wiſdom's Majeſty,
Make me from wondring, fall to weeping Joys,
Such is the fulneſs of my hearts content.
Lords, with one cheerful voyce, welcome my Love.
All kneel. Long live Q. *Margaret*, *England*'s happineſs.
Quee. We thank you all. [*Flouriſh.*
Suff. My Lord Protector, ſo it pleaſe your Grace,
Here are the Articles of contracted peace,
Between our Soveraign, and the *French* King *Charles*,
For eighteen Months concluded by conſent.
Glo. Reads. Imprimis, *It is agreed between the French King,* Charles, *and* William de la Pole, *Marqueſs of* Suffolk, *Ambaſſador for* Henry *King of* England, *That the ſaid* Henry *ſhall eſpouſe the Lady* Margaret, *Daughter unto* Reignier *King of* Naples, Sicilia, *and* Jeruſalem, *and Crown her Queen of* England, *e're the thirtieth of* May *next enſuing.*
Item, *That the Dutchy of* Anjou, *and the County of* Main, *ſhall be releaſed and delivered to the King her Father.*
King. Uncle, how now?
Glo. Pardon me, gracious Lord,
Some ſudden qualm hath ſtruck me to the heart,
And dim'd mine Eyes, that I can read no further.
King. Uncle of *Wincheſter*, I pray read on.
Win. Item, *It is further agreed between them, That the Dutcheſs of* Anjou *and* Main, *ſhall be releaſed and delivered over to the King her Father, and ſhe ſent over of the King of* England'*s own proper Coſt and Charge, without having any Dowry.*
King. They pleaſe us well. Lord Marqueſs, kneel down,
We here create thee the firſt Duke of *Suffolk*,
And girt thee with the Sword. Couſin of *York*,
We here diſcharge your Grace from being Regent
I' th' parts of *France*, till term of eighteen Months
Be full expir'd. Thanks, Uncle *Wincheſter*,
Gloceſter, *York*, *Buckingham*, and *Somerſet*,
Salisbury, and *Warwick*,
We thank you all for this great favour done,
In Entertainment to my Princely Queen.
Come, let us in, and with all ſpeed provide
To ſee her Coronation be perform'd.
[*Exeunt King, Queen, and* Suffolk.
Manent *the reſt.*
Glo. Brave Peers of *England*, Pillars of the State,
To you Duke *Humphrey* muſt unload his grief:
Your grief, the common grief of all the Land.
What? did my Brother *Henry* ſpend his youth,
His Valour, Coyn, and People in the Wars?
Did he ſo often lodge in open Field,
In Winters cold, and Summers parching heat,
To conquer *France*, his true Inheritance?
And did my Brother *Bedford* toyl his wits,
To keep by policy what *Henry* got:
Have you your ſelves, *Somerſet*, *Buckingham*,
Brave *York*, *Saliſbury*, and victorious *Warwick*,
Receiv'd deep ſcars in *France* and *Normandy*:
Or hath mine Uncle *Beauford*, and my ſelf,
With all the learned Council of the Realm,
Studied ſo long, ſat in the Council-houſe,
Early and late, debating to and fro
How *France* and *French-men* might be kept in awe,
And hath his Highneſs in his infancy,
Crown'd in *Paris* in deſpight of foes,

And ſhall theſe Labours, and theſe Honours die?
Shall *Henry*'s Conqueſt, *Bedfords* vigilance,
Your Deeds of War, and all our Counſel die!
O Peers of *England*, ſhameful is this League,
Fatal this Marriage, cancelling your Fame,
Blotting your names from Books of memory,
Raſing the Characters of your Renown,
Defacing Monuments of Conquer'd *France*,
Undoing all, as all had never been.
Car. Nephew, what means this paſſionate diſcourſe?
This peroration with ſuch circumſtance:
For *France*, 'tis ours; and we will keep it ſtill.
Glo. I, Vncle, we will keep it; if we can:
But now it is impoſſible we ſhould.
Suffolk, the new made Duke that rules the roſt,
Hath given the Dutchy of *Anjou* and *Main*,
Unto the poor King *Reignier*, whoſe large ſtyle
Agrees not with the leanneſs of his purſe.
Sal. Now by the death of him that di'd for all,
Theſe Counties were the Keys of *Normandy*:
But wherefore weeps *Warwick*, my valiant Son?
War. For grief that they are paſt recovery.
For were there hope to conquer them again,
My Sword ſhould ſhed hot Blood, mine Eyes no Tears.
Anjou and *Main*? My ſelf did win them both:
Thoſe Provinces theſe Arms of mine did conquer,
And are the Cities that are got with wounds
Delivered up again with peaceful words?
Mort Dieu.
Yor. For *Suffolk*'s Duke, may he be ſuffocate,
That dims the Honour of this Warlike Iſle:
France ſhould have torn and rent my very Heart,
Before I would have yielded to this League.
I never read but *England*'s Kings have had
Large ſums of Gold, and Dowries with their Wives,
And our King *Henry* gives away his own,
To match with her that brings no vantages.
Hum. A proper jeſt, and never heard before,
That *Suffolk* ſhould demand a whole Fifteenth,
For Coſt and Charges in tranſporting her:
She ſhould have ſtaid in *France*, and ſtarv'd in *France*
Before———
Car. My Lord of *Gloſter*, now ye grow too hot,
It was the pleaſure of my Lord the King.
Hum. My Lord of *Wincheſter*, I know your mind.
'Tis not my Speeches that you do miſlike:
But 'tis my preſence that doth trouble ye,
Rancour will out, proud Prelate, in thy Face
I ſee thy fury: If I longer ſtay,
We ſhall begin our ancient bickerings:
Lordings farewel, and ſay when I am gone,
I propheſied, *France* will be loſt e're long.]*Exit* Humph.
Car. So, there goes our Protector in a rage:
'Tis known to you he is mine Enemy:
Nay more, an Enemy unto you all,
And no great friend, I fear me, to the King;
Conſider Lords, he is the next of Blood,
And Heir apparent to the *Engliſh* Crown:
Had *Henry* got an Empire by his Marriage,
And all the wealthy Kingdoms of the Weſt,
There's reaſon he ſhould be diſpleas'd at it:
Look to it, Lords, let not his ſmoothing words
Bewitch your Hearts, be wiſe and circumſpect.
What though the common People favour him,
Calling him *Humphrey the good Duke of Gloſter*,
Clapping their hands, and crying with loud voice,
Jeſu maintain your Royal Excellence,
With God preſerve the good Duke *Humphrey*.
I fear me, Lords, for all this flattering gloſs,
He will be found a dangerous Protector.
Buck. Why ſhould he then protect our Soveraign?
He being of age to govern of himſelf.
Couſin *Somerſet*, joyn you with me.
And altogether with the Duke of *Suffolk*,
We'll quickly hoyſe Duke *Humphrey* from his ſeat.
Car. This weighty buſineſs will not brook delay,
I'le to the Duke of *Suffolk* preſently. [*Exit Cardinal.*
Som. Couſin of *Buckingham*, though *Humphrey*'s pride
And greatneſs of his place be grief to us,
Yet let us all watch the haughty Cardinal,
His inſolence is more intolerable
Than all the Princes in the Land beſide;
If *Gloſter* be diſplac'd, he'll be Protector.
Buck. Or thou, or I, *Somerſet.* will be Protector,
Deſpight Duke *Humphrey*, or the Cardinal.
[*Exit* Buckingham *and* Somerſet.
Sal. Pride went before, Ambition follows him.
While theſe do labour for their own preferment,
Behoves it us to labour for the Realm.
I never ſaw but *Humphrey* Duke of *Gloſter*,
Did bear him like a Noble Gentleman:
Oft have I ſeen the haughty Cardinal,
More like a Souldier than a Man o'th' Church,
As ſtout and proud as he were Lord of all,
Swear like a Ruffian, and demean himſelf
Unlike the Ruler of a Common-weal.
Warwick my Son, the comfort of my age,
Thy deeds, thy plainneſs, and thy Houſ-keeping,
Hath won the greateſt favour of the Commons,
Excepting none but Good Duke *Humphrey*.
And Brother *York*, thy acting in *Ireland*,
In bringing them to Civil Diſcipline:
Thy late exploits done in the Heart of *France*
When thou wert Regent for our Soveraign,
Have made thee fear'd and honour'd of the People,
Joyn we together for the publick good,
In what we can, to bridle and ſuppreſs
The pride of *Suffolk*, and the Cardinal,
With *Somerſet*'s and *Buckinghams* ambition,
And as we may cheriſh Duke *Humprey*'s deeds,
While they do tend the profit of the Land.
War. So God help *Warwick*, as he loves the Land,
And common profit of his Country.
Yor. And ſo ſays *York*,
For he hath greateſt cauſe.
Sal. Then let's make haſt away,
And look unto the main?
War. Unto the main?
Oh Father, *Main* is loſt,
That *Main*, which by main force *Warwick* did win
And would have kept, ſo long as breath did laſt:
Main-chance Father you meant, but I meant *Main*,
Which I will win from *France*, or elſe be ſlain.
[*Exit* Warwick *and* Saliſbury. *Manet* York.
York. *Anjou* and *Main* are given to the *French*,
Paris is loſt, the ſtate of *Normandy*
Stands on a tickle point, now they are gone:
Suffolk concluded on the Articles,
The Peers agreed, and *Henry* was well pleas'd,
To change two Dukedoms for a Dukes fair Daughter.
I cannot blame them all, what is't to them?
'Tis thine they give away, and not their own.
Pirates may make cheap pennyworths of their pillage,
And purchaſe Friends, and give to Curtezans,
Still revelling like Lords till all be gone.
While as the ſilly owner of the Goods
Weeps over them, and wrings his hapleſs hands,
And ſhakes his Head, and trembling ſtands aloof,
While all is ſhar'd, and all is born away,
Ready to ſtarve, and dare not touch his own.
So *York* muſt ſit, and fret, and bite his Tongue,
While his own Lands are bargain'd for, and ſold:
Methinks the Realms of *England*, *France* and *Ireland*,
Bear that proportion to my Fleſh and Blood,
As did the fatal brand *Althea* burnt,
Unto the Princes Heart of *Calidon*:
Anjou and *Main* both given unto the *French*?
Cold news for me: For I had hope of *France*,

Even as I have of fertile *Englands* ſoil.
A day will come, when *York* ſhall claim his own,
And therefore I will take the *Nevills* parts,
And make a ſhew of Love to proud Duke *Humphrey*,
And when I ſpy advantage, claim the Crown,
For that's the golden mark I ſeek to hit:
Nor ſhall proud *Lancaſter* uſurp my Right,
Nor hold the Scepter in his Childiſh Fiſt,
Nor wear the Diadem upon his Head,
Whoſe Church-like Humours fits not for a Crown.
Then *York* be ſtill a while, till time do ſerve:
Watch thou, and wake when others be aſleep,
To pry into the ſecrets of the State,
Till *Henry* ſurfeiting in joys of Love,
With his new Bride, and *Englands* dear bought Queen,
And *Humphrey* with the Peers be faln at Jarrs.
Then will I raiſe aloft the Milk-white Roſe,
With whoſe ſweet ſmell the Air ſhall be perfum'd,
And in my Standard bear the Arms of *York*,
To grapple with the houſe of *Lancaſter*,
And force perforce I'le make him yield the Crown,
Whoſe Bookiſh Rule hath pull'd fair *England* down.
[*Exit* York.

Enter Duke Humphrey, *and his Wife* Elianor.

Elia. Why droops my Lord, like over-ripen'd Corn,
Hanging the head at *Ceres* plenteous Load?
Why doth the great Duke *Humphrey* knit his brows,
As frowning at the favours of the World?
Why are thine Eyes fixt to the ſullen Earth,
Gazing on that which ſeems to dim thy Sight?
What ſeeſt thou there? King *Henry*'s Diadem,
Inchac'd with all the Honours of the World?
If ſo, gaze on, and grovel on thy Face,
Until thy Head be circled with the ſame.
Put forth thy hand, reach at the Glorious Gold.
What, is't too ſhort? I'le lengthen it with mine.
And having both together heav'd it up,
W'ell both together lift our Heads to Heaven,
And never more abaſe our Sight ſo low,
As to vouchſafe one glance upon the ground.
Hum. O *Nell*, ſweet *Nell*, if thou doſt love thy Lord,
Baniſh the Canker of ambitious Thoughts:
And may that thought, when I imagine ill
Againſt my King and Nephew, virtuous *Henry*,
Be my laſt breathing in this Mortal World.
My troublous Dreams this Night doth make me ſad.
Eli. What dream'd my Lord, tell me, and I'le requite it
With ſweet Rehearſal of my mornings Dream?
Hum. Me thought this Staff, mine Office-badg in Court,
Was broke in twain: by whom, I have forgot,
But as I think, it was by th' Cardinal,
And on the pieces of the broken Wand
Were plac'd the Heads of *Edmond* Duke of *Somerſet*,
And *William de la Pole* firſt Duke of *Suffolk*,
This was the Dream, what it doth bode, God knows.
Eli. Tut, this was nothing but an Argument,
That he that breaks a Stick of *Gloſter*'s Grove,
Shall loſe his Head for his Preſumption.
But liſt to me, my *Humphrey*, my ſweet Duke:
Me thought I ſate in Seat of Majeſty,
In the Cathedral Church of *Weſtminſter*,
And in that Chair where Kings and Queens were Crown'd,
Where *Henry* and *Margaret* kneel'd to me,
And on my Head did ſet the Diadem.
Hum. Nay, *Elianor*, then muſt I chide out-right:
Preſumptuous Dame, ill-natur'd *Elianor*,
Art thou not ſecond Woman in the Realm?
And the Protectors Wife belov'd of him?
Haſt thou not worldly Pleaſure at command,
Above the reach or compaſs of thy Thought?
And wilt thou ſtill be hammering Treachery,
To tumble down thy Husband, and thy ſelf,
From top of Honour, to Diſgraces Feet?
Away from me, and let me hear no more.
Eli. What, what, my Lord, are you ſo Cholerick
With *Elianor*, for telling but her Dream?
Next time, I'le keep my Dreams unto my ſelf,
And not be check'd.
Hum. Nay, be not angry, I am pleas'd again.

Enter Meſſenger.

Meſſ. My Lord Protector, 'tis his Highneſs pleaſure,
You do prepare to ride unto St. *Albans*,
Whereas the King and Qneen do mean to Hawk.
Hu. I go: Come *Nell*, thou wilt ride with us? [*Ex. Hu.*
Elia. Yes, my good Lord, I'll follow preſently.
Follow I muſt, I cannot go before,
While *Gloſter* bears this baſe and humble Mind.
Were I a Man, a Duke, and next of blood,
I would remove theſe tedious ſtumbling blocks,
And ſmooth my way upon their Headleſs Necks.
And being a Woman, I will not be ſlack
To play my part in Fortunes Pageant.
Where are you there? Sir *John*; nay fear not Man,
We are alone, here's none but thee and I. [*Enter Hume.*
Hume. Jeſus preſerve your Royal Majeſty.
Eli. What ſaiſt thou? Majeſty: I am but Grace.
Hume. But by the Grace of God, and *Humes* advice,
Your Graces Title ſhall be multiply'd.
Eli. What ſay'ſt thou Man? Haſt thou as yet conferr'd
With *Margery Jordan* the cunning Witch,
With *Roger Bullingbrook* the Conjurer,
And will they undertake to do me good?
Hume. This they have promiſed to ſhew your Highneſs
A Spirit rais'd from depth of under Ground,
That ſhall make anſwer to ſuch Queſtions,
As by your Grace ſhall be propounded him.
Eli. It is enough, I'le think upon the Queſtions:
When from Saint *Albans* we do make return;
W'ell ſee thoſe things effected to the full.
Here *Hume*, take this reward, make merry Man
With thy Confederates in this weighty Cauſe.
[*Exit* Elianor.
Hum. *Hume* muſt make merry with the Dutcheſs Gold:
Marry and ſhall: but how now, Sir *John Hume*?
Seal up your Lips, and give no words but Mum,
The buſineſs asketh ſilent ſecrecy.
Dame *Elianor* gives Gold, to bring the Witch:
Gold cannot come amiſs, were ſhe a Devil.
Yet have I Gold flies from another Coaſt:
I dare not ſay, from the Rich Cardinal,
And from the great and new-made Duke of *Suffolk*;
Yet I do find it ſo: For to be plain,
They (knowing Dame *Elianors* humour)
Have hired me to under-mine the Dutcheſs,
And buz theſe Conjurations in her Brain.
They ſay, a crafty Knave does need no Broker.
Yet am I *Suffolk*'s, and the Cardinal's Broker.
Hume, if you take not heed, you ſhall go near
To call them both a pair of crafty Knaves.
Well, ſo it ſtands: and thus I fear at laſt,
Humes Knavery will be the Dutcheſs Wrack,
And her attaintnre will be *Humphrey*'s fall:
Sort how it will, I ſhall have Gold for all. [*Exit.*

Enter three or four Petitioners, the Armorers Man being one.

1 *Pet.* My Maſters, let's ſtand cloſe, my Lord Protector will come this way by and by, and then we may deliver our Supplications in the Quill.

2 *Pet.* Marry the Lord protect him, for he's a good Man, Jeſu bleſs him.

Enter Suffolk, *and Queen.*

1 *Pet.* Here a comes methinks, and the Queen with him: I'le be the firſt ſure.

2. *Pet.* Come back, fool, this is the Duke of *Suffolk*, and not my Lord Protector.

Suff. How now, fellow: would'ſt any thing with me?

1. *Pet.* I pray, my Lord, pardon me, I took ye for my Lord Protector.

Queen. To my Lord Protector? are your Supplications to his Lordſhip? let me ſee them: what is thine?

1. *Pet.* Mine is, and't pleaſe your Grace, againſt *John Goodman*, my Lord Cardinals Man, for keeping my Houſe, and Lands, and Wife and all from me.

Suff. Thy Wife too? that's ſome Wrong indeed. What's yours? what's here? againſt the Duke of *Suffolk*, for encloſing the Commons of *Melford.* How now, Sir Knave?

2. *Pet.* Alas, Sir, I am but a poor Petitioner of our whole Townſhip.

Pet. Againſt my Maſter, *Thomas Horner*, for ſaying, That the Duke of *York* was rightful Heir to the Crown.

Queen. What ſay'ſt thou? Did the Duke of *York* ſay, He was rightful Heir to the Crown?

Pet. That my Miſtreſs was? No forſooth: my Maſter ſaid, that he was; and that the King was an Uſurper.

Suff. Who is there?

Enter Servant.

Take this fellow in, and ſend for his Maſter with a Purſevant preſently: we'll hear more of your matter before the King. [*Exit.*

Queen. And as for you that love to be protected
Under the wings of our Protectors Grace,
Begin your Suits anew, and ſue to him.

Tear the Supplication.

Away, baſe Cullions: *Suffolk*, let them go. [*Exit.*

All. Come, let's begone.

Queen. My Lord of *Suffolk*, ſay, is this the guiſe?
Is this the Faſhion of the Court of *England*?
Is this the Government of *Britains* Iſle?
And this the Royalty of *Albions* King?
What, ſhall King *Henry* be a Pupil ſtill,
Under the ſurly *Gloſters* Governance?
And I a Queen in Title and in Style,
And muſt be made a Subject to a Duke?
I tell thee, *Pool*, when in the City *Tours*
Thou ran'ſt a tilt in honour of my Love,
And ſtol'ſt away the Ladies Hearts of *France*;
I thought King *Henry* had reſembled thee,
In Courage, Courtſhip, and Proportion:
But all his mind is bent to holineſs,
To number *Ave-maries* on his Beads:
His Champions are the Prophets and Apoſtles,
His Weapons, are Holy Saws of ſacred Writ,
His Study is his Tilt-yard, and his Loves
Are brazen Images of Canonized Saints.
I would the College of the Cardinals
Would chuſe him Pope, and carry him to *Rome*,
And ſet the Triple Crown upon his Head;
That were a State fit for his Holineſs.

Suff. Madam, be patient: as I was cauſe
Your Highneſs came to *England*, ſo will I
In *England* work your Graces full content.

Queen. Beſide the haught Protector, have we *Beauford*,
The imperious Church-man; *Somerſet*, *Buckingham*,
And grumbling *York*: and not the leaſt of theſe,
But can do more in *England*, than the King.

Suff. And he of theſe that can do moſt of all,
Cannot do more in *England*, than the *Nevils*:
Salisbury and *Warwick* are no ſimple Peers.

Queen. Not all theſe Lords do vex me half ſo much,
As that proud Dame, the Lord Protector's Wife:
She ſweeps it through the Court with troops of Ladies,
More like an Empreſs, than Duke *Humphrey*'s Wife:
Strangers in Court do take her for the Queen:
She bears a Dukes Revenues on her back,
And in her Heart ſhe ſcorns our Poverty:
Shall I not live to be aveng'd on her?
Contemptuous baſe-born Callot as ſhe is,
She vaunted 'mongſt her Minions t'other day,
The very train of her worſt wearing Gown
Was better worth than all my Fathers Lands,
Till *Suffolk* gave two Dukedoms for his Daughter.

Suff. Madam, my ſelf have lim'd a buſh for her,
And plac'd a Quire of ſuch enticing Birds,
That ſhe will light to liſten to the Lays,
And never mount to trouble you again.
So let her reſt: and, Madam, liſt to me,
For I am bold to counſel you in this;
Although we fancy not the Cardinal,
Yet muſt we joyn with him, and with the Lords,
Till we have brought Duke *Humphrey* in diſgrace.
As for the Duke of *York*, this late Complaint
Will make but little for his benefit:
So one by one we'll weed them all at laſt,
And you your ſelf ſhall ſteer the happy Helm. [*Exit.*

Enter the King, Duke Humphrey, *Cardinal*, Buckingham, York, Salisbury, Warwick, *and the Dutcheſs.*

King. For my part, Noble Lords, I care not which,
Or *Somerſet*, or *York*, all's one to me.

Yor. If *York* have ill demeaned himſelf in *France*,
Then let him be deny'd the Regent-ſhip.

Som. If *Somerſet* be unworthy of the place,
Let *York* be Regent, I will yield to him.

War. Whether your Grace be worthy, yea or no,
Diſpute not that, *York* is the worthier.

Card. Ambitious *Warwick*, let thy Betters ſpeak.

War. The Cardinal's not my Better in the field.

Buck. All in this preſence are thy Betters, *Warwick.*

War. *Warwick* may live to be the beſt of all.

Salisb. Peace, Son, and ſhew ſome reaſon, *Buckingham*,
Why *Somerſet* ſhould be preferr'd in this?

Queen. Becauſe the King forſooth will have it ſo.

Hum. Madam, the King is old enough himſelf
To give this Cenſure: Theſe are no Womans matters.

Queen. If he be old enough, what needs your Grace
To be Protector of his Excellence?

Hum. Madam, I am Protector of the Realm,
And at his pleaſure will reſign my Place.

Suff. Reſign it then, and leave thine inſolence.
Since thou wer't King, as who is King, but thou?
The Common-wealth hath daily run to wrack,
The Dolphin hath prevail'd beyond the Seas,
And all the Peers and Nobles of the Realm
Have been as Bond-men to thy Soveraignty.

Car. The Commons haſt thou rack'd, the Clergies Bags
Are lank and lean with thy Extortions.

Som. Thy ſumptuous Buildings, and thy Wives Attire
Have coſt a maſs of publick Treaſure.

Buck. Thy Cruelty in execution
Upon Offenders hath exceeded Law,
And left thee to the mercy of the Law.

Queen. Thy ſale of Offices and Towns in *France*,
If they were known, as the ſuſpect is great,
Would make thee quickly hop without thy Head.
[*Exit* Humphrey.

Give me my Fan: what, Minion, can ye not?

She gives the Dutcheſs a box on the Ear.

I cry you mercy, Madam: was it you?

Dutch. Was't I? yea, I it was, proud *French-woman*;
Could I come near your Beauty with my Nails,
I could ſet my Ten Commandements in your Face.

King. Sweet Aunt, be quiet, 'twas againſt her Will.

Dutch. Againſt her will, good King? look to't in time,
She'll hamper thee, and dandle thee like a Baby:
Though in this place moſt Maſter wears no Breeches,
She ſhall not ſtrike Dame *Elianor* unreveng'd.
[*Exit* Elianor.

Buck. Lord Cardinal, I will follow *Elianor*,
And liſten after *Humphrey*, how he proceeds:
She's tickled now, her Fume can need no ſpurs,
She'll gallop far enough to her deſtruction.
[*Exit* Buckingham.

Enter Humphrey.

Humph. Now, Lords, my Choler being over-blown,
With walking once about the Quadrangle,
I come to talk of Common-wealth Affairs.
As for your ſpightful falſe Objections,
Prove them, and I lye open to the Law:
But God in mercy ſo deal with my Soul,
As I in Duty love my King and Country.
But to the matter that we have in hand:
I ſay, my Soveraign, *York* is meeteſt man
To be your Regent in the Realm of *France*.
Suff. Before we make Election, give me leave
To ſhew ſome reaſon, of no little force,
That *York* is moſt unmeet of any Man.
York. I'le tell thee, *Suffolk*, why I am unmeet.
Firſt, for I cannot flatter thee in Pride:
Next, if I be appointed for the Place,
My Lord of *Somerſet* will keep me here,
Without Diſcharge, Money, or Furniture,
Till *France* be won into the Dolphin's hands.
Laſt time I danc't attendance on his will,
Till *Paris* was beſieg'd, famiſh't, and loſt.
Warw. That can I witneſs, and a fouler Fact
Did never Traytor in the Land commit.
Suff. Peace, head-ſtrong *Warwick*.
War. I mage of Pride, why ſhould I hold my Peace?

Enter Armorer *and his Man.*

Suff. Becauſe here is a Man accus'd of Treaſon,
Pray God the Duke of *York* excuſe himſelf.
York. Doth any one accuſe York for a Traytor?
King. What mean'ſt thou, *Suffolk?* tell me, what are theſe?
Suff. Pleaſe it your Majeſty, this is the Man
That doth accuſe his Maſter of High-Treaſon:
His words were theſe: That *Richard*, Duke of Y*ork*,
Was rightful Heir unto the *Engliſh* Crown,
And that your Majeſty was an Uſurper.
King. Say man, were theſe thy words?
Armo. And't ſhall pleaſe your Majeſty, I never ſaid nor thought any ſuch matter: God is my witneſs, I am falſly accus'd by the Villain.
Peter. By theſe ten bones, my Lords, he did ſpeak them to me in the Garret one Night, as we were ſcowring my Lord of Y*ork*'s Armour.
Y*ork.* Baſe Dunghil Villain, and Mechanical,
I'le have thy Head for this thy Traytors ſpeech:
I do beſeech your Royal Majeſty,
Let him have all the rigour of the Law.
Arm. Alas, my Lord, hang me if ever I ſpake the words: my accuſer is my Prentice, and when I did correct him for his fault the other day, he did vow upon his Knees he would be even with me: I have good witneſs of this, therefore I beſeech your Majeſty, do not caſt away an honeſt Man for a Villains Accuſation.
King. Uncle, what ſhall we ſay to this in Law?
Humph. This doom, my Lord, if I may Judge:
Let *Somerſet* be Regent o're the *French*,
Becauſe in Y*ork* this breeds ſuſpition:
And let theſe have a day appointed them
For ſingle Combat, in convenient place,
For he hath witneſs of his Servants Malice:
This is the Law, and this Duke *Humphrey*'s doom.
Som. I humbly thank your Royal Majeſty.
Armorer. And I accept the Combat willingly.
Peter. Alas, my Lord, I cannot fight; for God's ſake pity my caſe: the ſpight of my Maſter prevaileth againſt me. O Lord have mercy upon me, I ſhall never be able to fight a blow: O Lord, my heart.
Humf. Sirrah, or you muſt fight, or elſe be hang'd.
King. Away with them to Priſon: and the day of Combat, ſhall be the laſt of the next Month. Come *Somerſet*, we'll ſee thee ſent away.
Flouriſh. [*Exeunt.*

Enter the Witch, the two Prieſts, and Bullingbrook.

Hume. Come, my Maſters, the Dutcheſs, I tell you, expects performance of your promiſes.
Bulling. Maſter *Hume*, we are therefore provided: Will her Ladiſhip behold and hear our Exorciſmes?
Hume. I, what elſe? Fear you not her Courage.
Bulling. I have heard her reported to be a Woman of an invincible ſpirit: but it ſhall be convenient, Maſter *Hume*, that you be by her aloft, while we be buſie below: and ſo, I pray you, go in God's Name, and leave us.
[*Ex.* Hume.
Mother *Jordan*, be you proſtrate, and grovel on the Earth; *John Southwell*, read you, and let us to our work.

Enter Elianor *aloft.*

Elian. Well ſaid, my Maſters, and welcome to all: To this geer, the ſooner the better.
Bull. Patience, good Lady, Wizards know their times:
Deep Night, dark Night, the ſilent of the Night,
The time of Night when *Troy* was ſet on Fire,
The times when Screech-owls cry, and Ban-dogs howl;
And Spirits walk, and Ghoſts break up their Graves;
That time fits beſt the work we have in hand.
Madam, ſit you, and fear not: whom we raiſe,
We will make faſt within a hallow'd Verge.

Here do the Ceremonies belonging, and make the Circle, Bullingbrook, *or* Southwell *reads,* Conjuro te, *&c. It Thunders and Lightens terribly: then the Spirit riſeth.*

Spirit. Adſum.
Witch. Aſmath, by the Eternal God,
Whoſe Name and Power thou trembleſt at,
Anſwer that I ask: For till thou ſpeak,
Thou ſhalt not paſs from hence.
Spirit. Ask what thou wilt; that I had ſaid, and done.
Bulling. Firſt of the King: What ſhall of him become?
Spirit. The Duke yet lives, that *Henry* ſhall depoſe:
But him out-live, and dye a violent Death.
Bull. What Fates await the Duke of *Suffolk?*
Spirit. By Water ſhall he dye, and take his end.
Bull. What ſhall befall the Duke of *Somerſet*?
Spirit. Let him ſhun Caſtles,
Safer ſhall he be upon the ſandy Plains,
Than where Caſtles mounted ſtand.
Have done, for more I hardly can endure.
Bull. Deſcend to Darkneſs, and the burning Lake:
Falſe Fiend avoid.
Thunder and Lightning. [*Exit Spirit.*

Enter the Duke of York, *and the Duke of* Buckingham, *with their Guard, and break in.*

York. Lay hands upon theſe Traytors, and their traſh:
Beldam, I think we watch't you at an Inch.
What, Madam, are you there? The King and Common-weal
Are deeply indebted for this piece of pains;
My Lord Protector will, I doubt it not,
See you well guerdon'd for theſe good deſerts.
Elian. Not half ſo bad as thine to *England*'s King,
Injurious Duke, that threatn'ſt where's no cauſe.
Buck. True, Madam, none at all: what call you this?

Away with them, let them be clap't up cloſe,
And kep't aſunder: you, Madam, ſhall with us.
Stafford take her to thee.
We'll ſee your trinkets here all forth-coming.
All away. [*Exit.*
York. Lord *Buckingham*, methinks you watch't her well.
A pretty Plot, well choſen to build upon.
Now, pray my Lord, let's ſee the Devil's Writ.
What have we here? [*Reads.*
The Duke yet lives, that Henry *ſhall depoſe;*
But him out-live, and dye a violent death.
Why this is juſt: *Aio Æacide Romanos vincere poſſe.*
Well, to the reſt:
Tell me what fate awaits the Duke of *Suffolk*?
By Water ſhall he dye, and take his end.
What ſhall betide the Duke of *Somerſet*?
Let him ſhun Caſtles,
Safer ſhall he be upon the ſandie Plains,
Than where Caſtles mounted ſtand.
Come, come, my Lords,
Theſe Oracles are hardly attain'd,
And hardly underſtood.
The King is now in progreſs towards Saint *Albans*,
With him, the Husband of this lovely Lady:
Thither goes theſe News,
As faſt as Horſe can carry them:
A ſorry breakfaſt for my Lord Protector.
Buck. Your Grace ſhall give me leave, my Lord of *York*,
To be the Poſt, in hope of his reward.
York. At your pleaſure, my good Lord.
Who's within there, hoe?

Enter a Serving-man.

Invite my Lords of *Salisbury* and *Warwick*
To ſup with me to morrow Night. Away.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter the King, Queen, Protector, Cardinal, and Suffolk, *with Faulkners hollowing.*

Queen. Believe me Lords, for flying at the Brook,
I ſaw no better ſport theſe ſeven years day;
Yet by your leave, the wind was very high,
And ten to one, old *Joan* had not gone out.
King. But what a point, my Lord, your Faulcon made,
And what a pitch ſhe flew above the reſt:
To ſee how God in all his Creatures works,
Yea Man and Birds are fain of climbing high.
Suff. No marvel, and it like your Majeſty,
My Lord Protector's Hawks do towre ſo well;
They know their Maſter loves to be aloft,
And bears his thoughts above his Falcons pitch.
Gloſt. My Lord, 'tis but a baſe ignoble mind,
That mounts no higher than a Bird can ſoar.
Card. I thought as much, he would be above the Clouds.
Gloſt. I, my Lord Cardinal, how think you by that?
Were it not good, your Grace could flie to Heaven?
King. The Treaſury of everlaſting Joy.
Card. Thy Heaven is on Earth, thine Eyes and Thoughts
Beat on a Crown, the Treaſure of thy Heart,
Pernicious Protector, dangerous Peer,
That ſmooth'ſt it ſo with King and Commonweal.
Gloſt. What, Cardinal?
Is your Prieſt-hood grown peremptory?
Tantæne animis Cœleſtibus iræ, Church-men ſo hot?
Good Uncle, hide ſuch Malice:
With ſuch Holineſs can you do it?
Suff. No malice, Sir, no more than well becomes
So good a Quarrel, and ſo bad a Peer.
Gloſt. As who, my Lord?
Suff. Why, as you, my Lord,
An't like your Lordly Lord Protectorſhip.
Gloſt. Why *Suffolk*, *England* knows thine inſolence.
Queen. And thy Ambition, *Gloſter.*
King. I prethee peace, good Queen,
And whet not on theſe too-too-furious Peers;
For bleſſed are the Peace-makers on Earth.
Card. Let me be bleſſed for the Peace I make
Againſt this proud Protector with my Sword.
Gloſt. Faith, Holy Uncle, would 'twere come to that.
Card. Marry, when thou dar'ſt.
Gloſt. Make up no factious numbers for the matter,
In thine own perſon anſwer thy abuſe.
Card. I, where thou dar'ſt not peep:
And if thou dar'ſt, this evening,
On the Eaſt ſide of the Grove.
King. How now, my Lords?
Card. Believe me, Couſin *Gloſter*,
Had not your man put up the Fowl ſo ſuddenly,
We had had more ſport.
Come with thy two-hand Sword.
Gloſt. True, Uncle, are ye adviſ'd?
The Eaſt ſide of the Grove:
Cardinal, I am with you.
King. Why how now, Uncle *Gloſter*?
Gloſt. Talking of Hawking, nothing elſe, my Lord,
Now by Gods Mother, Prieſt,
I'le ſhave your Crown for this,
Or all my fence ſhall fail.
Car. *Medice teipſum*, Protector ſee too't well, protect your ſelf.
King. The Winds grow high,
So do your Stomacks, Lords:
How irkſome is this Muſick to my heart?
When ſuch Strings jarr, what hope of Harmony?
I pray, my Lords, let me compound this ſtrife.

Enter one crying a Miracle.

Gloſt. What means this noiſe?
Fellow, what Miracle do'ſt thou proclaim?
One. A Miracle, a Miracle.
Suffolk. Come to the King, and tell him, what Miracle.
One. Forſooth, a blind man at St. *Alban*'s Shrine,
Within this half hour hath receiv'd his ſight,
A man that ne're ſaw in his life before.
King. Now God be prais'd, that to believing Souls
Gives Light in Darkneſs, Comfort in Deſpair.

Enter the Mayor of Saint Albans, *and his Brethren, bearing the Man between two in a Chair.*

Card. Here comes the Towns-men on proceſſion,
To preſent your Highneſs with the man.
King. Great is his comfort in this Earthly Vale,
Although by his ſight his ſin be multiplied.
Gloſt. Stand by, my Maſters, bring him near the King,
His Highneſs pleaſure is to talk with him.
King. Good-fellow, tell us here the circumſtance,
That we for thee may glorifie the Lord.
What, haſt thou been long blind, and now reſtor'd?
Simp. Born blind, and't pleaſe your Grace.
Wife. I indeed was he.
Suff. What Woman is this?
Wife. His Wife, and't pleaſe your Worſhip.
Gloſt. Had'ſt thou been his Mother, thou could'ſt have better told.
King. Where wert thou born?
Simp. At *Barwick* in the North, and't like your Grace.
King. Poor Soul,
God's goodneſs hath been great to thee:
Let never Day nor Night unhallowed paſs,
But ſtill remember what the Lord hath done.
Queen. Tell me, Good-fellow,
Cam'ſt thou here by Chance, or of Devotion,
To this Holy Shrine?

Simp. God knows of pure Devotion,
Being call'd a hundred times, and oftner,
In my ſleep, by good Saint *Alban*:
Who ſaid ; *Simon*, come, come offer at my Shrine,
And I will help thee.

Wife. Moſt true, forſooth:
And many a time and oft my ſelf have heard a Voice,
To call him ſo.

Card. What, art thou lame?

Simp. I, God Almighty help me.

Suff. How cam'ſt thou ſo?

Simp. A fall off a Tree.

Wife. A Plum-tree, Maſter.

Gloſt. How long haſt thou been blind?

Simp. O born ſo, Maſter.

Gloſt. What, and would'ſt climb a Tree?

Simp. But That in all my life, when I was a youth.

Wife. Too true, and bought his climbing very dear.

Gloſt. Maſs, thou lov'dſt Plums well, that would'ſt venture ſo.

Simp. Alas, good Maſter, my Wife deſired ſome Damſons, and made me climb, with danger of my Life.

Gloſt. A ſubtil Knave, but yet it ſhall not ſerve:
Let me ſee thine Eyes, wink now, now open them,
In my opinion, yet thou ſeeſt not well.

Simp. Yes, Maſter, clear as day, I thank God and Saint *Alban.*

Gloſt. Say'ſt thou me ſo: what Colour is this Cloak of?

Simp. Red, Maſter, Red as Blood.

Gloſt. Why that's well ſaid: What Colour is my Gown of?

Simp. Black, forſooth, Coal-black, as Jet.

King. Why then, thou know'ſt what Colour Jet is of?

Suff. And yet, I think, Jet he did never ſee.

Gloſt .But Cloaks and Gowns, before this day, a many.

Wife. Never before this day, in all his life.

Gloſt. Tell me, Sirrah, what's my uame?

Simp. Alas Maſter, I know not.

Gloſt. What's his Name?

Simp. I know not.

Gloſt. Nor his?

Simp. No indeed, Maſter.

Gloſt. What's thine own Name?

Simp. *Saunder Simpcox*, and if it pleaſe you, Maſter.

Gloſt. Then *Saunder*, ſit there,
The lying'ſt Knave in Chriſtendom.
If thou had'ſt been born blind,
Thou might'ſt as well have known all our Names,
As thus to know the ſeveral Colours we do wear.
Sight may diſtinguiſh Colours:
But ſuddenly to nominate them all,
It is impoſſible.
My Lords, Saint *Alban* here hath done a Miracle:
And would ye not think it, Cunning to be great,
That could reſtore this Cripple to his Legs again?

Simp. O Maſter, that you could?

Gloſt. My Maſters of Saint *Albans*,
Have you not Beadles in your Town,
And things call'd Whips?

Mopor. Yes, my Lords, if it pleaſe your Grace.

Gloſt. Then ſend for one preſently.

Mayor. Sirrah, go fetch the Beadle hither ſtraight.

[*Exit.*

Gloſt. Now fetch me a Stool hither by and by.
Now Sirrah, if you mean to ſave your ſelf from Whipping, leap me over this Stool, and run away.

Simp. Alas Maſter, I am not able to ſtand alone:
You go about to torture me in vain.

Enter a Beadle with Whips.

Gloſt. Well Sir, we muſt have you find your Legs.
Sirrah Beadle, whip him till he leap over that ſame Stool.

Bead. I will, my Lord,
Come on Sirrah, off with your Doublet, quickly.

Simp. Alas, Maſter, what ſhall I do? I am not able to ſtand.

After the Beadle hath hit him once, he leaps over the Stool, and runs away: and they follow, and cry, a Miracle.

King. O God, ſeeſt thou this, and beareſt ſo long!

Queen. It made me laugh, to ſee the Villain run.

Gloſt. Follow the Knave, and take this Drab away.

Wife. Alas, Sir, we did it for pure need.

Gloſt. Let him be whipt through every Market Town,
Till they come to *Barwick*, from whence they came.

[*Exit.*

Card. Duke *Humphrey* has done a Miracle to day.

Suff. True, made the Lame to leap, and flie away.

Gloſt. But you have done more Miracles than I:
You made in a day, my Lord, whole Towns to flie.

Enter Buckingham.

King. What Tidings with our Couſin *Buckingham*?

Buck. Such as my Heart doth tremble to unfold:
A ſort of naughty perſons, lewdly bent,
Under the Countenance and Confederacy
Of Lady *Elianor*, the Protectors Wife,
The Ring-leader and Head of all this Rout,
Have practis'd dangerouſly againſt your State,
Dealing with Witches and with Conjurers,
Whom we have apprehended in the Fact,
Raiſing up wicked Spirits from under ground,
Demanding of King *Henry*'s Life and Death,
And other of your Highneſs Privy Councel,
As more at large your Grace ſhall underſtand.

Card. And ſo, my Lord Protector, by this means
Your Lady is forth-coming, yet at *London*.
This news I think hath turn'd your Weapon's edge;
'Tis like, my Lord, you will not keep your hour.

Gloſt. Ambitious Church-man, leave to afflict my Heart:
Sorrow and grief have vanquiſht all my powers;
And vanquiſht as I am, I yield to thee,
Or to the meaneſt Groom.

King. O God, what miſchiefs work the wicked ones?
Heaping confuſion on their own Heads thereby.

Queen. *Gloſter*, ſee here the Taincture of thy Neſt,
And look thy ſelf be faultleſs, thou wert beſt.

Gloſt. Madam, for my ſelf, to Heaven I do appeal,
How I have lov'd my King, and Common-weal:
And for my Wife, I know not how it ſtands,
Sorry am I to hear, what I have heard:
Noble ſhe is; but if ſhe have forgot
Honour and Virtue, and convers't with ſuch,
As like to Pitch, defile Nobility;
I baniſh her my Bed, and Company,
And give her as a Prey to Law and Shame,
That hath diſhonoured *Gloſter*'s honeſt name.

King. Well, for this Night we will repoſe us here:
To morrow toward *London*, back again,
To look into this Buſineſs thorowly,
And call theſe foul Offendors to their anſwers;
And poiſe the Cauſe in Juſtice equal Scales,
Whoſe Beam ſtands ſure, whoſe rightful cauſe prevails.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter York, Salisbury, *and* Warwick.

York. Now, my good Lords of *Salisbury* and *Warwick*,
Our ſimple Supper ended, give me leave,
In this cloſe Walk to ſatisfy my ſelf,
In craving your opinion of my Title,
Which is infallible to *England*'s Crown.

Salisb. My Lord, I long to hear it thus at full.

War. Sweet *York* begin: and if thy claim be good,
The *Nevils* are thy Subjects to command.

York. Then thus:
Edward the third, my Lords, had ſeven Sons:
The firſt *Edward* the Black-Prince, Prince of *Wales*;
The ſecond, *William* of *Hatſield*; and the third,
Lionel Duke of *Clarence*: next to whom,
Was *John* of Gaunt, the Duke of *Lancaſter*;
The fifth, was *Edward Langley*, Duke of *York*;
The ſixth, *Thomas* of *Woodſtock*, Duke of *Gloſter*, ;
William of *Windſor*, was the ſeventh, and laſt.
Edward the Black-Prince dyed before his Father,
And left behind him *Richard*, his only Son,
Who after *Edward* the third's death, reign'd King,
'Till *Henry Bullingbrook*, Duke of *Lancaſter*,
The eldeſt Son and Heir of *John* of Gaunt,
Crown'd by the name of *Henry* the fourth,
Seiz'd on the Realm, depos'd the rightful King,
Sent his poor Queen to *France*, from whence ſhe came,
And him to *Pomfret*; where, as all you know,
Harmleſs King *Richard* was murthered traiterouſly.
Warw. Father, the Duke hath told the truth;
Thus got the Houſe of *Lancaſter* the Crown.
York. Which now they hold by force, and not by right:
For *Richard* the firſt Son's Heir, being dead,
The iſſue of the next Son ſhould have reign'd.
Salis. But *William* of *Hatſield* dyed without an Heir.
York. The third Son, Duke of *Clarence*,
From whoſe Line I claim the Crown,
Had iſſue *Philip*, a Daughter,
Who married *Edmond Mortimer*, Earl of *March*:
Edmond had iſſue, *Roger* Earl of *March*:
Roger had iſſue, *Edmond*, *Anne*, and *Elianor*.
Salis. This *Edmond*, in the reign of *Bullingbrook*,
As I have read, laid claim unto the Crown,
And, but for *Owen Glendour*, had been King;
Who kept him in Captivity, till he dy'd.
But, to the reſt.
York. His eldeſt Siſter, *Anne*,
My Mother, being Heir unto the Crown,
Married *Richard* Earl of *Cambridge*,
Who was to *Edmond Langley*,
Edward the third's fifth Son's Son;
By her I claim the Kingdom:
She then was Heir to *Roger*, Earl of *March*,
Who was the Son of *Edmond Mortimer*,
Who married *Philip*, ſole Daughter
Unto *Lionel*, Duke of *Clarence*.
So, if the iſſue of the eldeſt Son
Succeed before the younger, I am King.
Warw. What plain proceeding is more plain than this?
Henry doth claim the Crown from *John* of Gaunt
The fourth Son, *York* claims it from the third:
'Till *Lyonel*'s iſſue fail,, he ſhould not Reign.
It fails not yet, but flouriſheth in thee,
And in thy Sons, fair Slips of ſuch a Stock,
Then Father *Saliſbury*, kneel we together,
And in this private Plot be we the firſt,
That ſhall ſalute our rightful Soveraign
With honour of his Birth-right to the Crown.
Both. Long live our Soveraign *Richard*, *England*'s King.
York. We thank you, Lords:
But I am not your King, 'till I be Crown'd
And that my Sword be ſtain'd
With heart-blood of the Houſe of *Lancaſter*:
And that's not ſuddenly to be perform'd,
But with advice and ſilent ſecrecy.
Do you, as I do, in theſe dangerous days
Wink at the Duke of *Suffolk*'s Inſolence,
At *Beauford*'s Pride, at *Somerſet*'s Ambition,
At *Buckingham*, and all the Crew of them,
'Till they have ſnar'd the Shepherd of the Flock,
That virtuous Prince, the good Duke *Humfrey*:
'Tis that they ſeek; and they, in ſeeking that,
Shall find their deaths, if *York* can propheſie.
Saliſ. My Lord, break we off; we know your mind at full.
Warw. My heart aſſures me, that the Earl of *Warwick*,
Shall one day make the Duke of *York* a King.
York. And *Nevil*, this I do aſſure my ſelf,
Richard ſhall live to make the Earl of *Warwick*
The greateſt man in *England*, but the King. *Exeunt.*

Sound Trumpets. Enter the King, and State, with Guard, to baniſh the Dutcheſs.

King. Stand forth, Dame *Elianor Cobham*,
Gloſter's Wife:
In ſight of God, and us, your guilt is great,
Receive the ſentence of the Law for ſin,
Such as by God's Book are adjudg'd to death,
You four from hence to Priſon, back again
From thence, unto the place of Execution;
The Witch in *Smithfield* ſhall be burn'd to aſhes,
And you three ſhall be ſtrangled on the Gallows.
You Madam, for you are more Nobly born,
Deſpoyled of your Honour in your life,
Shall after three days open Penance done,
Live in your Country here, in Baniſhment,
With Sir *John Stanly*, in the Iſle of man.
Elian. Welcome is Baniſhment, welcome were my Death.
Gloſt. *Elianor*, the Law thou ſeeſt hath judged thee,
I cannot juſtifie, whom the Law condemns.
Mine eyes are full of Tears, my Heart of Grief.
Ah *Humfrey*, this diſhonour in thine Age,
Will bring thy Head with ſorrow to the Ground.
I beſeech your Majeſty give me leave to go;
Sorrow would ſolace, and mine Age would eaſe.
King. Stay *Humfrey*, Duke of *Gloſter*,
E're thou go: give up thy Staff,
Henry will to himſelf Protector be,
And God ſhall be my Hope, my Stay, my Guide,
And Lanthorn to my Feet.
And go in peace, *Humfrey*, no leſs belov'd,
Than when thou wer't Protector to thy King.
Queen. I ſee no reaſon, why a King of years
Should be to be protected like a Child:
God and King *Henry* govern *England*'s Realm:
Give up your Staff, Sir, and the King his Realm,
Gloſt. My Staff? Here, Noble *Henry*, is my Staff:
As willingly do I the ſame reſign,
As e're thy Father *Henry* made it mine;
And even as willingly at thy feet I leave it,
As others would ambitiouſly receive it.
Farewel good King: when I am dead and gone,
May honourable Peace attend thy Throne.
[*Exit* Gloſter.
Queen. Why now is *Henry* King, and *Margaret* Queen.
And *Humfrey*, Duke of *Gloſter*, ſcarce himſelf,
That bears ſo ſhrewd a maim; two Pulls at once;
His Lady baniſh'd, and a Limb lopt off,
This Staff of Honour raught, there let it ſtand,
Where beſt it fits to be, in *Henry*'s hand.
Suff. Thus droops this lofty Pine, and hangs his ſprayes,
Thus *Elianor*'s Pride dyes in her younger days.
York. Lords, let him go. Pleaſe it your Majeſty,
This is the day appointed for the Combate,
And ready are the Appellant and Defendant,
The Armourer and his Man, to enter the Liſts,
So pleaſe your Highneſs to behold the Fight.
Queen. I, good my Lord: for purpoſely therefore
Left I the Court, to ſee this Quarrel try'd.
King. A God's Name ſee the Liſts and all things fit,
Here let them end it, and God defend the right.
York. I never ſaw a fellow worſe beſtead,
Or more afraid to fight, than is the Appellant,
The Servant of this Armourer, my Lords.

Enter at one Door the Armorer and his Neighbours, drinking to him ſo much, that he is drunk; and he enters with a Drum before him, and his Staff with a Sand-bag faſtned to it: and at the other Door his Man, with a Drum and a Sand-bag, and Prentices drinking to him.

1. *Neighbour.* Here, Neighbour *Horner*, I drink to you in a Cup of Sack; and fear not, Neighbour, you ſhall do well enough.

2. *Neighbour.* And here, Neighbour, here's a Cup of Charneco.

3. *Neighbour.* And here's a Pot of good double-Beer, Neighbour: drink, and fear not your Man.

Armorer. Let it come yfaith, and I'le pledge you all, and a fig for *Peter*.

1. *Pren.* Here *Peter* I drink to thee, and be not afraid.

2. *Pren.* Be merry, *Peter*, and fear not thy Maſter; Fight for the credit of the Prentices.

Peter. I thank you all: drink, and pray for me, I pray you, for I think I have taken my laſt Draught in this World. Here *Robin*, if I dye, I give thee my Apron; and *Will*, thou ſhalt have my Hammer: and here, *Tom*, take all the Money that I have. O Lord bleſs me, I pray God, for I am never able to deal with my Maſter, he hath learnt ſo much to fence already.

Salis. Come, leave your drinking, and fall to blows.
Sirrah, what's thy Name?
Peter. *Peter*, forſooth.
Salis. *Peter*? what more?
Peter. *Thump.*
Salis. *Thump*? Then ſee thou thump thy Maſter well.

Armorer. Maſters, I am come hither as it were upon my Man's inſtigation, to prove him a Knave, and my ſelf an honeſt man: and touching the Duke of *York*, I will take my death, I never meant him any ill, nor the King nor the Queen, and therefore *Peter* have at thee with a down right blow.

York. Diſpatch, this Knaves tongue begins to double.
Sound Trumpets, Alarum to the Combatants.

They fight, and Peter *ſtrikes him down.*

Armorer. Hold *Peter*, hold, I confeſs, I confeſs Treaſon.

York. Take away his Weapon: Fellow, thank God, and the good Wine in thy Maſters way.

Peter. O God, have I overcome mine Enemy in this preſence? O *Peter* thou haſt prevail'd in right.

King. Go, take hence that Traytor from our ſight,
For by his death we do perceive his guilt.
And God in Juſtice hath reveal'd to us
The Truth and Innocence of this poor Fellow,
Which he had thought to have murther'd wrongfully.
Come Fellow, follow us for thy Reward. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Duke Humfrey *and his Men in Mourning Cloaks.*

Gloſt. Thus ſometimes hath the brighteſt day a Cloud;
And after Summer, evermore ſucceeds
Barren Winter, with his wrathful nipping Cold;
So Cares and Joyes abound, as Seaſons fleet.
Sirs, what's a Clock?
Serv. Ten, my Lord.
Gloſt. Ten is the hour that was appointed me,
To watch the coming of my puniſh'd Dutcheſs:
Unneath may ſhe endure the Flinty Streets,
To tread them with her tender-feeling Feet.
Sweet *Nell*, ill can thy Noble mind a-brook
The abject People gazing on thy Face,
With envious Looks ſtill laughing at thy ſhame,
That erſt did follow thy proud Chariot-Wheels,
When thou didſt ride in Triumph through the ſtreets.
But ſoft, I think ſhe comes, and I'le prepare
My Tear-ſtain'd Eyes, to ſee her Miſeries.

Enter the Dutcheſs in a white Sheet, and a Taper burning in her hand, with the Sheriff and Officers.

Serv. So pleaſe your Grace, we'll take her from the Sheriff.
Gloſter. No, ſtir not for your lives, let her paſs by.
Elian. Come you, my Lord, to ſee my open ſhame?
Now thou do'ſt Penance too. Look how they gaze,
See how the giddy multitude do point,
And nod their heads, and throw their Eyes on thee.
Ah *Gloſter*, hide thee from their hateful looks,
And in thy Cloſet pent up, rue my ſhame,
And ban their Enemies, both mine and thine.
Gloſt. Be patient, gentle *Nell*, forget this Grief.
Elian. Ah *Gloſter*, teach me to forget my ſelf:
For whil'ſt I think I am thy married Wife,
And thou a Prince, Protector of this Land:
Methinks I ſhould not thus be led along,
Mail'd up in ſhame, with Papers on my Back,
And follow'd with a Rabble, that rejoice
To ſee my Tears, and hear my deep-fet Groans.
The ruthleſs Flint doth cut my tender Feet,
And when I ſtart the envious People laugh,
And bid me be adviſed, how I tread.
Ah *Humfrey*, can I bear this ſhameful yoak?
Troweſt thou, that e're I'le look upon the World,
Or count them happy, that enjoyes the Sun?
No: Dark ſhall be my Light, and Night my Day.
To think upon my Pomp, ſhall be my Hell.
Sometime I'le ſay I am Duke *Humfrey*'s Wife,
And he a Prince, and Ruler of the Land:
Yet ſo he Rul'd, and ſuch a Prince he was,
As he ſtood by, whileſt I his forlorn Dutcheſs,
Was made a Wonder, and a pointing Stock
To every idle Raſcal Follower.
But be thou mild, and bluſh not at my ſhame,
Nor ſtir at nothing, till the Axe of Death
Hang over thee, as ſure it ſhortly will.
For *Suffolk*, he that can do all in all
With her, that hateth thee, and hates us all,
And *York*, and impious *Beauford*, that falſe Prieſt,
Have all lim'd Buſhes to betray thy Wings,
And flie thou how thou canſt, they'll tangle thee,
But fear thou not until thy Foot be ſnar'd,
Nor ever ſeek prevention of thy Foes.
Gloſt. Ah, *Nell*, forbear: thou aimeſt all awry.
I muſt offend, before I be attainted:
And had I twenty times ſo many Foes,
And each of them had twenty times their power,
All theſe could not procure me any ſcathe,
So long as I am loyal, true, and crimeleſs,
Would'ſt have me reſcue thee from this Reproach?
Why yet thy Scandal were not wip't away,
But I in danger for the breach of Law.
Thy greateſt help is quiet, gentle *Nell*:
I pray thee ſort thy Heart to Patience,
Theſe few dayes wonder will be quickly worn.

Enter a Herald.

Her. I ſummon your Grace to his Majeſties Parliament
Holden at *Bury*, the firſt of this next Month.
Gloſt. And my conſent ne're ask'd herein before?
This is cloſe dealing. Well, I will be there,
My *Nell*, I take my leave; and Maſter Sheriff,
Let not her Penance exceed the Kings Commiſſion.
Sher. And't pleaſe your Grace, here my Commiſſion ſtays:
And Sir *John Stanly* is appointed now,
To take her with him to the Iſle of Man.
Gloſt. Muſt you, Sir *John*, protect my Lady here?
Stanly. So am I given in charge, may't pleaſe your Grace
Gloſt. Entreat her not the worſe, in that I pray
You uſe her well: the World may laugh again,
And I may live to do you kindneſs, if you do it her.
And ſo, Sir *John*, Farewel.

Elian. What, gone my Lord, and bid me not farewel.
Gloſt. Witneſs my Tears, I cannot ſtay to ſpeak.
[*Exit* Gloſter.
Elian. Art thou gone too? all comfort go with thee,
For none abides with me: my Joy is Death;
Death, at whoſe Name I oft have been afear'd,
Becauſe I wiſh'd this World's Eternity.
Stanly I prethee go, and take me hence,
I care not whither, for I beg no Favour;
Onely convey me where thou art commanded.
Stan. Why Madam, that is to the *Iſle of man*,
There to be us'd according to your State.
Elian. That's bad enough, for I am but Reproach:
And ſhall I then be us'd reproachfully?
Stan. Like to a Dutcheſs, and Duke *Humfrey*'s Lady,
According to that State you ſhall be us'd.
Elian. Sheriff farewel, and better, than I, fare,
Although thou haſt been Conduct of my ſhame.
She. It is my Office, and Madam pardon me.
Elian. I, I, farewel, thy Office is diſcharg'd:
Come *Stanly*, ſhall we go?
Stan. Madam, your Penance done,
Throw off this Sheet,
And go we to attire you for our Journey.
Elian. My ſhame will not be ſhifted with my Sheet:
No, it will hang upon my richeſt Robes,
And ſhew it ſelf, attire me how I can.
Go, lead the way, I long to ſee my Priſon. [*Exeunt.*

Enter King, Queen, Cardinal, Suffolk, York, Buckingham, Salisbury, *and* Warwick, *to the Parliament.*

King. I muſe my Lord of *Gloſter* is not come:
'Tis not his wont to be the hindmoſt man,
What e're occaſion keeps him from us now.
Queen. Can you not ſee? or will ye not obſerve
The ſtrangneſs of his alter'd Countenance?
With what a Majeſty he bears himſelf,
How inſolent of late he is become,
How proud, how peremptory, and unlike himſelfe
We know the time ſince he was mild and affable,
And if we did but glance a far-off Look,
Immediatly he was upon his Knee,
That all the Court admir'd him for ſubmiſſion.
But meet him now, and be it in the Morn,
When every one will give the time of day,
He knits his Brow, and ſhews an angry Eye,
And paſſeth by with ſtiff unbowed Knee,
Diſdaining duty that to us belongs.
Small Curs are not regarded when they grin,
But Great men tremble when the Lyon roars,
And *Humfrey* is no little man in *England.*
Firſt note, that he is near you in deſcent,
And ſhould you fall, he is the next will mount.
Me ſeemeth then, it is no Policy,
Reſpecting what a Rancorous mind he bears,
And his Advantage following your Deceaſe,
That he ſhould come about your Royal Perſon,
Or be admitted to your Highneſs Councel.
By Flattery hath he won the Commons Hearts:
And when he pleaſe to make Commotion,
'Tis to be fear'd they all will follow him.
Now 'tis the Spring, and Weeds are ſhallow Rooted,
Suffer them now, and they'll o're-grow the Garden,
And choak the Herbs for want of Husbandry,
The Reverent care I bear unto my Lord,
Made me collect theſe Dangers in the Duke.
If it be fond, call it a Womans Fear:
Which Fear, if better Reaſons can ſupplant,
I will ſubſcribe, and ſay I wrong'd the Duke.
My Lord of *Suffolk*, *Buckingham*, and *York*,
Reprove my Allegation, if you can,
Or elſe conclude my words effectual.
Suff. Well hath your Highneſs ſeen into this Duke:
And had I firſt been put to ſpeak my mind,
I think I ſhould have told your Graces Tale.
The Dutcheſs, by his Subornation,
Upon my Life began her Deviliſh Practices:
Or if he were not privie to thoſe Faults,
Yet by reputing of his high Deſcent,
As next the King, he was ſucceſſive Heir,
And ſuch high Vaunts of his Nobility,
Did inſtigate the Bedlam brain-ſick Dutcheſs,
By wicked means to frame our Soveraign's Fall.
Smooth runs the Water where the Brook is deep,
And in his ſimple ſhew he harbours Treaſon.
The Fox barks not, when he would ſteal the Lamb,
No, no, my Soveraign, *Gloſter* is a Man
Unſounded yet, and full of deep Deceit.
Card. Did he not, contrary to form of Law,
Deviſe ſtrange Deaths, for ſmall Offences done?
York. And did he not, in his Protectorſhip,
Levy great ſumms of Money through the Realm,
For Souldiers pay in *France*, and never ſent it?
By means whereof the Towns each day revolted.
Buck. Tut, theſe are petty faults to faults unknown,
Which time will bring to light in ſmooth Duke *Humphrey.*
King. My Lords at once: the care you have of us,
To mow down Thorns that would annoy our Foot,
Is worthy praiſe: but ſhall I ſpeak my conſcience,
Our Kinſman *Gloſter* is as innocent,
From meaning Treaſon to our Royal Perſon,
As is the ſucking Lamb, or harmleſs Dove:
The Duke is Virtuous, Mild, and too well given:
To dream on evil, or to work my downfal.
Qu. Ah! what's more dangerous, than this fond affiance?
Seems he a Dove? his Feathers are but borrow'd,
For he is diſpoſed as the hateful Raven.
Is he a Lamb? his Skin was ſurely lent him,
For he's enclin'd as is the Ravenous Wolves.
Who cannot ſteal a Shape that means Deceit?
Take heed, my Lord, the welfare of us all,
Hangs on the cutting ſhort that Fraudful man.
Enter Somerſet.
Som. All Health unto my Gracious Soveraign.
King. Welcome Lord *Somerſet*: What news from *France*?
Som. That all our intereſt in thoſe Territories,
Is utterly bereft you: all is loſt.
King. Cold News, Lord *Somerſet*: but Gods will be done.
York. Cold News for me: for I had hope of *France*,
As firmly as I hope for Fertile *England.*
Thus are my Bloſſoms blaſted in the Bud,
And Caterpillars eat my Leaves away.
But I will remedy this geare e're long,
Or ſell my Title for a glorious Grave.
Enter Glocester.
Gloſt. All happineſs unto my Lord the King:
Pardon, my Liege, that I have ſtay'd ſo long.
Suff. Nay, *Gloſter*, know that thou art come too ſoon,
Unleſs thou wer't more Loyal than thou art:
I do arreſt thee of High Treaſon here.
Gloſt. Well *Suffolk*, yet thou ſhalt not ſee me bluſh,
Nor change my Countenance for this Arreſt:
A heart unſpotted is not eaſily daunted.
The pureſt Spring is not ſo free from mud,
As I am clear from Treaſon to my Soveraign,
Who can accuſe me? wherein am I guilty?
York. 'Tis thought, my Lord,
That you took Bribes of *France*,
And being Protector ſtay'd the Souldiers pay,
By means whereof his Highneſs hath loſt *France.*
Gloſt. Is it but thought ſo?
What are they that think it?
I never rob'd the Souldiers of their pay,
Nor never had one penny Bribe from *France.*
So help me God, as I have watcht the Night,

I, Night by Night, in ſtudying good for *England.*
That Doit that e're I wreſted from the King,
Or any Groat I hoarded to my uſe,
Be brought againſt me at my Tryal day.
No: Many a Pound of mine own Proper ſtore,
Becauſe I would not tax the needy Commons,
Have I disburſed to the Garriſons,
And never ask'd for reſtitution.
Card. It ſerves you well, my Lord, to ſay ſo much.
Gloſt. I ſay no more than truth, ſo help me God.
York. In your Protectorſhip, you did deviſe
Strange Tortures for Offenders, never heard of,
That *England* was defam'd by Tyranny.
Gloſt. Why 'tis well known, that whiles I was Protector,
Pitie was all the fault that was in me:
For I ſhould melt at an Offendor's tears,
And lowly words were Ranſom for their fault:
Unleſs it were a bloody Murtherer,
Or foul felonious Thief, that fleec'd poor paſſengers,
I never gave them condign puniſhment.
Murther indeed, that bloody ſin, I tortur'd
Above the Felon, or what Treſpaſs elſe.
Suff. My Lord, theſe faults are eaſie, quickly anſwer'd:
But mightier Crimes are lay'd unto your charge,
Whereof you cannot eaſily purge your ſelf.
I do arreſt you in his Highneſs Name,
And here commit you to my Lord Cardinal
To keep, until your further time of Tryal.
King. My Lord of *Glocester*, 'tis my ſpecial hope,
That you will clear your ſelf from all ſuſpence,
My Conſcience tells me you are innocent.
Gloſt. Ah gracious Lord, theſe days are dangerous:
Virtue is choak't with foul Ambition,
And Charity chas'd hence by Rancour's hand;
Foul Subornation is predominant,
Aud Equitie exil'd your Highneſs Land.
I know, their Complot is to have my Life:
And if my death might make this Iſland happy,
And prove the period of their Tyranny,
I would expend it with all willingneſs.
But mine is made the Prologue to their Play:
For thouſands more, that yet ſuſpect no peril,
Will not conclude their plotted Tragedy.
Beauford's red ſparkling Eyes blab his heart's malice,
And *Suffold*'s cloudy Brow his ſtormy hate;
Sharp *Buckingham* unburthens with his tongue
The envious Load that lyes upon his heart:
And dogged Y*ork*, that reaches at the Moon,
Whoſe over-weening Arm I have pluckt back,
By falſe accuſe doth level at my Life.
And you, my Soveraign Lady, with the reſt,
Cauſeleſs have lay'd diſgraces on my head,
And with your beſt endeavour have ſtirr'd up
My liefeſt Liege to be mine Enemy:
I, all of yon have lay'd your heads together,
My ſelf had notice of your Conventicles,
And all to make away my guiltleſs life.
I ſhall not want falſe Witneſs, to condemn me,
Nor ſtore of Treaſons, to augment my guilt:
The ancient Proverb will be well effected,
A Staff is quickly found to beat a Dog.
Card. My Liege, his railing is intolerable.
If thoſe that care to keep your Royal Perſon
From Treaſon's ſecret Knife, and Traytor's Rage,
Be thus upbraided, chid, and rated at,
And the Offender granted ſcope of ſpeech,
'Twill make them cool in zeal unto your Grace.
Suff. Hath he not twit our Soveraign Lady here
With ignominious words, though Clarkly coucht?
As if ſhe had ſuborned ſome to ſwear
Falſe allegations, to o'rethrow his ſtate.
Queen. But I can can give the loſer leave to chide.
Gloſt. Far truer ſpoke than meant: I loſe indeed,
Beſhrew the winners, for they play'd me falſe,
And well ſuch Loſers may have leave to ſpeak.
Buck. He'll wreſt the ſenſe, and hold us here all day.
Lord Cardinal, he is your Priſoner.
Card. Sirs, take away the Duke, and guard him ſure.
Gloſt. Ah, thus King *Henry* throws away his Crutch,
Before his Legs be firm to bear his Body,
Thus is the Shepherd beaten from thy ſide,
And Wolves are gnarling, who ſhall gnaw thee firſt.
Ah that my fear were falſe, ah that it were;
For good King *Henry*, thy decay I fear. [*Exit* Glocester.
King. My Lords, what to your Wiſdomes ſeemeth beſt,
Do, or undo, as if our ſelf were here.
Queen. What will your Highneſs leave the Parliament?
King. I *Margaret*: my Heart is drown'd with Grief,
Whoſe Floud begins to flow within my Eyes;
My Body round engirt with Miſery:
For what's more miſerable than Diſcontent?
Ah Uncle *Humphrey*, in thy ſad Face I ſee
The Map of Honour, Truth, and Loyalty:
And yet good *Humphrey*, is the hour to come,
That e're I prov'd thee falſe, or fear'd thy Faith.
What lowring Star now envyes thy eſtate?
That theſe great Lords, and *Margaret* our Queen,
Do ſeek ſubverſion of thy harmleſs Life.
Thou never didſt them wrong, nor no man wrong:
And as the Butcher takes away the Calf,
And binds the Wretch, and beats it when it ſtrayes,
Bearing it to the bloody Slaughter-houſe;
Even ſo remorſleſs have they born him hence:
And as the Dame runs lowing up and down,
Looking the way her harmeleſs young one went,
And can do nought but wail her Darlings loſs;
Even ſo my ſelf bewails good *Gloſter's* caſe,
With ſad unhelpful Tears and with dimn'd Eyes;
Look after him, and cannot do him good:
So mighty are his vowed Enemies.
His Fortunes I will weep, and 'twixt each groan,
Say, whoſe a Traitor? *Gloſter* he is none. [*Exit.*
Queen. Free Lords:
Cold Snow melts with the Sun's hot Beams:
Henry, my Lord, is cold in great Affairs,
Too full of fooliſh pity: and *Gloſter's* ſhew
Beguiles him, as the mournful Crocodile
With ſorrow ſnares relenting Paſſengers;
Or as the Snake, rol'd in a flowring Bank,
With ſhining checker'd Slough doth ſting a Child,
That for the beauty thinks it excellent.
Believe me Lords, were none more wiſe than I,
And yet herein I judge my own Wit good,
This *Gloſter* ſhould be quickly rid the World,
To rid us from the fear we have of him.
Card. That he ſhould dy, is worthy policy,
But yet we want a Colour for his death:
'Tis meet he be condemn'd by courſe of Law.
Suff. But in my mind, that were no policie:
The King will labour ſtill to ſave his Life,
The Commons haply riſe to ſave his Life;
And yet we have but trivial Argument,
More than miſtruſt, that ſhews him worthy death.
York. So that by this, you would not have him dye,
Suff. Ah *York*, no man alive, ſo fain as I.
York. 'Tis *York* that hath more reaſon for his death.
But my Lord Cardinal, and you my Lord of *Suffolk*,
Say as you think, and ſpeak it from your Souls:
Wer't not all one, an empty Eagle were ſet
To guard the Chick from a hungry Kite,
As place Duke *Humphrey* for the Kings Protector?
Queen. So the poor Chicken ſhould be ſure of death.
Suff. Madam, 'tis true, and wer't not madneſs then,
To make the Fox Surveyor of the Fold?
Who being accus'd a crafty Murtherer,
His Guilt ſhould be but idly poſted over,
Becauſe his purpoſe is not executed.

No: let him dye, in that he is a Fox,
By Nature prov'd an Enemy to the Flock,
Before his Chaps be ſtain'd with Crimſon Blood,
As *Humphrey* prov'd by Reaſons to my Liege.
And do not ſtand on Quillets how to ſlay him:
Be it by Ginns, by Snares, by Subtilty,
Sleeping, or Waking, 'tis no matter how,
So he be dead; for that is good deceit
Which mates him firſt, that firſt intends deceit.
Queen. Thrice noble *Suffolk*, 'tis reſolutely ſpoke.
Suff. Not reſolute, except ſo much were done,
For things are often ſpoke, and ſeldom meant,
But that my Heart accordeth with my Tongue,
Seeing the deed is meritorious,
And to preſerve my Soveraign from his Foe,
Say but the word, and I will be his Prieſt.
Card. But I would have him dead, my Lord of *Suffolk*,
E're you can take due Orders for a Prieſt:
Say you conſent, and cenſure well the deed,
And I'le provide his Executioner,
I tender ſo the ſafety of my Liege.
Suff. Here is my hand, the deed is worthy doing.
Queen. And ſo ſay I.
York. And I: and now we three have ſpoke it,
It skils not greatly who impugnes our doom.

Enter a Poſt.

Poſt. Great Lords, from *Ireland* am I come amain,
To ſignifie, that Rebels there are up,
And put the *Engliſhmen* unto the Sword;
Send Succours (Lords) and ſtop the Rage betime,
Before the Wound do grow incurable;
For being green, there is great hope of help.
Card. A Breach that craves a quick expedient ſtop.
What Counſel give you in this weighty Cauſe?
York. That *Somerſet* be ſent a Regent thither:
'Tis meet the lucky Ruler be imploy'd,
Witneſs the Fortune he hath had in *France.*
Som. If *York*, with all his far-fet Policy,
Had been the Regent there, inſtead of me,
He never would have ſtay'd in *France* ſo long.
York. No, not to loſe it all, as thou haſt done.
I rather would have loſt my Life betimes,
Than bring a burthen of Diſhonour home,
By ſtaying there ſo long, 'till all were loſt.
Shew me one Skar character'd on thy Skin.
Men's Fleſh preſerv'd ſo whole, do ſeldom win.
Queen. Nay then, this ſpark will prove a raging Fire,
If Wind and Fuel be brought, to feed it with:
No more, good *York*; ſweet *Somerſet* be ſtill.
Thy Fortune, *York*, hadſt thou been Regent there,
Might haply have prov'd far worſe than his.
York. What, worſe than naught? nay, then a ſhame take all.
Somer. And in the number, thee, that wiſheſt ſhame.
Card. My Lord of *York*, try what your Fortune is,
Th' uncivil Kerns of *Ireland* are in Arms,
And temper Clay with Blood of *Engliſh-men.*
To *Ireland* will you lead a Band of men,
Collected choicely, from each Country ſome,
And try your hap againſt the *Iriſh-men*?
York. I will, my Lord, ſo pleaſe his Majeſty.
Suff. Why, our Authority is his Conſent,
And what we do Eſtabliſh he Confirms;
Then, Noble *York*, take thou this task in hand.
York. I am content: Provide me Souldiers, Lords.
Whiles I take Order for mine own Affairs.
Suff. A charge, Lord *York*, that I will ſee perform'd.
But now return we to the falſe Duke *Humphrey.*
Card. No more of him: for I will deal with him,
That henceforth he ſhall trouble us no more:
And ſo break off, the day is almoſt ſpent,
Lord *Suffolk*, you and I muſt talk of that event.
York. My Lord of *Suffolk*, within fourteen days.
At *Briſtow* I expect my Souldiers,
For there I'le ſhip them all for *Ireland.*
Suff. I'le ſee it truly done, my Lord of *York.* [*Exeunt.*
[*Manet* York.
York. Now *York*, or never, ſteel thy fearful thoughts,
And change miſ-doubt to Reſolution;
Be that thou hop'ſt to be, or what thou art
Reſign to death, it is not worth th' enjoying:
Let pale-fac'd Fear keep with the mean-born man,
And find no harbour in a Royal Heart.
Faſter than Spring-time ſhowers, comes thought on thought
And not a thought, but thinks on Dignity.
My Brain, more buſie than the labouring Spider,
Weaves tedious Snares to trap mine Enemies.
Well Nobles, well: 'tis politickly done,
To ſend me packing with an Hoſt of Men:
I fear me, you but warm the ſtarved Snake,
Who cheriſh'd in your Breaſts, will ſting your Hearts,
'Twas Men I lack'd, and you will give them me;
I take it kindly: yet be well aſſur'd,
You put ſharp Weapons in a Mad-man's hands.
Whileſt I in *Ireland* nouriſh a mighty Band,
I will ſtir up in *England* ſome black Storm,
Shall blow ten thouſand Souls to Heaven or Hell:
And this fell Tempeſt ſhall not ceaſe to rage,
Until the Golden Circuit on my Head
Like to the glorious Sun's tranſparent Beams,
Do calm the Fury of this mad-bred Flaw.
And for a Miniſter of my intent,
I have ſeduc'd a head-ſtrong *Kentiſh*-man,
John Cade of *Aſhford*
To make Commotion, as full well he can,
Under the Title of *John Mortimer.*
In *Ireland* have I ſeen this ſtubborn *Cade*
Oppoſe himſelf againſt a Troop of Kerns,
And fought ſo long, till that his Thighs with Darts
Were almoſt like a ſharp-quil'd Porpentine:
And in the end being reſcued, I have ſeen
Him caper upright, like a wild Moriſco,
Shaking the bloody Darts, as he his Bells.
Full often, like a ſhag-hair'd crafty Kern,
Hath he converſed with the Enemy,
And undiſcover'd come to me again,
And give me notice of their Villanies.
This Devil here ſhall be my ſubſtitute,
For that *John Mortimer*, which is now dead,
In Face, in Gate, in Speech he doth reſemble.
By this, I ſhall perceive the Commons mind,
How they affect the Houſe and Claim of *York.*
Say he be taken, rack'd and tortured;
I know, no pain they can inflict upon him,
Will make him ſay, I mov'd him to thoſe Arms.
Say that he thrive, as 'tis great like he will,
Why then from *Ireland* come I with my ſtrength,
And reap the Harveſt which that Raſcal ſow'd,
For *Humphrey* being dead, as he ſhall be,
And *Henry* put a-part: the next for me. [*Exit.*

Enter two or three running over the Stage, from the Murther of Duke Humphrey.

1. Run to my Lord of *Suffolk*: let him know
We have diſpatch'd the Duke, as he commanded.
2. Oh, that it were to do; what have we done?
Did'ſt ever hear a Man ſo penitent? [*Enter* Suffolk.
1. Here comes my Lord.
Suff. Now, Sirs, have you diſpatcht this thing?
1. I, my good Lord, he's dead.
Suff. Why that's well ſaid. Go, get you to my Houſe,
I will reward you for this venturous deed:
The King and all the Peers are here at hand.
Have you laid fair the Bed? and are all things well,
According as I gave directions?
1. 'Tis, my good Lord.
Suff. Away, be gone. [*Exeunt.*

Enter the King, the Queen, Cardinal, Suffolk,
Somerſet *with Attendants.*

King. Go call our Uncle to our preſence ſtraight:
Say we intend to try his Grace to day,
If he be guilty, as 'tis publiſhed.
Suff. I'le call him preſently, my Noble Lord. [*Exit.*
King. Lords take your places; and I pray you all
Proceed no ſtraiter 'gainſt our Uncle *Gloſter*,
Than from true evidence of good eſteem,
He be approv'd in practice culpable.
Queen. God forbid any malice ſhould prevail,
That faultleſs may condemn a Noble man:
Pray God he may acquit him of ſuſpicion.
King. I thank thee *Nell*, theſe words content me much.

Enter Suffolk.

How now? why look'ſt thou pale? why trembleſt thou?
Where is our Uncle? what's the matter, *Suffolk?*
Suff. Dead in his bed, my Lord, *Gloſter* is dead.
Queen. Marry God forfend.
Card. Gods ſecret Judgment: I did dream to night,
The Duke was dumb, and could not ſpeake a word.

King Swoons.

Queen. How fares my Lord? Help Lords, the King is dead.
Som. Rear up his Body, wring him by the Noſe.
Queen. Run, go, help, help: Oh *Henry* ope thine Eyes.
Suff. He doth revive again, Madam be patient.
King. Oh Heavenly God!
Queen. How fares my gracious Lord?
Suff. Comfort my Soveraign,, gracious *Henry* comfort.
King. What, doth my Lord of *Suffolk* comfort me?
Came he right now to ſing a Raven's Note,
Whoſe diſmal tune bereft my Vital powers:
And thinks he, that the chirping of a Wren,
By crying Comfort from a hollow Breaſt,
Can chaſe away the firſt conceived ſound?
Hide not thy poyſon with ſuch ſugred words,
Lay not thy Hands on me: forbear I ſay,
Their touch affrights me as a Serpent's ſting.
Thou baleful Meſſenger, out of my Sight:
Upon thy Eye-balls murderous Tyranny
Sits in grim Majeſty, to fright the World.
Look not upon me, for thine Eyes are wounding;
Yet do not go away; come Baſilisk,
And kill the innocent Gazer with thy ſight:
For in the ſhade of death, I ſhall find joy;
In life, but double death, now *Gloſter*'s dead.
Queen. Why do you rate my Lord of *Suffolk* thus?
Although the Duke was Enemy to him,
Yet he moſt Chriſtian-like laments his death;
And for my ſelf, Foe as he was to me,
Might liquid Tears, or heart-offending Groans,
Or blood-conſuming Sighs recal his life;
I would be blind with weeping, ſick with Groans,
Look pale as Prim-roſe, with blood-drinking Sighs,
And all to have the Noble Duke alive.
What know I how the world may deem of me?
For it is known we were but hollow Friends:
It way be judg'd I made the Duke away,
So ſhall my name with Slander's tongue be wounded,
And Princes Courts be fill'd with reproach:
This get I by his death: Aye me unhapppy,
To be a Queen, and Crown'd with infamy.
King. Ah woe is me for *Gloſter* wretched man.
Queen. Be woe for me, more wretched than he is.
What, Do'ſt thou turn away and hide thy face?
I am no loathſome Leper, look on me.
What? art thou like the Adder waxen deaf?
Be poyſonous too, and kill thy forlorn Queen.
Is all thy comfort ſhut in *Gloſter*'s Tombe?
Why then Dame *Elianor* was ne're thy joy.
Erect his Statue, and worſhip it,
And make my image but an Ale-houſe ſign.
Was I for this nigh wrackt upon the Sea,
And twice by aukward wind from *England*'s bank
Drove back again unto my Native Clime.
What boaded this? but well fore-warning wind
Did ſeem to ſay, ſeek not a Scorpion's Neſt,
Nor ſet no footing on this unkind ſhoar,
What did I then? but curſt the gentle guſts,
And he that loos'd them from their Brazen Caves,
And bid them blow towards *England*'s bleſſed ſhoar,
Or turn our Stern upon a dreadful Rock:
Yet *Æolus* would not be a Murtherer,
But left that hateful Office unto thee.
The pretty vaulting Sea refus'd to drown me,
Knowing that thou would'ſt have me drown'd on ſhoar
With tears as ſalt as ſea, through thy unkindneſs.
The ſplitting Rocks cowr'd in the ſinking ſands,
And would not daſh me with their ragged ſides,
Becauſe thy flinty heart more hard than they,
Might in thy Palace periſh *Elianor*:
As far as I could ken thy Chalky Cliffs,
When from thy ſhoar, the Tempeſt beat us back,
I ſtood upon the Hatches in the ſtorm,
And when the dusky sky began to rob
My earneſt-gaping-ſight of the Land's view,
I took a coſtly Jewel from my neck,
A Heart it was bound in with Diamonds,
And threw it towards thy Land: the Sea receiv'd it,
And ſo I wiſh'd thy body might my Heart:
And even with this I loſt fair *England*'s view,
And bid mine eyes be packing with my heart,
And call'd them blind and dusky Spectacles,
For loſing ken of *Albion*'s wiſhed Coaſt.
How often have I tempted Suffolk's tongue
(The agent of thy foul inconſtancy)
To ſit and watch me, as *Aſcanius* did,
When he to madding *Dido* wonld unfold
His Father's Acts, commenc'd in burning Troy,
Am I not witcht like her? or thou not falſe like him?
Aye me, I can no more: Dye *Elianor*,
For *Henry* weeps, that thou doſt live ſo long,

Noiſe within. Enter Warwick, *and many Commons.*

Warw. It is reported, mighty Soveraign,
That good Duke *Humphrey* Traiterouſly is murthered
By *Suffolk*, and the Cardinal *Beauford's* means:
The Commons like an angry hive of Bees
That want their Leader, ſcatter up and down,
And care not who they ſting in his revenge.
My ſelf have calm'd their ſpleenful mutiny,
Untill they hear the order of his death.
King. That he is dead, good *Warwick*, 'tis too true,
Bnt how he dyed, God knows, not *Henry*:
Enter his Chamber, view his breathleſs Corps,
And comment then upon his ſudden death.
Warw. That ſhall I do, my Liege: Stay *Salisbury*
With the rude multitude, till I return.
King. O thou that judgeſt all things, ſtay my thoughts:
My thoughts, that labour to perſuade my ſoul,
Some violent hands were laid on *Humphrey*'s life:
If my ſuſpect be falſe, forgive me God,
For judgment only doth belong to thee:
Fain would I goe to chafe his paly lips:
With twenty thouſand kiſſes, and to drain
Upon his face an Ocean of ſalt Tears,
To tell my love unto his dumb deaf trunk,
And with my fingers feel his hand unfeeling:
But all in vain are theſe mean Obſequies.

Bed put forth.

And to ſurvey his dead and earthly Image:
What were it but to make my ſorrow greater?
Warw. Come hither gracious Soveraign, view this body.
King. That is to ſee how deep my grave is made,
For with his ſoul fled all my wordly ſolace;

For ſeeing him, I ſee my Life is Death.
War. As ſurely as my Soul intends to live
With that dread King that took our ſtate upon him,
To free us from his Fathers wrathful curſe,
I do believe that violent Hands were laid
Upon the life of this thrice-famed Dnke.
Suff. A dreadful Oath, ſworn with a ſolemn Tongue:
What inſtance gives Lord *Warwick* for his Vow?
War. See how the Blood is ſettled in his Face.
Oft have I ſeen a timely-parted Ghoſt,
Of aſhy ſemblance, meager, pale, and bloodleſs,
Being all deſcended to the labouring Heart,
Who in the Conflict that it holds with death,
Attracts the ſame for aidance 'gainſt the Enemy,
Which with the Heart there cools, and ne're returneth
To bluſh and beautify the Cheek again.
But ſee, his Face is black, and full of Blood:
His Eye-balls further out, than when he lived,
Staring full gaſtly, like a ſtrangled Man:
His Hair up rear'd, his Noſtrils ſtretcht with ſtrugling:
His Hands abroad diſplay'd, as one that graſpt
And tugg'd for Life, and was by ſtrength ſubdued.
Look on the Sheets, his Hair (you ſee) is ſticking,
His well-proportion'd Beard, made ruff and rugg'd,
Like to the Summer's Corn by Tempeſt lodged:
It cannot be but he was murdered here,
The leaſt of all theſe ſigns were probable.
Suff. Why *Warwick*, who ſhould do the Duke to death?
My ſelf and *Beauford* had him in protection,
And we, I hope, Sir, are no Murtherers.
War. But both of you have vow'd Duke *Humphrey*'s death.
And you (forſooth) had the good Duke to keep:
'Tis like you would not feaſt him like a Friend,
And 'tis well ſeen, he found an Enemy.
Queen. Then you belike ſuſpect theſe Noble-men,
As guilty of Duke *Humphrey*'s timeleſs death.
War. Who finds the Heifer dead, and bleeding freſh,
And ſees faſt-by, a Butcher with an Ax,
But will ſuſpect, 'twas he that made the ſlaughter?
Who finds the Partridge in the Puttocks Neſt,
But may imagine, how the Bird was dead,
Although the Kite ſoar with unbloodied Beak?
Even ſo ſuſpitious is this Tragedy.
Qu. Are you the Butcher, *Suffolk*? where's your Knife?
Is *Beauford* term'd a Kite? where are his Tallons?
Suff. I wear no Knife, to ſlaughter ſleeping men,
But here's a 'vengful Sword, ruſted with eaſe,
That ſhall be ſcoured in his rancorous Heart,
That ſlanders me with Murther's Crimſon Badge.
Say, if thou dar'ſt, proud Lord of *Warwickſhire*,
That I am faulty in Duke *Humphrey*'s death.
War. What dares not *Warwick*, if falſe *Suffolk* dare him?
Queen. He dare not calm his contumelious Spirit,
Nor ceaſe to be an arrogant Controller,
Tho *Suffolk* dare him twenty thouſand times.
War. Madam be ſtill: with reverence may I ſay,
For every word you ſpeak in his behalf,
Is ſlaunder to your Royal Dignity.
Suff. Blunt-witted Lord, ignoble in demeanor,
If ever Lady wrong'd her Lord ſo much,
Thy Mother took into her blameful Bed,
Some ſtern untutor'd Churl; and Noble Stock
Was graft with Crab-tree ſlip, whoſe Fruit thou art,
And never of the *Nevils* Noble Race.
War. But that the guilt of Murther bucklers thee,
And I ſhould rob the Deaths-man of his Fee,
Quitting thee thereby of ten thouſand ſhames,
And that my Soveraigns preſence makes me mild,
I would, falſe murd'rous Coward, on thy Knee
Make thee beg pardon for thy paſſed ſpeech,
And ſay, it was thy Mother that thou meant'ſt.
That thou thy ſelf waſt born in Baſtardy;
And after all this fearful Homage done,
Give thee thy hire, and ſend thy Soul to Hell,
Pernicious Blood-ſucker of ſleeping Men.
Suff. Thou ſhalt be waking, while I ſhed thy Blood.
If from this preſence thou dar'ſt go with me.
War. Away even now, or I will drag thee hence,
Unworthy though thou art, I'le cope with thee,
And do ſome ſervice to Duke *Humphrey*'s Ghoſt. [*Exeunt.*
King. What ſtronger Breaſt-plate than a Heart untainted?
Thrice is he arm'd, that hath his Quarrel juſt;
And he but naked, though lockt up in Steel,
Whoſe Conſcience with injuſtice is corrupted.
A noiſe within.
Queen. What noiſe is this?

Enter Suffolk *and* Warwick, *with their weapons drawn.*

King. Why how now Lords?
Your wrathful Weapons drawn,
Here in our preſence? Dare you be ſo bold?
Why, what tumultuous clamor have we here?
Suff. The trayt'rous *Warwick* with the Men of *Bury*,
Set all upon me, mighty Soveraign.
Enter Salisbury.
Salis. Sirs, ſtand apart, the King ſhall know your mind.
Dread Lord, the Commons ſend you word by me,
Unleſs Lord *Suffolk* ſtraight be done to death,
Or baniſhed fair *England*'s Territories,
They will by violence tear him from your Palace,
And torture him with grievous lingring death.
They ſay, by him the good Duke *Humphrey* dy'd:
They ſay, in him they fear your Highneſs death;
And mere inſtinct of Love and Loyalty,
Free from a ſtubborn oppoſite intent,
As being thought to contradict your liking,
Makes them thus forward in his Baniſhment.
They ſay, in care of your moſt Royal Perſon,
That if your Highneſs ſhould intend to ſleep,
And charge that no Man ſhould diſturb your reſt,
In pain of your diſlike, or pain of death;
Yet notwithſtanding ſuch a ſtrange Edict,
Where there is a Serpent ſeen with forked Tongue,
That ſlyly glided towards your Majeſty,
It were but neceſſary you were wak't:
Leſt being ſuffer'd in that harmleſs ſlumber,
The mortal Worm might make the ſleep Eternal,
And therefore do they cry, though you forbid,
That they will guard you whe're you will, or no,
From ſuch fell Serpents as falſe *Suffolk* is;
With whoſe invenomed and fatal ſting,
Your loving Uncle, twenty times his worth,
They ſay is ſhamefully bereft of life.
Commons within. An Anſwer from the King, my Lord of *Salisbury*.
Suff. 'Tis like the Commons, rude unpoliſht hinds,
Could ſend ſuch Meſſage to their Soveraign:
But you, my Lord, were glad to be employ'd,
To ſhew how queint an Orator you are.
But all the honour *Salisbury* hath won,
Is, that he was the Lord Embaſſador
Sent from a ſort of Tinkers to the King.
Within. An Anſwer from the King, or we will all break in.
King. Go *Salisbury*, and tell them all from me,
I thank them for their tender loving care;
And had I not been cited ſo by them,
Yet did I purpoſe as they do intreat:
For ſure my thoughts do hourly propheſie
Miſchance unto my State by *Suffolk*'s means.
And therefore by his Majeſty I ſwear,
Whoſe far-unworthy Deputy I am,
He ſhall not breed infection in this Air,
But three days longer, on the pain of death.
Queen. Oh *Henry*, let me plead for gentle *Suffolk*.
King. Ungentle Queen, to call him gentle *Suffolk*.
No more, I ſay: if thou do'ſt plead for him,

Thou wilt but add increaſe unto my Wrath.
Had I but ſaid, I would have kept my word;
But when I ſwear it is irrevocable:
If after three days ſpace thou here be'ſt found,
On any ground that I am Ruler of,
The World ſhall not be Ranſome for thy Life.
Come *Warwick*, come good *Warwick*, go with me,
I have great matters to impart to thee. [*Exit.*
Queen. Miſchance and Sorrow go along with you,
Hearts Diſcontent, and ſower Affliction,
Be Play-fellows to keep you company:
There's two of you, the Devil made a third,
And three-fold Vengeance tend upon your ſteps.
Suff. Ceaſe, gentle Queen, theſe Execrations,
And let thy *Suffolk* take his heavy leave.
Queen. Fie Coward woman, and ſoft-hearted wretch,
Haſt thou not Spirit to Curſe thine Enemy?
Suff. A Plague upon them: wherefore ſhould I Curſe them?
Would Curſes kill, as doth the Mandrakes groan,
I would invent as bitter ſearching terms,
As curſt, as harſh, and horrible to hear,
Deliver'd ſtrongly through my fixed Teeth,
With full as many ſignes of deadly Hate,
As lean-fac'd Envy in her loathſome Cave.
My Tongue ſhould ſtumble in mine earneſt words,
Mine Eyes ſhould ſparkle like the beaten Flint,
Mine Hair be fixt an end, as one diſtract:
I, every Joynt ſhould ſeem to Curſe and Ban,
And even now my burthen'd heart would break,
Should I not Curſe them. Poiſon be their Drink,
Gall, worſe than Gall, the daintieſt that they taſte:
Their ſweeteſt ſhade, a Grove of Cypreſs Trees:
Their chiefeſt Proſpect, murd'ring Baſilisks:
Their ſofteſt Touch, as ſmart as Lizards ſtings:
Their Muſick, frightful as the Serpents hiſs,
And boading Screech-Owls, make the Conſort full.
All the foul Terrors in dark-ſeated Hell———
Queen. Enough ſweet *Suffolk*, thou torment'ſt thy ſelf,
And theſe dread Curſes like the Sun 'gainſt Glaſs,
Or like an overcharg'd Gun, recoil,
And turns the force of them upon thy ſelf.
Suff. You bade me ban, and will you bid me leave?
Now by the ground that I am baniſh'd from,
Well could I Curſe away a Winters Night,
Though ſtanding naked on a Mountain top,
Where biting Cold would never let Graſs grow,
And think it but a minute ſpent in ſport.
Queen. Oh, let me intreat thee ceaſe, give me thy hand,
That I may dew it with my mournful Tears;
Nor let the Rain of Heaven wet this pace,
To waſh away my woful Monuments.
Oh, could this kiſs be printed in thy Hand,
That thou might'ſt think upon theſe by the Seal,
Through whom a thouſand ſighs are breath'd for thee.
So get thee gone, that I may know my grief,
'Tis but ſurmiz'd whil'ſt thou art ſtanding by,
As one that Surfeits, thinking on a want:
I will repeal thee, or be well aſſur'd,
Adventure to be baniſhed my ſelf:
And baniſhed I am, if but from thee.
Go, ſpeak not to me; even now be gone,
Oh go not yet. Even thus, two Friends Condemn'd
Embrace, and kiſs, and take ten thouſand leaves,
Loather a hundred times to part than dye;
Yet now farewel, and farewel Life with thee.
Suff. Thus is poor *Suffolk* ten times baniſhed,
Once by the King, and three times thrice by thee.
'Tis not the Land I care for, wer't thou hence,
A Wilderneſs is populous enough,
So *Suffolk* had thy heavenly Company,
For where thou art, there is the World it ſelf,
With every ſeveral Pleaſure in the World:
And where thou art not, Deſolation.
I can no more: Live thou to joy thy Life;
My ſelf no Joy in ought, but that thou liv'ſt.
Enter Vaux.
Queen. Whither goes *Vaux* ſo faſt? what News, I prithee?
Vaux. To ſignifie unto his Majeſty,
That Cardinal *Beauford* is at the point of death:
For ſuddenly a grievous ſickneſs took him,
That makes him gaſp, and ſtare, and catch the Air,
Blaſpheming God, and Curſing Men on Earth.
Sometimes he talks, as if Duke *Humphrey*'s Ghoſt
Were by his ſide: ſometimes he calls the King,
And whiſpers to his Pillow, as to him,
The ſecrets of his over-charged Soul,
And I am ſent to tell his Majeſty,
That even now he cries aloud for him.
Queen. Go tell this heavy Meſſage to the King. [*Exit.*
Ay me! What is this World? What news are theſe?
But wherefore grieve I at an hours poor loſs,
Omitting *Suffolk*'s Exile, my Soul's Treaſure?
Why only *Suffolk* mourn I not for thee?
And with the Southern clouds, contend in tears?
Theirs for the Earths increaſe; mine for my Sorrows.
Now get thee hence, the King thou know'ſt is coming,
If thou be found by me, thou art but dead.
Suff. If I depart from thee, I cannot live,
And in thy ſight to dye, what were it elſe,
But like a pleaſant ſlumber in thy lap?
Here could I breathe my ſoul into the Air,
As mild and gentle, as the Cradle-babe,
Dying with Mother's Dug between its lips.
Where from thy ſight, I ſhould be raging mad:
And cry ont for thee to cloſe up mine Eyes:
To have thee with thy Lips to ſtop my Mouth:
So ſhould'ſt either turn my flying Soul,
Or I ſhould breathe it ſo into thy Body,
And then it lives in ſweet *Elyſium*.
To dye by thee, were but to dye in jeſt,
From thee to dye, were torture more than death;
Oh let me ſtay, befal what may befal.
Queen. Away: though parting be a fretful Corroſive,
It is applyed to a deathful wound.
To *France* ſweet *Suffolk*: Let me hear from thee:
For whereſoever thou art in this VVorld's Globe,
I'le have an *Iris* that ſhall find thee out.
Suff. I go.
Queen. And take my heart with thee.
Suff. A Jewel lock'd into the woful'ſt Caſk,
That ever did contain a thing of worth,
Even as a ſplitted Bark, ſo ſunder we:
This way fall I to death.
Queen. This way for me. [*Exeunt.*

Enter the King, Salisbury, *and* VVarwick, *to the Cardinal in Bed.*

King. How fares my Lord? Speak *Beauford* to thy Soveraign.
Car. If thou beeſt Death, I'le give thee *Englands* Treaſure,
Enough to purchaſe ſuch another Iſland,
So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain.
King. Ah, what a ſign it is of Evil Life,
VVhere Death's approach is ſeen ſo terrible.
War. Beauford, it is thy Soveraign ſpeaks to thee.
Beau. Bring me unto my Tryal when you will.
Dy'd he not in his Bed? Where ſhould he dye?
Can I make Men live where they will no?
Oh torture me no more, I will confeſs.
Alive again? Then ſhew me where he is:
I'le give a thouſand pound to look upon him,
He hath no Eyes, the Duſt hath blinded them:
Combe down his hair; look, look, it ſtands upright,
Like Lime-twigs ſet to catch my winged Soul:
Give me ſome drink, and bid the Apothecary

Bring the ſtrong poyſon that I bought of him.
King. O thou eternal Mover of the Heavens,
Look with a gentle Eye upon this Wretch,
Oh beat away the buſie medling Fiend,
That lays ſtrong Siege unto this Wretch's Soul,
And from his Boſom purge this black deſpair.
War. See how the pangs of death do make him grin.
Sal. Diſturb him not, let him paſs peaceably.
King. Peace to his Soul, if Gods good pleaſure be.
Lord Card'nal, if thou think'ſt on Heavens bliſs,
Hold up thy Hand, make ſignal of thy hope.
He dies, and makes no Sign: Oh God forgive him.
War. So bad a Death argues a monſtrous Life.
King. Forbear to judge, for we are ſinners all.
Cloſe up his Eyes, and draw the Curtain cloſe,
And let us all to Meditation. [*Exeunt.*

Alarum. Fight at Sea. Ordnance goes off.

Enter Lieutenant, Suffolk, *and others.*

Lieu. The gaudy blabbing and remorſeful day,
Is crept into the boſom of the Sea:
And now loud howling Wolves arouſe the Jades
That drag the Tragick melancholy night:
Who with their drowſie, ſlow, and flagging wings
Cleap dead mens Graves; and from their miſty Jaws,
Breath foul contagious darkneſs in the Air:
Therefore bring forth Souldiers of our prize,
For whil'ſt our Pinnace Anchors in the Downs,
Here ſhall they make their Ranſom on the Sand,
Or with their Blood ſtain this diſcoloured ſhore.
Maſter, this Priſoner freely give I thee.
And thou that art his Mate, make Boot of this:
The other *Walter Whitmore* is thy ſhare.
1. *Gent.* What is my Ranſom, Maſter, let me know.
Ma. A thouſand Crowns, or elſe lay down your Head.
Mate. And ſo much ſhall you give, or off goes yours.
Lieu. What think you much to pay 2000 Crowns,
And bear the name and port of Gentlemen?
Cut both the Villains Throats, for dye you ſhall:
The lives of thoſe which we have loſt in fight,
Be counter-pois'd with ſuch a petty Sum.
1. *Gent.* I'le give it, Sir, and therefore ſpare my life.
2. *Gent.* And ſo will I, and write home for it ſtraight.
Whitm. I loſt mine Eye in laying the prize aboard,
And therefore to revenge it, ſhalt thou die,
And ſo ſhould theſe, if I might have my Will.
Lieu. Be not ſo raſh, take Ranſom, let him live.
Suff. Look on my *George*, I am a Gentleman,
Rate me at what thou wilt, thou ſhalt be paid.
Whit. And ſo am I: my name is *Walter Whitmore*,
How now? why ſtart'ſt thou? what doth death affright?
Suff. Thy name affrights me, in whoſe ſound is Death:
A Cunning-man did calculate my Birth,
And told me, that by *Water* I ſhould die:
Yet let not this make thee be Bloody-minded,
Thy name is *Gualtier*, being rightly ſounded.
Whit. Gualtier or *Walter*, which it is I care not,
Never yet did baſe diſhonour blur our name,
But with our Sword we wip'd away the blot.
Therefore, when Merchant-like I ſell revenge,
Broke be my Sword, my Arms torn and defac'd,
And I proclaim'd a Coward through the World.
Suff. Stay *Whitmore*, for thy Priſoner is a Prince,
The Duke of *Suffolk*, *William de la Pole.*
Whit. The Duke of *Suffolk*, muffled up in Rags?
Suff. I, but theſe rags are no part of the Duke.
Lieu. But *Jove* was never ſlain as thou ſhalt be,
Obſcure and lowſie Swain, King *Henry*'s Blood.
Suff. The Honourable Blood of L*ancaſter*
Muſt not be ſhed by ſuch a jaded Groom:
Haſt thou not kiſt thy Hand, and held my Stirrop?
Bare-headed plodded by my Foot-cloth Mule,
And thought thee happy when I ſhook my Head.
How often haſt thou waited at my Cup,
Fed from my Trencher, kneel'd down at the Board,
When I have feaſted with Queen *Margaret*?
Remember it, and let it make thee Creſt-faln,
I, and allay this thy abortive Pride:
How in our voiding Lobby haſt thou ſtood,
And duly waited for my coming forth?
This Hand of thine hath writ in thy behalf,
And therefore ſhall it charm thy riotous Tongue.
Whit. Speak Captain, ſhall I ſtab the forlorn Swain?
Lieu. Firſt let my words ſtab him, as he hath me.
Suff. Baſe Slave, thy words are blunt, and ſo art thou.
Lieu. Convey him hence, and on our Long-boats ſide,
Strike off his Head. *Suff.* Thou dar'ſt not for thy own.
Lieu. Poole, Sir *Poole*? Lord?
I kennel, puddle, ſink, whoſe filth and dirt
Troubles the Silver Spring, where *England* drinks:
Now will I dam up this thy yawning Mouth,
For ſwallowing up the Treaſure of the Realm.
Thy Lips that kiſt the Queen, ſhall ſweep the Ground:
And thou that ſmild'ſt at good *Humphrey*'s Death,
Againſt the ſenſeleſs Winds ſhalt grin in vain,
Who in contempt ſhall hiſs at thee again.
And wedded be thou to the Hags of Hell,
For daring to affye a mighty Lord
Unto the Daughter of a worthleſs King,
Having neither Subject, Wealth, nor Diadem:
By deviliſh policy art thou grown great,
And like ambitious *Sylla* over-gor'd,
With gobbets of thy Mother-bleeding Heart.
By thee *Anjou* and *Main* were ſold to *France.*
The falſe revolting *Normans* through thee,
Diſdain to call us Lord, and *Picardie*
Hath ſlain their Governors, ſurpriz'd our Forts,
And ſent the ragged Souldiers wounded home:
The Princely *Warwick*, and the *Nevils* all,
Whoſe dreadful Swords were never drawn in vain,
As hating thee, and riſing up in Arms.
And now the Houſe of *York* thruſt from the Crown,
By ſhameful murther of a guiltleſs King,
And lofty proud incroaching tyranny,
Burns with revenging Fire, whoſe hopeful colours
Advance our half-fac'd Sun, ſtriving to ſhine;
Under the which is writ, *Invitis nubibus.*
The Commons here in *Kent* are up in Arms,
And to conclude, Reproach and Beggery,
Is crept into the Palace of our King,
And all by thee: away, convey him hence.
Suff. O that I were a God, to ſhoot forth Thunder
Upon theſe paltry, ſervile, abject drudges:
Small things make baſe Men proud. This Villain here,
Being Captain of a Pinnace, threatens more
Than *Bargullus* the ſtrong *Illyrian Pirate.*
Drones ſuck not Eagles Blood, but rob Bee-hives.
It is impoſſible that I ſhould die
By ſuch a lowly Vaſſal as thy ſelf.
Thy words move Rage, and not Remorſe in me:
I go of Meſſage from the Queen to *France*:
I charge thee waft me ſafely croſs the Channel.
Lieu. Water: *W.* Come *Suffolk*, I muſt waft thee to thy death.
Suff. Gelidus timor occupat artus, it is thee I fear.
Wal Thou ſhalt have cauſe to fear before I leave thee.
What, are ye daunted now? will you ſtoop?
1. *Gent.* My gracious Lord intreat him; ſpeak him fair.
Suff. Suffolks Imperial Tongue is ſtern and rough:
Us'd to command, untaught to plead for favour.
Far be it, we ſhould honour ſuch as theſe
With humble ſuit: no, rather let my Head
Stoop to the Block, than theſe Knees Bow to any,
Save to the God of Heaven, and to my King:
And ſooner dance upon a bloody pole,
Than ſtand uncover'd to the Vulgar Groom.

True Nobility is exempt from fear:
More can I bear, than you dare execute.

Lieu. Hale him away, and let him talk no more:
Come Souldiers, ſhew what Cruelty ye can.

Suff. That this my Death may never be forgot.
Great Men oft dye by vile *Bezonians.*
A *Roman* Sworder, and *Bandetto* Slave
Murder'd ſweet *Tully.* *Brutus* Baſtard hand
Stab'd *Julius Cæſar.* Savage Iſlanders
Pompey the Great; and *Suffolk* dies by Pyrats.
[*Exit* Walter *with* Suffolk.

Lieu. And as for theſe whoſe ranſome we have ſet,
It is our pleaſure one of them depart:
Therefore come you with us, and let him go.
[*Exit Lieutenant and the reſt.*

Manet the firſt Gent. *Enter* Walter *with the Body.*

Wal. There let his Head, and liveleſs Body lie.
Until the Queen his Miſtreſs bury it. [*Exit* Walter.

1 *Gent.* O barbarous and bloody ſpectacle!
His Body will I bear unto the King:
If he revenge it not, yet will his Friends,
So will the Queen, that living held him dear. [*Exit.*

Enter Bevis, *and* John Holland.

Bevis. Come and get thee a Sword, though made of a Lath, they have been up theſe two days.

Holl. They have the more need to ſleep now then.

Bevis. I tell thee, *Jack Cade* the Clothier means to dreſs the Common-wealth, and turn it, and ſet a new Nap upon it.

Holl. So he had need, 'tis thred-bare. Well, I ſay, it was it never a merry World in *England*, ſince Gentlemen came up.

Bevis. O miſerable Age: Vertue is not regarded in Handy-crafts men.

Holl. The Nobility think ſcorn to go in Leather Aprons.

Bevis. Nay more, the Kings Council are no good Workmen.

Holl. True: and yet it is ſaid, Labour in thy Vocatiou: which is as much as to ſay, let the Magiſtrates be labouring men, and therefore ſhould we be Magiſtrates.

Bevis. Thou haſt hit it: for there's no better ſign of a brave Mind, than a hard Hand.

Holl. I ſee them, I ſee them: There's *Beſt*'s Son, the Tanner of *Wingham.*

Bevis. He ſhall have the Skins of our Enemies, to make Dogs Leather of.

Holl. And *Dick* the Butcher.

Bevis. Then is Sin ſtruck down like an Ox, and Iniquities Throat cut like a Calf.

Holl. And *Smith* the Weaver.

Bevis. Argo, their thred of Life is ſpun.

Holl. Come, come, lets fall in with them.

Drum. Enter Cade, Dick *Butcher*, Smith *the Weaver, and a Sawyer, with infinite numbers.*

Cade. We *John Cade*, ſo term'd of our ſuppoſed Father.

But. Or rather of ſtealing a Cade of Herrings.

Cade. For our Enemies ſhall fall before us, inſpired with the Spirit of putting down Kings and Princes. Command Silence.

But. Silence.

Cade. My Father was a *Mortimer.*

But. He was an honeſt Man, and a good Bricklayer.

Cade. My Mother a *Plantagenet.*

But. I knew her well, ſhe was a Midwife.

Cade. My Wife deſcended of the *Lacies.*

But. She was indeed a Pedlers Daughter, and ſold many Laces.

Weaver. But now of late, not able to travel with her furr'd Pack; ſhe waſhes Bucks here at home.

Cade. Therefore am I of an Honourable houſe.

But. I by my Faith the Field is Honourable, and there was he born, under a Hedg: for his Father had never a Houſe but a Cage.

Cade. Valiant I am.

Weaver. A muſt needs, for Beggery is valiant.

Cade. I am able to endure much.

But. No queſtion of that: for I have ſeen him whipt three Market days together.

Cade. I fear neither Sword nor Fire.

Weav. He need not fear the Sword, for his Coat is of proof.

But. But methinks he ſhould ſtand in fear of Fire, being burnt i'th the hand for ſtealing of Sheep.

Cade. Be brave then, for your Captain is brave, and vows Reformation. There ſhall be in *England* ſeven half penny Loaves ſold for a penny: the three hoop'd pot ſhall have ten hoops, and will make it Felony to drink ſmall Beer. All the Realm ſhall be in Common, and in Cheap-ſide ſhall my Palfrey go to Graſs: and when I am King, as King I will be

All. God ſave your Majeſty.

Cade. I thank you good People. There ſhall be no Money, all ſhall eat and drink upon my Score, and I will apparel them all in one Livery, that they may agree like Brothers, and worſhip me their Lord.

But. The firſt thing we do, lets kill all the Lawyers.

Cade. Nay, that I mean to do. Is not this a lamentable thing, that the Skin of an innocent Lamb ſhould be made Parchment; that Parchment being ſcribled o're, ſhould undo a Man. Some ſay the *Bee ſtings*, but I ſay, 'tis *Bees wax*: for I did but Seal once to a thing, and I was never my own man ſince. How now? Who's there?

Enter a Clerk.

Weav. The Clerk of *Chattam*; he can Write and Read, and caſt Accompt.

Cade. O monſtrous!

Weav. We took him ſetting Boys Copies.

Cade. Here's a Villain.

Weav. Ha's a Book in his Pocket with red Letters in't.

Cade. Nay then he is a Conjurer.

But. Nay, he can make Obligations, and write Court-hand.

Cade. I am ſorry for't: The Man is a proper Man of mine Honour: unleſs I find him Guilty, he ſhall not die. Come hither, Sirrah, I muſt examine thee: What is thy Name?

Clerk. Emanuel.

But. They uſe to write it on the top of Letters: 'Twill go hard with you.

Cade. Let me alone: Do'ſt thou uſe to write thy Name? Or haſt thou a mark to thy ſelf, like an honeſt plain dealing man?

Clerk. Sir, I thank God, I have been ſo well brought up, that I can write my Name.

All. He hath confeſt, away with him: he is a Villain and a Traytor.

Cade. Away with him, I ſay: Hang him with his Pen and Ink-horn about his Neck.
[*Exit one with the Clerk.*

Enter Michael.

Mich. Where is our General?

Cade. Here I am, thou particular Fellow.

Mich. Fly, fly, fly, Sir *Humphrey Stafford* and his Brother are hard by, with the Kings Forces.

Cade. Stand Villain, ſtand or I'le fell thee down: he ſhall be encountred with a Man as good as himſelf. He is but a *Knight*, is a?

Mich. No.

Cade. To equal him I will make my ſelf a Knight preſently; Riſe up, Sir *John Mortimer.* Now have at him.

Enter Sir Humphrey Stafford *and his Brother, with Drum and Souldiers.*

Staf. Rebellous Hinds, the filth and ſcum of *Kent*,
Mark'd for the Gallows; lay your Weapons down,
Home to your Cottages: forſake this Groom.
The King is merciful if you revolt.
Bro. But angry, wrathful, and inclin'd to Blood,
If you go forward; therefore yield or die.
Cade. As for theſe Silken-coated Slaves I paſs not,
It is to you good People, that I ſpeak,
Over whom (in time to come) I hope to reign:
For I am rightful Heir unto the Crown.
Staf. Villain, thy Father was a *Plaiſterer*,
And thou thy ſelf a *Shearman*, art thou not?
Cade. And *Adam* was a *Gardiner*.
Bro. And what of that?
Cade. Marry, this *Edmond Mortimer* Earl of *March*, married the Duke of *Clarence*'s Daughter, did he not?
Stafford. I Sir.
Cade. By her he had two Children at one birth,
Bro. That's falſe.
Cade. I, there's the Queſtion; but I ſay, 'tis true:
The elder of them being put to Nurſe,
Was by a Beggar-woman ſtoln away,
And ignorant of his Birth and Parentage,
Became a *Bricklayer*, when he came to age.
His Son am I, deny it if you can.
But. Nay, 'tis too true, therefore he ſhall be King.
Weav. Sir, he made a Chimny in my Fathers Houſe, and the Bricks are alive at this day to teſtify it: therefore deny it not.
Staf. And will you credit this baſe Drudges words, that ſpeaks he knows not what?
All. I marry will we, therefore get you gone.
Bro. *Jack Cade*, the D. of *York* hath taught you this.
Cade. He lies, for I invented it my ſelf. Go too, Sirrah, tell the King from me: That for his Fathers ſake *Henry* the Fifth, (in whoſe time Boys went to Span-counter for French Crowns) I am content he ſhall Reign, but I'le be Protector over him.
But. And further more we'll have the Lord *Says* Head, for ſelling the *Dukedom* of *Main*.
Cade. And good reaſon: for thereby is *England* maim'd, and fain to go with a Staff, but that my puiſſance holds it up; Fellow-Kings, I tell you, that Lord *Say* hath gelded the Commonwealth, and made it an Eunuch: and more than that, he can ſpeak French, and therefore he is a Traitor.
Staff. O groſs and miſerable ignorance.
Cade. Nay, anſwer if you can: the Frenchmen are our Enemies: go too then: I ask but this, Can he that ſpeaks with the Tongue of an Enemy, be a good Councellor, or no?
All. No, no, and therefore we'll have his Head.
Bro. Well, ſeeing gentle words will not prevail,
Aſſayl them with the Army of the King.
Staf. Herauld away, and throughout every Town,
Proclaim them Traitors that are up with *Cade*,
That thoſe which flye before the Battel ends,
May even in their Wives and Childrens ſight,
Be hang'd up for Example at their Doors:
And you that be the Kings Friends follow me. [*Exit.*
Cade. And you that love the Commons follow me:
Now ſhew your ſelves Men, 'tis for Liberty.
We'll not leave one Lord, one Gentleman:
Spare none, but ſuch as go in clouted Shoons
For they are thrifty honeſt Men, and ſuch
As would (but that they dare not) take our parts.
But. They are all in order, and march towards us.
Cade. But then are we in order, when we are moſt out of order. Come march forward.

Alarum to the fight, wherein both the Staffords *are ſlain. Enter* Cade *and the reſt.*

Cade. Where's *Dick*, the Butcher of *Aſhford*?
But. Here Sir.
Cade. They fell before thee like Sheep and Oxen, and thou behaved'ſt thy ſelf, as if thou hadſt been in thine own Slaughter-houſe: Therefore thus I will reward thee, the Lent ſhall be as long again as it is, and thou ſhalt have a Licenſe to kill for a hundred lacking one.
But. I deſire no more.
Cade. And to ſpeak truth, thou deſerv'ſt no leſs. This Monument of the Victory will I bear, and the Bodies ſhall be drag'd at my Horſes heels, till I do come to *London*, where we will have the Mayor's Sword born before us.
But. If we mean to thrive, and do good, break open the Goals, and let out the Priſoners.
Cade. Fear not that, I warrant thee. Come lets march towards *London*. [*Exeunt.*

Enter the King with a Supplication, and the Queen with Suffolks Head, the Duke of Buckingham, and the Lord Say.

Queen. Oft have I heard that Grief ſoftens the Mind,
And makes it fearful and degenerate,
Think therefore on revenge, and ceaſe to weep.
But who can ceaſe to weep, and look on this,
Here may his Head lye throbbing on my Breſt:
But where's the Body that I ſhould imbrace?
Buck. What anſwer makes your Grace to the Rebels Supplication?
King. I'le ſend ſome Holy Biſhop to intreat:
For God forbid, ſo many ſimple Souls
Should periſh by the Sword. And I my ſelf,
Rather than bloody War ſhall cut them ſhort,
Will parly with *Jack Cade* their General.
But ſtay, I'le read it over once again.
Queen. Ah barbarous Villains: Hath this lovely Face,
Rul'd like a wandring Planet over me,
And could it not inforce them to relent,
That were unworthy to behold the ſame?
King. Lord *Say*, *Jack Cade* hath ſworn to have thy Head.
Say. I, but I hope your Highneſs ſhall have his.
King. How now Madam?
Still lamenting and mourning for *Suffolk*'s death?
I fear me (Love) if that I had been dead,
Thou would'ſt not half have mourn'd ſo much for me.
Qu. No, my Love, I ſhould not mourn, but dye for thee.

Enter a Meſſenger.

King. How now? What news? Why com'ſt thou in ſuch haſt?
Meſ. The Rebels are in *Southwark*: Flie my Lord:
Jack Cade proclaims himſelf Lord *Mortimer*,
Deſcended from the Duke of *Clarence*'s Houſe,
And calls your Grace Uſurper openly,
And vows to Crown himſelf in *Weſtminſter*.
His Army is a ragged multitude
Of Hinds and Peaſants, rude and mercileſs:
Sir *Humphrey Stafford*, and his Brothers death,
Hath given them heart and courage to proceed:
All *Scholars*, *Lawyers*, *Courtiers*, *Gentlemen*,
They call falſe Caterpillars, and intend their death.
King. O graceleſs Men: they know not what they do.
Buck. My gracious Lord, retire to *Killingworth*,
Until a power be rais'd to put them down.
Queen. Ah! were the Duke of *Suffolk* now alive,
Theſe *Kentiſh* Rebels ſhould be ſoon appeas'd.
King. Lord *Say*, the Traitors hate thee,
Therefore away with us to *Killingworth*.
Say. So might your Graces perſon be in danger:

The ſight of me is odious in their Eyes:
And therefore in this City will I ſtay,
And live alone as ſecret as I may.

Enter another Meſſenger.

Meſ. Jack Cade hath gotten *London-bridge*,
The Citizens fly him and forſake their Houſes:
The Raſcal People thirſting after prey
Joyn with the Traitor, and they joyntly ſwear
To ſpoyle the City and your Royal Court.
Buck. Then linger not, my Lord, away, take Horſe.
King. Come, *Margaret*, God our hope will ſuccour us.
Queen. My hope is gone, now *Suffolk* is deceas'd.
King. Farewel, my Lord, truſt not to *Kentiſh* Rebels.
Buck. Truſt no body for fear you be betray'd.
Say. The truſt I have is in mine innocence,
And therefore am I bold and reſolute. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Lord Scales *upon the Tower walking. Then enter two or three Citizens below.*

Scales. How now? Is *Jack Cade* ſlain?
1. *Cit.* No my Lord, nor like to be ſlain:
For they have won the Bridge,
Killing all thoſe that withſtand them:
The L. Mayor craves aid of your Honour from the Tower
To defend the City from the Rebels.
Scales. Such aid as I can ſpare you ſhall command,
But I am troubled here with them my ſelf.
The Rebels have aſſay'd to win the Tower.
But get you into *Smithfield*, and gather Head,
And thither will I ſend you *Matthew Goff*.
Fight for your King, your Countrey, and your Lives,
And ſo farewel, for I muſt hence again. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Jack Cade *and the reſt, and ſtrikes his Staff on* London *Stone.*

Cade. Now is *Mortimer* Lord of this City,
And here ſitting upon *London-ſtone*:
I charge and command, that of the Cities coſt
The piſſing Conduit run nothing but Claret Wine
The firſt year of our Reign.
And now henceforward it ſhall be Treaſon for any,
That calls me other than Lord *Mortimer*.
Enter a Souldier running.
Soul. Jack Cade, *Jack Cade*.
Cade. Knock him down there. [*They kill him.*
But. If this fellow be wiſe, he'll never call ye *Jack Cade* more, I think he hath a very fair warning.
Dick. My Lord, there's an Army gathered together in *Smithfield*.
Cade. Come, then let's go fight with them:
But firſt, go and ſet *London-bridge* on Fire,
And if you can, burn down the *Tower* too.
Come, let's away. [*Exeunt omnes.*

Alarums. Matthew Goff *is ſlain, and all the reſt. Then enter* Jack Cade, *with his Company.*

Cade. So Sirs: now go ſome and pull down the *Savoy*:
Others to the Inns of Court, down with them all.
But. I have a Suit unto your Lordſhip.
Cade. Be it a Lordſhip, thou ſhalt have it for that word.
But. Onely that the *Laws of England* may come out of your Mouth.
John. Maſs, 'twill be ſore Law then, for he was thruſt in the Mouth with a Spear, and 'tis not whole yet.
Smith. Nay *John*, it will be ſtinking Law, for his breath ſtinks with toſted Cheeſe.
Cade. I have thought upon it, it ſhall be ſo. Away, burn all the Records of the Realm, my Mouth ſhall be the Parliament of *England*.
Joh. Then we are like to have biting Statutes,
Unleſs his Teeth be pull'd out.
Cade. And hence-forward all things ſhall be in Common.
Enter a Meſſenger.
Meſ. My Lord, a prize, a prize, here's the Lord *Say*, which ſold the Towns in *France*, He that made us pay one and twenty fifteens and one Shilling to the pound, the laſt Subſidie.

Enter George *with the Lord* Say.

Cade. Well, he ſhall be beheaded for it ten times. Ah thou *Say*, thou Surge, nay thou Buckram Lord, now art thou within point-blanck of our Juriſdiction Regal. What canſt thou anſwer to my Majeſty for giving up of *Normandy* unto Monſieur *Baſimecu*, the Dolphin of *France*? Be it known unto thee by theſe preſents, even the preſence of Lord *Mortimer*, that I am the Beſom that muſt ſweep the Court clean of ſuch filth as thou art: Thou haſt moſt traiterouſly corrupted the youth of the Realm in erecting a Grammar School: and whereas before, our Fore-fathers had no other Books but the Score and the Tally, thou haſt cauſed Printing to be us'd, and contrary to the King, his Crown, and Dignity, thou haſt built a Paper-Mill. It will be proved to thy Face, that thou haſt Men about thee, that uſually talk of a *Noun* and a *Verb*, and ſuch abominable words, as no Chriſtian ear can endure to hear. Thou haſt appointed Juſtices of Peace, to call poor Men before them, about matters they were not able to anſwer. Moreover thou haſt put them in Priſon, and becauſe they could not read, thou haſt hang'd them, when (indeed) only for that cauſe they have been moſt worthy to live. Thou do'ſt ride on a foot-cloth, do'ſt thou not?
Say. What of that?
Cade. Marry, thou ought'ſt not to let thy Horſe wear a Cloak, when honeſter Men than thou go in their Hoſe and Doublets.
Dick. And work in their ſhirt too, as my ſelf for example, that am a Butcher.
Say. You Men of *Kent*.
Dick. What ſay you of *Kent*?
Say. Nothing but this: 'Tis *bona terra*, *mala gens*.
Cade. Away with him, away with him, he ſpaks Latin.
Say. Hear me but ſpeak, and bear me where you will:
Kent in the Commentaries *Cæſar* writ,
Is term'd the civil'ſt place of all this Iſle:
Sweet is the Country, becauſe full of Riches,
The People Liberal, Valiant, Active, Wealthy,
Which makes me hope thou art not void of pity.
I ſold not *Main*, I loſt not *Normandy*.
Yet to recover them would loſe my life:
Juſtice with favour have I always done,
Prayers and Tears have mov'd me, Gifts could never;
When have I ought exacted at your Hands?
Kent to maintain, the King, the Realm and you,
Large gifts have I beſtow'd on learn'd Clearks,
Becauſe my Book preferr'd me to the King.
And ſeeing Ignorance is the curſe of God,
Knowledge the Wing wherewith we flye to Heaven,
Unleſs you be poſſeſt with deviliſh Spirits,
Ye cannot but forbear to murther me:
This Tongue hath parlied unto Forraign Kings
For your behoof.
Cade. Tut, when ſtruck'ſt thou one blow in the Field?
Say. Great Men have reaching hands: oft have I ſtruck
Thoſe that I never ſaw, and ſtruck them dead.
Geo. O monſtrous Coward! What, to come behind Folks?
Say. Theſe Cheeks are pale with watching for your good.
Cade. Give him a box o'th ear, and that will make 'em red again.
Say. Long ſitting to determine poor Mens Cauſes

Hath made me full of Sickneſs and Diſeaſes.

Cade. Ye ſhall have a hempen Caudle then, and the help of a Hatchet.

Dic. Why do'ſt thou quiver, man?

Say. The Palſie, and not Fear provokes me.

Cade. Nay, he nodds at us, as who ſhould ſay, I'le be even with you. I'le ſee if his Head will ſtand ſteadier on a Pole, or no: Take him away, and behead him.

Say. Tell me: wherein have I offended moſt?
Have I affected Wealth or Honour? Speak.
Are my Cheſts fill'd up with extorted Gold?
Is my Apparel Sumptuous to behold?
Whom have I injur'd, that ye ſeek my Death?
Theſe hands are free from guiltleſs blood-ſhedding.
This Breaſt from harbouring foul deceitful thoughts.
O let me live.

Cade. I feel remorſe in my ſelf with his words: but I'le bridle it: he ſhall dye, and be it but for pleading ſo well for his Life. Away with him, he ha's a Familiar under his Tongue, he ſpeaks not a Gods Name. Go, take him away I ſay, and ſtrike off his Head preſently, and then break into his Son in Laws Houſe, Sir *James Cromer*, and ſtrike off his Head, and bring them both upon two Poles hither.

All. It ſhall be done.

Say. Ah Country-men; if when you make your Pray'rs,
God ſhould be ſo obdurate as your ſelves:
How would it fare with your departed Souls?
And therefore yet relent, and ſave my Life.

Cade. Away with him, and do as I command ye: the proudeſt Peer of the Realm ſhall not wear a Head on his Shoulders, unleſs he pay me tribute: there ſhall not a Maid be married, but ſhe ſhall pay me her Maidenhead e're they have it: Men ſhall hold of me in *Capite.* And we Charge and Command, that their Wives be as free as Heart can wiſh, or Tongue can tell.

Dick. My Lord,
When ſhall we go to *Cheapſide*, and take up Commodities upon our Bills?

Cade. Marry preſently.

All. O brave.

Enter one with the Heads.

Cade. But is not this brave:
Let them kiſs one another: For they lov'd well
When they were alive. Now part them again,
Leſt they conſult about the giving up
Of ſome more Towns in *France.* Souldiers,
Defer the ſpoil of the City until Night;
For with theſe borne before us, inſtead of Maces,
We will ride through the Streets, at every Corner
Have them kiſs. Away. [*Exit.*

Alarum, and Retreat. Enter again Cade, *and all his Rabblement.*

Cade. Up *Fiſh-ſtreet*, down Saint *Magnes* Corner, kill and knock down, throw them into Thames.

Sound a Parley.

What noiſe is this I hear?
Dare any be ſo bold to ſound Retreat or Parley,
When I command them kill?

Enter Buckingham, *and old* Clifford.

Buck. I here they be that dare and will diſturb thee:
Know, *Cade*, we come Ambaſſadors from the King
Unto the Commons, whom thou haſt miſled,
And here pronounce free Pardon to them all,
That will forſake thee, and go home in peace.

Clif. What ſay ye, Countrymen, will ye relent
And yield to Mercy, whil'ſt 'tis offered you,
Or let a Rabble lead you to your Deaths.
Who loves the King, and will imbrace his Pardon,
Fling up his Cap, and ſay, *God ſave his Majeſty*;
Who hateth him, and honours not his Father,
Henry the Fifth, that made all *France* to quake,
Shake he his Weapon at us, and paſs by.

All. God ſave the King, God ſave the King.

Cade. What *Buckingham* and *Clifford*, are ye ſo brave? And you baſe Pezants, do ye believe him, will you needs be hang'd with your Pardons about your Necks? Hath my Sword therefore broke through *London* gates, that you ſhould leave me at the *White-hart* in *Southwark.* I thought ye would never have given out theſe Arms till you had recovered your ancient Freedom: but you are all Recreants and Daſtards, and delight to live in ſlavery to the Nobility. Let them break your backs with burthens, take your Houſes over your Heads, raviſh your Wives and Daughters before your Faces. For me, I will make ſhift for one, and ſo Gods Curſe light upon you all.

All. We'll follow *Cade.*
We'll follow *Cade.*

Clif. Is *Cade* the Son of *Henry* the Fifth,
That thus you do exclaim you'll go with him.
Will he Conduct you through the heart of *France*,
And make the meaneſt of you Earls and Dukes?
Alas, he hath no home, no place to fly to:
Nor knows he how to live, but by the Spoyl.
Unleſs by robbing of your Friends, and us.
Wer't not a ſhame, that whil'ſt you live at jar,
The fearful *French*, whom you late vanquiſhed
Should make a ſtart o're Seas, and vanquiſh you?
Methinks already in this civil broyl,
I ſee them Lording it in *London* ſtreets,
Crying *Villiago* unto all they meet.
Better ten thouſand baſe-born *Cades* miſcarry,
Than you ſhould ſtoop unto a *French-mans* Mercy.
To *France*, to *France*, and get what you have loſt;
Spare *England*, for it is your Native Coaſt:
Henry hath Mony, you are ſtrong and manly:
God on our ſide, doubt not of Victory.

All. A *Clifford*, a *Clifford*,
We'll follow the King and *Clifford.*

Cade. Was ever Feather ſo lightly blown to and fro, as this multitude? The name of *Henry* the Fifth, hales them to an hundred miſchiefs, and makes them leave me deſolate. I ſee them lay their Heads together to ſurprize me. My Sword make way for me, for here is no ſtaying: in deſpight of the Devils and Hell, have through the very midſt of you, and Heavens and honour be witneſs, that no want of Reſolution in me, but only my Followers baſe and ignominious Treaſons make me betake me to my Heels. [*Exit.*

Buck. What, is he fled? Go ſome and follow him.
And he that brings his Head unto the King,
Shall have a thouſand Crowns for his reward.
[*Exeunt ſome of them.*
Follow me Souldiers, we'll deviſe a mean,
To reconcile you all unto the King. [*Exeunt omnes.*

Sound Trumpets. Enter King, Queen, and Somerſet *on the Tarras.*

King. Was ever King that joy'd an Earthly Throne,
And could command no more Content than I?
No ſooner was I crept out of my Cradle,
But I was made a King at nine months old:
Was never ſubject long to be a King,
As I do long and wiſh to be a Subject.

Enter Buckingham *and* Clifford.

Buck. Health and glad tydings to your Majeſty.

King. Why *Buckingham*, is the Traytor *Cade* ſurpriz'd?
Or is he but retir'd to make him ſtrong.

Enter Multitudes with Halters about their Necks.

Clif. He is fled my Lord, and all his powers do yield,

And humbly thus with halters on their necks,
Expect your Highneſs doom of Life or Death.
King. Then Heaven ſet ope thy everlaſting gates,
To entertain my Vows of Thanks and Praiſe.
Souldiers, this day have you redeem'd your lives,
And ſhew'd how well you love your Prince and Country:
Continue ſtill in this ſo good a mind.
And *Henry* though he be unfortunate,
Aſſure your ſelves will never be unkind:
And ſo with thanks and pardon to you all,
I do diſmiſs you to your ſeveral Countries.
All. God ſave the King, God ſave the King.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Pleaſe it your Grace to be advertiſed,
The Duke of *York* is newly come from *Ireland*,
And with a puiſſant and mighty Power
Of *Gallow-glaſſes* and ſtout *Kernes*,
Is marching hitherward in proud array
And ſtill proclaimeth as he comes along,
His Armies are only to remove from thee
The Duke of *Somerſet*, whom he termes a Traitor.
King. Thus ſtands my State, 'twixt *Cade* and *York* diſtreſt,
Like to a Ship, that having ſcap'd a Tempeſt,
Is ſtraightway calm'd and boarded with a Pyrate.
But now is *Cade* driven back, his men diſpers'd,
And now is *York* in Arms to ſecond him.
I pray thee *Buckingham* go and meet him,
And ask him what's the Reaſon of theſe Arms:
Tell him, I'le ſend Duke *Edmund* to the Tower,
And *Somerſet*, we will commit thee thither,
Untill his Army be diſmiſt from him.
Somer. My Lord,
I'le yield my ſelf to priſon willingly,
Or unto Death, to do my Country good.
King. In any caſe, be not too rough in termes,
For he is fierce and cannot brook hard Language.
Buck. I will, my Lord, and doubt not ſo to deal,
As all things ſhall redound unto your good.
King. Come Wife, let's in, and learn to govern better,
For yet may *England* curſe my wretched reign. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Jack Cade.

Cade. Fie on Ambition: fie on my ſelfe, that haue a Sword, and yet am ready to famiſh Theſe five dayes have I hid me in theſe Woods, and durſt not peep out, for all the Country is laid for me: But now am I hungry, that if I might have a leaſe of my life for a thouſand years, I could ſtay no longer. Wherefore on a Brick wall have I climb'd into this Garden, to ſee if I can eat Graſs, or pick a Sallet another while, which is not amiſs to cool a mans ſtomack this hot weather: and I think this word Sallet, was born to do me good; for many a time but for a Sallet, my Brain-pan had been cleft with a brown Bill; and many a time when I have been dry, and bravely marching, it hath ſerv'd me in ſtead of a quart pot to drink in: and now the word *Sallet*, muſt ſerve me to feed on.

Enter Iden.

Iden. Lord, who would live turmoyled in the Court,
And may enjoy ſuch quiet walks as theſe,
This ſmall inheritance my Father left me,
Contenteth me, and worth a Monarchy.
I ſeek not to wax great by others warning,
Or gather wealth I care not with what envy:
Sufficeth, that I have maintains my State,
And ſends the Poor well pleaſed from my Gate.

Cade. Here's the Lord of the Soil come to ſeize me for a ſtray, for entring his Fee-ſimple without leave. Ah Villain, thou wilt betray me, and get a 1000 Crowns of the King, by carrying my head to him, but I'le make thee eat Iron like an *Oſtridge*, and ſwallow my Sword like a great pin, e're thou and I part.

Iden. Why rude Companion, whatſoe're thou be,
I know thee not, why then ſhould I betray thee?
Is't not enough to break into my Garden,
And like a Thief, to come to rob my Grounds:
Climbing my Walls in ſpight of me the Owner,
But thou wilt brave me with theſe ſawcie termes?

Cade. Brave thee? I, by the beſt blood that ever was broach'd, and beard thee too. Look on me well I have eat no meat theſe five dayes, yet come thou and thy five men, and if I do not leave you all as dead as a door nail, I pray God I may never eat graſs more.

Iden. Nay, it ſhall ne're be ſaid, while *England* ſtands,
That *Alexander Iden* an Eſquire of *Kent*,
Took odds to combate a poor famiſh'd man.
Oppoſe thy ſtedfaſt gazing eyes to mine,
See if thou canſt out-face me with thy looks:
Set Limb to Limb, and thou art far the leſſer:
Thy hand is but a finger to my fiſt,
Thy Leg a ſtick compared with this Truncheon,
My Foot ſhall fight with all the ſtrength thou haſt,
And if mine Arm be heaved in the Air,
Thy Grave is digg'd already in the Earth:
As for words, whoſe greatneſs anſwers words,
Let this my Sword report what ſpeech forbears.

Cade. By my valour: the moſt compleat Champion that ever I heard. Steel, if thou turn thine edge, or cut not out the burly bon'd Clown in chines of Beef, e're thou ſleep in thy Sheath, I beſeech *Jove* on my knees thou may'ſt be turned to Hobnails.

Here they Fight.

O I am ſlain, Famine and no other hath ſlain me, let ten thouſand Devils come againſt me, and give me but the ten meals I have loſt, and I'de defye them all. Wither Garden, and be henceforth a burying place to all that do dwell in this houſe, becauſe the unconquered ſoul of *Cade* is fled.

Iden. Is't *Cade* that I have ſlain, that monſtruous Traitor?
Sword, I will hallow thee for this thy deed.
And hang thee o're my Tomb when I am Dead.
Ne're ſhall this Blood be wiped from thy Point,
But thou ſhalt wear it as a Heralds Coat,
To emblaze the Honour thy Maſter got.

Cade. Iden farewell, and be proud of thy victory: Tell *Kent* from me, ſhe hath loſt her beſt man, and exhort all the World to be Cowards: for I that never feared any am vanquiſhed by Famine, not by Valour. [*Dies.*

Id. How much thou wrong'ſt me, Heaven be my Judge;
Die damned Wretch, the curſe of her that bare thee:
And as I thruſt thy Body in with my Sword,
So wiſh I, I might thruſt thy Soul to Hell.
Hence will I drag thee headlong by the heels
Unto a Dunghill, which ſhall be thy Grave,
And there cut of thy moſt ungracious Head,
Which I will bear in Triumph to the King,
Leaving thy Trunk for Crows to feed upon. [*Exit.*

Enter York, *and his Army of* Iriſh, *with Drum and Colours.*

York. From *Ireland* thus comes *York* to claim his Right,
And pluck the Crown from feeble *Henry*'s head.
Ring Bells aloud, burn Bonfires clear and bright,
To entertain great *Englands* lawfull King.
Ah *Sancta Majeſtas*: who would not buy thee dear?
Let them obey that knows not how to Rule.
This hand was made to handle nought but Gold.
I cannot give due action to my words,
Except a Sword or Scepter ballance it.
A Scepter ſhall it have, have I a Soul,
On which I'le toſs the *Floure-de-Luce* of *France*.

Enter Buckingham.

Whom have we here? *Buckingham* to diſturb me?
The King hath ſent him ſure: I mnſt diſſemble.
Buck. *York*, if thou meaneſt well, I greet the well.
York. *Humfrey* of *Buckingham*, I accept thy greeting.
Art thou a Meſſenger, or come of pleaſure?
Buck. A Meſſenger from *Henry*, our dread Liege,
To know the reaſon of theſe Armes in peace.
Or why, thou being a Subject, as I am,
Againſt thy Oath, and true Allegiance ſworn,
Should raiſe ſo great a Power without his leave?
Or dare to bring thy Force ſo near the Court?
Yor. Scarce can I ſpeak my Choler is ſo great.
Oh, I could hew up Rocks, and fight with Flint,
I am ſo angry at theſe abject terms.
And now like *Ajax Telamonius*,
On Sheep or Oxen could I ſpend my fury.
I am far better born than is the King:
More like a King, more Kingly in my Thoughts.
But I muſt make fair Weather yet a while,
Till *Henry* be more weak, and I more ſtrong.
O *Buckingham*, I prithee pardon me,
That I have given no anſwer all this while;
My mind was troubled with deep Melancholly.
The cauſe why I have brought this Army hither,
Is to remove proud *Somerſet* from the King,
Seditious to his Grace, and to the State.
Buck. That is too much preſumption on thy part,
But if thy Armes be to no other end,
The King hath yielded unto thy demand:
The Duke of *Somerſet* is in the Tower.
York. Upon thine Honour is he Priſoner?
Buc. Upon mine Honour he is Priſoner.
York. Then *Buckingham*, I do diſmiſs my Powers.
Souldiers, I thank you all: diſperſe your ſelves:
Meet me to morrow in S. *Georges* field,
You ſhall have pay, and every thing you wiſh.
And let my Soveraign, vertuous *Henry*,
Command my eldeſt, nay all my Sons,
As pledges of my Fealty and Love,
I'le ſend them all as willing as I live:
Lands, Goods, Horſe, Armour, any thing I have
Is his to uſe, ſo *Somerſet* may dye.
Buck. *York*, I commend this kind ſubmiſſion,
We twain will go into his Highneſs Tent.

Enter King and Attendants.

King. *Buckingham*, doth *York* intend no harm to us,
That thus he marcheth with thee Arm in Arm?
York. In all ſubmiſſion and humility,
York doth preſent himſelf unto your Highneſs.
King. Then what intend theſe Forces thou doſt bring?
York. To have the Traitor *Somerſet* from hence,
And fight againſt that monſtrous Rebel *Cade*,
Whom ſince I heard to be diſcomfited.

Enter Iden *with* Cades *Head.*

Iden. If one ſo rude, and of ſo mean condition
May paſs into the preſence of a King:
Lo, I preſent your Grace a Traitors Head,
The head of *Cade*, whom I in Combat ſlew.
King. The head of *Cade*? great God! how juſt art thou?
O let me view his Viſage being dead,
That living wrought me ſuch exceeding trouble.
Tell me my Friend, art thou the man that ſlew him?
Iden. I was, an't like your Majeſty.
King. How art thou call'd? And what is thy degree?
Iden. *Alexander Iden*, that's my name,
A poor Eſquire of *Kent*, that love the King.
Buck. So pleaſe you my Lord, 'twere not amiſs
He were created Knight for his good ſervice.
King. *Iden*, kneel down, riſe up a Knight:
We give thee for reward a thouſand Merks,
And will, that thou henceforth attend on us.
Iden. May *Iden* live to merit ſuch a Bounty,
And never live but true unto his Liege.

Enter Queen and Somerſet.

King. See *Buckingham*, *Somerſet* comes with th'Queen,
Go bid her hide him quickly from the Duke.
Queen. For thouſand *Yorks* he ſhall not hide his Head,
But boldly ſtand and front him to his Face.
York. How now? Is *Somerſet* at liberty?
Then *York* unlooſe thy long impriſoned thoughts,
And let thy Toung be equal with thy Heart.
Shall I endure the ſight of *Somerſet*?
Falſe King, why haſt thou broken faith with me,
Knowing how hardly I can brook abuſe?
King did I call thee? no, thou art no King:
Not fit to Govern, and rule multitudes,
Which durſt not, no nor canſt not rule a Traitor.
That Head of thine doth not become a Crown:
Thy hand is made to graſp a Palmers Staff,
And not to grace an awful Princely Scepter.
That Gold muſt round engirt the Brows of mine,
Whoſe ſmile and frown, like *Achilles* Spear
Is able with the change, to kill and cure.
Here is a Hand to hold a Scepter up,
And with the ſame to act controlling Laws:
Give place: by Heaven thou ſhalt Rule no more
O're him, whom Heaven created for thy Ruler.
Som. O Monſtrous Traitor! I arreſt thee *York*
Of Capital Treaſon 'gainſt the King and Crown:
Obey audacious Traitor, kneel for Grace.
York. Would'ſt have me kneel? Firſt let me ask of thee,
If they can brook; I bow a knee to man!
Sirrah, call in my Sons to be my Bail:
I know e're they will let me go to Ward,
They'll pawn their Swords for my enfranchiſement.
Queen. Call hither *Clifford*, bid him come amain,
To ſay, if that the Baſtard Boys of *York*
Shall be the Surety for their Traitor Father.
York. O bloud beſpotted *Neapolitan*,
Out-caſt of *Naples*, *England*'s bloody Scourge:
The Sons of *York*, thy Betters in their Birth,
Shall be their Fathers Bail, and bane to thoſe
That for my Surety will refuſe the Boys.
Enter Edward *and* Richard.
See where they come, I'le warrant they'll make it good.
Enter Clifford.
Queen. And here comes *Clifford* to deny their Bail.
Cliff. Health and all happineſs to the Lord the King.
York. I thank thee *Clifford*. Say, what news with thee?
Nay, do not fright me with an angry look:
We are thy Soveraign, *Clifford*, kneel again;
For thy miſtaking ſo, We pardon thee.
Cliff. This is my King, *York*, I do not miſtake,
But thou miſtak'ſt me much to think I do,
To *Bedlam* with him, is the man grown mad?
King. I *Clifford*, a *Bedlam* and ambitious humour
Makes him oppoſe himſelf againſt his King.
Cliff. He is a Traitor, let him to the Tower,
And crop away that factious Pate of his.
Queen. He is arreſted, but will not obey:
His Son (he ſayes) ſhall give their words for him.
York. Will you not, Sons?
Edm. I, Noble Father, if our words will ſerve.
Rich. And if words will not, then our Weapons ſhall.
Cliff. Why, what a brood of Traitors have we here?
York. Look in a Glaſs, and call thy Image ſo.
I am the King, and thou a falſe-heart Traitor:
Call hither to the Stake my two brave Bears,
That with the very ſhaking of their Chains,
They may aſtoniſh theſe fell-lurking Curs:
Bid *Salisbury* and *Warwick* come to me.

Enter the Earls of Warwick *and* Salisbury.

Clif. Are theſe thy Bears? We'll bait thy Bears to death,
And manacle the Bearard in their Chains,
If thou dar'ſt bring them to the baiting place.
Rich. Oft have I ſeen a hot o're-weening Cur
Run back and bite, becauſe he was with-held,
Who being ſuffer'd with the Bears fell paw,
Hath clapt his tail betwixt his legs and cry'd,
And ſuch a piece of ſervice will you do,
If you ſuppoſe your ſelves to match Lord *Warwick.*
Clif. Hence heap of Wrath, foul indigeſted Lump,
As crooked in thy Manners, as thy Shape.
York. Nay, we ſhall heat you thoroughly anon.
Clif. Take heed leſt by your heat you burn your ſelves.
King. Why *Warwick* hath thy Knee forgot to bow?
Old *Salisbury*, ſhame to thy ſilver Hair,
Thou mad miſleader of thy Brain-ſick Son,
What wilt thou on thy Death-bed play the Ruffian?
And ſeek for Sorrow with thy Spectacles?
Oh where is Faith? Oh where is Loyalty?
If it be baniſh'd from the Froſty head,
Where ſhall it find a harbour in the Earth?
Wilt thou go dig a Grave to find out War,
And ſhame thine Honourable Age with Blood?
Why art thou old, and want'ſt experience?
Or wherefore do'ſt abuſe it, if thou haſt it?
For ſhame in duty bend thy Knee to me
That bows unto the Grave with Milky Age.
Sal. My Lord, I have conſidered with my ſelf
The Title of this moſt renowned Duke,
And in my Conſcience, do repute his Grace,
The Rightful Heir to *Englands* Royal Seat.
King. Haſt thou not ſworn Allegiance unto me?
Sal. I have.
Kin. Canſt thou diſpenſe with Heaven for ſuch an Oath?
Sal. It is a great ſin to ſwear unto a ſin:
But greater ſin to keep a ſinful Oath:
Who can be bound by any ſolemn Vow
To do a murd'rous deed, to Rob a man,
To force a ſpotleſs Virgins Chaſtity,
To reave the Orphan of his Patrimony,
To wring the Widow from her cuſtom'd right,
And have no other reaſon for his wrong,
But that he was bound by a ſolemn Oath?
Qu. A ſubtle Traytor needs no Sophiſter.
King. Call *Buckingham*, and bid him arm himſelf.
York. Call *Buckingham*, and all the Friends thou haſt,
I am reſolv'd for Death and Dignity.
Old Clif. The firſt I warrant thee, if Dreams prove true.
War. You were beſt to go to Bed, and dream again,
To keep thee from the Tempeſt of the Field.
Old Cliff. I am reſolv'd to bear a greater ſtorm,
Than any thou canſt Conjure up to day:
And that I'le write upon thy Burgonet,
Might I but know thee by thy Houſes Badge.
War. Now by my Fathers Badg, old *Nevils* Creſt,
The rampant Bear chain'd to the ragged Staff,
This day I'le wear aloft my Burgonet,
As on a Mountain top, the Cedar ſhews,
That keeps his Leaves in ſpight of any ſtorm,
Even ſo affright thee with the view thereof.
Old Clif. And from thy Burgonet, I'le rend thy Bear,
And tread it under foot with all contempt,
Deſpight the Bearard, that protects the Bear.
Yo. Clif. And ſo to Arms victorious noble Father,
To quell the Rebels, and their Complices.
Rich. Fie, Charity for ſhame, ſpeak not in ſpight,
For you ſhall ſup with Jeſu Chriſt to night.
Yo. Clif. Foul Stigmatick, that's more than thou canſt tell.
Rich. If not in Heaven, you'l ſurely ſup in Hell. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Warwick.

War. Clifford of *Cumberland*, 'tis *Warwick* calls:
And if thou doſt not hide thee from the Bear,
Now when the angry Trumpet ſounds Alarum,
And dead Mens cries do fill the empty Air,
Clifford, I ſay, come forth and fight with me,
Proud Northern Lord, *Clifford* of *Cumberland*,
Warwick is hoarſe with calling thee to Arms.

Enter York.

War. How now my Noble Lord? What all a-foot?
York. The deadly handed *Clifford* ſlew my Steed:
But match to match I have encountred him,
And made a prey for Carrion, Kytes and Crows,
Even of the bonny Beaſt he lov'd ſo well.

Enter Clifford.

War. Of one or both of us the time is come.
York. Hold *Warwick*: ſeek thee out ſome other Chaſe,
For I my ſelf muſt hunt this Deer to death.
War. Then nobly *York*, 'tis for a Crown thou fight'ſt:
As I intend, *Clifford*, to thrive to day,
It grieves my Soul to leave thee unaſſail'd. [*Exit.* War.
Clif. What ſeeſt thou in me, *York*?
Why doſt thou pauſe?
York. With thy brave bearing ſhould I be in love,
But that thou art ſo faſt mine Enemy.
Clif. Nor ſhould thy Prowesſ want praiſe and eſteem.
But that 'tis ſhewn ignobly, and in Treaſon.
York. So let it help me againſt thy Sword,
As I in Juſtice, and true Right expreſs it.
Clif. My Soul and Body on the Action both.
York. A dreadful day, addreſs thee inſtantly.
Clif. La fin Corronne les oevres. [*Dies.*
York. Thus War hath given thee Peace, for thou art
ſtill, Peace with his Soul, Heaven if it be thy will.

Enter young Clifford.

Clif. Shame and Confuſion all is on the rout,
Fear frames diſorder, and diſorder wounds
Where it ſhould guard. O War thou Son of Hell,
Whom angry Heavens do make their Miniſter,
Throw in the frozen boſoms of our Part,
Hot Coals of Vengeance. Let no Souldiers flye.
He that is truly dedicate to War
Hath no Self-love: nor he that loves himſelf,
Hath not eſſentially, but by circumſtance
The name of Valour. O let the vile World end,
And the premiſed Flames of the laſt day,
Knit Earth and Heaven together.
Now let the general Trumpet blow his blaſt,
Particularities, and petty ſounds
To ceaſe. Was't thou ordained (O dear Father)
To loſe thy Youth in Peace, and to atchieve
The Silver Livery of adviſed Age,
And in thy Reverence, and thy Chair-days, thus
To die in Ruffian Battel? Even at this ſight,
My heart is turn'd to ſtone: and while 'tis mine,
It ſhall be ſtony. *York*, not our old men ſpares:
No more will I their Babes, Tears Virginal,
Shall be to me, even as the Dew to Fire,
And Beauty, that the Tyrant oft reclaims,
Shall to my flaming Wrath, be Oyl and Flax:
Henceforth, I will not have to do with pity,
Meet I an Infant of the Houſe of *York*,
Into as many gobbits will I cut it,
As wild *Medea*, young *Abſirtis* did.
In cruelty, will I ſeek out my Fame.
Come thou new ruin of old *Cliffords* houſe:
As did *Æneas* old *Anchiſes* bear,
So bear I thee upon my manly ſhoulders:
But then, *Æneas* bare a living load;
Nothing ſo heavy as theſe woes of mine.

Enter Richard, *and* Somerſet *to fight.*

Rich. So lie thou there:
For underneath an Ale-houſe paltry ſigne,
The Caſtle in St. *Albans*, *Somerſet*

Hath made the Wizard famous in his Death :
Sword, hold thy temper ; Heart, be wrathful ſtill :
Prieſts pray for Enemies, but Princes kill.
Fight. *Excurſions.*

Enter King, Queen, and others.

Qu. Away my Lord, you are ſlow, for ſhame away.
King. Can we out-run the Heavens ? Good *Margaret* ſtay.
Qu. What are you made of ? You'l not fight nor flye :
Now is it Manhood, Wiſdom, and Defence,
To give the Enemy way, and to ſecure us
But what we can, which can no more but flye.
[*Alarum afar off.*
If you be tane, we then ſhould ſee the bottom
Of all our Fortunes : but if we haply ſcape,
(As well we may, if not through your neglect)
We ſhall to *London* get, where you are lov'd,
And where this breach now in our Fortunes made
May readily be ſtopt.

Enter Clifford.

Clif. But that my Hearts on future miſchief ſet,
I would ſpeak Blaſphemy e're bid you flye :
But flye you muſt : Uncureable diſcomfite
Reigns in the hearts of all our preſent parts.
Away for your relief, and we will live
To ſee their Day, and then our Fortune give.
Away my Lord, away. [*Exeunt.*

Alarum. Retreat. Enter York, Richard, Warwick, *and Souldiers, with Drum and Colours.*

York. Of *Salisbury*, who can report of him,
That Winter Lyon, who in Rage forgets
Aged Contuſions, and all bruſh off time :
And like a Gallant in the brow of Youth,
Repairs him with occaſion. This happy day
Is not it ſelf, nor have we won one Foot,
If *Salisbury* be loſt.
Rich. My Noble Father :
Three times to day I hope him to his Horſe,
Three times beſtri'd him : Thrice I led him off,
Perſwaded him from any further Act :
But ſtill where danger was, ſtill there I met him,
And like rich Hangings in an homely Houſe,
So was his VVill in his Old feeble Body.
But Noble as he is, look where he comes.

Enter Salisbury.

Sal. Now, by my Sword, well haſt thou fought to day :
By th' Maſs ſo did we all. I thank you *Richard.*
God knows how long it is I have to live :
And it hath pleas'd him that three times to day
You have defended me from Eminent Death.
VVell Lords, we have not got that which we have,
'Tis not enough our Foes are this time fled,
Being oppoſites of ſuch repairing Nature.
York. I know our ſafety is to follow them,
For (as I hear) the King is fled to *London*,
To call a preſent Court of Parliament.
Let us purſue him e're the VVrits go forth.
What ſays Lord *Warwick*, ſhall we after them ?
War. After them ! nay, before them, if we can :
Now by my hand (Lords) 'twas a glorious day.
Saint *Albans* battel won by famous *York*,
Shall we be eterniz'd in all Age to come.
Sound Drum and Trumpets, and to *London* all,
And more ſuch days as theſe to us befall. [*Exeunt.*

THE

The third Part of
KING HENRY VI,
With the Death of the
DUKE of YORK.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Alarum. Enter Plantagenet, Edward, Norfolk, Mountague, Warwick, *and Souldiers.*

Warwick.

I Wonder how the King eſcap'd our Hands?
Pl. While we purſu'd the Horſemen of the North,
He ſlily ſtole away, and left his Men:
Whereat the great Lord of *Northumberland*,
Whoſe Warlike Ears could never brook retreat,
Chear'd up the drooping Army, and himſelf.
Lord *Clifford* and Lord *Stafford* all a-breaſt
Charg'd our main Battels Front: and breaking in,
Were by the Swords of Common Souldiers ſlain.
Edw. Lord *Staffords* Father, Duke of *Buckingham*,
Is either ſlain or wounded dangerous.
I cleft his Beaver with a down-right blow:
That this is true (Father) behold his Blood.
Mount. And Brother, here's the Earl of *Wiltſhires* Blood,
Whom I encountred as the Battels joyn'd.
Rich. Speak thou for me, and tell them what I did.
Plan. Richard hath beſt deſerv'd of all my Sons:
But is your Grace dead, my Lord of *Somerſet*?
Nor. Such hope have all the Line of *John* of *Gaunt*.
Rich. Thus do I hope to ſhake King *Henry*'s Head.
War. And ſo do I, victorious Prince of *York*
Before I ſee thee ſeated in the Throne,
Which now the Houſe of *Lancaſter* uſurps,
I vow by Heaven, theſe Eyes ſhall never cloſe.
This is the Palace of the fearful King,
And this the Regal Seat: poſſeſs it *York*,
For this is thine, and not King *Henry*'s Heirs.
Plan. Aſſiſt me then, ſweet *Warwick*, and I will,
For hither we have broken in by force.
Norf. We'll all aſſiſt you: he that flies ſhall dye.
Plant. Thanks gentle *Norfolk*, ſtay by me my Lords,
And Souldiers ſtay and lodge by me this Night.
[*They go up.*
War. And when the King comes, offer him no violence,
Unleſs he ſeek to thruſt you out perforce.
Plant. The Queen this day here holds her Parliament,
But little thinks we ſhall be of her Counſel,
By Words or Blows here let us win our right.
Rich. Arm'd as we are, let's ſtay within this Houſe.
War. The bloody Parliament ſhall this be called,
Unleſs *Plantagenet*, Duke of *York*, be King,
And baſhful *Henry* depos'd, whoſe Cowardize
Hath made us by-words to our Enemies.
Plant. Then leave me not, my Lords be reſolute,
mean to take poſſeſſion of my Right.
War. Neither the King, nor he that loves him beſt,
The proudeſt he that holds up *Lancaſter*,
Dares ſtir a Wing, if *Warwick* ſhake his Bells.
I'le plant *Plantagenet*, root him up who dares:
Reſolve thee *Richard*, claim the *Engliſh* Crown.

Enter King Henry, Clifford, Northumberland, Weſtmerland, Exeter, *and the reſt.*

Hen. My Lords, look where the ſturdy Rebel ſits,
Even in the Chair of State: belike he means,
Back'd by the Power of *Warwick*, that falſe Peer,
To aſpire unto the Crown, and Reign as King.
Earl of *Northumberland*, he ſlew thy Father,
And thine, Lord *Clifford*, and you have both vow'd revenge
On him, his Sons, his Favourites, and his Friends.
North. If I be not, Heavens be reveng'd on me.
Clifford. The hope thereof makes *Clifford* mourn in Steel.
West. What, ſhall we ſuffer this? Let's pluck him down,
My Heart for anger burns, I cannot brook it.
Henry. Be patient, gentle Earl of *Weſtmerland*.
Clifford. Patience is for Poltroons, and ſuch is he:
He durſt not ſit there had your Father liv'd.
My Gracious Lord, here in the Parliament
Let us aſſayl the Family of *York*.
North. Well haſt thou ſpoken, Couſin be it ſo.
Henry. Ah, know you not the City favours them,
And they have Troops of Souldiers at their beck?
Weſtm. But when the Duke is ſlain, they'll quickly flye.
Henry. Far be the thought of this from *Henry*'s Heart.
To make a Shambles of the Parliament Houſe.
Couſin of *Exeter*, Frowns, Words, and Threats,
Shall be the War that *Henry* means to uſe:
Thou Factious Duke of *York*, deſcend my Throne,
And kneel for Grace and Mercy at my Feet,
I am thy Soveraign.
York. I am thine.
Exet. For ſhame come down, he made thee Duke of *York*.
York. It was my Inheritance, as the Earldom was.
Exet. Thy Father was a Traytor to the Crown.
Warw. *Exeter* thou art a Traytor to the Crown,
In following this uſurping *Henry*.
Cliff. Whom ſhould he follow, but his natural King?
War. True, *Clifford*, and that's *Richard* Duke of *York*.
Henry. And ſhall I ſtand, and thou ſit in my Throne?
York. It muſt and ſhall be ſo, content thy ſelf.
War. Be Duke of *Lancaſter*, let him be King.

Weſtm. He is both King and Duke of *Lancaſter*,
And that the Lord of *Weſtmerland* ſhall maintain.
War. And *Warwick* ſhall diſprove it. You forget,
That we are thoſe which chas'd you from the Field,
And ſlew your Fathers, and with Colours ſpread
March'd through the City to the Palace Gates.
North. Yes, *Warwick*, I remember it to my grief.
And by his Soul, thou and thy Houſe ſhall rue it.
Weſt. *Plantaganet*, of thee and theſe thy Sons,
Thy Kinſmen, and thy Friends, I'le have more lives
Than drops of blood were in my Fathers Veins.
Cliff. Urge it no more, leaſt that inſtead of words
I ſend thee, *Warwick*, ſuch a Meſſenger,
As ſhall revenge his death, before I ſtir.
War. Poor *Clifford*, how I ſcorn his worthleſs Threats.
Plant. Will you, we ſhew our Title to the Crown?
If not, our Swords ſhall plead it in the Field.
Hen. What Title haſt thou, Traitor, to the Crown?
My Father was, as thou art, Duke of *York*,
Thy Grandfather *Roger Mortimer*, Earl of *March*.
I am the Son of *Henry* the Fifth,
VVho made the Dolphin and the *French* to ſtoop,
And ſeiz'd upon their Towns and Provinces.
War. Talk not of *France*, ſith thou haſt loſt it all.
Henry. The Lord Protector loſt it, and not I;
VVhen I was Crown'd I was but nine months old.
Rich. You are old enough now,
And yet methinks you loſe:
Father, tear the Crown from the Uſurpers Head.
Edw. Sweet Father do ſo, ſet it on your Head.
Mount. Good Brother,
As thou lov'ſt and honoreſt Arms,
Let's fight it out, and not ſtand cavelling thus.
Rich. Sound Drums and Trumpets, and the King will flye.
Plant. Sons, peace.
Hen. Peace thou, and give King *Henry* leave to ſpeak.
War. *Plantagenet* ſhall ſpeak firſt: Hear him Lords,
And be you ſilent and attentive too,
For he that interrupts him, ſhall not live.
Hen. Think'ſt thou that I will leave my Kingly Throne,
VVherein my Grandſire and my Father ſat?
No: firſt ſhall VVar unpeople this my Realm;
I, and their Colours often born in *France*,
And now in *England*, to our hearts great ſorrow,
Shall be my VVinding-ſheet, why faint you Lords?
My Title's good, and better far than his.
War. But prove it, *Henry*, and thou ſhalt be King.
Hen. *Henry* the Fourth by Conqueſt got the Crown.
Plant. 'Twas by Rebellion againſt his King.
Hen. I know not what to ſay, my Title's weak:
Tell me, may not a King adopt an Heir?
Plant. VVhat then?
Hen. If he may, then am I lawful King:
For *Richard*, in the view of many Lords,
Reſign'd the Crown to *Henry* the Fourth,
VVhoſe Heir my Father was, and I am his.
Plant. He roſe againſt him, being his Soveraign,
And made him to reſign his Crown perforce.
War. Suppoſe, my Lords, he did it unconſtrain'd,
Think you 'twere prejudicial to his Crown?
Exet. No: for he could not ſo reſign his Crown,
But that the next Heir ſhould ſucceed and reign.
Hen. Art thou againſt us, Duke of *Exeter*?
Exet. His is the right, and therefore pardon me.
Plant. VVhy whiſper you, my Lords, and anſwer not?
Exet. My Conſcience tells me, he is lawful King.
Hen. All will revolt from me, and turn to him.
North. *Plantagenet*, for all the claim thou lay'ſt,
Think not, that *Henry* ſhall be depos'd.
War. Depos'd he ſhall be in deſpight of all.
Northumb. Thou art deceiv'd:
'Tis not thy Southern power
Of *Eſſex*, *Norfolk*, *Suffolk*, nor of *Kent*,
Which makes thee thus preſumptuous and proud,
Can ſet the Duke up in deſpight of me.
Cliff. King *Henry*, be thy Title right or wrong,
Lord *Clifford* vows to fight in thy defence:
May that ground gape, aud ſwallow me alive;
Where I ſhall kneel to him that ſlew my Father.
Hen. Oh *Clifford*, how thy words revive my Heart.
Plant. *Henry* of *Lancaſter*, reſign thy Crown:
What mutter you, or what conſpire you, Lords?
War. Do right unto this Princely Duke of *York*,
Or I will fill the Houſe with armed men,
And o're the Chair of State where now he ſits,
Write up his Title with uſurping Blood.
He ſtamps with his foot, and the Souldiers
ſhew themſelves.
Hen. My Lord of *Warwick*, hear me but one word;
Let me for this time reign as King.
Plant. Confirm the Crown to me, and to mine Heirs,
And thou ſhalt Reign in quiet while thou liv'ſt.
Hen. I am content: *Richard Plantagenet*
Enjoy the Kingdom after my deceaſe.
Cliff. What wrong is this unto the Prince, your Son?
War. What good is this to *England*, and himſelf?
Weſt. Baſe, fearful, and deſpairing *Henry*.
Cliff. How haſt thou injur'd both thy ſelf and us?
Weſt. I cannot ſtay to hear theſe Articles.
Northumb. Nor I.
Cliff. Come Couſin, let us tell the Queen theſe News.
Weſt. Farewel faint-hearted and degenerate King,
In whoſe cold blood no ſpark of honour bides.
North. Be thou a prey unto the Houſe of *York*,
And die in Bands, for this unmanly deed.
Cliff. In dreadful War, may'ſt thou be overcome,
Or live in peace abandon'd and deſpis'd.
War. Turn this way, *Henry*, and regard them not.
Exeter. They ſeek revenge, and therefore will not yield.
Hen. Ah *Exeter*.
War. Why ſhould you ſigh, my Lord?
Hen. Not for my ſelf, Lord *Warwick*, but my Son,
Whom I unnaturally ſhall diſinherit,
But be it as it may: I here entayl
The Crown to thee, and to thine Heirs for ever,
Conditionally, that here you take an Oath,
To ceaſe this Civil-war: and whil'ſt I live,
To honour me as thy King and Soveraign:
Neither by Treaſon nor Hoſtility,
To ſeek to put me down, and Reign thy ſelf.
Plant. This Oath I willingly take, and will perform.
War. Long live King *Henry*: *Plantagenet* embrace him.
Hen. And long live thou, and theſe thy forward Sons.
Plant. Now *York* and *Lancaſter* are reconcil'd.
Exet. Accurſt be he that ſeeks to make them foes.
Sonet. Here they come down.
Plant. Farewel, my gracious Lord, I'le to my Caſtle.
War. And I'le keep *London* with my Souldiers.
Norf. And I to *Norfolk* with my followers.
Mount. And I unto the Sea from whence I came.
Hen. And I with grief and ſorrow to the Court.
Enter the Queen.
Exet. Here comes the Queen,
VVhoſe looks bewray, her anger
I'le ſteal away.
Henry. *Exeter*, ſo will I.
Queen. Nay, go not from me, I will follow thee.
Hen. Be patient, gentle Queen, and I will ſtay.
Queen. VVho can be patient in ſuch extreams?
A wretched Man, would I had dy'd a Maid,
And never ſeen thee, never born thee Son,
Seeing thou haſt prov'd ſo unnatural a Father.
Hath he deſerv'd to loſe his Birth-right thus?
Hadſt thou but lov'd him half ſo much as I,
Or felt that pain which I did for him once,
Or nouriſht him, as I did with my blood;
Thou would'ſt have left thy deareſt Heart-blood there,

Rather than made that ſavage Duke thine Heir,
And diſ-inherited thine only Son.
Prin. Father, you cannot diſ-inherit me:
If you be King, why ſhould not I ſucceed?
Hen. Pardon me, *Margaret*, pardon me, ſweet Son,
The Earl of *Warwick* and the Duke enforc'd me.
Queen. Enforc'd thee? art thou King, and wilt be forc'd?
I ſhame to hear thee ſpeak: ah timorous Wretch,
Thou haſt undone thy ſelf, thy Son, and me,
And given unto the Houſe of *York* ſuch head,
As thou ſhalt Reign but by their ſufferance.
To entail him and his Heirs unto the Crown,
What is it, but to make thy Sepulchre,
And creep into it far before thy time?
Warwick is Chancellor, and the Lord of *Calice*,
Stern *Falconbridge* commands the Narrow Seas,
The Duke is made Protector of the Realm,
And yet ſhalt thou be ſafe? ſuch ſafety finds
The trembling Lamb, invironed with Wolves.
Had I been there, which am a ſilly Woman,
The Souldiers ſhould have toſs'd me on their Pikes,
Before I would have granted to that Act.
But thou preferr'ſt thy life before thine honour.
And ſeeing thou do'ſt, I here divorce my ſelf,
Both from thy Table, *Henry*, and thy Bed,
Until that Act of Parliament be repealed,
Whereby my Son is diſ-inherited.
The Northern Lords, that have forſworn thy Colours,
Will follow mine, if once they ſee them ſpread:
And ſpread they ſhall be, to thy foul diſgrace,
And utter ruine of the Houſe of *York*.
Thus do I leave thee: Come Son, let's away,
Our Army is ready, come, we'll after them.
Henry. Stay, gentle *Margaret*, and hear me ſpeak.
Queen. Thou haſt ſpoke too much already: get thee gone.
Hen. Gentle Son *Edward*, thou wilt ſtay with me?
Queen. I, to be murther'd by his Enemies.
Prin. When I return with victory from the Field,
I'le ſee your Grace: till then I'le follow her.
Queen. Come, Son, away, we may not linger thus.
Hen. Poor Queen,
How love to me, and to her Son,
Hath made her break out into terms of Rage.
Reveng'd may ſhe be on that hateful Duke,
Whoſe haughty Spirit, winged with deſire,
Will coſt my Crown, and like an empty Eagle,
Tyre on the Fleſh of me, and of my Son.
The loſs of thoſe three Lords torments my Heart:
I'le write unto them, and entreat them fair;
Come, Couſin, you ſhall be the Meſſenger.
Exet. And I hope ſhall reconcile them all. [*Exit.*

Enter Richard, Edward, *and* Mountague.

Rich. Brother, though I be youngeſt, give me leave.
Edw. No, I can better play the Orator.
Moun. But I have reaſons ſtrong and forcible.

Enter the Duke of York.

Yor. Why, how now Sons and Brothers, at a ſtrife?
What is your Quarrel? how began it firſt?
Edw. No Quarrel, but a ſlight Contention.
Yor. About what?
Rich. About that which concerns your Grace and us,
The Crown of *England*, Father, which is yours.
Yor. Mine, Boy? not until King *Henry* be dead.
Rich. Your Right depends not on his life, or Death.
Edw. Now you are Heir, therefore enjoy it now:
By giving the Houſe of *Lancaſter* leave to breathe,
It will out-run you, Father, in the end.
Yor. I took an Oath, that he ſhould quietly Reign.
Edw. But for a Kingdom any Oath may be broken:
I would break a thouſand Oaths to Reign one year.
Richard. No: God forbid, your Grace ſhould be forſworn.
Yor. I ſhall be, if I claim by open War.
Richard. I'le prove the contrary, if you'l hear me ſpeak.
Yor. Thou canſt not, Son, 'tis impoſſible.
Rich. An Oath is of no moment, being not took
Before a true and lawful Magiſtrate,
That hath authority over him that ſwears.
Henry had none, but did uſurp the place.
Then ſeeing 'twas he that made you to depoſe,
Your Oath, my Lord, is vain and frivolous.
Therefore to Arms: and, Father, do but think,
How ſweet a thing it is to wear a Crown,
Within whoſe Circuit is *Elyſium*,
And all that Poets feign of Bliſs and Joy.
Why do we linger thus? I cannot reſt,
Until the White Roſe that I wear, be dy'd
Even in the luke-warm blood of *Henry*'s Heart.
Yor. *Richard*, enough: I will be King, or die.
Brother, thou ſhalt to *London* preſently,
And whet on *Warwick* to this Enterprize.
Thou, *Richard*, ſhalt ~~be~~ to the Duke of *Norfolk*,
And tell him privily of our intent.
You, *Edward*, ſhall unto my Lord *Cobham*,
With whom the *Kentiſh-men* will willingly riſe.
In them I truſt; for they are Souldiers,
Witty, courteous, liberal, full of Spirit.
While you are thus employ'd, what reſteth more,
But that I ſeek occaſion how to riſe?
And yet the King not privy to my drift,
Nor any of the Houſe of *Lancaſter*.

Enter Gabriel.

But ſtay, what News? why com'ſt thou in ſuch poſt?
Gabriel. The Queen,
With all the Northern Earls and Lords,
Intend here to beſiege you in your Caſtle.
She is hard by, with twenty thouſand Men:
And therefore fortifie your hold, my Lord.
Yor. I, with my Sword.
What? think'ſt thou, that we fear them?
Edward and *Richard*, you ſhall ſtay with me,
My Brother *Montague* ſhall poſt to *London*.
Let noble *Warwick*, *Cobham*, and the reſt,
Whom we have left Protectors of the King,
With powerful Policy ſtrengthen themſelves,
And truſt not ſimple *Henry*, nor his Oaths.
Moun. Brother, I go: I'le win them, fear it not.
And thus moſt humbly I do take my leave.
[*Exit* Mountague.

Enter Mortimer, *and his Brother.*

Yor. Sir *John*, and Sir *Hugh Mortimer*, mine Uncles,
You are come to *Sandal* in a happy hour.
The Army of the Queen means to beſiege us.
John. She ſhall not need, we'll meet her in the Field.
Yor. What, with five thouſand Men?
Rich. I, with five hundred, Father, for a need.
A Woman's General: what ſhould we fear?
[*A march afar off.*
Edw. I hear their Drums:
Let's ſet our Men in order,
And iſſue forth, and bid them Battel ſtreight.
Yor. Five Men to twenty though the odds be great,
I doubt not, Uncle, of our Victory.
Many a Battel have I won in *France*,
When as the Enemy hath been ten to one:
Why ſhould I not now have the like ſucceſs?
Alarum. [*Exit.*

Enter Rutland *and his Tutor.*

Rut. Ah, whither ſhall I flye, to ſcape their hands?
Ah, Tutor, look where bloody *Clifford* comes.
Enter Clifford.
Clif. Chaplain, away, thy Prieſthood ſaves thy life,
As for the Brat of this accurſed Duke,
Whoſe Father ſlew my Father, he ſhall die.
Tutor. And I, my Lord, will bear him company.
Clif. Souldiers, away with him.
Tutor. Ah *Clifford,* murther not this innocent Child,
Leſt thou be hated both of God and Man. [*Exit.*
Clif. How now? is he dead already?
Or is it fear that makes him cloſe his Eyes?
I'le open them.
Rut. So looks the pent-up Lyon o're the wretch,
That trembles under his devouring Paws:
And ſo he walks, inſulting o're his Prey,
And ſo he comes to rend his Limbs aſunder.
Ah, gentle *Clifford,* kill me with thy Sword,
And not with ſuch a cruel threatning look.
Sweet *Clifford,* hear me ſpeak, before I die:
I am too mean a ſubject for thy wrath,
Be thou reveng'd on Men, and let me live.
Clif. In vain thou ſpeak'ſt, poor Boy:
My Fathers blood hath ſtop't the paſſage
Where thy words ſhould enter.
Rut. Then let my Fathers blood open it again,
He is a Man, and, *Clifford,* cope with him.
Clif. Had I thy Brethren here, their lives and thine
Were not revenge ſufficient for me:
No, if I digg'd up thy Fore-fathers Graves,
And hung their rotten Coffins up in Chains,
It could not ſlake mine ire, nor eaſe my heart.
The ſight of any of the Houſe of *York,*
Is as a fury to torment my Soul:
And till I root out their accurſed Line,
And leave not one alive, I live in Hell.
Therefore———
Rut. Oh let me pray, before I take my death:
To thee, I pray, ſweet *Clifford,* pity me.
Clif. Such pity as my Rapier's point affords.
Rut. I never did thee harm: why wilt thou ſlay me?
Clif. Thy Father hath.
Rut. But 'twas e're I was born.
Thou haſt one Son, for his ſake pity me,
Leaſt in revenge thereof, ſith God is juſt,
He be as miſerably ſlain as I.
Ah, let me live in Priſon all my days,
And when I give occaſion of offence,
Then let me die, for now thou haſt no cauſe.
Clif. No cauſe? thy Father ſlew my Father: therefore die.
Rut. Dii faciant laudis ſummâ ſit iſta tuæ.
Clif. Plantagenet, I come, *Plantagenet.*
And this thy Sons blood cleaving to my Blade,
Shall ruſt upon my Weapon, till thy blood
Congeal'd with this, do make me wipe off both. [*Exit.*

Alarum. Enter Richard *Duke of* York.

Yor. The Army of the Queen hath got the Field:
My Uncles both are ſlain in reſcuing me,
And all my followers to the eager Foe
Turn back, and flye, like Ships before the wind,
Or Lambs purſu'd by hunger-ſtarved Wolves.
My Sons, God knows what hath bechanced them:
But this I know, they have demean'd themſelves
Like Men born to Renown, by Life or Death.
Three times did *Richard* make a Lane to me,
And thrice cry'd, Courage, Father, fight it out:
And full as oft came *Edward* to my ſide,
With Purple Faulchion, painted to the Hilt
In blood of thoſe that had encountred him:
And when the hardieſt Warriers did retire,
Richard cry'd, Charge, and give no foot of ground,
And cry'd, a Crown, or elſe a glorious Tomb,
A Scepter or an Earthly Sepulcher.
With this we charg'd again: but out alas,
We bodg'd again: as I have ſeen a Swan
With bootleſs labour ſwim againſt the Tide,
And ſpend her ſtrength with overmatching Waves.
[*A ſhort Alarum within.*
Ah hark, the fatal followers do purſue,
And I am faint, and cannot flye their fury.
And were I ſtrong, I would not ſhun their fury.
The Sands are numbred, that make up my Life,
Here muſt I ſtay, and here my Life muſt end.

Enter the Queen, Clifford, Northumberland, *the young Prince and Souldiers.*

Come bloody *Clifford,* rough *Northumberland,*
I dare your quenchleſs fury to more rage:
I am your But, and I abide your ſhot.
North. Yield to our mercy, proud *Plantagenet.*
Clif. I, to ſuch mercy, as his ruthleſs Arm
With down-right payment, ſhew'd unto my Father.
Now *Phaeton* hath tumbled from his Carre,
And made an Evening at the Noon-tide Prick.
Yor. My Aſhes, as the Phœnix, may bring forth
A Bird, that will revenge upon you all:
And in that hope, I throw mine Eyes to Heaven,
Scorning what e're you can inflict me with.
Why come you not? what? multitudes, and fear?
Clif. So Cowards fight, when they can flye no further,
So Doves do peck the Falcons piercing Talons,
So deſperate Thieves, all hopeleſs of their lives,
Breath out invectives 'gainſt the Officers.
Yor. Oh *Clifford,* but bethink thee once again,
And in thy thought o're-run my former-time:
And if thou canſt, for bluſhing, view this Face,
And bite thy Tongue, that ſlanders him with Cowardice,
Whoſe frown hath made thee faint and flye e're this.
Clif. I will not bandy with thee word for word,
But buckler with thee blows twice two for one.
Queen. Hold, valiant *Clifford,* for a thouſand cauſes
I would prolong a while the Traytors Life:
Wrath makes him deaf; ſpeak thou, *Northumberland.*
North. Hold *Clifford,* do not honour him ſo much,
To prick thy Finger, though to wound his Heart.
What valour were it, when a Curr doth grin,
For one to thruſt his Hand between his Teeth,
When he might ſpurn him with his foot away?
It is Wars prize to take all vantages,
And ten to one, is no impeach of Valour.
Clif. I, I, ſo ſtrives the *Woodcock* with the Gynn.
North. So doth the Cony ſtruggle in the Net.
Yor. So triumph Thieves, upon their conquer'd Booty,
So true Men yield, with Robbers ſo o're-matcht.
North. What would your Grace have done unto him now?
Queen. Brave Warriors, *Clifford* and *Northumberland,*
Come make him ſtand upon this Mole-hill here,
That caught at Mountains with out-ſtretched Aarms,
Yet parted but the ſhadow with his hand.
What, was it you that would be *England*'s King?
Was't you that revell'd in our Parliament,
And made a Preachment of your high Deſcent?
Where are your meſs of Sons to back you now?
The wanton *Edward,* and the luſty *George*?
And where's that valiant Crook-back Prodigy,
Dicky, your Boy, that with his grumbling voyce
Was wont to cheer his Dad in Mutinies?
Or with the reſt, where is your Darling *Rutland*?
Look *York,* I ſtain'd this Napkin with the blood
That valiant *Clifford,* with his Rapiers point,
Made iſſue from the boſom of the Boy,
And if thine Eyes can water for his Death,

I give thee this to dry thy Cheeks withal.
Alas poor *York*, but that I hate thee deadly,
I ſhould lament thy miſerable ſtate.
I prithee grieve, to make me merry, *York*.
What hath thy fiery Heart ſo parcht thine entrails,
That not a Tear can fall to *Rutland*'s Death,
Why art thou patient, Man? thou ſhould'ſt be mad:
And I, to make thee mad, do mock thee thus,
Stamp, rave, and fret, that I may ſing and dance.
Thou would'ſt be fee'd, I ſee, to make me ſport:
York cannot ſpeak, unleſs he wear a Crown.
A Crown for *York*; and, Lords, bow low to him:
Hold you his Hands, whilſt I do ſet it on.
I marry, Sir, now looks he like a King:
I, this is he that took King *Henry*'s Chair,
And this is he was his adopted Heir.
But how is it, that great *Plantagenet*
Is Crown'd ſo ſoon, and broke your ſolemn Oath?
As I bethink me, you ſhould not be King,
Till our King *Henry* had ſhook hands with Death.
And will you pale your head in *Henry*'s Glory,
And rob his Temples of the Diadem,
Now in this Life againſt the holy Oath?
Oh 'tis a fault too too unpardonable.
Off with the Crown, and with the Crown, his Head,
And whil'ſt we breath take time to do him dead.
Clif. That is my Office, for my Fathers ſake.
Queen. Nay ſtay, let's here the Orizons he makes.
York. She-Wolf of *France*,
But worſe than Wolves of *France*,
Whoſe Tongue more poyſon's than the Adders Tooth:
How ill-beſeeming is it in thy Sex,
To triumph like an *Amazonian* Trull,
Upon their Woes, whom Fortune Captivates?
But that thy Face is Vizard-like, unchanging,
Made impudent with uſe of evil deeds,
I would aſſay, proud Queen, to make thee bluſh.
To tell thee whence thou cam'ſt, of whom deriv'd,
Were ſhame enough to ſhame thee
Wer't thou not ſhameleſs,
Thy Father bears the type of King of *Naples*,
Of both the *Sicils*, and *Jeruſalem*,
Yet not ſo wealthy as an *Engliſh* Yeoman.
Hath that poor Monarch taught thee to inſult?
It needs not, nor it boots thee not, proud Queen,
Unleſs the Adage muſt be verify'd,
That Beggars mounted, run their Horſe to death.
'Tis Beauty that doth oft make Women proud,
But God he knows, thy ſhare thereof is ſmall.
'Tis Vertue that doth make them moſt admir'd,
The contrary doth make thee wondred at.
'Tis Government that makes them ſeem Divine,
The want thereof makes thee abominable.
Thou art as oppoſite to every good,
As the *Antipodes* are unto us,
Or as the South to the *Septentrion*.
Oh Tigres Heart, wrapt in a Womans Hide,
How could'ſt thou drain the Life-blood of the Child,
To bid the Father wipe his Eyes withal,
And yet be ſeen to bear a Womans Face?
Women are ſoft, mild, pitiful, and flexible;
Thou ſtern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorſeleſs,
Bidſt thou me rage? why now thou haſt thy wiſh.
Would'ſt have me weep? why now thou haſt thy will.
For raging Wind blows up inceſſant ſhowr's,
And when the rage allays, the Rain begins.
Theſe Tears are my ſweet *Rutland*'s Obſequies,
And every drop cries vengeance to his death.
'Gainſt thee, fell *Clifford*, and thee, falſe *French-woman*.
Northumb. Beſhrew me, but his Paſſions move me ſo,
That hardly can I check mine Eyes from Tears.
York. That Face of his,
The hungry Cannibals would not have toucht,
Would not have ſtain'd the Roſes juſt with blood:
But you are more inhumane, more inexorable,
Oh ten times more than Tigers of *Hyrcania*.
See, ruthleſs Queen, a hapleſs Fathers Tears:
This Cloth thou dip'dſt in blood of my ſweet Boy,
And I with tears do waſh the blood away.
Keep thou the Napkin, and go boaſt of this,
And if thou tell'ſt the heavy ſtory right,
Upon my Soul, the hearers will ſhed Tears:
Yea, even my Foes will ſhed faſt-falling Tears,
And ſay, alas, it was a piteous deed.
There take the Crown, and with the Crown, my Curſe.
And in thy need, ſuch comfort come to thee,
As now I reap at thy too cruel hand.
Hard-hearted *Clifford*, take me from the World,
My Soul to Heaven, my Blood upon your Heads.
North. Had he been ſlaughter-man to all my Kin,
I ſhould not for my life but weep with him,
To ſee how inly ſorrow gripes his Soul.
Queen. What, weeping ripe, my Lord *Northumberland*?
Think but upon the wrong he did us all,
And that will quickly dry thy melting Tears.
Clifford. Here's for my Oath, here's for my Fathers Death.
Queen. And here's to right our gentle-hearted King.
Yor. Open thy Gate of Mercy, gracious God.
My Soul flies through theſe wounds, to ſeek out thee.
Queen. Off with his Head, and ſet it on York Gates,
So York may over-look the Town of York. [*Exeunt.*

A March. Enter Edward, Richard, *and their power.*

Edw. I wonder how our Princely Father ſcap't:
Or whether he be ſcap'd away, or no,
From *Clifford*'s and from *Northumberland*'s purſuit?
Had he been ta'ne, we would have heard the news:
Had he been ſlain, we ſhould have heard the news:
Or had he ſcap't, methinks we ſhould have heard
The happy tydings of his good eſcape.
How fares my Brother? why is he ſo ſad?
Rich. I cannot joy until I be reſolv'd
Where our right valiant Father is become.
I ſaw him in the Battel range about,
And watcht him how he ſingled *Clifford* forth,
Me thought he bore him in the thickeſt troop,
As doth a Lyon in a Heard of Neat,
Or as a Bear encompaſs'd round with Dogs:
Who having pincht a few, and made them cry,
The reſt ſtand all aloof, and bark at him.
So far'd our Father with his Enemies,
So fled his Enemies my Warlike Father:
Methinks 'tis prize enough to be his Son.
See how the Morning opes her Golden Gates,
And takes her farewel of the glorious Sun.
How well reſembles it the prime of Youth,
Trimm'd like a Yonker, prancing to his Love?
Ed. Dazle mine Eyes, or do I ſee three Suns?
Rich. Three glorious Suns, each one a perfect Sun,
Not ſeparated with the racking Clouds,
But ſever'd in a pale clear-ſhining Skie.
See, ſee they joyn, embrace, and ſeem to kiſs,
As if they vow'd ſome League inviolable.
Now are they but one Lamp, one Light, one Sun:
In this, the Heaven figures ſome event.
Edw. 'Tis wondrous ſtrange,
The like yet never heard of.
I think it cites us (Brother) to the Field,
That we, the Sons of brave *Plantagenet*,
Each one already blazing by our meeds,
Should notwithithſtanding joyn our Lights together,
And over-ſhine the Earth, as this the World.
What e're it bodes, hence-forward will I bear
Upon my Target three fair ſhining Suns.
Rich. Nay, bear three Daughters:
By your leave, I ſpeak it,

You love the Breeder better than the Male.

Enter one blowing.

But what art thou, whoſe heavy Looks foretel
Some dreadful Story hanging on thy Tongue?
Meſſ. Ah, one that was a woful looker on,
When as the Noble Duke of *York* was ſlain,
Your Princely Father, and my loving Lord.
Edw. Oh ſpeak no more, for I have heard too much.
Rich. Say how he dy'd, for I will hear it all.
Meſſ. Environed he was with many Foes,
And ſtood againſt them, as the hope of *Troy*
Againſt the *Greeks*, that would have entred *Troy.*
But *Hercules* himſelf muſt yield to odds:
And many ſtroaks, though with a little Axe,
Hewes down and fells the hardeſt-timber'd Oak.
By many hands your Father was ſubdu'd,
But only ſlaughter'd by the ireful Arm
Of unrelenting *Clifford*, and the Queen:
Who Crown'd the gracious Duke in high deſpight,
Laugh'd in his face: and when with grief he wept,
The ruthleſs Queen gave him, to dry his Cheek,
A Napkin, ſteep'd in the harmleſs blood
Of ſweet young *Rutland*, by rough *Clifford* ſlain:
And after many ſcorns, many foul taunts,
They took his Head, and on the Gates of *York*
They ſet the ſame, and there it doth remain,
The ſaddeſt ſpectacle that e're I view'd.
Edw. Sweet Duke of *York*, our prop to lean upon,
Now thou art gone, we have no Staff, no Stay.
Oh *Clifford*, boyſt'rous *Clifford*, thou haſt ſlain
The flower of *Europe*, for his Chevalry,
And treacherouſly haſt thou vanquiſh'd him,
For hand to hand he would have vanquiſh'd thee.
Now my Souls Palace is become a Priſon:
Ah, would ſhe break from hence, that this my body
Might in the Ground be cloſed up in reſt:
For never henceforth ſhall I joy again:
Never, oh never ſhall I ſee more joy.
Rich. I cannot weep, for all my Bodies moiſture
Scarce ſerves to quench my Furnace-burning Heart:
Nor can my Tongue unload my Hearts great burthen,
For ſelf-ſame Wind that I ſhould ſpeak withall,
Is kindling Coals that fires up all my Breaſt,
And burns me up with Flames, that Tears would quench.
To weep, is to make leſs the depth of Grief:
Tears then for Babes; Blows, and revenge for me.
Richard, I bear thy Name, I'le venge thy Death,
Or die renowned by attempting it.
Edw. His Name that valiant Duke hath left with thee:
His Dukedom, and his Chair, with me is left.
Rich. Nay, if thou be that Princely Eagles Bird,
Shew thy deſcent, by gazing 'gainſt the Sun:
For Chair and Dukedom, Throne and Kingdom ſay,
Either that is thine, or elſe thou wert not his.

March. Enter Warwick, *Marqueſs* Mountacute, *and their Army.*

War. How now, fair Lords? what fare? what news abroad.
Rich. Great Lord of *Warwick*, if we ſhould recount
Our baleful news, and at each words deliverance
Stab Poinards in our Fleſh, till all were told,
The words would add more anguiſh than the wounds.
O, valiant Lord, the Duke of *York* is ſlain.
Edw. O, *Warwick*, *Warwick*, that *Plantagenet*,
Which held thee dearly as his Souls Redemption,
Is by the ſtern Lord *Clifford* done to Death.
War. Ten days ago I drown'd theſe news in tears,
And now to add more meaſure to your woes,
I come to tell you things ſith then befaln.
After the bloody Fray at *Wakefield* fought,
Where your brave Father breath'd his lateſt Gaſp,
Tidings as ſwiftly, as the Poſt could run,
Were brought me of your loſs, and his depart.
I then in *London*, Keeper of the King,
Muſter'd my Souldiers, gathered Flocks of Friends,
March'd toward St. *Albans*, to intercept the Queen,
Bearing the King in my behalf along:
For by my Scouts, I was advertiſed
That ſhe was coming with a full intent
To daſh our late Decree in Parliament,
Touching King *Henry*'s Oath, and your Succeſſion:
Short Tale to make, we at St. *Albans* met,
Our Battels joyn'd and both ſides fiercely fought:
But whether 'twas the coldneſs of the King,
Who look'd full gently on his War-like Queen,
That robb'd my Souldiers of their heated Spleen.
Or whether 'twas report of her Succeſs,
Or more than common fear of *Cliffords* Rigour,
Who thunders to his Captives, Blood and Death,
I cannot judge: but to conclude with truth,
Their Weapons like to Lightning, came and went:
Our Souldiers like the Night-Owls lazy flight,
Or like a lazy Threſher with a Flayle,
Fell gently down, as if they ſtruck their Friends.
I cheer'd them up with Juſtice of our Cauſe.
With promiſe of high Pay, and great Reward:
But all in vain, they had no heart to fight,
And we (in them) no hope to win the Day,
So that we fled: the King unto the Queen,
Lord *George*, your Brother *Norfolk*, and my ſelf,
In haſte, poſt-haſte, are come to joyn with you:
For in the Marches here we heard you were,
Making another Head, to fight again.
Ed. Where is the Duke of *Norfolk*, gentle *Warwick*?
And when came *George* from *Burgundy* to *England*?
War. Some ſix miles off the Duke is with the Souldiers;
And for your Brother he was lately ſent
From your kind Aunt, Dutcheſs of *Burgundy*,
With aid of Souldiers to this needful War.
Rich. 'Twas odds belike, when valiant *Warwick* fled;
Oft have I heard his praiſes in purſuit,
But ne're till now, his ſcandal of Retire.
War. Nor now my ſcandal, *Richard*, doſt thou hear:
For thou ſhalt know this ſtrong right hand of mine,
Can pluck the Diadem from faint *Henry*'s Head,
And wring the awful Scepter from his Fiſt,
Were he as famous, and as bold in War,
As he is fam'd for Mildneſs, Peace, and Prayer.
Rich. I know it well, Lord *Warwick*, blame me not,
'Tis love I bear thy Glories makes me ſpeak.
But in this troublous time, what's to be done?
Shall we go throw away our Coats of Steel,
And wrap onr Bodies in black mourning Gowns,
Numb'ring our Ave-Maries with our Beads!
Or ſhall we on the Helmets of our Foes,
Tell our Devotion with revengeful Arms?
If for the laſt, ſay I, and to it Lords.
War. Why therefore *VVarwick* came to ſeek you out,
And therefore comes my Brother *Mountague*:
Attend me Lords, the proud inſulting Queen,
With *Clifford*, and the haught *Northumberland*,
And of their Feather many moe proud Birds,
Have wrought the eaſie-melting King, like Wax,
He ſwore conſent to your Succeſſion,
His Oath enrolled in the Parliament,
And now to *London* all the Crew are gone,
To fruſtrate both his Oath, and what beſide
May make againſt the Houſe of *Lancaſter*.
Their power (I think) is thirty thouſand ſtrong:
Now, if the help of *Norfolk*, and my ſelf,
With all the Friends that thou brave Earl of *March*,
Amongſt the loving *Welch-men* canſt procure,
Will but amount to five and twenty thouſand,
Why *Via*, to *London* will we march,
And once again beſtride our foaming Steeds,

And once again cry, Charge upon our Foes,
But never once again turn back and flye.
Rich. I, now methinks I hear great *Warwick* ſpeak;
Ne're may he live to ſee a Sun-ſhine day,
That cries Retire, if *Warwick* bid him ſtay.
Rich. Lord *Warwick*, on thy Shouldier will I lean,
And when thou fail'ſt (as God forbid the hour)
Muſt *Edward* fall, ~~with~~ peril Heaven forfend. +Which
War. No longer Earl of *March*, but Duke of *York*:
The next Degree, is *Englands* Royal Throne:
For King of *England* ſhalt thou be proclaim'd
In every Burrough as we paſs along,
And he that throws not up his Cap for joy,
Shall for the fault make forfeit of his Head.
King *Edward*, valiant *Richard Mountague*:
Stay we no longer, dreaming of Renown,
But ſound the Trumpets, and about our Task.
Rich. Then *Clifford*, were thy Heart as hard as Steel,
As thou haſt ſhewn it Flinty by thy Deeds,
I come to pierce it, or to give thee mine.
Edw. Then ſtrike up Drums, God and St. *George* for us.
Enter a Meſſenger.
War. How now? what news?
Meſ. The Duke of *Norfolk* ſends you word by me,
The Queen is coming with a puiſſant Hoſte,
And craves your company, for ſpeedy Counſel.
War. Why then it ſorts, brave Warriors lets away.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter the King, the Queen, Clifford, Northumberland, *and young Prince, with Drum and Trumpets.*

Qu. Welcome, my Lord to this brave Town of *York*,
Yonder's the Head of that Arch-enemy,
That ſought to be encompaſt with your Crown.
Doth not the Object cheer your Heart, my Lord?
K. I, as the Rocks cheer them that fear their Wrack,
To ſee this ſight it irks my very Soul:
With-hold Revenge (dear God) 'tis not my fault,
Nor wittingly have I infring'd my Vow.
Clif. My gracious Liege, this too much Lenity
And harmful pity muſt be laid aſide:
To whom do Lyons caſt their gentle looks?
Not to the Beaſt that would uſurp their Den.
Whoſe Hand is that the Forreſt Bear doth lick?
Not his that ſpoyls her young before her Face.
Who ſcapes the lurking Serpents mortal ſting?
Not he that ſets his foot upon her back.
The ſmalleſt Worm will turn, being troden on,
And Doves will peck in ſafeguard of their Brood.
Ambitious *York* did level at thy Crown,
Thou ſmiling, while he knit his angry Brows.
He but a Duke, would have his Son a King,
And raiſe his iſſue like a loving Sire,
Thou being a King, bleſt with a goodly Son,
Didſt yield conſent to diſinherit him:
Which argued thee a moſt unloving Father.
Unreaſonable Creatures feed their Young,
And though mans Face be fearful to their Eyes,
Yet in protection of their tender ones,
Who hath not ſeen them even with thoſe wings,
Which ſometimes they have us'd with fearful flight,
Make War with him that climb'd unto their Neſt.
Offering their own lives in their Youngs Defence?
For ſhame, my Liege, make them your Preſident:
Were it not pity that this goodly Boy
Should loſe his Birth-right by his Fathers Fault,
And long hereafter ſay unto his Child,
What my great Grandfather, and my Grandſire got,
My careleſs Father fondly gave away.
Ah, what a ſhame were this? look on the Boy,
And let his Manly face, which promiſeth
Succeſsful Fortune ſteal thy melting Heart,
To hold thine own, and leave thine own with him.
King. Full well hath *Clifford* plaid the Orator,
Inferring Arguments of mighty Force:
But, *Clifford*, tell me, didſt thou never hear,
That things ill got, had ever bad Succeſs.
And happy always was it for that Son,
Whoſe Father for his hoording went to Hell:
I'le leave my Son my vertuous deeds behind,
And would my Father had left me no more:
For all the reſt is held at ſuch a Rate,
As brings a thouſand fold more care to keep,
Than in poſſeſſion any jot of pleaſure.
Ah Couſin *York*, would thy beſt Friends did know,
How it doth grieve me that that thy Head is here.
Qu. My Lord, cheer up your Spirits, our Foes are nigh,
And this ſoft Courage makes your Followers faint:
You promis'd Knighthood to our forward Son,
Unſheath your Sword, and dub him preſently.
Edward, kneel down.
King. Edward Plantagenet, ariſe a Knight,
And learn this Leſſon, draw thy Sword in right.
Pain. My gracious Father, by your Kingly leave,
I'le draw it as apparent to the Crown,
And in that Quarrel uſe it to the death.
Clif. Why that is ſpoken like a toward Prince.
Enter a Meſſenger.
Meſſ. Royal Commanders, be in readineſs,
For with a Band of thirty thouſand men,
Comes *Warwick* backing of the Duke of *York*,
And in the Towns as they do march along,
Proclaims him King, and many flye to him,
Darraign your Battel, they are at hand.
Clif. I would your Highneſs would depart the Field,
The Queen hath beſt ſucceſs when you are abſent.
Qu. I, good my Lord, and leave us to our Fortune.
King. Why that's my Fortune too, therefore I'le ſtay.
North. Be it with reſolution then to fight.
Prin. My Royal Father, cheer theſe Noble Lords,
And hearten thoſe that fight in your defence:
Unſheath your Sword, good Father: cry St. *George.*

March. *Enter* Edward, Warwick, Richard, Clarence, Norfolk, Mountague, *and Souldiers.*

Ed. Now perjur'd *Henry*, wilt thou kneel for Grace?
And ſet thy Diadem upon my Head?
Or bide the Mortal fortune of the Field.
Qu Go rate thy Minions, proud inſulting Boy,
Becomes it thee to be thus bold in terms,
Before thy Soveraign, and thy lawful King?
Ed. I am his King, and he ſhould bow his knee;
I was adopted Heir by his Conſent.
Since when, his Oath is broke: for as I hear,
You that are King, though he do wear the Crown,
Have caus'd him by new Act of Parliament,
To blot out me, and put his own Son in.
Clif. And reaſon too:
Who ſhould ſucceed the Father, but the Son?
Rich. Are you there. Butcher? O, I cannot ſpeak.
Clif. I, Crook-back, here I ſtand to anſwer thee,
Or any he, the proudeſt of thy ſort.
Rich. 'Twas you that kill'd young *Rutland*, was it not?
Clif. I, and old *York*, and yet not ſatisfied.
Rich. For God's ſake, Lords, give ſignal to the Fight.
War. What ſay'ſt thou, *Henry*,
Wilt thou yield the Crown?
Q. Why how now, long-tongu'd *Warwick*, dare you ſpeak?
When you and I met at St. *Albans* laſt,
Your Legs did better ſervice than your hands.
War. Then 'twas my turn to flye, and now 'tis thine.
Clif. You ſaid ſo much before, and yet you fled.
War. 'Twas not your valour, *Clifford*, drove me thence.
Nor. No, nor your Manhood that durſt make you ſtay.
Rich. *Northumberland*, I hold thee reverently,
Break off the Parley, for ſcarce I can refrain

The execution of my big-ſwoln Heart
Upon that *Clifford*, that cruel Child-killer.
Clif. I ſlew thy Father, call'ſt thou him a Child ?
Rich. I, like a Daſtard, and a treacherous Coward,
As thou didſt kill our tender Brother *Rutland*,
But ere Sun ſet, I'le make thee curſe the deed.
King. Have you done with words (my Lords) and hear me ſpeak.
Queen. Defie them then, or elſe hold cloſe thy Lips.
King. I prithee give no limits to my Tongue,
I am a King, and priviledg'd to ſpeak.
Clif. My Liege, the wound that bred this meeting here,
Cannot be cur'd by words, therefore be ſtill.
Rich. Then Execution erunſheath thy Sword :
By him that made us all, I am reſolv'd,
That *Clifford*'s Manhood lies upon his Tongue.
Ed. Say, *Henry*, ſhall I have my right, or no :
A thouſand Men have broke their Faſts to day,
That ne're ſhall dine, unleſs thou yield the Crown.
War. If thou deny, their Blood upon thy Head,
For *York* in juſtice puts his Armour on.
Pr. Ed. If that be right, which *Warwick* ſays is right,
There is no wrong, but every thing is right.
Rich ~~*War*~~. Who ever got thee, there thy Mother ſtands,
For well I wot, thou haſt thy Mothers Tongue.
Queen. But thou art neither like thy Sire nor Dam,
But like a foul miſhapen Stigmatick,
Mark'd by the Deſtinies to be avoided,
As venom Toads, or Lizards dreadful ſtings.
Rich. Iron of *Naples*, hid with *Engliſh* gilt,
Whoſe Father bears the Title of a King,
(As if a Channel ſhould be call'd the Sea)
Sham'ſt thou not, knowing whence thou art extraught,
To let thy Tongue detect thy baſe-born heart.
Ed. A wiſp of Straw were worth a thouſand Crowns,
To make this ſhameleſs Callet know her ſelf.
Helen of *Greece* was fairer far than thou,
Although thy Husband may be *Menelaus*,
And ne're was *Agamemnon*'s Brother wrong'd
By that falſe Woman, as this King by thee.
His Father revell'd in the Heart of *France*,
And tam'd the King, and made the Dolphin ſtoop :
And had He match'd according to his State,
He might have kept that glory to this day.
But when he took a Beggar to his Bed,
And grac'd thy poor Sire with his Bridal day,
Even then that Sun-ſhine brew'd a ſhowr for him,
That waſht his Fathers Fortunes forth of *France*,
And heap'd Sedition on his Crown at home :
For what hath breach'd this tumult but thy pride ?
Hadſt thou been meek, our Title ſtill had ſlept,
And we in pity of the Gentle King,
Had ſlipt our Claim until another Age.
Cla. But when we ſaw our Sunſhine made thy Spring,
And that thy Summer bred us no encreaſe,
We ſet the Ax to thy uſurping Root :
And though the edge hath ſomething hit our ſelves,
Yet know thou, ſince we have begun to ſtrike,
We'll never leave, till we have hewn thee down,
Or bath'd thee growing with our heated bloods.
Ed. And in this reſolution I defie thee,
Not willing any longer Conference,
Since thou deni'dſt the gentle King to ſpeak.
Sound Trumpets, let our bloody Colours wave,
And either Victory, or elſe a Grave.
Queen. Stay, *Edward*.
Ed. No, wrangling Woman, we'll no longer ſtay.
Theſe words will coſt ten thouſand lives this day.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

Alarum. Excurſions. Enter Warwick.

War. Fore-ſpent with toyl, as Runners with a Race,
I lay me down a little while to breath :
For ſtrokes received, and many blows repaid,
Have robb'd my ſtrong knit Sinews of their ſtrength,
And ſpight of ſpight, needs muſt I reſt a while.
Enter Edward *running.*
Ed. Smile, gentle Heaven, or ſtrike, ungentle death,
For this world frowns, and *Edward*'s Sun is clouded.
War. How now, my Lord, what hap ? what hope of good ?
Enter Clarence.
Cla. Our hap is loſs, our hope but ſad depair,
Our ranks are broke, and ruine follows us.
What Counſel give you ? whether ſhall we flye ?
Ed. Bootleſs is flight, they follow us with Wings,
And weak we are, and cannot ſhun purſuit.
Enter Richard.
Rich. Ah *Warwick*, why haſt thou withdrawn thy ſelf?
Thy Brothers blood the thirſty Earth hath drunk,
Broach'd with the ſteely point of *Clifford*'s Launce :
And in the very pangs of death he cry'd,
Like to a diſmal Clangor heard from far,
Warwick, revenge ; Brother, revenge my death.
So underneath the belly of their Steeds,
That ſtain'd their Fetlocks in his ſmoaking blood,
The Noble Gentleman gave up the Ghoſt.
War. Then let the Earth be drunken with our blood :
I'le kill my Horſe becauſe I will not flye :
Why ſtand we like ſoft-hearted Women here,
Wailing our loſſes, whiles the Foe doth rage,
And look upon, as if the Tragedy
Were plaid in jeſt by counterfeiting Actors.
Here on my Knee, I vow to God above,
I'le never pawſe again, never ſtand ſtill,
Till either death hath cloſ'd theſe Eyes of mine,
Or Fortune given me meaſure of revenge.
Ed. O *Warwick*, I do bend my Knee with thine,
And in this Vow do Chain my Soul to thine.
And e're my Knee riſe from the Earths cold Face,
I throw my Hands, mine Eyes, my Heart to thee,
Thou ſetter up, and plucker down of Kings,
Beſeeching thee, (if with thy Will it ſtands)
That to my Foes this body muſt be prey,
Yet that thy Brazen Gates of Heaven may ope,
And give ſweet paſſage to my ſinful Soul.
Now Lords, take leave until we meet again,
Where e're it be, in Heaven, or in the Earth.
Rich. Brother,
Give me thy Hand, and gentle *Warwick*,
Let me embrace thee in my weary arms :
I that did never weep, now melt with woe,
That Winter ſhould cut off our Spring-time ſo.
War. Away, away :
Once more, ſweet Lords, farewel.
Cla. Yet let us altogether to our Troops :
And give them leave to flye that will not ſtay :
And call them Pillars that will ſtand to us :
And if we thrive, promiſe them ſuch rewards
As Victors wear at the Olympian Games.
This may plant Courage in their quailing breaſts,
For yet is hope of Life and Victory :
Fore-ſlow no longer, make we hence amain. [*Exeunt.*

Excurſions. Enter Richard *and* Clifford.

Rich. Now *Clifford*, I have ſingled thee alone,
Suppoſe this arm is for the Duke of *York*,
And this for *Rutland*, both bound to revenge,
Wer't thou environ'd with a Brazen Wall.
Clif. Now, *Richard*, I am with thee here alone,
This is the Hand that ſtabb'd thy Father *York*,
And this the Hand that ſlew thy Brother *Rutland*,
And here's the Heart, that triumphs in their death,
And cheers theſe Hands that ſlew thy Sire and Brother,
To execute the like upon thy ſelf,
And ſo have at thee.
They fight, Warwick *comes*, Clifford *flies.*

Rich. Nay *Warwick*, ſingle out ſome other Chace,
For I my ſelf will hunt this Wolf to Death. [*Exeunt.*

Alarum. Enter King Henry *alone.*

Hen. This Battel fares like to the mornings War,
When dying Clouds contend with growing Light,
What time the Shepherd blowing of his Nails,
Can neither call it perfect Day, nor Night.
Now ſways it this way, like a mighty Sea,
Forc'd by the Tide to combat with the Wind:
Now ſways it that way, like the ſelf-ſame Sea,
Forc'd to retire by fury of the Wind.
Sometime, the Flood prevails; and then the Wind:
Now, one the better, then another beſt;
Both tugging to be Victors, breaſt to breaſt:
Yet neither Conquerour, nor conquered.
So is the equal poize of this fell War.
Here on this Mole-hil will I ſit me down,
To whom God will, there be the Victory:
For *Margaret* my Queen, and *Clifford* too
Have chid me from the Battel; ſwearing both,
They proſper beſt of all when I am thence.
Would I were dead, if Gods good will were ſo:
For what is in this World, but grief and woe?
Oh God! methinks it were a happy Life,
To be no better than a homely Swain,
To ſit upon a Hill, as I do now,
To carve our Dials queintly, point by point,
Thereby to ſee the Minutes how they run:
How many makes the Hour full compleat,
How many Hours bring about the Day,
How many days will finiſh up the year,
How many years a Mortal Man may live.
When this is known, then to divide the Times:
So many hours muſt I tend my Flock;
So many hours muſt I take my reſt;
So many hours muſt I contemplate:
So many hours muſt I ſport my ſelf;
So many days my Ewes have been with young:
So many days e're the poor Fools will Ean:
So many years e're I ſhall ſheer the Fleece:
So Minutes, Hours, Days, Months, and Years,
Paſt over to the end they were Created,
Would bring white Hairs unto a quiet Grave.
Ah! what a Life were this? How ſweet, how lovely?
Gives not the Haw-thorn buſh a ſweeter ſhade
To Shepherds, looking on their ſilly Sheep,
Than doth a rich embroider'd Canopy
To Kings, that fear their Subjects treachery?
Oh yes, it doth, a thouſand fold it doth.
And to conclude, the Shepherds homely Curds,
His cold thin drink out of his Leather Bottle,
His wonted ſleep, under a freſh Trees ſhade,
All which ſecure, and ſweetly he enjoys,
Is far beyond a Princes Delicates:
His Viands ſparkling in a Golden Cup,
His body couched in a curious Bed,
When Care, Miſtruſt, and Treaſons waits on him.

Alarum. Enter a Son that had kill'd his Father at one door, and a Father that had kill'd his Son at another door.

Son. Ill blows the wind that profits no body,
This Man whom hand to hand I ſlew in fight,
May be poſſeſſed with ſome ſtore of Crowns,
And I that (haply) take them from him now,
May yet (e're Night) yield both my Life and them
To ſome Man elſe, as this dead Man doth me.
Who's this? Oh God! it is my Fathers Face,
Whom in this Conflict, I (unawares) have kill'd:
Oh heavy times! begetting ſuch events.
From *London*, by the King was I preſt forth,
My Father being the Earl of *Warwick's* Man
Came on the part of *York*; preſt by his Maſter:
And I, who at his hands receiv'd my life,
Have by my hands of life bereaved him.
Pardon me, God, I knew not what I did:
And pardon, Father, for I knew not thee.
My Tears ſhall wipe away theſe bloody marks:
And no more words, till they have flow'd their fill.
King. O piteous ſpectacle! O bloody Times!
Whiles Lyons War, and Battel for their Dens,
Poor harmeleſs Lambs abide their Enmity.
Weep, wretched Man, I'le aid thee Tear for Tear,
And let our Hearts and Eyes, like Civil War,
Be blind with Tears, and break o're-charg'd with Grief.

Enter Father, bearing of his Son.

Fa. Thou that ſo ſtoutly haſt reſiſted me,
Give me thy Gold, if thou haſt any Gold:
For I have bought it with an hundred blows.
But let me ſee: is this our Foe-man's Face?
Ah, no, no, no, it is my only Son.
Ah Boy, if any Life be left in thee,
Throw up thine Eye; ſee, ſee, what ſhowers ariſe,
Blown with the windy Tempeſt of my Heart.
Upon thy wounds, that kills mine Eye, and Heart.
O pity God, this miſerable Age!
What ſtratagems? how fell? how butcherly?
Erroneous, Mutinous, and unnatural,
This deadly quarrel daily doth beget?
O Boy! thy Father gave thee Life too ſoon,
And hath bereft thee of thy Life too late.
Ki. Woe above woe: grief, more than common grief;
O that my Death would ſtay theſe rueful deeds:
O pity, pity, gentle Heaven, pity.
The Red Roſe and the White are on his Face,
The fatal Colours of our ſtriving Houſes.
The one his purple Blood right well reſembles,
The other his pale Cheeks (methinks) preſenteth:
Wither one Roſe, and let the other flouriſh:
If you contend, a thouſand Lives muſt wither.
Son. How will my Mother, for a Father's Death,
Take on with me, and ne're be ſatisfi'd?
Fa. How will my Wife, for ſlaughter of my Son,
Shed Seas of Tears, and ne're be ſatisfi'd?
King. How will the Country, for the woful chances,
Mis-think the King, and not be ſatisfied?
Son. Was ever Son ſo rew'd a Fathers Death?
Fath. Was ever Father ſo bemoan'd his Son?
Hen. Was ever King ſo griev'd for Subjects woe?
Much is your Sorrow; mine, ten times ſo much.
Son. I'le bear thee hence, where I may weep my fill.
Fath. Theſe Arms of mine ſhall be thy winding-ſheet,
My heart (ſweet Boy) ſhall be thy Sepulcher,
For from my Heart thine Image ne're ſhall go.
My ſighing Breaſt ſhall be thy Funeral Bell;
And ſo obſequious will thy Father be, i.e. So sollicitous about
Man, for the loſs of thee, having no more, Thy funeral Obsequies
As *Priam* was for all his valiant Sons,
I'le bear thee hence, and let them fight that will,
For I have murthered where I ſhould not kill. [*Exit.*
Hen. Sad-hearted men, much overgone with Care;
Here ſits a King, more woful than you are.

Alarums. Excurſions. Enter the Queen, the Prince, and Exeter.

Prin. Fly Father, flye: for all your Friends are fled.
And *Warwick* rages like a chafed Bull:
Away, for Death doth hold us in purſuit.
Qu. Mount you my Lord, towards *Barwick* poſt amain:
Edward and *Richard* like a brace of Grey-hounds,
Having the fearful flying *Hare* in ſight,
With fiery Eyes, ſparkling for very wrath,
And bloody Steel graſpt in their ireful hands,

Are at our backs, and therefore hence amain.
Exet. Away: for vengeance comes along with them.
Nay, ſtay not to expoſtulate, make ſpeed,
Or elſe come after, I'le away before.
Hen. Nay, take me with thee, good ſweet *Exeter*:
Not that I fear to ſtay, but love to go
Whither the Queen intends. Forward, away. [*Exeunt*.

A loud Alarum. Enter Clifford *wounded.*

Clif. Here burns my Candle out; I, here it dies,
VVhich whiles it laſted, gave King *Henry* light.
O *Lancaſter*! I fear thy overthrow,
More than my Bodies parting with my Soul:
My Love and Fear glew'd many Friends to thee,
And now I fall. Thy tough Commixtures melt,
Impairing *Henry*, ſtrengthning mis-proud *York*;
And whither fly the Gnats, but to the Sun?
And who ſhines now, but *Henry*'s Enemies?
O *Phœbus*! hadſt thou never gave conſent,
That *Phaeton* ſhould check thy fiery Steeds,
Thy burning Carr never had ſcorch'd the Earth.
And *Henry*, hadſt thou ſway'd as Kings ſhould do,
Or as thy Father, and his Father did,
Giving no ground unto the Houſe of *York*,
They never then had ſprung like Summer Flyes:
I, and ten thouſand in this luckleſs Realm,
Had left no mourning Widows for our death,
And thou this day, hadſt kept thy Chair in peace.
For what doth cheriſh Weeds, but gentle Air?
And what makes Robbers bold, but too much lenity?
Bootleſs are Plaints, and Cureleſs are my Wounds?
No way to flye, nor ſtrength to hold out flight:
The Foe is merciles, and will not pity:
For at their hands I have deſerv'd no pity.
The Air hath got into my deadly Wounds,
And much effuſe of blood doth make me faint:
Come *York*, and *Richard*, *Warwick*, and the reſt,
I ſtabb'd your Fathers boſoms: Split my Breaſt.

Alarum and Retreat. Enter Edward, Warwick, Richard, *and Souldiers,* Mountague, *and* Clarence.

Ed. Now breathe we Lords, good Fortune bids us pawſe,
And ſmooth the frowns of War with peaceful looks:
Some Troops purſue the bloody-minded Queen,
That led calm *Henry*, though he were a King,
As doth a Sail fill'd with a fretting Guſt,
Command an Argoſie to ſtemm the Waves:
But think you (Lords) that *Clifford* fled with them?
War. No, 'tis impoſſible he ſhould eſcape:
(For though before his face I ſpeak the word)
Your Brother *Richard* mark'd him for the Grave.
And whereſoe're he is, he's ſurely dead. [Clifford *groans*.
Rich. Whoſe Soul is that, which takes her heavy leave?
A deadly groan, like Life and Deaths departing.
See who it is.
Ed. And now the Battel's ended,
If Friend or Foe, let him be gently uſed.
Rich. Revoke that doom of Mercy, for 'tis *Clifford*,
Who not contented that he lopp'd the Branch
In hewing *Rutland*, when his leaves put forth,
But ſet his murth'ring Knife unto the Root,
From whence that tender ſpray did ſweetly ſpring,
I mean our Princely Father, Duke of *York*.
War. From off the Gates of *York* fetch down the head,
Your Fathers Head, which *Clifford* placed there:
Inſtead whereof, let his ſupply the room,
Meaſure for meaſure muſt be anſwered.
Ed. Bring forth that fatal Screech-owl to our houſe,
That nothing ſung but Death to us and ours:
Now death ſhall ſtop his diſmal threatning ſound,
And his ill-boading Tongue, no more ſhall ſpeak.
War. I think his underſtanding is bereft:
Speak *Clifford*, doſt thou know who ſpeaks to thee?
Dark cloudy Death o're-ſhades his beams of Life,
And he nor ſees, nor hears us, what we ſay.
Rich. O would he did, and ſo (perhaps) he doth,
'Tis but his policy to counterfeit,
Becauſe he would avoid ſuch bitter taunts
Which in the time of death he gave our Father.
Cla. If ſo thou think'ſt,
Vex him with eager words.
Rich. *Clifford*, ask Mercy, and obtain no Grace.
Ed. *Clifford*, repent in bootleſs penitence.
War. *Clifford*, deviſe excuſes for thy faults.
Cla. While we deviſe fell Tortures for thy faults.
Rich. Thou did'ſt love *York*, and I am Son to *York*.
Ed. Thou pitied'ſt *Rutland*, I will pity thee.
Cla. Where's Captain *Margaret*, to fence you now?
War. They mock thee, *Clifford*,
Swear, as thou waſt wont.
Rich. What, not an Oath? Nay, the World goes hard,
When *Clifford* cannot ſpare his Friends an Oath:
I know by that he's dead, and by my Soul,
If this right hand would buy but two hours life,
That I (in all deſpight) might rail at him,
This hand ſhould chop it off: and with the iſſuing blood
Stifle the Villain, whoſe unſtanched thirſt
York, and young *Rutland*, could not ſatisfie.
War. I, but he's dead. Off with the Traytors head,
And rear it in the place your Father's ſtands,
And now to *London* with triumphant march,
There to be Crowned *England*'s Royal King:
From whence ſhall *Warwick* cut the Sea to *France*,
And ask the Lady *Bona* for thy Queen:
So ſhalt thou ſinew both theſe Lands together,
And having *France* thy Friend, thou ſhalt not dread
The ſcatter'd Foe, that hopes to riſe again:
For though they cannot greatly ſting to hurt,
Yet look to have them buz to offend thine Ears.
Firſt will I ſee the Coronation,
And then to *Britany* I'le croſs the Sea,
To effect this Marriage, ſo it pleaſe my Lord.
Edw. Even as thou wilt, ſweet *Warwick*, let it be:
For on thy Shoulder do I build my Seat;
And never will I undertake the thing
Wherein thy Counſel and conſent is wanting:
Richard, I will create thee Duke of *Glouceſter*,
And *George* of *Clarence*; *Warwick* as our Self
Shall do, and undo, as himſelf pleaſeth beſt.
Rich. Let me be Duke of *Clarence*, *George* of *Gloſter*,
For *Gloſter*'s Dukedom is too ominous.
War. Tut, that's a fooliſh obſervation:
Richard, be Duke of *Gloſter*: Now to *London*,
To ſee theſe honours in poſſeſſion. [*Exeunt*.

Enter Sinklo, *and* Humphrey, *with Croſs-bows in their hands.*

Sin. Under this thick grown brake we'll ſhrowd ourſelves:
For through this Laund anon the Deer will come,
And in this Covert will we make our Stand,
Culling the principal of all the Deer.
Hum. I'le ſtay above the Hill, ſo both may ſhoot.
Sink. That cannot be, the noiſe of thy Croſs-bow
Will ſcare the Herd, and ſo my ſhoot is loſt:
Here ſtand we both, and aim we at the beſt:
And for the time ſhall not ſeem tedious,
I'le tell thee what befell me on a day,
In this ſelf-place, where now we mean to ſtand.
Sink. Here comes a man, let's ſtay till he be paſt.

Enter the King with a Prayer-book.

Hen. From *Scotland* am I ſtoln even of pure love,
To greet mine own Land with my wiſhful ſight:
No *Harry*, *Harry*, 'tis no Land of thine,

Thy place is ſill'd, thy Scepter wrung from thee:
Thy Balm waſht off wherewith thou waſt anointed:
No bending Knee will call thee *Cæſar* now,
No humble Sutors preſs to ſpeak for right:
No, not a man comes for redreſs to thee:
For how can I help them, and not my ſelf?
Sink. I, here's a Deer, whoſe Skin's a Keepers Fee:
This is the quondam King; let's ſeize upon him.
Hen. Let me embrace the ſower Adverſaries,
For Wiſe men ſay, it is the wiſeſt courſe.
Hum. Why linger we? let us lay hands upon him.
Sink. Forbear a while, we'll hear a little more.
Hen. My Queen and Son are gone to *France* for aid:
And (as I hear) the great Commanding *Warwick*
Is thither gone, to crave the *French* King's Siſter
To Wife for *Edward.* If this news be true,
Poor Queen,, and Son, your labour is but loſt:
For *Warwick* is a ſubtle Orator:
And *Lewis*, a Prince ſoon won with moving words:
By this account then *Margaret* may win him,
For ſhe's a Woman to be pitied much:
Her ſighs will make a batt'ry in his Breaſt,
Her Tears will pierce into a Marble Heart:
The Tyger will be mild, whiles ſhe doth mourn;
And *Nero* will be tainted with remorſe,
To hear and ſee her plaints, her Briniſh Tears.
I, but ſhe's come to beg, *Warwick* to give:
She on his left ſide, craving aid for *Henry?*
He on his right, asking a Wife for *Edward.*
She weeps, and ſays her *Henry* is depos'd:
He ſmiles and ſays, his *Edward* is inſtall'd;
That ſhe poor wretch for grief can ſpeak no more:
Whiles *Warwick* tells his Title, ſmooths the wrong,
Inferreth Arguments of mighty ſtrength,
And in concluſion wins the King from her,
With promiſe of his Siſter, and what elſe,
To ſtrengthen and ſupport King *Edwards* place.
O *Margaret*, thus 'twill be, and thou (poor ſoul)
Art then forſaken, as thou went'ſt forlorn.
Hum. Say, what art thou talk'ſt of Kings and Queens?
King. More than I ſeem, and leſs than I was born to:
A man at leaſt, for leſs I ſhould not be:
And Men may talk of Kings, and why not I?
Hum. I, but thou talk'ſt as if thou wert a King.
King. Why ſo I am (in mind) and that's enough.
Hum. But if thou be a King, where is thy Crown?
King. My Crown is in my Heart, and not my Head:
Not deck'd with Diamonds, and *India* Stones:
Not to be ſeen: My Crown is call'd *Content*,
A Crown it is that ſeldom Kings enjoy.
Hum. Well, if you be a King Crown'd with Content,
Your Crown Content, and you, muſt be contented
To go along with us. For (as we think)
You are the King, King *Edward* hath depos'd:
And we his Subjects, ſworn in all Allegiance,
Will apprehend you as his Enemy.
King. But did you never ſwear, and break an Oath.
Hum. No, never ſuch an Oath, nor will not now.
K. Where did you dwell, when I was King of *England?*
Hum. Here in this Country, where we now remain.
King. I was anointed King at nine Months old,
My Father, and my Grandfather were Kings:
And you were Sworn true Subjects unto me:
And tell me then, have you not broke your Oaths?
Si. No, for we were Subjects,but while you were a King.
King. Why? am I dead? do I not breathe a Man?
Ah ſimple Men, you know not what you ſwear:
Look, as I blow this Feather from my Face,
And as the Air blows it to me again,
Obeying with my Wind when I do blow,
And yielding to another when it blows.
Commanded always by the greater guſt:
Such is the lightneſs of you common Men,
But do not break your Oath, for of that ſin,
My mild intreaty ſhall not make you guilty.
Go where you will, the King ſhall be commanded,
And be you Kings, command, and I'le obey.
Sink. We are true Subjects to the King,
King *Edward.*
King. So would you be again to *Henry*,
If he were ſeated as King *Edward* is.
Sink. We charge you in Gods name and the Kings,
To go with us unto the Officers.
King. In Gods name lead, your Kings name be obey'd,
And what God will, that let your King perform,
And what he will, I humbly yield unto. [*Exeunt.*

Enter King Edward, Gloſter, Clarence, *Lady* Gray.

King. Brother of *Gloſter*, at St. *Albans* Field
This Ladies Husband, Sir *Richard Grey*, was ſlain,
His Land then ſeiz'd on by the Conqueror,
Her ſuit is now, to repoſſeſs thoſe Lands,
VVhich we in Juſtice cannot well deny,
Becauſe in quarrel of the Houſe of *York*,
The worthy Gentleman did loſe his Life.
Rich. Your Highneſs ſhall do well to grant her Suit:
It were diſhonour to deny it her.
King. It were no leſs, but yet I'le make a pawſe.
Rich. Yea, is it ſo:
I ſee the Lady hath a thing to grant,
Before the King will grant her humble Suit.
Cla. He knows the Game, how true he keeps the wind?
Rich. Silence.
King. VVidow, we will conſider of your ſuit,
And come ſome other time to know our mind.
Wid. Right gracious Lord, I cannot brook delay,
May it pleaſe your Highneſs to reſolve me now,
And what your pleaſure is, ſhall ſatisfie me.
Rich. I Widow: then I'le warrant you all your Lands,
And if what pleaſes him, ſhall pleaſe you:
Fight cloſer, or good faith you'll catch a blow.
Cla. I fear her not, unleſs ſhe chance to fall.
Rich. God forbid, for he'll take vantages.
King. How many Children haſt thou, Widow? tell me.
Cla. I think he means to beg a Child of her.
Rich. Nay then whip me: he'll rather give her two.
Wid. Three, my moſt gracious Lord.
Rich. You ſhall have four, if you'll be rul'd by him.
King. 'Twere pity they ſhould loſe their Fathers Lands.
Wid. Be pitiful, dread Lord, and grant it then.
King. Lords, give us leave, I'le try this Widows wit.
Rich. I, good leave have you, for you will have leave,
Till Youth take leave, and leave you to the Crutch.
King. Now tell me,Madam, do you love your Children.
Wid. I, full as dearly as I love my ſelf.
King. And would you not do much to do them good.
Wid. To do them good, I would ſuſtain ſome harm.
King. Then get your Husbands Lands, to do them good.
Wid. Therefore I came unto your Majeſty.
King. I'le tell you how theſe Lands are to be got.
Wid. So ſhall you bind me to your Highneſs Service.
King. What Service wilt thou do me, if I give them?
Wid. What you command, that reſts in me to do.
King. But you will take exceptions to my Boon.
VVid. No, gracious Lord, except I cannot do it.
King. I, but thou can'ſt do what I mean to ask.
Wid. VVhy then I will do what your Grace commands.
*Rich.*He plies her hard,and much Rain wears the Marble.
Clar. As red as fire? nay, then her VVax will melt.
Wid. VVhy ſtops my Lord? ſhall I not hear my Task?
King. An eaſie Task, 'tis but to love a King.
Wid. That's ſoon perform'd, becauſe I am a Subject.
*King.*VVhy then, thy Husbands Lands I freely give thee.
Wid. I take my leave with many thouſand thanks.
Rich. The Match is made, ſhe ſeals it with a Curtſie.
King. But ſtay thee, 'tis the fruits of love I mean.
Wid. The fruits of Love, I mean, my loving Liege.

King. I, but I fear me in another ſence.
What Love, think'ſt thou, I ſue ſo much to get?
Wid. My Love till Death, my humble Thanks, my Prayers,
That Love which Vertue begs, and Vertue grants.
King. No, by my troth, I did not, mean ſuch Love.
Wid. Why then you mean not as I thought you did.
King. But now you partly may perceive my mind.
Wid. My mind will never grant what I perceive
Your Highneſs at, if I aim aright.
King. To tell thee plain, I aim to lie with thee.
Wid. To tell you plain, I had rather lye in Priſon.
King. Why then thou ſhalt not have thy Husbands Lands.
Wid. Why then mine Honeſty ſhall be my Dower,
For by that loſs I will not purchaſe them.
King. Therein thou wrong'ſt thy Children mightily.
Wid. Herein your Highneſs wrongs both them and me:
But Mighty Lord, this merry inclination
Accords not with the ſadneſs of my Suit:
Pleaſe you diſmiſs me, either with I, or No.
King. I, if thou wilt ſay I to my requeſt:
No, if thou do'ſt ſay No to my demand.
Wid. Then No, my Lord: my Suit is at an end.
Rich. The Widow likes him not, ſhe knits her Brows.
Clar. He is the blunteſt Wooer in Chriſtendom.
King. Her looks do argue her repleat with Modeſty,
Her words do ſhew her wit incomparable,
All her perfections challenge Soveraignty,
One way or other, ſhe is for a King,
And ſhe ſhall be my Love, or elſe my Queen.
Say, that King *Edward* take thee for his Queen?
Wid. 'Tis better ſaid than done, my gracious Lord:
I am a Subject fit to jeſt withal,
But far unfit to be a Soveraign.
King. Sweet Widow, by my State I ſwear to thee,
I ſpeak no more than what my Soul intends,
And that is, to enjoy thee for my Love.
Wid. And that is more than I will yield unto:
I know, I am too mean to be your Queen,
And yet too good to be your Concubine.
King. You cavil, Widow, I did mean my Queen.
Wid. 'Twill grieve your Grace, my Sons ſhall call you Father.
King. No more, than when my Daughters
Call thee Mother.
Thou art a Widow, and thou haſt ſome Children,
And by Gods Mother, I being but a Batchelor,
Have other ſome. Why, 'tis a happy thing,
To be the Father unto many Sons:
Anſwer no more, for thou ſhalt be my Queen.
Rich. The Ghoſtly Father now hath done his Shrift.
Cla. When he was made a Shriver, it was for a ſhift.
King. Brothers, you muſe what Chat we two have had.
Rich. The Widow likes it not, for ſhe looks ſad.
King. You'ld think it ſtrange, if I ſhould marry her.
Cla. To whom, my Lord?
King. Why *Clarence*, to my ſelf.
Rich. That would be ten days wonder at the leaſt.
Cla. That's a day longer than a Wonder laſts.
Rich. By ſo much is the wonder in extreams.
King. Well, jeſt on Brothers, I can tell you both,
Her ſuit is granted for her Husbands Lands.

Enter a Noble man.

Nob. My gracious Lord, *Henry* your Foe is taken,
And brought your Priſoner to your Palace Gate.
King. See that he be convey'd unto the Tower:
And go we, Brothers, to the Man that took him,
To queſtion of his apprehenſion.
Widow, go you along: Lords uſe her honourably. [*Exeunt.*

Manet Richard.

Rich. I, *Edward* will uſe Women honourably.
Would he were waſted, Marrow, Bones, and all,
That from his Loyns no hopeful Branch may ſpring,
To croſs me from the Golden time I look for:
And yet, between my Souls deſire, and me,
The luſtful *Edward*'s Title buried,
Is *Clarence*, *Henry*, and his Son young *Edward*
And all the unlook'd-for Iſſue of their Bodies.
To take their Rooms, e're I can place my ſelf:
A cold premeditation for my purpoſe.
Why then I do but dream on Soveraignty,
Like one that ſtands upon a Promontory,
And ſpies a far-off ſhore, where he would tread,
Wiſhing his Foot were equal with his Eye,
And chides the Sea, that ſunders him from thence,
Saying he'll lade it dry to have his way:
So do I wiſh the Crown, being ſo far off,
And ſo I chide the means that keeps from it,
And ſo (I ſay) I'le cut the Cauſes off,
Flattering me with impoſſibilities:
My Eye's too quick, my Heart o're-weens too much,
Unleſs my Hand and Strength could equal them.
Well, ſay there is no Kingdom then for *Richard*:
What other pleaſure can the World afford?
I'le make my Heaven in a Ladies Lap,
And deck my Body in gay Ornaments,
And 'witch ſweet Ladies with my words and looks.
Oh miſerable thought! and more unlikely,
Than to accompliſh twenty Golden Crowns.
Why, Love forſwore me in my Mothers Womb:
And for I ſhould not deal in her ſoft Laws,
She did corrupt frail Nature with ſome Bribe,
To ſhrink mine Arm like a wither'd ſhrub,
To make an envious mountain on my back,
Where ſits Deformity to mock my Body;
To ſhape my Legs of an unequal ſize,
To diſproportion me in every part:
Like to a Chaos, or unlick'd Bear-whelp,
That carries no impreſſion like the Damm.
And am I then a Man to belov'd?
Oh monſtrous fault, to harbour ſuch a thought.
Then ſince this Earth affords no Joy to me,
But to command, to check, to o're-bear ſuch
As are of better Perſon than my ſelf:
I'le make my Heaven, to dream upon the Crown,
And whiles I live, t'account this World but Hell,
Untill this mis-ſhap'd Trunk that bears this Head,
Be round impaled with a glorious Crown.
And yet I know not how to get the Crown,
For many Lives ſtand between me and home:
And I, like one loſt in a thorny Wood,
That rents the Thorns, and is rent with the Thorns,
Seeking a way, and ſtraying from the way,
Not knowing how to find the open air,
But toyling deſperately to find it out,
Torment my ſelf to catch the *Engliſh* Crown:
And from that torment I will free my ſelf,
Or hew my way out with a Bloody Axe.
Why I can ſmile, and murther whiles I ſmile,
And cry, Content, to that which grieves my Heart,
And wet my Cheeks with artificial Tears,
And frame my Face to all occaſions.
I'le drown more Sailors than the Mermaid ſhall,
I'le ſlay more gazers than the Baſiliſk,
I'le play the Orator as well as *Neſtor*,
Deceive more ſlyly than *Ulyſſes* could,
And like a *Sinon*, take another *Troy*.
I can add Colours to the Camelion,
Change ſhapes with *Proteus* for advantages,
And ſet the murtherous *Matchevil* to School.
Can I do this, and cannot get a Crown?
Tut, were it farther off, I'le pluck it down. [*Exit.*

Flouriſh. Enter Lewis *the King, his Siſter* Bona, *his Admiral, call'd* Bourbon, *Prince* Edward, *Queen* Margaret, *and the Earl of* Oxford. Lewis *ſits, and riſeth up again.*

Lewis. Fair Queen of *England*, worthy *Margaret*,
Sit down with us: it ill befits thy State,
And Birth, that thou ſhould'ſt ſtand, while *Lewis* doth ſit.
Mar. No, mighty King of *France*: now *Margaret*
Muſt ſtrike her Sail, and learn a while to ſerve,
Where Kings command. I was (I muſt confeſs)
Great *Albion*'s Queen, in Golden days:
But now miſchance hath trod my Title down,
And with diſhonour laid me on the Ground,
Where I muſt take like ſeat unto my Fortune,
And to my humble ſeat conform my ſelf.
Lewis. Why ſay, fair Queen, whence ſprings this deep deſpair?
Mar. From ſuch a cauſe, as fills mine Eyes with Tears,
And ſtops my Tongue, while Heart is drown'd in Cares.
Lewis. What e're it be, be thou ſtill like thy ſelf,
And ſit thee by our ſide. [*Seats her by him.*
Yield not thy Neck; to Fortunes yoak,
But let thy dauntleſs mind ſtill ride in triumph
Over all miſchance:
Be plain, Queen *Margaret*, and tell thy grief,
It ſhall be eas'd, if *France* can yield relief.
Mar. Thoſe gracious words
Revive my drooping thoughts,
And give my tongue-ty'd ſorrows leave to ſpeak.
Now therefore be it known to Noble *Lewis*,
That *Henry*, ſole poſſeſſor of my Love,
Is, of a King, become a baniſh'd Man,
And forc'd to live in *Scotland* a Forlorn;
While proud ambitious *Edward*, Duke of *York*,
Uſurps the Regal Title, and the Seat
Of *Englands* true anointed lawful King.
This is the cauſe that I, poor *Margaret*,
With this my Son Prince *Edward*, *Henry*'s Heir,
Am come to crave thy juſt and lawful aid:
And if thou fail us, all our hope is done.
Scotland hath Will to help, but cannot help:
Our People, and our Peers, are both miſ-led,
Our Treaſure ſeiz'd, our Souldiers put to flight,
And (as thou ſeeſt) our ſelves in heavy plight.
Lew. Renowned Queen,
With patience calm the Storm,
While we bethink a means to break it off.
Mar. The more we ſtay, the ſtronger grows our Foe.
Lew. The more I ſtay, the more I'le ſuccour thee.
Mar. O, but impatience waiteth on true ſorrow.
And ſee where comes the breeder of my ſorrow.

Enter Warwick.

Lewis. What's he approacheth boldly to our preſence?
Mar. Our Earl of *Warwick*, *Edwards* greateſt Friend.
Lewis. Welcome brave *Warwick*, what brings thee to *France*?
[*He deſcends. She ariſeth.*
Mar. I, now begins a ſecond Storm to riſe,
For this is he that moves both Wind and Tyde.
War. From worthy *Edward*, King of *Albion*,
My Lord and Soveraign, and thy vowed Friend,
I come (in Kindneſs, and unfeigned Love)
Firſt, to do greetings to thy Royal Perſon,
And then to crave a League of Amity:
And laſtly, to confirm that Amity
With Nuptial Knot, if thou vouchſafe to grant
That vertuous Lady *Bona*, thy fair Siſter,
To *Englands* King in lawful Marriage.
Marg. If that go forward, *Henry*'s hope is done.
War. And gracious Madam, [*Speaking to* Bona.
In our Kings behalf,
I am commanded, with your leave and favour,
Humbly to kiſs your Hand, and with my Tongue
To tell the paſſion of my Soveraigns Heart;
Where Fame, late entring at his heedful Ears,
Hath plac'd thy Beauties Image, and thy Vertue.
Mar. King *Lewis*, and Lady *Bona*, hear me ſpeak,
Before you anſwer *Warwick*. His demand
Springs not from *Edwards* well-meant honeſt Love,
But from Deceit, bred by Neceſſity:
For how can Tyrants ſafely govern home,
Unleſs abroad they purchaſe great allyance?
To prove him Tyrant, this reaſon may ſuffice,
That *Henry* liveth ſtill: but were he dead,
Yet here Prince *Edward* ſtands, King *Henries* Son.
Look therefore *Lewis*, that by this League and Marriage
Thou draw not on thy Danger, and Diſ-honour:
For though Uſurpers ſway the Rule a while,
Yet Heavens are juſt, and Time ſuppreſſeth Wrongs.
War. Injurious *Margaret*.
Edw. And why not, Queen?
War. Becauſe thy Father *Henry* did uſurp,
And thou no more art Prince, than ſhe is Queen.
Oxf. Then *Warwick* diſanuls great *John* of *Gaunt*,
Which did ſubdue the greateſt part of *Spain*;
And after *John* of *Gaunt*, *Henry* the Fourth,
Whoſe Wiſdom was a Mirror to the wiſeſt;
And after that wiſe Prince, *Henry* the Fifth,
Who by his Proweſs conquered all *France*:
From theſe our *Henry* lineally deſcends.
War. *Oxford*, how haps it in this ſmooth Diſcourſe,
You told not, how *Henry* the Sixth hath loſt
All that, which *Henry* the Fifth had gotten;
Methinks theſe Peers of *France* ſhould ſmile at that.
But for the reſt: you tell a Pedigree
Of threeſcore and two years, a ſilly time
To make preſcription for a Kingdoms worth.
Oxf. Why *Warwick*, canſt thou ſpeak againſt my Liege
Whom thou obeyd'ſt thirty and ſix years,
And not bewray thy Treaſon with a bluſh?
War. Can *Oxford*, that did ever fence the right,
Now buckler falſehood with a Pedigree?
For ſhame leave *Henry*, and call *Edward* King.
Oxf. Call him my King, by whoſe injurious doom
My elder Brother, the Lord *Aubrey Vere*
Was done to death? and more than ſo, my Father,
Even in the down-fall of his mellow'd years,
When Nature brought him to the door of Death;
No *Warwick*, no: while Life upholds this Arm,
This Arm upholds the Houſe of *Lancaſter*.
War. And I the Houſe of *York*.
Lew. Queen *Margaret*, Prince *Edward*, and *Oxford*
Vouchſafe at our requeſt, to ſtand aſide,
While I uſe farther Conference with *Warwick*.

They ſtand aloof.

Mar. Heavens grant, that *Warwicks* words bewitch him not.
Lew. Now *Warwick*, tell me even upon thy Conſcience,
Is *Edward* your true King? for I were loath
To link with him, that were not lawful choſen.
War. Thereon I pawn my Credit, and mine Honour
Lew. But is he gracious in the Peoples Eyes?
War. The more, that *Henry* was unfortunate.
Lew. Then further: all diſſembling ſet aſide,
Tell me for truth, the meaſure of his love
Unto our Siſter *Bona*.
War. Such it ſeems,
As may beſeem a Monarch like himſelf,
My ſelf have often heard him ſay, and ſwear,
That this his Love was an external Plant,
Whereof the Root was fix'd in Vertues ground,
The Leaves and Fruit maintain'd with Beauties Sun,
Exempt from Envy, but not from diſdain,
Unleſs the Lady *Bona* quit his pain.
Lew. Now Siſter, let us hear your firm reſolve.

Bona. Your grant, or your denial, ſhall be mine,
Yet I confeſs, that often e're this day, [*Speaks to* War.
When I have heard your Kings deſert recounted,
Mine Ear hath tempted judgment to deſire.
Lew. Then *Warwick*, this:
Our Siſter ſhall be *Edwards.*
And now forthwith ſhall Articles be drawn:
Touching the Joynture that your King muſt make,
Which with her Dowry ſhall be counterpoys'd:
Draw near, Queen *Margaret*, and be a witneſs,
That *Bona* ſhall be Wife to the *Engliſh* King.
Prin. Edw. To *Edward*, but not to the *Engliſh* King.
Marg. Deceitful *Warwick*, it was thy device,
By this alliance to make void my Suit;
Before thy coming, *Lewis* was *Henries* Friend.
Lew. And ſtill is Friend to him, and *Margaret*,
But if your Title to the Crown be weak,
As may appear by *Edwards* good ſucceſs:
Then 'tis but reaſon, that I be releas'd
From giving aid, which late I promiſed.
Yet ſhall you have all kindneſs at my hand,
That your Eſtate requires, and mine can yield.
War. *Henry* now lives in *Scotland*, at his eaſe;
Where having nothing, nothing can he loſe.
And as for you your ſelf (our quondam Queen)
You have a Father able to maintain you,
And better 'twere, you troubled him, than *France.*
Mar. Peace impudent and ſhameleſs *Warwick*, peace,
Proud ſetter up, and puller down of Kings,
I will not hence, till with my Talk and Tears
(Both full of Truth) I make King *Lewis* behold
Thy ſly conveyance, and thy Lords falſe love.
[*Poſt blowing a horn within.*
For both of you are Birds of ſelf-ſame Feather.
Lew. *Warwick*, this is ſome Poſt to us, or thee.
Enter a Poſt.
Poſt. My Lord Ambaſſador,
Theſe Letters are for you. [*Speaks to* Warwick.
Sent from your Brother Marqueſs *Mountague.*
Theſe from our King, unto your Majeſty. [*To* Lewis.
And Madam, theſe for you, [*To* Margaret.
From whom, I know not.
They all read their Letters.
Oxf. I like it well, that our fair Queen and Miſtreſs,
Smiles at her news, while *Warwick* frowns at his.
Prin. Edw. Nay mark how *Lewis* ſtamps as he were netled. I hope, all's for the beſt.
Lew. *Warwick*, what are thy News?
And yours, fair Queen?
Mar. Mine ſuch, as fills my heart with unhop'd joys.
War. Mine full of ſorrow, and hearts diſcontent.
Lew. What? has your King Married the Lady *Gray*?
And now to ſooth your Forgery, and his,
Sends me a Paper to perſwade me Patience?
In th' Alliance that he ſeeks with *France*,
Dare he preſume to ſcorn us in this manner?
Mar. I told your Majeſty as much before:
This proveth *Edwards* Love, and *Warwicks* Honeſty.
War. King *Lewis*, I here proteſt in ſight of Heaven,
And by the hope I have of Heavenly bliſs,
That I am clear from this miſdeed of *Edwards*;
No more my King, for he diſhonours me,
But moſt himſelf, if he could ſee his ſhame.
Did I forget, that by the houſe of *York*
My Father came untimely to his Death?
Did I let paſs th' abuſe done to my Niece?
Did I impale him with the Regal Crown?
Did I put *Henry* from his Native Right?
And am I guerdon'd at the laſt, with Shame?
Shame on himſelf, for my Deſert is Honour.
And to repair my Honour loſt for him,
I here renounce him, and return to *Henry.*
My Noble Queen, let former grudges paſs,
And henceforth I am thy true Servitour:
I will revenge his wrong to Lady *Bona*,
And replant *Henry* in his former ſtate.
Mar. *Warwick*,
Theſe words have turn'd my Hate to Love,
And I forgive, and quite forget old faults,
And joy that thou becom'ſt King *Henries* Friend.
War. So much his Friend, I, his unfeigned Friend,
That if King *Lewis* vouchſafe to furniſh us
With ſome few Bands of choſen Souldiers,
I'le undertake to Land them on our Coaſt,
And force the Tyrant from his Seat by War.
'Tis not his new-made Bride ſhall ſuccour him,
And as for *Clarence*, as my Letters tell me,
He's very likely now to fall from him,
For matching more for wanton Luſt, than Honour,
Or than for ſtrength and ſafety of our Country.
Bona. Dear Brother, how ſhall *Bona* be reveng'd,
But by thy help to this diſtreſſed Queen?
Mar. Renowned Prince, how ſhall poor *Henry* live,
Unleſs thou reſcue him from foul deſpair?
Bona. My quarrel, and this *Engliſh* Queens are one.
War. And mine, fair Lady *Bona*, joyns with yours.
Lew. And mine, with hers, and thine, and *Margarets.*
Therefore at laſt, I firmly am reſolv'd
You ſhall have aid.
Mar. Let me give humble thanks for all, at once.
Lew. Then *Englands* Meſſenger, return in Poſt,
And tell falſe *Edward*, thy ſuppoſed King,
That *Lewis* of *France*, is ſending over Maskers
To revel it with him, and his new Bride.
Thou ſeeſt what's paſt, go fear thy King withall.
Bona. Tell him, in hopes he'll prove a Widower ſhortly;
I wear the Willow Garland for his ſake.
Mar. Tell him, my mourning weeds are laid aſide,
And I am ready to put Armor on.
War. Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore I'le un-Crown him, er't be long.
There's thy reward, be gone. [*Exit Poſt.*
Lew. But *Warwick*,
Thou and *Oxford*, with five thouſand men
Shall croſs the Seas, and bid falſe *Edward* Battel:
And as occaſion ſerves, this Noble Queen
And Prince, ſhall follow with a freſh ſupply,
Yet e're thou go, but anſwer me one doubt:
What Pledge have we of thy firm Loyalty?
War. This ſhall aſſure my conſtant Loyalty,
That if our Queen, and this young Prince agree,
I'le joyn my eldeſt Daughter, and my Joy,
To him forthwith, in holy Wedlock bands.
Mar. Yes, I agree, and thank you for your Motion.
Son *Edward*, ſhe is Fair and Vertuous,
Therefore delay not, give thy hand to *Warwick*,
And with thy Hand, thy Faith irrevocable,
That only *Warwick*'s Daughter ſhall be thine.
Prin. Ed. Yes, I accept her, for ſhe well deſerves it,
And here to pledg my Vow, I give my hand.
[*He gives his hand to* Warwick.
Lew. Why ſtay we now? theſe Souldiers ſhall be levied,
And thou Lord *Bourbon*, our High Admiral
Shalt waft them over with our Royal Fleet.
I long till *Edward* fall by Wars miſchance,
For mocking Marriage with a Dame of *France.*
[*Exeunt.* *Manet* Warwick.
War. I came from *Edward* as Ambaſſador,
But I return his ſworn and mortal Foe:
Matters of Marriage was the charge he gave me,
But dreadful War ſhall anſwer his demand.
Had he none elſe to make a ſtale but me?
Then none but I, ſhall turn his Jeſt to Sorrow,
I was the Chief that rais'd him to the Crown,
And I'le be chief to bring him down again:
Not that I pity *Henries* miſery,
But ſeek Revenge on *Edwards* mockery. [*Exit.*

Enter Richard, Clarence, Somerſet, *and* Mountague.

Rich. Now tell me Brother *Clarence*, what think you
Of this new Marriage with the Lady *Gray*?
Hath not our Brother made a worthy choice?
Clar. Alas, you know, 'tis far from hence to *France*,
How could he ſtay till *Warwick* made return?
Som. My Lords, forbear this talk: here comes the King.

Flouriſh. Enter King Edward, *Lady* Gray, Pembrook, Stafford, Haſtings: *four ſtand on one ſide, and four on the other.*

Rich. And his well-choſen Bride.
Clar. I mind to tell him plainly what I think.
King. Now Brother of *Clarence*,
How like you our Choice,
That you ſtand penſive, as half malecontent?
Clar. As well as *Lewis* of *France*,
Or the Earl of *Warwick*,
Which are ſo weak of Courage, and in Judgment,
That they'l take no offence at our abuſe.
King. Suppoſe they take offence without a cauſe:
They are but *Lewis* and *Warwick*, I am *Edward*,
Your King and *Warwicks*, and muſt have my will.
Rich. And ſhall have your will, becauſe our King?
Yet haſty Marriage ſeldom proveth well.
King. Yes, Brother *Richard*, are you offended too?
Rich. Not I: no:
God forbid, that I ſhould wiſh them ſever'd,
Whom God hath joyn'd together.
I, and 'twere pity, to ſunder them,
That yoak ſo well together.
King. Setting your ſcorns, and your miſlike aſide,
Tell me ſome Reaſon, why the Lady *Gray*
Should not become my Wife, and *Englands* Queen?
And you too, *Somerſet* and *Mountague*,
Speak freely what you think.
Clar. Then this is my opinion:
That King *Lewis* becomes your Enemy,
For mocking him about the Marriage
Of the Lady *Bona*.
Rich. And *Warwick*, doing what you gave in charge,
Is now diſhonoured by this new Marriage.
King. What, if both *Lewis* and *Warwick* be appeas'd,
By ſuch invention as I can deviſe?
Mount. Yet to have joyn'd with *France*, in ſuch alliance,
Would more have ſtrength'ned this our Common-wealth,
'Gainſt forreign ſtorms, than any home-bred Marriage.
Haſt. Why, knows not *Mountague*, that of it ſelf,
England is ſafe, if true within it ſelf?
Moun. Yes, but the ſafer, when 'tis back'd with *France*.
Haſt. 'Tis better uſing *France*, than truſting *France*.
Let us be back'd with God, and with the Seas,
Which he hath giv'n for fence impregnable,
And with their helps only defend our ſelves:
In them, and in our ſelves, our ſafety lies.
Cla. For this one ſpeech, Lord *Haſtings* well deſerves
To have the Heir of the Lord *Hungerford*.
King. I, what of that? it was my will, and grant,
And for this once, my Will ſhall ſtand for Law.
Rich. And yet methinks, your Grace hath not done well
To give the Heir and Daughter of Lord *Scales*
Unto the Brother of your loving Bride:
She better would have fitted me or *Clarence*:
But in your Bride you bury Brotherhood.
Cla. Or elſe you would not have beſtow'd the Heir
Of the Lord *Bonvill* on your new Wives Son,
And leave your Brothers to go ſpeed elſewhere.
King. Alas, poor *Clarence*: is it for a Wife
That thou art malecontent? I will provide thee.
Cla. In chuſing for your ſelf,
You ſhew'd your judgment:
Which being ſhallow, you ſhall give me leave
To play the Brother in mine own behalf;
And to that end, I ſhortly mind to leave you.
King. Leave me, or tarry, *Edward* will be King;
And not be ty'd unto his Brothers will.
Lady Gray. My Lords, before it pleas'd his Majeſty
To raiſe my State to Title of a Queen,
Do me but right, and you muſt all confeſs,
That I was not ignoble of Deſcent,
And meaner than my ſelf have had like fortune.
But as this Title honours me and mine,
So your diſlikes, to whom I would be pleaſing,
Doth cloud my Joys with danger, and with ſorrow.
King. My Love, forbear to fawn upon their frowns:
What danger, or what ſorrow can befall thee,
So long as *Edward* is thy conſtant Friend,
And their true Soveraign, whom they muſt obey?
Nay, whom they ſhall obey, and love thee too,
Unleſs they ſeek for hatred at my hands:
Which if they do, yet will I keep thee ſafe,
And they ſhall feel the Vengeance of wrath.
Rich. I hear, yet ſay not much, but think the more.
Enter a Poſt.
King. Now Meſſenger, what Letters, or what News from *France*?
Poſt. My Soveraign Liege, no Letters, and few words
But ſuch as I (without your ſpecial pardon)
Dare not relate.
King. Go too, we pardon thee:
Therefore, in brief, tell their words,
As near, as thou canſt gueſs them,
What anſwer makes King *Lewis* unto our Letters?
Poſt. At my depart, theſe were his very words:
Go tell falſe *Edward*, the ſuppoſed King,
That *Lewis* of *France* is ſending over Maskers,
To revel it with him, and his new Bride.
King. Is *Lewis* ſo brave? belike he thinks me *Henry*.
But what ſaid Lady *Bona* to my Marriage?
Poſt. Theſe were her words, utter'd with mild diſdain:
Tell him, in hope he'll prove a Widower ſhortly,
I' le wear the Willow Garland for his ſake.
King. I blame not her, ſhe could ſay little leſs:
She had the wrong. But what ſaid *Henries* Queen?
For ſo I heard, that ſhe was there in place.
Poſt. Tell him (quoth ſhe)
My mourning Weeds are done,
And I am ready to put Armor on.
King. Belike ſhe means to play the Amazon.
But what ſaid *Warwick* to theſe injuries?
Poſt. He, more incens'd againſt your Majeſty
Than all the reſt, diſcharg'd me with theſe words:
Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore I'le uncrown him er't be long.
Kin. Ha? durſt the Traitor breathe out ſo proud words?
Well, I will arm me, being thus fore-warn'd:
They ſhall have Wars, and pay for their preſumption.
But ſay, is *Warwick* Friends with *Margaret*?
Poſt. I, gracious Soveraign,
They are ſo link'd in Friendſhip,
That young Prince *Edward* Marries *Warwicks* Daughter.
Cla. Belike, the elder;
Clarence will have the younger.
Now Brother King farewel, and ſit you faſt,
For I wil hence to *Warwick's* other Daughter,
That though I want a Kingdom, yet in Marriage
I may not prove inferior to your ſelf.
You that love me, and *Warwick*, follow me.
[*Exit* Clarence, *and* Somerſet *follows.*

Rich. Not I:
My thoughts aim at a further matter:
I ſtay not for the love of *Edward*, but the Crown.
King. Clarence and *Somerſet* both gone to *Warwick*?
Yet I am arm'd againſt the worſt can happen:
And haſte is needful in this deſp'rate caſe.

Pembrook and *Stafford*, you in our behalf
Go levy Men, and make prepare for War;
They are already, or quickly will be landed:
My ſelf in Perſon will ſtreight follow you.
[*Exit* Pembrook *and* Stafford.
But e're I go, *Haſtings* and *Mountague*
Reſolve my doubt, you 'twain of all the reſt
Are near to *Warwick*, by blood and by allyance:
Tell me, if you love *Warwick*, more than me;
If it be ſo, then both depart to him:
I rather wiſh you Foes, than hollow Friends.
But if you mind to hold your true obedience,
Give me aſſurance with ſome Friendly Vow,
That I may never haue you in ſuſpect.
Mount. So God help *Mountague*, as he proves true.
Haſt. And *Haſtings*, as he favours *Edwards* Cauſe.
King. Now, Brother *Richard*, will you ſtand by us?
Rich. I, in deſpight of all that ſhall withſtand you.
King. Why ſo: then am I ſure of Victory.
Now therefore let us hence, and loſe no hour,
Till we meet *Warwick*, with his forreign Power.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Warwick, *and* Oxford *in* England, *with* French *Souldiers.*

War. Truſt me, my Lord, all hitherto goes well,
The common people by numbers ſwarm to us.
Enter Clarence *and* Somerſet.
But ſee where *Somerſet* and *Clarence* comes,
Speak ſuddenly, my Lords, are we all Friends?
Clar. Fear not that, my Lord.
War. Then gentle *Clarence*, welcome unto *Warwick*,
And welcome *Somerſet*: I hold it Cowardize,
To reſt miſtruſtful, where a Noble Heart
Hath pawn'd an open Hand, in ſign of Love:
Elſe might I think, that *Clarence*, *Edwards* Brother,
Were but a fained Friend to our proceedings:
But welcome ſweet *Clarence*, my Daughter ſhall be thine.
And now, what reſts? but in Nights Coverture,
Thy Brother being careleſly encamp'd,
His Souldiers lurking in the Town about,
And but attended by a ſimple Guard,
We may ſurprize and take him at our pleaſure,
Our Scouts have found the adventure very eaſie:
That as *Ulyſſes*, and ſtout *Diomede*
With ſleight end manhood ſtole to Rheſus *Theſeus* Tents,
And brought from thence the *Thracian* fatal Steeds;
So we, well covered with the Nights black Mantle,
At unawares may beat down *Edwards* Guard,
And ſeize himſelf: I ſay not, ſlaughter him,
For I intend but only to ſurprize him.
You that will follow me to this attempt,
Applaud the Name of *Henry*, with your Leader.
[*They all cry* Henry.
Why then, lets on our way in ſilent ſort,
For *Warwick* and his Friends, God and Saint *George*.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter the Watchmen to guard the Kings Tent.

1. *Watch.* Come on my Maſters, each man take his ſtand,
The King by this, is ſet him down to ſleep.
2. *Watch.* What, will he not to Bed?
1 *Watch.* Why, no: for he hath made a ſolemn Vow,
Never to lie and take his natural Reſt,
Till *Warwick*, or himſelf, be quite ſuppreſt.
2. *Watch.* To morrow then belike ſhall be the day,
If *Warwick* be ſo near as men report.
3. *Watch.* But ſay, I pray, what Nobleman is that,
That with the King here reſteth in his Tent?
1. *Wat.* 'Tis the Lord *Haſtings*, the Kings chiefeſt Friend.
3. *Watch.* O, is it ſo? but why commands the King,
That his chief followers lodg in Towns about him,
While he himſelf keeps in the cold Field?
2. *Wa.* 'Tis the more honour, becauſe the more dangerous.
3. *Watch.* I, but give me worſhip and quietneſs,
I like it better than a dangerous Honour.
If *Warwick* knew in what eſtate he ſtands,
'Tis to be doubted he would waken him.
1. *Wat.* Unleſs our Halberds did ſhut up his paſſage.
2. *Wat.* I: wherefore elſe guard we this Royal Tent,
But to defend his Perſon from Night-foes?

Enter Warwick, Clarence, Oxford, Somerſet, *and* French *Souldiers, ſilent all.*

War. This is his Tent, and ſee where ſtands his Guard:
Courage my Maſters: Honour now or never:
But follow me, and *Edward* ſhall be ours.
1 *Wat.* Who goes there?
2 *Watch.* Stay or thou dyeſt.
Warwick *and the reſt cry all,* Warwick, Warwick, *and ſet upon the Guard, who fly, crying, Arms, Arms,* Warwick *and the reſt following them.*

The Drum playing, and Trumpet ſounding.
Enter Warwick, Somerſet, *and the reſt, bringing the King out in a Gown, ſitting in a Chair:* Richard *and* Haſtings *fly over the Stage.*

Som. What are they that fly there?
War. *Richard* and *Haſtings*, let them go, here is the Duke.
King Edw. The Duke?
Why *Warwick*, when we parted,
Thou call'dſt me King.
War. I, but the caſe is alter'd.
When you diſgrac'd me in my Embaſſade,
Then I degraded you from being King,
And come now to create you Duke of *York*,
Alas how ſhould you govern any Kingdom,
That know not how to uſe Embaſſadors,
Nor how to be contented with one Wife,
Nor how to uſe your Brothers brotherly,
Nor how to ſtudy for the Peoples welfare,
Nor how to ſhrowd your ſelf from Enemies?
King Edw. Yea, Brother of *Clarence*,
Art thou here too?
Nay then I ſee, that *Edward* needs muſt down.
Yet *Warwick*, in deſpight of all miſchance,
Of thee thy ſelf, and all thy Complices,
Edward will always bear himſelf as King:
Though Fortunes malice overthrow my State,
My mind exceeds the compaſs of her Wheel.
War. Then for his mind, be *Edward Englands* King.
Takes off his Crown.
But *Henry* now ſhall wear the *Engliſh* Crown,
And be true King indeed: thou but a ſhadow.
My Lord of *Somerſet*, at my requeſt,
See that forthwith Duke *Edward* be convey'd
Unto my Brother Arch-Biſhop of *York*:
When I have fought with *Pembrook*, and his Fellows,
I'le follow you, and tell what anſwer
Lewes and the Lady *Bona* ſend to him.
Now for a while farewel good Duke of *York*.
They lead him out forcibly.
K. Ed. What Fates impoſe, that men muſt needs abide;
It boots not to reſiſt both Wind and Tide. [*Exeunt.*
Oxf. What now remains, my Lords, for us to do,
But march to *London* with our Souldiers?
War. I, that's the firſt thing that we have to do,
To free King *Henry* from impriſonment,
And ſee him ſeated in the Regal Throne. [*Exit.*

Enter Rivers, *and the Lady* Gray.

Riv. Madam, what makes you in this ſudden change?

Gray. Why Brother *Rivers*, are you yet to learn
What late misfortune is befaln King *Edward* ?
Riv. What ? loſs of ſome pitcht battel
Againſt *Warwick* ?
Gra. No, but the loſs of his own Royal perſon.
Riv. Then is my Soveraign ſlain ?
Gray. I, almoſt ſlain, for he is taken Priſoner,
Either betray'd by falſhood of his Guard,
Or by his Foe ſurpriz'd at unawares:
And as I further have to underſtand,
Is new committed to the Biſhop of *York*,
Fell *Warwick*'s Brother, and by that our Foe.
Riv. Theſe News I muſt confeſs are full of grief,
Yet gracious Madam, bear it as you may,
Warwick may loſe, that now hath won the day.
Gray. Till then, fair hope muſt hinder lives decay.
And I the rather wain me from deſpair
For love of *Edward*'s Off-ſpring in my womb:
This is that makes me bridle my paſſion,
And bear with mildneſs my misfortune croſs:
I, I, for this I draw in many a tear,
And ſtop the riſing of blood-ſucking ſighs,
Leſt with my ſighs or tears, I blaſt or drown
Kind *Edward*'s Fruit, true heir to th' *Engliſh* Crown.
Riv. But Madam,
Where is *Warwick* then become ?
Gray. I am inform'd that he comes towards *London*,
To ſet the Crown once more on *Henry*'s head:
Gueſs thou the reſt, King *Edward*'s Friends muſt down.
But to prevent the Tyrants violence,
(For truſt not him that hath once broken faith)
I'le hence forthwith unto the Sanctuary,
To ſave (at leaſt) the heir of *Edward*'s right:
There ſhall I reſt ſecure from force and fraud:
Come therefore let us flye,
If *Warwick* take us, we are ſure to dye. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Richard, *Lord* Haſtings, *and Sir* William Stanley.

Rich. Now my Lord *Haſtings*, and Sir *Will. Stanley*
Leave off to wonder why I drew you hither,
Into this chiefeſt Thicket of the Park.
Thus ſtands the caſe: you know your King, my Brother,
Is Priſoner to the Biſhop here, at whoſe hands
He hath good uſage, and great liberty,
And often but attended with weak guard,
Comes hunting this way to diſport himſelf.
I have advertis'd him by ſecret means,
That if about this hour he make this way,
Under the colour of his uſual game,
He ſhall here find his Friends with Horſe and Men,
To ſet him free from his Captivity.

Enter King Edward, *and a Huntſman with him.*

Hunt. This way, my Lord,
For this way lies the Game.
King Edw. Nay this way, man,
See where the Huntſmen ſtand.
Now Brother of *Gloſter*, Lord *Haſtings* and the reſt,
Stand you thus cloſe to ſteal the Biſhops Deer ?
Rich. Brother the time and caſe requireth haſt,
Your Horſe ſtands ready at the Park-corner.
King Edw. But whither ſhall we then ?
Haſt. To *Lyn*, my Lord,
And ſhip from thence to *Flanders*.
Rich. VVell gueſt believe me, for that was my meaning.
King Edw. Stanley, I will requite thy forwardneſs.
Rich. But wherefore ſtay we ? 'tis no time to talk.
King Edw. Huntſman, what ſay'ſt thou ?
VVilt thou go along ?
Hunt. Better do ſo, than tarry and be hang'd.
Rich. Come then away, let's ha no more ado.
King Edw. Biſhop farewel,
Shield thee from *Warwick*'s frown,
And pray that I may repoſſeſs the Crown. [*Exeunt.*

Enter King Henry *the Sixth*, Clarence, VVarwick, Somerſet, *young* Henry, Oxford, Mountague *and Lieutenant.*

King Hen. M. Lieutenant, now that God and Friends
Have ſhaken *Edward* from the Regal Seat,
And turn'd my captive ſtate to liberty,
My fear to hope, my ſorrows unto joys,
At our enlargement what are thy due Fees ?
Lieu. Subjects may challenge nothing of their Sov'raigns,
But, if an humble prayer may prevail,
I then crave pardon of your Majeſty.
King. For what, Lieutenant ? For well uſing me ?
Nay, be thou ſure, I'le well requite thy kindneſs:
For that it made my impriſonment, a pleaſure:
I, ſuch a pleaſure, as incag'd Birds
Conceive; when after many moody thoughts,
At laſt, by Notes of Houſhold harmony,
They quite forget their loſs of liberty.
But *Warwick*, after God, thou ſett'ſt me free,
And chiefly therefore, I thank God, and thee.
He was the Author, thou the Inſtrument.
Therefore that I may conquer Fortunes ſpight,
By living low, where Fortuue cannot hurt me,
And that the people of this bleſſed Land
May not be puniſh'd with my thwarting ſtars,
Warwick, although my head ſtill wear the Crown,
I here reſign my Government to thee,
For thou art fortunate in all thy deeds.
War. Your Grace hath ſtill been fam'd for vertuous,
And now may ſeem as wiſe as vertuous,
By ſpying and avoiding Fortunes malice,
For few men rightly temper with the Stars:
Yet in this one thing let me blame your Grace,
For chuſing me, when *Clarence* is in place.
Clar. No, *Warwick*, thou art worthy of the ſway,
To whom the Heavens in thy Nativity,
Adjudg'd an Olive Branch, and Lawrel Crown,
As likely to be bleſt in Peace and War:
And therefore I yield thee my free conſent.
War. And I chooſe *Clarence* only for Protector.
King. Warwick, and *Clarence*, give me both your hands.
Now joyn your hands, and with your hands your hearts,
That no diſſention hinder Government:
I make you both Protectors of this Land,
While I my ſelf will lead a private Life,
And in devotion ſpend my latter days,
To ſins rebuke, and my Creators praiſe.
War. What anſwers *Clarence* to his Soveraigns Will ?
Clar. That he conſents, if *Warwick* yield conſent,
For on thy fortune I repoſe my ſelf.
War. Why then, though loth, yet muſt I be content:
We'll yoak together, lik a double ſhadow
To *Henry*'s Body, and ſupply his place;
I mean, in bearing weight of Governmnt,
While he enjoys the honour, and his eaſe.
And *Clarence* now, now then it is more than needful
Forthwith that *Edward* be pronounc'd a Traytor,
And all his Lands and Goods confiſcated.
Clar. What elſe? and that Succeſſion be determined.
War. I, therein *Clarence* ſhall not want his part.
King. But with the firſt, of all our chief affairs,
Let me intreat, (for I command no more)
That *Margaret* your Queen, and my Son *Edward*,
Be ſent for, to return from *France* with ſpeed:
For till I ſee them here, by doubtful fear,
My joy of liberty is half eclips'd.
Ctar. It ſhall be done, my Soveraign, with all ſpeed.
King. My Lord of *Somerſet*, what youth is that,
Of whom you ſeem to have ſo tender care ?
Somer. My Liege, it is young *Henry*, Earl of *Richmond*.

King. Come hither, *Englands* Hope:
Lays his Hand on his Head.
If ſecret Powers ſuggeſt but truth
To my divining Thoughts,
This pretty Lad will prove our Countries bliſs.
His looks are full of peaceful Majeſty,
His Head by Nature fram'd to wear a Crown,
His hand to weild a Scepter, and himſelf
Likely in time to bleſs a Regal Throne:
Make much of him, my Lords; for this is he
Muſt help you more, than you are hurt by me.
Enter a Poſt.
War. What news, my Friend?
Poſt. That *Edward* is eſcaped from your Brother,
And fled (as he hears ſince) to *Burgundy.*
War. Unſavory news: but how made he eſcape?
Poſt. He was convey'd by *Richard*, Duke of *Gloſter*,
And the Lord *Haſtings*, who attended him
In ſecret ambuſh, on the Foreſt ſide,
And from the Biſhops Huntſmen reſcu'd him:
For Hunting was his daily Exerciſe.
War. My Brother was too careleſs of his charge.
But let us hence, my Soveraign, to provide
A Salve for any Sore, that may betide. [*Exeunt.*
Manet Somerſet, Richmond, *and* Oxford.
Som. My Lord, I like not of this flight of *Edwards*:
For doubtleſs *Burgundy* will yield him help,
And we ſhall have more Wars before't be long.
As *Henries* late preſaging Prophecy
Did glad my Heart, with hope of this young *Richmond*:
So doth my Heart, miſ-give me, in theſe Conflicts
What may befall him, to his harm and ours.
Therefore, Lord *Oxford* to prevent the worſt,
Forthwith we'll ſend him hence to *Britany*,
Till ſtorms be paſt of Civil Enmity.
Oxf. I: for if *Edward* re-poſſeſs the Crown,
'Tis like that *Richmond* with the reſt ſhall down.
Som. Is ſhall be ſo: he ſhall to *Britany.*
Come therefore, let's about it ſpeedily. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Edward, Richard, Haſtings, *and Souldiers.*

Ed. Now Brother *Richard*, Lord *Haſtings*, and the reſt,
Yet thus far Fortune maketh us amends,
And ſays, that once more I ſhall enterchange
My wained State, for *Henry*'s Regal Crown.
Well have we paſs'd, and now repaſs'd the Seas,
And brought deſired help from *Burgundy.*
What then remains, we being thus arriv'd
From *Ravenſpurgh* Haven, before the Gates of *York*,
But that we enter, as into our Dukedom?
Rich. The Gates made faſt?
Brother, I like not this.
For many men that ſtumble at the Threſhold,
Are well fore-told, that danger lurks within.
Ed. Tuſh man, aboadments muſt not now affright us:
By fair or foul means we muſt enter in,
For hither will our Friends repair to us.
Haſt. My Liege, I'le knock once more to ſummon them.

Enter on the Walls, the Mayor of York, *and his Brethren.*

Mayor. My Lords,
We were fore-warned of your coming,
And ſhut the Gates, for ſafety of our ſelves;
For now we owe Allegiance unto *Henry.*
Edw. But, Maſter Mayor, if *Henry* be your King,
Yet *Edward*, at the leaſt, is Duke of *York.*
Mayor. True, my good Lord, I know you for no leſs.
Ed. Why, and I challenge nothing but my Dukedom,
As being well content with that alone.
Rich. But when the Fox has once got in his Noſe,
'll ſoon find means to make the Body follow.
H*Haſt.* Why, Maſter Mayor, why ſtand you in a doubt?
Open the Gates, we are King *Henries* Friends.
Mayor. I, ſay you ſo? the Gates ſhall then be opened.
He deſcends.
Rich. A wiſe ſtout Captain, and ſoon perſwaded.
Haſt. The good old man would fain that all were well.
So 'twere not long of him: but being entred,
I doubt not I, but we ſhall ſoon perſwade
Both him, and all his Brothers, unto Reaſon.

Enter the Mayor, and two Aldermen.

Edw. So, Maſter Mayor: theſe Gates muſt not be ſhut,
But in the Night, or in the time of War.
What, fear not man, but yield me up the Keys.
Takes his Keys.
For *Edward* will defend the Town, and thee,
And all thoſe Friends, that deign to follow me.

March. Enter Mountgomery, *with Drum and Souldiers.*

Rich. Brother, this is Sir *John Mountgomery*,
Our truſty Friend, unleſs I be deceiv'd.
Edw. Welcome Sir *John*: but why come you in Arms?
Mount. To help King *Edward* in his time of ſtorm,
As every Loyal Subject ought to do.
Edw. Thanks, good *Mountgomery*:
But we now forget the Title to the Crown,
And only claim our Dukedome,
Till God pleaſe to ſend the reſt.
Mount. Then fare you well, for I will hence again,
I came to ſerve a King, and not a Duke:
Drummer ſtrike up, and let us March away.
The Drum begins to March.
Edw. Nay ſtay, Sir *John*, a while, and well debate
By what ſafe means the Crown may be recover'd.
Mount. What talk you of debating? in few words,
If you'l not here proclaim your ſelf our King,
I'le leave you to your Fortune, and be gone,
To keep them back, that come to ſuccour you.
Why ſhall we fight, if you pretend no Title?
Rich. Why Brother, wherefore ſtand you on nice points?
Edw. When we grow ſtronger,
Then we'll make our Claim:
Till then, 'tis Wiſdome to conceal our meaning.
Haſt. Away with ſcrupulous Wit, now Arms muſt rule.
Rich. And fearleſs minds climb ſooneſt unto Crowns.
Brother, we will proclaim you out of hand,
The bruit thereof will bring you many Friends.
Edw. Then be it as you will: for 'tis my right,
And *Henry* but uſurps the Diadem.
Mount. I, now my Soveraign ſpeaketh like himſelf,
And now will I be *Edwards* Champion.
Haſt. Sound Trumpet, *Edward* ſhall be here proclaim'd:
Come, Fellow Souldier, make thou Proclamation.
Flouriſh. *Sound.*
Soul. Edward *the Fourth, by the Grace of God, King of* England *and* France, *and Lord of* Ireland, *&c.*
Mount. And whoſee're gain-ſays King *Edwards* right,
By this I challenge him to ſingle Fight.
Throws down his Gauntlet.
All. Long live *Edward* the Fourth.
Ed. Thanks brave *Mountgomery.*
And thanks unto you all:
If Fortune ſerve me, I'le requite this Kindneſs.
Now for this Night, let's harbour here at *York*:
And when the Morning Sun ſhall raiſe his Carr
Above the Border of this Horizon,
We'll forward towards *Warwick*, and his Mates;
For well I wot, that *Henry* is no Souldier,
Ah froward *Clarence*, how evil it beſeems thee,
To flatter *Henry*, and forſake thy Brother?
Yet as we may, we'll meet both thee and *Warwick*,
Come on brave Souldiers: doubt not of the Day,
And that once gotten, doubt not of large pay. [*Exeunt.*

Enter the King, Warwick, Mountague, Clarence, Oxford, *and* Somerſet.

War. What Counſel, Lords? *Edward* from *Belgia*,
With haſty *Germanes*, and blunt *Hollanders*,
Hath paſs'd in ſafety through the narrow Seas,
And with his Troops doth march amain to *London*,
And many giddy people flock to him.
King. Let's levy Men, and beat him back again.
Clar. A little Fire is quickly trodden out,
Which being ſuffer'd, *Rivers* cannot quench.
War. In *Warwickſhire* I have true-hearted Friends,
Not mutinous in Peace, yet bold in War,
Thoſe will I muſter up: and thou Son *Clarence*
Shalt ſtir up in *Suffolk*, *Norfolk*, and in *Kent*,
The Knights and Gentlemen, to come with thee.
Thou Brother *Mountague*, and *Buckingham*,
Northampton, and in *Leiceſter-ſhire* ſhalt find
Men well inclin'd to hear what thou command'ſt.
And thou, brave *Oxford*, wondrous well belov'd,
In *Oxfordſhire* ſhalt muſter up thy Friends.
My Soveraign, with the loving Citizens,
Like to his Iſland, girt with the Ocean,
Or modeſt *Dian*, circled with her Nymphs,
Shall reſt in *London*, till we come to him:
Fair Lords take leave, and ſtand not to reply.
Farewel my Soveraign.
King. Farewel my *Hector*, and my *Troys* true hope.
Clar. In ſign of truth, I kiſs your Highneſs hand.
King. Well-minded *Clarence*, be thou fortunate.
Mount. Comfort, my Lord, and ſo I take my leave.
Oxf. And thus I ſeal my Truth, and bid adieu.
King. Sweet *Oxford*, and my loving *Mountague*,
And all at once, once more a happy farewel.
War. Fare well, ſweet Lords, let's meet at *Coventry*.
[*Exeunt.*
King. Here at the Palace will I reſt a while.
Couſin of *Exeter*, what thinks your Lordſhip?
Methinks, the Power that *Edward* hath in Field,
Should not be able to encounter mine.
Exet. The doubt is, that he will ſeduce the reſt.
King. That's not my fear, my meed hath got me fame:
I have not ſtopt mine Ears to their demands,
Nor poſted of their Suits with ſlow delays,
My pity hath been Balm to heal their wounds,
My mildneſs hath allay'd their ſwelling griefs,
My mercy dry'd their water-flowing Tears.
I have not been deſirous of their Wealth,
Nor much oppreſt them with great ſubſidies,
Nor forward of Revenge, though they much err'd.
Then why ſhould they love *Edward* more than me?
No, *Exeter*, theſe Graces challenge Grace:
And when the Lion fawns upon the Lamb,
The Lamb will never ceaſe to follow him.
Shout within. A Lancaſter, A Lancaſter.
Ex. Heark, heark, my Lord, what Shouts are theſe?

Enter Edward *and his Souldiers.*

Edw. Seize on the ſhame-fac'd *Henry*, bear him hence,
And once again proclaim us King of *England*.
You are the Fount, that make ſmall Brooks to flow,
Now ſtops thy Spring, my Sea ſhall ſuck them dry,
And ſwell ſo much the higher, by their ebb.
Hence with him to the Tower, let him not ſpeak.
[*Exit with King* Henry.
And Lords, towards *Coventry* bend we our Courſe,
Where peremptory *Warwick* now remains:
The Sun ſhines hot, and if we uſe delay,
Cold biting Winter marrs our hop'd for Hay.
Rich. Away betimes before his Forces joyn,
And take the great-grown Traytor unawares:
Brave Warriors, march a main towards *Coventry*.
[*Exeunt*

Enter Warwick, *the Mayor of* Coventry, *two Meſſengers, and others upon the Walls.*

War. Where is the Poſt that came from valiant *Oxford*?
How far hence is thy Lord, mine honeſt fellow?
Meſſ. 1. By this at *Dunſmore*, marching hitherward.
War. How far off is our Brother *Mountague*?
Where is the Poſt that came from *Mountague*?
Meſ. 2. By this at *Daintry*, with a puiſſant Troop.
Enter Somervile.
War. Say *Somervile*, what ſays my loving Son?
And by thy gueſs, how nigh is *Clarence* now?
Somerv. At *Southam* I did leave him with his Forces,
And do expect him here ſome two hours hence.
War. Then *Clarence* is at hand, I hear his Drum.
Somer. It is not his, my Lord, here *Southam* lies:
The Drum your Honour hears, marcheth from *Warwick*.
War. Who ſhould that be? Belike unlook'd for Friends.
Somer. They are at hand, and you ſhall quickly know.

March. Flouriſh. Enter Edward, Richard, *and Souldiers.*

Edw. Go, Trumpet, to the Walls, ſound a Parle.
Rich. See how the ſurly *Warwick* mans the Wall.
War. Oh unbid ſpight, is ſportful *Edward* come?
Where ſlept our Scouts, or how are they ſeduc'd,
That we could hear no news of his repair.
Edw. Now *Warwick*, wilt thou ope the City Gates,
Speak gentle words, and humbly bend thy Knee,
Call *Edward* King, and at his hands beg Mercy,
And he ſhall pardon thee theſe Outrages?
War. Nay rather, wilt thou draw thy Forces hence,
Confeſs who ſet thee up, and pluck'd thee down,
Call *Warwick* Patron, and be Penitent,
And thou ſhalt ſtill remain the Duke of *York*.
Rich. I thought at leaſt he would have ſaid the King,
Or did he make the Jeſt againſt his will?
War. Is not a Dukedom, Sir, a goodly gift?
Rich. I, by my Faith, for a poor Earl to give
I'le do thee ſervice for ſo good a gift.
War. 'Twas I that gave the Kingdom to thy Brother.
Edw. Why then 'tis mine, if but by *Warwick's* gift.
War. Thou art no *Atlas* for ſo great a weight:
And Weakling *Warwick* takes his gift again,
And *Henry* is my King, *Warwick* his Subject.
Edw. But *Warwicks* King is *Edwards* Priſoner:
And gallant *Warwick*, do but anſwer this,
What is the Body, when the Head is off?
Rich. Alas, that *Warwick* had no more fore-caſt,
But whiles he thought to ſteal the ſingle Ten,
The King was ſlily finger'd from the Deck:
You left poor *Henry* at the Biſhops Palace,
And ten to one you'll meet him in the Tower.
Edw. 'Tis even ſo, yet you are *Warwick* ſtill.
Rich. Come *Warwick*,
Take the time, kneel down, kneel down:
Nay when: ſtrike now, or elſe the Iron cools.
War. I had rather chop this hand off at a blow,
And with the other, fling it at thy Face,
Than bear ſo low a ſail, to ſtrike to thee.
Edw. Sail how thou canſt,
Have Wind and Tide thy Friend,
This hand, faſt wound about thy Coal-black hair,
Shall, whiles thy Head is warm, and new cut off,
Write in the duſt this Sentence with thy blood,
Wind-changing *Warwick* now can change no more.

Enter Oxford, *with Drum and Colours.*

War. Oh chearful Colours, ſee where *Oxford* comes.
Oxf. *Oxford, Oxford*, for *Lancaſter*.
Rich. The Gates are open, let us enter too.
Edw. So other Foes may ſet upon our backs.

Stand we in good array: for they no doubt
Will iſſue out again, and bid us battel;
If not, the City being but of ſmall defence,
We'll quickly rouze the Traytors in the ſame.
War. Oh welcome *Oxford*, for we want thy help.

Enter Mountague, *with Drum and Colours.*

Mount. Mountague, Mountague, for *Lancaſter.*
Rich. Thou and thy Brother both ſhall buy this Treaſon
Even with the deareſt blood your Bodies bear.
Edw. The harder match'd, the greater Victory,
My mind preſageth happy gain, and Conqueſt.

Enter Somerſet, *with Drum and Colours.*

Som. Somerſet, Somerſet, for *Lancaſter.*
Rich. Two of thy name, both Dukes of *Somerſet*,
Have ſold their Lives unto the Houſe of *York*,
And thou ſhalt be the third, if this Sword hold.

Enter Clarence, *with Drum and Colours.*

War. And loe, where *George* of *Clarence* ſweeps along,
Of force enough to bid his Brother Battel:
With whom, an upright zeal to right prevails
More than the nature of a Brothers love.
Come *Clarence*, come: thou wilt, if *Warwick* call.
Clar. Father of *Warwick*, know you what this means?
Look here, I throw my Infamy at thee:
I will not ruinate my Fathers Houſe,
Who gave his blood to lime the ſtones together,
And ſet up *Lancaſter.* Why, troweſt thou, *Warwick*,
That *Clarence* is ſo harſh, ſo blunt, unnatural,
To bend the fatal inſtruments of War
Againſt his Brother, and his lawful King.
Perhaps thou wilt object my holy Oath:
To keep that Oath, were more impiety,
Than *Jepthah*, when he ſacrific'd his Daughter.
I am ſo ſorry for my Treſpaſs made,
That to deſerve well at my Brothers hands,
I here proclaim my ſelf thy mortal foe:
With reſolution, whereſoe're I meet thee,
(As I will meet thee, if thou ſtir abroad)
To plague thee for thy foul miſleading me.
And ſo, proud-hearted *Warwick*, I defie thee,
And to my Brother turn my bluſhing Cheeks.
Pardon me, *Edward*, I will make amends:
And *Richard*, do not frown upon my faults,
For I will henceforth be no more unconſtant.
Ed. Now welcome more, and ten times more belov'd
Than if thou never had'ſt deſerv'd our hate.
Rich. Welcome good *Clarence*, this is Brother-like.
War. Oh paſſing Traytor, perjur'd and unjuſt.
Edw. What *Warwick*,
Wilt thou leave the Town, and fight?
Or ſhall we beat the Stones about thine Ears?
War. Alas, I am not coop'd here for defence:
I will away towards *Barnet* preſently,
And bid thee Battel, *Edward*, if thou dar'ſt.
Edw. Yes *Warwick*, *Edward* dares, and leads the way:
Lords to the Field: Saint *George*, and Victory. [*Exeunt.*
March. Warwick *and his company follows.*

Alarum, and Excurſions. Enter Edward *bringing forth* Warwick *wounded.*

Edw. So, lie thou there: die thou, and die our fear,
For *Warwick* was a Bug that fear'd us all.
Now *Mountague* ſit faſt, I ſeek for thee,
That *Warwick*'s Bones may keep thine company. [*Exit.*
War. Ah, who is nigh? come to me, friend, or foe,
And tell me who is Victor, *York*, or *Warwick*?
Why ask I that? my mangled body ſhews,
My blood, my want of ſtrength, my ſick heart ſhews,
That I muſt yield my body to the Earth,
And by my fall, the conqueſt to my foe.
Thus yields the Cedar to the Axes edge,
Whoſe Arms gave ſhelter to the Princely Eagle,
Under whoſe ſhade the ramping Lion ſlept,
Whoſe top-branch over-peer'd *Joves* ſpreading Tree,
And kept low Shrubs from Winters pow'rful wind.
Theſe Eyes, that now are dimn'd with Deaths black Veyl,
Have been as piercing as the Mid-day Sun,
To ſearch the ſecret Treaſons of the world:
The wrinckles in my Brows, now fill'd with blood,
Were lik'ned oft to Kingly Sepulchres:
For who liv'd King, but I could dig his Grave?
And who durſt ſmile, when *Warwick* bent his Brow?
Loe, now my Glory ſmear'd in duſt and blood,
My Parks, my Walks, my Mannors that I had,
Even now forſake me; and of all my Lands,
Is nothing left me, but my bodies length.
Why, what is Pomp, Rule, Reign, but Earth and Duſt?
And live we how we can, yet die we muſt.

Enter Oxford *and* Somerſet.

Som. Ah *Warwick*, *Warwick*, wert thou as we are,
We might recover all our loſs again:
The Queen from *France* hath brought a puiſſant power
Even now we heard the news: ah, could'ſt thou flye.
War. Why then I would not flye. Ah *Mountague*,
If thou be there ſweet Brother, take my Hand,
And with thy Lips keep in my Soul a while.
Thou lov'ſt me not: for, Brother, if thou didſt,
Thy tears would waſh this cold congealed blood,
That glews my Lips, and will not let me ſpeak.
Come quickly *Montague*, or I am dead.
Som. Ah *Warwick*, *Mountague* hath breath'd his laſt,
And to the laſt gaſp, cry'd out for *Warwick*:
And ſaid, commend me to my valiant Brother.
And more he would have ſaid, and more he ſpoke,
Which ſounded like a Cannon in a Vault,
That mought not be diſtinguiſh'd: but at laſt,
I well might hear delivered with a groan,
O farewel *Warwick.*
War. Sweet reſt his Soul:
Flye Lords, and ſave your ſelves,
For *Warwick* bids you all farewel, to meet in Heaven.
Oxf. Away, away, to meet the Queens great power.
Here they bear away his Body. [*Exeunt.*

Flouriſh. Enter King Edward *in triumph*, *with* Richard, Clarence, *and the reſt.*

King. Thus far our Fortune keeps an upward courſe,
And we are grac'd with wreaths of Victory:
But in the midſt of this bright-ſhining Day,
I ſpye a black ſuſpicious threatning Cloud,
That will encounter with our glorious Sun,
E're he attain his eaſeful Weſtern Bed:
I mean, my Lords, thoſe powers that the Queen
Hath rais'd in *Gallia*, have arrived our Coaſt,
And, as we hear, march on to fight with us.
Clar. A little gale will ſoon diſperſe that Cloud,
And blow it to the Source from whence it came,
Thy very Beams will dry thoſe Vapours up,
For every Cloud engenders not a Storm.
Rich. The Queen is valued thirty thouſand ſtrong,
And *Somerſet*, with *Oxford*, fled to her:
If ſhe hath time to breathe, be well aſſur'd
Her faction will be full as ſtrong as ours.
King. We are advertis'd by our loving friends,
That they do hold their courſe toward *Tewksbury.*
We having now the beſt at *Barnet* Field,
Will thither ſtraight, for willingneſs rids way,
And as we march, our ſtrength will be augmented:
In every County as we go along,

Strike up the Drum, cry courage, and away. [*Exeunt.*

March. Enter the Queen, young Edward, Somerſet, Oxford, *and Souldiers.*

Qu. Great Lords, wiſe men ne're ſit and wail their loſs,
But chearly ſeek how to redreſs their harms.
What though the Maſt be now blown over-board,
The Cable broke, the holding-Anchor loſt,
And half our Sailors ſwallow'd in the flood?
Yet lives our Pilot ſtill. Is't meet, that he
Should leave the Helm, and like a fearful Lad,
With tearful Eyes add Water to the Sea,
And give more ſtrength to that which hath too much,
Whiles in his moan, the Ship ſplits on the Rock,
Which induſtry and courage might have ſav'd?
Ah what a ſhame, ah what a fault were this.
Say, *Warwick* was our Anchor: what of that?
And *Mountague* our top-Maſt: what of him?
Our ſlaughter'd friends, the tackles: what of theſe?
Why is not *Oxford* here another Anchor?
And *Somerſet*, another goodly Maſt?
The friends of *France* our Shrowds and Tacklings?
And though unskilful, why not *Ned* and I,
For once allow'd the skilful Pilots Charge?
We will not from the Helm to ſit and weep,
But keep our Courſe (though the rough Wind ſay no)
From Shelves and Rocks, that threaten us with Wrack.
As good to chide the Waves, as ſpeak them fair.
And what is *Edward*, but a ruthleſs Sea?
What *Clarence*, but a quick-ſand of Deceit?
And *Richard*, but a raged fatal Rock?
All theſe, the Enemies to our poor Bark.
Say you can ſwim, alas, 'tis but a while:
Tread on the Sand, why there you quickly ſink,
Beſtride the Rock, the Tyde will waſh you off,
Or elſe you famiſh, that's a three-fold Death.
This ſpeak I (Lords) to let you underſtand,
In caſe ſome one of you would flye from us,
That there's no hop'd-for Mercy with the Brothers,
More than with ruthleſs VVaves, with Sands and Rocks.
VVhy courage then, what cannot be avoided,
'Twere childiſh weakneſs to lament, or fear.
Prin. Methinks a VVoman of this valiant Spirit,
Should, if a Coward heard her ſpeak theſe words,
Infuſe his Breaſt with magnanimity,
And make him, naked, foyl a Man at Arms.
I ſpeak not this, as doubting any here:
For did I but ſuſpect a fearful Man,
He ſhould have leave to go away betimes,
Leſt in our need he might infect another,
And make him of like ſpirit to himſelf.
If any ſuch be here, as God forbid,
Let him depart before we need his help.
Oxf. VVomen and Children of ſo high a Courage,
And VVarriors faint, why 'twere perpetual ſhame,
Oh brave young Prince: thy famous Grandfather
Doth live again in thee; long may'ſt thou live,
To bear his Image, and renew his Glories.
Som. And he that will not fight for ſuch a hope,
Go home to Bed, and like the Owl by day;
If he ariſe, be mock'd and wondred at.
Qu. Thanks gentle *Somerſet*, ſweet *Oxford* thanks.
Prin. And take his thanks, that yet hath nothing elſe.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Prepare you Lords, for *Edward* is at hand,
Ready to fight: therefore be reſolute.
Oxf. I thought no leſs, it is his Policy,
To haſt thus faſt, to find us unprovided.
Som. But he's deceiv'd, we are in readineſs.
Queen. This chears my Heart, to ſee your forwardneſs.
Oxf. Here pitch our Battel, hence we will not budge.

March. Enter Edward, Richard, Clarence, *and Souldiers.*

Ed. Brave followers, yonder ſtands the thorny VVood
VVhich by Heavens aſſiſtance, and your ſtrength,
Muſt by the Roots be hewn up yet e're Night.
I need not add more fuel to your fire,
For well I wot, ye blaze, to burn them out:
Give ſignal to the fight, and to it, Lords.
Qu. Lords, Knights, and Gentlemen, what ſhould I ſay,
My tears gain-ſay: for every word I ſpeak,
Ye ſee I drink the water of my Eye.
Therefore no more but this: *Henry* your Soveraign
Is Priſoner to the Foe, his State uſurp'd,
His Realm a Slaughter-houſe, his Subjects ſlain,
His Statutes cancell'd, and his Treaſure ſpent:
And yonder is the VVolf, that makes this ſpoyl.
You fight in Juſtice: Then in Gods Name, Lords,
Be valiant, and give ſignal to the fight.
Alarum, Retreat, Excurſions. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Edward, Richard, *Queen*, Clarence, Oxford, Somerſet.

Edw. Now here's a period of tumultuous Broyls.
Away with *Oxford* to *Hames* Caſtle ſtraight:
For *Somerſet*, off with his guilty Head.
Go bear them hence, I will not hear them ſpeak.
Oxf. For my part, I'le not trouble thee with words.
Som. Nor I, but ſtoop with patience to my fortune. [*Exeunt.*
Queen. So part we ſadly in this troublous world,
To meet with Joy in ſweet *Jeruſalem*.
Edw. Is Proclamation made, That who finds *Edward*
Shall have a high reward, and he his Life?
Rich. It is, and loe where youthful *Edward* comes.

Enter the Prince.

Edw. Bring forth the Gallant, let us hear him ſpeak.
What? can ſo young a Thorn begin to prick?
Edward, what ſatisfaction canſt thou make,
For bearing Arms, for ſtirring up my ſubjects,
And all the trouble thou haſt turn'd me to?
Prin. Speak like a Subject, proud ambitious *York*,
Suppoſe that I am now my Fathers Mouth,
Reſign thy Chair, and where I ſtand kneel thou,
Whil'ſt I propoſe the ſelf-ſame words to thee,
Which (Traytor) thou would'ſt have me anſwer to.
Queen. Ah, that thy Father had been ſo reſolv'd.
Rich. That you might ſtill have worn the Petticoat,
And ne're have ſtoln the Breech from *Lancaſter*.
Prin. Let *Æſop* Fable in a Winters Night,
His Curriſh Riddles ſorts not with this place.
Rich. By Heaven, Brat, I'le plague ye for that word.
Queen. I, thou waſt born to be a plague to Men.
Rich. For Gods ſake, take away this Captive Scold.
Prin. Nay, take away this ſcolding Crook-back, rather.
Edw. Peace wilful Boy, or I will charm your Tongue.
Clar. Untutor'd Lad, thou art too malapert.
Prin. I know my duty, you are all undutiful:
Laſcivious *Edward*, and thou perjur'd *George*,
And thou miſ-ſhapen *Dick*, I tell ye all,
I am your better, Traytors as ye are.
And thou uſurp'ſt my Fathers right and mine.
Edw. Take that, the likeneſs of this Rayler here. [*Stabs him.*
Rich. Sprawl'ſt thou? take that, to end thy agony. [Rich. *Stabs him.*
Clar. And there's for twitting me with perjury. [Clar. *Stabs him.*
Queen. Oh, kill me too.

Rich. Marry, and ſhall. [*Offers to kill her.*
Edw. Hold, *Richard*, hold, for we have done too much.
Rich. Why ſhould ſhe live, to fill the world with words?
Edw. What? doth ſhe ſwoon? uſe means for her recovery.
Rich. *Clarence* excuſe me to the King my Brother:
I'le hence to *London* on a ſerious matter,
E're ye come there, be ſure to hear ſome news.
Clar. What? what?
Rich. Tower, the Tower. [*Exit.*
Queen. Oh *Ned*, ſweet *Ned*, ſpeak to thy Mother, Boy.
Can'ſt thou not ſpeak? O Traytors, Murderers!
They that ſtabb'd *Cæſar*, ſhed no blood at all:
Did not offend, nor were not worthy Blame,
If this foul deed were by, to equal it.
He was a Man; this (in reſpect) a Child,
And Men ne're ſpend their fury on a Child.
What's worſe than Murther, that I may name it?
No, no, my Heart will burſt, and if I ſpeak,
And I will ſpeak, that ſo my Heart may burſt.
Butchers and Villains, bloody Cannibals,
How ſweet a Plant have you untimely cropt:
You have no Children (Butchers) if you had,
The thought of them would have ſtirr'd up remorſe;
But if you ever chance to have a Child,
Look in his youth to have him ſo cut off.
As deathſmen you have rid this ſweet young Prince.
King. Away with her, go bear her hence perforce.
Queen. Nay, never bear me hence, diſpatch me here:
Here ſheath thy Sword, I'le pardon thee my death:
What? wilt thou not? then *Clarence* do it thou.
Clar. By Heaven, I will not do thee ſo much eaſe.
Queen. Good *Clarence* do, ſweet *Clarence* do thou it.
Clar. Did'ſt thou not hear me ſwear I would not do it?
Queen. I but thou uſeſt to forſwear thy ſelf.
'Twas ſin before, but now 'tis Charity.
What wilt thou not? where is that devil's Butcher *Richard*,
Hard-favour'd *Richard*? *Richard*, where art thou?
Thou art not here: Murther is thy Almſdeed.
Petitioner for Blood thou ne're pull'ſt back.
Edw. Away I ſay, I charge ye bear her hence.
Queen. So come to you and yours, as to this Prince.
[*Exit Queen.*

Edw. Where's *Richard* gone.
Cla. To *London* all in poſt, and as I gueſs,
To make a bloody Supper in the Tower?
Edw. He's ſudden if a thing comes in his head,
Now march we hence, diſcharge the common ſort
With pay and thanks, and let's away to *London*,
And ſee our gentle Queen how well ſhe fares,
By this (I hope) ſhe hath a Son for me. [*Exit.*

Enter Henry *the Sixth, and* Richard, *with the Lieutenant on the Walls.*

Rich. Good day, my Lord, what at your Book ſo hard?
Hen. I my good Lord: my Lord, I ſhould ſay rather,
'Tis ſin to flatter, Good was little better:
Good *Gloſter*, and Good Devil, were alike,
And both propoſterous: therefore, not Good Lord.
Rich. Sirrah, leave us to our ſelves, we muſt confer.
Hen. So flies the wreakleſs ſhepherd from the Wolf,
So firſt the harmleſs Sheep doth yield his Fleece,
And next his Throat unto the Butchers Knife.
What Scene of Death hath *Roſſius* to act?
Rich. Suſpition always haunts the guilty mind,
The Thief doth fear each buſh an Officer.
Hen. The Bird that hath been limed in a buſh;
With trembling Wings miſdoubteth every buſh;
And I the helpleſs Male to one ſweet Bird,
Have now the fatal Object in my Eye,
Where my poor young was lim'd, was caught and kill'd.
Rich. Why what a peeviſh Fool was that of *Creet*,
That taught his Son the Office of a Fowl,
And yet for all his Wings, the Fool was drown'd.
Hen. I, *Dædalus*, my poor Boy, *Icarus*,
Thy Father, *Minos*, that deny'd our courſe,
The Sun that ſear'd the wings of my ſweet Boy.
Thy Brother *Edward*, and thy ſelf, the Sea
Whoſe envious Gulf did ſwallow up his life:
Ah, kill me with thy Weapon, not with words,
My breſt can better brook thy Daggers point,
Than can my Ears that Tragick Hiſtory.
But wherefore doſt thou come? Is't for my Life?
Rich. Think'ſt thou I am an Executioner?
Hen. A Perſecutor I am ſure thou art,
If murthering Innocents be Executing,
Why then thou art an Executioner?
Rich. Thy Son I kill'd for his preſumption.
Hen. Hadſt thou been kill'd when firſt thou didſt preſume,
Thou had'ſt not liv'd to kill a Son of mine:
And thus I propheſie that many a thouſand,
Which now miſtruſt no parcel of my fear,
And many an Old-mans ſigh, and many a Widows,
And many an Orphans Water-ſtanding-eye,
Men for their Sons, Wives for their Husbands fate,
And Orphans, for their Parents timeleſs death,
Shall rue the hour that ever thou waſt born.
The Owl ſhriek'd at thy birth, an evil ſign,
The Night-Crow cry'd, aboding luckleſs time,
Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempeſt ſhook down Trees:
The Raven rook'd her on the Chimnies top,
And chatt'ring Pies in diſmal Diſcords ſung:
Thy Mother felt more than a Mothers pain,
And yet brought forth leſs than a Mothers hope,
To wit, an indigeſted deform'd lump,
Not like the fruit of ſuch a goodly Tree.
Teeth had'ſt thou in thy head, when thou was't born.
To ſignifie, thou cam'ſt to bite the world:
And if the reſt be true which I have heard,
Thou cam'ſt———
Rich. I'le hear no more:
Die Prophet in thy ſpeech, [*Stabs him.*
For this (among'ſt the reſt) was I ordain'd.
Hen. I, and for much more ſlaughter after this,
O God forgive my ſins, and pardon thee. [*Dies.*
Rich. What? will the aſpiring blood of *Lancaſter*
Sink in the ground? I thought it would have mounted.
See how my Sword weeps for the poor Kings death.
O may ſuch purple tears be alway ſhed
From thoſe that wiſh the downfal of our Houſe.
If any ſpark of life be yet remaining:
Down, down to Hell, and ſay I ſent thee thither.
[*Stabs him again.*

I that have neither pity, love, nor fear.
Indeed 'tis true that *Henry* told me of:
For I have often heard my Mother ſay,
I came into the world with my Legs forward.
Had I not reaſon (think ye) to make haſt,
And ſeek their Ruine, that uſurp'd our Right?
The Midwife wonder'd, and the Women cry'd,
O Jeſus bleſs us, he is born with Teeth,
And ſo I was, which plainly ſignified,
That I ſhould ſnarle, and bite, and play the Dog:
Then ſince the Heavens have ſhap'd my body ſo,
Let Hell make crook'd my Mind to anſwer it.
I have no Brother, I am like no Brother:
And this word [Love] which Gray-beards call Divine,
Be reſident in Men like one another,
And not in me: I am my ſelf alone.
Clarence beware, thou keep'ſt me from the light,
But I will ſort a pitchy day for thee:
For I will buz abroad ſuch Prophecies,
That *Edward* ſhall be fearful of his life,
And then to purge his fear, I'le be thy death.
King *Henry*, and the Prince his Son are gone,
Clarence thy turn is next, and then the reſt.

Counting my ſelf but bad, till I be beſt.
I'le throw thy body in another room,
And triumph *Henry* in thy day of Doom. *[Exit.*

Enter King, Queen, Clarence, Richard, Haſtings, *Nurſe, and Attendants.*

King. Once more we ſit in *Enngland*'s Royal Throne,
Re-purchas'd with the blood of Enemies:
What valiant Foe-men, like to Autumns Corn,
Have we mow'd down in tops of all their pride?
Three Dukes of *Somerſet*, threefold Renown,
For hardy and undoubted Champions:
Two *Clifford*'s, as the Father and the Son,
And two *Northumberland*'s: two braver Men,
Ne're ſpurr'd their Courſers at the Trumpets ſound.
With them, the two brave Bears, *Warwick* and *Mountague*,
That in their Chains fetter'd the Kingly Lion,
And made the Forreſt tremble when they roar'd.
Thus have we ſwept Suſpition from our Seat,
And made our footſtool of Security.
Come hither *Beſs*, and let me kiſs my Boy:
Young *Ned*, for thee, thine Uncles, and my ſelf,
Have in our Armors watch'd the Winter night,
Went all afoot in Summers ſcalding heat,
That thou might'ſt repoſſeſs the Crown in peace,
And of our Labours thou ſhalt reap the gain.

Rich. I'le blaſt his harveſt, if your Head were laid,
For I yet am not look'd on in the world.
This Shoulder was ordain'd ſo thick, to heave,
And heave it ſhall ſome weight, or break my back,
Work thou the way, and that ſhall execute.

King. Clarence and *Gloſter*, love my lovely Queen,
And kiſs your Princely Nephew, Brothers both.

Clar. The duty that I owe your Majeſty,
I Seal upon the lips of this ſweet Babe.

King. Thanks, Noble *Clarence*, worthy Brother, thanks.

Ri. And that I love the Tree from whence thou ſprang'ſt,
Witneſs the loving kiſs I give the Fruit:
To ſay the truth, ſo *Judas* kiſt his Maſter,
And cried, all hail, when as he meant all harm.

King. Now am I ſeated as my Soul delights,
Having my Countries peace, and Brothers loves.

Clar. What will your Grace have done with *Margaret*?
Reynard her Father, to the King of *France*
Hath pawn'd the *Sicils* and *Jeruſalem*,
And hither have they ſent it for her Ranſom.

King. Away with her, and waft her hence to *France*:
And now what reſts, but that we ſpend the time
With Stately Triumphs, mirthful Comick ſhews,
Such as beſits the pleaſure of the Court.
Sound Drums and Trumpets, farewel ſower annoy,
For here I hope begins our laſting joy. *[Exeunt omnes.*

THE TRAGEDY OF RICHARD III:

With the Landing of the EARL of RICHMOND, And the Battel at BOSWORTH FIELD.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Richard *Duke of* Gloſter, *ſolus.*

Now is the Winter of our Diſcontent,
Made glorious Summer by this Son of *York*:
And all the Clouds that lowr'd upon our Houſe
In the deep boſom of the Ocean buried.
Now are our brows bound with Victorious Wreaths,
Our bruiſed arms hung up for Monuments;
Our ſtern Alarums chang'd to merry Meetings;
Our dreadful Marches to delightful Meaſures.
Grim-viſag'd War, hath ſmooth'd his wrinkled Front:
And now, in ſtead of mounting Barbed Steeds,
To fright the Souls of fearful Adverſaries,
He capers nimbly in a Ladies Chamber,
To the laſcivious pleaſing of a Lute.
But I, that am not ſhap'd for ſportive tricks,
Nor made to court an amorous Looking-glaſs:
I, that am rudely ſtampt, and want Love's Majeſty,
To ſtrut before a wanton ambling Nymph:
I, that am curtail'd of this fair Proportion,
Cheated of Feature by diſſembling Nature,
Deform'd, unfiniſh'd, ſent before my time
Into this breathing World, ſcarce half made up,
And that ſo lamely and unfaſhionable,
That dogs bark at me, as I halt by them:
Why I (in this weak piping time of Peace)
Have no delight to paſs away the time,
Unleſs to ſee my Shadow in the Sun,
And deſcant on mine own Deformity.
And therefore, ſince I cannot prove a Lover,
To entertain theſe fair well-ſpoken days,
I am determined to prove a Villain,
And hate the idle pleaſures of theſe days.
Plots have I laid, Inductions dangerous,
By drunken Prophecies, Libels, and Dreams,
To ſet my Brother *Clarence* and the King
In deadly hate, the one againſt the other:
And if King *Edward* be as true and juſt,
As I am Subtle, Falſe, and Treacherous,
This day ſhould *Clarence* cloſely be mew'd up;
About a Prophecy, which ſays that *G*
Of *Edward*'s Heirs the murtherer ſhall be.
Dive thoughts down to my Soul, here *Clarence* comes.

Enter Clarence, *and* Brakenbury, *guarded.*

Brother, good day: What means this armed Guard
That waits upon your Grace?
Cla. His Majeſty tendring my perſons ſafety,
Hath appointed this Conduct to convey me to th' Tower.
Rich. Upon what cauſe?
Cla. Becauſe my name is *George*.
Rich. Alack, my Lord, that fault is none of yours:
He ſhould for that commit your Grandfathers.
O belike, his Majeſty hath ſome intent,
That you ſhould be new Chriſtned in the Tower.
But what's the matter, *Clarence*, may I know?
Cla. Yea *Richard*, when I know: but I proteſt
As yet I do not: But as I can learn,
He hearkens after Prophecies, and Dreams,
And from the Croſs-row plucks the letter *G*:
And ſays, a Wizard told him, that by *G*,
His iſſue diſ-inherited ſhould be.
And for my name of *George* begins with *G*,
It follows in his thought that I am he.

Theſe (as I learn) and ſuch toyes as theſe,
Have mov'd his Highneſs to commit me now.
Rich. Why this it is, when Men are rul'd by Women.
'Tis not the King that ſends you to the Tower,
My Lady *Gray* his Wife, *Clarence*, 'tis ſhe,
That tempts him to this harſh Extremity.
Was it not ſhe, and that good Man of Worſhip,
Anthony Woodvil her Brother there,
That made him ſend Lord *Haſtings* to the Tower?
From whence this preſent day he is delivered.
We are not ſafe, *Clarence*, we are not ſafe.
Cla. By Heaven, I think there is no man ſecure
But the Queens Kindred, and night-walking Heralds,
That trudge betwixt the King, and Miſtreſs *Shore*.
Heard you not what an humble Suppliant
Lord *Haſtings* was for his delivery?
Rich. Humbly complaining to her Deity
Got my Lord Chamberlain his liberty.
I'le tell you what, I think it is our way,
If we will keep in favour with the King,
To be her Men, and wear her Livery:
The jealous o're-worn Widow, and her ſelf,
Since that our Brother dub'd them Gentlewomen,
Are mighty Goſſips in our Monarchy.
Bra. I beſeech your Graces both to pardon me,
His Majeſty hath ſtraightly given in charge,
That no Man ſhall have private Conference
(Of what degree ſoever) with your Brother.
Rich. Even ſo, and pleaſe your worſhip, *Brakenbury*,
You may partake of any thing we ſay:
We ſpeak no Treaſon, man; we ſay the King
Is Wiſe and Vertuous, and his Noble Queen
Well ſtrook in years, fair, and not jealous.
We ſay, that *Shore's* Wife hath a pretty Foot,
A cherry Lip, a bonny Eye, a paſſing pleaſing Tongue:
And that the Queen's Kindred are made Gentle-folks.
How ſay you, Sir? can you deny all this?
Bra. With this (my Lord) my ſelf have nought to do.
Rich. Naught to do with Miſtreſs *Shore*?
I tell thee, Fellow, he that doth naught with her
(Excepting one) were beſt to do it ſecretly alone.
Bra. What one, my Lord?
Rich. Her Husband, Knave, would'ſt thou betray me?
Bra. I do beſeech your Grace
To pardon me, and withal forbear
Your Conference with the noble Duke.
Cla. We know thy charge, *Brakenbury*, and will obey.
Rich. We are the Queen's Abjects, and muſt obey.
Brother farewel, I will unto the King,
And whatſoe're you will employ me in,
Were it to call King *Edward's* Widow, Siſter,
I will perform it to infranchiſe you.
Mean time, this deep diſgrace of Brotherhood
Touches me deeper than you can imagine.
Cla. I know it pleaſeth neither of us well.
Rich. Well, your impriſonment ſhall not be long,
I will deliver you, or elſe lye for you:
Mean time have patience.
Cla. I muſt perforce: farewel. [*Exit* Cla.
Rich. Go tread the path that thou ſhalt ne're return:
Simple plain *Clarence*, I do love thee ſo,
That I will ſhortly ſend thy Soul to Heaven,
If Heaven will take the Preſent at our hands;
But who comes here? the new delivered *Haſtings*?

Enter Lord Haſtings.

Haſt. Good time of day unto my gracious Lord.
Rich. As much unto my good Lord Chamberlain:
Well are you welcome to this open Air,
How hath your Lordſhip brook'd Impriſonment?
Haſt. With patience (noble Lord) as Priſoners muſt:
But I ſhall live (my Lord) to give them thanks
That were the cauſe of my Impriſonment.
Rich. No doubt, no doubt, and ſo ſhall *Clarence* too,
For they that were your Enemies are his,
And have prevail'd as much on him, as you.
Haſt. More pity, that the Eagles ſhould be mew'd,
Whiles Kites and Buzzards play at liberty.
Rich. What news abroad?
Haſt. No news ſo bad abroad as this at home:
The King is ſickly, weak, and melancholy,
And his Phyſitians fear him mightily.
Rich. Now by Saint *John*, that news is bad indeed.
O he hath kept an evil Diet long,
And over-much conſumed his Royal Perſon:
'Tis very grievous to be thought upon.
Where is he, in his Bed?
Haſt. He is.
Rich. Go you before, and I will follow you.
[*Exit* Haſtings.
He cannot live I hope, and muſt not dye,
'Till *George* be pack'd with poſt-horſe up to Heaven.
I'le in to urge his hatred more to *Clarence*,
VVhich lies well ſteel'd with weighty arguments,
And if I fail not in my deep intent,
Clarence hath not another day to live:
Which done, God take King *Edward* to his Mercy,
And leave the World for me to buſtle in.
For then, I'le marry *Warwick's* youngeſt Daughter,
What though I kill'd her Husband, and her Father,
The readieſt way to make the Wench amends,
Is to become her Husband and her Father:
The which will I, not all ſo much for Love,
As for another ſecret cloſe intent,
By marrying her, which I muſt reach unto.
But yet I run before my Horſe to Market:
Clarence ſtill breathes, *Edward* ſtill lives and raigns,
When they are gone, then muſt I count my gains. [*Exit*.

Scena Secunda.

Enter the Coarſe of Henry *the Sixth, wirh Halberds to guard it, Lady* Anne *being the Mourner.*

Anne. Set down, ſet down your honourable load,
If Honour may be ſhrowded in a Herſe;
Whil'ſt I a-while obſequiouſly lament
Th'untimely fall of Vertuous *Lancaſter*.
Poor key-cold Figure of a holy King,
Pale aſhes of the Houſe of *Lancaſter*;
Thou bloodleſs Remnant of that Royal Blood,
Be it lawful that I invocate thy Ghoſt,
To hear the Lamentations of poor *Anne*,
VVife to thy *Edward*, to thy ſlaughtred Son,
Stab'd by the ſelfſame hand that made theſe wounds.
Loe, in theſe VVindows that let forth thy Life,
I pour the helpleſs Balm of my poor Eyes.
O curſed be the hand that made theſe holes:
Curſed the Heart, that had the heart to do it:
Curſed the Blood, that let this blood from hence,
More direful hap betide that hated wretch
That makes us wretched by the death of thee,
Than I can wiſh to VVolves, to Spiders, Toads,
Or any creeping venom'd thing that lives.
If ever he have Child, abortive be it,
Prodigious, and untimely brought to light,
VVhoſe ugly and unnatural Aſpect
May fright the hopeful Mother at the view,
And that be Heir to his unhappineſs.
If ever he have VVife, let her be made
More miſerable by the death of him,
Than I am made by my young Lord, and thee.
Come now towards *Chertſey* with your holy Load,
Taken from *Pauls* to be interred there.
And ſtill as you are weary of this weight,
Reſt you, whiles I lament King *Henry's* Coarſe.

Enter Richard *Duke of* Gloſter.

Rich. Stay you that bear the Coarſe, and ſet it down.
Anne. What black Magician conjures up this Fiend,
To ſtop devoted charitable deeds?
Rich. Villains, ſet down the Coarſe; or by St. *Paul*,
I'le make a Coarſe of him that diſobeys.
Gen. My Lord, ſtand back, and let the Coffin paſs.
Rich. Unmanner'd Dog,
Stand thou when I command:
Advance thy Halbert higher than my Breaſt,
Or by St. *Paul*, I'le ſtrike thee to my Foot,
And ſpurn upon thee, Beggar, for thy boldneſs.
Anne. What do you tremble? are you all afraid?
Alas, I blame you not, for you are Mortal,
And Mortal Eyes cannot endure the Devil.
Avant thou dreadful Miniſter of Hell;
Thou had'ſt but power over his Mortal Body,
His Soul thou canſt not have; therefore be gone.
Rich. Sweet Saint, for Charity, be not ſo curſt.
Anne. Foul Devil,
For God's ſake hence, and trouble us not,
For thou haſt made the happy Earth thy Hell:
Fill'd it with curſing cries, and deep exclaims:
If thou delight to view thy hainous deeds,
Behold this pattern of thy Butcheries.
Oh Gentlemen, ſee, ſee dead *Henry*'s wounds
Open their congeal'd mouths, and bleed a-freſh.
Bluſh, bluſh, thou lump of foul Deformity:
For 'tis thy preſence that exhales this Blood
From cold and empty Veins, where no blood dwells.
Thy deeds inhumane and unnatural
Provoke this Deluge moſt unnatural.
O God! which this Blood mad'ſt, revenge his Death:
O Earth! which this Blood drink'ſt, revenge his Death.
Either Heav'n with Lightning ſtrike the Murth'rer dead,
Or Earth, gape open wide, and eat him quick,
As thou doſt ſwallow up this good Kings Blood,
Which this Hell-govern'd arm hath butchered.
Rich. Lady, you know no Rules of Charity,
Which renders good for bad, Bleſſings for Curſes.
Anne. Villain, thou know'ſt nor law of God nor Man,
No Beaſt ſo fierce, but knows ſome touch of pity.
Rich. But I know none, and therefore am no Beaſt.
Anne. O wonderful, when Devils tell the truth!
Rich. More wonderful, when Angels are ſo angry:
Vouchſafe (divine perfection of a Woman)
Of theſe ſuppoſed Crimes, to give me leave,
By circumſtance, but to acquit my ſelf.
Anne. Vouchſafe (diffus'd infection of a Man)
Of theſe known evils, but to give me leave
By circumſtance, to curſe thy curſed Self.
Rich. Fairer than tongue can name thee, let me have
Some patient leiſure to excuſe my ſelf.
Anne. Fouler than heart can think thee,
Thou can'ſt make no excuſe currant,
But to hang thy ſelf.
Rich. By ſuch deſpair, I ſhould accuſe my ſelf.
Anne. And by deſpairing ſhalt thou ſtand excuſed,
For doing worthy Vengeance on thy ſelf,
That did'ſt unworthy ſlaughter upon others.
Rich. Say, that I ſlew them not.
Anne. Then ſay, they were not ſlain:
But dead they are, and, deviliſh ſlave, by thee.
Rich. I did not kill your Husband.
Anne. Why then he is alive.
Rich. Nay, he is dead, and ſlain by *Edward*'s hands.
Anne. In thy foul Throat thou ly'ſt,
Queen *Margaret* ſaw
Thy murd'rous Faulchion ſmoaking in his Blood:
The which thou once did'ſt bend againſt her Breaſt,
But that thy Brothers beat aſide the point.
Ric . I was provok'd by her ſland'rous tongue,
That laid their guilt upon my guiltleſs ſhoulders.
Ann. Thou waſt provoked by thy bloody mind,
That never dream'ſt on ought but Butcheries:
Did'ſt thou not kill this King?
Rich. I grant ye.
Anne. Do'ſt grant me, Hedg-Hog,
Then God grant me too,
Thou may'ſt be damn'd for that wicked deed:
O he was gentle, mild, and vertuous.
Rich. The better for the King of Heaven that hath him.
Anne. He is in Heaven where thou ſhalt never come.
Rich. Let him thank me that holp to ſend him thither:
For he was fitter for that place than Earth.
Anne. And thou unfit for any place but Hell.
Rich. Yes one place elſe, if you will hear me name it.
Anne. Some Dungeon.
Rich. Your Bed-chamber.
Anne. Ill reſt betide the Chamber where thou lyeſt.
Rich. So will it, Madam, till I lye with you.
Anne. I hope ſo.
Rich. I know ſo. But gentle Lady *Anne*,
To leave this keen encounter of our Wits,
And fall ſomething into a ſlower method.
Is not the Cauſer of the timeleſs deaths
Of theſe *Plantagenets*, *Henry* and *Edward*,
As blameful as the Executioner?
Anne. Thou waſt the Cauſe, and moſt accurſt effect.
Rich. Your Beauty was the cauſe of that effect:
Your Beauty that did haunt me in my ſleep,
To undertake the Death of all the World,
So I might live one hour in your ſweet Boſome.
Anne. If I thought that, I tell thee, Homicide,
Theſe Nails ſhould rent that Beauty from my Cheeks.
Rich. Theſe Eyes could not endure that Beauties wrack,
You ſhould not blemiſh it, if I ſtood by;
As all the world is cheered by the Sun,
So I by that: it is my day, my life.
An. Black night o're-ſhade thy day, and death thy life.
Rich. Curſe not thy ſelf, fair Creature,
Thou art both.
Anne. I would I were, to be reveng'd on thee.
Rich. It is a quarrel moſt unnatural,
To be reveng'd on him that loveth thee.
Anne. It is a quarrel juſt and reaſonable,
To be reveng'd on him that kill'd my Husband.
Rich. He that bereft thee, Lady of thy Husband.
Did it to help thee to a better Husband.
Anne. His better doth not breathe upon the Earth.
Rich. He lives, that loves thee better than he could.
Anne. Name him.
Rich. *Plantagenet.*
Anne. Why that was he.
Rich. The ſelf-ſame name, but one of better Nature.
Anne. Where is he?
Rich. Here: [*Spits at him.*
Why doſt thou ſpit at me?
Anne. Would it were mortal poiſon for thy ſake.
Rich. Never came poiſon from ſo ſweet a place.
Anne. Never hung poiſon on a fouler Toad.
Out of my ſight, thou doſt infect mine Eyes.
Rich. Thine Eyes (ſweet Lady) have infected mine.
Anne. Would they were Baſilisks, to ſtrike thee dead.
Rich. I would they were, that I might dye at once:
For now they kill me with a living Death.
Thoſe Eyes of thine from mine have drawn ſalt Tears;
Sham'd their Aſpects with ſtore of childiſh drops:
Theſe Eyes which never ſhed remorſeful Tear,
No, when my Father *York*, and *Edward* wept.
To hear the piteous moan that *Rutland* made
When black-fac'd *Clifford* ſhook his Sword at him.
Nor when my Warlike Father, like a Child,
Told the ſad ſtory of my Father's Death,
And twenty times made pauſe to ſob and weep,
That all the ſtanders by had wet their Cheeks,
Like Trees be-daſh'd with rain: in that ſad time,

My manly Eyes did ſcorn an humble Tear:
And what theſe Sorrows could not thence exhale,
Thy Beauty hath, and made them blind with weeping.
I never ſued to Friend, nor Enemy:
My Tongue could never learn ſweet ſmoothing word.
But now thy Beauty is propos'd my Fee,
My proud Heart ſues, and prompts my Tongue to ſpeak.
[*She looks ſcornfully at him.*
Teach not thy Lip ſuch ſcorn, for it was made
For kiſſing, Lady, not for ſuch contempt.
If thy revengeful Heart cannot forgive,
Loe here I lend thee this ſharp-pointed Sword,
Which if thou pleaſe to hide in this true Breaſt,
And let the Soul forth that adoreth thee,
I lay it naked to the deadly ſtroke,
And humbly beg the death upon my knee.
[*He lays his Breaſt open, ſhe offers at it with his Sword.*
Nay, do not pauſe: for I did kill King *Henry*,
But 'twas thy Beauty that provoked me.
Nay, now diſpatch: 'Twas I that ſtab'd young *Edward*,
But 'twas thy Heavenly Face that ſet me on.
[*She falls the Sword.*
Take up the Sword again, or take up me.
Anne. Ariſe Diſſembler, though I wiſh thy Death,
I will not be thy Executioner.
Rich. Then bid me kill my ſelf, and I will do it.
Anne. I have already.
Rich. That was in thy Rage:
Speak it again, and even with thy word,
This Hand, which for thy love, did kill thy Love,
Shall for thy love, kill a far truer Love,
To both their Deaths ſhalt thou be acceſſary.
Anne. I would I knew thy Heart.
Rich. 'Tis figur'd in my Tongue.
Anne. I fear me, both are falſe.
Rich. Then never Man was true.
Anne. Well, well, put up your Sword.
Rich. Say then, my Peace is made.
Anne. That ſhalt thou know hereafter.
Rich. But ſhall I live in hope?
Anne. All men I hope live ſo.
Vouchſafe to wear this Ring.
Rich. Look how thy Ring encompaſſeth my Finger,
Even ſo thy Breaſt incloſeth my poor Heart:
Wear both of them, for both of them are thine.
And if thy poor devoted Servant may
But beg one favour at thy gracious hand,
Thou doſt confirm this happineſs for ever.
Anne. What is it?
Rich. That it may pleaſe you leave theſe ſad Deſigns
To him that hath moſt cauſe to be a Mourner,
And preſently repair to *Crosby* Houſe:
Where (after I have ſolemnly interr'd
At *Chertſey* Monaſt'ry this Noble King,
And wet his Grave with my Repentant Tears)
I will with all expedient duty ſee you.
For divers unknown Reaſons, I beſeech you,
Grant me this Boon.
Anne. With all my Heart, and much it joys me too,
To ſee you are become ſo penitent.
Treſſel and *Barkley*, go along with me.
Rich. Bid me farewel.
Anne. 'Tis more than you deſerve:
But ſince you teach me how to flatter you,
Imagine I have ſaid farewel already. [*Ex. two with* Anne.
Gent. Towards *Chertſey*, Noble Lord?
Rich. Now to *White-Fryers*, there attend my coming.
[*Exit Coarſe.*
Was ever Woman in this humour Woo'd?
Was ever woman in this humour won?
I'le have her, but I will not keep her long.
What? I have kill'd her Husband, and his Father,
To take her in her hearts extreameſt hate,
With Curſes in her Mouth, tears in her Eyes,
The bleeding witneſs of my hatred by,
Having God, her Conſcience, and theſe bars againſt me,
And I no Friends to back my ſuit withall,
But the plain Devil and diſſembling looks?
And yet to win her? All the World to nothing.
Hah!
Hath ſhe forgot already that brave Prince,
Edward, her Lord, whom I (ſome three months ſince)
Stab'd in my angry mood, at *Tewksbury*?
A ſweeter and a lovelier Gentleman,
Fram'd in the prodigality of Nature,
Young, Valiant, Wiſe, and (no doubt) right Royal,
The ſpacious world cannot again afford,
And will ſhe thus abaſe her Eyes on me,
That cropt the Golden prime of this ſweet Prince,
And made her Widow to a woful Bed?
On me, whoſe All not equals *Edwards* Moytie?
On me, that halts, and am miſhapen thus?
My Dukedome to a beggarly Denier?
I do miſtake my perſon all this while:
Upon my life ſhe finds, (although I cannot)
My ſelf to be a marv'lous proper man.
I'le be at charges for a Looking-glaſs,
And entertain a ſcore or two of Taylors,
To ſtudy Faſhions to adorn my Body:
Since I am crept in favour with my ſelf,
I will maintain it with ſome little coſt,
But firſt I'le turn yon fellow in his Grave,
And then return lamenting to my Love.
Shine out, fair Sun, 'till I have bought a Glaſs,
That I may ſee my Shadow as I paſs. [*Exit.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter the Queen Mother, Lord Rivers, *and Lord* Gray.

Riv. Have patience, Madam, there is no doubt his Majeſty
Will ſoon recover his accuſtom'd health.
Gray. In that you brook it ill, it makes him worſe,
Therefore for God's ſake entertain good comfort,
And cheer his Grace with quick and merry Eyes.
Queen. If he were dead, what would betide on me?
Gray. No other harm, but loſs of ſuch a Lord.
Qu. The loſs of ſuch a Lord includes all harms.
Gray. The Heavens have bleſt you with a goodly Son
To be your Comforter, when he is gone.
Qu. Ah! he is young; and his Minority
Is put unto the truſt of *Richard Gloſter*,
A man that loves not me, nor none of you.
Riv. Is it concluded he ſhall be Protector?
Qu It is determin'd, not concluded yet:
But ſo it muſt be, if the King miſcarry.

Enter Buckingham *and* Derby.

Gray. Here comes the Lord of *Buckingham* and *Derby*.
Buck. Good time of day unto your Royal Grace.
Derb. God make your Majeſty joyful, as you have been.
Qu. The Counteſs *Richmond*, good my L. of *Derby*,
To your good Prayer will ſcarcely ſay, Amen.
Yet *Derby*, notwithſtanding ſhe's your Wife,
And loves not me, be you, good Lord, aſſur'd,
I hate not you for her proud arrogance.
Derb. I do beſeech you, either not believe
The envious Slanders of her falſe Accuſers:
Or if ſhe be accus'd on true report,
Bear with her weakneſs, which I think proceeds
From wayward ſickneſs, and no grounded malice.
Qu. Saw you the King to day, my Lord of *Derby*?
Derb. But now the Duke of *Buckingham* and I,
Are come from viſiting his Majeſty.
Qu. What likelihood of his amendment, Lords?

Buck. Madam, good hope, his Grace ſpeaks chearfully.
Qu. God grant him health, did you confer with him?
Buck. I, Madam, deſires to make atonement,
Between the Duke of *Gloſter*, and your Brothers,
And between them, and my Lord Chamberlain,
And ſent to warn them to his Royal preſence.
Qu. Would all were well, but that will never be,
I fear our happineſs is at the height.

Enter Richard.

Rich. They do me wrong, and I will not endure it,
Who is it that complains unto the King,
That I (forſooth) am ſtern, and love them not?
By holy *Paul*, they love his Grace but lightly,
That fill his Ears with ſuch diſſentious Rumors.
Becauſe I cannot flatter, and look fair,
Smile in Mens Faces, ſmooth, deceive, and cog,
Duck with *French* nods, and Apiſh Courteſie,
I muſt be held a rancorous Enemy.
Cannot a plain Man live, and think no harm,
But thus his ſimple truth muſt be abus'd,
With ſilken, ſlye, inſinuating Jacks?
Gray. To whom in all this preſence ſpeaks your Grace?
Rich. To thee, that haſt nor Honeſty nor Grace:
When have I injur'd thee? When done thee wrong?
Or thee? or thee? or any of your Faction?
A Plague upon you all. His Royal Grace
(Whom God preſerve, better than you would wiſh)
Cannot be quiet ſcarce a breathing while,
But you muſt trouble him with lew'd Complaints.
Qu. Brother of *Gloſter*, you miſtake the matter:
The King on his own Royal diſpoſition,
(And not provok'd by any Suitor elſe)
~~Aiming (belike)~~ at your interior hatred,
That in your outward action ſhews it ſelf
Againſt my Children, Brothers, and my Self,
Makes him to ſend, that he may learn the ground.
Rich. I cannot tell, the world is grown ſo bad,
That Wrens make prey, where Eagles dare not perch.
Since every Jack became a Gentleman,
There's many a gentle perſon made a Jack.
Qu. Come, come, we know your meaning, Brother *Gloſter*,
You envy my advancement, and my Friends:
God grant we never may have need of you.
Rich. Mean time, God grants that I have need of you.
Our Brother is impriſon'd by your means,
My ſelf diſgrac'd, and the Nobility
Held in contempt, while great Promotions
Are daily given to enoble thoſe
That ſcarce ſome two days ſince were worth a Noble.
Qu. By him that rais'd me to this careful height,
From that contented hap which I enjoy'd.
I never did incenſe his Majeſty
Againſt the Duke of *Clarence*, but have been
An earneſt Advocate to plead for him.
My Lord, you do me ſhameful injury,
Falſely to draw me in theſe vile ſuſpects.
Rich. You may deny that you were not the mean
Of my Lord *Haſtings* late impriſonment.
Riv. She may, my Lord, for———
Rich. She may, Lord *Rivers*, why who knows not ſo?
She may do more, Sir, then denying that:
She may help you to many fair Preferments,
And then deny her aiding hand therein,
And lay thoſe Honours on your high deſert.
What may ſhe not? ſhe may, I marry may ſhe.
Riv. What marry may ſhe?
Rich. What marry may ſhe? Marry with a King,
A Batchelor, and a handſom ſtripling too,
I wis your Grandam had a worſer match.
Qu. My Lord of *Gloſter*, I have too long born
Your blunt upbraidings, and your bitter ſcoffs:
By Heaven, I will acquaint his Majeſty
Of thoſe groſs taunts that oft I have endur'd.
I had rather be a Country ſervant Maid
Than a great Queen, with this condition,
To be ſo baited, ſcorn'd, and ſtorm'd at,
Small joy have I in being *England*'s Queen.

Enter old Queen Margaret.

Mar. And leſsned be that ſmall, God I beſeech him,
Thy Honour, State, and Seat, is due to me.
Rich. What? threat you me with telling of the King?
I will avouch't in preſence of the King:
I dare adventure to be ſent to th' Tower.
'Tis time to ſpeak,
My pains are quite forgot.
Margaret. Out Devil,
I do remember them too well:
Thou kild'ſt my Husband *Henry* in the Tower,
And *Edward* my poor Son, at *Tewkſbury*.
Rich. E're you were Queen,
I, or your Husband King:
I was a pack-horſe in his great Affairs:
A weeder out of his proud Adverſaries,
A liberal rewarder of his Friends,
To Royalize his blood, I ſpent mine own.
Margaret. I, and much better blood
Than his or thine.
Rich. In all which time, you and your Husband *Gray*
Were factious for the Houſe of *Lancaſter*;
And *Rivers*, ſo were you: was not your Husband,
In *Margaret*'s Battel, at Saint *Albans*, ſlain?
Let me put in your minds, if you forget,
What you have been e're this, and what you are:
Withall, what I have been, and what I am.
Q. M. A murth'rous Villain, and ſo ſtill thou art.
Rich. Poor *Clarence* did forſake his Father *Warwick*,
I, and forſwore himſelf (which Jeſu pardon.)
Q. M. Which God revenge.
Rich. To fight on *Edward*'s party, for the Crown,
And for his meed, poor Lord, he is mewed up:
I would to God my heart were Flint, like *Edward*'s,
Or *Edward*'s, ſoft and pitiful, like mine;
I am too childiſh fooliſh for this World.
Qu. M. Hye thee to Hell for ſhame, and leave this world,
Thou Cacodæmon, there thy Kingdom is.
Riv. My Lord of *Gloſter*: in thoſe buſie days,
Which here you urge, to prove us Enemies,
We follow'd then our Lord, our Soveraign King,
So ſhould we you, if you would be our King.
Rich. If I ſhould be? I had rather be a Pedler:
Far be it from my heart, the thought thereof.
Qu. As little joy (my Lord) as you ſuppoſe
You ſhould enjoy, were you this Countries King,
As little joy you may ſuppoſe in me,
That I enjoy, being the Queen thereof.
Q. M. A little joy enjoys the Queen thereof.
For I am ſhe, and altogether joyleſs.
I can no longer hold me patient.
Hear me, you wrangling Pyrats that fall out,
In ſharing that which you have pill'd from me:
Which of you trembles not, that looks on me?
If not, that I am Queen, you bow like Subjects;
Yet that by you depos'd, you quake like Rebels.
Ah gentle Villain do not turn away.
Ri. Foul wrinckl'd Witch, what mak'ſt thou in my ſight?
Q. M. But repetition of what thou haſt marr'd,
That will I make, before I let thee go.
Rich. VVer't thou not baniſhed on pain of Death?
Q. M. I was: but I do find more pain in baniſhment,
Than death can yield me here, by abode.
A Husband and a Son thou ow'ſt to me,
And thou a Kingdom, all of you allegiance:
This Sorrow that I have by right is yours,
And all the Pleaſures you uſurp are mine.
Rich. The Curſe my Noble Father laid on thee,
VVhen thou did'ſt Crown his warlike Brows with Paper,

And with thy ſcorns drew'ſt Rivers from his Eyes,
And then to dry them, gav'ſt the Duke a Clout,
Steep'd in the faultleſs blood of pretty *Rutland*:
His Curſes then from bitterneſs of Soul,
Denounc'd againſt thee, are fal'n upon thee:
And God, not we, have plagu'd thy bloody Deed.
Qu. So juſt is God, to right the innocent.
Haſt. O, 'twas the fouleſt deed to ſlay that Babe,
And the moſt mercileſs that e're was heard of.
Riv. Tyrants themſelves wept, when it was reported.
Dorſ. No man but propheſied revenge for it.
Buck. *Northumberland*, then preſent, wept to ſee it.
Q.M. What? were you ſnarling all before I came,
Ready to catch each other by the Throat,
And turn you all your hatred now on me?
Did *York*'s dread Curſe prevail ſo much with Heaven,
That *Henry*'s Death, my lovely *Edward*'s Death,
Their Kingdoms loſs, my woful Baniſhment,
Should all but anſwer for that peeviſh Brat?
Can Curſes pierce the Clouds and enter Heaven?
Why then give way, dull Clouds, to my quick Curſes.
Though not by War, by Surfeit dye your King,
As ours by Murther to make him a King.
Edward thy Son, that now is Prince of *Wales*,
For *Edward* our Son that was Prince of *Wales*,
Dye in his Youth, by like untimely violence.
Thy ſelf a Queen, for me that was a Queen,
Out-live thy Glory, like my wretched ſelf:
Long may'ſt thou live, to wail thy Children's death,
And ſee another, as I ſee thee now,
Deck'd in thy Rights, as thou art ſtall'd in mine.
Long dye thy happy days, before thy Death,
And after many length'ned hours of grief,
Dye neither Mother, Wife, nor *England*'s Queen.
Rivers and *Dorſet*, you were ſtanders by,
And ſo waſt thou, Lord *Haſtings*, when my Son
Was ſtabb'd with bloody Daggers: God, I pray him,
That none of you may live his natural age,
But by ſome un-look'd-for accident cut off.
Ric. Have done thy Charm, thou hateful wither'd Hag.
Q.M. And leave out thee? ſtay Dog, for thou ſhalt hear me.
If Heaven have any grievous plague in ſtore,
Exceeding thoſe that I can wiſh upon thee,
O let them keep it, till thy ſins be ripe,
And then hurl down their Indignation
On thee, the troubler of the poor World's peace.
The worm of Conſcience ſtill be-gnaw thy Soul,
Thy Friends ſuſpect for Traytors while thou liv'ſt,
And take deep Traytors for thy deareſt Friends:
No ſleep cloſe up that deadly Eye of thine,
Unleſs it be while ſome tormenting Dream
Affright thee with a Hell of ugly Devils.
Thou elviſh, markt, abortive rooting Hog,
Thou that waſt ſeal'd in thy Nativity
The Slave of Nature, and the Son of Hell:
Thou ſlander of thy heavy Mothers Womb,
Thou loathed Iſſue of thy Fathers loyns,
Thou Rag of Honour, thou deteſted——
Rich. Margaret.
Q.M. Richard. *Rich.* Ha!
Q.M. I call thee not.
Rich. I cry thee mercy then: for I did think,
That thou had'ſt call'd me all theſe bitter names.
Q.M. Why ſo I did, but look'd for no reply.
Oh let me make the Period to my Curſe.
Rich. 'Tis done by me, and ends in *Margaret*.
Thus have you breath'd your Curſe againſt your ſelf.
Q.M. Poor painted Queen, vain flouriſh of my Fortune,
Why ſtrew'ſt thou Sugar on that Bottel'd Spider,
Whoſe deadly web enſnareth thee about?
Fool, fool, thou whett'ſt a Knife to kill thy ſelf:
The day will come, that thou ſhalt wiſh for me,
To help thee curſe this poyſonous Bunch-back'd Toad.
Haſt. Falſe boading Woman, end thy frantick Curſe,
Leſt to thy harm thou move our patience.
Q.M. Foul ſhame upon you, you have all mov'd mine.
Ri. Were you well ſerv'd, you would be taught your duty.
Q.M. To ſerve me well, you all ſhould do me duty,
Teach me to be your Queen, and you my Subjects:
O ſerve me well, and teach your ſelves that duty.
Dorſ. Diſpute not with her, ſhe is Lunatick.
Q.M. Peace, Maſter Marqueſs, you are malapert,
Your fire-new ſtamp of Honour is ſcarce currant.
O that your young Nobility can judge
What 'twere to loſe it, and be miſerable.
They that ſtand high have many blaſts to ſhake them,
And if they fall, they daſh themſelves to pieces.
Rich. Good Counſel marry, learn it, learn it, Marqueſs.
Dor. It touches you, my Lord, as much as me.
Rich. I, and much more: but I was born ſo high:
Our ayrie buildeth in the Cedar's top,
And dallies with the wind, and ſcorns the Sun.
Mar. And turns the Sun to ſhade: alas, alas,
Witneſs my Son now in the ſhade of death,
Whoſe bright out-ſhining beams, thy cloudy Wrath
Hath in Eternal Darkneſs folded up.
Your ayry buildeth in our ayries Neſt:
O God, that ſeeſt, it do not ſuffer it,
As it is won with blood, loſt be it ſo.
Buck. Peace, peace for Shame, if not for Charity.
Mar. Urge neither Charity, nor Shame to me:
Uncharitably with me have you dealt,
And ſhamefully my hopes (by you) are butcher'd.
My Charity is outrage, Life my ſhame,
And in that ſhame, ſtill live my ſorrows rage.
Buck. Have done, have done.
Mar. O Princely *Buckingham*, I'le kiſs thy hand,
In ſign of League and Amity with thee:
Now fair befall thee, and thy Noble houſe:
Thy Garments are not ſpotted with our blood:
Nor thou within the compaſs of my Curſe.
Buck. Nor no one here: for Curſes never paſs
The lips of thoſe that breathe them in the Air.
Mar. I will not think but they aſcend the Sky,
And there awake God's gentle ſleeping Peace.
O *Buckingham*, take heed of yonder Dog:
Look when he fawns, he bites; and when he bites,
His venom Tooth will rankle to the death:
Have not to do with him, beware of him,
Sin, Death, and Hell have ſet their marks on him,
And all their Miniſters attend on him.
Rich. What doth ſhe ſay, my Lord of *Buckingham*?
Buck. Nothing that I reſpect, my gracious Lord.
Mar. What doſt thou ſcorn me
For my gentle Counſel?
And ſooth the Devil that I warn thee from.
O but remember this another day:
When he ſhall ſplit thy very heart with Sorrow:
And ſay poor *Margaret* was a Propheteſs:
Live each of you the ſubjects to his hate,
And he to yours, and all of you to Gods. [*Exit.*
Buck. My Hair doth ſtand an end to hear her Curſes.
Riv. And ſo doth mine, I muſe why ſhe's at liberty.
Rich. I cannot blame her, by God's holy Mother,
She hath had too much wrong, and I repent
My part thereof, that I have done to her.
Der. I never did her any to my knowledge.
Rich. Yet you have all the vantage of her wrong:
I was too hot, to do ſome body good,
That is too cold in thinking of it now:
Marry as for *Clarence*, he is well repay'd:
He is frank'd up to fatting for his pains,
God pardon them that are the cauſe thereof.
Riv. A virtuous, and a Chriſtian-like concluſion,
To pray for them that have done ſcathe to us.
Rich. So do I ever, being well adviſ'd.
[*Speaks to himſelf.*
For had I curſt now, I had curſt my ſelf.

Enter Catesby.
Cates. Madam, his Majeſty doth call for you,
And for your Grace, and yours, my gracious Lord.
Q. Catesby, I come, Lords will you go with me?
Riv. We wait upon your Grace.
[*Exeunt all but* Gloſter.
Rich. I do thee wrong, and firſt begin to brawl.
The ſecret miſchiefs that I ſet a-broach,
I lay unto the grievous charge of others.
Clarence, whom I indeed have caſt in darkneſs,
I do beweep to many ſimple Gulls,
Namely to *Derby*, *Haſtings*, *Buckingham*,
And tell them 'tis the Queen, and her Allies
That ſtir the King againſt the Duke my Brother.
Now they believe it, and withall whet me
To be reveng'd on *Rivers*, *Dorſet*, *Gray*.
But then I ſigh, and with a piece of Scripture,
Tell them that God bids us do good for evil:
And thus I cloath my naked Villany
With odd old ends, ſtoln forth of Holy Writ,
And ſeem a *Saint*, when moſt I play the *Devil.*
Enter two Murtherers.
But ſoft, here come my Executioners,
How now my hardy ſtout reſolved Mates,
Are you now going to diſpatch this thing?
Vill. We are, my Lord, and come to have the Warrant,
That we may be admitted where he is.
Rich. Well thought upon, I have it here about me:
When you have done, repair to *Crosby* Place;
But, Sirs, be ſudden in the Execution,
Withal obdurate, do not hear him plead;
For *Clarence* is well-ſpoken, and perhaps
May move your Hearts to pity, if you mark him.
Vill. Tut, tut, my Lord, we will not ſtand to prate,
Talkers are no good doers; be aſſur'd,
We go to uſe our Hands, and not our Tongues.
Rich. Your Eyes drop Mill-ſtones, when Fools Eyes fall Tears.
I like you Lads, about your buſineſs ſtraight.
Go, go, diſpatch.
Vill. We will, my Noble Lord. [*Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Clarence *and Keeper.*

Keep. Why looks your Grace ſo heavily?
Cla. O, I have paſt a miſerable night,
So full of fearful Dreams, of ugly ſights,
That as I am a Chriſtian faithful man,
I would not ſpend another ſuch a Night,
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days:
So full of diſmal terrour was the time.
Keep. What was your dream, my Lord, I pray you tell me.
Cla. Methoughts that I had broken from the Tower,
And was embark'd to croſs to *Burgundy*,
And in my company my Brother *Gloſter*,
Who from my Cabin tempted me to walk
Upon the Hatches: There we look'd toward *England*,
And cited up a thouſand heavy times,
During the Wars of *York* and *Lancaſter*,
That had befal'n us. As he pac'd along
Upon the giddy footing of the Hatches,
Methought that *Gloſter* ſtumbled, and in falling
Strook me (that thought to ſtay him) over-board,
Into the tumbling billows of the Main.
O Lord, methought what pain it was to drown,
What dreadful noiſe of Water in mine Ears,
VVhat ſights of ugly Death within mine Eyes.
Methoughts, I ſaw a thouſand fearful VVracks;
A thouſand men that Fiſhes gnaw'd upon:
VVedges of Gold, great Anchors, heaps of Pearl,
Ineſtimable Stones, unvalued Jewels
All ſcattered in the bottom of the Sea:
Some lay in dead-men's Sculls, and in the holes
Where Eyes did once inhabit, there were crept
(As 'twere in ſcorn of Eyes) reflecting Gems,
That woo'd the ſlimy bottom of the Deep,
And mock'd the dead Bones that lay ſcattered by.
Keep. Had you ſuch leiſure in the time of Death,
To gaze upon the ſecrets of the deep?
Cla. Methought I had, and often did I ſtrive
To yield the Ghoſt: but ſtill the envious Flood
Stop'd in my Soul, and would not let it forth
To find the empty, vaſt, and wand'ring Air;
But ſmother'd it within my panting Bulk,
Who almoſt burſt to belch it in the Sea.
Keep. Awak'd you not in this ſore Agony?
Clar. No, no, my Dream was lengthen'd after life.
O then, began the Tempeſt to my Soul,
I paſt (methought) the Melancholy Flood,
With that ſowre Ferry-man which Poets write of,
Unto the Kingdom of perpetual Night.
The firſt that there did greet my Stranger-ſoul,
Was my great Father-in-law, renowned *Warwick*,
Who ſpake aloud: What ſcourge for Perjury
Can this dark Monarchy afford falſe *Clarence*?
And ſo he vaniſh'd. Then came wand'ring by,
A Shadow like an Angel, with bright Hair
Dabbl'd in Blood, and he ſhriek'd out aloud
Clarence is come, falſe, fleeting, perjur'd *Clarence*,
That ſtabb'd me in the Field by *Tewksbury*:
Seize on him Furies, take him unto torment.
With that (methought) a Legion of foul Fiends
Inviron'd me, and howled in mine Ears
Such hideous cries, that with the very Noiſe,
I (trembling) wak'd, and for a ſeaſon after,
Could not believe, but that I was in Hell,
Such terrible Impreſſion made my Dream.
Keep. No marvel, Lord, though it affrighted you,
I am afraid (methinks) to hear you tell it.
Cla. Ah Keeper, Keeper, I have done theſe things
(That now give evidence againſt my Soul)
For *Edward*'s ſake, and ſee how he requites me.
O God! if my deep Prayers cannot appeaſe thee,
But thou wilt be aveng'd on my miſdeeds,
Yet execute thy wrath in me alone:
O ſpare my guiltleſs Wife, and my poor Children.
Keeper, I prithee ſit by me a while,
My Soul is heavy, and I fain would ſleep.
Keep. I will, my Lord, God give your Grace good reſt.

Enter Brakenbury *the Lieutenant.*

Bra. Sorrow breaks Seaſons and repoſing hours,
Makes the Night Morning, and the Noon-tide Night:
Princes have but their Titles for their Glories,
An outward Honour, for an inward Toil,
And for unfelt Imaginations
They often feel a world of reſtleſs Cares:
So that between their Titles, and low name,
There's nothing differs but the outward Fame.
Enter two Murtherers.
1. *Mur.* Ho, who's here?
Bra. What would'ſt thou, Fellow? And how cam'ſt thou hither?
2. *Mur.* I would ſpeak with *Clarence*, and I came hither on my Legs.
Bra. What, ſo brief?
1. 'Tis better (Sir) than to be tedious:
Let him ſee our Commiſſion, and talk no more. [*Reads.*
Bra. I am in this, commanded to deliver
The Noble Duke of *Clarence* to your hands.
I will not reaſon what is meant hereby,
Becauſe I will be guiltleſs from the meaning.
There lies the Duke aſleep, and there the Keys.

I'le to theKing, and ſignifie to him,
That thus I have reſign'd to you my charge. [*Exit.*
1. You may, Sir, 'tis a point of wiſdom:
Fare you well.
2. What, ſhall we ſtab him as he ſleeps?
1. No: he'll ſay 'twas done cowardly, when he wakes.
2. Why he ſhall never wake, until the great Judgment day.
1. Why then he'll ſay, we ſtab'd him ſleeping.
2. The urging of that word Judgment, hath bred a kind of remorſe in me.
1. What? art thou afraid?
2. Not to kill him, having a Warrant.
But to be damn'd for killing him, from the which
No Warrant can defend me.
1. I thought thou had'ſt been reſolute.
2. So I am, to let him live.
1. I'le back to the Duke of *Gloſter*, and tell him ſo.
2. Nay, prithee ſtay a little:
I hope this paſſionate humour of mine will change,
It was wont to hold me but while one tells twenty.
1. How do'ſt thou feel thy ſelf now?
2. Some certain dregs of Conſcience are yet within me.
1. Remember the Reward, when the deed's done.
2. Come, he dies: I had forgot the Reward.
1. Where's thy Conſcience now?
2. O, in the Duke of *Gloſter*'s Purſe.
1. When he opens his Purſe to give us our Reward, thy Conſcience flies out.
2. 'Tis no matter, let it go: there's few or none will entertain it.
1. What if it come to thee again?
2. I'le not meddle with it, it makes a Man a Coward: A Man cannot ſteal, but it accuſeth him: A Man cannot Swear, but it Checks him: A Man cannot lie with his Neighbours Wife, but it detects him. 'Tis a bluſhing ſhamefac'd Spirit, that mutinies in a Mans boſom: It fills a Man full of Obſtacles. It made me once reſtore a Purſe of Gold that (by chance) I found: It beggars any Man that keeps it: It is turn'd out of Towns and Cities for a dangerous thing, and every Man that means to live well, endeavours to truſt to himſelf, and live without it.
1. 'Tis even now at my elbow, perſuading me not to kill the Duke.
2. Take the Devil in thy mind, and believe him not:
He would inſinuate with thee but to make thee ſigh.
1. I am ſtrong fram'd, he cannot prevail with me.
2. Spoke like a tall Man, that reſpects thy Reputation.
Come, ſhall we fall to work?
1. Take him on the Coſtard, with the Hilts of thy Sword, and then throw him into the Malmſie-butt in the next room.
2. O excellent device; and make a Sop of him.
1. Soft, he wakes.
2. Strike.
1. No, we'll reaſon with him.
Cla. Where art thou, Keeper? give me a Cup of Wine.
2. You ſhall have Wine enough, my Lord, anon.
Clar. In Gods name, what art thou?
1. A man, as you are.
Clar. But not as I am, Royal.
1. Nor you as we are, Loyal.
Cla. Thy voice is thunder, but thy looks are humble.
1. My voice is now the Kings, my looks mine own.
Cla. How darkly, and how deadly do'ſt thou ſpeak?
Your Eyes do menace me: why look you pale?
Who ſent you hither? wherefore do you come?
2. To, to, to———
Clar. To murther me?
Both. I, I.
Clar. You ſcarcely have the hearts to tell me ſo.
And therefore cannot have the hearts to do it.
Wherein, my friends, have I offended you?
1. Offended us you have not, but the King.
Clar. I ſhall be reconcil'd to him again.
2. Never, my Lord, therefore prepare to dye.
Clar. Are you drawn forth among a world of Men
To ſlay the innocent? What's my offence?
Where is the Evidence that doth accuſe me?
What lawful Queſt have given their Verdict up
Unto the frowning Judge? Or who pronounc'd
The bitter ſentence of poor *Clarence*'s death?
Before I be convict by courſe of Law,
To threaten me with death, is moſt unlawful.
I charge you, as you hope for any goodneſs,
That you depart, and lay no hands on me:
The deed you undertake is damnable.
1. What we will do, we do upon command.
2. And he that hath commanded, is our King.
Cla. Erroneous Vaſſals, the great King of Kings
Hath in the Table of his Law commanded,
That Thou ſhalt do no Murther, Will you then
Spurn at his Edicts, and fulfil a Mans?
Take heed, for he holds Vengeance in his hand
To hurle upon their heads that break his Law.
2. And that ſame Vengeance doth he hurle on thee
For falſe forſwearing, and for murther too:
Thou didſt receive the Sacrament, to fight
In quarrel of the Houſe of *Lancaſter*.
1. And like a Traytor to the name of God,
Did'ſt break that Vow, and with thy treacherous blade,
Unripp'ſt the Bowels of thy Soveraign's Son.
2. Whom thou was't ſworn to cheriſh and defend.
1. How canſt thou urge Gods dreadful Law to us,
When thou haſt broke it in ſuch high degree?
Clar. Alas! for whoſe ſake did I that ill deed?
For *Edward*, for my Brother, for his ſake.
He ſends you not to murther me for this:
For in that ſin he is as deep as I.
If God will be avenged for the deed,
O know you yet, he doth it publickly,
Take not the quarrel from his powerful Arm:
He needs no indirect, or lawleſs courſe,
To cut off thoſe that have offended him.
1. Who made thee then a bloody Miniſter,
When gallant ſpringing brave *Plantagenet*,
That Princely Novice was ſtruck dead by thee?
Clar. My Brother's love, the Devil, and my Rage.
1. Thy Brother's Love, our Duty, and thy Faults,
Provoke us hither now, to ſlaughter thee.
Clar. If you do love my Brother, hate not me:
I am his Brother, and I love him well.
If you are hir'd for meed, go back again,
And I will ſend you to my Brother *Gloſter*:
Who ſhall reward you better for my life,
Than *Edward* will for tidings of my death.
2. You are deceiv'd,
Your Brother *Gloſter* hates you.
Cla. Oh no, he loves me, and he holds me dear:
Go you to him from me.
1. I, ſo we will.
Cla. Tell him, when that our Princely Father *York*
Bleſt his three Sons with his victorious Arm,
He little thought of this divided Friendſhip:
Bid *Gloſter* think on this, and he will weep.
1. I, Milſtones, as he leſſoned us to weep.
Clar. O do not ſlander him, for he is kind.
1. Right, as Snow in Harveſt:
Come, you deceive your ſelf,
'Tis he that ſends us to deſtroy you here.
Cla. It cannot be, for he bewept my Fortune,
And hugg'd me in his Arms, and ſwore with ſobs,
That he would labour my delivery.
1. Why ſo he doth, when he delivers you
From this Earths thraldom, to the joys of Heaven.
2. Make peace with God, for you muſt die, my Lord.
Cla. Have you that holy feeling in your Souls,

To counſel me to make my peace with God,
And are you yet to your own Souls ſo blind,
That you will War with God, by murd'ring me?
O Sirs, conſider, they that ſet you on
To do this deed, will hate you for the deed.
2. What ſhall we do?
Clar. Relent, and ſave your Souls:
Which of you, if you were a Princes Son,
Being pent from Liberty, as I am now,
If two ſuch murtherers as your ſelves came to you,
Would not intreat for Life, as you would beg
Were you in my diſtreſs.
1. Relent? no: 'Tis cowardly and womaniſh.
Cla. Not to relent, is beaſtly, ſavage, deviliſh.
My Friend, I ſpy ſome pity in thy looks:
O, if thine Eye be not a flatterer,
Come thou on my ſide, and intreat for me,
A begging Prince what Beggar pities not?
2. Look behind you, my Lord.
1. Take that, and that, if all this will not do, [*Stabs him.*
I'le drown you in the Malmſey-Butt within. [*Exit.*
2. A bloody deed, and deſperately diſpatcht:
How fain (like *Pilate*) would I waſh my hands
Of this moſt grievous murther.

Enter 1. *Murtherer.*

1. How now? what mean'ſt thou that thou help'ſt me not? By Heaven, the Duke ſhall know how ſlack you have been.
2. *Mur.* I would he knew, that I had ſav'd his Brother;
Take thou the Fee, and tell him what I ſay,
For I repent me that the Duke is ſlain. [*Exit.*
1. *Mur.* So do not I: go Coward as thou art.
Well, I'le go hide the Body in ſome hole,
'Till that the Duke give order for his burial:
And when I have my meed, I will away;
For this will out, and then I muſt not ſtay. [*Exit.*

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Flouriſh. Enter the King ſick, the Queen, Lord Marqueſs, Dorſet, Rivers, Haſtings, Catesby, Buckingham, Woodvil.

King. Why ſo: now have I done a good days work.
You Peers continue this united League:
I, every day expect an Embaſſage
From my Redeemer, to redeem me hence.
And more to peace my Soul ſhall part to Heaven,
Since I have made my Friends at peace on earth.
Dorſet and *Rivers*, take each others hand,
Diſſemble not your hatred, Swear your love.
Riv. By Heaven, my Soul is purg'd from bearing hate,
And with my hand I ſeal my true Hearts-love.
Haſt. So thrive I, as I truly ſwear the like.
King. Take heed you dally not before your King,
Leſt he that is the ſupreme King of Kings
Confound your hidden falſhood, and award
Either of you to be the others end.
Haſt. So proſper I, as I ſwear perfect love.
Riv. And I, as I love *Haſtings* with my heart.
King. Madam, your ſelf is not exempt from this:
Nor you Son *Dorſet*, *Buckingham* nor you;
You have been factious one againſt the other.
Wife, love Lord *Haſtings*, let him kiſs your hand,
And what you do, do it unfeignedly.
Queen. There *Haſtings*, I will never more remember
Our former hatred, ſo thrive I, and mine.
King. *Dorſet*, embrace him:
Haſtings, love Lord Marqueſs.
Dor. This interchange of love, I here proteſt
Upon my part, ſhall be inviolable.
Haſt. And ſo ſwear I.
King. Now Princely *Buckingham*, ſeal thou this League
With thy embracements to my Wives Allies,
And make me happy in your unity.
Buck. When ever *Buckingham* doth turn his hate
Upon your Grace, but with all duteous love,
Doth cheriſh you and yours, God puniſh me
With hate in thoſe where I expect moſt love,
When I have moſt need to imploy a Friend,
And moſt aſſured that he is a Friend,
Deep, hollow, treacherous, and full of guile,
Be he unto me: this do I beg of Heaven,
When I am cold in love, to you or yours. [*Embrace.*
King. A pleaſing Cordial, Princely *Buckingham*,
Is this thy Vow unto my ſickly heart.
There wanteth now our Brother *Gloſter* here,
To make the bleſſed Period of this peace.
Buck. And in good time,
Here comes Sir *Richard Ratcliff*, and the Duke.

Enter Ratcliff, *and* Gloſter.

Rich. Good morrow to my Sovereign King and Queen,
And Princely Peers, a happy time of day.
King. Happy indeed, as we have ſpent the day:
Gloſter, we have done deeds of Charity,
Made Peace of Enmity, fair love of hate,
Between theſe ſwelling wrong incenſed Peers.
Rich. A bleſſed labour, my moſt Sovereign Lord:
Among this Princely heap, if any here
By falſe intelligence, or wrong ſurmiſe
Hold me a Foe: if I unwillingly, or in my rage,
Have ought committed that is hardly born,
To any in this preſence, I deſire
To reconcile me to his friendly peace:
'Tis death to me to be at Enmity:
I hate it, and deſire all good Mens love.
Firſt, Madam, I intreat true peace of you,
Which I will purchaſe with my duteous ſervice,
Of you my Noble Couſin *Buckingham*,
If ever any grudge were lodg'd between us.
Of you, and you, Lord *Rivers* and of *Dorſet*,
That all without deſert have frown'd on me:
Of you Lord *Woodvil*, and Lord *Scales* of you,
Dukes, Earls, Lords, Gentlemen, indeed of all.
I do not know that Engliſhman alive,
With whom my Soul is any jot at odds,
More than the Infant that is born to night:
I thank my God for my Humility.
Queen. A Holy day ſhall this be kept hereafter:
I would to God all ſtrifes were well compounded.
My Sovereign Lord, I do beſeech your Highneſs
To take our Brother *Clarence* to your Grace.
Rich. Why Madam, have I offer'd love for this,
To be ſo flouted in this Royal preſence?
Who knows not that the gentle Duke is dead? [*They all ſtart.*
You do him injury to ſcorn his Coarſe.
King. Who knows not he is dead!
Who knows he is?
Queen. All-ſeeing Heaven, what a world is this?
Buck. Look I ſo pale, Lord *Dorſet*, as the reſt?
Dor. I, my good Lord, and no Man in the preſence,
But his red colour hath forſook his Cheeks.
King. Is *Clarence* dead? the Order was revers'd.
Rich. But he (poor Man) by your firſt Order died,
And that a winged *Mercury* did bear:
Some tardy Cripple bare the Countermand,
That come too lagg to ſee him buried.
God grant, that ſome leſs Noble, and leſs Loyal,
Nearer in bloody thoughts, and not in blood,
Deſerve no worſe than wretched *Clarence* did,
And yet go currant from ſuſpicion.

Enter Earl of Derby.

Derb. A boon, my Soveraign, for my ſervice done.

King. I prithee peace, my Soul is full of ſorrow.
Derb. I will not riſe, unleſs your Highneſs hear me.
King. Then ſay at once, what is it thou requeſt'ſt.
Derb. The forfeit (Soveraign) of my ſervants life,
Who ſlew to day a Riotous Gentleman,
Lately attendant on the Duke of *Norfolk*.
King. Have I a Tongue to doom my Brothers death?
And ſhall that Tongue give pardon to a Slave?
My Brother kill'd no man, his fault was Thought,
And yet his puniſhment was bitter death.
Who ſued to me for him? Who (in my wrath)
Kneel'd at my feet; and bid me be adviſ'd?
Who ſpoke of Brotherhood? who ſpoke in love?
Who told me, how the poor Soul did forſake
The mighty *Warwick*, and did fight for me:
Who told me in the Field at *Tenksbury*,
When *Oxford* had me down, he reſcued me:
And ſaid, dear Brother live, and be a King?
Who told me, when we both lay in the Field,
Frozen (almoſt) to death, how he did lap me
Even in his Garments, and did give himſelf
(All thin and naked) to the num cold night?
All this from my Remembrance, bruitiſh wrath
Sinfully pluckt, and not a Man of you
Had ſo much Grace to put it in my mind.
But when your Carters, or your waiting Vaſſals
Have done a drunken ſlaughter, and defac'd
The pretious image of our dear Redeemer,
You ſtraight are on your Knees for Pardon, Pardon,
And I (unjuſtly too) muſt grant it you.
But for my Brother, not a Man would ſpeak,
Nor I (ungracious) ſpeak unto my ſelf
For him, poor Soul. The proudeſt of you all,
Have been beholding to him in his life:
Yet none of you, would once beg for his life.
O God! I fear thy Juſtice will take hold
On me, and you; and mine, and yours for this.
Come *Haſtings* help me to my Cloſet.
Ah poor *Clarence*. [*Exeunt ſome with K. and Queen.*
Rich. This is the fruits of raſhneſs: Mark't you not,
How that the kindred of the Queen
Look'd pale, when they did hear of *Clarence*'s death?
O! they did urge it ſtill unto the King,
God will revenge it. Come, Lords, will you go,
To comfort *Edward* with our company?
Buck. We wait upon your Grace. [*Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter the old Dutcheſs of York, *with the two Children of* Clarence.

Edw. Good Grandam tell us, is our Father dead?
Dutch. No, Boy.
Daugh. Why do you weep ſo oft? and beat your Breaſt?
And cry, O *Clarence*, my unhappy Son?
Boy. Why do you look on us, and ſhake your head,
And call us Orphans, Wretches, Caſtaways,
If that our Noble Father were alive?
Dut. My pretty Couſins, you miſtake me both,
I do lament the ſickneſs of the King,
As loth to loſe him, not your Father's death:
It were loſt ſorrow to wail one that's loſt.
Boy. Then you conclude (my Grandam) he is dead:
The King mine Uncle is to blame for it.
God will revenge it, whom I will importune
With earneſt Prayers, all to that effect.
Daugh. And ſo will I.
Dut. Peace, Children, peace: the King doth love you well.
Incapable and ſhallow Innocents,
You cannot gueſs who cauſ'd your Father's death.
Boy. Grandam, we can: for my good Uncle *Gloſter*
Told me, the King provok'd to it by the Queen,
Deviſ'd Impeachments to Impriſon him;
And when my Uncle told me ſo, he wept,
And pitied me, and kindly kiſt my Cheek:
Bad me rely on him, as on my Father,
And he would love me dearly as a Child.
Dut. Ah! that Deceit ſhould ſteal ſuch gentle ſhape,
And with a vertuous Vizor hide deep Vice.
He is my Son, I, and therein my ſhame,
Yet from my Dugs, he drew not this deceit.
Boy. Think you my Uncle did diſſemble, Grandam?
Dutch. I, Boy.
Boy. I cannot think it. Hark, what noiſe is this?

Enter the Queen with her Hair about her Ears, Rivers *and* Dorſet *after her.*

Queen. Ah! who ſhall hinder me to wail and weep?
To chide my Fortune, and torment my ſelf.
I'le joyn with black deſpair againſt my Soul,
And to my ſelf become an Enemy.
Dutch. What means this Scene of rude impatience?
Queen. To make an act of Tragick violence.
Edward, my Lord, thy Son, our King is dead.
Why grow the Branches, when the Root is gone?
Why wither not the leaves that want their ſap?
If you will live, lament: if dye, be brief,
That our ſwift-winged Souls may catch the King's,
Or like obedient Subjects follow him,
To his new Kingdom of ne're-changing night.
Dutch. Ah, ſo much intereſt have I in thy ſorrow,
As I had Title to thy Noble Husband:
I have bewept a worthy Husband's death,
And liv'd with looking on his Images:
But now two Mirrors of his Princely ſemblance,
Are crack'd in pieces, by malignant death,
And I for comfort have but one falſe Glaſs,
That grieves me, when I ſee my ſhame in him.
Thou art a Widow; yet thou art a Mother,
And haſt the comfort of thy Children left,
But death hath ſnatch'd my Husband from mine arms,
And pluckt two Crutches from my feeble hands,
Clarence, and *Edward*. O, what cauſe have I,
(Thine being but a moiety of my moan)
To over-go thy woes, and drown my cries.
Boy. Ah Aunt! you wept not for our Father's death:
How can we aid you with our Kindred tears?
Daugh. Our Fatherleſs diſtreſs was left unmoan'd,
Your Widow-dolour likewiſe be unwept.
Queen. Give me no help in Lamentation,
I am not barren to bring forth Complaints:
All Springs reduce their currents to mine Eyes,
That I being govern'd by the Watry Moon,
May ſend forth plenteous tears to drown the World.
Ah, for my Husband, for my dear Lord *Edward*.
Chil. Ah, for our Father, for our dear Lord *Clarence*.
Dutch. Alas, for both, both mine *Edward* and *Clarence*.
Queen. What ſtay had I, but *Edward*? and he's gone.
Chil. What ſtay had we, but *Clarence*? and he's gone.
Dutch. What ſtays had I, but they? and they are gone.
Queen. Was never Widow had ſo dear a loſs.
Chil. Were never Orphans had ſo dear a loſs.
Dutch. Was never Mother had ſo dear a loſs.
Alas! I am the Mother of theſe Griefs.
Their woes are parcel'd, mine is general.
She for an *Edward* weeps, and ſo do I:
I for a *Clarence* weep, ſo doth not ſhe;
Theſe Babes for *Clarence* weep, ſo do not they.
Alas! you three, on me threefold diſtreſt
Pour all your tears, I am your ſorrows Nurſe,
And I will pamper it with Lamentation.
Dor. Comfort, dear Mother, God is much diſpleas'd,
That you take with unthankfulneſs his doing.
In common wordly things 'tis call'd ungrateful,

With dull unwillingneſs to repay a debt,
Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent:
Much more to be thus oppoſite with Heaven,
For it requires the Royal debt it lent you.
Rivers. Madam, bethink you like a careful Mother
Of the young Prince your Son: ſend ſtraight for him,
Let him be Crown'd, in him your comfort lives.
Drown deſperate ſorrow in dead *Edward*'s Grave,
And plant your joys in living *Edward*'s Throne.

Enter Richard, Buckingham, Derby, Haſtings, *and* Ratcliff.

Rich. Siſter, have comfort, all of us have cauſe
To wail the dimming of our ſhining Star:
But none can help our harms by wailing them.
Madam, my Mother, I do cry you mercy,
I did not ſee your Grace. Humbly on my Knee
I crave your Bleſſing.
Dutch. God bleſs thee, and put meekneſs in thy breaſt,
Love, Charity, Obedience, and true Dutie.
Rich. Amen, and make me die a good old man,
That is the butt end of a Mothers Bleſſing;
I marvel that her Grace did leave it out.
Buck. You cloudy-Princeſs, and heart-ſorrowing-Peers,
That bear this heavy mutual load of Moan,
Now cheer each other in each others love:
Though we have ſpent our Harveſt of this King,
We are to reap the Harveſt of his Son.
The broken rancour of your high-ſwoln hates,
But lately ſplintr'd, knit, and joyn'd together,
Muſt gently be preſerv'd, cheriſht, and kept:
Me ſeemeth good, that with ſome little Train,
Forthwith from *Ludlow* the young Prince be fet
Hither to *London*, to be crown'd our King.
Rivers. Why with ſome little Train,
My Lord of *Buckingham?*
Buck. Marry, my Lord, leſt by a multitude
The new-heal'd wound of Malice ſhould break out,
Which would be ſo much the more dangerous,
By how much the Eſtate is green, and yet ungovern'd.
Where every Horſe bears his commanding Rein,
And may direct his courſe as pleaſe himſelf,
As well the fear of harm, as harm apparent,
In my opinion, ought to be prevented.
Rich. I hope the King made peace with all of us,
And the compact is firm, and true in me.
Rivers. And ſo in me, and ſo (I think) in all,
Yet ſince it is but green, it ſhould be put
To no apparent likelyhood of breach,
Which haply by much company might be urg'd:
Therefore I ſay, with Noble *Buckingham*,
That it is meet ſo few ſhould fetch the Prince.
Haſt. And ſo ſay I.
Rich. Then be it ſo, and go we to determine
Who they ſhall be, that ſtraight ſhall poſt to *London.*
Madam, and you my Siſter, will you go
To give your cenſures in this buſineſs? [*Exeunt.*
[*Manent* Buckingham, *and* Richard.
Buck. My Lord, whoever journies to the Prince,
For God's ſake let not us two ſtay at home:
For by the way, I'l ſort occaſion,
As Index to the ſtory we lately talk'd of,
To part the Queen's proud Kindred from the Prince.
Rich. My other ſelf, my Coumſel's Conſiſtory,
My Oracle, my Prophet, my dear Couſin,
I, as a Child, will go by thy direction.
Toward *London* then, for we'll not ſtay behind. [*Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter one Citizen at one Door, and another at the other.

2. *Cit.* Good morrow, Neighbour, whither away ſo faſt?
2. *Cit.* I promiſe you I hardly know my ſelf:
Hear you the News abroad?
.1 Yes, the King is dead.
2 Ill News by'r Lady, ſeldom comes the better:
I fear, I fear, 'twill prove a giddy world.
Enter another Citizen.
3. Neighbours, God ſpeed.
1. Give you good morrow, Sir.
3. Doth the news hold of good King *Edward*'s death?
2. I Sir, it is too true, God help the while.
3. Then Maſters look to ſee a troublous world.
1. No, no, by Gods good Grace, his Son ſhall Reign.
3. Woe to that Land that's gouern'd by a Child.
2. In him there is a hope of Government.
VVhich in his Non-age, Counſel under him,
And in his full and ripened years, himſelf
No doubt ſhall then, and till then govern well.
1. So ſtood the ſtate when *Henry* the Sixth
VVas Crown'd in *Paris*, but at nine months old.
3. Stood the State ſo? No, no, good friends, God wot;
For then this Land was famouſly enrich'd
VVhich politick grave Counſel; then the King
Had vertuous Uncles to protect his Grace.
1. VVhy ſo hath this, both by his Father and Mother.
3. Better it were they all came by his Father;
Or by his Father there were none at all:
For Emulation, who ſhall now be neareſt,
VVill touch us all too near, if God prevent not.
O full of Danger is the Duke of *Gloſter*,
And the Queens Sons, and Brothers, haught and proud:
And were they to be rul'd, and not to rule,
This ſickly Land, might ſolace as before.
1. Come, come, we fear the worſt, all will be well.
3. VVhen Clouds are ſeen, wiſe men put on their Cloaks;
VVhen great leaves fall, then VVinter is at hand;
VVhen the Sun ſets, who doth not look for night?
Untimely ſtorms make men expect a Dearth:
All may be well; but if God ſort it ſo,
'Tis more than we deſerve, or I expect.
2. Truly the Hearts of Men are full of fear:
You cannot reaſon (almoſt) with a Man,
That looks not heavily, and full of dread.
3. Before the days of Change, ſtill is it ſo
By a divine inſtinct, mens minds miſtruſt
Purſuing danger: as by proof we ſee
The VVater ſwell before a boyſt'rous ſtorm:
But leave it all to God, VVhither away?
2. Marry we were ſent for to the Juſtices.
3. And ſo was I, I'le bear you company. [*Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Arch-Biſhop, young York, *the Queen, and the Dutcheſs.*

Arch. Laſt night I heard they lay at *Stony Stratford*,
And at *Northampſon* they do reſt to night:
To morrow, or next day, they will be here.
Dutch. I long with all my heart to ſee the Prince:
I hope he is much grown ſince laſt I ſaw him.
Queen. But I hear no, they ſay my Son of *York*
Has almoſt overtane him in his growth.
Yor. I Mother, but I would not have it ſo.
Dutch. VVhy, my good Couſin, it is good to grow.
Yor. Grandam, one night as we did ſit at Supper,
My Uncle *Rivers* talk'd how I did grow
More than my Brother. I, quoth my Uncle *Gloſter*,
Small Herbs have Grace, great VVeeds do grow apace.
And ſince, methinks I would not grow ſo faſt,
Becauſe ſweet Flowers are ſlow, and VVeeds make haſt.
Dutch. Good faith, good faith, the ſaying did not hold
In him that did object the ſame to thee.

He was the wretched'ſt thing when he was young,
So long a growing, and ſo leiſurely,
That if his rule were true, he ſhould be gracious.
Yor. And ſo no doubt he is, my gracious Madam.
Dut. I hope he is, but yet let Mothers doubt.
Yor. Now by my troth, if I had been remembred,
I could have given my Uncles Grace, a flout,
To touch his growth, nearer than he touch'd mine.
Dut. How, my young *York*,
I prithee let me hear it.
Yor. Marry (they ſay) my Uncle grew ſo faſt,
That he could gnaw a cruſt at two hours old,
'Twas full two years e're I could get a Tooth.
Grandam, this would have been a biting Jeſt.
Dut. I prithee, pretty *York*, who told thee this?
Yor. Grandam, his Nurſe.
Dut. His Nurſe? why ſhe was dead, e're thou waſt born.
Yor. If 'twere not ſhe, I cannot tell who told me.
Queen. A parlous Boy: go to, you are too ſhrew'd.
Dut. Good Madam, be not angry with a Child.
Queen. Pitchers have ears.
Enter a Meſſenger.
Arch. Here comes a Meſſenger: What News?
Meſ. Such News, my Lord, as grieves me to report.
Queen. How doth the Prince?
Meſ. Well, Madam, and in health.
Dut. What is thy News?
Meſ. Lord *Rivers* and Lord *Grey*,
Are ſent to *Pomfret*, and with them
Sir *Thomas Vaughan*, Priſoners.
Dut. Who hath committed them?
Meſ. The mighty Dukes, *Gloſter* and *Buckingham*,
Arch. For what offence?
Meſ. The ſum of all I can, I have diſclos'd:
Why, or for what, the Nobles were committed,
Is all unknown to me, my gracious Lord.
Queen. Aye me! I ſee the ruine of my Houſe;
The Tiger now hath ſeiz'd the gentle Hind.
Inſulting Tyranny begins to jut
Upon the Innocent, and awleſs Throne:
Welcome Deſtruction, Blood, and Maſſacre,
I ſee (as in a Map) the end of all.
Dut. Accurſed, and unquiet wrangling days,
How many of you have mine Eyes beheld;
My Husband loſt his life, to get the Crown,
And often up and down my Sons were toſt,
For me to joy, and weep, their gain and loſs.
And being ſeated, and Domeſtick broyls
Clean over-blown, themſelves (the Conquerors)
Make War upon themſelves, Brother to Brother;
Blood to Blood; ſelf againſt ſelf: O prepoſterous
And frantick outrage! end thy damn'd ſpleen,
Or let me die, to look on Earth no more.
Queen. Come, come, my Boy, we will to Sanctuary.
Madam, farewel.
Dut. Stay, I will go with you.
Queen. You have no cauſe.
Arch. My gracious Lady, go,
And thither bear your Treaſure and your Goods,
For my part, I'le reſign unto your Grace
The Seal I keep, and ſo betide it me,
As well I tender you, and all of yours.
Go, I'le conduct you to the Sanctuary. [*Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

The Trumpets ſound. Enter young Prince, the Dukes of Gloceſter *and* Buckingham, *Lord* Cardinal, *with others.*

Buck. Welcome ſweet Prince to *London*,
To your Chamber.
Rich. Welcome dear Couſin, my thoughts Soveraign,
The weary way hath made you Melancholy.
Prin. No Uncle, but our croſſes on the way
Have made it tedious, weariſom, and heavy.
I want more Uncles here to welcome me.
Rich. Sweet Prince, the untainted vertue of your years
Hath not yet div'd into the Worlds deceit:
No more can you diſtinguiſh of a Man,
Than of his outward ſhew, which, God he knows,
Seldom or never jumpeth with the heart.
Thoſe Uncles which you want were dangerous:
Your Grace attended to their Sugred words,
But look'd not on the poiſon of their Hearts:
God keep you from them, and from ſuch falſe Friends.
Prin. God keep me from falſe Friends,
But they were none.
Rich. My Lord, the Mayor of *London* comes to greet you.
Enter Lord Mayor.
Lo. Mayor. God bleſs your Grace, with health and happy days.
Prin. I thank you, good my Lord, and thank you all:
I thought my Mother, and my Brother *York*,
Would long e're this, have met us on the way.
Fie, what a ſlug is *Haſtings*, that he comes not,
To tell us, whether they will come, or no.
Enter Lord Haſtings.
Buck. And in good time, here comes the ſweating Lord.
Prince. Welcome, my Lord: what, will our Mother come?
Haſt. On what occaſion God he knows, not I,
The Queen your Mother, and your Brother *York*,
Have taken Sanctuary: The tender Prince
Would fain have come with me, to meet your Grace,
But by his Mother was perforce with-held.
Buck. Fie, what an indirect and peeviſh courſe
Is this of hers? Lord *Cardinal*, will your Grace
Perſuade the Queen, to ſend the Duke of *York*
Unto his Princely Brother preſently?
If ſhe deny, Lord *Haſtings*, you go with him,
And from her jealous arms pluck him perforce.
Car. My Lord of *Buckingham*, if my weak Oratory
Can from his Mother win the Duke of *York*,
Anon expect him here: but if ſhe be obdurate
To mild entreaties, God forbid
We ſhould infringe the holy Priviledge
Of bleſſed Sanctuary: not for all this Land,
Would I be guilty of ſo great a Sin.
Buck. You are too ſenceleſs obſtinate, my Lord,
Too ceremonious, and traditional.
Weigh it but with the groſſneſs of this Age,
You break not Sanctuary, in ſeizing him:
The benefit thereof is always granted
To thoſe, whoſe dealings have deſerv'd the place,
And thoſe who have the wit to claim the place:
This Prince hath never claim'd it, nor deſerv'd it,
Therefore, in mine opinion, cannot have it.
Then taking him from thence, that is not there,
You break no Priviledge, nor Charter there:
Oft have I heard of Sanctuary Men,
But Sanctuary Children, ne're till now.
Car. My Lord, you ſhall o're-rule my mind for once.
Come on, Lord *Haſtings*, will you go with me?
Haſt. I go, my Lord. [*Exit Cardinal and* Haſtings.
Prin. Good Lords, make all the ſpeedy haſte you may.
Say, Uncle *Gloceſter*, if our Brother come,
Where ſhall we ſojourn till our Coronation?
Glo. Where it think'ſt beſt unto your Royal ſelf.
If I may counſel you, ſome day or two
Your Highneſs ſhall repoſe you at the Tower:
Then where you pleaſe, and ſhall be thought moſt fit
For your beſt health, and recreation.
Prin. I do not like the Tower of any place:
Did *Julius Cæſar* build that place, my Lord?
Buck. He did, my gracious Lord, begin that place,
VVhich ſince, ſucceeding Ages have re-edify'd.

Prin. Is it upon Record? or elſe reported
Succeſſively from age to age, he built it?
Buck. Upon Record, my gracious Lord.
Prin. But ſay, my Lord, it were not Regiſtred,
Methinks the truth ſhould live from age to age,
As 'twere retail'd to all poſterity,
Even to the general ending day.
Glo. So wiſe, ſo young, they ſay do never live long.
Prin. What ſay you, Uncle?
Glo. I ſay, without Characters, Fame lives long.
Thus, like the formal Vice, Iniquity, [*Aſide.*
I moralize two meanings in one word.
Prin. That *Julius Cæſar* was a famous Man;
With what his Valour did enrich his Wit,
His Wit ſet down, to make his Valour live:
Death makes no Conqueſt of his Conqueror,
For now he lives in Fame, though not in Life.
I'le tell you what, Couſin *Buckingham.*
Buck. What, my gracious Lord?
Prin. And if I live until I be a man,
I'le win our ancient Right in *France* again,
Or die a Souldier, as I liv'd a King.
Glo. Short Summers lightly have a forward Spring.

Enter young York, Haſtings, *and Cardinal.*

Buck. Now in good time, here comes the Duke of *York.*
Prin. *Richard* of *York*, how fares our Noble Brother?
Yor. Well, my dear Lord, ſo muſt I call you now.
Prin. I, Brother, to our grief as it is yours:
Too late he dy'd, that might have kept that Title,
Which by his death hath loſt much Majeſty.
Glo. How fares our Couſin, Noble Lord of *York?*
Yor. I thank you, gentle Uncle. O my Lord,
You ſaid, that idle Weeds are faſt in growth:
The Prince my Brother hath outgrown me far.
Glo. He hath, my Lord.
Yor. And therefore is he idle.
Glo. Oh my fair Couſin, I muſt not ſay ſo.
Yor. Then he is more beholding to you, than I.
Glo. He may command me as my Soveraign,
But you have power in me, as in a Kinſman.
Yor. I pray you, Uncle, give me this Dagger.
Glo. My Dagger, little Couſin? with all my heart.
Prin. A Beggar, Brother?
Yor. Of my kind Uncle, that I know will give,
And being a Toy, it is no grief to give.
Glo. A greater gift than that, I'le give my Couſin.
Yor. A greater gift? O, that's the Sword to it.
Glo. I, gentle Couſin, were it light enough.
Yor. O then I ſee, you will part but with light gifts,
In weightier things you'll ſay a Begger Nay.
Glo. It is too weighty for your Grace to wear.
Yor. I weigh it lightly, were it heavier.
Glo. What would you have my Weapon, little Lord?
Yor. I would, that I might thank you, as you call me.
Glo. How?
Yor. Little.
Prin. My Lord of *York* will ever be croſs in talk:
Uncle, your Grace knows how to bear with him.
Yor. You mean to bear me, not to bear with me:
Uncle, my Brother mocks both you and me,
Becauſe that I am little, like an Ape,
He thinks that you ſhould bear me on your ſhoulders.
Buck. With what a ſharp provided Wit he reaſons:
To mitigate the ſcorn he gives his Uncle,
He prettily, and aptly taunts himſelf:
So cunning, and ſo young, is wonderful.
Glo. My Lord, wilt pleaſe you paſs along?
My ſelf, and my good Couſin *Buckingham*,
Will to your Mother, to entreat of her
To meet you at the Tower, and welcome you.
Yor. What, will you go unto the Tower, my Lord?
Prin. My Lord Protector will have it ſo.
Yor. I ſhall not ſleep in quiet at the Tower.
Glo. Why, what ſhould you fear?
Yor. Marry, my Uncle *Clarence* angry Ghoſt:
My Grandam told me, he was murther'd there.
Prin. I fear no Uncles dead.
Glo. Nor none that live, I hope.
Prin. And if they live, I hope I need not fear.
But come, my Lord, and with a heavy heart,
Thinking on them, go I unto the Tower.
[*Exeunt Prince*, York, Haſtings, *and* Dorſet.

Manent Richard, Buckingham *and* Catesby.

Buck. Think you, my Lord, this little prating *York*
Was not incenſed by his ſubtle Mother,
To taunt and ſcorn you thus opprobriouſly?
Gloſt. No doubt, no doubt: Oh 'tis a parlous Boy,
Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable;
He is all the Mothers, from top to toe.
Buck. Well let them reſt: Come hither *Catesby*,
Thou art ſworn as deeply to effect what we intend,
As cloſely to conceal what we impart:
Thou know'ſt our reaſons urg'd upon the way,
What think'ſt thou? is it not an eaſie matter,
To make *William* Lord *Haſtings* of our mind,
For the Inſtalment of this Noble Duke
In the ſeat Royal of this famous Iſle?
Cates. He for his Fathers ſake ſo loves the Prince,
That he will not be won to ought againſt him.
Buck. What think'ſt thou then of *Stanley*? Will not he?
Cates. He will do all in all as *Haſtings* doth.
Buck. Well then, no more but this:
Go gentle *Catesby*, and as it were far off,
Sound thou Lord *Haſtings*,
How he doth ſtand affected to our purpoſe,
And ſummon him to morrow to the Tower,
To ſit about the Coronation.
If thou doſt find him tractable to us,
Encourage him, and tell him all our reaſons:
If he be laden, icy, cold, unwilling,
Be thou ſo too, and ſo break off the talk,
And give us notice of his inclination:
For we to morrow hold divided Councils,
Wherein thy ſelf ſhalt highly be employ'd.
Rich. Commend me to Lord *William*: tell him (*Catesby*)
His ancient Knot of dangerous Adverſaries
To morrow are let blood at *Pomfret* Caſtle,
And bid my Lord, for joy of this good News,
Give Miſtreſs *Shore* one gentle Kiſs the more.
Buck. Good *Catesby*, go effect this buſineſs ſoundly.
Cates. My good Lords both, with all the heed I can.
Rich. Shall we hear from you *Catesby*, e're we ſleep?
Cates. You ſhall, my Lord.
Rich. At *Crosby* Houſe there ſhall you find us both.
[*Exit* Catesby.

Buck. Now, my Lord,
What ſhall we do, if we perceive
Lord *Haſtings* will not yield to our Complots?
Rich. Chop off his Head:
Something we will determine:
And look when I am King, claim thou of me
The Earldom of *Hereford*, and all the moveables
Whereof the King, my Brother, was poſſeſt.
Buck. I'le claim that promiſe at your Graces hand.
Rich. And look to have it yielded with all kindneſs.
Come, let us ſup betimes, that afterwards
We may digeſt our complots in ſome form. [*Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter a Meſſenger to the Door of Haſtings.

Meſ. My Lord, my Lord.

Haſt. Who knocks ?
Meſ. One from the Lord *Stanly.*
Haſt. What is't a Clock ?
Meſ. Upon the ſtroak of four.
Enter Lord Haſtings.
*Haſt.*Cannot my Lord *Stanly* ſleep theſe tedious Nights ?
Meſ. So it appears by what I have to ſay :
Firſt, he commends him to your Noble ſelf.
Haſt. What then ?
Meſ. Then certifies your Lordſhip, that this Night
He dreamt, the Boar had raiſed off his Helm :
Beſides, he ſays there are two Councils kept ;
And that may be determin'd at the one,
Which may make you and him to rue at th'other.
Therefore he ſends to know your Lordſhips pleaſure,
If you will preſently take Horſe with him,
And with all ſpeed poſt with him toward the North,
To ſhun the danger that his Soul divines.
Haſt. Go Fellow, go, return unto thy Lord,
Bid him not fear the ſeparated Councill :
His Honour and my ſelf are at the one,
And at the other is my good Friend *Catesby* ;
Where nothing can proceed that toucheth us,
Whereof I ſhall not have Intelligence :
Tell him his Fears are ſhallow, without inſtance.
And for his Dreams, I wonder he's ſo ſimple,
To truſt the mock'ry of unquiet ſlumbers.
To flye the *Boar*, before the *Boar* purſues,
Were to incenſe the *Boar* to follow us,
And make purſuit, where he did mean to chaſe.
Go, bid thy Maſter riſe, and come to me,
And we will both together to the Tower,
Where he ſhall ſee the *Boar* will uſe us kindly.
Meſ. I'le go, my Lord, and tell him what you ſay.
[*Exit.*
Enter Catesby.
Cates. Many good morrows to my Noble Lord.
Haſt. Good morrow, *Catesby*, you are early ſtirring :
What news, what news in this our tott'ring State ?
Cates. It is a reeling World indeed, my Lord :
And I believe will never ſtand upright,
Till *Richard* wear the Garland of the Realm.
Haſt. How ! wear the Garland ?
Do'ſt thou mean the Crown ?
Cates. I, my good Lord.
*Ha.*I'le have this Crown of mine cut from my Shoulders,
Before I'le ſee the Crown ſo foul miſ-plac'd :
But canſt thou gueſs, that he doth aim at it ?
Cates. I, on my life, and hopes to find you forward,
Upon his Party, for the gain thereof :
And thereupon he ſends you this good news,
That this ſame very day your Enemies,
The Kindred of the Queen, muſt die at *Pomfret.*
Haſt. Indeed I am no mourner for that news,
Becauſe they have been ſtill my Adverſaries :
But that I'le give my voice on *Richard*'s ſide,
To bar my Maſters Heirs in true Deſcent,
God knows I will not do it to the death.
Cates. God keep your Lordſhip in that gracious mind.
Haſt. But I ſhall laugh at this a twelve-month hence,
That they which brought me in my Maſters hate,
I live to look upon their Tragedy.
Well *Catesby*, e're a Fort-night make me older,
I'le ſend ſome packing, that yet think not on't.
Cates. 'Tis a vile thing to dye, my gracious Lord,
When men are unprepar'd, and look not for it.
Haſt. O monſtrous, monſtrous! and ſo falls it out
With *Rivers*, *Vaughan*, *Gray* : and ſo 'twill do
With ſome men elſe, that think themſelves as ſafe
As thou and I, who (as thou know'ſt) are dear
To Princely *Richard*, and *Buckingham.*
Cates. The Princes both make high account of you,
For they account his Head upon the Bridge. [*Aſide.*
Haſt. I know they do, and I have well deſerv'd it.
Enter Lord Stanly.
Come on, come on, where is your Boar-ſpear, man ?
Fear you the Boar, and go ſo unprovided ?
Stan. My Lord, good morrow, good morrow, *Catesby* :
You may jeaſt on, but by the holy Rood,
I do not like theſe ſeveral Councils, I.
Haſt. My Lord, I hold my Life as dear as yours,
And never in my days, I do proteſt,
Was it ſo precious to me, as 'tis now :
Think you, but that I know the State ſecure,
I would be ſo triumphant as I am ?
St. The Lords at *Pomfret*, when they rode from *London*,
Were jocund, and ſuppos'd their ſtates were ſure,
And they indeed had no cauſe to miſtruſt :
But yet you ſee, how ſoon the day o're-caſt.
The ſudden ſtab of Rancour I miſdoubt ,
Pray God (I ſay) I prove a needleſs Coward.
What, ſhall we toward the Tower ? the day is ſpent.
Haſt. Come, come, have with you :
Wot you what, my Lord,
To day the Lords you talk of are beheaded.
St. They, for their truth, might better wear their Heads,
Than ſome that have accus'd them, wear their Hats.
But come, my Lord, let's away.
Enter a Purſuivant.
Haſt. Go on before, I'le talk with this good Fellow.
[*Exit Lord* Stanly *and* Catesby.
How now, Sirrah ? how goes the World with thee ?
Purſ. The better, that your Lordſhip pleaſe to ask.
Haſt. I tell thee man, 'tis better with me now,
Than when thou met'ſt me laſt, where now we meet :
Then was I going Priſoner to the Tower,
By the ſuggeſtion of the Queens Allies.
But now I tell thee (keep it to thy ſelf)
This day thoſe Enemies are put to death,
And I in better ſtate than e're I was.
Purſ. God hold it, to your Honour's good content.
Haſt. Gramercy Fellow : there drink that for me.
[*Throws him his Purſe.*
Purſ. I thank your Honour. [*Exit Purſuivant.*
Enter a Prieſt.
Prieſt. Well met, my Lord, I am glad to ſee your Honour.
Haſt. I thank thee, good Sir *John*, with all my heart.
I am in your debt, for your laſt Exerciſe :
Come the next Sabbath, and I will content you.
Prieſt. I'le wait upon your Lordſhip.
Enter Buckingham.
Buck. VVhat, talking with a Prieſt, Lord Chamberlain ?
Your Friends at *Pomfret*, they do need the Prieſt,
Your Honour hath no ſhriving work in hand.
Haſt. Good faith, and when I met this holy Man,
The men you talk of came into my mind.
VVhat, go you toward the Tower ?
Buck. I do, my Lord, but long I cannot ſtay there :
I ſhall return before your Lordſhip thence.
Haſt. Nay, like enough, for I ſtay Dinner there.
Buck. And Supper too, although thou know'ſt it not.
Come, will you go ?
Haſt. I'le wait upon your Lordſhip. [*Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Sir Richard Ratcliffe, *with Halberds, carrying the Nobles to Death at* Pomfret.

Rivers. Sir *Richard Ratcliffe*, let me tell thee this,
To day ſhalt thou behold a Subject die,
For Truth, for Duty, and for Loyalty.
Gray. God bleſs the Prince from all the pack of you,
A Knot you are, of damned Blood-ſuckers.
Vaugh. You live, that ſhall cry woe for this hereafter.
Rat. Diſpatch, the limit of your Lives is out.

Riv. O *Pomfret*, *Pomfret*! O thou bloody Priſon!
Fatal and ominous to Noble Peers,
Within the guilty Cloſure of thy Walls,
Richard the Second here was hackt to death:
And for more ſlander to thy diſmal Seat,
We give to thee our guiltleſs Blood to drink.
Gray. Now *Margarets* Curſe is faln upon our Heads,
When ſhe exclaim'd on *Haſtings*, you, and I,
For ſtanding by, when *Richard* ſtab'd her Son.
Riv. Then curs'd ſhe *Richard*,
Then curs'd ſhe *Buckingham*,
Then curs'd ſhe *Haſtings.* O remember God,
To hear her Prayer for them, as now for us:
As for my Siſter, and her Princely Sons,
Be ſatisfi'd, dear God, with our true Blood,
Which as thou know'ſt, unjuſtly muſt be ſpilt.
Rat. Make haſte, the hour of death is now expir'd.
Riv. Come *Gray*, come *Vaughan*, let us here embrace,
Farewel, until we meet again in Heaven. [*Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Buckingham, Derby, Haſtings, *Biſhop of* Ely, Norfolk, Ratcliffe, Lovel, *with others, at a Table.*

Haſt. Now Noble Peers, the cauſe why we are met,
Is to determine of the Coronation:
In Gods Name ſpeak, when is the Royal day?
Buck. Is all things ready for the Royal time?
Derb. It is, and wants but Nomination.
Ely. To morrow then I judge a happy day.
Buck. Who knows the Lord Protectors mind herein?
Who is moſt inward with the Noble Duke?
Ely. Your Grace, we think, ſhould ſooneſt know his mind.
Buck. We know each others Faces: for our Hearts,
He knows no more of mine, than I of yours,
Or I of his, my Lord, than you of mine:
Lord *Haſtings*, you and he are near in love.
Haſt. I thank his Grace, I know he loves me well:
But for his purpoſe in the Coronation,
I have not ſounded him, nor he deliver'd
His gracious pleaſure any way therein:
But you, my Honourable Lord, may name the time,
And in the Dukes behalf I'le give my Voice,
Which I preſume he'll take in gentle part.
Enter Glouceſter.
Ely. In happy time here comes the Duke himſelf.
Rich. My Noble Lords, and Couſins all, good morrow:
I have been long a ſleeper: but I truſt,
My abſence doth neglect no great deſign,
Which by my preſence might have been concluded.
Buck. Had you not come upon your Q my Lord,
William, Lord *Haſtings*, had pronounc'd your part;
I mean your Voice, for Crowning of the King.
Rich. Than my Lord *Haſtings*, no man might be bolder,
His Lordſhip knows me well, and loves me well.
My Lord of *Ely*, when I was laſt in *Holbourn*,
I ſaw good Strawberries in your Garden there,
I do beſeech you, ſend for ſome of them.
Ely. Marry and will, my Lord, with all my heart. [*Exit Biſhop.*
Rich. Couſin of *Buckingham*, a word with you.
Catesby hath ſounded *Haſtings* in our buſineſs,
And finds the teſty Gentleman ſo hot,
That he will loſe his Head, e're give conſent
His Maſter's Child, as worſhipfully he tearms it,
Shall loſe the Royalty of *Englands* Throne.
Buck. Withdraw your ſelf a while, I'le go with you. [*Exeunt.*
Derb. We have not yet ſet down this day of Triumph:
To morrow, in my judgment, is too ſudden,
For I my ſelf am not ſo well provided,
As elſe I would be, were the day prolong'd.

Enter Biſhop of Ely.

Ely. Where is my Lord, the Duke of *Glouceſter*?
I have ſent for theſe Strawberries.
Ha. His Grace looks chearfully and ſmooth this morning,
There's ſome conceit or other likes him well,
When that he bids Good morrow with ſuch Spirit.
I think there's never a Man in Chriſtendom
Can leſſer hide his love, or hate than he,
For by his Face ſtraight ſhall you know his Heart.
Derb. What of his Heart perceive you in his Face,
By any livelihood he ſhew'd to day?
Haſt. Marry that with no man here he is offended:
For were he, he had ſhewn it in his Looks.

Enter Richard, *and* Buckingham.

Rich. I pray you all, tell me what they deſerve,
That do conſpire my death with deviliſh Plots
Of damned Witchcraft, and that have prevail'd
Upon my Body with their Helliſh Charmes.
Haſt. The tender love I bear your Grace, my Lord,
Makes me moſt forward, in this Princely preſence,
To doom th' Offenders, whoſoe're they be:
I ſay, my Lord, they have deſerved death.
Rich. Then be your Eyes the witneſs of their Evil,
Look how I am bewitch'd: behold mine Arm
Is like a blaſted Sapling wither'd up:
And this is *Edward*'s Wife, that monſtrous Witch,
Conſorted with that Harlot, Strumpet *Shore*,
That by their Witchcraft thus have marked me.
Haw. If they have done this deed, my Noble Lord.
Rich. If? thou Protector of this damned Strumpet,
Talk'ſt thou to me of Iffs; Thou art a Traytor,
Off with his Head; now by Saint *Paul* I ſwear,
I will not dine, untill I ſee the ſame.
Lovel and *Ratcliffe*, look that it be done:
The reſt that love me, riſe, and follow me. [*Exeunt.*

Manent Lovel *and* Ratcliffe, *with the Lord* Haſtings.

Haſt. Woe, woe for *England*, not a whit for me,
For I, too fond, might have prevented this:
Stanly did dream, the *Boar* did rowze our Helmes,
And I did ſcorn it, and diſdain to flye:
Three times to day my Foot-Cloth-Horſe did ſtumble,
And ſtarted, when he looked upon the Tower,
As loath to bear me to the ſlaughter-houſe.
O now I need the Prieſt that ſpake to me:
I now repent I told the Purſuivant,
As too triumphing, how mine Enemies
To day at *Pomfret* bloodily were butcher'd,
And I my ſelf ſecure, in grace and favour.
Oh *Margaret*, *Margaret*, now thy heavy Curſe
Is lighted on poor *Haſting*'s wretched Head.
Ra. Come, come, diſpatch, the Duke would be at dinner,
Make a ſhort Shrift, he longs to ſee your Head.
Haſt. O momentary grace of mortal men,
Which we more hunt for, than the grace of God!
Who builds his hope in air of your good Looks,
Lives like a drunken Sailor on a Maſt,
Ready with every Nod to tumble down
Into the fatal Bowels of the Deep.
Lov. Come, come, diſpatch, 'tis bootleſs to exclaim.
Haſt. O bloody *Richard*, miſerable *England*,
I propheſie the fearfull'ſt time to thee,
That ever wretched Age hath look'd upon.
Come, lead me to the Block, bear him my Head,
They ſmile at me, who ſhortly ſhall be dead. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Richard, *and* Buckingham, *in rotten Armour marvellous ill-favour'd.*

Rich. Come Couſin,
Can'ſt thou quake, and change thy colour,
Murther thy breath in middle of a word,
And then again begin, and ſtop again,
As if thou were diſtraught, and mad with terror?
Buck. Tut, I can counterfeit the deep Tragedian,
Speak, and look back, and prie on every ſide,
Tremble, and ſtart at wagging of a Straw!
Intending deep ſuſpition, gaſtly Looks
Are at my ſervice, like enforced Smiles;
And both are ready in their Offices,
At any time to grace my Stratagems.
But what, is *Catesby* gone?
Rich. He is, and ſee he brings the Mayor along.

Enter the Mayor and Catesby.

Buck. Lord Mayor.
Rich. Look to the Draw-bridge there.
Buck. Hearк, a Drum.
Rich. *Catesby*, o'relook the Walls.
Buck. Lord Mayor, the reaſon we have ſent.
Rich. Look back, defend there, here are Enemirs.
Buck. God and our Innocency defend, and guard us.

Enter Lovel *and* Ratcliffe, *with* Haſtings *Head.*

Rich. Be patient, they are Friends: *Ratcliffe* and *Lovel.*
Lov. Here is the Head of that ignoble Traitor,
The dangerous and unſuſpected *Haſtings.*
Rich. So dear I lov'd the man, that I muſt weep:
I took him for the plaineſt harmleſs Creature,
That breath'd upon the Earth, a Chriſtian:
Made him my Book, wherein my Soul recorded
The Hiſtory of her ſecret thoughts.
So ſmooth he daub'd his Vice with ſhew of Vertue.
That his apparent open Guilt omitted,
I mean his Converſation with *Shore's* Wife,
He liv'd from all Attainder of ſuſpects.
Buck. Well, well, he was the covert'ſt ſhelter'd Traitor
That ever liv'd.
Would you imagine, or almoſt believe,
Wer't not, that by great preſervation
We live to tell it, that the ſubtle Traitor
This day had plotted, in the Counſel-Houſe,
To murther me, and my good Lord of *Gloſter.*
May. Had he done ſo?
Rich. What! think you we are Turks, or Infidels?
Or that we would, againſt the form of Law,
Proceed thus raſhly in the Villains death,
But that the extream peril of the caſe,
The Peace of *England*, and our Perſons ſafety,
Enforc'd us to this Execution.
May. Now fair befall you, he deſerv'd his death,
And your good Graces both have well proceeded,
To warn falſe Traitors from the like Attempts.
Buck. I never look'd for better at his hands,
After he once fell in with Miſtreſs *Shore*:
Yet had we not determin'd he ſhould die,
Until your Lordſhip came to ſee his end,
Which now the loving haſte of theſe our Friends,
Something againſt our meanings, have prevented;
Becauſe, my Lord, I would have had you heard
The Traitor ſpeak, and timerouſly confeſs
The manner and the purpoſe of his Treaſons:
That you might well have ſignify'd the ſame
Unto the Citizens, who haply may
Miſconſtrue us in him, and wail his death.
May. But, my good Lord, your Grace's words ſhall ſerve,
As well as I had ſeen, and heard him ſpeak:
And do not doubt, right Noble Princes both,
But I'le acquaint our duteous Citizens
With all your juſt proceedings in this caſe.
Rich. And to that end we wiſh'd your Lordſhip here,
T'avoid the Cenſures of the carping World.
Buck. Which ſince you come too late of our intent,
Yet witneſs what you hear we did intend:
And ſo, my good Lord Mayor, we bid farewel.
[*Exit Mayor.*
Rich. Go after, after, Couſin *Buckingham.*
The Mayor towards Guild-Hall hyes him in all poſt:
There, at your meeteſt vantage of the time,
Infer the Baſtardy of *Edward's* Children,
Tell them, how *Edward* put to death a Citizen,
Only for ſaying, he would make his Son
Heir to the Crown, meaning indeed his Houſe,
Which, by the Sign thereof was termed ſo.
Moreover, urge his hateful Luxury,
And beſtial appetite in change of Luſt,
Which ſtretch'd unto their Servants, Daughters, Wives,
Even where his raging Eye, or ſavage Heart,
Without controll, luſted to make a prey.
Nay, for a need, thus far come near my Perſon:
Tell them, when that my Mother went with Child
Of that inſatiate *Edward*, Noble *York*,
My Princely Father then had Wars in *France*,
And by true computation of the time,
Found, that the Iſſue was not his begot:
Which well appear'd in his Lineaments,
Being nothing like the Noble Duke, my Father:
Yet touch this ſparingly, as 'twere far off,
Becauſe, my Lord, you know my Mother lives.
Buck. Doubt not, my Lord, I'le play the Orator,
As if the Golden Fee, for which I plead,
Were for my ſelf: and ſo, my Lord, adieu.
Rich. If you thrive well, bring them to *Baynards* Caſtle,
Where you ſhall find me well accompanied
With reverend Fathers, and well-learned Biſhops.
Buck. I go, and towards three or four a Clock
Look for the News that the *Guild-Hall* affords.
[*Exit* Buckingham.
Rich. Go, *Lovell*, with all ſpeed to Doctor *Shaw*,
Go thou to Fryar *Beuker*, bid them both
Meet me within this hour at *Baynard's* Caſtle. [*Exit.*
Now will I go to take ſome privy Order,
To draw the Brats of *Clarence* out of ſight,
And to give order, that no manner of perſon
Have any time recourſe unto the Princes. [*Exit.*
Enter a Scrivener.
Scr. Here is the Indictment of the good Lord *Haſtings*,
Which in a ſet hand fairly is engroſs'd.
That it may be to day read o're in *Pauls.*
And mark how well the ſequel hangs together:
Eleven hours I have ſpent to write it over,
For yeſter-night by *Catesby* was it ſent me,
The Precedent was full as long a doing,
And yet within theſe five hours *Haſtings* liv'd,
Untainted, unexamin'd, free, at liberty.
Here's a good World the while; who is ſo groſs
That cannot ſee this palpable device?
Yet who ſo bold, but ſay he ſees it not?
Bad is the World, and all will come to nought,
When ſuch ill dealing muſt be ſeen in thought. [*Exit.*

Enter Richard *and* Buckingham *at ſeveral doors.*

Rich. How now, how now, what ſay the Citizens?
Buck. Now by the holy Mother of our Lord,
The Citizens are mum, ſay not a word.
Rich. Touch'd you the Baſtardy of *Edwards* Children?
Buck. I did, with his Contract with Lady *Lucy*,
And his Contract by Deputy in *France.*
Th'unſatiate greedineſs of his deſire,
And his enforcement of the City Wives,

His Tyranny for Trifles, his own Baſtardy,
As being got, your Father then in *France*,
And his reſemblance, being not like the Duke.
Withal, I did infer your Lineaments,
Being the right *Idea* of your Father,
Both in your form, and Nobleneſs of Mind:
Laid open all your Victories in *Scotland*,
Your Diſcipline in War, Wiſdom in Peace,
Your Bounty, Vertue, fair Humility:
Indeed, left nothing fitting for your purpoſe,
Untoucht, or ſleightly handled in diſcourſe.
And when my Oratory grew toward end,
I bid them that did love their Countries good,
Cry, God ſave *Richard*, *England*'s Royal King.
Rich. And did they ſo?
Buck. No, ſo God help me, they ſpake not a word,
But like dumb Statues or breathing Stones,
Star'd each on other, and look'd deadly pale:
Which when I ſaw, I reprehended them,
And ask'd the Mayor, what meant this wilful ſilence?
His anſwer was, the people were not uſed
To be ſpoke to, but by the Recorder.
Then he was urg'd to tell my Tale again:
Thus ſaith the Duke, thus hath the Duke inferr'd,
But nothing ſpoke in warrant from himſelf.
When he had done, ſome followers of mine own,
At lower end of the Hall, hurl'd up their Caps,
And ſome ten voices cry'd, God ſave King *Richard*:
And thus I took the vantage of thoſe few.
Thanks, gentle Citizens and Friends, quoth I,
This general applauſe, and chearful ſhout,
Argues your wiſdom, and your love to *Richard:*
And even here brake off, and came away.
Rich. What Tongue-leſs Blocks were they,
Would they not ſpeak?
Will not the Mayor then, and his Brethren, come?
Buck. The Mayor is here at hand: intend ſome fear,
Be not you ſpoke with, but by mighty ſuit:
And look you get a Prayer-Book in your hand,
And ſtand between two Church-men, good my Lord,
For on that ground I'le make a holy Deſcant:
And be not eaſily won to our requeſts,
Play the Maids part, ſtill anſwer nay, and take it.
Rich. I go: and if you plead as well for them,
As I can ſay nay to thee for my ſelf,
No doubt we bring it to a happy iſſue.
Buck. Go, go up to the Leads, the Lord Mayor knocks.

Enter Lord Mayor, and Citizens.

Welcome my Lord, I dance attendance here,
I think the Duke will not be ſpoke withall.
Enter Catesby.
Buck. Now *Catesby*, what ſays your Lord to my requeſt?
Cates. He doth intreat your Grace, my Noble Lord,
To viſit him to morrow, or next day:
He is within, with two right Reverend Fathers,
Divinely bent to Meditation,
And in no worldly Suits would he be mov'd,
To draw him from his holy Exerciſe.
Buck. Return, good *Catesby*, to the gracious Duke,
Tell him, my ſelf, the Mayor and Aldermen,
In deep deſigns, in matter of great moment,
No leſs importing than our general Good,
Are come to have ſome conference with his Grace.
Cates. I'le ſignifie ſo much unto him ſtraight. [*Exit.*
Buck. Ah ha, my Lord, this Prince is not an *Edward*,
He is not lulling on a lew'd Love-Bed:
But on his Knees at Meditation:
Not dallying with a Brace of Curtizans,
But meditating with two deep Divines:
Not ſleeping, to engroſs his idle Body,
But praying, to enrich his watchful Soul.
Happy were *England*, would this vertuous Prince
Take on his Grace the Soveraignty thereof.
But ſure I fear we ſhall not win him to it.
Mayor. Marry God defend his Grace ſhould ſay us nay.
Buck. I fear he will: here *Catesby* comes again.
Enter Catesby.
Now *Catesby*, what ſays his Grace?
Cates. He wonders to what end you have aſſembled
Such troops of Citizens to come to him,
His Grace not being warn'd thereof before:
He fears, my Lord, you mean no good to him.
Buck. Sorry I am, my Noble Couſin ſhould
Suſpect me, that I mean no good to him:
By Heaven, we come to him in perfect love,
And ſo once more return, and tell his Grace. [*Exit.*
When holy and devout Religious men
Are at their Beads, 'tis much to draw them thence,
So ſweet is zealous Contemplation.

Enter Richard *aloft, between two Biſhops.*

Ma See where his Grace ſtands 'tween two Clergymen.
Buck. Two Props of Vertue, for a Chriſtian Prince,
To ſtay him from the fall of Vanity:
And ſee a Book of Prayer in his hand,
True Ornaments to know a holy Man.
Famous *Plantagenet*, moſt gracious Prince,
Lend favourable ear to our requeſts,
And pardon us the interruption
Of thy Devotion and right Chriſtian Zeal.
Rich. My Lord, there needs no ſuch Apology:
I do beſeech your Grace to pardon me,
Who earneſt in the ſervice of th' high God,
Deferr'd the viſitation of my Friends.
But leaving this, what is your Graces pleaſure?
Buck. Even that (I hope) which pleaſeth God above,
And all good men, of this ungovern'd Iſle.
Rich. I do ſuſpect I have done ſome offence,
That ſeems diſgracious in the Cities Eye,
And that you come to reprehend my Ignorance.
Buck. You have, my Lord,
Would it might pleaſe your Grace,
On our entreaties to amend your fault.
Rich. Elſe wherefore breathe I in a Chriſtian Land.
Buck. Know then, it is your fault that you reſign
The Supream Seat, the Throne Majeſtical,
The Sceptred office of your Anceſtors,
Your State of Fortune, and your due of Birth,
The Lineal Glory of your Royal Houſe,
To the corruption of a blemiſh'd Stock:
Whiles in the mildneſs of your ſleepy thoughts,
(Which here we waken to our Countries good,)
The Noble Iſle doth want his proper Limbs:
His Face defac'd with skars of Infamy,
His Royal Stock graft with ignoble Plants,
And almoſt ſhouldred in the ſwallowing Gulf
Of dark forgetfulneſs, and deep Oblivion.
Which to recure, we heartily ſolicit
Your gracious ſelf to take on you the charge
And Kingly Government of this your Land:
Not as Protector, Steward, Subſtitute,
Or lowly Factor, for anothers gain;
But as ſucceſſively, from Blood to Blood,
Your right of Birth, your Empiry, your own.
For this, conſorted with the Citizens,
Your very Worſhipful and loving Friends,
And by their vehement inſtigation,
In this juſt Cauſe come I to move your Grace.
Rich. I cannot tell, if to depart in ſilence,
Or bitterly to ſpeak in your reproof,
Beſt fitteth my Degree, or your Condition.
For not to anſwer, you might haply think
Tongue-ty'd Ambition, not replying, yielded
To bear the Golden Yoak of Soveraignty,
Which fondly you would here impoſe on me.

If to reprove you for this ſuit of yours,
So ſeaſon'd with your faithful love to me,
Then on the other ſide I check'd my Friends.
Therefore to ſpeak, and to avoid the firſt,
And then in ſpeaking, not to incur the laſt,
Definitively thus I anſwer you.
Your love deſerves my thanks, but my deſert
Unmeritable, ſhuns your high requeſt.
Firſt, if all Obſtacles were cut away,
And that my Path were even to the Crown,
As the ripe Revenue, and due of Birth:
Yet ſo much is my poverty of Spirit,
So mighty, and ſo many my defects,
That I would rather hide me from my Greatneſs,
Being a Bark to brook no mighty Sea;
Than in my Greatneſs covet to be hid,
And in the vapour of my Glory ſmother'd.
But God be thank'd, there is no need of me,
And much I need to help you, were there need:
The Royal Tree hath left us Royal Fruit,
Which mellow'd by the ſtealing hours of time,
Will well become the Seat of Majeſty,
And make us (no doubt) happy by his Reign.
On him I lay that, you would lay on me,
The Right and Fortune of his happy Stars,
Which God defend that I ſhould wring from him.
Buck. My Lord, this argues Conſcience in your Grace,
But the reſpects thereof are nice, and trivial,
All circumſtances well conſidered.
You ſay, that *Edward* is your Brothers Son,
So ſay we too, but not by *Edwards* Wife:
For firſt was he contract to Lady *Lucy*,
Your Mother lives a witneſs to his Vow,
And afterward by ſubſtitute betroth'd
To *Bona*, Siſter to the King of *France*.
Theſe both put off, a poor Petitioner,
A Care-craz'd Mother to a many Sons,
A Beauty-waining, and diſtreſſed Widow,
Even in the after-noon of her beſt day,
Made prize and purchaſe of his wanton Eye,
Seduc'd the pitch, and height of his degree,
To baſe declenſion, and loath'd Bigamie.
By her, in his unlawful Bed, he got
This *Edward*, whom our Manners call the Prince.
More bitterly could I expoſtulate,
Save that for reverence of ſome alive,
I give a ſparing limit to my Tongue.
Then, good my Lord, take to your Royal ſelf
This proffer'd benefit of Dignity:
If not to bleſs us, and the Land withal,
Yet to draw forth your Noble Anceſtry
From the corruption of abuſing times,
Unto a Lineal true derived courſe.
Mayor. Do, good my Lord, your Citizens intreat you.
Buck. Refuſe not, mighty Lord, this proffer'd love.
Cates. O make them joyful, grant their lawful ſuit.
Rich. Alas, why would you heap this Care on me?
I am unfit for State, and Majeſty:
I do beſeech you take it not amiſs,
I cannot, nor I will not yield to you.
Buck. If you refuſe it, as in love and zeal,
Loth to depoſe the Child your Brothers Son,
As well we know your tenderneſs of Heart,
And gentle, kind, effeminate remorſe,
Which we have noted in you to your Kindred,
And equally indeed to all Eſtates:
Yet know, where you accept our ſuit, or no,
Your Brothers Son ſhall never reign our King,
But we will plant ſome other in the Throne,
To the diſgrace and down-fall of your Houſe:
And in this reſolution here we leave you.
Come Citizens, we will intreat no more. [*Exeunt.*
Cates. Call him again, ſweet Prince, accept their ſuit:
If you deny them, all the Land will rue it.
Rich. Will you enforce me to a world of Cares?
Call them again, I am not made of Stones,
But penetrable to your kind entreaties,
Albeit againſt my Conſcience and my Soul.
Enter Buckingham *and the reſt.*
Couſin of *Buckingham*, and Sage men,
Since you will buckle Fortune on my back,
To bear her burthen, whether, I will or no,
I muſt have patience to endure the Load:
But if black Scandal, or foul-fac'd Reproach,
Attend the ſequel of your Impoſition,
Your meer enforcement ſhall acquittance me
From all the impure blots and ſtains thereof,
For God doth know, and you may partly ſee,
How far I am from the deſire of this.
Mayor. God bleſs your Grace, we ſee it, and will ſay it.
Rich. In ſaying ſo, you ſhall but ſay the truth.
Buck. Then I ſalute you with this Royal Title,
Long live King *Richard*, *Englands* worthy King.
All. Amen.
Buck. To morrow may it pleaſe you to be Crown'd.
Rich. Even when you pleaſe, for you will have it ſo.
Buck. To morrow then we will attend your Grace,
And ſo moſt joyfully we take our leave.
Rich. Come, let us to our holy Work again.
Farewel my Couſins, farewel gentle Friends. [*Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter the Queen, Anne *Dutcheſs of* Gloceſter, *the Dutcheſs of* York, *and Marqueſs of* Dorſet.

Dutch. York. Who meets us here?
My Niece *Plantagenet*,
Led in the hand of her kind Aunt of *Gloſter*?
Now, for my Life, ſhe's wandring to the Tower,
On pure hearts love, to greet the tender Prince.
Daughter, well met.
Anne. God give your Graces both a happy
And a joyful time of day.
Qu. As much to you, good Siſter: whither away?
Anne. No farther than the Tower, and as I gueſs,
Upon the like devotion as your ſelves,
To gratulate the gentle Princes there.
Qu. Kind Siſter thanks, we'll never enter all together.

Enter the Lieutenant.

And in good time, here the Lieutenant comes.
Maſter Lieutenant, pray you, by your leave,
How doth the Prince, and my young Son of *York*?
Lieu. Right well, dear Madam: by your patience,
I may not ſuffer you to viſit them,
The King hath ſtrictly charg'd the contrary.
Qu. The King? who's that?
Lieu. I mean the Lord Protector.
Qu. The Lord protect him from that Kingly Title.
Hath he ſet bounds between their love, and me?
I am their Mother, who ſhall bar me from them?
Dutch. York. I am their Fathers Mother, I will ſee them.
Anne. Their Aunt I am in Law, in love their Mother:
Then bring me to their ſights, I'le bear thy blame,
And take thy Office from thee, on my peril.
Lieu. No, Madam, no, I may not leave it ſo:
I am bound by Oath, and therefore pardon me.
[*Exit Lieutenant.*
Enter Stanly.
Stan. Let me but meet you Ladies one hour hence,
And I'le ſalute your Grace of *York* as Mother,
And reverend looker on of two fair Queens.
Come Madam, you muſt ſtraight to *Weſtminſter*,
There to be Crowned *Richards* Royal Queen.
Qu. Ah, cut my Lace aſunder,

That my pent Heart may have ſome ſcope to beat,
Or elſe I ſwoon with this dead-killing news.
Ann. Deſpightful tidings, O unpleaſing news.
Dorſ. Be of good chear: Mother, how fares your Grace?
Qu. O *Dorſet*, ſpeak not to me, get thee gone,
Death and Deſtruction dogs thee at thy heels,
Thy Mothers Name is ominous to Children.
If thou wilt out-ſtrip Death, go croſs the Seas,
And live with *Richmond*, from the reach of Hell.
Go hye thee, hye thee from this ſlaughter-houſe,
Leſt thou increaſe the number of the dead,
And make me die the thrall of *Margaret*'s Curſe,
Nor Mother, Wife, nor *England*'s counted Queen.
Stan. Full of wiſe care is this your Counſel, Madam:
Take all the ſwift advantage of the hours:
You ſhall have Letters from me to my Son,
In your behalf, to meet you on the way:
Be not ta'ne tardy by unwiſe delay.
Duc. Yor. O ill diſperſing Wind of Miſery,
O my accurſed Womb, the Bed of Death:
A Cockatrice haſt thou hatch'd to the World,
Whoſe unavoided Eye is Murtherous.
Stan. Come, Madam, come, I in all haſte was ſent.
Ann. And I with all unwillingneſs will go.
O would to God, that the incluſive Verge
Of Golden Metal, that muſt round my Brow,
Were red hot Steel to ſear me to the Brains,
Anointed let me be with deadly Venom,
And die e're Men ſay, God ſave the Queen.
Qu. Go, go, poor Soul, I envy not thy Glory,
To feed my humour wiſh thy ſelf no harm.
Ann. No: why? When he that is my Husband now,
Came to me, as I follow'd *Henry*'s Coarſe,
When ſcarce the Blood was well waſh'd from his hands,
Which iſſued from my other Angel Husband,
And that dear Saint, which then I weeping follow'd:
O, when I ſay, I look'd on *Richard*'s Face,
This was my Wiſh: Be thou (quoth I) accurſt,
For making me, ſo young, ſo old a Widow:
And when thou wed'ſt, let Sorrow haunt thy Bed:
And be thy Wife, if any be ſo mad,
More miſerable, by the Life of thee,
Than thou haſt made me, by my dear Lords Death.
Loe, e're I can repeat this Curſe again,
Within ſo ſmall a time my Womans Heart
Groſsly grew captive to his honey words,
And prov'd the ſubject of mine own Souls Curſe,
Which hitherto hath held mine Eyes from reſt:
For never yet one hour in his Bed
Did I enjoy the golden dew of Sleep,
But with his timorous Dreams was ſtill awak'd.
Beſides, he hates me for my Father *Warwick*,
And will (no doubt) ſhortly be rid of me.
Qu. Poor heart, Adieu, I pity thy complaining.
Ann. No more than with my Soul I mourn for yours.
Dorſ. Farewel, thou woful welcomer of Glory.
Ann. Adieu, poor Soul, that tak'ſt thy leave of it.
Duc. Yor. Go thou to *Richmond*, and good fortune guide thee, [*To* Dorſet.
Go thou to *Richard*, and good Angels tend thee, [*To* Ann.
Go thou to Sanctuary, and good thoughts poſſeſs thee, [*To the Queen.*
I to my Grave, where Peace and reſt lye with me.
Eighty odd years of ſorrow have I ſeen,
And each hours joy wrack'd with a week of teen.
Qu. Stay, yet look back with me unto the Tower,
Pity, you ancient Stones, thoſe tender Babes,
Whom Envy hath immur'd within your Walls,
Rough Cradle for ſuch little pretty ones,
Rude ragged Nurſe, old ſullen Play-fellow,
For tender Princes: uſe my Babies well;
So fooliſh Sorrows bid your Stones farewel. [*Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Sound a Sonnet. Enter Richard *in pomp*, Buckingham, Catesby, Ratcliffe, Lovel.

Rich. Stand all apart, Couſin of *Buckingham.*
Buck. My gracious Soveraign.
Rich. Give me thy hand. [*Sound.*
Thus high, by thy advice, and thy aſſiſtance,
Is King *Richard* Seated:
But ſhall we wear theſe Glories for a day?
Or ſhall they laſt, and we rejoice in them?
Buck. Still live they, and for ever let them laſt.
Rich. Ah *Buckingham*, now do I play the Touch,
To try if thou be current Gold indeed:
Young *Edward* lives, think now what I would ſpeak.
Buck. Say on, my loving Lord.
Rich. Why, *Buckingham*, I ſay I would be King.
Buck. Why ſo you are, my thrice renowned Lord.
Rich. Ha? am I King? 'tis ſo: but *Edward* lives.
Buck. True, Noble Prince.
Rich. O bitter Conſequence!
That *Edward* ſtill ſhould live true Noble Prince.
Couſin, thou waſt not wont to be ſo dull.
Shall I be plain? I wiſh the Baſtards dead,
And I would have it ſuddenly perform'd.
What ſay'ſt thou now? ſpeak ſuddenly, be brief.
Buck. Your Grace may do your pleaſure.
Rich. Tut, tut, thou art all Ice, thy kindneſs freezes:
Say, have I thy conſent, that they ſhall die?
Buck. Give me ſome little breath, ſome pauſe, dear Lord,
Before I poſitively ſpeak in this:
I will reſolve you herein preſently. [*Exit.* Buckingham.
Cates. The King is angry, ſee he gnaws his Lip.
Rich. I will converſe with Iron-witted Fools,
And unreſpective Boys: none are for me,
That look into me with conſiderate Eyes,
High-reaching *Buckingham* grows circumſpect.
Boy.
Page. My Lord.
Rich. Know'ſt thou not any, whom corrupting Gold
Will tempt unto a cloſe exploit of Death?
Page. I know a diſcontented Gentleman,
Whoſe humble means match not his haughty ſpirit:
Gold were as good as twenty Orators,
And will (no doubt) tempt him to any thing.
Rich. What is his Name?
Page. His Name, my Lord, is *Tirrell.*
Rich. I partly know the Man: go call him hither, Boy. [*Exit.*
The deep revolving witty *Buckingham*,
No more ſhall be the neighbour to my Counſels.
Hath he ſo long held out with me untyr'd,
And ſtops he now for Breath? Well, be it ſo.
Enter Stanly.
How now, Lord *Stanly*, what's the news?
Stan. Know, my loving Lord, the Marqueſs *Dorſet*,
As I hear, is fled to *Richmond*,
In the parts where he abides.
Rich. Come hither, *Catesby*, rumor it abroad,
That *Ann* my Wife is very grievous ſick,
I will take order for her keeping cloſe.
Inquire me out ſome mean poor Gentleman,
Whom I will marry ſtraight to *Clarence* Daughter:
The Boy is fooliſh, and I fear not him.
Look how thou dream'ſt: I ſay again, give out,
That *Ann* my Queen is ſick, and like to die.
About it, for it ſtands me much upon
To ſtop all hopes, whoſe growth may damage me.
I muſt be married to my Brothers Daughter:
Or elſe my Kingdom ſtands on brittle Glaſs:
Murther her Brothers, and then marry her,

Uncertain way of gain. But I am in
So far in blood, that ſin will pluck on ſin,
Tear-falling Pity dwells not in this Eye.
Enter Tirrel.
Is thy Name *Tirrel*?
Tir. *James Tirrel*, and your moſt obedient Subject.
Rich. Art thou indeed?
Tir. Prove me, my gracious Lord.
Rich. Dar'ſt thou reſolve to kill a Friend of mine?
Tir. Pleaſe you:
But I had rather kill two Enemies.
Rich. Why then thou haſt it: two deep Enemies,
Foes to my Reſt, and my ſweet ſleeps diſturbers,
Are they that I would have thee deal upon:
Tirrel, I mean thoſe Baſtards in the Tower.
Tir. Let me have open means to come to them,
And ſoon I'le rid you from the fear of them.
Rich. Thou ſing'ſt ſweet Muſick:
Heark, come hither *Tirrel*,
Go by this token: riſe, and lend thine Ear, [*Whiſpers.*
There is no more but ſo: ſay it is done,
And I will love thee, and prefer thee for it.
Tir. I will diſpatch it ſtraight. [*Exit.*
Enter Buckingham.
Buck. My Lord, I have conſider'd in my mind,
The late requeſt that you did ſound me in.
Rich. Well, let that reſt: *Dorſet* is fled to *Richmond.*
Buck. I hear the news, my Lord.
Rich. *Stanly*, he is your Wives Son: well, look unto it.
Buck. My Lord, I claim the gift, my due by promiſe,
For which your Honour and your Faith is pawn'd.
Th' Earldom of *Hereford*, and the Moveables,
Which you have promiſed I ſhall poſſeſs.
Rich. *Stanly*, look to your Wife: if ſhe convey
Letters to *Richmond*, you ſhall anſwer it.
Buck. What ſays your Highneſs to my juſt requeſt?
Rich. I do remember me, *Henry* the Sixth
Did Propheſie, that *Richmond* ſhould be King,
When *Richmond* was a little peeviſh Boy.
A King perhaps.
Buck. May it pleaſe you to reſolve me in my ſuit.
Rich. Thou troubleſt me, I am not in the vein. [*Exit.*
Buck. And is it thus? repays he my deep ſervice
With ſuch contempt? made I him King for this?
O let me think on *Haſtings*, and be gone
To *Brecnock*, while my fearful head is on. [*Exit.*
Enter Tirrel.
Tir. The tyrannous and bloody Act is done,
The moſt Arch deed of piteous maſſacre
That ever yet this Land was guilty of:
Dighton and *Forreſt*, whom I did ſuborn
To do this piece of ruthful Butchery,
Albeit they were fleſht Villains, bloody Dogs,
Melted with tenderneſs, and mild compaſſion,
Wept like to Children, in their deaths ſad ſtory,
O thus (quoth *Dighton*) lay the gentle Babes:
Thus, thus (quoth *Forreſt*) girdling one another
Within their Alabaſter innocent arms:
Their lips were four red Roſes on a ſtalk,
And their Summer Beauty kiſt each other.
A Book of Prayers on their Pillow lay,
Which once (quoth *Forreſt*) almoſt chang'd my mind:
But oh the Devil, there the Villain ſtopt:
When *Dighton* thus told on, we ſmothered
The moſt repleniſhed ſweet work of Nature,
That from the prime Creation e're ſhe framed.
Hence both are gone with Conſcience and Remorſe,
They could not ſpeak, and ſo I left them both,
To bear theſe tydings to the bloody King.
Enter Richard.
And here he comes. All health my Soveraign Lord.
Rich. Kind *Tirrel*, am I happy in the News?
Tir. If to have done the thing you gave in charge
Beget your happineſs, be happy then,
For it is done.
Rich. But did'ſt thou ſee them dead?
Tir. I did, my Lord.
Rich. And buried, gentle *Tirrel*?
Tir. The Chaplain of the Tower hath buried them,
But where (to ſay the truth) I do not know.
Rich. Come to me *Tirrel* ſoon, and after Supper,
When thou there ſhalt tell the proceſs of their death.
Mean time, but think how I may do thee good,
And be inheritor of thy deſire.
Farewel till then.
Tir. I humbly take leave.
Rich. The Son of *Clarence* have I pent up cloſe,
His Daughter meanly have I match'd in marriage,
The Sons of *Edward* ſleep in *Abrahams* boſom,
And *Ann* my Wife hath bid this World good night.
Now for I know the Britain *Richmond* aims
At young *Elizabeth* my Brothers Daughter,
And by that knot looks proudly on the Crown,
To her go I, a jolly thriving Wooer.
Enter Ratcliff.
Rat. My Lord.
Rich. Good or bad News, that thou com'ſt in ſo bluntly?
Rat. Bad news, my Lord, *Mourton* is fled to *Richmond*,
And *Buckingham*, backt with the hardy Welſhmen,
Is in the Field, and ſtill his power encreaſeth.
Rich. *Ely* with *Richmond* troubles me more near,
Than *Buckingham* and his raſh levied ſtrength.
Come, I have learn'd that fearful commenting
Is leaden Servitor to dull delay.
Delay leads impotent and Snail-pac'd Beggery:
Then fiery expedition be my wing,
Joves Mercury, and Herald for a King:
Go muſter men: My Counſel is my Shield,
We muſt be brief, when Traytors brave the Field. [*Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Old Queen Margaret.

Mar. So now proſperity begins to mellow,
And drop into the rotten mouth of death:
Here in theſe Confines ſlily have I lurkt,
To watch the waining of mine Enemies.
A dire induction am I witneſs to,
And will to *France*, hoping the conſequence
Will prove as bitter, black, and Tragical.
Withdraw thee wretched *Margaret*, who comes here?
Enter Dutcheſs and Queen.
Queen. Ah my poor Princeſs! ah my tender Babes!
My unblown Flowers, new appearing ſweets:
If yet your gentle Souls fly in the Air,
And be not fixt in doom perpetual,
Hover about me with your airy Wings,
And here your Mothers Lamentation.
Mar. Hover about her, ſay that right for right
Hath dim'd your Infant morn, to Aged night.
Dut. So many miſeries have craz'd my voice,
That my woe-wearied tongue is ſtill and mute.
Edward Plantagenet why art thou dead?
Mar. *Plantagenet* doth quit *Plantagenet*,
Edward for *Edward* pays a dying debt.
Qu. Wilt thou, O God, flye from ſuch gentle Lambs,
And throw them in the intrails of the Wolf?
Why didſt thou ſleep, when ſuch a deed was done?
Mar. When Holy *Henry* died, and my ſweet Son.
Dut. Dead life, blind ſight, poor mortal living Ghoſt,
Woes Scene, Worlds ſhame, Graves due, by life uſurpt,
Brief abſtract and record of tedious days,
Reſt thy unreſt on *Englands* lawful Earth,
Unlawfully made drunk with innocent blood.
Queen. Ah that thou would'ſt as ſoon afford a Grave,

As thou canſt yield a melancholy ſeat:
Then would I hide my bones, not reſt them here,
Ah who hath any cauſe to mourn, but we?
Mar. If ancient be moſt reverent,
Give mine the benefit of Signeury,
And let my griefs frown on the upper hand
If ſorrow can admit Society.
I had an *Edward* till a *Richard* kill'd him:
I had an Husband, till a *Richard* kill'd him:
Thou had'ſt an *Edward*, till a *Richard* kill'd him:
Thou had'ſt a *Richard*, till a *Richard* kill'd him.
Dut. I had a *Richard* too and thou did'ſt kill him;
I had a *Rutland* too, thou holp'ſt to kill him.
Mar. Thou had'ſt a *Clarence* too,
And *Richard* kill'd him.
From forth the kennel of thy Womb hath crept
A Hell hound that doth hunt us all to death:
That Dog, that had his Teeth before his Eyes,
To worry Lambs, and lap their gentle blood:
That foul defacer of Gods handy work:
That reigns in gauled Eyes of weeping Souls:
That excellent grand Tyrant of the Earth,
Thy womb let looſe to chaſe us to our Graves.
O upright, juſt, and true diſpoſing God,
How do I thank thee, that this carnal Cur
Preys on the iſſue of his Mothers body,
And makes her Pue-fellow with others moan.
Dut. Oh *Harries* Wife, triumph not in my woes:
God witneſs with me, I have wept for thine.
Mar. Bear with me: I am hungry for revenge,
And now I cloy me with beholding it.
Thy *Edward* he is dead, that kill'd my *Edward*.
The other *Edward* dead, to quit my *Edward*:
Young *York*, he is but boot, becauſe both they
Match'd not the high perfection of my loſs.
Thy *Clarence* he is dead, that ſtab'd my *Edward*,
And the beholders of this frantick Play,
Th' adulterate *Haſtings*, *Rivers*, *Vaughan*, *Gray*,
Untimely ſmother'd in their dusky Graves.
Richard yet lives, Hell's black Intelligencer,
Onely reſerv'd their Factor, to buy Souls,
And ſend them thither: But at hand, at hand
Inſues his piteous and unpitied end.
Earth gapes, Hell burns, Fiends roar, Saints pray,
To have him ſuddenly convey'd from hence:
Cancel his Bond of life, dear God, I pray,
That I may live, and ſay, *The Dog* is dead.
Queen. O thou did'ſt Propheſy, the time would come,
That I ſhould wiſh for thee to help me Curſe
That bottel'd Spider, that foul bunch-back'd Toad.
Mar. I call'd thee then, vain flouriſh of my Fortune:
I call'd thee then, poor Shadow, painted Queen,
The repreſentation of but what I was;
The flattering Index of a direful Pageant,
One heav'd a high, to be hurl'd down below:
A Mother onely mock'd with two fair Babes;
A dream of what thou waſt, a gariſh Flag
To be the aim of every dangerous Shot;
A ſign of Dignity, a Breath, a Bubble:
A Queen in leaſt, only to fill the Scene.
Where is thy Husband now? where be thy Brothers?
Where be thy two Sons? Wherein do'ſt thou Joy?
Who ſues, and kneels, and ſays, *God ſave the Queen*?
Where be the bending Peers that flattered thee?
Where be the thronging Troops that followed thee?
Decline all this, and ſee now what thou art.
For happy Wife, a moſt diſtreſſed Widow:
For joyful Mother, one that wails the name:
For one being ſued to, one that humbly ſues:
For Queen, a very Caytiff, crown'd with care:
For ſhe that ſcorn'd at me, now ſcorn'd of me:
For ſhe being feared of all, now fearing one:
For ſhe commanding all obey'd, of none.
Thus hath the courſe of Juſtice whirl'd about,
And left thee but a very prey to time,
Having no more but thought of what thou waſt,
To torture thee the more, being what thou art.
Thou did'ſt uſurp my place, and doſt thou not
Uſurp the juſt proportion of my Sorrow?
Now thy proud Neck bears half my burthen'd yoak,
From which, even here I ſlip my wearied head,
And leave the burthen of it all, on thee.
Farewel *York's* Wife, and Queen of ſad miſchance,
Theſe Engliſh woes ſhall make me ſmile in *France*.
Queen. O thou well skil'd in Curſes, ſtay a while,
And teach me how to curſe mine Enemies.
Mar. Forbear to ſleep the night, and faſt the day:
Compare dead happineſs with living woe:
Think that thy Babes were ſweeter than they were,
And he that ſlew them fowler than he is:
Bett'ring thy loſs makes the bad cauſer worſe,
Revolving this, will teach thee how to Curſe.
Queen. My words are dull, O quicken them with thine.
Mar. Thy woes will make them ſharp,
And pierce like mine. [*Exit Margaret.*
Dut. Why ſhould calamity be full of words?
Queen. Windy Atturnies to their Clients Woes,
Aiery ſucceeders of inteſtine joys,
Poor breathing Orators of miſeries,
Let them have ſcope, though what they will impart
Help nothing elſe, yet do they eaſe the heart.
Dut. If ſo, then be not Tongue-ty'd: go with me,
And in the breath of bitter words, let's ſmother
My damned Son, that thy two ſweet Sons ſmother'd.
The Trumpet ſounds, be copious in exclaims.

Enter King Richard *and his Train.*

Rich. Who intercepts me in my Expedition?
Dut. O ſhe, that might have intercepted thee
By ſtrangling thee in her accurſed Womb,
From all the ſlaughters (Wretch) that thou haſt done.
Qu. Hid'ſt thou that Forehead with a Golden Crown,
Where't ſhould be branded, if that right were right?
The ſlaughter of the Prince that ow'd that Crown,
And the dire death of my poor Sons and Brothers.
Tell me, thou Villain-ſlave, where are my Children?
Dut. Thou Toad, thou Toad,
Where is thy Brother *Clarence*?
And little *Ned Plantagenet* his Son?
Queen. Where is the gentle *Rivers*, *Vaughan*, *Gray*?
Dut. Where is kind *Haſtings*?
Rich. A flouriſh, Trumpets; ſtrike Alarum, Drums:
Let not the Heavens hear theſe Tell-tale women
Rail on the Lords Anointed. Strike I ſay.
Flouriſh. *Alarums.*
Either be patient, and intreat me fair,
Or with the clamorous reports of War,
Thus will I drown your exclamations.
Dut. Art thou my Son?
Rich. I, I thank God, my Father, and your ſelf.
Dut. Then patiently hear my impatience.
Rich. Madam, I have a touch of your condition,
That cannot brook the accent of reproof.
Dut. O let me ſpeak.
Rich. Do then, but I'le not hear.
Dut. I will be mild, and gentle in my words.
Rich. And brief (good Mother) for I am in haſt.
Dut. Art thou ſo haſty? I have ſtaid for thee
(God knows) in torment and in agony.
Rich. And came I not at laſt to comfort you?
Dut. No by the holy Rood, thou know'ſt it well,
Thou cam'ſt on Earth, to make the Earth my Hell.
A grievous burthen was thy Birth to me,
Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy.
Thy School-days frightful, deſperate, wild, and furious,
Thy prime of Man-hood, daring, bold, and venturous:
Thy Age confirm'd, proud, ſubtle, ſlye, and bloody,

More mild, but yet more harmful, kind in hatred:
What comfortable hour canſt thou name,
That ever grac'd me with thy company?
Rich. Faith none, but *Humphrey Hower*,
That call'd your Grace
To breakfaſt once, forth of my company.
If I be ſo diſgracious in your Eye,
Let me march on, and not offend you, Madam.
Strike up the Drum.
Dut. I prithee hear me ſpeak.
Rich. You ſpeak too bitterly.
Dut. Hear me a word:
For I ſhall never ſpeak to thee again.
Rich. So.
Dut. Either thou wilt die by Gods juſt Ordinance
E're from this War thou turn a Conqueror:
Or I with grief and extream age ſhall periſh,
And never more behold thy Face again.
Therefore take with thee my moſt grievous Curſe,
Which in the day of Battel tire thee more
Than all the compleat Armour that thou wear'ſt.
My Prayers on the adverſe Party fight,
And there the little Souls of *Edward*'s Children
Whiſper the Spirits of thine Enemies,
And promiſe them ſucceſs and Victory:
Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end:
Shame ſerves thy life, and doth thy death attend. [*Exit.*
Queen. Though far more cauſe, yet much leſs Spirit to
Abides in me, I ſay Amen to her. (curſe
Rich. Stay, Madam, I muſt talk a word with you.
Queen. I have no more Sons of the Royal blood
For thee to ſlaughter. For my Daughters (*Richard*)
They ſhall be praying Nuns, not weeping Queens:
And therefore level not to hit their lives.
Rich. You have a Daughter call'd *Elizabeth*,
Virtuous and fair, Royal and Gracious.
Queen. And muſt ſhe die for this? O let her live,
And I'le corrupt her Manners, ſtain her Beauty,
Slander my ſelf, as falſe to *Edward*'s Bed:
Throw over her the vail of infamy,
So ſhe may live unſcarr'd of bleeding ſlaughter,
I will confeſs ſhe was not *Edward*'s Daughter.
Rich. Wrong not her Birth, ſhe is a Royal Princeſs.
Queen. To ſave her life, I'le ſay ſhe is not ſo.
Rich. Her life is ſafeſt only in her Birth.
Queen. And onely in that ſafety dy'd her Brothers.
Rich. Loe, at their Birth good Stars were oppoſite.
Queen. No, to their lives ill Friends were contrary.
Rich. All unavoided is the doom of Deſtiny.
Queen. True: when avoided Grace makes Deſtiny.
My Babes were deſtin'd to a fairer death,
If Grace had bleſt thee with a fairer life.
Rich. You ſpeak as if that I had ſlain my Couſins?
Queen. Couſins indeed, and by their Uncle cozen'd,
Of Comfort, Kingdom, Kindred, Freedom, Life,
Whoſe hands ſoever lanch'd their tender hearts,
Thy head (all indirectly) gave direction.
No doubt the murd'rous Knife was dull and blunt,
Till it was whetted on thy ſtone-hard heart,
To revel in the Intrails of my Lambs.
But that ſtill uſe of grief makes wild grief tame,
My tongue ſhould to thy ears not name my Boys,
Till that my Nails were anchor'd in thine Eyes:
And I in ſuch a deſp'rate Bay of death,
Like a poor Bark, of ſails and tackling reft,
Ruſh all to pieces on thy Rocky boſom.
Rich. Madam, ſo thrive I in my enterprize,
And dangerous ſucceſs of bloody Wars,
As I intend more good to you and yours,
Than ever you or yours by me were harm'd.
Queen. What good is cover'd with the Face of Heaven,
To be diſcovered, that can do me good?
Rich. Th' advancement of your Children, gentle Lady.
Queen. Up to ſome Scaffold, there to loſe their heads.
Rich. Unto the dignity and height of Fortune,
The high Imperial Type of this Earth's glory.
Queen. Flatter my ſorrow with report of it:
Tell me, what ſtate, what dignity, what honour
Canſt thou deviſe to any Child of mine?
Rich. Even all I have; I, and my ſelf and all,
Will I withal endow a Child of thine:
So in the Lethe of thy angry Soul,
Thou drown the ſad remembrance of thoſe wrongs,
Which thou ſuppoſeſt I have done to thee.
Queen. Be brief, leſt that the proceſs of thy kindneſs
Laſt longer telling than thy kindneſs date.
Rich. Then know,
That from my Soul I love thy Daughter.
Queen. My Daughter's Mother thinks it with her Soul.
Rich. What do you think?
Queen. That thou doſt love my Daughter from thy Soul.
So from thy Souls love didſt thou love her Brothers,
And from thy hearts love, I do thank thee for it.
Rich. Be not ſo haſty to confound my meaning:
I mean, that with my Soul I love thy Daughter,
And do intend to make her Queen of *England.*
Queen. Well then, who do'ſt thou mean ſhall be her King.
Rich. Even he that makes her Queen;
Who elſe ſhould be?
Queen. What thou?
Rich. Even ſo: how think you of it?
Queen. How can'ſt thou woo her?
Rich. That I would learn of you,
As one being beſt acquainted with her humour.
Queen. And wilt thou learn of me?
Rich. Madam, with all my heart.
Queen. Send to her, by the man that ſlew her Brothers,
A pair of bleeding hearts: thereon engrave
Edward and *York*, then haply will ſhe weep:
Therefore preſent to her, as ſometime *Margaret*
Did to thy Father, ſteept in *Rutland*'s blood,
A Hand-kerchief, which ſay to her did drain
The purple ſap from her ſweet Brothers body,
And bid her wipe her weeping Eyes withal.
If this inducement move her not to love,
Send her a Letter of thy Noble deeds:
Tell her, thou mad'ſt away her Uncle *Clarence*,
Her Uncle *Rivers*; I, (and for her ſake)
Mad'ſt quick conveyance with her good Aunt *Anne.*
Rich. You mock me, Madam, this is not the way
To win your Daughter.
Queen. There is no other way,
Unleſs thou could'ſt put on ſome other ſhape,
And not be *Richard*, that hath done all this.
Rich. Say, that I did all this for love of her.
Queen. Nay then indeed ſhe cannot chooſe but hate thee,
Having bought love with ſuch a bloody ſpoyl.
Rich. Look what is done, cannot be now amended:
Men ſhall deal unadviſedly ſometimes,
Which after-hours gives leiſure to repent.
If I did take the Kingdom from your Sons,
To make amends, I'le give it to your Daughter:
If I have kill'd the iſſue of your Womb,
To quicken your encreaſe, I will beget
Mine iſſue of your blood, upon your Daughter:
A Grandams name is little leſs in love,
Than is the doting Title of a Mother;
They are as Children but one ſtep below,
Even of your metal, of your very blood:
Of all one pain, ſave for a night of groans
Endur'd of her, for whom you bid like ſorrow.
Your Children were vexation to your youth,
But mine ſhall be a comfort to your age,
The loſs you have, is but a Son being King,
And by that loſs your Daughter is made Queen.
I cannot make you what amends I would,
Therefore accept ſuch kindneſs as I can.
Dorſet, your Son, that with a fearful Soul,

Leads diſcontented ſteps in forreign ſoyl,
This fair Alliance quickly ſhall call home
To high Promotions, and great Dignity.
The King that calls your beauteous Daughter Wife,
Familiarly ſhall call thy *Dorſet* Brother:
Again ſhall you be Mother to a King:
And all the ruins of diſtreſsful times,
Repair'd with double riches of Content.
What? we have goodly days to ſee:
The liquid drops of tears that you have ſhed,
Shall come again, transform'd to Orient Pearl,
Advantaging their love with intereſt
Often-times double gain of happineſs.
Go then (my Mother) to thy Daughter, go,
Make bold ~~your~~ her baſhful years with your experience,
Prepare her Ears to hear a Wooers tale.
Put in her tender heart th' aſpiring flame
Of golden Soveraignty: Acquaint the Princeſs
With the ſweet ſilent hours of Marriage joys;
And when this Arm of mine hath chaſtiſed
The petty Rebel, dull-brain'd *Buckingham*,
Bound with triumphant Garlands will I come,
And lead thy Daughter to a Conquerors Bed:
To whom I will retail my Conqueſt won,
And ſhe ſhall be ſole Victreſs, *Cæſar*'s *Cæſar*.
Queen. What were I beſt to ſay, her Fathers Brother
Would be her Lord? or ſhall I ſay her Uncle?
Or he that ſlew her Brothers? and her Uncles?
Under what Title ſhall I woo for thee,
That God, the Law, my Honour, and her Love,
Can make ſeem pleaſing to her tender years?
Rich. Infer fair *Englands* Peace by this Alliance.
Qu. Which ſhe ſhall purchaſe with ſtill laſting War.
Rich. Tell her, the King that may cõmand, intreats.
Queen. That at her hands, which the King's King forbids.
Rich. Say, ſhe ſhall be a high and mighty Queen.
Queen. To vail the Title, as her Mother doth.
Rich. Say I will love her everlaſtingly.
Qu. But how long ſhall that Title ever laſt?
Rich. Sweetly in force, unto her fair lives end.
Qu. But how long fairly ſhall her ſweet life laſt?
Rich. As long as Heaven and Nature lengthens it.
Qu. As long as Hell and *Richard* likes of it.
Rich. Say, I, her Soveraign, am her Subject low.
Qu. But ſhe your Subject loaths ſuch Soveraignty.
Rich. Be eloquent in my behalf to her.
Qu. An honeſt tale ſpeeds beſt, being plainly told.
Rich. Then plainly to her, tell my loving tale.
Qu. Plain and not honeſt, is too harſh a ſtyle.
Rich, Your Reaſons are too ſhallow, and too quick.
Qu. O no, my Reaſons are too deep and dead,
Two deep and dead (poor Infants) in their Graves,
Harp on it ſtill ſhall I, till heart-ſtrings break.
Rich. Harp not on that ſtring, Madam, that is paſt.
Now by my George, my Garter, and my Crown.
Qu. Profan'd, diſhonour'd, and the third uſurpt.
Rich. I ſwear.
Qu. By nothing, for this is no Oath:
Thy George profan'd, hath loſt his Lordly honour;
Thy Garter blemiſh'd, pawn'd his Kingly Virtue;
Thy Crown uſurpt, diſgrac'd his Kingly Glory:
If ſomething thou would'ſt ſwear to be believ'd,
Swear then by ſomething that thou haſt not wrong'd.
Rich. Then by my ſelf.
Qu. Thy ſelf, is ſelf miſus'd.
Rich. Now by the World.
Qu. 'Tis full of thy foul wrongs.
Rich. My Fathers death.
Qu. Thy life hath it diſhonour'd.
Rich. Why then, by Heaven.
Qu. Heaven's wrong is moſt of all:
If thou did'ſt fear to break an Oath with him,
The unity the King my Husband made,
Thou hadſt not broken, nor my Brothers dy'd,
If thou hadſt fear'd to break an Oath by him,
Th' Imperial Metal, circling now thy head,
Had grac'd the tender Temples of my Child,
And both the Princes had been breathing here,
Which now two tender Bed-fellows for duſt,
Thy broken Faith hath made the prey for Worms.
What canſt thou ſwear by now?
Rich. The time to come.
Qu. That thou haſt wronged in the time o're-paſt:
For I my ſelf have many tears to waſh
Hereafter time, for time paſt wrong'd by thee.
The Children live, whoſe Fathers thou haſt ſlaughter'd,
Ungovern'd youth, to wail it with their age.
The Parents live, whoſe Children thou haſt butcher'd,
Old barren Plants, to wail it with their age.
Swear not by time to come, for that thou haſt
Miſus'd e're us'd, by times ill-us'd repaſt.
Rich. As I intend to proſper, and repent:
So thrive I in my dangerous Affairs
Of hoſtile Arms: My ſelf, my ſelf confound:
Heaven and Fortune bar me happy hours:
Day, yield me not thy light? nor Night thy reſt.
Be oppoſite all Planets of good luck
To my proceeding, if with dear hearts love,
Immaculate devotion, holy thoughts,
I tender not thy beauteous Princely Daughter.
In her conſiſts my happineſs and thine:
Without her follows to my ſelf and thee,
Her ſelf, the Land, and many a Chriſtian Soul,
Death, Deſolation, Ruine, and Decay:
It cannot be avoided, but by this:
It will not be avoided, but by this.
Therefore dear Mother (I muſt call you ſo)
Be the Atturney of my love to her:
Plead what I will be, not what I have been;
Not my deſires, but what I will deſerve:
Urge the neceſſity and ſtate of times,
And be not peeviſh found in great Deſigns.
Qu. Shall I be tempted of the Devil thus?
Rich. I, if the Devil tempt you to do good.
Qu. Shall I forget my ſelf to be my ſelf?
Rich. I, if your ſelf's remembrance wrong your ſelf.
Qu. Yet thou didſt kill my Children.
Rich. But in your Daughters Womb I bury them.
Where in that Neſt of Spicery they will breed
Selves of themſelves, to your recomforture.
Qu. Shall I go win my Daughter to thy will?
Rich. And be a happy Mother by the deed.
Qu. I go, write to me very ſhortly,
And you ſhall underſtand from me her mind. [*Exit Qu.*
Rich. Bear her my true loves kiſs, and ſo farewel.
Relenting Fool, and ſhallow-changing Woman.
How now, What news?

Enter Ratcliff.

Rat. Moſt mighty Soveraign, on the Weſtern Coaſt
Rides a puiſſant Navy: To our Shores
Throng many doubtful hollow-hearted friends,
Unarm'd, and unreſolv'd to beat them back.
'Tis thought, that *Richmond* is their Admiral:
And there they hull, expecting but the aid
Of *Buckingham*, to welcome them aſhore.
Rich. Some light-foot friend poſt to the Duke of *Norfolk*,
Ratcliff, thy ſelf, or *Catesby*, where is he?
Cat. Here, my good Lord.
Rich. *Catesby*, fly to the Duke.
Cat. I will, my Lord, with all convenient haſt.
Rich. *Catesby*, come hither, poſt to *Salisbury*.
When thou com'ſt thither: Dull unmindful Villain,
Why ſtay'ſt thou here, and go'ſt not to the Duke?
Cat. Firſt, mighty Liege, tell me your Highneſs pleaſure,
What from your Grace I ſhall deliver to him.
Rich. O true, good *Catesby*, bid him levy ſtraight
The greateſt ſtrength and power that he can make,
And meet me ſuddenly at *Salisbury*.

Cat. I go. [*Exit.*
Rat. What, may it pleaſe you, ſhall I do at *Saliſbury.*
Rich. Why, what would'ſt thou do there before I go?
Rat. Your Highneſs told me I ſhould poſt before.
Rich. My mind is chang'd:
Enter Lord Stanly.
Stanly, what news with you?
Sta. None good, my Liege, to pleaſe you with the hearing,
Nor none ſo bad, but well may be reported.
Rich. Hoyday, a Riddle neither good nor bad:
What need'ſt thou run ſo many miles about,
When thou may'ſt tell thy tale the neareſt way?
Once more, what News?
Stan. *Richmond* is on the Seas.
Rich. There let him ſink, and be the Seas on him,
White-liver'd Run-a-gate, what doth he there?
Stan. I know not, mighty Soveraign, but by gueſs.
Rich. Well, as you gueſs.
Stan. Stirr'd up by *Dorſet*, *Buckingham*, and *Morton*,
He makes for *England*, here to claim the Crown.
Rich. Is the Chair empty? is the Sword unſway'd?
Is the King dead? the Empire unpoſſeſt?
What Heir of *York* is there alive, but we?
And who is *England*'s King, but great *York*'s Heir?
Then tell me, what makes he upon the Seas?
Stan. Unleſs for that, my Leige, I cannot gueſs.
Rich. Unleſs for that he comes to be your Liege,
You cannot gueſs, wherefore the *Welch-man* comes.
Thou wilt revolt, and fly to him, I fear.
Stan. No, my good Lord, therefore miſtruſt me not.
Rich. Where is thy power then to beat him back?
Where be thy Tenants, and thy followers?
Are they not now upon the Weſtern ſhore,
Safe-conducting the Rebels from their Ships?
Stan. No, my good Lord, my friends are in the North.
Rich. Cold friends to me: what do they in the North,
When they ſhould ſerve their Soveraign in the Weſt?
Stan. They have not been commanded, mighty King,
Pleaſeth your Majeſty to give me leave,
I'le muſter up my friends, and meet your Grace,
Where, and what time your Majeſty ſhall pleaſe.
Rich. I, thou would'ſt be gone, to joyn with *Richmond*:
But I'le not truſt thee.
Stan. Moſt mighty Soveraign,
You have no cauſe to hold my friendſhip doubtful,
I never was, nor never will be falſe.
Rich. Go then, and muſter men: but leave behind
Your Son *George Stanly*: look your heart be firm,
Or elſe his heads aſſurance is but frail.
Stan. So deal with him, as I prove true to you.
[*Exit* Stanly.
Enter a Meſſenger.
Meſſ. My gracious Soveraign, now in *Devon-ſhire*,
As I by friends am well advertis'd,
Sir *Edward Courtney*, and the haughty Prelate,
Biſhop of *Exeter*, his elder Brother,
With many more Confederates are in Arms.
Enter another Meſſenger.
Meſſ. In *Kent*, my Liege, the *Guilford*'s are in Arms,
And every hour Competitors
Flock to the Rebels, and their power grows ſtrong.
Enter another Meſſenger.
Meſſ. My Lord, the Army of great *Buckingham.*
Rich. Out on ye, Owls, nothing but Songs of Death.
[*He ſtriketh him.*
There, take thou that, till thou bring better News.
Meſſ. The News I have to tell your Majeſty,
Is, that by ſuddain Flood, and fall of Waters,
Buckingham's Army is diſpers'd and ſcatter'd,
And he himſelf wandred away alone,
No man knows whither.
Rich. I cry thee mercy;
There is my Purſe, to cure that blow of thine.
Hath any well adviſed friend proclaim'd
Reward to him that brings the Traytor in?
Meſſ. Such Proclamation hath been made, my Lord.
Enter another Meſſenger.
Meſſ. Sir *Thomas Lovel*, and Lord Marqueſs *Dorſet*,
'Tis ſaid, my Liege, in *York-ſhire* are in Arms:
But this good comfort bring I to your Highneſs,
The *Britain* Navy is diſpers'd by Tempeſt.
Richmond in *Dorſet-ſhire* ſent out a Boat
Unto the ſhore, to ask thoſe on the Banks,
If they were his Aſſiſtants, yea, or no?
Who anſwer'd him, they came from *Buckingham*
Upon his party: he miſtruſting them,
Hoys'd ſail, and made his courſe again for *Britain.*
Rich. March on, march on, ſince we are up in Arms,
If not to fight with Forreign Enemies,
Yet to beat down theſe Rebels here at home.
Enter Catesby.
Cat. My Liege, the Duke of *Buckingham* is taken,
That is the beſt News, that the Earl of *Richmond*
Is with a mighty power Landed at *Milford*,
Is colder News, but yet they muſt be told.
Rich. Away towards *Saliſbury*: while we reaſon here,
A Royal Battel might be won and loſt:
Some one take order *Buckingham* be brought
To *Saliſbury*, the reſt march on with me. [*Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Derby, *and Sir* Chriſtopher.

Der. Sir *Chriſtopher*, tell *Richmond* this from me,
That in the Stye of the moſt deadly Boar,
My Son *George Stanly* is frankt up in hold:
If I revolt, off goes young *George*'s head,
The fear of that holds off my preſent aid.
So get thee gone: commend me to thy Lord.
Withal ſay, that the Queen hath heartily conſented
He ſhould eſpouſe *Elizabeth* her Daughter.
But tell me, where is Princely *Richmond* now?
Chri. At *Pembrook*, or at *Hertford* Weſt in *Wales.*
Der. What men of Name reſort to him?
Chri. Sir *Walter Herbert*, a renowned Souldier,
Sir *Gilbert Talbot*, Sir *William Stanly*,
Oxford, redoubted *Pembrook*, Sir *James Blunt*,
And *Rice ap Thomas*, with a valiant Crew,
And many other of great name and worth:
And towards *London* do they bend their power,
If by the way they be not fought withal.
Der. Well, hye thee to thy Lord: I kiſs his hand,
My Letter will reſolve him of my mind.
Farewel. [*Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Buckingham *with Halberds led to Execution.*

Buck. Will not King *Richard* let me ſpeak with him?
Sher. No, my good Lord, therefore be patient.
Buck. *Haſtings*, and *Edward*'s Children, *Gray*, and *Rivers*,
Holy King *Henry*, and thy fair Son *Edward*,
Vaughan, and all that have miſcarried
By under-hand corrupted foul injuſtice,
If that your moody diſcontented Souls,
Do through the Clouds behold this preſent hour,
Even for revenge mock my deſtruction.
This is *All-Souls* Day (Fellow) is it not?
Sher. It is.
Buck. Why then *All-Souls* Day, is my Bodies Doomſ-day.
This is the day, which in King *Edwards* time
I wiſht might fall on me, when I was found

Falſe to his Children, and his Wives Allies.
This is the day, wherein I wiſht to fall
By the falſe Faith of him whom moſt I truſted.
This, this *All-Souls* Day to my fearful Soul,
Is the determin'd reſpite of my wrongs:
That high All-ſeer, which I dallied with,
Hath turn'd my feign'd Prayer on my head,
And given in earneſt, what I begg'd in jeſt.
Thus doth he force the Swords of wicked men
To turn their own points in their Maſters boſoms.
Thus *Margaret*'s curſe falls heavy on my neck:
When he (quoth ſhe) will ſplit thy heart with ſorrow,
Remember *Margaret* was a Propheteſs:
Come lead me Officers to the Block of ſhame,
Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame.
[*Exeunt* Buckingham *with Officers.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Richmond, Oxford, Blunt, Herbert, *and others, with Drum and Colours.*

Richm. Fellows in Arms, and my moſt loving Friends,
Bruis'd underneath the yoak of Tyranny,
Thus far into the Bowels of the Land,
Have we marcht on without impediment;
And here receive we from our Father *Stanly*
Lines of fair comfort and encouragement:
The wretched, bloody, and uſurping Boar,
(That ſpoyl'd your Summer-Fields, and fruitful Vines)
Swills your warm blood like waſh, and makes his trough
In your embowell'd boſoms: This foul *Swine*
Is now even in the Center of this Iſle,
Near to the Town of *Leiceſter*, as we learn:
From *Tamworth* thither, is but one days march.
In Gods name cheerly on, courageous Friends,
To reap the Harveſt of perpetual peace,
By this one bloody tryal of ſharp War.
Oxf. Every mans Conſcience is a thouſand men,
To fight againſt this guilty Homicide.
Her. I doubt not, but his Friends will turn to us.
Blun. He hath no friends, but what are friends for fear,
Which in his deareſt need will fly from him.
Rich. All for our vantage, then in Gods name march,
True hope is ſwift, and flyes with Swallow's wings,
Kings it makes Gods, and meaner Creatures Kings.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter King Richard *in Arms, with* Norfolk, Ratcliff, *and the Earl of* Surrey.

Rich. Here pitch our Tent, even here in *Boſworth-field*;
My Lord of *Surrey*, why look you ſo ſad?
Sur. My heart is ten times lighter than my looks.
Rich. My Lord of *Norfolk*.
Nor. Here, moſt gracious Liege.
Rich. Norfolk, we muſt have knocks:
Ha, muſt we not?
Nor. We muſt both give and take, my loving Lord.
Rich. Up with my Tent, here will I lie to night,
But where to morrow? well, all's one for that.
Who hath deſcried the number of the Traytors?
Nor. Six or ſeven thouſand is their utmoſt power.
Rich. Why our Battalia trebble that account:
Beſides the King's name is a Tower of ſtrength,
Which they upon the adverſe Faction want.
Up with the Tent: Come, Noble Gentlemen,
Let us ſurvey the vantage of the ground.
Call for ſome men of ſound direction:
Let's lack no Diſcipline, make no delay,
For, Lords, to morrow is a buſie day. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Richmond, *Sir* William Brandon, Oxford, *and* Dorſet.

Richm. The weary Sun hath made a Golden ſet,
And by the bright Tract of his fiery Car,
Gives token of a goodly day to morrow.
Sir *William Brandon*, you ſhall bear my Standard:
Give me ſome Ink and Paper in my Tent:
I'le draw the Form and Model of our Battel,
Limit each Leader to his ſeveral Charge,
And part in juſt proportion our ſmall Power.
My Lord of *Oxford*, you Sir *William Brandon*,
And you Sir *Walter Herbert* ſtay with me:
The Earl of *Pembrook* keeps his Regiment;
Good Captain *Blunt*, bear my Good night to him,
And by the ſecond hour in the morning,
Deſire the Earl to ſee me in my Tent:
Yet one thing more, good Captain, do for me:
Where is Lord *Stanly* Quarter'd, do you know?
Blunt. Unleſs I have miſta'ne his Colours much,
(Which well I am aſſur'd I have not done)
His Regiment lies half a mile at leaſt
South, from the mighty power of the King.
Rich. If without peril it be poſſible,
Sweet *Blunt*, make ſome good means to ſpeak with him,
And give him from me this moſt needful Note.
Blunt. Upon my ſelf, my Lord, I'le undertake it,
And ſo God give you quiet reſt to night.
Rich. Good night, good Captain *Blunt*:
Come Gentlemen,
Let us conſult upon to morrows Buſineſs;
Into my Tent, the Dew is raw and cold.
[*They withdraw into the Tent.*

Enter Richard, Ratcliff, Norfolk, *and* Catesby.

Rich. What is't a Clock?
Cat. It's Supper time, my Lord, it's nine a Clock.
King. I will not ſup to night,
Give me ſome Ink and Paper:
What, is my Beaver eaſier than it was?
And all my Armor laid into my Tent?
Cat. It is, my Liege: and all things are in readineſs.
Rich. Good *Norfolk* hye thee to thy charge,
Uſe careful Watch, chuſe truſty Centinels.
Nor. I go, my Lord.
Rich. Stir with the Lark to morrow, gentle *Norfolk*.
Nor. I warrant you, my Lord. [*Exit.*
Rich. Ratcliff.
Rat. My Lord.
Rich. Send out a Purſuivant at Arms
To *Stanly*'s Regiment: bid him bring his power
Before Sun-riſing, leſt his Son *George* fall
Into the blind Cave of eternal night.
Fill me a Bowl of Wine: give me a Watch:
Saddle white *Surrey* for the Field to morrow:
Look that my Staves be ſound, and not too heavy. *Ratcliff.*
Rat. My Lord.
Rich. Saw'ſt the melancholy Lord *Northumberland*?
Rat. Thomas the Earl of *Surrey*, and himſelf,
Much about Cock-ſhut time, from Troop to Troop
Went through the Army, cheering up the Souldiers.
King. So, I am ſatisfied: give me a Bowl of Wine,
I have not that alacrity of Spirit,
Nor cheer of Mind, that I was wont to have.
Set it down. Is Ink and Paper ready?
Rat. It is, my Lord.
Rich. Bid my Guard watch. Leave me.
Ratcliff, about the mid of night come to my Tent,
And help to Arm. Leave me I ſay. [*Exit* Ratcliff.
Enter Derby *to* Richmond *in his Tent.*
Derb. Fortune and Victory ſit on thy Helm.
Richm. All comfort, that the dark night can afford,

Be to thy Perſon, noble Father-in-Law.
Tell me, how fares our Noble Mother?
Der. I, by Attourney, bleſs thee from thy Mother,
Who prays continually for *Richmond*'s good:
So much for that. The ſilent hours ſteal on,
And flaky darkneſs breaks within the Eaſt.
In brief, for ſo the ſeaſon bids us be,
Prepare thy Battel early in the morning,
And put thy Fortune to th' Arbitrement
Of bloody ſtroaks, and mortal ſtaring War:
I, as I may, that which I would, I cannot,
With beſt advantage will deceive the time,
And aid thee in this doubtful ſhock of Armes.
But on thy ſide I may not be too forward,
Leſt being ſeen, thy Brother, tender *George*,
Be executed in his Fathers ſight.
Farewel: the leiſure, and the fearful time
Cuts off the ceremonious Vows of Love,
And ample enterchange of ſweet Diſcourſe,
Which ſo long ſundred Friends ſhould dwell upon:
God give us leiſure for theſe rites of Love.
Once more Adieu, be valiant, and ſpeed well.
Richm. Good Lords, conduct him to his Regiment:
I'le ſtrive, with troubled noiſe, to take a Nap,
Leſt leaden ſlumber poize me down to morrow,
When I ſhould mount with wings of Victory:
Once more, Good night, kind Lords and Gentlemen.
[*Exeunt. Manet* Richmond.
O thou, whoſe Captain I account my ſelf,
Look on my Forces with a gracious Eye:
Put in their hands thy bruſing Irons of wrath,
That they may cruſh down with a heavy fall,
Th' uſurping Helmets of our Adverſaries.
Make us thy Miniſters of Chaſtiſement,
That we may praiſe thee in thy Victory:
To thee I do commend my watchful ſoul,
E're I let fall the windows of mine Eyes:
Sleeping, and waking, oh defend me ſtill. [*Sleeps.*

Enter the Ghoſt of Prince Edward, *Son to* Henry *the Sixth.*

Gh. to Ri. Let me ſit heavy on thy ſoul to morrow:
Think how thou ſtabb'ſt me in the prime of youth
At *Tewksbury*; deſpair therefore, and die.
Ghoſt to Richm. Be cheerful, *Richmond*,
For the wronged Souls
Of Butcher'd Princes fight in thy behalf:
King *Henry*'s iſſue, *Richmond*, comforts thee.

Enter the Ghoſt of Henry *the Sixth.*

Ghoſt. When I was mortal, my Anointed body
By thee was punched full of holes;
Think on the Tower, and me: Deſpair and die.
Henry the Sixth bids thee deſpair, and die.
To Richm. Virtuous and holy, be thou Conqueror.
Harry that propheſied, thou ſhould'ſt be King,
Doth comfort thee in ſleep: live, and flouriſh.
Enter the Ghoſt of Clarence.
Ghoſt. Let me ſit heavy in thy ſoul to morrow.
I that was waſh'd to death in Fulſom Wine:
Poor *Clarence*, by thy guile betray'd to death:
To morrow in the Battel think on me,
And fall thy edgleſs Sword, deſpair and dye.
To Richm. Thou off-ſpring of the Houſe of *Lancaſter*,
The wronged Heirs of *York* do pray for thee,
Good Angels guard thy Battel, live and flouriſh.
Enter the Ghoſts of Rivers, Gray, *and* Vaughan.
Riv. Let me ſit heavy in thy ſoul to morrow,
Rivers, that di'd at *Pomfret*: deſpair, and die.
Gray. Think upon *Gray*, and let thy ſoul deſpair.
Vaugh. Think upon *Vaughan*, and with guilty fear
Let fall thy Lance, deſpair and die.
All to Richm. Awake.
And think our wrongs in *Richard*'s Boſome
Will conquer. Awake, and win the day.
Enter the Ghoſt of Lord Haſtings.
Ghoſt. Bloody and guilty: guilty awake,
And in a bloody Battel end thy days,
Think on Lord *Haſtings*; deſpair, and die.
Ghoſt to Rich. Quiet untroubled ſoul,
Awake, awake:
Arm, fight, and conquer, for fair *Englands* ſake.
Enter the Ghoſts of the two young Princes.
Ghoſts. Dream on thy Couſins
Smother'd in the Tower:
Let us be laid within thy Boſome, *Richard*,
And weigh thee down to ruin, ſhame, and death.
Thy Nephews ſouls bid thee deſpair and die.
Ghoſts to Richm. Sleep *Richmond*,
Sleep in peace, and wake in joy,
Good Angels guard thee from the *Boars* annoy,
Live, and beget a happy race of Kings.
Edward's unhappy Sons do bid thee flouriſh:
Enter the Ghoſt of Anne *his Wife.*
Ghoſt to Rich. Richard, thy Wife,
That wretched *Anne* thy Wife,
That never ſlept a quiet hour with thee,
Now fills thy ſleep with perturbations,
To morrow in the Battel think on me,
And fall thy edgleſs Sword, deſpair and die.
Ghoſt to Richm. Thou quiet Soul,
Sleep thou a quiet ſleep:
Dream of ſucceſs, and happy Victory,
Thy Adverſaries Wife doth pray for thee.
Enter the Ghoſt of Buckingham.
Ghoſt to Rich. The firſt was I,
That help'd thee to the Crown:
The laſt was I, that felt thy Tyranny.
O, in the Battel think on *Buckingham*,
And die in terror of thy guiltineſs.
Dream on, dream on, of bloody deeds and death,
Fainting deſpair; deſpairing yield thy breath.
Ghoſt to Richm. I di'd for hope
E're I could lend thee aid;
But cheer thy heart, and be thou not diſmay'd:
God, and good Angels fight on *Richmond*'s ſide,
And *Richard* fall in height of all his pride.
[Richard *ſtarts out of his Dream.*
Rich. Give me another Horſe, bind up my Wounds:
Have mercy, *Jeſu.* Soft, I did but dream.
O coward Conſcience! how do'ſt thou afflict me?
The Lights burn blew. It is not dead mid-night,
Cold fearful drops ſtand on my trembling fleſh:
What? do I fear my ſelf? There's none elſe by,
Richard loves *Richard*, that is, I am I.
Is there a Murtherer here? No; Yes, I am:
Then flye? what from my ſelf? Great reaſon: why?
Leſt I revenge. What? my ſelf upon my ſelf?
Alack, I love my ſelf. Wherefore? For any good
That I my ſelf have done upon my ſelf?
O no. Alas, I rather hate my ſelf,
For hateful Deeds committed by my ſelf.
I am a Villain: yet I Lye, I am not.
Fool, of thy ſelf ſpeak well: Fool, do not flatter.
My Conſcience hath a thouſand ſeveral Tongues,
And every tongue brings in a ſeveral tale,
And every tale condemns me for a Villain;
Perjury, in the high'ſt Degree,
Murther, ſtern murther, in the dir'ſt degree,
All ſeveral ſins, all us'd in each degree,
Throng all to th' Bar, crying all, Guilty, Guilty,
I ſhall deſpair, there is no Creature loves me;
And if I die, no ſoul ſhall pity me.
Nay, wherefore ſhould they? ſince that I my ſelf
Find in my ſelf no pity to my ſelf.
Methought, the Souls of all that I had murther'd
Came to my Tent, every one did threat

To morrows vengeance on the head of *Richard.*
Enter Ratcliffe.
Rat. My Lord.
King. Who's there ?
Rat. Ratcliſſe, my Lord, 'tis I : the early Village Cock
Hath twice done ſalutation to the morn,
Your Friends are up, and buckle on their Armour.
King. O *Ratcliſſe*, I fear, I fear.
Rat. Nay, good my Lord, be not afraid of ſhadows.
King. By the Apoſtle *Paul*, ſhadows to night
Have ſtruck more terrour to the ſoul of *Richard*,
Than can the ſubſtance of ten thouſand Souldiers
Armed in proof, and led by ſhallow *Richmond.*
'Tis not yet near day. Come, go with me,
Under our Tents; I'le play the Eaves-dropper,
To hear if any man ſhrink from me.
[*Exeunt* Richard *and* Ratcliffe.

Enter the Lords to Richmond *ſitting in his Tent.*

Lords. Good morrow, *Richmond.*
Rich. Cry you mercy, Lords, and watchful Gentlemen,
That you have ta'ne a tardy ſluggard here ?
Lords. How have you ſlept, my Lord ?
Rich. The ſweeteſt ſleep,
And faireſt boading Dreams,
That ever entred in a drowſie head,
Have I ſince your departure had, my Lords.
Methought their Souls, whoſe bodies *Richard* murther'd,
Came to my Tent, and cried on Victory,
I promiſe you my heart is very jocund,
In the remembrance of ſo fair a Dream.
How far into the Morning is it, Lords ?
Lords. Upon the ſtroak of four.
Rich. Why then 'tis time to Arm, and give direction.
His Oration to his Souldiers.
More than I have ſaid, loving Countrymen,
The leiſure and enforcement of the time
Forbids to dwell upon: yet remember this,
God, and our good cauſe, fight upon our ſide,
The Prayers of holy Saints, and wronged Souls,
Like high rear'd Bulwarks, ſtand before our Faces,
(*Richard* except) thoſe whom we fight againſt,
Had rather have us win, than him they follow.
For, what is he they follow ? Truly Gentlemen,
A bloody Tyrant, and a Homicide :
One rais'd in blood, and one in blood eſtabliſh'd ;
One that made means to come by what he hath,
And ſlaughter'd thoſe that were the means to help him :
A baſe foul Stone, made precious by the ſoyl
Of *England*'s Chair, where he is falſely ſet :
One that hath ever been Gods Enemy.
Then if you fight againſt Gods Enemy,
God will in juſtice ward you as his Souldiers.
If you do ſwear to put a Tyrant down,
You ſleep in peace, the Tyrant being ſlain :
If you do fight againſt your Countries Foes,
Your Countries Fat ſhall pay your pains the hire.
If you do fight in ſafeguard of your Wives,
Your Wives ſhall welcome home the Conquerours,
If you do free your Children from the Sword,
Your Childrens Children quits it in your Age.
Then in the name of God and all theſe rights,
Advance your Standards, draw your willing Swords.
For me, the ranſom of my bold attempt,
Shall be this cold Corps on the Earths cold face.
But if I thrive, the gain of my attempt,
The leaſt of you ſhall ſhare his part thereof.
Sound Drums and Trumpets boldly, and chearfully,
God, and Saint *George*, *Richmond*, and Victory.
Enter King Richard, Ratcliff, *and* Catesby.
King. What ſaid *Northumberland*, as touching *Richmond* ?
Rat. That he was never trained up in Arms.
King. He ſaid the truth; and what ſaid *Surrey* then.
Rat. He ſmil'd and ſaid, the better for our purpoſe.
King. He was in the right, and ſo indeed it is.
Tell the Clock there. [*Clock ſtrikes.*
Give me a Kalender, who ſaw the Sun to day ?
Rat. Not I, my Lord.
King. Then he diſdains to ſhine : for, by the Book,
He ſhould have brav'd the Eaſt an hour ago,
A black day will it be to ſome body, *Ratcliſſe.*
Rat. My Lord.
King. The Sun will not be ſeen to day,
The Sky doth frown and lowre upon our Army.
I would theſe dewy Tears were from the Ground.
Not ſhine to day ? why what is that to me
More than to *Richmond*? for the ſelf-ſame Heaven
That frowns on me, looks ſadly upon him.
Enter Norfolk.
Nor. Arm, arm, my Lord, the Foes vaunts in the Field.
King. Come, buſtle, buſtle. Capariſon my Horſe.
Call up Lord *Stanly*, bid him bring his Power,
I will lead forth my Souldiers to the plain,
And thus my Battel ſhall be ordered.
My foreward ſhall be drawn in length,
Conſiſting equally of Horſe and Foot :
Our Archers ſhall be placed in the midſt ;
John Duke of *Norfolk*, *Thomas* Earl of *Surrey*,
Shall have the leading of the Foot and Horſe.
They thus directed, we will follow
In the main Battel, whoſe puiſſance on either ſide
Shall be well wing'd with our cheifeſt Horſe :
This, and Saint *George* to boot.
What think'ſt thou, *Norfolk*?
Nor. A good direction, warlike Soveraign,
This found I on my Tent this Morning,

Jocky *of* Norfolk, *be not ſo bold.*
For Dickon *thy Maſter is bought and ſold.*

King. A thing deviſed by the Enemy.
Go Gentlemen, every Man to his Charge,
Let not our babling Dreams affright our Souls:
For Conſcience is a word that Cowards uſe,
Deviſ'd at firſt to keep the ſtrong in awe,
Our ſtrong Arms be our Conſcience, Swords our Law.
March on, joyn bravely, let us to't pell mell,
If not to Heaven, then hand in hand to Hell.
What ſhall I ſay more than I have inferr'd ?
Remember whom you are to cope withall,
A ſort of Vagabonds, Raſcals, Run-aways,
A ſcum of *Britains*, and baſe Lackey-Peaſants,
Whom their o're-cloyed Countrey vomits forth
To deſperate Adventures, and aſſur'd Deſtruction.
You ſleeping ſafe, they bring you to unreſt :
You having Lands, and bleſt with beauteous Wives,
They would reſtrain the one, diſtain the other.
And who doth lead them, but a paltry Fellow ?
Long kept in *Britain* at our Mothers coſt,
A Milk-ſop, one that never in his Life
Felt ſo much cold, as over ſhooes in Snow :
Let's whip theſe ſtraglers o're the Seas again,
Laſh hence theſe over-weening Rags of *France*,
Theſe famiſh'd Beggars, weary of their lives,
Who (but for dreaming on this fond exploit)
For want of means (poor Rats) had hang'd themſelves.
If we be conquered, let Men conquer us,
And not theſe Baſtard-*Britains*, whom our Fathers
Have in their own Land beaten, bobb'd and thump'd,
And on Record, left them the Heirs of ſhame.
Shall theſe enjoy our Lands ? lie with our Wives ?
Raviſh our Daughters ? [*Drum afar off.*
Heark, I hear their Drum,
Right Gentlemen of *England*, fight boldly, yeomen,
Draw, Archers, draw your Arrows to the head.
Spur your proud Horſes hard, and ride in blood,
Amaze the Welkin with your broken ſtaves.

Enter a Meſſenger.

What ſays Lord *Stanly*, will he bring his Power?
Meſ. My Lord, he doth deny to come.
King. Off with his Son *George*'s Head.
Nor. My Lord, the Enemy is paſt the Marſh:
After the Battel let *George Stanly* dye.
King. A thouſand Hearts are great within my Boſom.
Advance our Standards, ſet upon our Foes,
Our ancient word of Courage, fair Saint *George*,
Inſpire us with the ſpleen of fiery Dragons:
Upon them, Victory ſits on our Helms.

Alarum. Excurſions. Enter Catesby.

Cat. Reſcue, my Lord of *Norfolk*,
Reſcue, Reſcue:
The King enacts more wonders than a Man,
Daring an oppoſite to every danger:
His Horſe is ſlain, and all on foot he fights,
Seeking for *Richmond* in the throat of Death:
Reſcue, fair Lord, or elſe the day is loſt.

Alarums. Enter Richard.

Rich. A Horſe, a Horſe, my Kingdom for a Horſe.
Cat. Withdraw, my Lord, I'le help you to a Horſe.
Rich. Slave, I have ſet my life upon a caſt,
And I will ſtand the hazard of the *Die*:
I think there be ſix *Richmonds* in the Field,
Five have I ſlain to day, inſtead of him.
A Horſe, a Horſe, my Kingdom for a Horſe.

Alarum. Enter Richard *and* Richmond, *they fight*, Richard *is ſlain.*

Retreat, and Flouriſh. Enter Richmond, Derby *bearing the Crown, with divers other Lords.*

Rich. God and your Arms
Be prais'd, Victorious Friends;
This Day is ours, the bloody Dog is dead.
Der. Couragious *Richmond*,
Well haſt thou acquit thee: Loe,
Here theſe long uſurped Royalties,
From the dead Temples of this Bloody Wretch,
Have I pluckt off, to grace thy Brows withal.
Wear it, and make much of it.
Rich. Great God of Heaven, ſay Amen to all.
But tell me, is young *George Stanly* living?
Der. He is, my Lord, and ſafe in *Leiceſter* Town,
Whither (if you pleaſe) we may with-draw us.
Rich. What men of note are ſlain on either ſide?
Der. *John* Duke of *Norfolk*, *Walter* Lord *Ferris*,
Sir *Robert Brakenbury*, and Sir *William Brandon*.
Rich. Inter their Bodies, as become their Births,
Proclaim a Pardon to the Souldiers fled,
That in ſubmiſſion will return to us,
And then, as we have ta'ne the Sacrament,
We will unite the *White Roſe*, and the *Red*.
Smile Heaven upon this fair Conjunction,
That long hath frown'd upon their Enmity:
What Traytor hears me, and ſays not *Amen*?
England hath long been mad, and ſcar'd her ſelf;
The Brother blindly ſhed the Brother's blood;
The Father raſhly ſlaughter'd his own Son;
The Sons, compell'd, been Butchers to the Sire,
All this divided *York* and *Lancaſter*,
Divided in their dire Diviſion.
O now let *Richmond* and *Elizabeth*,
The true Succeeders of each Royal Houſe,
By Gods fair Ordinance, conjoyn together:
And let thy Heirs (God, if thy will be ſo)
Enrich the time to come, with ſmooth'd-fac'd Peace
With ſmiling Plenty, and fair proſperous days.
Abate the edge of Traytors, Gracious Lord,
That would reduce theſe bloody days again,
And make poor *England* weep in ſtreams of Blood.
Let them not live to taſte this Lands encreaſe,
That would with Treaſon, wound this fair Lands peace.
Now Civil wounds are ſtopp'd, Peace lives agen;
That ſhe may long live here, God ſay, Amen. [*Exeunt.*

The Famous HISTORY Of the LIFE of KING HENRY VIII.

The PROLOGUE.

I Come no more to make you laugh ; Things now,
That bear a Weighty, and a Serious Brow,
Sad, high, and working, full of State and Woe ;
Such Noble Scenes, as draw the Eye to flow,
We now preſent. Thoſe that can Pity, here
May (if they think it well) let fall a Tear,
The Subject will deſerve it. Such as give
Their Moey out of hope they may believe,
May here find Truth too. Thoſe that come to ſee
Only a ſhow or two, and ſo agree,
The Play may paſs : If they be ſtill, and willing,
I'le undertake may ſee away their Shilling
Richly in two ſhort hours. Only they
That come to hear a merry, bawdy Play,
A noiſe of Targets : Or to ſee a Fellow
In a long Motley Coat, guarded with Yellow,
Will be deceiv'd : For, gentle Hearers, know
To rank our choſen Truth with ſuch a ſhow
As Fool, and Fight is, beſide forfeiting
Our own Brains, and the Opinion that we bring
To make that only true, we now intend,
Will leave us never an underſtanding Friend.
Therefore, for Goodneſs ſake, and as you are known
The Firſt and Happieſt Hearers of the Town,
Be ſad, as we would make ye. Think ye ſee
The very Perſons of our Noble Story, History
As they were Living : Think you ſee them Great,
And follow'd with the general throng, and ſweat
Of thouſand Friends : then, in a moment, ſee
How ſoon this Mightineſs meets Miſery.
And if you can be merry then, I'le ſay,
A Man may weep upon his Wedding Day.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter the Duke of Norfolk *at one door. At the other, the Duke of* Buckingham, *and the Lord* Aburgavenny.

Buckingham,
GOod morrow, and well met. How have ye done
Since laſt we ſaw y'in *France* ?
Nor. I thank your Grace :
Healthful, and ever ſince a freſh admirer
Of what I ſaw there.
Buck. An untimely Ague
Staid me a Priſoner in my Chamber, when
Thoſe Sons of Glory, thoſe two Lights of Men
Met in the vale of *Arde.*
Nor. 'Twixt *Guynes* and *Arde*,
I was then preſent, ſaw them ſalute on Horſe-back,
Beheld them when they lighted, how they clung
In their Embracement, as they grew together,
Which had they,
What four Thron'd ones could have weigh'd
Such a compounded one?
Buck. All the whole time
I was my Chambers Priſoner.
Nor. Then you loſt
The view of earthly Glory : Men might ſay
Till this time Pomp was ſingle, but now married
To one above it ſelf. Each following day
Became the next days Maſter, till the laſt
Made former Wonders, its. To day the *French*,
All Clinquant all in Gold, like Heathens Gods
Shone down the *Engliſh* ; and to morrow, they
Made *Britain*, *India* : Every man that ſtood,
Shew'd like a Mine. Their Dwarfiſh Pages were
As Cherubins, all gilt : the Madams too,
Not us'd to toyl, did almoſt ſweat to bear
The Pride upon them, that their very labour
Was to them as a Painting. Now this Mask
Was cry'd incomparable ; and th'enſuing night
Made it a Fool, and Beggar. The two Kings
Equal in luſtre, were now beſt, now worſt
As preſence did preſent them : him in Eye,
Still him in praiſe ; and being preſent both,
'Twas ſaid they ſaw but one, and no Diſcerner

Durſt wag his Tongue in cenſure, when theſe Suns
(For ſo they phraſe 'em) by their Heralds challeng'd
The Noble Spirits to Arms, they did perform
Beyond thought's compaſs, that former fabulous Story
Being now ſeen, poſſible enough, got credit
That *Bevis* was believ'd.
Buck. Oh, you go far.
Nor. As I belong to worſhip, and affect
In Honour, Honeſty, the tract of ev'ry thing
Would by a good Diſcourſer loſe ſome life,
Which Actions ſelf was tongue to.
Buck. All was Royal,
To the diſpoſing of it nought rebell'd,
Order gave each thing view. The Office did
Diſtinctly his full Function: who did guide,
I mean who ſet the Body and the Limbs
Of this great ſport together,
As you gueſs?
Nor. Once certes, that promiſes no Element
In ſuch a buſineſs.
Buck. I pray you, who, my Lord?
Nor. All this was ordered by the good Diſcretion
Of the right Reverend Cardinal of *York*.
Buck. The Devil ſpeed him: No mans Pye is freed
From his ambitious Finger. What had he
To do in theſe fierce Vanities? I wonder,
That ſuch a Ketch can with his very Bulk
Take up the Rays oth' Beneſicial Sun;
And keep it from the Earth.
Nor. Surely, Sir,
There's in him ſtuff, that puts him to theſe ends:
For being not propt by Anceſtry, whoſe grace
Chalks Succeſſors their way; nor call'd upon
For high feats done to th' Crown; neither Allied
To eminent Aſſiſtants; but Spider-like
Out of his ſelf-drawing Web. O! gives us note,
The force of his own merit makes his way,
A gift that Heaven gives for him, which buyes
A place next to the King.
Abur. I cannot tell
What Heaven hath given him: let ſome Graver eye
Pierce into that, but I can ſee his Pride
Peep through each part of him: whence has he that,
If not from Hell? the Devil is a Niggard,
Or has given him all before, and he begins
A new Hell in himſelf.
Buck. Why the Devil,
Upon this *French* going out, took he upon him
(Without the privity o'th' King) t'appoint
Who ſhould attend on him? He makes up the File
Of all the Gentry; for the moſt part ſuch
To whom as great a Charge, as little Honour
He meant to lay upon: and his own Letter
The Honourable Board of Council out
Muſt fetch him in, he Papers.
Abur. I do know
Kinſmen of mine, three at the leaſt, that have
By this ſo ſicken'd their Eſtates, that never
They ſhall abound, as formerly.
Buck. O many
Have broke their Backs with laying Mannors on 'em
For this great Journey. What did this Vanity
But miniſter communication of
A moſt poor iſſue.
Nor. Grievingly, I think.
The Peace between the *Frerch* and us not values
The Coſt that did conclude it.
Buck. Every Man,
After the hideous ſtorm that follow'd, was
A thing inſpired, and not conſulting, broke
Into a general Propheſie; That this tempeſt,
Daſhing the Garment of this Peace, aboaded
The ſudden breach on't.
Nor. Which is budded out:
For *France* hath flaw'd the League, and hat h attach'd
Our Merchants goods at *Bourdeaux*.
Abur. Is it therefore
Th' Ambaſſador is ſilenc'd?
Nor. Marry is't.
Abur. A proper Title of Peace, and purchas'd
At a ſuperfluous rate.
Buck. Why all this buſineſs
Our Reverend Cardinal carried.
Nor. Like it your Grace,
The State takes notice of the private difference
Betwixt you, and the Cardinal. I adviſe you
(And take it from a Heart that wiſhes towards your
Honour, and plenteous ſafety) that you read
The Cardinals Malice, and his Potency
Together: To conſider further, that
What his high Hatred would effect, wants not
A Miniſter in his Power. You know his Nature,
That he's revengeful; and I know, his Sword
Hath a ſharp edge: It's long, and't may be ſaid
It reaches far, and where 'twill not extend,
Thither he darts it. Boſome up my counſel,
You'l find it wholeſome. Loe, where comes that Rock
That I adviſe your ſhunning.

Enter Cardinal Wolſey, *the Purſe born before him, certain of the Guard, and two Secretaries with Papers: the Cardinal in his paſſage fixeth his eye on* Buckingham, *and* Buckingham *on him, both full of diſdain.*

Car. The Duke of *Buckingham*'s Surveyor? Ha?
Where's his Examination?
Secr. Here, ſo pleaſe you.
Car. Is he in perſon ready?
Secr. I, an't pleaſe your Grace.
Car. Well, we ſhall then know more, and *Buckingham*
ſhall leſſen his big look.
[*Exeunt Cardinal and his Train.*
Buck. This Butchers Cur is venom'd-mouth'd, and I
Have not the power to muzzle him, therefore beſt
Not wake him in his ſlumber. A Beggars book
Out-worths a Nobles blood.
Wor. What, are you chaf'd?
Ask God for temp'rance, that's th' appliance only
Which your diſeaſe requires.
Buck. I read in's looks
Matter againſt me, and his Eye revil'd
Me as his abject object, at this inſtant
He bores me with ſome trick; He's gone to th' King:
I'le follow, and out-ſtare him.
Nor. Stay, my Lord,
And let your Reaſon with your Choler queſtion
What 'tis you go about: to climbe ſteep hills
Requires ſlow pace at firſt. Anger is like
A full-hot Horſe, who being allow'd his way
Self-mettle tires him: Not a man in *England*
Can adviſe me, like you: Be to your ſelf,
As you would to your Friend.
Buck. I'le to the King,
And, from a mouth of Honour, quite cry down
This *Ipſwich* Fellows inſolence; or proclaim,
There's difference in no perſons.
Norf. Be adviſ'd;
Heat not a Furnace for your Foe ſo hot
That it do ſinge your ſelf. We may out-run
By violent ſwiftneſs, that which we run at;
And loſe by our over-running: know you not,
The Fire, that mounts the Liquor til't run o're,
In ſeeming to augment it, waſtes it: be adviſ'd;
I ſay again, there is no *Engliſh* ſoul
More ſtronger to direct you than your ſelf,
If with the ſap of reaſon you would quench,
Or but allay, the Fire of paſſion.
Buck. Sir,

I am thankful to you, and I'le go along
By your preſcription: but this top-proud Fellow,
Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but
From ſincere motions, by intelligence,
And proofs as clear as Founts in *July*, when
We ſee each grain of Gravel, I do know
To be corrupt and treaſonous.
Norf. Say not, treaſonous.
Buck. To th'King I'le ſay't, and make my vouch as ſtrong
As ſhore of Rock: attend. This holy Fox,
Or Wolf, or both (for he is equal rav'nous
As he is ſubtle, and as prone to miſchief,
As able to perform't) his mind and place
Infecting one another; yea reciprocally,
Only to ſhew his pomp, as well in *France*,
As here at home, ſuggeſts the King our Maſter
To his coſtly Treaty, th'enterview,
That ſwallow'd ſo much treaſure, and like a glaſs
Did break ith' wrenching.
Norf. Faith, and ſo it did.
Buck. Pray give me favour, Sir: This cunning Cardinal
The Articles oth' Combination drew
As himſelf pleas'd: and they were ratifi'd
As he cri'd, Thus let it be, to as much end,
As give a Crutch to th' dead. But our Count-Cardinal
Has done this, and 'tis well: for worthy *Wolſey*,
(Who cannot err) he did it. Now this follows,
(Which, as I take it, is a kind of Puppy
To th'old Dam, Treaſon) *Charles* the Emperour,
Under pretence to ſee the Queen his Aunt,
(For 'twas indeed his Colour, but he came
To whiſper *Wolſey*) here makes viſitation:
His fears were that the Interview betwixt
England and *France*, might through their amity
Breed him ſome prejudice; for from this League
Peep'd harms that menac'd him. He privily
Deals with our Cardinal, and as I trow,
Which I do well; for I am ſure the Emperour
Paid e're he promis'd, whereby his ſuit was granted
E're it was ask'd. But when the way was made,
And pav'd with Gold: the Emperour thus deſir'd,
That he would pleaſe to alter the Kings courſe,
And break the foreſaid Peace. Let the King know
(As ſoon he ſhall by me) that thus the Cardinal
Does buy and ſell his honour as he pleaſes,
And for his own advantage.
Nor. I am ſorry
To hear this of him; and could wiſh you were
Something miſtaken in't.
Buck. No, not a ſyllable:
I do pronounce him in that very ſhape
He ſhall appear in proof.
Enter Brandon, *a Serjeant at Arms before him, and two or three of the Guard.*
Brandon. Your Office, Serjeant: execute it.
Serjeant. Sir,
My Lord the Duke of *Buckingham*, and Earl
Of *Hertford*, *Stafford*, and *Northampton*, I
Arreſt thee of high Treaſon, in the name
Of our moſt Soveraign King.
Buck. Loe you, my Lord,
The net has faln upon me, I ſhall periſh
Under device and practice.
Bran. I am ſorry
To ſee you ta'ne from liberty, to look on
The buſineſs preſent. 'Tis his Highneſs pleaſure
You ſhall to th' Tower.
Buck. It will help me nothing
To plead mine Innocence: for that Dye is on me,
Which makes my whit'ſt part black. The will of Heav'n
Be done in this and all things: I obey.
O my Lord *Aburgany*, Fare you well.
Bra. Nay, he muſt bear you company. The King
Is pleas'd you ſhall to th' Tower till you know,
How he determines further.
Abur. As the Duke ſaid,
The will of Heaven be done, and the Kings pleaſure
By me obey'd.
Bran. Here is a Warrant from
The King, t'attach Lord *Mountacute*, and the Bodies
Of the Dukes Confeſſor, *John de la Car*,
One *Gilbert Peck*, his Counſellour.
Buck. So, ſo;
Theſe are the Limbs o'th' Plot, no more I hope.
Bra. A Monk oth' *Chartreux*.
Buck. O *Michael Hopkins*.
Bra. He.
Buck. My Surveyor is falſe; the o're-great Cardinal
Hath ſhew'd him gold; my Life is ſpann'd already:
I am the ſhadow of poor *Buckingham*;
Whoſe Figure even this inſtant Cloud puts on,
By darkning my clear Sun. My Lords, Farewel. [*Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Cornets. Enter King Henry, *leaning on the Cardinals ſhoulder: the Nobles, and Sir* Thomas Lovel: *the Cardinal places him under the Kings Feet, on his right ſide.*

King. My life it ſelf, and the beſt heart of it,
Thanks you for this great care: I ſtood i'th' level
Of a full-charg'd confederacy, and give thanks
To you that choak'd it. Let be call'd before us
That Gentleman of *Buckinghams*, in perſon,
I'le hear him his Confeſſions juſtifie,
And point by point the Treaſons of his Maſter
He ſhall again relate.

A noiſe, with crying, Room for the Queen, Uſher'd by the Duke of Norfolk. *Enter the Queen,* Norfolk *and* Suffolk: *ſhe kneels. King riſeth from his State, takes her up, kiſſes and placeth her by him.*

Quee. Nay, we muſt longer kneel; I am a Suitor.
King. Ariſe, and take place by us; half your Suit
Never name to us; you have half our power:
The other moiety e're you ask is given;
Repeat your will, and take it.
Quee. Thank your Majeſty.
That you would love your ſelf, and in that love
Not unconſidered leave your Honour, nor
The dignity of your Office, is the point
Of my Petition.
King. Lady mine, proceed.
Quee. I am ſolicited not by a few,
And thoſe of true condition, That your Subjects
Are in great grievance: There have been Commiſſions
Sent down among 'em, which have flaw'd the heart
Of all their Loyalties; wherein, although,
My good Lord Cardinal, they vent reproaches
Moſt bitterly on yon, as putter on
Of theſe exactions, yet the King, our Maſter,
Whoſe honour heaven ſhield from Soil, even he eſcapes not
Language unmannerly: yea, ſuch which breaks
The ſides of Loyalty, and almoſt appears
In loud Rebellion.
Norf. Not almoſt appears,
It doth appear: for, upon theſe Taxations,
The *Clothiers* all, not able to maintain
The many to them 'longing, have put off
The *Spinſters*, *Carders*, *Fullers*, *Weavers*, who,
Unfit for other life, compell'd by hunger,
And lack of other means, in deſperate manner,
Daring th' event to th' teeth, are all in uproar,
And danger ſerves among them.
King. Taxation?

Wherein? and what Taxation? My Lord Cardinal,
You that are blam'd for it alike with us,
Know you of this Taxation?
Card. Pleaſe you, Sir,
I know but of a ſingle part in ought
Pertains to th' State, and front but in that file
Where others tell ſteps with me.
Quee. No, my Lord,
You know no more than others: But you frame
Things that are known alike, which are not wholſome
To thoſe which would not know them, and yet muſt
Perforce be their acquaintance. Theſe exactions
(Whereof my Soveraign would have note) they are
Moſt peſtilent to th' hearing, and to bear 'em,
The Back is ſacrifice to th' load; They ſay,
They are deviſ'd by you, or elſe you ſuffer
Too hard an exclamation.
King. Still, Exaction!
The nature of it, in what kind, let's know,
Is this Exaction?
Quee. I am much too venturous
In tempting of your patience, but am boldned
Under your promis'd pardon. The Subjects grief
Comes through Commiſſions, which compels from each
The ſixth part of his ſubſtance, to be levied
Without delay; and the pretence for this
Is nam'd, your Wars in *France*: this makes bold mouths,
Tongues ſpit their duties out, and cold hearts freeze
Allegiance in them; their Curſes now
Live where their Prayers did: and it's come to paſs,
This tractable obedience is a ſlave
To each incenſed Will: I would your Highneſs
Would give it quick conſideration; for
There is no primer baſeneſs.
King. By my Life,
This is againſt our pleaſure.
Card. And for me,
I have no further gone in this, than by
A ſingle voice, and that not paſt me, but
By learned approbation of the Judges: if I am
Traduc'd by ignorant Tongues, which neither know
My faculties nor perſon, yet will be
The Chronicles of my doing: Let me ſay,
'Tis but the fate of Place, and the rough Brake
That Virtue muſt go through; we muſt not ſtint
Our neceſſary actions, in the fear
To cope malicious Cenſurers, which ever,
As rav'nous Fiſhes, do a Veſſel follow
That is new trimm'd; but benefit no further
Than vainly longing. What we oft do beſt,
By ſick interpreters (once weak ones) is
Not ours, or not allow'd; what worſt, as oft
Hitting a groſſer quality, is cry'd up
For our beſt Act: if we ſtand ſtill,
In fear our motion will be mock'd or carp'd at,
We ſhould take root here where we ſit;
Or ſit State-Statues only.
King. Things done well,
And with a care, exempt themſelves from fear.
Things done without example, in their iſſue
Are to be fear'd. Have you a Preſident
Of this Commiſſion? I believe not any.
We muſt not rend our Subjects from our Laws,
And ſtick them in our Will. Sixth part of each?
A trembling Contribution: why we take
From every tree, lop, bark, and part oth' timber:
And though we leave it with a root thus hackt,
The Air will drink the Sap. To every County
Where this is queſtion'd, ſend our Letters, with
Free pardon to each man that has deny'd
The Force of this Commiſſion: pray look to't
I put it to your care.
Card. A word with you.
Let there be Letters writ to every Shire
Of the Kings Grace and Pardon: the grieved Commons
Hardly conceive of me. Let it be nois'd,
That through our Interceſſion, this Revokement
And Pardon comes: I ſhall anon adviſe you
Further in the proceeding. [*Exit Secret.*

Enter Surveyor.

Quee. I am ſorry, that the Duke of *Buckingham*
Is run in your diſpleaſure.
King. It grieves many:
The Gentleman is Learn'd, and a moſt rare Speaker,
To Nature none more bound, his training ſuch,
That he may furniſh and inſtruct great Teachers,
And never ſeek for aid out of himſelf: yet ſee,
When theſe ſo Noble benefits ſhall prove
Not well diſpos'd, the mind growing once corrupt
They turn to vicious forms, ten times more ugly
Than ever they were fair. This man ſo compleat,
Who was enroll'd 'mongſt wonders; and when we
Almoſt with raviſht liſtning, could not find
His hour of ſpeech, a minute: He, (my Lady)
Hath into monſtrous habits put the Graces
That once were his, and is become as black,
As if beſmear'd in Hell. Sit by Us, and you ſhall hear
(This was his Gentleman in truſt) of him
Things to ſtrike Honour ſad. Bid him recount
The fore-recited practices, whereof
We cannot feel too little, hear too much.
Card. Stand forth, and with bold ſpirit relate, what you
Moſt like a careful Subject have collected
Out of the Duke of *Buckingham.*
King. Speak freely.
Surv. Firſt, it was uſual with him every day
It would infect his Speech, That if the King
Should without iſſue dye, hee'l carry it ſo
To make the Scepter, his. Theſe very words
I've heard him utter to his Son in Law,
Lord *Aburgany*, to whom by Oath he menac'd
Revenge upon the *Cardinal.*
Card. Pleaſe your Highneſs, note
This dangerous conception in this point,
Not friended by his wiſh to your High perſon;
His will is moſt malignant, and it ſtretches
Beyond you to your Friends.
Quee. My learned Lord *Cardinal*,
Deliver all with Charity.
King. Speak on;
How grounded he his Title to the Crown
Upon our fail; to this point haſt thou heard him,
At any time ſpeak ought?
Surv. He was brought to this,
By a vain Propheſie of *Nicholas Henton.*
King. What was that *Henton?*
Surv. Sir, a *Chartreux* Fryer,
His Confeſſor, who fed him every minute
With words of Soveraignty.
King. How know'ſt thou this?
Sur. Not long before your highneſs ſped to *France*,
The Duke being at the Roſe, within the Pariſh
Saint *Lawrence Poultney*, did of me demand
What was the ſpeech among the *Londoners*
Concerning the *French* Journey. I reply'd,
Men fear the *French* would prove perfidious
To the King's danger: preſently, the Duke
Said, 'twas the fear indeed, and that he doubted
'Twould prove the verity of certain words
Spoke by a holy Monk, that oft, ſays he,
Hath ſent to me, wiſhing me to permit
John de la Car, my Chaplain, a choice hour
To hear from him a matter of ſome moment:
Whom after under the Commiſſions Seal,
He ſolemnly had ſworn, that what he ſpoke
My Chaplain to no Creature living, but
To me, ſhould utter, with demure Confidence,
Thus pawſingly enſu'd; Neither the King nor's Heirs

(Tell you the Duke) ſhall proſper, bid him ſtrive
To gain the love o'th' Commonalty, the Duke
Shall govern *England.*
Queen. If I know you well,
You were the Duke's Surveyor, and loſt your Office
On the complaint o'th' Tenants; take good heed
You charge not in your ſpleen a Noble Perſon,
And ſpoil your Noble Soul; I ſay, take heed;
Yes, heartily I beſeech you.
King. Let him on. Go forward.
Sur. On my Soul, I'le ſpeak but truth.
I told my Lord the Duke, by th' Devils illuſions
The Monk might be deceiv'd, and that 'twas dangerous
For this to ruminate on this ſo far, until
It forg'd him ſome deſign, which, being believ'd,
It was much like to do: He anſwer'd, Tuſh,
It can do me no dammage; adding further,
That had the King in his laſt ſickneſs fail'd,
The Cardinal's, and Sir *Thomas Lovell*'s Heads
Should have gone off.
King. Ha? What, ſo rank? Ah, ha,
There's miſchief in this man; canſt thou ſay further?
Sur. I can, my Liege.
King. Proceed.
Sur. Being at *Greenwich*,
After your Highneſs had reprov'd the Duke
About Sir *William Blumer.*
Ki. I remember of ſuch a time, being my ſworn ſervant,
The Duke retain'd him, his. But on: what hence?
Sur. If (quoth he) I for this deed had been committed,
As to the Tower, I thought; I would have plaid
The Part my Father meant to act upon
Th' Uſurper *Richard*, who being at *Salisbury*,
Made ſuit to come in's preſence; which, if granted,
(As he made ſemblance of his duty) would
Have put his Knife into him.
King. A Gyant Traytor.
Card. Now, Madam, may his Highneſs live in freedom,
And this Man out of Priſon.
Queen. God mend all.
King. There's ſomething more would out of thee; what (ſay'ſt?
Sur. After the Duke his Father, with the Knife
He ſtretch'd him, and with one hand on his Dagger,
Another ſpread on's Breaſt, mounting his Eyes,
He did diſcharge a horrible Oath, whoſe tenour
Was, were he evil us'd, he would out-go
His Father, by as much as a performance
Do's an irreſolute purpoſe.
King. There's his period,
To ſheath his Knife in us: he is attach'd,
Call him to preſent Tryal: if he may
Find Mercy in the Law, 'tis his; if none,
Let him not ſeek't of us: By day and night
He's Traytor to th' height. [*Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter L. Chamberlain, and L. Sandys.

L. Ch. Is't poſſible the ſpells of *France* ſhould juggle
Men into ſuch ſtrange Myſteries?
L. San. New Cuſtoms,
Though they be never ſo ridiculous,
(Nay let 'em be unmanly) yet are follow'd.
L. Ch. As far as I ſee, all the good our *Engliſh*
Have got by the late Voyage, is but meerly
A fit or two o'th' Face, (but they are ſhrew'd ones)
For when they hold 'em, you would ſwear directly
Their very Noſes had been Counſellors
To *Pepin* or *Clotharius*, they keep State ſo.
L. San. They have all new Legs,
And lame ones; one would take it,
That never ſee 'em pace before, the Spaven
A Spring-halt-reign'd among 'em.
L. Ch. Death, my Lord,
Their Cloaths are after ſuch a Pagan cut too,
That ſure th'have worn out Chriſtendom, how now?
What news, Sir *Thomas Lovell*?
Enter Sir Thomas Lovell.
Lovell. Faith my Lord,
I hear of none, but the new Proclamation,
That's clapt upon the Court Gate.
L. Cham. What is't for?
Lov. The Reformation of our travell'd Gallants,
That fill the Court with Quarrels, Talk, and Taylors.
L. Cham. I'm glad 'tis there;
Now I would pray our Monſieurs
To think an *Engliſh* Courtier may be wiſe,
And never ſee the *Lovure.*
Lov. They muſt either
(For ſo run the Conditions) leave thoſe remnants
Of Fool and Feather, that they got in *France*,
With all their honourable points of ignorance
Pertaining thereunto, as Fights and Fire-works,
Abuſing better men than they can be
Out of a foreign Wiſdom, renouncing clean
The faith they have in Tennis and tall Stockings,
Short bolſtred Breeches, and thoſe types of Travel;
And underſtand again like honeſt men;
Or pack to their old Play-fellows, there I take it,
They may *Cum Privilegio* wear away
The Lag-end of their lewdneſs, and be laugh'd at.
L. San. 'Tis time to give them Phyſick, their diſeaſes
Are grown ſo catching.
L. Cham. What a loſs our Ladies
Will have of theſe trim vanities?
Lovel. I marry,
There will be woe indeed, Lords, the ſly whoreſons
Have got a ſpeeding trick to lay down Ladies.
A *French* Song, and a Fiddle, has no Fellow.
L. San. The Devil fiddle 'em;
I am glad they are going,
For ſure there's no converting 'em: now
An honeſt Country Lord, as I am, beaten
A long time out of play, may bring his plain Song,
And have an hour of hearing, and by'r Lady
Held currant Muſick too.
L. Cham. Well ſaid, Lord *Sands*,
Your Colts tooth is not caſt yet?
L. San. No, my Lord,
Nor ſhall not, while I have a ſtump.
L. Cham. Sir *Thomas*,
Whither were you a going?
Lov. To the Cardinals;
Your Lordſhip is a gueſt too.
L. Cham. O, 'tis true;
This Night he makes a Supper, and a great one,
To many Lords and Ladies; there will be
The Beauty of this Kingdom, I'le aſſure you.
Lov. That Churchman
Bears a bounteous mind indeed;
A hand as fruitful as the Land that feeds us,
His dews fall every where.
L. Cham. No doubt, he's Noble;
He had a black Mouth that ſaid other of him.
L. San. He may, my Lord,
Ha's wherewithall in him;
Sparing would ſhew a worſe ſin, than ill Doctrine.
Men of his way ſhould be moſt liberal,
They are ſet here for Examples.
L. Cham. True, they are ſo;
But few now give ſo great ones:
My Barge ſtays;
Your Lordſhip ſhall along: Come, good Sir *Thomas*,
We ſhall be late elſe, which I would not be,
For I was ſpoke to, with Sir *Henry Guilford*

This night to be Comptrollers.
L. San. I am your Lordſhips. [*Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Hoboys. A ſmall Table under a State for the Cardinal, a longer Table for the Gueſts. Then enter Anne Bullen, *and divers other Ladies and Gentlemen, as Gueſts at one door; at another door enter Sir* Henry Guilford.

S. Hen. Guilf. Ladies,
A general welcome from his Grace
Salutes ye all: This night he Dedicates
To fair content, and you: None here he hopes
In all this Noble Bevy, has brought with her
One care abroad: he would have all as merry,
As firſt good Company, good Wine, good Welcome,
Can make good People.

Enter L. Chamberlain, L. Sands, *and* Lovel.

O my Lord, y'are tardy;
The very thought of this fair Company,
Clapt wings to me.
Cham. You are young, Sir *Harry Guilford.*
San. Sir *Thomas Lovel,* had the Cardinal
But half my Lay-thoughts in him, ſome of theſe
Should find a running Banquet, e're they reſted,
I think would better pleaſe 'em: by my life,
They are a ſweet Society of fair ones.
Lov. O that your Lordſhip were but now Confeſſor
To one or two of theſe.
San. I would I were,
They ſhould find eaſie penance.
Lov. Faith, how eaſie?
San. As eaſie as a down Bed would afford it.
Cham. Sweet Ladies, will it pleaſe you ſit; Sir *Harry,*
Place you that ſide, I'le take the charge of this:
His Grace is entring, nay you muſt not freeze,
Two Women plac'd together makes cold weather:
My Lord *Sands,* you are one will keep 'em waking:
Pray ſit between theſe Ladies.
San. By my Faith,
And thank your Lordſhip: by your leave, ſweet Ladies,
If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me:
I had it from my Father.
An. Bul. Was he mad, Sir?
San. O very mad, exceeding mad, in love too;
But he would bite none, juſt as I do now,
He would kiſs you twenty with a breath.
Cham. Well ſaid, my Lord:
So now y'are fairly ſeated: Gentlemen,
The penance lies on you; if theſe fair Ladies
Paſs away frowning.
San. For my little Cure,
Let me alone.

Hoboys. Enter Cardinal Wolſey, *and takes his State.*

Card. Y'are welcome, my fair Gueſts; that noble Lady
Or Gentleman that is not freely merry
Is not my Friend. This to confirm my welcome,
And to you all good health.
San. Your Grace is Noble,
Let me have ſuch a Bowl may hold my thanks,
And ſave me ſo much talking.
Card. My Lord *Sands,*
I am beholding to you: cheer your Neighbour:
Ladies, you are not merry; Gentlemen,
Whoſe fault is this?
San. The red Wine firſt muſt riſe
In their fair Cheeks, my Lord, then we ſhall have 'em
Talk us to ſilence.
An. Bul. You are a merry Gamſter,
My Lord *Sands.*
San. Yes, if I make my play:
Here's to your Ladiſhip, and pledge it, Madam:
For 'tis to ſuch a thing.
An. Bul. You cannot ſhew me.
Drum and Trumpets, Chambers diſcharged.
San. I told your Grace, they would talk anon.
Card. What's that?
Cham. Look out there, ſome of ye.
Car. What warlike voice,
And to what end is this? Nay, Ladies, fear not;
By all the Laws of War y'are priviledg'd.
Enter a Servant.
Cham. How now, what is't?
Serv. A noble troop of Strangers,
For ſo they ſeem; they have left their Barge and Landed,
And hither make, as great Embaſſadors
From foreign Princes.
Card. Good Lord Chamberlain,
Go, give 'em welcome; you can ſpeak the French-tongue,
And pray receive 'em Nobly, and conduct 'em
Into our preſence, where this Heaven of beauty
Shall ſhine at full upon them. Some attend him.
All ariſe, and Tables removed.
You have now a broken Banquet, but we'll mend it.
A good diſgeſtion to you all; and once more
I ſhowre a welcome on ye: welcome all.

Hoboys. Enter King and Others as Maskers, habited like Shepherds, uſher'd by the Lord Chamberlain. They paſs directly before the Cardinal, and gratefully ſalute him.

A Noble Company: what are their pleaſures?
Cham. Becauſe they ſpeak no *Engliſh,* thus they pray'd
To tell your Grace, that having heard by fame
Of this ſo noble and ſo fair Aſſembly,
This night to meet here, they could do no leſs,
(Out of the great reſpect they bear to beauty)
But leave their Flocks, and under your fair conduct
Crave leave to view theſe Ladies, and entreat
An hour of Revels with 'em.
Card. Say, Lord *Chamberlain,*
They have done my poor houſe Grace:
For which I pay 'em a thouſand thanks,
And pray 'em take their pleaſures.
Chooſe Ladies, King and Anne Bullen.
King. The faireſt hand I ever touch'd: O Beauty,
Till now I never knew thee.
Muſick, Dance.
Card. My Lord.
Cham. Your Grace.
Card. Pray tell 'em thus much from me:
There ſhould be one amongſt 'em by his perſon
More worthy this place than my ſelf, to whom
(If I but knew him) with my love and duty
I would ſurrender it. [*Whiſper.*
Cham. I will, my Lord.
Card. What ſay they?
Cham. Such a one, they all confeſs
There is indeed, which they would have your Grace
Find out, and he will take it.
Card. Let me ſee then,
By all your good leaves, Gentlemen, here I'le make
My royal choice.
King. Ye have found him Cardinal,
You hold a fair Aſſembly, you do well, Lord.
You are a Church-man, or I'le tell you, Cardinal,
I ſhould judge now unhappily.
Card. I am glad
Your Grace is grown ſo pleaſant.
King. My Lord Chamberlain,

Prithee come hither, what fair Lady's that?
Cham. An't pleaſe your Grace,
Sir *Thomas Bullen*'s Daughter, the Viſcount *Rochford*,
One of her Highneſſes Women.
King. By Heaven ſhe is a dainty one; Sweet heart,
I were unmannerly to take you out,
And not to kiſs you. A health Gentlemen,
Let it go round.
Card. Sir *Thomas Lovel*, is the Banquet ready
Ith' Privy Chamber?
Lov. Yes, my Lord.
Card. Your Grace,
I fear, with dancing is a little heated.
King. I fear too much.
Card. There's freſh Air, my Lord,
In the next Chamber.
King. Lead in your Ladies every one: Sweet Partner
I muſt not yet forſake you: let's be merry,
Good my Lord Cardinal: I have half a dozen Healths
To drink to theſe fair Ladies, and a meaſure
To lead 'em once again, and then let's dream
Who's beſt in favour. Let the Muſick knock it.
[*Exeunt with Trumpets*

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter two Gentlemen at ſeveral doors.

1. Whither away ſo faſt?
2. O, God ſave ye:
Even to the Hall, to hear what ſhall become
Of the great Duke of *Bukingham.*
1. I'le ſave you
That labour, Sir. All's now done, but the Ceremony
Of bringing back the Priſoner.
2. Were you there?
1. Yes indeed was I.
2. Pray ſpeak what has hapned.
1. You may gueſs quickly what.
2. Is he found guilty?
1. Yes truly is he,
And condemn'd upon't.
2. I am ſorry for't.
1. So are a number more.
2. But pray how paſt it?
1. I'le tell you in a little. The great Duke
Came to the Bar; where, to his accuſations
He pleaded ſtill Not guilty, and alledged
Many ſharp reaſons to defeat the Law.
The King's Atturney, on the contrary,
Urg'd on the Examinations, Proofs, Confeſſions
Of divers witneſſes, which the Duke deſir'd
To have brought *viva voce* to his Face;
At which appear'd againſt him, his Surveyor,
Sir *Gilbert Pecke* his Chancellor, and *John Car*
Confeſſor to him, with that Devil Monk,
Hopkins, that made this miſchief.
2. That was he,
That fed him with his Prophecies.
1. The ſame,
All theſe accus'd him ſtrongly, which he fain
Would have flung from him; but indeed he could not;
And ſo his Peers upon this Evidence,
Have found him guilty of high Treaſon. Much
He ſpoke, and learnedly for life: but all
Was either pitied in him, or forgotten.
2. After all this, how did he bear himſelf?
1. When he was brought agen to th' Bar, to hear
His Knell-rung out, his Judgment, he was ſtirr'd
With ſuch an Agony, he ſweat extreamly,
And ſomething ſpoke in choler, ill and haſty;
But he fell to himſelf again, and ſweetly
In all the reſt ſhew'd a moſt noble patience.
2. I do not think he fears death.
1. Sure he does not,
He never was ſo womaniſh, the cauſe
He may a little grieve at.
2. Certainly,
The Cardinal is the end of this.
1. 'Tis likely,
By all conjectures: Firſt *Kildare's* Attaindure,
Then Deputy of *Ireland*, who remov'd,
Earl *Surrey* was ſent thither, and in haſt too,
Leſt he ſhould help his Father.
2. That trick of State
Was a deep envious one.
1. At his return,
No doubt he will requite it; this is noted
(And generally) who ever the King favours,
The Cardinal inſtantly will find employment for,
And far enough from Court too.
2. All the Commons
Hate him perniciouſly, and O' my Conſcience,
Wiſh him ten fathom deep: This Duke as much
They love and doat on, call him Bounteous *Buckingham*,
The Mirror of all courteſie.

Enter Buckingham *from his Arraignment. Tipſtaves before him, the Ax with the edge towards him, Halberds on each ſide, accompanied with Sir* Thomas Lovel, *Sir* Nicholas Vaux, Walter Sands, *and Common people*, &c.

1. Stay there, Sir,
And ſee the Noble ruin'd man you ſpeak of.
2. Let's ſtand cloſe and behold him.
Buck. All good people,
You that thus have come to pity me;
Hear what I ſay, and then go home and loſe me.
I have this day receiv'd a Traytors Judgment,
And by that name muſt die; yet Heaven bear witneſs,
And if I have a Conſcience, let it ſink me,
Even as the Ax falls, if I be not faithful.
To th' Law I bear no malice for my death,
'T has done upon the premiſes, but Juſtice:
But thoſe that ſought it, I could wiſh more Chriſtians:
(Be what they will) I heartily forgive 'em;
Yet let 'em look they glory not in miſchief,
Nor build their evils on the Graves of great men;
For then, my guiltleſs blood muſt cry againſt 'em.
For further life in this world I ne're hope,
Nor will I ſue, although the King have mercies
More than I dare make faults.
You few that lov'd me,
And dare be bold to weep for *Buckingham*,
His Noble Friends and Fellows, whom to leave
Is onely bitter to him, onely dying:
Go with me like good Angels to my end,
And as the long divorce of Steel falls on me,
Make of your Prayers one ſweet Sacrifice,
And lift my Soul to Heaven.
Lead on a Gods name.
Lov. I do beſeech your Grace for Charity,
If ever any malice in your heart
Were hid againſt me, now to forgive me frankly.
Buck. Sir *Thomas Lovel*, I as free forgive you
As I would be forgiven: I forgive all.
There cannot be thoſe numberleſs offences
'Gainſt me, that I cannot take peace with:
No black envy ſhall make my Grave.
Commend me to his Grace:
And if he ſpeak of *Buckingham*, pray tell him,
You met him half in Heaven: my vows and prayers
Yet are the Kings; and till my Soul forſake me,
Shall cry for bleſſings on him. May he live
Longer than I have time to tell his years;

Ever belov'd and loving may his Rule be;
And when old time ſhall lead him to his end,
Goodneſs and he fill up one Monument.
Lov. To th' Water-ſide I muſt conduct your Grace,
Then give my Charge up to Sir *Nicholas Vaux*,
Who undertakes you to your end.
Vaux. Prepare there,
The Duke is coming: See the Barge be ready,
And fit it with ſuch furniture as ſuits
The greatneſs of his Perſon.
Buck. Nay, Sir *Nicholas*,
Let it alone; my State now will but mock me.
When I came hither, I was Lord High Conſtable,
And Duke of *Buckingham*; now, poor *Edward Bohun*;
Yet I am richer than my baſe Accuſers,
That never knew what Truth meant: I now ſeal it;
And with that blood will make 'em one day groan for't.
My Noble Father, *Henry* of *Buckingham*,
Who firſt rais'd head againſt Uſurping *Richard*,
Flying for ſuccour to his Servant *Baniſter*,
Being diſtreſt, was by that wretch betray'd,
And without Tryal, fell; Gods peace be with him.
Henry the Seventh ſucceeding, truly pitying
My Fathers loſs, like a moſt Royal Prince
Reſtor'd me to my Honours: and out of ruines
Made my Name once more Noble. Now his Son,
Henry the Eighth, Life, Honour, Name, and all
That made me happy, at one ſtroke has taken
For ever from the World. I had my Tryal,
And muſt needs ſay, a Noble one; which makes me
A little happier than my wretched Father:
Yet thus far are we one in Fortunes, both
Fell by our Servants, by thoſe men we lov'd moſt:
A moſt unnatural and faithleſs Service.
Heaven has an end in all: yet, you that hear me,
This from a dying man receive as certain:
Where you are liberal of your loves and Counſels,
Be ſure you be not looſe; for thoſe you make friends,
And give your hearts to, when they once perceive
The leaſt rub in your fortunes, fall away
Like Water from ye, never found again
But where they mean to ſink ye: all good People
Pray for me, I muſt now forſake ye; the laſt hour
Of my long weary life is come upon me:
Farewel; and when you would ſay ſomething that is ſad,
Speak how I fell.
I have done; and God forgive me.
[*Exeunt Duke and Train.*
1. O, this is full of pity; Sir, it calls,
I fear, too many curſes on their Heads,
That were the Authors.
2. If the Duke be guiltleſs,
'Tis full of woe: yet I can give you inckling
Of an enſuing evil, if it fall,
Greater than this.
1. Good Angels keep it from us:
What may it be? you do not doubt my faith, Sir?
2. This Secret is ſo weighty, 'twill require
A ſtrong faith to conceal it.
1. Let me have it;
I do not talk much.
2. I am confident;
You ſhall, Sir: Did you not of late days hear
A buzzing of a Separation
Between the King and *Katharine*?
1. Yes, but it held not;
For when the King once heard it, out of anger
He ſent command to the Lord Mayor ſtraight
To ſtop the rumour, and allay the tongues
That durſt diſperſe it.
2. But that ſlander, Sir,
Is a ſound truth now: for it grows agen
Freſher than e're it was, and held for certain
The King will venture at it. Either the Cardinal,
Or ſome about him near, have, out of malice
To the good Queen, poſſeſt him with a ſcruple
That will undo her: To confirm this too,
Cardinal *Campeius* is arriv'd, and lately,
As all think, for this buſineſs.
1. 'Tis the Cardinal;
And meerly to revenge him on the Emperour,
For not beſtowing on him, at his asking,
The Arch-Biſhoprick of *Toledo*, this is purpos'd.
2. I think
You have hit the mark; but is't not cruel,
That ſhe ſhould feel the ſmart of this? the Cardinal
Will have his will, and ſhe muſt fall.
1. 'Tis woful.
We are too open here to argue this:
Let's think in Private more.
[*Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Lord Chamberlain, reading this Letter.

My Lord, the Horſes, your Lordſhip ſent for, with all the care I had, I ſaw well choſen, ridden, and furniſh'd. They were young and handſome, and of the beſt Breed in the North. When they were ready to ſet out for London, *a Man of my Lord Cardinals, by Commiſſion, and main power took 'em from me, with this reaſon: His Maſter would be ſerv'd before a Subject, if not before the King, which ſtopp'd our Mouths, Sir.*

I fear, he will indeed; well, let him have them; he will have all I think.

Enter to the Lord Chamberlain, the Dukes of Norfolk *and* Suffolk.

Norf. Well met, my Lord *Chamberlain*.
Cham. Good day to both your Graces.
Suf. How is the King employ'd?
Cham. I left him private,
Full of ſad thoughts and troubles.
Norf. What's the cauſe?
Cham. It ſeems the Marriage with his Brothers Wife
Has crept too near his Conſcience.
Suf. No, his Conſcience
Has crept too near another Lady.
Norf. 'Tis ſo;
This is the Cardinals doing: the King-Cardinal,
That blind Prieſt, like the eldeſt Son of Fortune,
Turns what he liſt. The King will know him one day.
Suf. Pray God he do,
He'll never know himſelf elſe.
Norf. How holily he works in all his buſineſs,
And with what zeal? For now he has crackt the League
Between us and the Emperor (the Queens great Nephew)
He dives into the Kings Soul, and there ſcatters
Dangers, Doubts, wringing of the Conſcience,
Fears, and Deſpairs, and all theſe for his Marriage.
And out of all theſe, to reſtore the King,
He counſels a Divorce, a loſs of her,
That like a Jewel, has hung twenty years
About his neck, yet never loſt her luſtre;
Of her that loves him with that excellence,
That Angels love good men with: even of her,
That, when the greateſt ſtroke of Fortune falls,
Will bleſs the King: and is not this courſe pious?
Cham. Heaven keep me from ſuch counſel: 'tis moſt true,
Theſe news are every where, every tongue ſpeaks 'em,
And every true heart weeps for't. All that dare
Look into theſe affairs, ſee his main end,
The *French* Kings Siſter. Heaven will one day open
The Kings Eyes, that ſo long have ſlept upon
This bold bad man.

Suff. And free us from his ſlavery.
Norf. We had need pray,
And heartily, for our deliverance;
Or this Imperious man will work us all
From Princes into Pages: all mens Honours
Lie like one lump before him, to be faſhion'd
Into what pitch he pleaſe.
Suff. For me, my Lords,
I love him not, nor fear him, there's my Creed:
As I am made without him, ſo I'le ſtand,
If the King pleaſe: his Curſes and his Bleſſings
Touch me alike: th' are breath I not believe in.
I knew him, and I know him: ſo I leave him
To him that made him proud, the Pope.
Norf. Let's in;
And with ſome other buſineſs, put the King
From theſe ſad thoughts, that work too much upon him;
My Lord, you'l bear us company?
Cham. Excuſe me,
The King has ſent me other-where: Beſides
You'l find a moſt unfit time to diſturb him:
Health to your Lordſhips.
Norf. Thanks, my good Lord Chamberlain.

Exit Lord Chamberlain, and the King draws the Curtain, and ſits reading penſively.

Suff. How ſad he looks; ſure he is much afflicted.
King. Who's there? Ha?
Norf. Pray God, he be not angry.
King. Who's there I ſay? how dare you thruſt your ſelves
Into my private Meditations?
Who am I? ha?
Norf. A gracious King, that pardons all offences
Malice ne're meant: Our breach of Duty this way,
Is buſineſs of Eſtate; in which, we come
To know your Royal pleaſure.
King. Ye are too bold:
Go too; I'le make ye know your times of buſineſs:
Is this an hour for temporal Affairs? ha?

Enter Wolſey *and* Campeius *with a Commiſſion.*

Who's there? my good Lord Cardinal? O my *Wolſey*,
The quiet of my wounded Conſcience;
Thou art a cure fit for the King; you're welcome,
Moſt Learned Reverend Sir, into our Kingdom,
Uſe us, and it: my good Lord, have great care,
I be not found a Talker.
Wol. Sir, you cannot:
I would your Grace would give us but an hour
Of private conference.
King. We are buſie; go.
Norf. This Prieſt has no pride in him?
Suff. Not to ſpeak of:
I would not be ſo ſick, though for his place:
But this cannot continue.
Norf. If it do, I'le venture one heave at him.
Suff. I another. [*Exeunt* Norfolk *and* Suffolk.
Wol. Your Grace has given a Precedent of Wiſdom
Above all Princes, in committing freely
Your ſcruple to the voice of Chriſtendom:
Who can be angry now? what Envy reach you?
The *Spaniard*, ty'd by blood and favour to her,
Muſt now confeſs, if they have any goodneſs,
The Trial juſt and noble. All the Clerks,
(I mean the learned ones in Chriſtian Kingdoms)
Have their free voices. *Rome* (the Nurſe of Judgment,)
Invited by your Noble ſelf hath ſent
One general Tongue unto us, this good man,
This juſt and learned Prieſt, Cardinal *Campeius*,
Whom once more I preſent unto your Highneſs.
King. And once more in mine arms I bid him welcome,
And thank the holy Conclave for their Loves,
They have ſent me ſuch a Man I would have wiſh'd for.
Cam. Your Grace muſt needs deſerve all Strangers loves,
You are ſo Noble: To your Highneſſes hand
I tender my Commiſſion; by whoſe virtue,
The Court of *Rome* commanding, You, my Lord
Cardinal of *York*, are joyn'd with me, their Servant,
In the impartial judging of this buſineſs.
King. Two equal men: The Queen ſhall be acquainted
Forthwith for what you come. Where's *Gardiner*?
Wol. I know your Majeſty has always lov'd her
So dear in heart, not to deny her that,
A Woman of leſs Place might ask by Law;
Scholars allow'd freely to argue for her.
King. I, and the beſt ſhe ſhall have; and my favour
To him that does beſt, God forbid elſe: Cardinal,
Prithee call *Gardiner* to me, my new Secretary,
I find him a fit Fellow.

Enter Gardiner.

Wol. Give me your hand: much joy and favour to you;
You are the King's now.
Gard. But to be commanded
For ever by your Grace, whoſe hand has raiſ'd me.
King. Come hither, *Gardiner*.
[*Walks and whiſpers.*
Camp. My Lord of *York*, was not one Doctor *Pace*
In this mans place before him?
Wol. Yes, he was.
Camp. Was he not held a Learned man?
Wol. Yes ſurely.
Camp. Believe me, there's an ill opinion ſpred then
Even of your ſelf, Lord Cardinal.
Wol. How? of me?
Camp. They will not ſtick to ſay, you envy'd him;
And fearing he would riſe (he was ſo virtuous)
Kept him a foreign man ſtill, which ſo griev'd him,
That he ran mad, and dy'd.
Wol. Heavens peace be with him:
That's Chriſtian care enough: for living murmurers,
There's places of rebuke. He was a Fool,
For he would needs be virtuous. That good fellow,
If I command him, follows my appointment,
I will have none ſo near elſe. Learn this Brother,
We live not to be grip'd by meaner perſons.
King. Deliver this with modeſty to th' Queen.
[*Exit* Gardiner.
The moſt convenient place that I can think of,
For ſuch receit of Learning, is *Black Fryers*:
There ye ſhall meet about this weighty buſineſs.
My *Wolſey*, ſee it furniſh'd. O my Lord,
Would it not grieve an able man to leave
So ſweet a Bedfellow? But Conſcience, Conſcience;
O 'tis a tender place, and I muſt leave her. [*Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Anne Bullen, *and an old Lady.*

An. Not for that neither, here's the pang that pinches.
His Highneſs having liv'd ſo long with her, and ſhe
So good a Lady, that no tongue could ever
Pronounce diſhonour of her; by my life,
She never knew harm-doing: Oh, now after
So many courſes of the Sun enthron'd,
Still growing in a Majeſty and Pomp, the which
To leave, a thouſand fold more bitter, than
'Tis ſweet at firſt t' acquire. After this Proceſs,
To give her the avant, it is a pity
Would move a Monſter.
Old La. Hearts of moſt hard temper
Melt and lament for her.
An. O' Gods will, much better

She ne're had known Pomp; though't be temporal,
Yet if that quarrel, Fortune, do divorce
It from the bearer, 'tis a ſufferance, panging
As Soul and Bodies ſevering.
Old La. Alas, poor Lady,
She's Stranger now again.
An. So much the more
Muſt pity drop upon her; verily
I ſwear, 'tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in Content,
Than to be perk'd up in a gliſtring grief,
And wear a golden ſorrow.
Old L. Our content
Is our beſt having.
Anne. By my troth, and Maiden-head,
I would not be a Queen.
Old L. Beſhrew me, I would,
And venture Maiden-head for't, and ſo would you
For all this ſpice of your Hypocriſie;
You that have ſo fair parts of Woman on you,
Have (too) a Womans heart, which ever yet
Affected Eminence, Wealth, Sovereignty;
Which, to ſay ſooth, are Bleſſings; and which gifts
(Saving your mincing) the capacity
Of your ſoft Chiverel Conſcience would receive,
If you might pleaſe to ſtretch it.
An. Nay, good troth.
Old L. Yes, troth and troth: you would not be a Queen?
An. No, not for all the riches under Heaven.
Old L. 'Tis ſtrange; a three-pence bow'd now would (hire me,
Old as I am, to Queen it: but I pray you,
What think you of a Dutcheſs? have you limbs
To bear that load of Title?
An. No, in truth.
Old L. Then you are weakly made, pluck off a little,
I would not be a young Count in your way,
For more than bluſhing comes to: If your back
Cannot vouchſafe this burthen, 'tis too weak
Ever to get a Boy.
An. How you do talk;
I ſwear again, I would not be a Queen
For all the world.
Old L. In faith for little *England*
You'll venture an emballing: I my ſelf impaling
Would for *Carnarvanſhire*, although there long'd
No more to th' Crown but that: Lo, who comes here?
Enter Lord Chamberlain.
L. Ch. Good morrow, Ladies; what wer't worth to know
The ſecret of your Conference?
An. My good Lord,
Not your demand; it values not your asking:
Our Miſtreſs Sorrows we were pitying.
Cham. It was a gentle buſineſs, and becoming
The action of good women, there is hope
All will be well.
An. Now I pray God, *Amen.*
Cham. You bear a gentle mind, and heavenly bleſſings
Follow ſuch Creatures. That you may, fair Lady,
Perceive I ſpeak ſincerely, and high notes
Ta'ne of your many Vertues: the Kings Majeſty
Commends his good opinion of you, to you; and
Do's purpoſe Honour to you no leſs flowing
Than Marchioneſs of *Pembrook*; to which Title
A thouſand pound a year, Annual ſupport,
Out of his Grace, he adds.
An. I do not know
What kind of my obedience, I ſhould tender;
More than my All, is nothing: Nor my Prayers
Are not words duly hallowed, nor my Wiſhes
More worth than empty vanities: yet prayers and wiſhes
Are all I can return. 'Beſeech your Lordſhip,
Vouchſafe to ſpeak my thanks, and my obedience,
As from a bluſhing Handmaid, to his Highneſs;
Whoſe Health and Royalty I pray for.
Cham. Lady;
I ſhall not fail t'approve the fair conceit
The King hath of you. I have peruſ'd her well,
Beauty and Honour in her are ſo mingled,
That they have caught the King: and who knows yet,
But from this Lady may proceed a Gem,
To lighten all this Iſle? I'le to the King,
And ſay I ſpoke with you. [*Exit Lord Chamberlain.*
An. My honour'd Lord.
Old L. Why this it is: See, ſee,
I have been begging ſixteen years in Court
(Am yet a Courtier beggarly) nor could
Come pat betwixt too early, and too late
For any ſuit of pounds: and you, (oh fate)
A very freſh Fiſh here; fie, fie, fie upon
This compell'd fortune, have your mouth fill'd up,
Before you open it.
An. This is ſtrange to me.
Old L. How taſtes it? Is it bitter? Forty pence, no:
There was no Lady once ('tis an old Story)
That would not be a Queen, that would ſhe not
For all the mud in *Egypt*; have you heard it?
An. Come, you are pleaſant.
Old L. With your Theme, I could
O're-mount the *Lark*: The Marchioneſs of *Pembrook*?
A thouſand pounds a year, for pure reſpect?
No other obligation? by my Life,
That promiſes moe thouſands: Honours train
Is longer than his fore-skirt; by this time
I know your back will bear a Dutcheſs. Say,
Are you not ſtronger than you were?
An. Good Lady,
Make your ſelf mirth with your particular fancy,
And leave me out on't. Would I had no being,
If this ſalute my blood a jot; it faints me
To think what follows.
The Queen is comfortleſs, and we forgetful
In our long abſence: pray do not deliver,
What here y'ave heard to her.
Old L. What do you think me——— [*Exeunt.*

For twy
i.e two

Scena Quarta.

Trumpets, Sonnet, and Cornets. Enter two Vergers, with ſhort ſilver wands; next them two Scribes in the habits of Doctors: after them, the Biſhop of Canterbury *alone; after him, the Biſhops of* Lincoln, Ely, Rocheſter, *and* St. Aſaph: *next them, with ſome ſmall diſtance, follows a Gentleman bearing the Purſe, with the great Seal, and a Cardinals Hat: then two Prieſts, bearing each a Silver Croſs: then a Gentleman-Uſher bare-headed, accompanied with a Serjeant at Arms, bearing a Mace: then two Gentlemen, bearing two great Silver Pillars; after them, ſide by ſide, the two Cardinals, two Noblemen, with the Sword and Mace. The King takes place under the Cloth of State. The two Cardinals ſit under him as Judges. The Queen takes place ſome diſtance from the King. The Biſhops place themſelves on each ſide the Court in manner of a Conſiſtory: Below them, the Scribes. The Lords ſit next the Biſhops. The reſt of the Attendants ſtand in convenient order about the Stage.*

Card. Whil'ſt our Commiſſion from *Rome* is read,
Let ſilence be commended.
King. What's the need?
It hath already publickly been read,
And on all ſides th' Authority allow'd,
You may then ſpare that time.
Card. Be't ſo, proceed.
Scri. Say, *Henry* K. of *England*, come into the Court.
Cryer. *Henry* King of *England*, &c.
King. Here.

Scribe. Say, *Katharine* Queen of *England*,
Come into the Court.
Cryer. *Katharine*, Queen of *England*, &c.
[*The Queen makes no anſwer, riſes out of her Chair, goes about the Court, comes to the King, and kneels at his Feet. Then ſpeaks.*
Sir, I deſire you to do me Right and Juſtice,
And to beſtow your Pity on me; for
I am a moſt poor Woman, and a ſtranger,
Born out of your Dominions: having here
No Judge indifferent, nor no more aſſurance
Of equal Friendſhip and Proceeding. Alas, Sir,
In what have I offended you? What cauſe
Hath my behaviour given to your diſpleaſure,
That thus you ſhould proceed to put me off,
And take your Good Grace from me? Heaven witneſs,
I have been to you a true and humble Wife,
At all times to your Will conformable:
Ever in fear to kindle your Diſlike,
Yea, ſubject to your Countenance: Glad, or ſorry,
As I ſaw it inclin'd? when was the hour
I ever contradicted your Deſire?
Or made it not mine too? Or which of your Friends
Have I not ſtrove to Love, although I knew
He were mine Enemy? What Friend of mine,
That had to him deriv'd your Anger, did I
Continue in my Liking? nay, gave notice
He was from thence diſcharg'd? Sir, call to mind,
That I have been your Wife, in this Obedience,
Upward of twenty years, and have been bleſt
With many Children by you. If in the courſe
And proceſs of this time you can report,
And prove it too, againſt mine Honour ought,
My bond of Wedlock, or my love and duty
Againſt your Sacred Perſon; in Gods name
Turn me away: and let foul'ſt Contempt
Shut door upon me, and ſo give me up
To the ſharp'ſt kind of Juſtice. Pleaſe you, Sir,
The King, your Father, was reputed for
A Prince moſt prudent, and an excellent
And unmatch'd Wit and Judgment. *Ferdinand*
My Father, King of *Spain*, was reckon'd one
The wiſeſt Prince, that there had reign'd, by many
A year before. It is not to be queſtion'd,
That they had gather'd a wiſe Council to them
Of every Realm, that did debate this buſineſs,
Who deem'd our Marriage lawful. Wherefore, I humbly
Beſeech you, Sir, to ſpare me, till I may
Be by my Friends in *Spain* adviſ'd; whoſe Counſel
I will implore. If not, i'th' name of God
Your Pleaſure be fulfill'd.
Wol. You have here, Lady,
(And of your choice) theſe Reverend Fathers, men
Of ſingular Integrity and Learning:
Yea, the elect o'th' Land, who are aſſembled
To plead your Cauſe. It ſhall be therefore bootleſs,
That longer you defer the Court, as well
For your own quiet, as to rectifie
What is unſetled in the King.
Camp. His Grace
Hath ſpoken well, and juſtly; Therefore, Madam,
It's fit this Royal Seſſion do proceed,
And that (without delay) their Arguments
Be now produc'd, and heard.
Queen. Lord Cardinal, to you I ſpeak.
Wol. Your pleaſure, Madam.
Qu. Sir, I am about to weep; but thinking that
We are a Queen, (or long have dream'd ſo) certain
The Daughter of a King, my drops of Tears
I'le turn to ſparks of Fire.
Wol. Be patient yet.
Qu. I will, when you are humble, nay before,
Or God will puniſh me. I do believe,
(Induc'd by potent Circumſtances) that
You are mine Enemy, and make my Challenge.
You ſhall not be my Judge. For it is you
Have blown this Coal, betwixt my Lord and me;
(Which Gods dew quench) therefore, I ſay again,
I utterly abhor, yea, from my Soul
Refuſe you for my Judge, whom yet once more
I hold my moſt malicious Foe, and think not
At all a Friend to truth.
Wol. I do profeſs
You ſpeak not like your ſelf, who ever yet
Have ſtood to Charity, and diſplay'd th' effects
Of Diſpoſition gentle, and of Wiſdom
O're-topping Womans power. Madam, you do me wrong,
I have no ſpleen againſt you, nor injuſtice
For you, or any: how far I have proceeded,
Or how far further (ſhall), is warranted
By a Commiſſion from the Conſiſtory,
Yea, the whole Conſiſtory of *Rome*. You charge me,
That I have blown this Coal: I do deny it,
The King is preſent: If it be known to him,
That I gainſay my Deed, how may he wound,
And worthily, my Falſhood, yea, as much
As you have done my Truth. If he know
That I am free of your Report, he knows
I am not of your Wrong. Therefore in him
It lies to Cure me, and the Cure is to
Remove theſe thoughts from you. The which before
His Highneſs ſhall ſpeak in, I do beſeech
You (gracious Madam) to unthink your ſpeaking,
And to ſay no more.
Queen. My Lord, my Lord,
I am a ſimple Woman, much too weak
T'oppoſe your Cunning. Y'are meek, and humble-mouth'd,
You ſign your Place and Calling, in full ſeeming,
With Meekneſs and Humility: But your heart
Is cramm'd with Arrogance, Spleen, and Pride.
You have by Fortune and his Highneſs Favours,
Gone ſlightly o're low ſteps, and now are mounted
Where Powers are your Retainers, and your words
(Domeſticks to you) ſerve your Will, as't pleaſe
Your ſelf pronounce their Office. I muſt tell you,
You tender more your Perſon's Honour, than
Your high Profeſſion Spiritual. That again
I do refuſe you for my Judge, and here
Before you all, Appeal unto the Pope,
To bring my whole Cauſe 'fore his Holineſs,
And to be judg'd by him.
She curtſies to the King, and offers to depart.
Camp. The Queen is obſtinate,
Stubborn to Juſtice, apt to accuſe it, and
Diſdainful to be try'd by't; 'tis not well.
She's going away.
King. Call her again.
Cryer. *Katharine*, Q. of *England*, come into the Court.
Gent. Uſh. Madam, you are call'd back.
Qu. What need you note it? pray you keep your way,
When you are call'd, return. Now the Lord help,
They vex me paſt my patience, pray you paſs on;
I will not tarry: no, nor ever more
Upon this buſineſs my appearance make
In any of their Courts.
[*Exit Queen, and her Attendants.*
King. Go thy ways, *Kate*,
That man i'th' world, who ſhall report he has
A better Wife, let him in nought be truſted,
For ſpeaking falſe in that; Thou art alone
(If thy rare qualities, ſweet gentleneſs,
Thy meekneſs Saint-like, Wife-like Government,
Obeying in commanding, and thy parts
Sovereign and Pious, could ſpeak thee out)
The Queen of earthly Queens: She's Noble born:
And like her true Nobility, ſhe has
Carried her ſelf towards me.
Wol. Moſt gracious Sir,

In humbleſt manner I require your Highneſs,
That it ſhall pleaſe you to declare in hearing
Of all theſe ears (for where I am robb'd and bound,
There muſt I be unlooſ'd, although not there
At once, and fully ſatisfi'd) whether ever I
Did broach this buſineſs to your Highneſs, or
Laid any ſcruple in your way, which might
Induce you to the queſtion on't: or ever
Have to you, but with thanks to God for ſuch
A Royal Lady, ſpake one, the leaſt, word that might
Be to the prejudice of her preſent State,
Or touch of her good Perſon?
King. My Lord Cardinal,
I do excuſe you; yea, upon mine Honour,
I free you from't: You are not to be taught,
That you have many Enemies, that know not
Why they are ſo, but like the Village Curs,
Bark when their fellows do. By ſome of theſe
The Queen is put in anger; y'are excus'd:
But will you be more juſtifi'd? You ever
Have wiſh'd the ſleeping of this buſineſs, never deſir'd
It to be ſtirr'd; but oft have hindred, oft,
The paſſages made toward it; on my Honour,
I ſpeak, my good Lord Cardinal to this point;
And thus far clear him.
Now, what mov'd me to't,
I will be bold with time and your attention:
Then mark th'inducement. Thus it came; give heed to't:
My Conſcience firſt receiv'd a tenderneſs,
Scruple, and prick, on certain Speeches utter'd
By th' Biſhop of *Bayon*, then *French* Embaſſador,
Who had been hither ſent on the debating
And Marriage 'twixt the Duke of *Orleance*, and
Our Daughter *Mary*: Ith' Progreſs of this buſineſs,
E're a determinate reſolution, he
(I mean the Biſhop) did require a reſpite,
Wherein he might the King his Lord advertiſe,
Whether our Daughter were Legitimate,
Reſpecting this our Marriage with the Dowager,
Sometimes our Brothers Wife. This reſpite ſhook
The boſome of my Conſcience, enter'd me,
Yea with a ſplitting Power, and made to tremble
The region of my Breaſt, which forc'd ſuch way,
That many maz'd conſiderings did throng
And preſt in with this Caution. Firſt, methought
I ſtood not in the ſmile of Heaven, who had
Commanded Nature, that my Ladies womb,
If it conceiv'd a Male-child by me, ſhould
Do no more Offices of life to't, than
The Grave does to th' dead: For her Male Iſſue,
Or dyed where they were made, or ſhortly after
This world had air'd them. Hence I took a thought,
This was a Judgment on me, that my Kingdom
(Well worthy the beſt Heir ot' world) ſhould not
Be glad in't by me. Then follows, that
I weigh'd the danger that my Realms ſtood in
By this my Iſſues fail, and that gave to me
Many a groaning throw: thus hulling in
The wild Sea of my Conſcience, I did ſteer
Towards this remedy, whereupon we are
Now preſent here together: that's to ſay,
I meant to rectifie my Conſcience, which
I then did feel ful ſick, and yet not well,
By all the Reverend Fathers of the Land,
And Doctors Learn'd. Firſt, I began in private,
With you, my Lord of *Lincoln*; you remember
How under my Oppreſſion I did reek,
When I firſt mov'd you.
B. Lin. Very well, my Liege.
King. I have ſpoke long, be pleas'd your ſelf to ſay
How far you ſatisfi'd me.
Lin. So pleaſe your Highneſs,
The Queſtion did at firſt ſo ſtagger me,
Bearing a ſtate of mighty moment in't,
And conſequence of dread, that I committed
The daring'ſt Councel which I had to doubt,
And did intreat your Highneſs to this Courſe,
Which you are running here.
King. I then mov'd you,
My Lord of *Canterbury*, and got your leave
To make this preſent Summons unſolicited.
I left no reverend Perſon in this Court,
But by particular conſent proceeded
Under your Hands and Seals: therefore go on,
For no diſlike ith' world againſt the Perſon
Of our good Queen, but the ſharp thorny points
Of my alledged reaſons drives this forward:
Prove but our Marriage lawful, by my Life
And Kingly Dignity, we are contented
To wear her mortal State to come, with her
(*Katharine* our Queen) before the primeſt Creature
That's Parragon'd oth' World.
Camp. So pleaſe your Highneſs,
The Queen being abſent, 'tis a needful fitneſs,
That we Adjourn this Court to a further day;
Mean while muſt be an earneſt motion
Made to the Queen, to call back her Appeal
She intends unto his Holineſs.
King. I may perceive
Theſe Cardinals trifle with me: I abhor
This dilatory ſloth, and tricks of *Rome*.
My Learn'd and well beloved Servant *Cranmer*,
Prithee return; with thy approach, I know,
My comfort comes along: break up the Court;
I ſay, ſet on. [*Exeunt, in manner as they enter'd.*

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Queen and her Woman, as at work.

Queen. Take thy Lute, Wench,
My Soul grows ſad with troubles,
Sing, and diſperſe 'em if thou can'ſt: leave working.

SONG.

Orpheus with his Lute made Trees,
And the Mountain tops, that freeze,
Bow themſelves when he did ſing.
To his Muſick, Plants and Flowers
Ever ſpring, as Sun and Showers
There had made a laſting Spring.
Every thing that heard him play,
Even the Billows of the Sea,
Hung their Heads, and then lay by.
In ſweet Muſick is ſuch Art,
Killing care, and grief of heart,
Fall aſleep, or hearing dye.

Enter a Gentleman.

Quee. How now?
Gent. And't pleaſe your Grace, the two great Cardinals
Wait in the Preſence.
Queen. Would they ſpeak with me?
Gent. They will'd me ſay ſo, Madam.
Queen. Pray their Graces
To come near: what can be their buſineſs
With me, a poor weak woman, fal'n from favour;
I do not like their coming; now I think on't,
They ſhould be Good men, their affairs are righteous,
But, *All Hoods make not Monks.*

Enter the two Cardinals, Wolſey, *and* Campeius.

Wolſ. Peace to your Highneſs.
Qu. Your Graces find me here part of a Houſewife,

(I would be all) againſt the worſt may happen:
What are your pleaſures with me, Reverend Lords?
Wol. May it pleaſe you, Noble Madam, to withdraw
Into your private Chamber; we ſhall give you
The full cauſe of our coming.
Queen. Speak it here.
There's nothing I have done yet o'my Conſcience
Deſerves a Corner: would all other Women
Could ſpeak this with as free a Soul, as I do:
My Lords, I care not (ſo much I am happy
Above a number) if my actions
Were try'd by every Tongue, every Eye ſaw 'em,
Envy and baſe opinion ſet againſt 'em,
I know my life ſo even. If your buſineſs
Seek me out, and that way I am Wife in;
Out with it boldly: Truth loves open dealing.
Car. Tanta eſt erga te mentis integritas (Regina Sereniſſima.)
Queen. Good my Lord, no Latine;
I am not ſuch a Truant ſince my coming,
As not to know the Language, I have liv'd in:
A ſtrange Tongue makes my cauſe more ſtrange, ſuſpitious:
Pray ſpeak in *Engliſh*; here are ſome will thank you,
If you ſpeak truth, for their poor Miſtreſs ſake;
Believe me ſhe has had much wrong. Lord Cardinal,
The willing'ſt ſin I ever yet committed,
May be abſolv'd in *Engliſh*.
Card. Noble Lady,
I am ſorry my integrity ſhould breed
(And ſervice to his Majeſty and you)
So deep ſuſpition, where all Faith was meant;
We come not by the way of Accuſation,
To taint that honour every good Tongue bleſſes;
Nor to betray you any way to ſorrow,
You have too much, good Lady: But to know
How you ſtand minded in the weighty difference
Between the King and you, and to deliver
(Like free and honeſt men) our juſt opinions,
And comforts to your cauſe.
Camp. Moſt honoured Madam,
My Lord of *York*, out of his Noble nature,
Zeal and Obedience he ſtill bore your Grace,
Forgetting (like a good man) your late Cenſure
Both of his truth and him (which was too far)
Offers, as I do, in a ſign of peace,
His Service, and his Counſel.
Queen. To betray me.
My Lords, I thank you both for your good wills,
Ye ſpeak like honeſt men, (pray God ye prove ſo)
But how to make ye ſuddenly an Anſwer
In ſuch a point of weight, ſo near mine Honour,
(More near my Life, I fear) with my weak wit;
And to ſuch men of Gravity and Learning;
In truth I know not. I was ſet at work
Among my Maids, full little (God knows) looking
Either for ſuch men, or ſuch buſineſs;
For her ſake that I have been, for I feel
The laſt fit of my Greatneſs; good your Graces
Let me have time and Council for my Cauſe:
Alas, I am a Woman friendleſs, hopeleſs.
Wol. Madam,
You wrong the Kings love with theſe fears,
Your hopes and friends are infinite.
Queen. In *England*,
But little for my profit: can you think, Lord,
That any *Engliſh*-man dare give me Counſel?
Or be a known friend 'gainſt his Highneſs pleaſure,
(Though he be grown ſo deſperate to be honeſt)
And live a Subject? Nay, forſooth my Friends,
They that muſt weigh out my afflictions,
They that my truſt muſt grow to, live not here,
They are (as all my other comforts) far hence
In mine own Country, Lords.
Camp. I would your Grace
Would leave your griefs, and take my Counſel.
Queen. How, Sir?
Camp. Put your main cauſe into the King's protection,
He's loving and moſt gracious. 'Twill be much
Both for your Honour better, and your Cauſe:
For if the Tryal of the Law o're-take ye,
You'l part away diſgrac'd.
Wol. He tells you rightly.
Queen. Ye tell me what ye wiſh for both, my ruin:
Is this your Chriſtian Counſel? Out upon ye,
Heaven is above all yet; there ſits a Judge,
That no King can corrupt.
Camp. Your rage miſtakes us.
Queen. The more ſhame for ye; Holy men I thought ye,
Upon my Soul, two Reverend Cardinal Vertues:
But Cardinal Sins, and hollow hearts I fear ye:
Mend 'em for ſhame, my Lords: Is this your comfort?
The Cordial that ye bring a wretched Lady?
A woman loſt among ye, laugh'd at, ſcorn'd?
I will not wiſh ye half my miſeries,
I have more Charity. But ſay I warn'd ye;
Take heed, for Heavens ſake take heed, leaſt at once
The burthen of my ſorrows fall upon ye.
Car. Madam, this is a meer diſtraction,
You turn the good we offer into envy.
Queen. Ye turn me into nothing. Woe upon ye,
And all ſuch falſe profeſſors. Would you have me
(If you have any Juſtice, any Pity,
If ye be any thing, but Churchmens habit)
Put my ſick cauſe into his hands that hates me?
Alas, ha's baniſh'd me his Bed already,
His Love too, long ago. I am old, my Lords,
And all the Fellowſhip I hold now with him
Is only by Obedience. What can happen
To me, above this wretchedneſs? All your Studies
Make me a Curſe, like this:
Camp. Your fears are worſe.
Qu. Have I liv'd thus long (let me ſpeak my ſelf,
Since Virtue finds no Friends) a Wife, a true one?
A Woman (I dare ſay without Vain-glory)
Never yet branded with ſuſpition?
Have I, with all my full Affections
Still met the King? Lov'd him next Heav'n? Obey'd him?
Been (out of fondneſs) ſuperſtitious to him?
Almoſt forgot my Prayers to content him?
And am I thus rewarded? 'tis not well, Lords.
Bring me a conſtant woman to her Husband,
One that ne're dream'd a Joy, beyond his pleaſure:
And to that Woman (when ſhe has done moſt)
Yet will I add an Honour; a great Patience.
Car. Madam, you wander from the good
We aim at.
Queen. My Lord,
I dare not make my ſelf ſo guilty,
To give up willingly that Noble Title
Your Maſter wed me to: nothing but death
Shall e're divorce my Dignities.
Card. Pray, hear me.
Qu. Would I had never trod this *Engliſh* Earth,
Or felt the Flatteries that grow upon it:
Ye have Angels Faces, but Heaven knows your hearts
What ſhall become of me now, wretched Lady?
I am the moſt unhappy Woman living.
Alas (poor Wenches) where are now your Fortunes?
Ship-wrack'd upon a Kingdom, where no Pity,
No Friends, no Hope, no Kindred weep for me?
Almoſt no Grave allow'd me? Like the Lilly,
That once was Miſtreſs of the Field, and flouriſh'd,
I'le hang my head, and periſh.
Car. If your Grace
Could but be brought to know our ends are honeſt,
You'l feel more comfort. Why ſhould we (good Lady)
Upon what cauſe wrong you? Alas, our Places,
The way of our Profeſſion is againſt it;
We are to cure ſuch ſorrows, not to ſow 'em.

For goodneſs ſake conſider what you do,
How you may hurt your ſelf, I, utterly
Grow from the Kings Acquaintance, by this Carriage.
The hearts of Princes kiſs Obedience,
So much they love it. But to ſtubborn Spirits,
They ſwell and grow as terrible as ſtorms.
I know you have a gentle, noble temper,
A Soul as even as a Calm; Pray think us,
Thoſe we profeſs, Peace-makers, Friends, and Servants.
Camp. Madam, you'll find it ſo:
You wrong your Vertues
With theſe weak Womens fears. A Noble Spirit,
As yours was, put into you ever caſts
Such doubts as falſe Coyne from it. The King loves you,
Beware you loſe it not: For us (if you pleaſe
To truſt us in your buſineſs) we are ready
To uſe our utmoſt Studies in your Service.
Qu. Do what you will, my Lords:
And pray forgive me,
If I have us'd my ſelf unmannerly;
You know I am a Woman lacking wit
To make a ſeemly anſwer to ſuch perſons.
Pray do my ſervice to his Majeſty,
He has my Heart yet, and ſhall have my Prayers
While I ſhall have my Life. Come, Reverend Fathers,
Beſtow your Counſells on me. She now begs
That little thought when ſhe ſet footing here,
She ſhould have bought her Dignities ſo dear. [*Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter the Duke of Norfolk, *Duke of* Suffolk, *Lord* Surrey, *and Lord Chamberlain.*

Norf. If you will now unite in your Complaints,
And force them with a Conſtancy, the Cardinal
Cannot ſtand under them. If you omit
The offer of this time, I cannot promiſe,
But that you ſhall ſuſtain moe new diſgraces,
With theſe you bear already.
Sur. I am joyful
To meet the leaſt occaſion, that may give me
Remembrance of my Father-in-Law the Duke,
To be reveng'd on him.
Suf. Which of the Peers
Have uncontemn'd gone by him, or at leaſt
Strangely neglected? When did he regard
The ſtamp of Nobleneſs in any perſon
Out of himſelf?
Cham. My Lords, you ſpeak your pleaſures:
What he deſerves of you and me, I know:
What we can do to him (though now the time
Gives way to us) I much fear. If you cannot
Bar his acceſs to th' King, never attempt
Any thing on him: for he hath a witchcraft
Over the King in's Tongue.
Norf. O fear him not,
His ſpell in that is out: the King hath found
Matter againſt him, that for ever mars
The Honey of his Language. No, he's ſetl'd
(Not to come off) in his diſpleaſure.
Sur. Sir,
I ſhould be glad to hear ſuch News as this
Once every hour.
Norf. Believe it, this is true.
In the Divorce, his contrary proceedings
Are all unfolded: wherein he appears,
As I would wiſh mine Enemy.
Sur. How came
His Practices to light?
Suf. Moſt ſtrangely.
Sur. O how? how?
Suf. The Cardinals Letters to the Pope miſcarried,
And came to th' eye oth' King, wherein was read
How that the Cardinal did intreat his Holineſs
To ſtay the Judgment oth' Divorce; for if
It did take place, I do (quoth he) perceive
My King is tangled in affection to
A Creature of the Queens, Lady *Anne Bullen.*
Sur. Ha's the King this?
Suf. Believe it.
Sur. Will this work?
Cham. The King in this perceives him, how he coaſts
And hedges his own way. But in this point,
All his tricks founder, and he brings his Phyſick
After his Patients death; the King already
Hath married the fair Lady.
Sur. Would he had.
Suf. May you be happy in your wiſh, my Lord,
For I profeſs you have it.
Sur. Now all my joy
Trace the Conjunction.
Suf. My Amen to't.
Nor. All mens.
Suf. There's order given for her Coronation:
Marry this is yet but young, and may be left
To ſome ears unrecounted. But, my Lords,
She is a gallant Creature, and compleat
In mind and feature, I perſwade me from her
Will fall ſome bleſſing to this Land, which ſhall
In it be memoriz'd.
Sur. But will the King
Digeſt this Letter of the Cardinals?
The Lord forbid.
Nor. Marry, Amen.
Suf. No, no:
There be moe Waſps that buz about his Noſe,
Will make this ſting the ſooner. Cardinal *Campeius,*
Is ſtoln away to *Rome,* hath ta'ne no leave,
Ha's left the cauſe to th' King unhandled, and
Is poſted as the Agent of our Cardinal,
To ſecond all his plot. I do aſſure you,
The King cry'd Ha, at this.
Cham. Now God incenſe him.
And let him cry Ha, louder.
Norf. But, my Lord,
When returns *Cranmer?*
Suf. He is return'd in his Opinions, which
Have ſatisfi'd the King for his Divorce,
Together with all famous Colledges
Almoſt in Chriſtendom: ſhortly (I believe)
His ſecond Marriage ſhall be publiſhed, and
Her Coronation. *Katharine* no more
Shall be call'd Queen, but Princeſs Dowager,
A Widow to Prince *Arthur.*
Nor. This ſame *Cranmer*'s
A worthy Fellow, and hath ta'ne much pain
In the Kings buſineſs.
Suf. He has, and we ſhall ſee him
For it an Arch-Biſhop.
Nor. So I hear.
Suf. 'Tis ſo.
Enter Wolſey *and* Cromwel.
The Cardinal.
Nor. Obſerve, obſerve, he's moody.
Car. The Packquet, *Cromwel,*
Gav't you the King?
Crom. To his own hand, in's Bed-chamber.
Card. Look'd he oth' inſide of the Paper?
Crom. Preſently,
He did unſeal them, and the firſt he view'd,
He did it with a ſerious mind: a heed
Was in his Countenance. You he bad
Attend him here this Morning.
Card. Is he ready to come abroad?
Crom. I think by this he is.

Card. Leave me a while. [*Exit* Cromwel.
It ſhall be to the Dutcheſs of *Alanſon*,
The *French* Kings Siſter ; He ſhall marry her.
Anne Bullen ? No : I'le no *Anne Bullens* for him,
There's more in't than fair Viſage. *Bullen?*
No, we'll no *Bullens* : Speedily I wiſh
To hear from *Rome* : The Marchioneſs of *Pembrook*?
Nor. He's diſcontented.
Suf. May be he hears the King
Does whet his anger to him.
Sur. Sharp enough,
Lord for thy Juſtice.
Car. The late Queens Gentlewoman ?
A Knights Daughter
To be her Miſtreſs's Miſtreſs ? the Queen's Queen ?
This Candle burns not clear, 'tis I muſt ſnuff it,
Then out it goes. What though I know her virtuous
And well-deſerving ? yet I know her for
A ſpleeny *Lutheran*, and not wholſome to
Our cauſe, that ſhe ſhould lie i'th' boſom of
Our hard-rul'd King. Again, there is ſprung up
An Heretick, an Arch-one ; *Cranmer*, one
Hath craw'ld into the favour of the King,
And is his Oracle.
Nor. He's vex'd at ſomething.

Enter King reading of a Schedule.

Sur. I would 'twere ſomething that would fret the ſtring
The Maſter-cord on's heart.
Suf. The King, the King.
King. What piles of Wealth hath he accumulated
To his own portion ? and what expence by th' hour
Seems to flow from him ? how, i'th' name of Thrift
Does he rake this together ? Now, my Lords,
Saw you the Cardinal ?
Nor. My Lord, we have
Stood here obſerving him. Some ſtrange Commotion
Is in his brain : he bites his lip and ſtarts,
Stops on a ſudden, looks upon the ground,
Then lays his Finger on his Temple : ſtraight
Springs out into faſt gate, then ſtops again,
Strikes his breaſt hard, and anon, he caſts
His Eye againſt the Moon, in moſt ſtrange Poſtures
We have ſeen him ſet himſelf.
King. It may well be,
There is a Mutiny in's mind. This morning,
Papers of State he ſent me to peruſe,
As I requir'd : and wot you what I found
There (on my Conſcience put unwittingly)
Forſooth an Inventory, thus importing
The ſeveral parcels of his Plate, his treaſure,
Rich Stuffs and Ornaments of Houſhold, which
I find at ſuch a proud Rate, that it out-ſpeaks
Poſſeſſion of a Subject.
Nor. It's Heavens will,
Some Spirit put this Paper in the Packquet,
To bleſs your Eye withal.
King. If we did think
His Contemplations were above the Earth,
And fix'd on ſpiritual objects, he ſhould ſtill
Dwell in his Muſings, but I am afraid
His thinkings are below the Moon, nor worth
His ſerious conſidering.

King takes his Seat, whiſpers Lovel, *who goes to the Cardinal.*

Car. Heaven forgive me,
Ever God bleſs your Highneſs.
King. Good my Lord,
You are full of Heavenly ſtuff, and bear the Inventory
Of your beſt Grace, in your mind ; the which
You were now running o're : you have ſcarce time
To ſteal from Spiritual leiſure, a brief ſpan
To keep your earthly Audit, ſure in that
I deem you an ill Husband, and am glad
To have you therein my Companion.
Car. Sir,
For Holy Offices I have a time ; a time
To think upon the part of buſineſs, which
I bear i'th' State : and Nature does require
Her times of preſervation, which perforce
I her frail ſon, among'ſt my Brethren mortal,
Muſt give my tendance to.
King. You have ſaid well.
Car. And ever may your Highneſs yoke together,
(As I will lend you cauſe) my doing well,
With my well ſaying.
King. 'Tis well ſaid again,
And 'tis a kind of good deed to ſay well,
And yet words are no deeds. My Father lov'd you,
He ſaid he did, and with this deed did Crown
His ſword upon you. Since I had my Office,
I have kept you next my Heart, have not alone
Imploy'd you where high Profits might come home,
But par'd my preſent Havings, to beſtow
My Bounties upon you.
Car. What ſhould this mean ?
Sur. The Lord increaſe this buſineſs.
King. Have I not made you
The Prime man of the State ? I pray you tell me.
If what I now pronounce, you have found true :
And if you may confeſs it, ſay withall
If you are to bound to us, or no. What ſay you?
Car. My Soveraign, I confeſs your Royal graces
Showr'd on me daily, have been more than could
My ſtudied purpoſes require, which went
Beyond all man's endeavours. My endeavours,
Have ever come too ſhort of my deſires,
Yet fill'd with my Abilities : Mine own ends
Have been ſo, that evermore they pointed
To th' good of your moſt Sacred Perſon, and
The profit of the State: For your great Graces
Heap'd upon me (poor Undeſerver) I
Can nothing render but Allegiant thanks,
My Prayers to Heaven for you ; my Loyalty
Which ever has, and ever ſhall be growing,
'Till death (that Winter) kill it.
King. Fairly anſwer'd :
A Loyal and Obedient Subject is
Therein illuſtrated, the Honour of it
Does pay the Act of it, as i'th' contrary
The foulneſs is the puniſhment. I preſume,
That as my hand has open'd Bounty to you,
My Heart dropp'd Love, my Pow'r rain'd Honour, more
On you, than any : So your Hand, and Heart.
Your Brain, and every Function of your Power,
Should, notwithſtanding that your bond of duty,
As 'twere in Loves particular, be more
To me, your Friend, than any.
Car. I do profeſs,
That for your Highneſs good, I ever labour'd
More than mine own : that am, have, and will be
(Though all the World ſhould crack their duty to you,
And throw it from their Soul ; though perils did
Abound, as thick as thought could make 'em, and
Appear in forms more horrid, yet, my Duty
As doth a Rock againſt the chiding Flood,
Should the approach of this wild River break)
And ſtand unſhaken yours.
King. 'Tis Nobly ſpoken;
Take notice Lords, he has a Loyal Breaſt,
For you have ſeen him open't. Read o're this,
And after this, and then to Breakfaſt with
What appetite you have.

Exit King, frowning upon the Cardinal, the Nobles throng after him whiſpering, and ſmiling.

Car. What ſhould this mean ?

What ſudden Anger's this? How have I reap'd it?
He parted frowning from me, as if Ruine
Leap'd from his Eyes. So looks the chafed Lion
Upon the daring Huntſman that has gall'd him,
Then makes him nothing. I muſt read this Paper:
I fear the Story of his Anger. 'Tis ſo:
This Paper has undone me: 'Tis th' Account
Of all that World of Wealth I have drawn together
For mine own ends, (indeed to gain the Popedom
And fee my Friends in *Rome*.) O Negligence!
Fit for a Fool to fall by: What croſs Devil
Made me put this main Secret in the Packet
I ſent the King? Is there no way to cure this?
No new device to beat this from his Brains?
I know 'twill ſtir him ſtrongly; yet I know
A way, if it take right, in ſpight of Fortune
Will bring me off again. What's this? *To the Pope?*
The Letter (as I live) with all the Buſineſs
I writ to's Holineſs. Nay then farewel:
I have touch'd the higheſt point of all my Greatneſs,
And from that full Meridian of my Glory,
I haſte now to my Setting, I ſhall fall
Like a bright Exhalation in the Evening,
And no man ſee me more.

Enter to Wolſey, *the Dukes of* Norfolk *and* Suffolk, *the Earl of* Surrey, *and the Lord Chamberlain.*

Norf. Hear the King's pleaſure, Cardinal,
Who commands you
To render up the great Seal preſently
Into our hands, and to confine your ſelf
To *Aſher-houſe*, my Lord of *Wincheſter*'s,
'Till you hear further from his Highneſs.
Car. Stay:
Where's your Commiſſion? Lords, words cannot carry
Authority ſo mighty.
Suff. Who dare croſs 'em,
Bearing the Kings will from his mouth expreſly?
Car. Till I find more than will, or words to do it,
(I mean your Malice) know, Officious Lords,
I dare, and muſt deny it. Now I feel
Of what courſe Metal ye are molded, Envy:
How eagerly ye follow my Diſgrace
As if it fed ye, and how ſleek and wanton
Ye appear in every thing may bring my ruine?
Follow your envious courſes, Men of Malice;
You have a Chriſtian warrant for 'em, and no doubt
In time will find their fit Rewards. That Seal
You ask with ſuch a violence, the King
(Mine, and your Maſter) with his own hand gave me:
Bad me enjoy it, with the Place, and Honours
During my life; and to confirm his goodneſs,
Ty'd it by Letters Patents. Now, who'l take it?
Sur. The King that gave it.
Car. It muſt be himſelf then.
Sur. Thou art a proud Traytor, Prieſt.
Car. Proud Lord, thou lyeſt:
Within theſe forty hours, *Surrey* durſt better
Have burnt that Tongue, than ſaid ſo.
Sur. Thy Ambition,
(Thou Scarlet ſinner) robb'd this bewailing Land
Of Noble *Buckingham*, my Father-in-law,
The Heads of all thy Brother Cardinals,
(With thee, and all thy beſt parts bound together)
Weigh'd not a Hair of his. Plague of your Policy,
You ſent me Deputy for *Ireland*,
Far for his ſuccour; from the King, from all
That might have mercy on the fault, thou gav'ſt him:
Whil'ſt your great Goodneſs, out of holy pity,
Abſolv'd him with an Ax.
Wol. This, and all elſe
This talking Lord can lay upon my credit,
I anſwer, is moſt falſe. The Duke by Law
Found his deſerts. How innocent I was
From any private malice in his end,
His Noble Jury, and foul Cauſe can witneſs.
If I lov'd many words, Lord, I ſhould tell you,
You have as little Honeſty, as Honour,
That in the way of Loyalty, and Truth
Toward the King, my ever Royal Maſter,
Dare mate a Sounder man than *Surrey* can be,
And all that love his follies.
Sur. By my Soul,
Your long Coat (Prieſt) protects you,
Thou ſhould'ſt feel
My Sword i'th' life blood of thee elſe. My Lords,
Can ye endure to hear this Arrogance?
And from this Fellow? If we live thus tamely,
To be thus Jaded by a piece of Scarlet,
Farewel Nobility: let his Grace go forward,
And dare us with his Cap, like Larks.
Car. All Goodneſs
Is poiſon to thy Stomack.
Sur. Yes, that Goodneſs
Of gleaning all the Lands-wealth into one,
Into your own hands (Card'nal) by Extortion:
The goodneſs of your intercepted Packets
You writ to the Pope, againſt the King: your goodneſs,
Since you provoke me, ſhall be moſt notorious.
My Lord of *Norfolk*, as you are truly noble,
As you reſpect the Common good, the State
Of our deſpis'd Nobility, our Iſſues,
(Who, if he live, will ſcarce be Gentlemen)
Produce the grand ſum of his ſins, the Articles
Collected from his life. I'le ſtartle you
Worſe than the Sacring Bell, when the brown Wench
Lay kiſſing in your arms, Lord Cardinal.
Car. How much methinks I could deſpiſe this man,
But that I am bound in Charity againſt it.
Nor. Thoſe Articles, my Lord, are in the Kings hand:
But thus much, they are foul ones.
Wol. So much fairer
And ſpotleſs ſhall mine Innocence ariſe,
When the King knows my Truth.
Sur. This cannot ſave you:
I thank my Memory, I yet remember
Some of theſe Articles, and out they ſhall.
Now, if you can bluſh, and cry Guilty, Cardinal,
You'll ſhew a little Honeſty.
Wol. Speak on, Sir,
I dare your worſt Objections: If I bluſh,
It is to ſee a Nobleman want Manners.
Sur. I had rather want thoſe, than my Head;
Have at you.
Firſt, that without the Kings aſſent or knowledge,
You wrought to be a Legate, by which power
You maim'd the Juriſdiction of all Biſhops.
Nor. Then, that in all you writ to *Rome*, or elſe
To Foreign Princes, *Ego & Rex meus*
Was ſtill inſcrib'd: in which you brought the King
To be your Servant.
Suff. Then, that without the knowledge
Either of King or Council, when you went
Embaſſador to the Emperour, you made bold
To carry into *Flanders* the Great Seal.
Sur. *Item*, You ſent a large Commiſſion
To *Gregory de Caſſado*, to conclude
Without the Kings will, or the States allowance,
A League between his Highneſs, and *Ferrara*.
Suf. That out of meer Ambition, you have cauſ'd
Your Holy-Hat to be ſtamp'd on the Kings Coin.
Sur. Then, that you have ſent innumerable ſubſtance,
(By what means got, I leave to your own Conſcience)
To furniſh *Rome*, and to prepare the ways
You have for Dignities, to the meer undoing
Of all the Kingdom. Many more there are,
Which ſince they are of you, and odious,

I will not taint my mouth with.
Cham. O my Lord,
Preſs not a falling man too far; 'tis Virtue:
His faults lye open to the Laws, let them
(Not you) correct him. My heart weeps to ſee him
So little, of his great Self.
Sur. I forgive him.
Suff. Lord Cardinal, the Kings further pleaſure is,
Becauſe all thoſe things you have done of late
By your power Legantine within this Kingdom,
Fall into the compaſs of a Præmunire;
That therefore ſuch a Writ be ſued againſt you,
To forfeit all your Goods, Lands, Tenements,
Caſtles, and whatſoever, and to be
Out of the Kings Protection. This is my Charge.
Norf. And ſo we'l leave you to your Meditations
How to live better. For your ſtubborn anſwer
About the giving back the great Seal to us,
The King ſhall know it, and (no doubt) ſhall thank you.
So fare you well, my little good Lord Cardinal.
[*Exeunt all but* Wolſey.
Wol. So farewel to the little good you bear me.
Farewel? A long farewel to all my Greatneſs.
This is the ſtate of Man; to day he puts forth
The tender leaves of Hopes, to morrow Bloſſoms,
And bears his bluſhing Honours thick upon him:
The third day comes a Froſt, a killing Froſt,
And when he thinks, good eaſie man, full ſurely
His Greatneſs is a ripening, nips his Root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd
Like little wanton Boys that ſwim on Bladders:
This many Summers in a Sea of Glory,
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown Pride
At length broke under me, and now has left me
Weary, and old with ſervice, to the mercy
Of a rude ſtream, that muſt for ever hide me.
Vain pomp, and glory of the World, I hate ye,
I feel my heart new open'd. Oh how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on Princes Favours?
There is betwixt that ſmile we would aſpire to,
That ſweet Aſpect of Princes, and their ruine,
More pangs, and fears than Wars or Women have:
And when he falls, he falls like *Lucifer*,
Never to hope again.
Enter Cromwel *ſtanding amaz'd.*
Why how now *Cromwel*?
Crom. I have no power to ſpeak, Sir.
Car. What, amaz'd
At my misfortunes? Can thy Spirit wonder
A great man ſhould decline. Nay, and you weep
I am fal'n indeed.
Crom. How does your Grace?
Card. Why well:
Never ſo truly happy, my good *Cromwel*,
I know my ſelf now, and I feel within me,
A Peace above all Earthly Dignities,
A ſtill and quiet Conſcience. The King has cur'd me,
I humbly thank his Grace: and from theſe ſhoulders
'This ruin'd Pillet, out of pity, taken
A load would ſink a Navy, (too much honour.)
O 'tis a burden, *Cromwel*, 'tis a burden
Too heavy for a man, that hopes for Heaven.
Crom. I am glad your Grace
Has made that right uſe of it.
Card. I hope, I have:
I am able now (methinks)
(Out of a fortitude of Soul, I feel)
To endure more Miſeries, and greater far
Than my weak-hearted Enemies dare offer.
What news abroad?
Crom. The heavieſt, and the worſt,
Is your diſpleaſure with the King.
Card. God bleſs him.
Crom. The next is, that Sir *Thomas Moor* is choſen
Lord Chancellor, in your place.
Card. That's ſomewhat ſuddain.
But he's a Learned man. May he continue
Long in his Highneſs favour, and do Juſtice
For Truth's-ſake, and his Conſcience; that his bones,
When he has run his courſe, and ſleeps in Bleſſings,
May have a Tomb of Orphans tears wept on him.
What more?
Crom. That *Cranmer* is returned with welcome;
Inſtall'd Lord Arch-biſhop of *Canterbury*.
Card. That's News indeed.
Crom. Laſt, that the Lady *Ann*,
Whom the King hath in ſecrecy long married,
This day was view'd in open, as his Queen,
Going to Chappel: and the voice is now
Only about her Coronation.
Card. There was the weight that pull'd me down.
O *Cromwel*,
The King has gone beyond me: All my Glories
In that one Woman I have loſt for ever.
No Sun ſhall ever uſher forth mine Honours,
Or gild again the Noble Troops that waited
Upon my ſmiles. Go get thee from me, *Cromwel*,
I am a poor fallen man unworthy now
To be thy Lord and Maſter. Seek the King,
(That Sun, I pray may never ſet) I have told him,
What, and how true thou art; he will advance thee:
Some little memory of me, will ſtir him
(I know his Noble Nature) not to let
Thy hopeful ſervice periſh too. Good *Cromwel*,
Neglect him not; make uſe now, and provide
For thine own future ſafety.
Crom. O my Lord,
Muſt I then leave you? Muſt I needs forgo
So good, ſo noble, and ſo true a Maſter?
Bear witneſs, all that have not hearts of Iron,
With what a ſorrow *Cromwel* leaves his Lord.
The King ſhall have my ſervice; but my prayers
For ever and for ever ſhall be yours.
Card. Cromwel, I did not think to ſhed a tear
In all my miſeries: but thou haſt forc'd me
(Out of thy honeſt truth) to play the Woman.
Let's dry our Eyes: And thus far hear me, *Cromwel*,
And when I am forgotten, as I ſhall be,
And ſleep in dull cold Marble, where no mention
Of me more muſt be heard of: Say, I taught thee;
Say, *Wolſey*, that once trod the ways of Glory,
And ſounded all the Depths and Shoals of Honour,
Found thee a way (out of his wrack) to riſe in:
A ſure, and ſafe one, though thy Maſter miſt it.
Mark but my Fall, and that that Ruin'd me:
Cromwel, I charge thee, fling away Ambition,
By that ſin fell the Angels: how can man then
(The Image of his Maker) hope to win it?
Love thy ſelf laſt, cheriſh thoſe hearts that hate thee:
Corruption win not more than Honeſty,
Still in thy right hand, carry gentle peace
To ſilence envious tongues. Be juſt, and fear not:
Let all the ends thou aim'ſt at, be thy Countries,
Thy God's and Truth's: then if thou fall'ſt (O *Cromwel*)
Thou fall'ſt a bleſſed Martyr.
Serve the King: and prithee lead me in:
There take an Inventory of all I have,
To the laſt Penny, 'tis the Kings. My Robe,
And my Integrity to Heaven, is all,
I dare now call mine own. O *Cromwel*, *Cromwel*,
Had I but ſerv'd my God, with half the Zeal
I ſerv'd my King: he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine Enemies.
Crom. Good Sir, have patience.
Card. So I have. Farewel
The hopes of Court, my hopes in Heaven do dwell.
[*Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting one another.

1. Y'are well met once again.
2. So are you.
1. You come to take your Stand here, and behold
The Lady *Anne* paſs from her Coronation.
2. 'Tis all my buſineſs. At our laſt encounter,
The Duke of *Buckingham* came from his Tryal.
1. 'Tis very true. But that time offer'd ſorrow,
This, general Joy.
2. 'Tis well: the Citizens
I am ſure have ſhewn at full their Royal minds,
As let 'em have their rights, they are ever forward
In Celebration of this day with Shews,
Pageants, and Sights of Honour.
1. Never greater,
Nor I'le aſſure you better taken, Sir.
2. May I be bold to ask what that contains,
That Paper in your hands?
1. Yes, 'tis the Liſt
Of thoſe that claim their Offices this day,
By cuſtom of the Coronation.
The Duke of *Suffolk* is the firſt, and claims
To be high Steward; next the Duke of *Norfolk*,
He to be Earl Marſhal: you may read the reſt.
2. I thank you, Sir: Had I not known thoſe cuſtoms,
I ſhould have been beholding to your Paper:
But I beſeech you what's become of *Katharine*,
The Princeſs Dowager? How goes her buſineſs?
1. That I can tell you too: the Archbiſhop
Of *Canterbury*, accompanied with other
Learned, and Reverend Fathers of his Order,
Held a late Court at *Dunſtable*, ſix miles off
From *Ampthil*, where the Princeſs lay, to which
She was often cited by them, but appear'd not:
And to be ſhort, for not Appearance, and
The Kings late ſcruple, by the main aſſent
Of all theſe Learned men, ſhe was Divorc'd,
And the late Marriage made of none effect:
Since which, ſhe was remov'd to *Kimbolton*,
Where ſhe remains now ſick.
1. Alas good Lady.
The Trumpets ſound: ſtand cloſe,
The Queen is coming. [*Ho-boys.*

The Order of the Coronation.

1. *A lively Flouriſh of Trumpets.*
2. *Then two Judges.*
3. *Lord Chancellor, with Purſe and Mace before him.*
4. Quiriſters *ſinging.* [*Muſick.*
5. Mayor *of* London, *bearing the Mace. Then* Garter *in his Coat of Arms, and on his head he wore a Gilt Copper Crown.*
6. Marqueſs *of* Dorſet, *bearing a Scepter of Gold, on his Head a Demi-Coronal of Gold. With him, the Earl of* Surrey, *bearing the Rod of Silver with the Dove, Crown'd with an Earl's Coronet. Collars of Eſſes.*
7. *Duke of* Suffolk, *in his Robe of Eſtate, his Coronet on his Head, bearing a long white Wand, as High Steward. With him the Duke of* Norfolk, *with the Rod of Marſhalſhip, A Coronet on his Head. Collars of Eſſes.*
8. *A Canopy born by four of the* Cinque-ports, *under it the Queen in her Robe; in her hair, richly adorned with Pearl, Crowned. On each ſide her the Biſhops of* London *and* Wincheſter.
9. *The old Dutcheſs of* Norfolk, *in a Coronal of Gold, wrought with Flowers, bearing the Queens Train.*
10. *Certain* Ladies *or* Counteſſes, *with plain Circlets of Gold without Flowers.*

Exeunt, *firſt paſſing over the Stage in Order and State, and then, A great Flouriſh of Trumpets.*

2. A Royal Train, believe me: theſe I know:
Who's that bears the Scepter?
1. Marqueſs *Dorſet*,
And that the Earl of *Surrey*, with the Rod.
2. A bold brave Gentleman. That ſhould be
The Duke of *Suffolk*.
1. 'Tis the ſame: High Steward.
2. And that my Lord of *Norfolk*?
1. Yes.
2. Heaven bleſs thee,
Thou haſt the ſweeteſt face I ever look'd on.
Sir, as I have a Soul, ſhe is an Angel;
Our King has all the *Indies* in his Arms,
And more, and richer, when he ſtrains that Lady,
I cannot blame his Conſcience.
1. They that bear
The Cloath of Honor over her, are four Barons
Of the Cinque-Ports.
2. Thoſe men are happy,
And ſo are all, are near her,
I take it, ſhe that carries up the Train,
Is that old Noble Lady, Dutcheſs of *Norfolk*.
1. It is, and all the reſt are Counteſſes.
2. Their Coronets ſay ſo. Theſe are ſtars indeed,
And ſometimes falling ones.
1. No more of that.

Enter a third Gentleman.

1. God ſave you Sir. Where have you been broiling?
3. Among the croud i'th' Abby, where a finger
Could not be wedg'd in more: I am ſtifled
With the meer rankneſs of their joy.
2. You ſaw the Ceremony?
3. I did.
1. How was it?
3. Well worth the ſeeing.
2. Good Sir, ſpeak it to us.
3. As well as I am able. The rich ſtream
Of Lords, and Ladies, having brought the Queen
To a prepar'd place in the Quire, fell off
A diſtance from her; while her Grace ſat down
To reſt a while, ſome half an hour, or ſo,
In a rich Chair of State, oppoſing freely
The Beauty of her Perſon to the People.
Believe me, Sir, ſhe is the goodlieſt Woman
That ever lay by man: which when the people
Had the full view of, ſuch a noiſe aroſe,
As the ſhrowds make at Sea in a ſtiff Tempeſt,
As loud, and to as many tunes. Hats, Cloaks,
Doublets, (I think) flew up, and had their Faces
Been looſe, this day they had been loſt. Such joy
I never ſaw before. Great-belly'd Women,
That had not half a week to go, like Rams
In the old time of War, ſhould ſhake the preſs
And make 'em reel before 'em. No man living
Could ſay, this is my Wife there, all were woven
So ſtrangely in one piece.
2. But what follow'd?
3. At length, her Grace roſe, and with modeſt paces
Came to the Altar, where ſhe kneel'd, and Saint-like
Caſt her fair Eyes to Heaven, and pray'd devoutly.
Then roſe again, and bow'd her to the people:
When by the Arch-biſhop of *Canterbury*,
She had all the Royal makings of a Queen;
As holy Oyl, *Edward* Confeſſor's Crown,
The Rod, and Bird of Peace, and all ſuch Emblems
Laid Nobly on her: which perform'd, the Quire
With all the choiceſt Muſick of the Kingdom,
Together ſung *Te Deum*. So ſhe parted,
And with the ſame full State pac'd back again

To *York-Place*, where the Feaſt is held.
1. Sir,
You muſt no more call it *York-place*, that's paſt.
For ſince the Cardinal fell, that title's loſt,
'Tis now the King's, and call'd *Whitehal.*
3. I know it:
But 'tis ſo lately alter'd, that the old name
Is freſh about me.
2. What two Reverend Biſhops
Were thoſe, that went on each ſide of the Queen?
3 *Stokeſly* and *Gardiner*, the one of *Wincheſter*,
Newly prefer'd from the Kings Secretary:
The other, *London.*
2. He of *Wincheſter*
Is held no great good Lover of the Archbiſhop,
The virtuous *Cranmer.*
3 All the Land knows that:
However yet there is no great breach, when it comes,
Cranmer will find a Friend will not ſhrink from him.
2. Who may be that, I pray you.
3. *Thomas Cromwel*,
A man in much eſteem with th' King, and truly
A worthy Friend. The King has made him
Maſter o'th' Jewel Houſe,
And one already of the Privy Council.
2. He will deſerve more.
3. Yes without all doubt.
Come Gentlemen, ye ſhall go my way,
Which is to th' Court, and there ye ſhall be my Gueſts:
Something I can command: as I walk thither
I'le tell ye more.
Both. You may command us, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Katharine Dowager, *ſick*, *led between* Griffith *her Gentleman-Uſher, and* Patience *her Woman.*

Grif. How do's your Grace?
Kath. O *Griffith*, ſick to death:
My Legs like loaded Branches bow to th' Earth,
Willing to leave their burthen: Reach a Chair,
So now (methinks) I feel a little eaſe.
Did'ſt thou not tell me, *Griffith*, as thou lead'ſt me,
That the great Child of Honour, Cardinal *Wolſey*
Was dead?
Grif. Yes, Madam: but I think your Grace
Out of the pain you ſuffer'd, gave no ear to't.
Kath. Prithee, good *Griffith*, tell me how de dy'd.
If well, he ſtept before me happily
For my Example.
Grif. Well, the voice goes, Madam,
For after the ſtout Earl *Northumberland*
Arreſted him at *York*, and brought him forward
As a man ſorely tainted, to his Anſwer,
He fell ſick ſuddenly, and grew ſo ill,
He could not ſit his Mule.
Kath. Alas, Poor man.
Grif. At laſt, with eaſie Roads he came to *Leiceſter*,
Lodg'd in the Abby; where the reverend Abbot,
With all his Covent, honourably receiv'd him;
To whom he gave theſe words. O Father Abbot,
An old man broken with the ſtorms of State,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye:
Give him a little Earth for Charity.
So went to Bed; where eagerly his ſickneſs
Purſu'd him ſtill, and three nights after this,
About the hour of eight, which he himſelf
Foretold ſhould be his laſt, full Repentance,
Continual Meditations, Tears, and Sorrows,
He gave his Honours to the world agen,
His bleſſed part to heaven, and ſlept in peace.
Kath. So may he reſt,
His faults lie on him.
Yet thus far, *Griffith*, give me leave to ſpeak him,
And yet with Charity: he was, a man
Of an unbounded Stomach, ever ranking
Himſelf with Princes. One that by ſuggeſtion
Ty'd all the Kingdom, Simony was fair play,
His own Opinion was his Law. I'th' Preſence
He would ſay untruths, and be ever double
Both in his words, and meaning. He was never
(But where he meant to Ruin) Pitiful.
His Promiſes were, as he then was, Mighty:
But his Performance, as he is now, Nothing:
Of his own Body he was ill, and gave
The Clergy ill example.
Grif. Noble Madam:
Men's evil manners live in Braſs, their Virtues
We write in Water. May it pleaſe your Highneſs
To hear me ſpeak his Good now?
Kath. Yes, good *Griffith*,
I were malicious elſe.
Grif. This Cardinal,
Though from an humble Stock, undoubtedly
Was faſhion'd to much Honour. From his Cradle
He was a Scholar, and a ripe, and good one:
Exceeding wiſe, fair ſpoken, and perſuading:
Lofty, and ſoure to them that lov'd him not:
But to thoſe men that ſought him, ſweet as Summer.
And though he were unſatisfied in getting,
(Which was a ſin) yet in beſtowing, Madam,
He was moſt Princely: Ever witneſs for him
Thoſe twins of Learning, that he rais'd in you,
Ipſwich and *Oxford*: one of which, fell with him,
Unwilling to out-live the good that did it.
The other (though unfiniſh'd) yet ſo Famous,
So excellent in Art, and ſtill ſo riſing,
That Chriſtendom ſhall ever ſpeak his Virtue.
His Overthrow heap'd happineſs upon him:
For then, and not till then, he felt himſelf,
And found the Bleſſedneſs of being little.
And to add greater honours to his Age
Than man could give him; he dy'd, Fearing God.
Kath. After my death, I wiſh no other Herald,
No other Speaker of my living Actions,
To keep mine Honour from Corruption,
But ſuch an honeſt Chronicler, as *Griffith.*
Whom I moſt hated living, thou haſt made me
With thy Religious Truth and Modeſty,
(Now in his Aſhes) Honour: Peace be with him.
Patience, be near me ſtill, and ſet me lower.
I have not long to trouble thee. Good *Griffith*,
Cauſe the Muſicians play me that ſad note
I nam'd my Knell; whil'ſt I ſit meditating
On that Celeſtial Harmony, I go to.
Sad and ſolemn Muſick.
Grif. She is aſleep: Good wench, let's ſit down quiet,
For fear we wake her. Softly, gentle *Patience.*

The Viſion. Enter ſolemnly tripping one after another, ſix Perſonages, clad in white Robes, wearing on their head Garlands of Bays, and golden Vizards on their Faces, Branches of Bays or Palm in their hands. They firſt Congee unto her, then Dance: and at certain Changes, the firſt two hold a ſpare Garland over her Head, at which the other four make reverend Curtſies. Then the two, that held the Garland, deliver the ſame to the other next two, who obſerve the ſame order in their Changes, and holding the Garland over her Head. Which done, they deliver the ſame Garland to the laſt two, who likewiſe obſerve the ſame Order. At which (as it were by Inſpiration) ſhe makes (in her ſleep) ſigns of rejoycing, and holdeth up her hands to Heaven. And ſo, in their Dancing vaniſh, carrying the Garland with them. The Muſick continues.

Kath. Spirits of Peace, where are ye? are ye all gone?
And

And leave me here in wretchedneſs, behind ye?
Grif. Madam, we are here.
Kath. It is not you, I call for,
Saw ye none enter, ſince I ſlept?
Grif. None, Madam.
Kath. No? Saw you not even now a bleſſed Troop
Invite me to a Banquet, whoſe bright Faces
Caſt a thouſand Beams upon me, like the Sun?
They promis'd me eternal happineſs,
And brought me Garlands (*Griffith*) which I feel
I am not worthy yet to wear: I ſhall aſſuredly.
Grif. I am moſt joyful, Madam, ſuch good Dreams
Poſſeſs your Fancy.
Kath. Bid the Muſick leave,
They are harſh and heavy to me. [*Muſick ceaſes.*
Patience. Do you note
How much her Grace is alter'd on the ſudden?
How long her Face is drawn? How pale ſhe looks,
And of an earthy cold? Mark her Eyes.
Grif. She is going, Wench. Pray, pray.
Pati. Heaven comfort her.
Enter a Meſſenger.
Meſ. And't like your Grace———
Kath. You are a ſawcy Fellow,
Deſerve we no more Reverence?
Grif. You are to blame,
Knowing ſhe will not loſe her wonted Greatneſs
To uſe ſo rude behavior. Go to, kneel.
Meſ. I humbly do intreat your Highneſs Pardon,
My haſte made me unmannerly. There is ſtaying
A Gentleman ſent from the King, to ſee you.
Kath. Admit him entrance, *Griffith.* But this fellow
Let me ne're ſee again. [*Exit Meſſenger.*
Enter Lord Capuchius.
If my ſight fail me not,
You ſhould be Lord Ambaſſador from the Emperor,
My Royal Nephew, and your name *Capuchius.*
Cap. Madam, the ſame. Your Servant.
Kath. O my Lord,
The times and titles now are alter'd ſtrangely
With me, ſince firſt you knew me.
But I pray you,
What is your Pleaſure with me?
Cap. Noble Lady,
Firſt mine own ſervice to your Grace, the next
The Kings requeſt that I would viſit you,
Who grieves much for your weakneſs, and by me
Sends you his Princely commendations,
And heartily intreats you take good comfort.
Kath. O my good Lord, that comfort comes too late,
'Tis like a Pardon after Execution;
That gentle Phyſick given in time had cur'd me:
But now I am paſt all Comforts here, but Prayers.
How does his Highneſs?
Cap. Madam, in good health.
Kath. So may he ever do, and ever flouriſh,
When I ſhall dwell with Worms, and my poor Name
Baniſh'd the Kingdom. *Patience*, is that Letter,
I cauſ'd you write, yet ſent away.
Pat. No, Madam.
Kath. Sir, I moſt humbly pray you to deliver
This to my Lord the King.
Cap. Moſt willingly, Madam.
Kath. In which I have commended to his Goodneſs
The Model of our chaſte loves, his young Daughter,
The dews of Heaven fall thick in Bleſſings on her,
Beſeeching him to give her virtuous breeding.
She is young, and of a Noble modeſt Nature,
I hope ſhe will deſerve well, and a little
To love her for her Mother's ſake, that lov'd him,
Heaven knows how dearly.
My next poor Petition
Is, That his Noble Grace would have ſome pity
Upon my wretched Women, that ſo long
Have follow'd both my Fortunes, faithfully,
Of which there is not one, I dare avow
(And now I ſhould not lye) but well deſerve
For Virtue, and true Beauty of the Soul,
For Honeſty, and decent Carriage
A right good Husband (let him be a Noble)
And ſure thoſe men are happy, that ſhall have 'em.
The laſt is for my Men, they are the pooreſt,
(But Poverty could never draw 'em from me)
That they may have their wages duely paid 'em,
And ſomething over to remember me by.
If Heaven had pleas'd to have given me longer life
And able means, we had not parted thus.
Theſe are the whole Contents, and good my Lord,
By that you love the deareſt in this world,
As you wiſh Chriſtian peace to Souls departed,
Stand theſe poor Peoples Friend, and urge the King
To do me this laſt Right.
Cap. By Heaven I will,
Or let me loſe the Faſhion of a man.
Kath. I thank you, honeſt Lord. Remember me
In all humility unto his Highneſs:
Say, his long trouble now is paſſing
Out of this World. Tell him, in death I bleſt him
(For ſo I will:) mine Eyes grow dim. Farewel
My Lord. *Griffith* farewel. Nay, *Patience*,
You muſt not leave me yet. I muſt to Bed,
Call in more Women. When I am dead, good Wench,
Let me be us'd with Honour, ſtrew me over
With Maiden Flowers, that all the world may know
I was a chaſt Wife to my Grave: Embalm me,
Then lay me forth (although un-Queen'd) yet like
A Queen, and Daughter to a King inter me.
I can no more.
[*Exeunt leading* Katharine.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Gardiner *Biſhop of* Wincheſter, *a Page with a Torch before him, met by Sir* Thomas Lovel.

Gard. It's one a clock Boy, is't not?
Boy. It hath ſtruck.
Gard. Theſe ſhould be hours for neceſſities,
Not for delights: times to repair our Nature
With comforting repoſe, and not for us
To waſte theſe times. Good hour of night, Sir *Thomas*,
Whither ſo late?
Lov. Came you from the King, my Lord?
Gard. I did, Sir *Thomas*, and left him at Primero
With the Duke of *Suffolk*.
Lov. I muſt to him too,
Before he go to Bed. I'le take my leave.
Gard. Not yet, Sir *Thomas Lovel*, What's the matter?
It ſeems you are in haſte: and if there be
No great offence belongs to't, give your Friend
Some touch of your late buſineſs: Affairs that walk,
(As they ſay Spirits do) at midnight, have
In them a wilder Nature, than the buſineſs
That ſeeks diſpatch by day.
Lov. My Lord, I love you;
And durſt commend a Secret to your Ear
Much weightier than this work. The Queen's in Labour
They ſay in extremity, and fear'd
She'll, with the Labour, end.
Gard. The Fruit ſhe goes with
I pray for heartily, that it may find
Good time, and live: but for the Stock, Sir *Thomas*,
I wiſh it grubb'd up now.
Lov. Methinks I could
Cry the Amen, and yet my Conſcience ſays,
She is a good Creature, and ſweet Lady, do's

Deſerve our better wiſhes.
Gard. But Sir, Sir.
Hear me, Sir *Thomas*, y' are a Gentleman
Of mine own way, I know you are Wiſe, Religious,
And let me tell you, it will ne're be well;
'Twill not, Sir *Thomas Lovel*, tak't of me,
'Till *Cranmer*, *Cromwel*, her two hands, and ſhe
Sleep in their Graves.
Lov. Now, Sir, you ſpeak of two
The moſt remark'd i'th' Kingdom: as for *Cromwel*,
Beſide that of the Jewel-houſe, is made Maſter
O'th' Rolls, and the Kings Secretary. Further, Sir,
Stands in the gap and trade for moe Preferments,
With which the Time will load him. Th' Archbiſhop
Is the King's hand, or tongue, and who dare ſpeak
One ſyllable againſt him?
Gard. Yes, yes, Sir *Thomas*,
There are that dare, and I my ſelf have ventur'd
To ſpeak my mind of him: and indeed this day,
Sir (I may tell it you) I think I have
Incens'd the Lords of the Council, that he is
(For ſo I know he is, they know he is)
A moſt Arch-heretick, a Peſtilence
That does infect the Land: with which they moved
Have broken with the King, who hath ſo far
Given year to our Complaint, of his great Grace,
And Princely Care, foreſeeing thoſe fell Miſchiefs
Our Reaſons laid before him, hath commanded
To morrow morning to the Council Board
He be Convented. He's a rank weed, Sir *Thomas*,
And we muſt root him out. From your Affairs
I hinder you too long: Good night, Sir *Thomas*.
[*Exit* Gardiner *and Page.*
Lov. Many Good nights, my Lord, I reſt your Servant.
Enter King and Suffolk.
King. Charles, I will play no more to night,
My mind's not on't, you are too hard for me.
Suff. Sir, I did never win of you before.
King. But little, *Charles*,
Nor ſhall not when my Fancy's on my Play.
Now, *Lovel*, from the Queen what is the News.
Lov. I could not perſonally deliver to her
What you commanded me, but by her Woman
I ſent your Meſſage, who return'd her thanks
In the greateſt humbleneſs, and deſir'd your Highneſs
Moſt heartily to pray for her.
King. What ſay'ſt thou? Ha?
To pray for her, What, is ſhe crying out?
Lov. So ſaid her Woman, and that her ſuff'rance made
Almoſt each pang, a death.
King. Alas, good Lady.
Suff. God ſafely quit her of her Burthen, and
With gentle travail, to the gladding of
Your Highneſs with an Heir.
King. 'Tis midnight, *Charles*,
Prithee to Bed, and in thy Prayers remember
Th' eſtate of my poor Queen. Leave me alone,
For I muſt think of that, which company
Would not be friendly to.
Suff. I wiſh your Highneſs
A quiet night, and my good Miſtreſs will
Remember in my Prayers.
King. Charles, Good night: [*Exit* Suffolk.
Well, Sir, what follows?
Enter Sir Anthony Denny.
Den. Sir, I have brought my Lord the Archbiſhop,
As you commanded me.
King. Ha? *Canterbury?*
Den. I, my good Lord.
King. 'Tis true: where is he, *Denny?*
Den. He attends your Highneſs pleaſure.
King. Bring him to us.
Lov. This is about that, which the Biſhop ſpake,
I am happily come hither.
Enter Cranmer *and* Denny.
King. Avoid the Gallery. [Lovel *ſeemeth to ſtay.*
Ha? I have ſaid, be gone.
[*Exeunt* Lovel *and* Denny.
Cran. I am fearful: Wherefore frowns he thus?
'Tis his Aſpect of terror. All's not well.
King. How now, my Lord?
You do deſire to know, wherefore
I ſent for you.
Cran. It is my duty
T' attend your Highneſs pleaſure.
King. Pray you ariſe,
My good and gracious Lord of *Canterbury*:
Come, you and I muſt walk a turn together:
I have News to tell you.
Come, come, give me your hand.
Ah my good Lord, I grieve at what I ſpeak,
And am right ſorry to repeat what follows,
I have, and moſt unwillingly, of late
Heard many grievous, I do ſay, my Lord,
Grievous complaints of you; which being conſider'd,
Have mov'd us, and our Council, that you ſhall
This morning come before us, where I know
You cannot with ſuch freedom purge your ſelf,
But that till further Trial, in thoſe Charges
Which will require your Anſwer, you muſt take
Your Patience to you, and be well contented
To make your houſe our Tower: you, a Brother of us,
It fits we thus proceed, or elſe no witneſs
Would come againſt you.
Cran. I humbly thank your Highneſs,
And am right glad to catch this good occaſion
Moſt throughly to be winnowed, where my Chaff
And Corn ſhall flie aſunder. For I know,
There's none ſtands under more calumnious tongues,
Than I my ſelf, poor man.
King. Stand up, good *Canterbury*,
Thy Truth, and thy Integrity is rooted
In us, thy Friend. Give me thy hand, ſtand up,
Prithee let's walk. Now by my Holydame,
What manner of man are you? my Lord, I look'd
You would have given me your Petition, that
I ſhould have ta'ne ſome pains, to bring together
Your ſelf, and your Accuſers, and to have heard you
Without indurance further.
Cran. Moſt dread Liege,
The good I ſtand on, is my Truth and Honeſty:
If they ſhall fail, I, with mine Enemies,
Will triumph o're my perſon, which I weigh not,
Being of thoſe Virtues vacant. I fear nothing
What can be ſaid againſt me.
King. Know you not
How your ſtate ſtands i'th' world, with the whole world?
Your Enemies are many, and not ſmall; their practices
Muſt bear the ſame proportion, and not ever
The Juſtice and the Truth o'th' queſtion carries
The due o'th' Verdict with it; at what eaſe
Might corrupt minds procure Knaves as corrupt
To ſwear againſt you: Such things have been done.
You are potently oppos'd; and with a Malice
Of as great a ſize. Ween you of better luck,
I mean in perjur'd Witneſs, than your Maſter,
Whoſe Miniſter you are, whiles here he liv'd
Upon this naughty Earth? Go to, go to,
You take a Precipice for no leap of danger,
And woo your own deſtruction.
Cran. God and your Majeſty
Protect mine innocence, or I fall into
The trap is laid for me.
King. Be of good cheer,
They ſhall no more prevail, than we give way to:
Keep comfort to you, and this morning ſee
You do appear before them. If they ſhall chance
In charging you with matters, to commit you:

The beſt perſuaſions to the contrary
Fail not to uſe; and with what vehemency
Th' occaſion ſhall inſtruct you. If intreaties
Will render you no remedy, this Ring
Deliver them, and your Appeal to us
There make before them. Look, the Good man weeps:
He's honeſt, on mine Honour. God's bleſt Mother,
I ſwear he is true-hearted, and a ſoul
None better in my Kingdom. Get you gone,
And do, as I have bid you. [*Exit* Cranmer.
He has ſtrangled all his Language in his Tears.

Enter Old Lady.

Gent. within. Come back: what mean you?
Lady. I'le not come back, the tidings that I bring
Will make my boldneſs, Manners. Now good Angels
Fly o're thy Royal Head, and ſhade thy Perſon
Under their bleſſed Wings.
King. Now by thy looks
I gueſs thy Meſſage. Is the Queen deliver'd?
Say, I, and of a Boy.
Lady. I, I, my Liege;
And a lovely Boy; the God of Heaven
Both now, and ever bleſs her: 'Tis a Girl
Promiſes Boys hereafter. Sir, your Queen
Deſires your Viſitation, and to be
Acquainted with this Stranger; 'tis as like you,
As Cherry is to Cherry.
King. Lovel.
Lov. Sir.
King. Give her an hundred Marks.
I'le to the Queen. [*Exit King.*
Lady. An hundred Marks? By this light, I'le ha more.
An ordinary Groom is for ſuch payment.
I will have more, or ſcold it out of him.
Said I for this, the Girl was like to him? I'le
Have more, or elſe unſay't: and now, while 'tis hot,
I'le put it to the iſſue. [*Exit Lady.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Cranmer, *Archbiſhop of* Canterbury.

Cran. I hope I am not too late, and yet the Gentleman
That was ſent to me from the Council, pray'd me
To make great haſte. All faſt? What means this? Hoa?
Who waits there? Sure you know me?

Enter Keeper.

Keep. Yes, my Lord:
But yet I cannot help you.
Cran. Why?
Keep. Your Grace muſt wait till you be call'd for.

Enter Doctor Buts.

Cran. So.
Butts. This is a piece of Malice: I am glad
I came this way ſo haply. The King
Shall underſtand it preſently. [*Exit* Butts.
Cran. 'Tis *Butts*,
The King's Phyſician, as he paſt along
How earneſtly he caſt his Eyes upon me:
Pray Heaven he ſound not my diſgrace: for certain
This is of purpoſe laid by ſome that hate me,
(God turn their Hearts, I never ſought their malice)
To quench mine Honour; they would ſhame to make me
Wait elſe at door: a Fellow Councellor
'Mong Boys, Grooms, and Lackeys.
But their Pleaſures
Muſt be fulfill'd, and I attend with Patience.

Enter the King, and Butts *at a Window above.*

Butts. I'le ſhew your Grace the ſtrangeſt ſight.
King. What's that, *Butts*?
Butts. I think your Highneſs ſaw this many a day.
King. Body a me: where is it?
Butts. There, my Lord:
The high Promotion of his Grace of *Canterbury*,
Who holds his State at door 'mongſt Purſevants,
Pages, and Foot-boys.
King. Ha? 'tis He indeed.
Is this the Honour they do one another?
'Tis well there's one above 'em yet; I had thought
They had parted ſo much Honeſty among 'em,
At leaſt good Manners; as not thus to ſuffer
A man of his Place, and ſo near our Favour
To dance attendance on their Lordſhips pleaſures,
And at the door too, like a Poſt with Packets:
By holy *Mary*, (*Butts*) there's Knavery;
Let 'em alone, and draw the Curtain cloſe,
We ſhall hear more anon.

A Council Table brought in with Chairs and Stools, and placed under the State. Enter Lord Chancellor, places himſelf at the upper end of the Table, on the left hand: A Seat being left void above him, as for Canterburies *Seat. Duke of* Suffolk, *Duke of* Norfolk, Surrey, *Lord Chamberlain,* Gardiner, *ſeat themſelves in Order on each ſide.* Cromwel *at lower end, as Secretary.*

Chan. Speak to the buſineſs, Mr. Secretary;
Why are we met in Council?
Crom. Pleaſe your Honours,
The chief Cauſe concerns his Grace of *Canterbury*.
Gard. Ha's he knowledge of it?
Crom. Yes.
Norf. Who waits there?
Keep. Without, my Noble Lords.
Gard. Yes.
Keep. My Lord Archbiſhop,
And ha's done half an hour to know your pleaſures.
Chan. Let him come in.
Keep. Your Grace may enter now.
[Cranmer *approaches the Council Table.*
Chan. My good Lord Archbiſhop, I'm very ſorry
To ſit here at this preſent, and behold
That Chair ſtand empty: But we all are men
In our own Natures frail, and capable
Of our fleſh, few are Angels; out of which Frailty
And want of Wiſdom, you that beſt ſhould teach us,
Have miſdemean'd your ſelf, and not a little,
Toward the King firſt, then his Laws, in filling
The whole Realm, by your teaching and your Chaplains,
(For ſo we are inform'd) with new Opinions
Divers and dangerous, which are Hereſies;
And not Reform'd, may prove pernicious.
Gard. Which Reformation muſt be ſudden too,
My Noble Lords, for thoſe that tame wild Horſes,
Pace 'em not in their hands to make 'em gentle;
But ſtop their Mouths with ſtubborn Bits, and ſpur 'em
'Till they obey the manage. If we ſuffer
Out of our eaſineſs and childiſh pity
To one man's Honour, this contagious ſickneſs;
Farewel all Phyſick: and what follows then?
Commotions, uproars, with a general taint
Of the whole State: of late days our Neighbours,
The upper *Germany* can dearly witneſs,
Yet freſhly pitied in our memories.
Cran. My good Lords; hitherto, in all the Progreſs,
Both of my Life and Office, I have labour'd,
And with no little ſtudy, that my teaching
And the ſtrong courſe of my Authority,
Might go one way, and ſafely; and the end
Was ever to do well: nor is there living,
(I ſpeak it with a ſingle heart, my Lords)
A man that more deteſts, more ſtirs againſt,
Both in his private Conſcience, and his Place,
Defacers of a publick Peace, than I do:

Pray Heaven the King may never find a heart
With leſs Allegiance in it. Men that make
Envy, and crooked malice, nouriſhment,
Dare bite the beſt. I do beſeech your Lordſhips,
That in this caſe of Juſtice, my Accuſers,
Be what they will, may ſtand forth Face to Face,
And freely urge againſt me.
Suff. Nay, my Lord,
That cannot be; you are a Counſellor,
And by that Virtue no man dare accuſe you.
Gard. My Lord, becauſe we have buſineſs of more moment,
We will be ſhort with you. 'Tis his Highneſs pleaſure
And our conſent, for better tryal of you,
From hence you be committed to the Tower,
Where being but a private man again,
You ſhall know many dare accuſe you boldly,
More than (I fear) you are provided for.
Cran. Ah, my good Lord of *Wincheſter*: I thank you,
You are always my good Friend, if your will paſs,
I ſhall both find your Lordſhip, Judge, and Juror,
You are ſo merciful. I ſee your end,
'Tis my undoing. Love and Meekneſs, Lord,
Become a Church-man better than Ambition:
Win ſtraying Souls with modeſty again,
Caſt none away. That I ſhall clear my ſelf,
Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience,
I make as little doubt, as you do Conſcience
In doing daily wrongs. I could ſay more,
But Reverence to your calling makes me modeſt.
Gard. My Lord, my Lord, you are a Sectary,
That's the plain truth; your painted gloſs diſcovers
To men that underſtand you, words and weakneſs.
Crom. My Lord of *Wincheſter*, y'are a little,
By your good favour, too ſharp; Men ſo Noble,
How ever faulty, yet ſhould find reſpect
For what they have been: 'tis a cruelty,
To load a falling man.
Gard. Good Mr. Secretary,
I cry your Honour Mercy; you may, worſt
Of all this Table, ſay ſo.
Crom. Why, my Lord?
Gard. Do not I know you for a Favourer
Of this new Sect? ye are not ſound.
Crom. Not ſound?
Gard. Not ſound, I ſay.
Crom. Would you were half ſo honeſt:
Men's Prayers then would ſeek you, not their Fears.
Gard. I ſhall remember this bold Language.
Crom. Do.
Remember your bold life too.
Cham. This is too much.
Forbear for ſhame, my Lords.
Gard. I have done.
Crom. And I.
Cham. Then thus for you, my Lord, it ſtands agreed,
I take it, by all voices: that forthwith
You be convey'd to th' Tower a Priſoner;
There to remain till the Kings further pleaſure
Be known unto us; are you all agreed, Lords?
All. We are.
Cran. Is there no other way of Mercy,
But I muſt needs to th' Tower, my Lords?
Gard. What other
Would you expect? You are ſtrangely troubleſome:
Let ſome o'th' Guard be ready there.
Enter the Guard.
Cran. For me?
Muſt I go like a Traitor thither?
Gard. Receive him,
And ſee him ſafe i'th' Tower.
Cran. Stay, good my Lords,
I have a little yet to ſay. Look there, my Lords,
By virtue of that Ring, I take my Cauſe
Out of the gripes of cruel men, and give it
To a moſt Noble Judg, the King my Maſter.
Cham. This is the King's Ring.
Suf. 'Tis no counterfeit.
Suf. 'Tis his right Ring, by Heav'n: I told ye all,
When we firſt put this dangerous ſtone a rowling,
'Twould fall upon our ſelves.
Norf. Do you think, my Lords,
The King will ſuffer but the little Finger
Of this man to be vex'd?
Cham. 'Tis now too certain,
How much more is his Life in value with him?
Would I were fairly out on't.
Crom. My mind gave me,
In ſeeking Tales and Informations
Againſt this Man, whoſe Honeſty the Devil
And his Diſciples only envy at.
Ye blew the Fire that burns ye: now have at ye.

Enter King frowning on them, takes his Seat.

Gard. Dread Soveraign,
How much are we bound to Heaven,
In daily thanks; that gave us ſuch a Prince;
Not only good and wiſe, but moſt Religious:
One that in all obedience, makes the Church
The chief aim of his Honour, and to ſtrengthen
That holy duty of our dear reſpect,
His Royal ſelf in Judgment comes to hear
The Cauſe betwixt her, and this great offender.
King. You were ever good at ſudden Commendations,
Biſhop of *Wincheſter*. But know, I come not
To hear ſuch flattery now, and in my preſence,
They are too thin, and baſe to hide offences,
To me you cannot reach. You play the Spaniel,
And think with wagging of your Tongue to win me:
But whatſoe're thou tak'ſt me for, I'm ſure
Thou haſt a cruel Nature, and a bloody;
Good man, ſit down: Now let me ſee the proudeſt
He, that dares moſt, but wag his Finger at thee.
By all that's holy, he had better ſtarve,
Then but once think, this place becomes thee not.
Sur. May it pleaſe your Grace,———
King. No, Sir, it doe's not pleaſe me,
I had thought, I had had men of ſome underſtanding,
And wiſdom, of my Council; but I find none:
Was it diſcretion, Lords, to let this man,
This good man (few of you deſerve the title)
This honeſt man, wait like a lowſie Foot-boy
At Chamber door? and one, as great as you are?
Why, what a ſhame was this? Did my Commiſſion
Bid ye ſo far forget your ſelves? I gave ye
Power, as he was a Counſellour to try him,
Not as a Groom; there's ſome of ye, I ſee,
More out of Malice than Integrity,
Would try him to the ntmoſt, had ye mean,
Which ye ſhall never have, while I do live.
Cham. Thus far,
My moſt dread Soveraign, may it like your Grace,
To let my Tongue excuſe all. What was purpos'd
Concerning his Impriſonment, was rather
(If there be faith in men) meant for his Tryal,
And fair purgation to the world than malice,
I'm ſure in me.
King. Well, well, my Lords, reſpect him,
Take him, and uſe him well, he's worthy of it.
I will ſay thus much for him, if a Prince
May be beholding to a Subject, I
Am, for his love and ſervice, ſo to him.
Make me no more ado, but all embrace him;
Be Friends for ſhame, my Lords: My Lord of *Canterbury*,
I have a Suit, which you muſt not deny me.
That is, a fair young Maid that yet wants Baptiſme,
You muſt be God-father, and anſwer for her.
Cran. The greateſt Monarch now alive may glory

In ſuch an honour: how may I deſerve it,
That am a poor and humble Subject to you?

King. Come, come, my Lord, you'd ſpare your Spoons:
You ſhall have two Noble Partners with you: the old
Dutcheſs of *Norfolk*, and Lady Marqueſs of *Dorſet?*
Will theſe pleaſe you?
Once more, my Lord of *Wincheſter*, I charge you
Embrace, and love this man.

Gard. With a true heart,
And Brothers love I do it.

Cran. And let Heaven
Witneſs, how dear I hold this Confirmation.

King. Good Man, thoſe joyful tears ſhew thy true heart,
The common voice I ſee is verified
Of thee, which ſays thus: Do my Lord of *Canterbury*
A ſhrewd turn, and he's your Friend for ever:
Come, Lords, we trifle time away: I long
To have this young one made a Chriſtian.
As I have made ye one, Lords, one remain:
So I grow ſtronger, you more Honour gain. [*Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Noiſe and Tumult within: Enter Porter and his man.

Port. You'll leave your noiſe anon, ye Raſcals: do you take the Court for Paris-Garden: ye rude Slaves, leave your gaping.

Within. Good Mr. Porter, I belong to th' Larder.

Port. Belong to th' Gallows, and be hang'd, ye Rogue: Is this a place to roar in? Fetch me a dozen Crab-tree ſtaves, and ſtrong ones; theſe are but ſwitches to 'em: I'le ſcratch your Heads; you muſt be ſeeing Chriſtnings? Do you look for Ale and Cakes here, you rude Raſcals?

Man. Pray, Sir, be patient; 'tis as much impoſſible,
Unleſs we ſwept them from the door with Cannons,
To ſcatter 'em, as 'tis to make 'em ſleep
On *May*-day Morning, which will never be:
We may as well puſh againſt *Pauls*, as ſtir 'em.

Port. How got they in, and be hang'd?

Man. Alas, I know not, how gets the Tide in?
As much as one ſound Cudgel of four foot
(You ſee the poor remainder) could diſtribute,
I made no ſpare, Sir.

Port. You did nothing, Sir.

Man. I am not *Sampſon*, nor Sir *Guy*, nor *Colebrand*,
To mow 'em down before me: but if I ſpar'd any
That had a head to hit, either young or old,
He or ſhe, Cuckold, or Cuckold-maker;
Let me ne're hope to ſee a Chine again,
And that I would not for a Cow, God ſave her.

With. Do you hear, Mr. Porter?

Port. I ſhall be with you preſently, good Mr. *Puppy.*
Keep the door cloſe, Sirrah.

Man. What would you have me do?

Port. What ſhould you do,
But knock 'em down by th' dozens? Is this *Moor-fields* to muſter in? Or have we ſome ſtrange *Indian* with the great *Toole*, come to Court, the women ſo beſiege us? Bleſs me! what a fry of Fornication is at the door? On my Chriſtian Conſcience, this one Chriſtning will beget a thouſand, here will be Father, God-father, and all together.

Man. The Spoons will be the bigger, Sir: there is a Fellow ſomewhat near the door, he ſhould be a Braſier by his Face, for o' my Conſcience twenty of the Dog-dayes now reign in's Noſe; all that ſtand about him are under the Line, they need no other penance: that Fire-Drake did I hit three times on the Head, and three times was his Noſe diſcharged againſt me; he ſtands there like a Morter-piece to blow us up. There was a Haberdaſhers Wife of ſmall Wit, near him, that rail'd upon me, till her pinck'd Porrenger fell off her Head, for kindling ſuch a combuſtion in the State. I miſt the Meteor once, and hit that Woman, who cryed out Clubs, when I might ſee from far, ſome forty Truncheons draw to her ſuccour, which were the hope o'th' Strand, where ſhe was quartered; they fell on, I made good my place; at length they came to th' Broom-ſtaff to me, I defi'd 'em ſtill, when ſuddenly a File of Boyes behind 'em, looſe ſhot, deliver'd ſuch a ſhower of Pibbles, that I was fain to draw mine Honour in, and let 'em win the Work, the Devil was amongſt 'em, I think ſurely.

Por. Theſe are the Youths that thunder at a Play-houſe, and fight for bitten Apples, that no Audience but the tribulation of *Tower-Hill*, or the Limbs of *Lime-houſe*, their dear Brothers are able to endure. I have ſome of 'em in *Limbo-Patrum*, and there they are like to dance theſe three days; beſides the running Banquet of two Beadles, that is to come.

Enter Lord Chamberlain.

L. Cham. Mercy o'me: what a Multitude are here?
They grow ſtill too; from all Parts they are coming,
As if we kept a Fair here? Where are theſe Porters?
Theſe lazy Knaves? Y'ave made a fine hand, Fellows?
There's a trim Rabble let in: are all theſe
Your faithful Friends o'th' Suburbs? We ſhall have
Great ſtore of room no doubt left for the Ladies,
When they paſs back from the Chriſtning?

Por. And't pleaſe your Honour,
We are but Men, and what ſo many may do,
Nor being torn in pieces, we have done:
An Army cannot rule 'em.

Cham. As I live,
If the King blame me for't; I'le lay ye all
By th' heels, and ſuddenly: and on your Heads,
Clap round Fines for neglect: y'are lazy Knaves,
And here ye lye baiting of Bombards, when
Ye ſhould do Service. Hark, the trumpets ſound,
Th'are come already from the Chriſtning;
Go break among the preſs, and find a way out
To let the troop paſs fairly; or I'le find
A Marſhalſey, ſhall hold ye play theſe two Months.

Por. Make way there, for the Princeſs.

Man. You great Fellow,
Stand cloſe up, or I'le make your head ake.

Por. You i'th' Chamblet, get up o' th' rail,
I'le peck you o're the pales elſe. [*Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Trumpets ſounding: Then two Alder-men, L. Mayor, Garter, Cranmer, *Duke of* Norfolk *with his Marſhal's Staff, Duke of* Suffolk, *two Noblemen, bearing great ſtanding Bowls for the Chriſtning Gifts: Then four Noblemen bearing a Canopy, under which the Dutcheſs of* Norfolk, *God-mother, bearing the Child richly habited in a Mantle, &c. Train born by a Lady: Then follows the Marchioneſs of* Dorſet, *the other God-mother, and Ladies. The Troop paſs once about the Stage, and* Garter *ſpeaks.*

Gart. Heaven,
From thy endleſs Goodneſs ſend proſperous Life,
Long, and ever happy, to the high and mighty
Princeſs of *England*, *Elizabeth.*

Flouriſh. Enter King and Guard.

Cran. And to your Royal Grace, and the good Queen,
My Noble Partners, and my ſelf thus pray
All comfort, joy in this moſt gracious Lady,
Heaven ever laid up to make Parents happy,
May hourly fall upon ye.

King. Thank you good Lord Arch-biſhop:
What is her Name?

Cran. *Elizabeth.*

King. Stand up, Lord;
With this Kiſs, take my Bleſſing: God protect thee,
Into whoſe hand, I give thy Life.
Cran. Amen.
King. My Noble Goſſips, y'have been too Prodigal,
I thank ye heartily: So ſhall this Lady,
When ſhe has ſo much *Engliſh.*
Cran. Let me ſpeak, Sir,
For Heaven now bids me; and the words I utter,
Let none think Flattery; for they'll find 'em Truth.
This Royal Infant, Heaven ſtill move about her,
Though in her Cradle, yet now promiſes
Upon this Land, a thouſand thouſand Bleſſings,
Which time ſhall bring to ripeneſs: She ſhall be,
(But few now living can behold that Goodneſs)
A Pattern to all Princes living with her,
And all that ſhall ſucceed: *Saba* was never
More covetous of Wiſdom, and fair Virtue
Than this pure Soul ſhall be. All Princely Graces
That mould up a mighty Piece as this is,
With all the Virtues that attend the Good,
Shall ſtill be doubled on her. Truth ſhall Nurſe her,
Holy and Heavenly thoughts ſtill Counſel her:
She ſhall be lov'd and fear'd. Her own ſhall bleſs her;
Her Foes ſhake like a Field of beaten Corn,
And hang their heads with ſorrow:
Good grows with her.
In her days every man ſhall eat in ſafety,
Under his own Vine what he plants; and ſing
The merry Songs of Peace to all his Neighbours.
God ſhall be truly known, and thoſe about her
From her ſhall read the perfect ways of Honour,
And by thoſe claim their Greatneſs, not by Blood.
Nor ſhall this Peace ſleep with her: But as when
The Bird of wonder dies, the Maiden Phœnix,
Her Aſhes new create another Heir,
As great in admiration as her ſelf;
So ſhall ſhe leave her Bleſſedneſs to One,
(When Heaven ſhall call her from this cloud of darkneſs)
Wo from the ſacred Aſhes of her Honour
Shall Star-like riſe, as Great in fame as ſhe was,
And ſo ſtand fix'd. Peace, Plenty, Love, Truth, Terrour,
That were the Servants to this choſen Infant,
Shall then be His, and like a Vine grow to him;
Where ever the bright Sun of Heaven ſhall ſhine,
His Honour, and the Greatneſs of his name,
Shall be, and make new Nations. He ſhall flouriſh,
And like a Mountain Cedar, reach his branches,
To all the Plains about him: Our Children's Children
Shall ſee this, and bleſs Heaven.
King. Thou ſpeakeſt Wonders.
Cran. She ſhall be to the Happineſs of *England*,
An Aged Princeſs; many Days ſhall ſee her,
And yet no Day without a deed to Crown it.
Would I had known no more: But ſhe muſt dye,
She muſt, the Saints muſt have her; yet a Virgin,
A moſt unſpotted Lilly ſhall ſhe paſs
To th' ground, and all the world ſhall mourn her.
King. O Lord Archbiſhop,
Thou haſt made me now a Man: never, before
This happy Child, did I get any thing.
This Oracle of comfort, has ſo pleas'd me,
That when I am in Heaven, I ſhall deſire
To ſee what this Child does, and praiſe my Maker,
I thank ye all. To you, my good Lord Mayor,
And you good Brethren, I am much beholding:
I have receiv'd much Honour by your preſence,
And ye ſhall find me thankful. Lead the way, Lords,
Ye muſt all ſee the Queen, and ſhe muſt thank ye,
She will be ſick elſe. This day, no man think
'Has buſineſs at his houſe, for all ſhall ſtay:
This little One ſhall make it Holy-day. [*Exeunt.*

The EPILOGUE.

'TIs ten to one this Play can never pleaſe
All that are here: Some come to take their eaſe,
And ſleep out an Actor two; but thoſe we fear
W' have affrighted with our Trumpets: ſo 'tis clear,
They'll ſay it's naught. Others, to hear the City
Abus'd extreamly, and to cry that's witty,
Which we have not done neither, that I fear
All the expected good w' are like to hear,
For this Play at this time, is only in
The merciful conſtruction of good Women;
For ſuch a one we ſhew'd 'em: if they ſmile,
And ſay 'twill do; I know within a while,
All the beſt Men are ours; for 'tis ill hap,
If they hold, when their Ladies bid 'em clap.

THE

THE TRAGEDY OF Troilus and Creſſida.

The PROLOGUE.

IN Troy *there lies the Scene: from Iſles of* Greece
The Princes Orgillous, their high Blood chaf'd,
Have to the Port of Athens *ſent their Ships*
Fraught with the Miniſters and Inſtruments
Of Cruel War: Sixty and nine that wore
Their Crownets Regal, from th' Athenian Bay
Put forth toward Phrygia, *and their Vow is made*
To ranſack Troy, *within whoſe ſtrong Immures*
The raviſh'd Helen, Menelaus *Queen,*
With wanton Paris *ſleeps, and that's the Quarrel.*
To Tenedos *they come,*
And the deep-drawing Barks do there diſgorge
Their Warlike fraughtage: now on Dardan *Plains*
The freſh and yet unbruiſed Greeks do pitch
Their brave Pavillions. Priam's *ſix-gated City,*
Dardan~~, and~~ T~~i~~mbria, ~~Helias~~, Chetas, Trojan,
D y Ilia Scæa
And Antenonidus *with maſſy Staples*
And correſponſive and fulfilling Bolts
Stir up the Sons of Troy.
Now Expectation tickling skittiſh Spirits,
On one and other ſide, Trojan and Greek,
Sets all on hazard. And hither am I come
A Prologue arm'd, but not in confidence
Of Author's Pen, or Actor's voice; but ſuited
In like conditions, as our Argument;
To tell you (fair Beholders) that our Play
Leaps o're the vaunt and firſtlings of thoſe Broils,
Beginning in the middle: ſtarting thence away,
To what may be digeſted in a Play:
Like, or find fault, do as your pleaſures are,
Now good, or bad, 'tis but the chance of War.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Pandarus *and* Troilus.

Troilus.
CAll here my Varlet, I'le unarm again.
Why ſhould I War without the Walls of *Troy*
That find ſuch cruel battel here within?
Each *Trojan* that is Maſter of his heart,
Let him to Field, *Troilus* alas hath none.

Pan. Will this geer ne're be mended?

Troi. Ths Greeks are ſtrong, and ſkilful to their (ſtrength,
Fierce to their skill, and to their fierceneſs Valiant:
But I am weaker than a Womans tear:
Tamer than ſleep, fonder than ignorauce;
Leſs valiant than the Virgin in the night,
And skilleſs as unpractis'd infancy.

Pan. Well, I have told you enough of this: For my part, I'le not meddle nor make no farther. He that will have a Cake out of the Wheat, muſt needs tarry the grinding.

Troi. Have I not tarried?

Pan. I the grinding; but you muſt tarry the boulting.

Troi. Have I not tarried?

Pan. I, the boulting; but you muſt tarry the leav'ning.

Troi. Still have I tarried.

Pan. I, to the leavening: but here's yet in the word hereafter, the Kneading, the making of the Cake, the heating of the Oven, and the Baking; nay, you muſt ſtay the cooling too, or you may chance to burn your lips.

Troi. Patience her ſelf, what Goddeſs e're ſhe be,
Doth leſſer blench at ſufferance, than I do: not leſs
At *Priam's* Royal Table I ſit;
And when fair *Creſſida* comes into my thoughts,
So (Traitor) then ſhe comes, when ſhe is thence——

Pan. Well?
She look'd yeſternight fairer than ever I ſaw her look,
Or any Woman elſe.

Troi. I was about to tell thee, when my heart,
As wedged with a ſigh, would rive in twain,
Leſt *Hector*, or my Father ſhould perceive me:
I have (as when the Sun doth light a-ſcorn)
Buried this ſigh, in wrinkle of a ſmile:
But ſorrow, that is couch'd in ſeeming gladneſs,
Is like that mirth Fate turns to ſudden ſadneſs.

Pan. And her hair were not ſomewhat darker than

Helens, well go to, there were no more compariſon between the Women. But for my part ſhe is my Kinſwoman, I would not (as they term it) praiſe it, but I would ſome body had heard her talk yeſterday, as I did: I wil not diſpraiſe your Siſter *Caſſandra*'s wit, but——

Troi. O *Pandarus*! I tell thee, *Pandarus*;
When I do tell thee, there my hopes lie drown'd,
Reply not in how many Fathoms deep
They lie indrench'd. I tell thee, I am mad
In *Creſſid*'s Love. Thou anſwer'ſt, ſhe is Fair,
Pour'ſt in the open Ulcer of my Heart,
Her Eyes, her Hair, her Cheek, her Gate, her Voice,
Handleſt in thy diſcourſe. O that her Hand!
(In whoſe compariſon, all whites are Ink
Writing their own reproach) to whoſe ſoft ſeizure
The Cignets Down is harſh, and ſpirit of Senſe
Hard as the Palm of Ploughman. This thou tell'ſt me;
As true thou tell'ſt me, when I ſay I love her:
But ſaying thus, inſtead of Oyl and Balm,
Thou lay'ſt in every gaſh that love hath given me,
The Knife that made it.

Pan. I ſpeak no more than truth.

Troi. Thou doſt not ſpeak ſo much.

Pan. Faith, I'le not meddle in't. Let her be as ſhe is, if ſhe be fair, 'tis the better for her: and ſhe be not, ſhe ha's the mends in her own hands.

~~*Troi.*~~ Good *Pandarus*; how now, *Pandarus*?

Pan. I have had my labour for my travel, ill thought on of her, and ill thought on of you: Gone between and between, but ſmall thanks for my labour.

Troi. What art thou angry, *Pandarus*? what with me?

Pan. Becauſe ſhe is Kin to me, therefore ſhe's not ſo fair as *Helen*, and ſhe were not Kin to me, ſhe would be as fair on *Fryday*, as *Helen* is on *Sunday*. But what care I? I care not and ſhe were a Black-a-Moor, 'tis all one to me.

Troi. Say I, ſhe is not fair?

Pan. I do not care, whether you do or no. She's a Fool to ſtay behind her Father: Let her to the *Greeks*, and ſo I'le tell her the next time I ſee her: for my part, I'le meddle nor make no more i'th' matter.

Troi. *Pandarus*?

Pan. Not I.

Troi. Sweet *Pandarus*.

Pan. Pray you ſpeak no more to me, I will leave all as I found it, and there's an end. [*Exit.* Pand.

Sound Alarum.

~~*Troi.*~~ Peace you ungracious Clamors, peace rude Sounds,
Fools on both ſides, *Helen* muſt needs be fair,
When with your blood you daily paint her thus.
I cannot fight upon this Argument:
It is too ſtarv'd a ſubject for my Sword:
But *Pandarus*: O Gods! How do you plague me?
I cannot come to *Creſſid*, but by *Pandar*,
And he's as teachy to be woo'd to woe,
As ſhe is ſtubborn, chaſt, againſt all ſute.
Tell me *Apollo* for thy *Daphnes* Love
What *Creſſid* is, what *Pandar*, and what we:
Her bed is *India*, there ſhe lies, a Pearl,
Between our Ilium, and where ſhe reſides
Let it be call'd the ×mild and wandring flood, × Mare pacificum
Our ſelf the Merchant, and this ſailing *Pandar*
Our doubtful Hope, our Convoy and our Bark.

Alarum. *Enter* Æneas.

Æne. How now, Prince *Troilus*?
Wherefore not a field?

Troi. Becauſe not there; this womans anſwer ſorts,
For womaniſh it is to be from thence:
What news *Æneas* from the field to day?

Æne. That *Paris* is returned home, and hurt.

Troi. By whom, *Æneas*?

Æne. *Troilus* by *Menelaus*.

Troi. Let *Paris* bleed, 'tis but a ſcar to ſcorn.
Paris is gor'd with *Menelaus* horn. [*Alarum.*

Æne. Heark, what good ſport is out of Town to day?

Troi. Better at home, if Would I might, were May;
But to the ſport abroad, are you bound thither?

Æne. In all ſwift haſte.

Troi. Come, go we then together. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Creſſid *and her Man.*

Cre. Who were thoſe went by?

Man. Queen *Hecuba* and *Helen*.

Cre. And whither go they?

Man. Up to the Eaſtern Tower,
Whoſe height commands as ſubject all the Vale,
To ſee the Battel; *Hector*, whoſe patience
Is as a Vertue fix'd, to day was mov'd:
He chides *Andromache*, and ſtruck his Armorer,
And like as there were Husbandry in War
Before the Sun roſe, he was harneſt light,
And to the Field goes he; where every flower
Did as a Prophet weep what it foreſaw,
In *Hector*'s wrath.

Cre. What was his cauſe of Anger?

Man. The noiſe goes this;
There is among the *Greeks*,
A Lord of *Trojan* Blood, Nephew to *Hector*,
They call him *Ajax*.

Cre. Good; and what of him?

Man. They ſay, he is a very man *per ſe* and ſtands alone.

Cre. So do all Men, unleſs they are drunk, ſick, or have no Legs.

Man. This Man, Lady, hath robb'd many Beaſts of their particular additions, he is as valiant as the Lyon churliſh as the Bear, ſlow as the Elephant: a man into whom nature hath ſo crowded humours, that his valour is cruſht into folly, his folly ſauced with diſcretion: There is no man hath a Vertue, that he hath not a glimpſe of, nor any man an attaint, but he carries ſome ſtain of it. He is melancholy without cauſe, and merry againſt the hair, he hath the joints of every thing, but every thing ſo out of joynt, that he is a gouty *Briareus*, many hands and no uſe; or purblinded *Argus*, all eyes and no ſight.

Cre. But how ſhould this man, that makes me ſmile, make *Hector* angry?

Man. They ſay, he yeſterday cop'd *Hector* in the battel and ſtruck him down, the diſdain and ſhame whereof hath ever ſince kept *Hector* faſting and waking.

Enter Pandarus.

Cre. Who comes here?

Man. Madam, your Uncle *Pandarus*.

Cre. *Hector*'s a gallant man.

Man. As may be in the world, Lady.

Pan. What's that? what's that?

Cre. Good morrow, Uncle *Pandarus*.

Pan. Good morrow, Cozen *Creſſid*: what do you talk of? good morrow, *Alexander*, how do you, Cozen? when were you at *Ilium*?

Cre. This morning, Uncle.

Pan. What were you talking of, when I came? Was *Hector* arm'd and gone, e're ye came to *Ilium*? *Helen* was not up? was ſhe?

Cre. *Hector* was gone, bnt *Helen* was not up.

Pan. E'n ſo; *Hector* was ſtirring early.

Cre. That were we talking of, and of his Anger.

Pan. Was he angry?

Cre. So he ſays here.

Pan. True, he was ſo; I know the cauſe too, he'l lay about him to day I can tell them that, and there's *Troilus* will not come far behind him, let them take heed of *Troilus*; I can tell them that too.

Cre. What is he angry too?

Pan. Who, *Troilus*?
Troilus is the better man of the two.

Cre. Oh *Jupiter*; there's no compariſon.

Pan. What not between *Troilus* and *Hector*? do you know a man if you ſee him?

Cre. I, if I ever ſaw him before and knew him.

Pan. Well, I ſay *Troilus* is *Troilus*.

Cre. Then you ſay, as I ſay,
For I am ſure he is not *Hector.*

Pan. No, nor *Hector* is not *Troilus* in ſome degrees.

Cre. 'Tis juſt to each of them he is himſelf.

Pan. Himſelf? alas poor *Troilus* I would he were.

Cre. So he is.

Pan. Condition I had gone bare-foot to *India.*

Cre. He is not *Hector.*

Pan. Himſelf? no? he's not himſelf, would a were himſelf; well, the Gods are above, time muſt friend or end: well, *Troilus*, well, I would my heart were in her body; no, *Hector* is not a better man than *Troilus.*

Cre. Excuſe me.

Pan. He is Elder.

Cre. Pardon me, pardon me.

Pan. Th' others not come too't, you ſhall tell me another tale when th'others come to't: *Hector* ſhall not have his will this year.

Cre. He ſhall not need it, if he have his own.

Pan. Nor his qualities.

Cre. No matter.

Pan. Nor his Beauty.

Cre. 'Twould not become him, his own's better.

Pan. You have no judgment, Neece; *Helen* her ſelf ſwore th'other day, that *Troilus* for a brown favour, (for ſo 'tis I muſt confeſs) not brown neither.

Cre. No, but brown.

Pan. Faith, to ſay truth, brown and not brown.

Cre. To ſay the truth, true and not true.

Pan. She prais'd his complexion above.

Cre. Why *Paris* hath colour enough.

Pan. So he has.

Cre. Then *Troilus* ſhould have too much, if ſhe prais'd him above, his complexion is higher than his, he having colour enough, and the other higher, is too flaming a praiſe for a good complexion. I had as lieve *Helens* golden tongue had commended *Troilus* for a copper noſe.

Pan. I ſwear to you,
I think *Helen* loves him better than *Paris.*

Cre. Then ſhe's a merry *Greek* indeed.

Pan. Nay, I am ſure ſhe does, ſhe came to him th'other day into the compaſt window, and you know he has not paſt three or four hairs on his chin.

Cre. Indeed a Tapſters Arithmetique may ſoon bring his particulars therein to a Total.

Pan. Why he is very young, and yet will he within three pound lift as much as his Brother *Hector.*

Cre. Is he ſo young a man, and ſo old a lifter?

Pan. But to prove to you that *Helen* loves him, ſhe came and puts me her white hand to his cloven chin.

Cre. *Juno* have mercy, how came it cloven?

Pan. Why, you know 'tis dimpled,
I think his ſmiling becomes him better, than any man in all *Phrigia.*

Cre. Oh, he ſmiles valiantly.

Pan. Does he not?

Cre. Oh yes, and 'twere a cloud in *Autumn.*

Pan. Why go to then, but to prove to you that *Helen* loves *Troilus.*

Cre. *Troilus* will ſtand to the
Proof, if you'l prove it ſo.

Pan. *Troilus*? why he eſteems her no more, than I eſteem on addle Egg.

Cre. If you love an addle Egg, as well as you love an idle head, you would eat Chickens i'th' ſhell.

Pan. I cannot chuſe but laugh to think how ſhe tickled his chin, indeed ſhe has a marvell's white hand, I muſt needs confeſs.

Cre. Without the Rack.

Pan. And ſhe takes upon her to ſpy a white hair on his Chin.

Cre. Alas poor Chin? many a Wart is richer.

Pan. But there was ſuch laughing, Queen *Hecuba* laught that her Eye run o're.

Cre. With Milſtones.

Pan. And *Caſſandra* laught.

Cre. But there was more temperate fire under the pot of her Eyes: did her Eyes run o're too?

Pan. And *Hector* laught.

Cre. At what was all this laughing?

Pan. Marry at the white hair, that *Helen* ſpied on *Troilus*'s chin.

Cre. And 'had been a green hair, I ſhould have laught too.

Pan. They laught not ſo much at the hair, as at his pretty anſwer.

Cre. What was his anſwer?

Pan. Quoth ſhe, here's but two and fifty hairs on your chin; and one of them is white.

Cre. This is her queſtion.

Pan. That's true, make no queſtion of that: two and fifty hairs, quoth he, and one white, that white hair is my Father, and all the reſt are his Sons. *Jupiter*, quoth ſhe, which of theſe hairs is *Paris*, my Husband? The forked one, quoth he, pluck't out and give it him: but there was ſuch laughing, aud *Helen* ſo bluſht, and *Paris* ſo chaft, and all the reſt ſo laught, that it paſt.

Cre. So let it now,
For it has been a great while going by.

Pan. Well, Cozen,
I told you a thing yeſterday, think on't.

Cre. So I do.

Pan. I'le be ſworn 'tis true, he will weep you an 'twere a man born in *April.* [*Sound a Retreat.*

Cre. And I'le ſpring up in his tears, an 'twere a nettle againſt *May.*

Pan. Heark, they are coming from the field, ſhall we ſtand up here and ſee them, as they paſs toward *Ilium*? good Neece do, ſweet Neece *Creſſida.*

Cre. At your pleaſure.

Pan. Here, here, here's an excellent place, here we may ſee moſt bravely, I'le tell you them all by their names, as they paſs by, but mark *Troilus* above the reſt.

Enter Æneas.

Cre. Speak not ſo loud.

Pan. That's *Æneas*, is not that a brave Man? he's one of the flowers of *Troy*, I can tell you, but mark *Troilus*, you ſhall ſee anon.

Cre. Who's that? *Enter* Antenor.

Pan. That's *Antenor*, he has a ſhrew'd wit, I can tell you, and he's a man good enough, he's one o'th' ſoundeſt judgment in *Troy* whoſoever, and a proper man of perſon: when comes *Troilus*? I'le ſhew you *Troilus* anon, if he ſee me, you ſhall ſee him nod at me.

Cre. Will he give you the nod?

Pan. You ſhall ſee.

Cre. If he do, the rich ſhall have more.

Enter Hector.

Pan. That's *Hector*, that, that, look you, that, there's a Fellow. Go thy way *Hector*, there's a brave man, Neece, O brave *Hector*! Look how he looks? there's a countenance; is't not a brave Man?

Cre. O brave Man!

Pan. Is a not? It does a Mans Heart good, look you what hacks are on his Helmet, look you yonder, do you ſee? Look you there? There's no jeſting, laying on, tak't off who will, as they ſay, there be hacks.

Cre. Be thoſe with Swords?

Enter Paris.

Pan. Swords, any thing he cares not, and the Devil come to him, it's all one, by Godslid it does ones heart good. Yonder comes *Paris*, yonder comes *Paris*: look ye yonder, Neece, is't not a gallant man too, is't not? Why, this is brave now: who ſaid he came hurt home to day? He's not hurt, why this will do *Helens*'s heart good now, ha? Would I could ſee *Troilus* now, you ſhall ſee *Troilus* anon.

Cre. Whoſe that?

Enter Helenus.

Pan. That's *Helenus*, I marvel where *Troilus* is, that's *Helenus*, I think he went not forth to day: that's *Helenus*.

Cre. Can *Helenus* fight, Uncle?

Pan. Helenus, no: yes he'l fight indifferent well, I marvel where *Troilus* is; heark, do you not hear the peole cry *Troilus*? *Helenus* is a Prieſt.

Cre. What ſneaking Fellow comes yonder?

Enter Troilus.

Pan. Where? Yonder? That's *Deiphobus*. 'Tis *Troilus*! There's a man, Niece, hem; Brave *Troilus*, the Prince of Chivalry.

Cre. Peace, for ſhame, peace.

Pand. Mark him, note him: O brave *Troilus*: look well upon him, Niece, look you how his Sword is bloodied, and his Helm more hack'd than *Hectors*, and how he looks, and how he goes, O admirable youth! he ne're ſaw three and twenty. Go thy way *Troilus*, go thy way, had I a Siſter were a Grace, or a Daughter a Goddeſs, he ſhould take his choice. O admirable man! *Paris*? *Paris* is durt to him, and I warrant, *Helen* to change, would give money to boot.

Enter common Souldiers.

Cre. Here come more.

Pan. Aſſes, Fools, Dolts, Chaff and Bran, Chaff and Bran; Porridge after Meat. I could live and dye i'th' Eyes of *Troilus*. Ne're look, ne're look; the Eagles are gone, Crows and Daws, Crows and Daws: I had rather be ſuch a Man as *Troilus*, than *Agamemnon*, and all *Greece*.

Cre. There is among the *Greeks Achilles*, a better Man than *Troilus*.

Pan. Achilles? a Dray-man, a Porter, a very Camel.

Cre. Well, well.

Pan. Well, well? Why, have you any diſcretion? Have you any Eyes? Do you know what a man is? Is not Birth, Beauty, good Shape, Diſcourſe, Manhood, Learning, Gentleneſs, Virtue, Youth, Liberality, and ſo forth, the Spice, and Salt that ſeaſons a Man?

Cre. I, a minc'd man, and then to be bak'd with no Date in the Pye, for then the man's date is out.

Pan. You are ſuch another Woman, one knows not at what ward you lie.

Creſ. Upon my Back, to defend my Belly; upon my Wit, to defend my Wiles; upon my Secreſie, to defend mine Honeſty; my Mask to defend my Beauty, and you to defend all theſe: and at all theſe wards I lie at a thouſand watches.

Pan. Say one of your watches.

Cre. Nay I'le watch you for that, and that's one of the chiefeſt of them too; if I cannot ward what I would not have hit, I can watch you for telling how I took the blow, unleſs it ſwell paſt hiding, and then it is paſt watching.

Enter Boy.

Pan. You are ſuch another.

Boy. Sir, my Lord would inſtantly ſpeak with you.

Pan. Where?

Boy. At your own Houſe.

Pan. Good Boy, tell him I come, I doubt he be hurt. Fare ye well, good Niece.

Creſ. Adieu, Uncle.

Pan. I'le be with you, Niece, by and by.

Creſ. To bring, Uncle.

Pan. I, a token from *Troilus*.

Creſ. By the ſame token, you are a Bawd. [*Exit* Pand.
Words, Vows, Gifts, Tears, and Loves full Sacrifice,
He offers in anothers enterprize:
But more in *Troilus* thouſand fold I ſee,
Than in the Glaſs of *Pandar*'s praiſe may be,
Yet hold I off. Women are Angels wooing,
Things won are done, the ſouls joy lies in doing:
That ſhe belov'd, knows nought that knows not this:
Men prize the thing ungain'd, more than it is.
That ſhe was never yet, that ever knew
Love go ſo ſweet, as when deſire did ſue:
" *Atchievment is command: ungain'd, beſeech,*
Therefore this Maxim out of love I teach;
That though my hearts Content's firm love doth bear,
Nothing of that ſhall from mine Eyes appear. [*Exit.*

Sonnet. Enter Agamemnon, Neſtor, Ulyſſes, Diomedes, Menelaus, *with others.*

Agam. Princes:
What grief hath ſet the Jaundiſe on your Cheeks?
The ample Propoſition that hopes makes
In all deſigns begun on Earth below,
Fails in the promis'd largeneſs: checks and diſaſters
Grow in the veins of Actions higheſt rear'd.
As knots by the conflux of meeting ſap,
Infect the ſound Pine, and diverts his Grain
Tortive and errant from his courſe of growth.
Nor, Princes, is it matter new to us,
That we come ſhort of our ſuppoſe ſo far,
That after ſeven years ſiege, yet *Troy* Walls ſtand,
Sith every action that hath gone before,
Whereof we have Record, Tryal did draw
Bias and thwart, not anſwering the aim,
And that unbodied Figure of the thought
That gav't ſurmiſed ſhape. Why then (you Princes)
Do you with Cheeks abaſh'd, behold our works,
And think them ſhame, which are (indeed) nought elſe
But the protractive tryals of great *Jove*,
To find perſiſtive Conſtancy in men?
The fineneſs of which Metal is not found
In Fortunes love: for then, the Bold and Coward,
The Wiſe and Fool, the Artiſt and un-read,
The hard and ſoft, ſeem all affin'd, and kin.
But in the Wind and Tempeſt of her frown,
Diſtinction with a loud and powerful Fan,
Puffing at all, winnows the light away;
And what hath Maſs, or Matter by it ſelf,
Lies rich in Virtue, and unmingled.

Neſt. With due obſervance of thy godly Seat,
Great *Agamemnon*, *Neſtor* ſhall apply
Thy lateſt words.
In the reproof of Chance,
Lies the true proof of men: The Sea being ſmooth,
How many ſhallow bauble Boats dare ſail
Upon her patient breaſt, making their way
With thoſe of noble Bulk?
But let the Ruffian *Boreas* once enrage
The gentle *Thetis*, and anon behold
The ſtrong ribb'd Bark, through liquid mountains cuts;
Bounding between the two moiſt Elements,
Like *Perſeus* Horſe. Where's then the ſawcy Boat,
Whoſe weak untimber'd ſides but even now
Co-rival'd Greatneſs? Either to harbour fled,
Or made a Toſt for *Neptune*. Even ſo,
Doth Valours ſhew, and Valours worth divide
In ſtorms of Fortune.
For, in her ray and brightneſs,
The Herd hath more annoyance by the Brize-or Gad flie
Than by the Tyger: But, when the ſplitting wind
Makes flexible the knees of knotted Oaks,
And flyes ~~fled~~ under ſhade, why then * flit
The thing of Courage,
As rowz'd with rage, with rage doth ſympathize,
And with an accent tun'd in ſelf-ſame key,
*Retires to chiding Fortune. * Returns. i. e. replies

Ulyſ. Agamemnon,
Thou great Commander, Nerve, and Bone of *Greece*,
Heart of our Numbers, Soul, and only Spirit,
In whom the tempers, and the minds of all
Should be ſhut up; Hear what *Ulyſſes* ſpeaks,
Beſides th' applauſe and approbation
The which (moſt Mighty) for thy place and merit,
And thou moſt reverend for thy ſtretcht-out life,
I give to both your Speeches, which were ſuch,
As *Agamemnon* and the hand of *Greece*
Should hold up high in Braſs: and ſuch again

x I have said, ye are Gods
Wherein or you sit as Heaven's Vicegerent or on

As venerable *Neſtor* (hatch'd in Silver)
Should with a bond of Air, ſtrong as the Axletree
On which the Heavens ride, knit all Greeks ears
To his experienc'd tongue: yet let it pleaſe both
(Thou Great, and Wiſe) to hear *Ulyſſes* ſpeak.
Aga. Speak, Prince of *Ithaca*, and be't of leſs exſpect; ance
That matter needleſs of importleſs burthen,
Divide thy lips: then w we are confident,
When rank *Therſites* opes his Maſt~~ick~~ jaws, ff
We ſhall hear Muſick, Wit, and Oracle.
Ulyſ. Troy, yet upon her Baſis, had been down,
And the great *Hector*'s Sword had lack'd a Maſter,
But for theſe inſtances:
The ſpeciality of Rule hath been neglected;
And look how many Grecian Tents do ſtand
Hollow upon this Plain, ſo many hollow Factions.
When that the General is not like the Hive, the life of not the life of the Hive
To whom the Forragers ſhall all repair,
What Hony is expected? Degree being vizarded,
Th' unworthieſt ſhews as fairly in the Mask.
The Heavens themſelves, the Planets, and this Center,
Obſerve degree, priority, and place,
Inſiſture, courſe, proportion, ſeaſon, form,
Office, and cuſtom, in all line of Order:
And therefore is the glorious Planet *Sol*,
In noble eminence, enthron'd and ſphear'd
Amidſt the other, whoſe Med'cinable eye
Corrects the ill Aſpects of Planets evil,
And poſts like the Command'ment of a King,
Sans check, to good and bad. But when the Planets
In evil mixture to diſorder wander,
What Plagues, and what Portents, what Mutiny?
What raging of the Sea? ſhaking of Earth?
Commotion in the Winds? Frights, changes, horrours,
Divert and crack, rend and deracinate
The unity, and married calm of States
Quite from their fixture? O, when Degree is ſhak'd,
(Which is the Ladder to all High deſigns)
The enterprize is ſick. How could Communities,
Degrees in Schools, and Brother-hoods in Cities,
Peaceful Commerce from dividible ſhores,
The Primogenitive, and due of Birth,
Prerogative of Age, Crowns, Scepters, Lawrels,
(But by Degree) ſtand in Authentique place?
Take but Degree away, untune that ſtring,
And hark what Diſcord follows: each thing meets
In meer oppugnancy. The bounded Waters
Would lift their boſoms higher than the Shores,
And make a ſop of all this ſolid Globe:
Strength would be Lord of imbecillity,
And the rude Son would ſtrike his Father dead:
Force would be right, or rather, Right and Wrong,
(Between whoſe endleſs jar, Juſtice reſides)
Would loſe their names, and ſo would juſtice too.
Then every thing includes it ſelf in Power,
Power into Will, Will into Appetite,
And Appetite (an univerſal Wolf,
So doubly ſeconded with Will, and Power)
Muſt make perforce an univerſal Prey,
And laſt, eat up himſelf.
Great *Agamemnon*,
This Chaos, when Degree is ſuffocate,
Follows the choaking:
And this neglection of Degree, is it
That by a pace goes backward in a purpoſe
It hath to climb. The General's diſdain'd
By him one ſtep below; he by the next,
That next, by him beneath: ſo every ſtep
Exampled by the firſt pace that is ſick
Of his Superiour, grows to an envious Feaver
Of pale, and bloodleſs Emulation.
And 'tis this Feaver that keeps *Troy* on foot,
Not her own Sinews. To end a tale of length,
Troy in our weakneſs lives, not in her ſtrength.
Neſt. Moſt wiſely hath *Ulyſſes* here diſcover'd
The Feaver, whereof all our Power is ſick.
Aga. The Nature of the ſickneſs found, (*Ulyſſes*)
What is the Remedy?
Ulyſſ. The great *Achilles*, whom Opinion crowns
The Sinew, and the Fore-hand of our Hoſt,
Having his ear full of his aiery Fame,
Grows dainty of his Worth, and in his Tent
Lies mocking our Deſigns. With him *Patroclus*,
Upon a lazy Bed, the live-long day
Breaks ſcurril Jeſts,
And with ridiculous and aukward action,
(Which, Slanderer, he imitation calls)
He Pageants us. Sometime, great *Agamemnon*,
Thy topleſs Deputation he puts on;
And like a ſtrutting Player, whoſe conceit
Lies in his Ham-ſtring, and doth think it rich
To hear the wooden Dialogue and ſound
'Twixt his ſtretch'd footing, and the Scaffoldage,
(Such to be pitied, and o're-reſted ſeeming
He acts thy Greatneſs in) and when he ſpeaks,
'Tis like a Chime a mending, with terms unſquar'd,
Which from the tongue of roaring *Typhon* dropt,
Would ſeem Hyperboles. At this fuſty ſtuff,
The large *Achilles* (on his preſt-bed lolling)
From his deep Cheſt, laughs out a loud applauſe,
Cries, excellent: 'tis *Agamemnon* juſt.
Now play me *Neſtor*; hum, and ſtroke thy Beard
As he, being dreſt to ſome Oration,
That's done, as neer as the extremeſt ends
Of Parallels; as like, as *Vulcan* and his Wife,
Yet good *Achilles* ſtill cries, Excellent,
'Tis *Neſtor* right. Now play him (me) *Patroclus*,
Arming to anſwer in a Night-alarm,
And then (forſooth) the faint defects of Age
Muſt be the Scene of mirth, to cough and ſpit,
And with a Palſie fumbling on his Gorget,
Shake in and out the Rivet: and at this ſport
Sir Valour dies; cries, O enough *Patroclus*,
Or, give me ribs of Steel, I ſhall ſpilt all
In pleaſure of my ſpleen. And in this faſhion,
All our abilities, gifts, natures, ſhapes,
Severals and generals of Grace exact,
Atchievements, plots, orders, preventions,
Excitements to the Field, or ſpeech for Truce,
Succeſs or loſs, what is, or is not, ſerves
As ſtuff for theſe two, to make Paradoxes. Parodies and mimickry
Neſt. And in the Imitation of theſe twain,
Who (as *Ulyſſes* ſays) Opinion crowns
With an Imperial voice, many are infect:
Ajax is grown ſelf-will'd, and bears his head
In ſuch a rein, in full as proud a place,
As broad *Achilles*, and keeps his Tent like him;
Makes factious Feaſts, rails on our ſtate of War,
Bold as an Oracle, and ſets *Therſites*
A Slave (whoſe Gall coins ſlanders like a Mint,)
To match us in compariſons with Dirt,
To weaken and diſcredit our expoſure,
How rank ſoever rounded in with danger.
Ulyſſ. They tax our policy, and call it Cowardiſe,
Count Wiſdom as no member of the War,
Fore-ſtall preſcience, and eſteem no act
But that of hand: The ſtill and mental parts,
That do contrive how many hands ſhall ſtrike
When fitneſs calls them on, and know by meaſure
Of their obſervant toyl, the Enemies weight,
Why this hath not a fingers dignity:
They call this Bedwork, Mapp'ry, Cloſet-War,
So that the Ram that batters down the Wall
For the great ſwing and rudeneſs of his poize,
They place before his hand that made the Engine,
Or thoſe that, with the fineneſs of their Souls,
By Reaſon guide his Execution.
Neſt. Let this be granted, and *Achilles* horſe

Makes many *Thetis* Sons. [*Tucket.*
Aga. What Trumpet? Look *Menelaus.*
Men. From *Troy.*
Enter Æneas.
Aga. What would you 'fore our Tent?
Æne. Is this great *Agamemnon*'s Tent, I pray you?
Aga. Even this.
Æne. May one that is a Herald, and a Prince,
Do a fair meſſage to his Kingly ears?
Aga. With ſurety ſtronger than *Achilles* arm,
'Fore all the Greekiſh heads, which with one voice
Call *Agamemnon* Head and General.
Æne. Fair leave, and large ſecurity. How may
A ſtranger to thoſe moſt Imperial looks,
Know them from eyes of other Mortals?
Aga. How?
Æne. I: I ask, that I might waken reverence,
And on the Cheek be ready with a bluſh
Modeſt as morning, when ſhe coldly eyes
The youthful *Phœbus*:
Which is that God in Office guiding men?
Which is the high and mighty *Agamemnon?*
Aga. This *Trojan* ſcorns us, or the men of *Troy*
Are ceremonious Courtiers.
Æne. Courtiers as free, as debonair; unarm'd,
As bending Angels: that's their Fame, in peace:
But when they would ſeem Souldiers, they have galls,
Good Arms, ſtrong joynts, true Swords, and *Joves* accord,
Nothing ſo full of heart. But peace, *Æneas*,
Peace *Trojan*, lay thy finger on thy lips,
The worthineſs of praiſe diſtains his worth,
If that he prais'd himſelf, bring the praiſe forth:
What the repining Enemy commends,
That breath fame blows, that praiſe ſole pure tranſcends.
Aga. Sir, you of *Troy*, call you your ſelf, *Æneas?*
Æne. I, *Greek*, that is my name.
Aga. What's your Affair, I pray you?
Æne. Sir pardon, 'tis for *Agamemnon*'s ears.
Aga. He hears nought privately,
That comes from *Troy.*
Æne. Nor I from *Troy* come not to whiſper him,
I bring a Trumpet to awake his ear,
To ſet his ſenſe on the attentive bent,
And then to ſpeak.
Aga. Speak frankly as the wind,
It is not *Agamemnon*'s ſleeping hour;
That thou ſhalt know, *Trojan*, he is awake,
He tells thee ſo himſelf.
Æne. Trumpet blow loud:
Send thy braſs voice through all theſe lazy Tents,
And every Greek of Mettle, let him know,
What *Troy* means fairly, ſhall be ſpoke alowd.
[*The Trumpets ſound.*
We have, great *Agamemnon*, here in *Troy*,
A Prince call'd *Hector*, *Priam* is his Father:
Who in this dull and long continu'd Truce
Is ruſty grown, he bad me take a Trumpet,
And to this purpoſe ſpeak: Kings, Princes, Lords,
If there be one amongſt the fair'ſt of *Greece*,
That holds his Honour higher than his eaſe,
That ſeeks his praiſe, more than he fears his peril,
That knows his Valour, and knows not his Fear,
That loves his Miſtreſs more than in Confeſſion,
With truant vows to her own lips he loves,
And dare avow her Beauty, and her Worth,
In other arms than hers: to him this Challenge.
Hector, in view of *Trojans* and of *Greeks*,
Shall make it good, or do his beſt to do it.
He hath a Lady, wiſer, fairer, truer,
Than ever Greek did compaſs in his arms,
And will to morrow with his Trumpet call,
Midway between your Tents, and Walls of *Troy*,
To rowze a Grecian that is true in love.
If any come, *Hector* ſhall honour him:
If none, he'll ſay in *Troy* when he retires,
The Grecian Dames are ſun-burnt, and not worth
The ſplinter of a Lance: Even ſo much.
Aga. This ſhall be told our Lovers, Lord *Æneas.*
If none of them have Soul in ſuch a kind,
We left them all at home: But we are Souldiers,
And may that Souldier a meer Recreant prove,
That means not, hath not, or is not in love;
If then one is, or hath, or means to be,
That one meets *Hector*, if none, I'le be he.
Neſ. Tell him of *Neſtor*, one that was a Man
When *Hector*'s Granſire ſuckt; he is old now,
But if there be not in our Grecian mould,
One Nobleman, that hath one ſpark of Fire
To anſwer for his Love; tell him from me,
I'le hide my Silver Beard in a Gold Beaver,
And in my Vantbrace put this wither'd brawn,
And meeting him, will tell him, that my Lady
Was fairer than his Grandam, and as chaſte
As may be in the world: his youth in flood,
I'le pawn this truth with my three drops of Blood.
Æne. Now Heavens forbid ſuch ſcarcity of youth.
Ulyſ. Amen.
Aga. Fair Lord *Æneas*,
Let me touch your hand:
To our Pavillion ſhall I lead you firſt:
Achilles ſhall have word of this intent,
So ſhall each Lord of *Greece* from Tent to Tent;
Your ſelf ſhall feaſt with us before you go,
And find the welcome of a Noble Foe. [*Exeunt.*
Manent Ulyſſes *and* Neſtor.
Ulyſſ. Neſtor.
Neſ. What ſays *Ulyſſes?*
Ulyſ. I have a young conception in my brain,
Be you my time to bring it to ſome ſhape.
Neſ. What is't?
Ulyſ. This 'tis:
Blunt wedges rive hard knots: the ſeeded Pride
That hath to this maturity blown up
In rank *Achilles*, muſt or now be cropt,
Or (ſhedding) breed a Nurſery of like evil
To over-bulk us all.
Neſt. Well, and how?
Ulyſ. This challenge, that the gallant *Hector* ſends,
However it is ſpread in general Name,
Relates in purpoſe only to *Achilles.*
Neſt. The purpoſe is perſpicuous even as ſubſtance,
Whoſe groſſneſs little Characters ſum up,
And in the publication make no ſtrain,
But that *Achilles*, were his brain as barren,
As banks of *Libya*, though (*Apollo* knows)
'Tis dry enough, will with great ſpeed of judgment,
I, with celerity, find *Hector*'s purpoſe
Pointing on him.
Ulyſ. And wake him to the anſwer, think you?
Neſt. Yes, 'tis moſt meet; whom may you elſe oppoſe
That can from *Hector* bring his honour off,
If not *Achilles*; though't be a ſportful Combat,
Yet in this Tryal much Opinion dwells.
For here the *Trojans* taſte our dear'ſt repute
With their fin'ſt Palate: and truſt to me, *Ulyſſes*,
Our imputation ſhall be odly poiz'd
In this wild action. For the ſucceſs
(Although particular) ſhall give a ſcantling
Of good or bad, unto the General:
And in ſuch Indexes, although ſmall Pricks
To their ſubſequent Volums, there is ſeen
The baby figure of the Giant-maſs
Of things to come at large. It is ſuppos'd,
He that meets *Hector*, iſſues from our choice;
And choice being mutual act of all our Souls,
Makes Merit her election, and doth boyl
As 'twere from forth us all; a man diſtill'd
Out of our Virtues; who miſcarrying,

What heart from hence receives the conq'ring part
To ſteel a ſtrong Opinion to themſelves,
Which entertain'd, Limbs are his inſtruments,
In no leſs working, than are Swords and Bows
Directive by the Limbs.

Ulyſ. Give pardon to my ſpeech:
Therefore 'tis meet, *Achilles* meet not *Hector:*
Let us (like Merchants) ſhew our fowleſt Wares,
And think perchance they'll ſell: if not,
The luſtre of the better, yet to ſhew,
Shall ſhew the better. Do not conſent,
That ever *Hector* and *Achilles* meet:
For both our Honour, and our Shame in this,
Are dogg'd with two ſtrange Followers.

Neſt. I ſee them not with my old eyes: What are they?

Ulyſ. What glory our *Achilles* ſhares from *Hector,*
(Were he not proud) we all ſhould wear with him:
But he already is too inſolent:
And we were better parch in *Africk* Sun
Than in the pride and ſalt ſcorn of his Eyes,
Should he ſcape *Hector* fair. If he were foyl'd,
Why then we did our main Opinion cruſh
In taint of our beſt man. No, make a Lott'ry,
And by device let blockiſh *Ajax* draw
The ſort to fight with *Hector*: Among our ſelves,
Give him allowance as the worthyer man,
For that will Phyſick the great Myrmidon
Who broyls in lowd applauſe, and make him fall
His Creſt, that prouder than blew *Iris* bends.
If the dull brainleſs *Ajax* come ſafe off,
We'll dreſs him up in voices: if he fail,
Yet go we under our Opinion ſtill,
That we have better men. But hit or miſs,
Our projects life this ſhape of ſence aſſumes,
Ajax imploy'd plucks down *Achilles* Plumes.

Neſt. Now *Ulyſſes,* I begin to reliſh thy advice,
And I will give a taſt of it forthwith
To *Agamemnon,* go we to him ſtreight;
Two Curs ſhall tame each other, Pride alone
Muſt tar the Maſtiffs on as 'twere their bone. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Ajax *and* Therſites.

Aja. Therſites.

Ther. Agamemnon, how if he had Biles (full) all over generally.

Aja. Therſites?

Ther. And thoſe Biles did run, ſay ſo; did not the General run, were not that a botchy core?

Aja. Dog.

Ther. Then there would come ſome matter from him: I ſee none now.

Aja. Thou Bitch-Wolfs Son, canſt thou not hear? Feel then. [*Strikes him.*

Ther. The Plague of *Greece* upon thee, thou Mungrel beef-witted Lord.

Aja. Speak then, you Vin whinid'ſt leaven, ſpeak, I will beat thee into handſomneſs.

Ther. I ſhall ſooner rail thee into wit and holineſs: but I think thy Horſe will ſooner con an Oration, than thou learn a Prayer without book: Thou canſt ſtrike, canſt thou? A red Murren o'thy Jades tricks.

Aja. Toads-ſtool, learn me the Proclamation.

Ther. Doeſt thou think, I have no ſence thou ſtrik'ſt me (thus?

Aja. The Proclamation.

Ther. Thou art proclaim'd a Fool, I think.

Aja. Do not Porpentine, do not: my Fingers itch.

Ther. I would thou didſt itch from head to foot, and I had the ſcratching of thee, I would make thee the lothſom'ſt ſcab in *Greece.*

Aja. I ſay, the Proclamation.

Ther. Thou grumbleſt and rayleſt every hour on *Achilles,* and thou art as full of envy at his greatneſs, as *Cerberus* is at *Proſerpina's* beauty. I, that thou bark'ſt at him.

Aja. Miſtreſs *Therſites.*

Ther. Thou ſhould'it ſtrike him.

Aja. Cobloaf.

Ther. He would pun thee into ſhivers with his fiſt, as a Sailor breaks a bisket.

Aja. You whorſon Cur.

Ther. Do, do.

Aja. Thou ſtool for a Witch.

Ther. I, do, do, thou ſodden-witted Lord: thou haſt no more brain than I have in mine elbows: Aſs-neger An Aſinico may tutor thee. Thou ſcurvy valiant Aſs, thou art here but to threſh *Trojans,* and thou art bought and ſold among thoſe of any wit, like a *Barbarian* Slave. If thou uſe to beat me, I will begin at thy heel, and tell what thou art by inches, thou thing of no bowels, thou.

Aja. You dog.

Ther. You ſcurvy Lord.

Aja. You Cur.

Ther. Mars his Idiot: do rudeneſs, do Camel, do, do.

Enter Achilles, *and* Patroclus.

Achil. Why how now, *Ajax?* wherefore do yo this? How now, *Therſites?* what's the matter, man?

Ther. You ſee him there, do you?

Achil. I, what's the matter?

Ther. Nay look upon him.

Achil. So I do, what's the matter?

Ther. Nay, but regard him well.

Achil. Well, why I do ſo.

Ther. But yet you look not well upon him: for whoſoever you take him to be, he is *Ajax.*

Achil. I know that fool.

Ther. I, but that fool knows not himſelf.

Aja. Therefore I beat thee.

Ther. Lo, lo, lo, lo, what *modicums* of wit he utters, his evaſions have ears thus long. I have bobb'd his Brain more than he has beat my Bones: I will buy nine Sparrows for a Penny, and his *Pia Mater* is not worth the ninth part of a Sparrow. This Lord (*Achilles*) *Ajax,* who wears his wit in his belly, and his guts in his head, I'le tell you what I ſay of him.

Achil. What?

Ther. I ſay, this *Ajax*———

Achil. Nay, Good *Ajax.*

Ther. Has not ſo much wit———

Achil. Nay, I muſt hold you.

Ther. As will ſtop the Eye of *Helens* Needle, for whom he comes to fight.

Achil. Peace, fool.

Ther. I would have peace and quietneſs, but the fool will not: he there, that he, look you there.

Aja. O thou damn'd Cur, I ſhall———

Achil. Will you ſet your wit to a Fool's?

Ther. No I warrant you, for a fools will ſhame it.

Pat. Good words, *Therſites.*

Achil. What's the quarrel?

Aja. I bad thee, vile Owl, go learn me the tenure of the Proclamation, and he rails upon me.

Ther. I ſerve thee not.

Ajax. We'll, go to, go to.

Ther. I ſerve here voluntary.

Achil. Your laſt ſervice was ſufferance, 'twas not voluntary, no man is beaten voluntary: *Ajax* was here the voluntary, and you as under an Impreſs.

Ther. E'ne ſo, a great deal of your wit too lies in your Sinews, or elſe there be Liars: *Hector* ſhall have a great catch, if he knock out either of your brains, he were as good crack a fuſty Nut with no Kernel.

Achil. What with me too, *Therſites?*

Ther. There's *Ulyſſes,* and old *Neſtor,* whoſe Wit was mouldy e're their Granſires had nails on their toes, yoke you like draft-Oxen, and make you plough up the wair.

Achil. What? what?

Ther. Yes, good ſooth, to *Achilles,* to *Ajax,* to——

Ajax. I ſhall cut out your tongue.

Ther. 'Tis no matter, I ſhall ſpeak as much as thou afterwards.

Pat. No more words, *Therſites.*

Ther. I will hold my peace when *Achilles Brooch* bids me, ſhall I?

Achil. There's for you, *Patroclus.*

Ther. I will ſee you hang'd like Clotpoles, e're I come any more to your Tents, I will keep where there is wit ſtirring, and leave the Faction of fools. [*Exit.*

Pat. A good riddance.

Achil. Marry this, Sir, is proclaim'd through all our hoſt,
That *Hector* by the fifth hour of the Sun,
Will with a Trumpet, 'twixt our Tents and *Troy*,
To morrow morning call ſome Knight to Arms,
That hath a Stomach, and ſuch a one that dare
Maintain I know not what: 'tis traſh, Farewel.

Ajax. Farewel? who ſhall anſwer him?

Achil. I know not, 'tis put to Lott'ry: otherwiſe
He knew his man.

Aja. O, meaning you, I will go learn more of it. [*Exit.*

Enter Priam, Hector, Troilus, Paris, *and* Helenus.

Pri. After ſo many hours, lives, ſpeeches ſpent,
Thus once again ſays *Neſtor* from the Greeks,
Deliver *Helen*, and all damage elſe
(As honour, loſs of time, travel, expence,
Wounds, friends, and what elſe dear, that is conſum'd
In hot digeſtion of this Cormorant War)
Shall be ſtruck off. *Hector*, what ſay you to't?

Hect. Though no man leſſer fears the Greeks than I,
As far as touches my particular: yet, dread *Priam*,
There is no Lady of more ſofter bowels,
More ſpungy to ſuck in the ſenſe of fear,
More ready to cry out, Who knows what follows,
Than *Hector* is: the wound of peace is ſurety,
Surety ſecure: but modeſt doubt is call'd
The Beacon of the wiſe: the Tent that ſearches
To'th' bottom of the worſt. Let *Helen* go.
Since the firſt Sword was drawn about this Queſtion,
Every Tithe Soul 'mongſt many thouſand diſmes,
Hath been as dear as *Helen*, I mean of ours:
If we have loſt ſo many Tenths of ours
To guard a thing not ours, nor worth to us
(Had it our name) the value of one Ten;
What merit's in that reaſon, which denies
The yielding of her up?

Troi. Fie, fie, my Brother:
Weigh you the worth and honour of a King
(So great is our dread Father) in a Scale
Of common Ounces? Will you with Counters ſum
The paſt proportion of his Infinite?
And buckle in a waſt, moſt fathomleſs,
With ſpans and inches ſo diminutive,
As fears and reaſons? Fye for godly ſhame?

Hel. No marvel, though you bite ſo ſharp at reaſons,
You are empty of them, ſhould not our Father
Bear the great ſway of his affairs with reaſons,
Becauſe your ſpeech hath none, that tells him ſo?

Troi. You are for dreams and ſlumbers, Brother Prieſt,
You fur your Gloves with reaſon: here are your reaſons,
You know an Enemy intends you harm:
You know, a Sword imploy'd is perillous,
And reaſon flies the object of all harm:
Who marvels then, when *Helenus* beholds
A Grecian and his Sword, if he do ſet
The very wings of reaſon to his heels:
Or like a Star diſorb'd. Nay, if we talk of reaſon,
And flye like chidden *Mercury* from *Jove*,
Let's ſhut our Gates and ſleep: Manhood and Honour
Should have hard hearts, would they but fat their thoughts
With this cramm'd reaſon: reaſon and reſpect
Makes lovers pale, and luſtiehood deject.

Hect. Brother, ſhe is not worth,
What ſhe doth coſt the holding.

Troi. What's ought, but as 'tis valu'd?

Hect. But value dwells not in particular will,
It holds his eſtimate and dignity,
As well wherein 'tis precious of it ſelf,
As in the prizer: 'Tis mad Idolatry,
To make the Service greater than the God;
And the will dotes, that is inclinable
To what infectiouſly it ſelf affects,
Without ſome image of th' affected merit.

Troi. I take to day a Wife, and my election
Is led on in the conduct of my Will;
My Will enkindled by mine eyes and ears,
Two traded Pilots 'twixt the dangerous ſhores
Of Will and Judgment. How may I avoid
(Although my Will diſtaſt what is elected)
The Wife I choſe, there can be no evaſion
To blench from this, and to ſtand firm by honour.
We turn not back the Silks upon the Merchant,
When we have ſpoil'd them; nor the remainder Viands
We do not throw in unreſpective place,
Becauſe we now are full. It was thought meet,
Paris ſhould do ſome vengeance on the Greeks;
Your breath of full conſent bellied his Sails,
The Seas and Winds (old Wranglers) took a Truce,
And did him ſervice; he touch'd the Ports deſir'd
And for an old Aunt, whom the Greeks held Captive,
He brought a Grecian Queen, whoſe youth and freſhneſs
Wrinkles *Apollo*'s, and makes ſtale the morning.
Why keep we her? the Grecians keep our Aunt:
Is ſhe worth keeping? Why, ſhe is a Pearl,
Whoſe Price hath launched above a thouſand Ships,
And turn'd Crown'd Kings to Merchants.
If you'l avouch, 'twas Wiſdom, *Paris* went,
(As you muſt needs, for you all cry'd, Go, go:)
If you'l confeſs, he brought home Noble Prize,
(As you muſt needs, for you all clapt your hands)
And cry'd, ineſtimable; why do you now
The iſſue of your proper Wiſdoms rate,
And do a deed that Fortune never did,
Begger the eſtimation, which you priz'd
Richer than Sea and Land? O Theft moſt baſe!
That we have ſtollen what we do fear to keep.
But Thieves, unworthy of a thing ſo ſtoln,
That in their Countrey did them that diſgrace,
We fear to warrant in our Native place.

Enter Caſſandra *with her hair about her ears.*

Creſ. Cry, *Trojans*, cry.

Priam. What noiſe? what ſhriek is this?

Troi. 'Tis our mad Siſter, I do know her voice.

Caſ. Cry, *Trojans.*

Hec. It is *Caſſandra.*

Caſ. Cry, *Trojans*, cry; lend me ten thouſand eyes,
And I will fill them with Prophetick tears.

Hec. Peace, Siſter, peace.

Caſ. Virgins and Boys; mid-age and wrinkled old,
Soft infancy, that nothing can but cry,
Add to my clamour: let us pay betimes
A moiety of that maſs of moan to come.
Cry, *Trojans*, cry, practiſe your eyes with tears,
Troy muſt not be, nor goodly *Ilion* ſtand,
Our Fire-brand Brother *Paris* burns us all.
Cry, *Trojans*, cry, a *Helen* and a woe;
Cry, cry, *Troy* burns, or elſe let *Helen* go. [*Exit.*

Hec. Now, youthful *Troilus*, do not theſe high ſtrains
Of Divination in our Siſter work
Some touches of remorſe? Or is your Blood
So madly hot, that no diſcourſe of reaſon,
Nor fear of bad Succeſs in a bad cauſe,
Can qualifie the ſame?

Troi. Why Brother *Hector*,
We may not think the juſtneſs of each act
Such and no other than event doth form it;
Nor once deject the courage of our minds,
Becauſe *Caſſandra*'s mad, her brainſick raptures
Cannot diſtaſt the goodneſs of a quarrel,

Which hath our ſeveral Honours all engag'd
To make it gracious. For my private part,
I am no more touch'd, than all *Priam*'s Sons,
And *Jove* forbid, there ſhould be done amongſt us
Such things as might offend the weakeſt ſpleen,
To fight for, and maintain.

Par. Elſe might the world convince of Levity,
As well my undertakings, as your counſels:
But I atteſt the Gods, your full conſent
Gave wings to my propenſion, and cut off
All fears attending on ſo dire a project.
For what (alas) can theſe my ſingle arms?
What propugnation is in one mans valour
To ſtand the puſh and enmity of thoſe
This quarrel would excite? Yet, I proteſt,
Were I alone to paſs the difficulties,
And had as ample Power, as I have Will,
Paris ſhould ne're retract what he hath done,
Nor faint in the purſuit.

Pri. Paris, you ſpeak
Like one beſotted on your ſweet delights;
You have the Honey ſtill, but theſe the Gall,
So to be valiant, is no praiſe at all.

Par. Sir, I propoſe not meerly to my ſelf,
The pleaſures ſuch a beauty brings with it:
But I would have the ſoyl of her fair Rape
Wip'd off in honourable keeping her.
What Treaſon were it to the ranſack'd Queen,
Diſgrace to your great worths, and ſhame to me,
Now to deliver her poſſeſſion up,
On terms of baſe compulſion? Can it be,
That ſo degenerate a ſtrain as this,
Should once ſet foot in your generous boſoms? * ing
There's not the meaneſt ſpirit on our party,
Without a Heart to dare, or Sword to draw,
When *Helen* is defended: Nor none ſo Noble,
Whoſe Life were ill beſtow'd, or death unfam'd,
Where *Helen* is the Subject. Then (I ſay)
Well may we fight for her, whom we know well,
The Worlds large ſpaces cannot parallel.

Hect. Paris, and *Troilus*, you have both ſaid well:
And on the Cauſe and Queſtion, now in hand,
Have gloz'd, but ſuperficially; not much
Unlike young Men, whom *Ariſtotle* thought f Ancient Sages
Unfit to hear Moral Philoſophy,
The Reaſons you alledge, do more conduce
To the hot paſſion of diſtemper'd blood,
Than to make up a free determination
'Twixt right and wrong: For pleaſure and revenge,
Have Ears more deaf than Adders, to the voice
Of any true deciſion. Nature craves
All dues be rendred to their Owners; now
What nearer debt in all humanity,
Than Wife is to the Husband? If this Law
Of Nature be corrupted through affection,
And that great minds, of partial indulgence,
To their benummed wills reſiſt the ſame,
There is a Law in each well-ordered Nation,
To curb thoſe raging appetites that are
Moſt diſobedient and refractory.
If *Helen* then be Wife to *Sparta*'s King,
(As it is known ſhe is) theſe Moral Laws
Of Nature, and of Nation, ſpeak aloud
To have her back return'd. Thus to perſiſt
In doing wrong, extenuates not wrong,
But makes it much more heavy. *Hector*'s opinion
Is this in way of truth: yet ne're the leſs,
My ſpritely Brethren, I propend to you
In reſolution to keep *Helen* ſtill;
For 'tis a cauſe that hath no mean dependance,
Upon our joint and ſeveral Dignities.

Troi. Why? there you touch'd the Life of our deſign:
Were it not Glory that we more affected,
Than the performance of our heaving ſpleens,
I would not wiſh a drop of *Trojan* blood,
Spent more in her defence. But, worthy *Hector*,
She is a Theam of Honour and Renown,
A Spur to valiant and magnanimous deeds,
Whoſe preſent courage may beat down our Foes,
And Fame, in time to come, canonize us.
For I preſume, brave *Hector* would not loſe
So rich advantage of a promis'd Glory,
As ſmiles upon the fore-head of this action,
For the wide VVorlds Revenue.

Hect. I am yours,
You valiant Off-ſpring of great *Priamus*,
I have a roiſting challenge ſent amongſt
The dull and factious Nobles of the *Greeks*,
VVill ſtrike amazement to their drowſie Spirits:
I was advertis'd, their great General ſlept,
Whil'ſt Emulation in the Army crept:
This I preſume will wake him. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Therſites *ſolus.*

Now, now, *Therſites*? what loſt in the Labyrinth of thy Fury? Shall the Elephant *Ajax*, carry it thus? He beats me, and I rail at him: O worthy ſatisfaction, would it were otherwiſe: that I could beat him, whil'ſt he rail'd at me: 'Sfoot, I'le learn to Conjure and raiſe Devils, but I'le ſee ſome iſſue of my ſpiteful execrations. Then there's *Achilles*, a rare Engineer. If *Troy* be not taken till theſe two undermine it, the walls will ſtand till they fall of themſelves. O thou great Thunder-darter of *Olympus*, forget that thou art *Jove* the King of Gods: and *Mercury*, loſe all the Serpentine craft of thy Caduceus, if thou take not that little little leſs than little wit from them that they have, which ſhort-arm'd ignorance it ſelf knows, is ſo abundant ſcarce, it will not in circumvention deliver a Fly from a Spider, without drawing the maſſie Irons and cutting the web: after this, the vengeance on the whole Camp, or rather the bone-ach, for that methinks is the curſe dependant on thoſe that war for a Placket. I have ſaid my Prayers, and Devil, Envy, ſay, Amen: VVhat ho? my Lord *Achilles*?

Enter Patroclus.

Patr. VVho's there? *Therſites.* Good *Therſites* come in and rail.

Ther. If I could have remembred a guilt counterfeit, thou would'ſt not have ſlipt out of my Contemplation, but it is no matter, thy ſelf upon thy ſelf. The common Curſe of mankind, folly and ignorance be thine in great Revenue; Heaven bleſs thee from a Tutor, and Diſcipline come not near thee. Let thy blood be thy direction till thy death, then if ſhe that lays thee out, ſays thou art a fair Coarſe, I'le be ſworn and ſworn upon't, ſhe never ſhrowded any but *Lazars*, Amen. VVhere's *Achilles*? &-

Patr. VVhat, art thou devout? waſt thou in a Prayer?

Ther. I, the Heavens hear me.

Enter Achilles.

Achil. VVho's there?

Patr. *Therſites*, my Lord.

Achil. VVhere, where, art thou come? why, my cheeſe, my digeſtion, why haſt thou not ſerv'd thy ſelf into my Table, ſo many meals? Come, what's *Agamemnon*?

Ther. Thy Commander, *Achilles*, then tell me, *Patroclus*, what's *Achilles*?

Patr. Thy Lord, *Therſites*: then tell me, I pray thee, what's thy ſelf?

Ther. Thy knower, *Patroclus*: then tell me, *Patroclus*, what art thou?

Patr. Thou may'ſt tell, that know'ſt.

Achil. O tell, tell.

Ther. I'le decline the whole queſtion: *Agamemnon* commands *Achilles*, *Achilles* is my Lord, I am *Patroclus*'s knower, and *Patroclus* is a Fool.

Patr. You Raſcal.

Ther. Peace, Fool, I have not done.

Achil. He is a priviledg'd man, proceed, *Therſites*.

Ther. *Agamemnon* is a Fool, *Achilles* is a Fool, *Ther-*

ſites is a Fool, and, as aforeſaid, *Patroclus* is a Fool.

Achil. Derive this: come?

Ther. *Agamemnon* is a Fool to offer to command *Achilles*, *Achilles* is a Fool to be commanded of *Agamemnon*, *Therſites* is a Fool to ſerve ſuch a Fool: and *Patroclus* is a Fool poſitive.

Patr. Why am I a Fool?

Enter Agamemnon, Ulyſſes, Neſtor, Diomedes, Ajax, *and* Chalcas.

Ther. Make that demand to the Creator, it ſuffices me thou art. Look you, who comes here?

Achil. *Patroclus*, I'le ſpeak with no body: come in with me, *Therſites.* [*Exit.*

Ther. Here is ſuch Patchery, ſuch Jugling, and ſuch Knavery: all the argument is a Cuckold and a Whore, a good quarrel to draw emulatious Factions, and bleed to death upon: Now the dry Serpigo on the ſubject, and War and Lechery confound all.

Agam. Where is *Achilles*?

Patr. Within his Tent, but ill diſpos'd, my Lord.

Agam. Let it be known to him that we are here.
He ſent our Meſſengers, and we lay by
Our appertainments, viſiting of him:
Let him be told of, leſt perchance he think
We dare not move the queſtion of our place,
Or know not what we are.

Patr. I ſhall ſo ſay to him.

Vlyſ. We ſaw him at the opening of his Tent,
He is not ſick.

Aja. Yes, Lion-ſick, ſick of a proud heart: you may call it Melancholy if you will favour the Man, but by my head, 'tis pride; but why, why, let him ſhew us the cauſe? A word, my Lord.

Neſt. What moves *Ajax* thus to bay at him?

Vlyſ. *Achilles* hath inveigled his Fool from him.

Neſt. Who, *Therſites*?

Vlyſ. He.

Neſt. Then will *Ajax* lack matter, if he have loſt his Argument.

Vlyſ. No, you ſee he is his Argument, that has his Argument, *Achilles.*

Neſt. All the better, their fraction is more our wiſh than their Faction; but it was a ſtrong Counſel that a Fool could diſunite.

Vlyſ. The amity that Wiſdom knits not, Folly may eaſily untye. *Enter* Patroclus.
Here comes *Patroclus.*

Neſt. No *Achilles* with him?

Vlyſ. The Elephant hath joints, but none for courteſie;
His Legs are legs for neceſſity, not for flight.

Patr. *Achilles* bids me ſay, he is much ſorry,
If any thing more than your ſport and pleaſure,
Did move your Greatneſs, and this noble State,
To call upon him; he hopes it is no other,
But for your health, and your digeſtion-ſake;
An after Dinners breath.

Aga. Hear you, *Patroclus*:
We are too well acquainted with theſe anſwers:
But his evaſion wing'd thus ſwift with ſcorn,
Cannot outflye our apprehenſions.
Much attribute he hath, and much the reaſon,
Why we aſcribe it to him, yet all his virtues,
(Not virtuouſly of his own part beheld)
Do in our Eyes, begin to loſe their gloſs;
And like fair Fruit in an unwholſom diſh,
Are like to rot untaſted; go and tell him,
We come to ſpeak with him, and you ſhall not ſin,
If you do ſay, we think him over-proud,
And under-honeſt: in ſelf-aſſumption greater
Than in the note of judgment: and worthier than himſelf.
Here tends the ſavage ſtrangeneſs he puts on,
Diſguiſe the holy ſtrength of their command:
And under write in an obſerving kind
His humorous predominance, yea, watch
His pettiſh lines, his ebbs, his flows, as if
The paſſage and whole carriage of this action
Rode on his tide. Go tell him this, and add;
That if he over-hold his price ſo much,
We'll none of him; but let him, like an Engine
Not portable, lye under this report.
Bring action hither, this cannot go to war:
A ſtirring Dwarf, we do allowance give,
Before a ſleeping Gyant: tell him ſo.

Pat. I ſhall, and bring his anſwer preſently.

Aga. In ſecond voice we'll not be ſatisfied,
We come to ſpeak with him, *Vlyſſes*, enter you.
[*Exit* Ulyſſes.

Aja. What is he more than another?

Aga. No more than what he thinks he is.

Aja. Is he ſo much? do you not think, he thinks himſelf a better Man than I am?

Aga. No queſtion.

Aja. VVill you ſubſcribe his thought, and ſay, he is?

Aga. No, Noble *Ajax*, you are as ſtrong, as valiant, as wiſe, no leſs noble, much more gentle, and altogether more tractable.

Aja. VVhy ſhould a Man be proud? How doth Pride grow? I know not what it is.

Aga. Your mind is the clearer, *Ajax*, and your virtues the fairer; he that is proud, eats up himſelf, Pride is his own Glaſs, his own Trumpet, his own Chronicle, and what ever praiſes it ſelf but in the deed, devours the deed in the praiſe.

Enter Ulyſſes.

Aja. I do hate a proud Man, as I hate the engendring of Toads.

Neſt. Yet he loves himſelf: is't not ſtrange?

Vlyſ. *Achilles* will not to the field to morrow.

Aga. VVhat's his excuſe?

Vlyſ. He doth rely on none,
But carries on the ſtream of his diſpoſe,
VVithout obſervance or reſpect of any,
In will peculiar, and in ſelf-admiſſion.

Aga. VVhy, will he not upon our fair requeſt,
Untent his perſon, and ſhare the Ayr with us?

Vlyſ. Things ſmall as nothing, for requeſts ſake only
He makes important: poſſeſt he is with greatneſs,
And ſpeaks not to himſelf, but with a pride
That quarrels at ſelf-breath. Imagin'd wrath
Holds in his blood ſuch ſwoln and hot diſcourſe,
That 'twixt his mental and his active parts,
Kingdom'd *Achilles* in commotion rages,
And batters 'gainſt it ſelf; what ſhould I ſay?
He is ſo plaguy proud, that the death-tokens of it
Cry no recovery.

Aga. Let *Ajax* go to him.
Dear Lord, go you and greet him in his Tent;
'Tis ſaid he holds you well, and will be led
At your requeſt a little from himſelf.

Vlyſ. O, *Agamemnon*, let it not be ſo.
VVe'll conſecrate the ſteps that *Ajax* makes,
VVhen they go from *Achilles*; ſhall the proud Lord,
That baſtes his arrogance with his own ſeam,
And never ſuffers matter of the world
Enter his thoughts, ſave ſuch as do revolve
And ruminate himſelf; Shall he be worſhipt,
Of that we hold an Idol, more than he?
No, this thrice worthy, and right valiant Lord,
Muſt not ſo ſtaul his Palm, nobly acquir'd, in ſtain
Nor by my will aſſubjugate his Merit,
As amply titled, as *Achilles* is, by going to *Achilles*,
That were to enlard his fat already pride,
And add more Coles to Cancer, when he burns
With entertaining great *Hyperion.*
This Lord go to him? *Jupiter* forbid,
And ſay in thunder, *Achilles* go to him.

Neſt. O this is well, he rubs the vein of him.

Dio. And how his ſilence drinks up his applauſe.

Aja. If I go to him, with my armed Fiſt, I'le paſh him o're the Face.

Aga. O no, you ſhall not go.

Aja. And a be proud with me, I'le pheſe his Pride: let me go to him.

Ulyſ. Not for the worth that hangs upon our quarrel.

Aja. A paultry inſolent Fellow.

Neſt. How he deſcribes himſelf.

Aja. Can he not be ſociable?

Ulyſ. The Raven chides blackneſs.

Aja. I'le let his humours blood.

Aga. He will be the Phyſitian, that ſhould be the Patient.

Aja. And all Men were a my mind.

Ulyſ. Wit would be out of faſhion.

Aja. A ſhould not bear it ſo, a ſhould eat Swords firſt: ſhall pride carry it?

Neſt. And 'twould, you'ld carry half. very half

Ulyſ. A would have ten ſhares.

Aja. I will knead him, I'le make him ſupple, he's not yet through warm.

Neſt. Force him with praiſes, pour in, pour in, his Ambition is dry.

Ulyſ. My Lord, you feed too much on this diſlike.

Neſt. Our noble General, do not do ſo.

Dio. You muſt prepare to fight without *Achilles.*

Ulyſ. Why, 'tis this naming of him doth him harm.
Here is a man, but 'tis before his Face,
I will be ſilent.

Neſt. Wherefore ſhould you ſo?
He is not emulous, as *Achilles* is.

Ulyſ. Know the whole world, he is as valiant.

Aja. A horſon Dog, that ſhall palter thus with us, would he were a *Trojan.*

Neſt. What a vice were it in *Ajax* now——

Ulyſ. If he were proud.

Dio. Or covetous of praiſe.

Ulyſ. I, or ſurly born.

Dio. Or ſtrange, or ſelf-affected.

Ul. Thank the Heavens L. thou art of ſweet compoſure
Praiſe him that got thee, ſhe that gave thee ſuck:
Fame be thy Tutor, and thy parts of Nature
Thrice fam'd beyond, beyond all erudition;
But he that diſciplin'd thy arms to fight,
Let *Mars* divide Eternity in twain,
And give him half, and for thy vigor,
Bull-bearing *Milo* his addition yield
To ſinewy *Ajax* I will not praiſe thy wiſdom
Which, like a bourn, a pale, a ſhore, confines
Thy ſpacious and dilated parts; here's *Neſtor*
Inſtructed by the Antiqnary times:
He muſt, he is, he cannot but be wiſe.
But pardon, Father *Neſtor*, were your days
As green as *Ajax*, and your Brain ſo temper'd,
You ſhould not have the eminence of him,
But be as *Ajax.*

Aja. Shall I call you Father?

Ulyſ. I, my good Son.

Dio. Be rul'd by him, Lord *Ajax.*

Ulyſ. There is no tarrying here, the Hart *Achilles*
Keeps thicket: pleaſe it our General,
To call together all this ſtate of war;
Freſh Kings are come to *Troy*; to morrow
We muſt with all our main of power ſtand faſt:
And here's a Lord (come Knights from Eaſt to Weſt,
And cull their flower) *Ajax* ſhall cope the beſt.

Ag. Go we to Council, let *Achilles* ſleep;
Light Boats may ſail ſwift, though greater bulks draw deep. [*Exeunt.* *Muſick ſounds within.*

Enter Pandarus, *and a Servant.*

Pan. Friend, you, pray you a word: Do not you follow the young Lord *Paris*?

Ser. I, Sir, when he goes before me.

Pan. You depend upon him, I mean?

Ser. Sir, I do depend upon the Lord.

Pan. You depend upon a Noble Gentleman: I muſt needs praiſe him.

Ser. The Lord be praiſed.

Pan. You know me, do you not?

Ser. Faith, Sir, ſuperficially.

Pan. Friend, know me better, I am the Lord *Pandarus.*

Ser. I hope I ſhall know your Honour better.

Pan. I do deſire it.

Ser. You are in the ſtate of Grace?

Pan. Grace, not ſo, Friend, Honour and Lordſhip are my Titles: What Muſick is this?

Ser. I do but partly know, Sir: it is Muſick in parts.

Pan. Know you the Muſicians?

Ser. Wholly, Sir.

Pan. Who play they to?

Ser. To the hearers, Sir.

Pan. At whoſe pleaſure, Friend?

Ser. At mine, Sir, and theirs that love Muſick.

Pan. Command, I mean, Friend.

Ser. Who ſhall I command, Sir?

Pan. Friend, we underſtand not one another: I am too courtly, and thou art too cunning. At whoſe requeſt do theſe Men play?

Ser. That's to't indeed, Sir: marry, Sir, at the requeſt of *Paris*, my Lord, who's there in perſon; with him the mortal *Venus*, the heart blood of Beauty, loves inviſible ſoul.

Pan. Who? my Couſin *Creſſida.*

Ser. No, Sir, *Helen*, could you not find out that by her attributes?

Pan. It ſhould ſeem, Fellow, that thou haſt not ſeen the Lady *Creſſida.* I come to ſpeak with *Paris* from the Prince *Troilus*: I will make a complemental aſſault upon him, for my buſineſs ſeethes.

Ser. Sodden buſineſs, there's a ſtew'd phraſe indeed,

Enter Paris *and* Helena.

Pan. Fair be to you, my Lord, and to all this fair company: fair deſires in all fair meaſure fairly guide them, eſpecially to you, fair Queen, fair thoughts be your fair pillow.

Hel. Dear Lord, you are full of fair words.

Pan. You ſpeak your fair pleaſure, ſweet Queen: fair Prince, here is good broken Muſick.

Par. You have broken it, Couſin: and by my life you ſhall make it whole again, you ſhall piece it out with a piece of your performance. *Nel*, he is full of harmony.

Pan. Truly, Lady, no.

Hel. O, Sir.

Pan. Rude in ſooth, in good ſooth very rude.

Par. Well ſaid, my Lord: well, you ſay ſo in fits.

Pan. I have buſineſs to my Lord, dear Queen: my Lord will you vouchſafe me a word?

Hel. Nay, this ſhall not hedge us out, we'l hear you ſing certainly.

Pan. Well, ſweet Queen, you are pleaſant with me; but, marry thus, my Lord, my dear Lord, and moſt eſteemed Friend, your Brother *Troilus*——

Hel. My Lord *Pandarus*, hony-ſweet Lord.

Pan. Go to, ſweet Queen, go to,
Commends himſelf moſt affectionately to you.

Hel. You ſhall not bob us out of our melody:
If you do, our melancholy upon your head.

Pan. Sweet Queen, ſweet Queen, that's a ſweet Queen I'faith——

Hel. And to make a ſweet Lady ſad, is a ſower offence.

Pan. Nay, that ſhall not ſerve your turn, that ſhall it not in truth la. Nay, I care not for ſuch words, no, no. And, my Lord, he deſires you, that if the King call for him at Supper, you will make his excuſe.

Hel. My Lord *Pandarus.*

Pan. What ſays my ſweet Queen, my very, very ſweet Queen?

Par. What exploit's in hand, where ſups he to night?

Hel. Nay, but my Lord.

Pan. What ſays my ſweet Queen? my Couſin will fall out with you.

~~*Hel.*~~ You muſt not know where he ſups.

Par. With my diſpoſer, *Creſſida.*

Pan. No, no, no ſuch matter, you are wide, come, your diſpoſer is ſick.

Par. Well, I'le make excuſe.

Pan. I, good my Lord: why ſhould you ſay, *Creſſida*? no, your poor diſpoſer's ſick.

Par. I ſpy.

Pan. You ſpy, what do you ſpy? Come, give me an Inſtrument now, ſweet Queen.

Hel. Why this is kindly done.

Pan. My Niece is horrible in love with a thing you have, ſweet Queen.

Hel. She ſhall have it, my Lord, if it be not my Lord *Paris.*

Pan. He? no, ſhe'll none of him, they two are twain.

Hel. Falling in after falling out, may make them three.

Pan. Come, come, I'le hear no more of this, I'le ſing you a Song now.

Hel. I, I, prithee now: by my troth, ſweet Lord, thou haſt a fine fore-head.

Pan. I, you may, you may.

Hel. Let thy Song be Love: this Love will undo us all. Oh, *Cupid, Cupid, Cupid.*

Pan. Love? I, that it ſhall i'faith.

Par. I, good now, Love, Love, nothing but Love.

Pan. In good troth it begins ſo.

Love, Love, nothing but Love, ſtill more:
For O, Loves Bow
Shoots both Buck and Doe:
The Shaft confounds not that it wounds,
But tickles ſtill the Sore:
Theſe Lovers cry, oh ho they dye;
Yet that which ſeems they wound to kill,
Doth turn oh ho, to ha ha he:
So dying love lives ſtill,
O ho a while, but ha ha ha;
O ho groans out for ha ha ha——hey ho.

Hel. In Love i'faith to the very tip of the Noſe.

Par. He eats nothing but Doves, Love, and that breeds hot blood, and hot blood begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deeds, and hot deeds is Love.

Pan. Is this the generation of Love? Hot blood, hot thoughts, and hot deeds, why they are Vipers, is Love a generation of Vipers?
Sweet Lord, who's a field to day?

Par. *Hector, Deiphobus, Helenus, Anthenor,* and all the gallantry of *Troy.* I would fain have arm'd to day, but my *Nell* would not have it ſo.
How chance my Brother *Troilus* went not?

Hel. He hangs the lip at ſomething; you know all, Lord *Pandarus?*

Pan. Not I, hony-ſweet Queen: I long to hear how they ſped to day:
You'l remember your Brothers excuſe?

Par. To a hair.

Pan. Farewel, ſweet Queen.

Hel. Commend me to your Niece.

Pan. I will, ſweet Queen. [*Sound a Retreat.*

Par. They're come from Field: let us to *Priam's* Hall,
To greet the Warriors. Sweet *Helen,* I muſt woo you,
To help unarm our *Hector*: his ſtubborn buckles,
With theſe your white enchanting Fingers toucht,
Shall more obey, than to the edg of Steel,
Or force of *Greekiſh* ſinews, you ſhall do more
Than all the Iſland Kings, diſarm great *Hector.*

Hel. 'Twill make us proud to be your Servant, *Paris*:
Yea, what he ſhall receive of us in duty,
Gives us more palm in Beauty than we have:
Yea, over-ſhines our ſelf.
Sweet above thought, I love thee. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Pandarus, *and* Troilus'*s Man.*

Pan. How now, where's thy Maſter, at my Couſin *Creſſida's*?

Man. No, Sir, he ſtays for you to conduct him thither.

Enter Troilus.

Pan. O, here he comes: How now, how now?

Troi. Sirrah, walk off.

Pan. Have you ſeen my Couſin?

Troi. No, *Pandarus*: I ſtalk about her door
Like a ſtrange Soul upon the Stygian banks
Staying for waftage. O be thou my *Charon,*
And give me ſwift tranſportance to thoſe Fields,
Where I may wallow in the Lilly beds
Propos'd for the deſerver. O gentle *Pandarus,*
From *Cupids* ſhoulder pluck his painted wings,
And fly with me to *Creſſid.*

Pan. Walk here i'th' Orchard, I'le bring her ſtraight. [*Exit* Pandarus.

Troi. I am giddy; expectation whirles me round,
Th' imaginary reliſh is ſo ſweet,
That it inchants my ſenſe: what will it be
When that the watry palats taſte indeed
Loves thrice reputed *Nectar*? Death, I fear me
Sounding deſtruction, or ſome joy too fine,
Too ſubtile, potent, and too ſharp in ſweetneſs,
For the Capacity of my ruder powers;
I fear it much, and I do fear beſides,
That I ſhall loſe diſtinction in my joys,
As doth a Battle, when they charge on heaps
The Enemy flying.

Enter Pandarus.

Pan. She's making her ready, ſhe'l come ſtraight; you muſt be witty now, ſhe does ſo bluſh, and fetches her wind ſo ſhort, as if ſhe were fraid with a ſprite: I'le fetch her; it is the prittieſt villain, ſhe fetches her breath ſo ſhort as a new ta'en Sparrow. [*Exit* Pand.

Troi. Even ſuch a paſſion doth embrace my boſom:
My Heart beats thicker than a feavorous Pulſe,
And all my powers do their beſtowing loſe,
Like vaſſalage at unawares encountring
The Eye of Majeſty.

Enter Pandarus *and* Creſſida.

Pan. Come, come, what need you bluſh?
Shame's a Baby; here ſhe is now, ſwear the oaths now to her, that you have ſworn to me. What are you gone again, you muſt be watcht e're you be made tame, muſt you? come your ways, come your ways, and you draw backward we'll put you i'th' Files: why do you not ſpeak to her? Come draw this Curtain, and lets ſee your Picture. Alas the day, how loath you are to offend day light? and 'twere dark you'ld cloſe ſooner. So, ſo, rub on, and kiſs the Miſtreſs; how now, a kiſs in fee-farm? build there Carpenter; the Ayr is ſweet. Nay, you ſhall fight your Hearts out e're I part you. The Faulcon, a[illegible] the Tercel, for all the Ducks i'th' River: go to, go to.

Troi. You have bereft me of all words, Lady.

Pan. Words pay no debts; give her deeds: but ſhe'll bereave you o'th' deeds too, if ſhe call your activity in queſtion: what, billing again? here's in witneſs whereof the Parties interchangeably. Come in, come in, I'le go get a fire. [*Exit* Pand.

Creſ. Will you walk in, my Lord?

Troi. O *Creſſida,* how often have I wiſht me thus?

Creſ. Wiſht, my Lord? the Gods grant; O, my Lord.

Troi. What ſhould they grant; what makes this pretty abruption: what too curious dreg eſpies my ſweet Lady in the Fountain of our love?

Creſ. More dregs than water, if my tears have eyes.

Troi. Fears make Devils of Cherubins, they never ſee truly.

Creſ. Blind fear, that ſeeing reaſon leads, finds ſafer footing, than blind reaſon, ſtumbling without fear: to fear the worſt, oft cures the worſe.

Troi. O let my Lady apprehend no fear,
In all *Cupid*'s Pageant there is preſented no Monſter.

Creſ. Nor nothing monſtrous neither?

Troi. Nothing, but their undertakings, when we vow to weep Seas, live in Fire, eat Rocks, tame Tygers, thinking it harder for our Miſtreſs to deviſe impoſition enough, than for us to undergo any difficulty impoſed. This is the monſtroſity in love (Lady,) that the will is infinite, and the execution confin'd; that the deſire is boundleſs, and the act a ſlave to limit.

Creſ. They ſay all Lovers ſwear more performance than they are able, and yet reſerve an ability that they never perform vowing more than the perfection of ten; and diſcharging leſs than the tenth part of one. They that have the voice of Lions, and the act of Hares, are they not Monſters?

Troi. Are there ſuch? ſuch are not we: Praiſe us as we are taſted, allow us as we prove: our head ſhall go bare, till merit crown it: no perfection in reverſion ſhall have a praiſe in preſent: we will not name deſert before his birth, and being born, his addition ſhall be humble: few words to fair faith. *Troilus* ſhall be ſuch to *Creſſida*, as what Envy can ſay worſt, ſhall be a mock for his truth; and what truth can ſpeak trueſt, not truer than *Troilus*.

Creſ. Will you walk in, my Lord?

Enter Pandarus.

Pan. What, bluſhing ſtill? have you not done talking yet?

Creſ. Well, Uncle, what folly I commit, I dedicate to you.

Pan. I thank you for that: if my Lord get a Boy of you, you'l give him me: be true to my Lord, if he flinch, chide me for it.

Troi. You know now your Hoſtages: your Unckle's word and my firm faith.

Pan. Nay, I'le give my word for her too: our kindred though they be long e're they are wooed, they are conſtant being won: they are Burs, I can tell you, they'l ſtick where they are thrown.

Creſ. Boldneſs comes to me now, and brings me heart:
Prince *Troilus*, I have lov'd you night and day, for many weary Months.

Troi. Why was my *Creſſida* then ſo hard to win?

Creſ. Hard to ſeem won: but I was won, my Lord,
With the firſt glance that ever: pardon me,
If I confeſs much, you will play the Tyrant:
I love you now, but not till now ſo much
But I might maſter it; in faith I lye:
My thoughts were like unbridled Children, grown
Too head-ſtrong for their Mother: ſee we Fools,
Why have I blab'd? who ſhall be true to us,
When we are ſo unſecret to our ſelves?
But though I lov'd you well, I wooed you not,
And yet good faith I wiſht my ſelf a Man:
Or that the Women had mens priviledge
Of ſpeaking firſt. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue,
For in this rapture I ſhall ſurely ſpeak
The thing I ſhall repent: ſee, ſee your ſilence
Coming in dumbneſs, from my weakneſs draws
My Soul of Counſel from me. Stop my mouth.

Troi. And ſhall, albeit ſweet Muſick iſſues thence.

Pan. Pretty, i'faith.

Creſ My Lord, I do beſeech you pardon me,
'Twas not my purpoſe thus to beg a kiſs:
I am aſham'd; O Heavens, what have I done!
For this time will I take my leave, my Lord.

Troi. Your leave, ſweet *Creſſid*?

Pan. Leave! and you take leave till to morrow morning——

Creſ. Pray you, content you.

Troi. What offends you, Lady?

Creſ. Sir, mine own company.

Troi. You cannot ſhun your ſelf.

Creſ. Let me go and try:
I have a kind of ſelf reſides with you:
But an unkind ſelf, that it ſelf will leave,
To be anothers Fool. Where is my Wit?
I would be gone: I ſpeak I know not what.

Troi. Well know they what they ſpeak, that ſpeak ſo wiſely.

Creſ. Perchance, my Lord, I ſhew more craft than love.
And fell ſo roundly to a large Confeſſion,
To angle for your thoughts: but you are wiſe,
Or elſe you love not: for to be wiſe and love,
Exceeds mans might, that dwells with Gods above.

Troi. O that I thought it could be in a woman;
And if it can, I will preſume in you,
To feed for ay her lamp and flames of love,
To keep her conſtancy in plight and youth,
Out-living beauties outward, with a mind
That doth renew ſwifter than blood decays:
Or that perſwaſion could but thus convince me,
That my integrity and truth to you,
Might be affronted with the match and weight
Of ſuch a winnowed purity in love:
How were I then up-lifted! but alas,
I am as true, as truth's ſimplicity,
And ſimpler than the infancy of truth.

Creſ. In that I'le war with you.

Troi. O vertuous fight,
When right with right wars, who ſhould be moſt right?
True Swains in love, ſhall in the world to come
Approve their truths by *Troilus*, when their Rhimes,
Full of proteſt, of oath, and big compare,
Want ſimilies: truth tir'd with iteration,
As true as Steel, as plantage to the Moon,
As Sun to day, as Turtle to her mate,
As Iron to Adamant, as Earth to th' Center: l. Magnet.
Yet after all compariſons of truth,
(As truths Authentick author to be cited)
As true as *Troilus*, ſhall crown up the verſe,
And ſanctifie the numbers.

Creſ. Prophet may you be:
If I be falſe, or ſwerve a hair from truth,
When time is old and hath forgot it ſelf,
When water-drops have worn the ſtones of *Troy*,
And blind oblivion ſwallow'd Cities up,
And mighty States characterleſs are grated
To duſty nothing; yet let memory,
From falſe to falſe, among falſe Maids in love,
Upbraid my falſehood, when they'ave ſaid as falſe,
As Air, as Water, as Wind, as ſandy Earth;
As Fox to Lamb; as Wolf to Heifers Calf;
Pard to the Hind, or Stepdame to her Son;
Yea, let them ſay, to ſtick the heart of falſehood,
As falſe as *Creſſid*.

Pand. Go to, a bargain made: ſeal it, ſeal it, I'le be the witneſs, here I hold your hand: here, my Couſins, if ever you prove falſe to one another, ſince I have taken ſuch pains to bring you together, let all pitiful goers between be call'd to the worlds end after my name: call them all *Panders*; let all conſtant men be *Troiluſſes*, all falſe Women *Creſſida's*, and all brokers between, *Panders*; ſay, Amen.

Troi. Amen.

Creſ. Amen.

Pand. Amen.
Whereupon I will ſhew you a Chamber, which Bed, becauſe it ſhall not ſpeak of your pretty encounters, preſs it to death: away.
And *Cupid* grant all Tongue-ty'd Maidens here,
Bed, Chamber, and Pander, to provide this geer.

[*Exeunt*.

Enter Ulyſſes, Diomedes, Neſtor, Agamemnon, Menelaus, *and* Calcas.

Cal. Now, Princes, for the ſervice I have done you,
Th' advantage of the time prompts me aloud,
To call for recompence: appear it to your mind,
That through the ſight I bear in things to come,
I have abandon'd *Troy*, left my poſſeſſion,
Incurr'd a Traytors name, expos'd my ſelf,
From certain and poſſeſt conveniencies,
To doubtful Fortunes, ſequeſtring from me all
That Time, Acquaintance, Cuſtom, and Condition,
Made tame, and moſt familiar to my nature:
And here to do you ſervice am become
As new into the World, ſtrange, unacquainted.
I do beſeech you, as in way of taſte,
To give me now a little benefit,
Out of thoſe many regiſtred in promiſe,
Which you ſay live to come in my behalf.
Aga. What would'ſt thou of us, *Trojan*? make demand ?
Cal. You have a *Trojan* priſoner, call'd *Anthenor*,
Yeſterday took: *Troy* holds him very dear.
Oft have you (often have you, thanks therefore)
Deſir'd my *Creſſid* in right great exchange,
Whom *Troy* hath ſtill deni'd: but this *Anthenor*,
I know is ſuch a wreſt in their affairs,
That their negotiations all muſt ſlack,
Wanting his manage: and they will almoſt
Give us a Prince o'th' blood, a Son of *Priam*,
In change of him. Let him be ſent, great Princes,
And he ſhall buy my Daughter: and her preſence
Shall quite ſtrike off all ſervice I have done,
In moſt accepted pain.
Aga. Let *Diomedes* bear him,
And bring us *Creſſid* hither: *Calcas* ſhall have
What he requeſts of us: good *Diomede*,
Furniſh you fairly for this enterchange;
With all, bring word, if *Hector* will to morrow
Be anſwer'd in his Challenge. *Ajax* is ready.
Dio. This ſhall I undertake, and 'tis a burthen
Which I am proud to bear. [*Exit.*

Enter Achilles, *and* Patroclus *in their Tent.*

Vlyſ. *Achilles* ſtands i'th' entrance of his Tent;
Pleaſe it our General to paſs ſtrangely by him,
As if he were forgot: and Princes all,
Lay negligent and looſe regard upon him;
I will come laſt, 'tis like he'll queſtion me,
Why ſuch unplauſive Eyes are bent? why turn'd on him?
If ſo, I have deciſion medicinable,
To uſe between your ſtrangeneſs and his pride,
Which his own will ſhall have deſire to drink;
It may do good, Pride hath no other glaſs
To ſhew it ſelf, but Pride: for ſupple knees
Feed arrogance, and are the proud mans fees.
Agam. We'el execute your purpoſe, and put on
A form of ſtrangeneſs as we paſs along,
So do each Lord, and either greet him not,
Or elſe diſdainfully, which ſhall ſhake him more,
Than if not look't on, I will lead the way.
Achil. What, comes the General to ſpeak with me?
You know my mind. I'le fight no more 'gainſt *Troy*.
Aga. What ſays *Achilles*, would he ought with us?
Neſt. Would you, my Lord, ought with the General?
Achil. No.
Neſt. Nothing, my Lord.
Aga. The better.
Achil. Good day, good day.
Men. How do you? how do you?
Achil. What does the Cuckold ſcorn me?
Ajax. How now, *Patroclus*?
Achil. Good morrow, *Ajax*.
Ajax. Ha.
Achil. Good morrow.
Ajax. I, and Good next day too. [*Exeunt.*
Achil. What mean theſe Fellows? know they not *Achilles*?
Patr. They paſs ſtrangely: they were us'd to bend,
To ſend their ſmiles before them to *Achilles*:
To come as humbly, as they us'd to creep to holy Altars.
Achil. What am I poor of late?
'Tis certain, Greatneſs once fal'n out with Fortune,
Muſt fall out with Men too: what the declin'd is,
He ſhall as ſoon read in the Eyes of others,
As feel in his own fall: for Men like Butter-flies,
Shew not their mealy wings, but to the Summer;
And not a Man, for being ſimple Man,
Hath any Honour, but Honour'd by thoſe Honours
That are without him; as Place, Riches, Favour,
Prizes of accident, as oft as merit:
Which when they fall (as being ſlippery ſtanders)
The love that lean'd on them as ſlippery too,
Doth one pluck down another, and together
Dye in the fall: But 'tis not ſo with me,
Fortune and I are Friends, I do enjoy
At ample point all that I did poſſeſs,
Save theſe men's looks, who do methinks find out
Something not worth in me ſuch rich beholding,
As they have often given. Here is *Vlyſſes*,
I'le interupt his reading: How now, *Vlyſſes*?
Vlyſ. Now, great *Thetis* Son.
Achil. What are you reading?
Vlyſ. A ſtrange Fellow here
Writes me, that man, how dearly ever parted,
How much in having, or without, or in,
Cannot make boaſt to have that which he hath;
Nor feels not what he ows, but by reflection,
As when his virtues ſhining upon others,
Heat them, and they retort that heat again
To the firſt giver.
Achil. This is not ſtrange, *Vlyſſes*,
The beauty that is born here in the Face,
The bearer knows not, but commends it ſelf,
Not going from it ſelf, but eye to eye oppos'd,
Salute each other, with each others form.
For ſpeculation turns not to it ſelf,
Till it hath travell'd and is married there
Where it may ſee it ſelf; this is not ſtrange at all.
Vlyſ. I do not ſtrain it at the Poſition,
It is familiar; but at the Authors drift,
Who in his circumſtance, expreſly proves
That no man is the Lord of any thing,
(Though in and of him there is much conſiſting,)
Till he communicate his parts to others:
Nor doth he of himſelf know them for ought,
Till he behold them formed in th' applauſe,
Where they're extended: who like an arch reverb'rates
The voice again, or like a gate of Steel,
Fronting the Sun, receives and renders back
His Figure, and his Heat. I was much rapt in this,
And apprehended here immediately
The unknown *Ajax*.
Heavens, what a man is there? a very Horſe,
That has he knows not what Nature, what things there are
Moſt abject in regard, and dear in uſe;
What things again moſt dear in the eſteem,
And poor in worth: now ſhall we ſee to morrow,
And act that very chance doth throw upon him?
Ajax renown'd! O Heavens, what ſome men do,
While ſome men leave to do!
How ſome men creep in skittiſh fortunes Hall,
VVhiles others play the Idiots in her eyes:
How one man eats into anothers Pride,
VVhile Pride is feaſting in his wantonneſs
To ſee theſe *Grecian* Lords; why, even already,
They

They clap the lubber *Ajax* on the ſhoulder,
As if his foot were on brave *Hector*'s breaſt,
And great *Troy* ſhrinking.
Achil. I do believe it,
For they paſt by me, as Miſers do by Beggars,
Neither gave to me good word, nor good look:
VVhat, are my deeds forgot?
Ulyſ. Time hath (my Lord) a wallet at his back,
VVherein he puts alms for oblivion:
A great-ſiz'd Monſter of ingratitudes:
Thoſe ſcraps are good deeds paſt,
Which are devour'd as faſt as they are made,
Forgot as ſoon as done: perſeverance, dear my Lord,
Keeps Honour bright: to have done, is to hang
Quite out of faſhion, like a ruſty Male,
In monumental mockr'y: take the inſtant way,
For Honour travels in a Streight ſo narrow,
Where one but goes abreaſt, keep then the path,
For Emulation hath a thouſand Sons,
That one by one purſue; if you give way
Or hedge aſide from the direct forth-right,
Like to an entred Tide, they all ruſh by,
And leave you hindmoſt;
Or like a gallant Horſe fal'n in firſt rank,
Lye there for pavement to the abject, near
O're-run and trampled on: then what they do in preſent,
Though leſs than yours in paſt, muſt o'retop yours:
For time is like a faſhionable Hoſt,
That ſlightly ſhakes his parting Gueſt by th' hand;
And with his arms out-ſtretch'd, as he would flye,
Graſps in the comer: the welcome ever ſmiles,
And farewels goes out ſighing: O let not virtue ſeek
Remuneration for the thing it was: for Beauty, Wit,
High-birth, vigor of Bone, deſert in Service,
Love, Friendſhip, Charity, are ſubjects all
To envious and calumniating time:
One touch of nature makes the whole World kin;
That all with one conſent praiſe new-born gauds,
Though they are made and moulded of things paſt,
And go to duſt, that is a little gilt,
More laud in gilt o're-duſted.
The preſent Eye praiſes the preſent object.
Then marvel not, thou great and compleat Man,
That all the *Greeks* begin to worſhip *Ajax*;
Since things in motion 'gin to catch the Eye,
Than what not ſtirs, the cry went out on thee,
And ſtill it might, and yet it may again,
If thou would'ſt not entomb thy ſelf alive,
And caſe thy reputation in thy Tent;
Whoſe glorious deeds, but in theſe fields of late,
Made emulous miſſions 'mongſt the Gods themſelves,
And drave great *Mars* to Faction.
Achil. Of this my privacy,
I have ſtrong reaſons.
Ulyſ. But 'gainſt your privacy,
The reaſons are more potent and heroical:
'Tis known, *Achilles*, that you are in love
VVith one of *Priam's* Daughters.
Achil. Ha? known?
Ulyſ. Is that a wonder?
The providence that's in a watchful State,
Knows almoſt every grain of *Pluto*'s Gold;
Finds bottom in th' uncomprehenſive deeps
Keeps place with thought; and, almoſt like the Gods,
Does thoughts unveil in their dumb Cradles:
There is a Myſtery (with whom relation
Durſt never meddle) in the ſoul of ſtate;
Which hath an operation more divine,
Than Breath or Pen can give expreſſure to:
All the commerce that you have had with *Troy*,
As perfectly is ours, as yours, my Lord.
And better would it fit *Achilles* much,
To throw down *Hector* than *Polyxena*,
But it muſt grieve young *Pyrrhus* now at home,
When Fame ſhall in her Iſland ſound her Trump;
And all the *Greekiſh* Girles ſhall tripping ſing,
Great *Hector*'s Siſter did *Achilles* win;
But our Great *Ajax* bravely beat down him.
Farewel, my Lord: I, as your Lover, ſpeak;
The Fool ſlides o're the Ice that you ſhould break.
Patr. To this effect, *Achilles*, have I mov'd you;
A woman impudent and manniſh grown,
Is not more loath'd, than an effeminate man,
In time of action: I ſtand condemn'd for this;
They think my little ſtomach to the war,
And your great love to me, reſtrains you thus:
Sweet, rouſe your ſelf: and the weak wanton *Cupid*
Shall from your neck unlooſe his amorous fold,
And like a dew-drop from the Lions mane,
Be ſhook to airy air.
Achil. Shall *Ajax* fight with *Hector*?
Patr. I, and perhaps receive much Honour by him.
Achil. I ſee my Reputation is at ſtake,
My Fame is ſhrewdly gored.
Patr. O then beware:
Thoſe wounds heal ill, that men do give themſelves:
Omiſſion to do what is neceſſary,
Seals a Commiſſion to a blank of danger,
And danger, like an Ague, ſubtly taints
Even then when, we ſit idly in the ſun.
Achil. Go call *Therſites* hither, ſweet *Patroclus*,
I'le ſend the Fool to *Ajax*, and deſire him
T'invite the *Trojan* Lords after the Combat
To ſee us here unarm'd: I have a Womans longing,
An appetite that I am ſick withall,
To ſee great *Hector* in the weeds of peace.

Enter Therſites.

To talk with him, and to behold his viſage,
Even to my full of view. A labour ſav'd.
Ther. A wonder.
Achil. What?

Ther. *Ajax* goes up and down the Field, asking for himſelf.

Achil. How ſo?

Ther. He muſt fight ſingly to morrow with *Hector*, and is ſo prophetically proud of an heroical cudgelling, that he raves in ſaying nothing.

Achil. How can that be?

Ther. Why, he ſtalks up and down like a Peacock, a ſtride and a ſtand: ruminates, like an Hoſteſs, that hath no Arithmetique, but her Brain to ſet down her reckoning: bites his lip with a politique regard, as who ſhould ſay, there were wit in his head, and 'twoud out; and ſo there is, but it lies as coldly in him, as Fire in a Flint, which will not ſhew without knocking. The man's undone for ever; for if *Hector* break not his Neck i'th' Combat, hee'l break't himſelf in vain-glory. He knows not me: I ſaid, good morrow *Ajax*. And he replies, thanks *Agamemnon*. What think you of this man, that takes me for the General? He's grown a very Land-fiſh, languageleſs, a Monſter, a Plague of Opinion, a man may wear it on both ſides like a Leather Jerkin.

Achil. Thou muſt be my Embaſſador to him, *Therſites.*

Ther. Who I? while he'll anſwer no body: he profeſſes not anſwering; ſpeaking is for Beggars: he wears his Tongue in's Arms: I will put on his preſence; let *Patroclus* make his demands to me, you ſhall ſee the Pageant of *Ajax*.

Achil. To him, *Patroclus*, tell him, I humbly deſire the valiant *Ajax*, to invite the moſt valorous *Hector*, to come unarm'd to my Tent, and to procure ſafe conduct for his perſon, of the magnanimous, and moſt illuſtrious, ſix or ſeven times honour'd Captain, General of the *Grecian* Army, *Agamemnon*, &c. do this.

Patr. *Jove* bleſs great *Ajax*.

Ther. Hum.

Patr. I come from the worthy *Achilles*.

Ther. Ha?

Patr. Who moſt humbly deſires you to invite *Hector* to his Tent.

Ther. Hum.
Patr. And to procure ſafe conduct from *Agamemnon.*
Ther. *Agamemnon?*
Patr. I, my Lord.
Ther. Ha?
Patr. What ſay you to't.
Ther. God b'you, with all my Heart.
Patr. Your anſwer, Sir.
Ther. If to morrow be a fair day, by eleven a Clock it will go one way or other; howſoever, he ſhall pay for me e're he has me.
Patr. Your anſwer, Sir.
Ther. Fare you wel with all my heart.
Achil. Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?
Ther. No, but he's out a tune thus: what Muſick will he be in when *Hector* has knockt out his brains, I know not: but I am ſure none, unleſs the Fidler *Apollo* get his Sinews to make Catlings on.
Achil. Come, thou ſhalt bear a Letter to him ſtraight.
Ther. Let me carry another to his Horſe; for that's the more capable creature.
Achil. My mind is troubled like a Fountain ſtirr'd,
And I my ſelf ſee not the bottom of it.
Ther. Would the Fountain of your mind were clear again, that I might water an Aſs at it: I had rather be a Tick in a Sheep, than ſuch a valiant ignorance.

Enter at one Door Æneas *with a Torch, at another* Paris, Deiphobus, Anthenor, Diomede *the* Grecian, *with Torches.*

Patr. See ho, who is that there?
Deip. It is the Lord *Æneas.*
Æne. Is the Prince there in perſon?
Had I ſo good occaſion to lie long
As you Prince *Paris*, nothing but Heavenly buſineſs,
Should rob my Bed-mate of my company.
Diom. That's my mind too: good morrow, Lord *Æneas*,
Par. A valiant Greek, *Æneas*, take his Hand,
Witneſs the proceſs of your ſpeech within;
You told how *Diomede*, in a whole week by days
Did haunt you in a Field.
Æne. Health to you, valiant Sir,
During all queſtion of the gentle Truce:
But when I meet you arm'd, as black defiance,
As heart can think, or courage execute.
Diom. The one and other *Diomede* embraces,
Our Bloods are now in calm; and ſo long health:
But when contention, and occaſion meet,
By *Jove*, I'le play the Hunter for thy life,
With all my Force, Purſuit, and Policy.
Æne. And thou ſhalt hunt a Lion that will flie
With his Face backward, in humane gentleneſs:
Welcome to *Troy*; now by *Anchiſes*'s life,
Welcome indeed: by *Venus* hand I ſwear,
No Man alive can love in ſuch a ſort,
The thing he means to kill, more excellently.
Diom. We ſympathize. *Jove* let *Æneas* live
(If to my Sword his fate be not the glory)
A thouſand compleat courſes of the Sun:
But in mine emulous Honour let him die,
With every joynt a wound, and that to morrow.
Æne. We know each other well.
Dio. We do, and long to know each other worſe.
Par. This is the moſt deſpightful'ſt gentle greeting;
The nobleſt hateful love, that e're I heard of.
What buſineſs, Lord, ſo early?
Æne. I was ſent for to the King; but why, I know not.
Par. His purpoſe meets you; it was to bring this Greek
To *Calchas*'s houſe: and there to render him,
For the enfreed *Anthenor*, the fair *Creſſid*:
Lets have your company; or if you pleaſe,
Haſte there before us, I conſtantly do think
(Or rather call my thought a certain knowledge)
My Brother *Troilus* lodges there to Night.
Rouſe him, and give him note of our approach,
With the whole quality, whereof I fear
We ſhall be much unwelcome.
Æne. That I aſſure you:
Troilus had rather *Troy* were born to *Greece*,
Than *Creſſid* born from *Troy*.
Par. There is no help:
The bitter diſpoſition of the time will have it ſo.
On, Lord, wee'l follow you.
Æne. Good morrow all. [*Exit* Æneas.
Par. And tell me, Noble *Diomede*; faith tell me true,
Even in the Soul of ſound good fellowſhip,
Who in your thoughts merits fair *Helen* moſt?
My ſelf, or *Menelaus*?
Diom. Both alike.
He merits well to have her, that doth ſeek her,
Not making any ſcruple of her ſoylure,
With ſuch a Hell of pain, and world of charge.
And you as well to keep her that defend her,
Not palating the taſt of her diſhonour,
With ſuch a coſtly loſs of wealth and friends;
He, like a puling Cuckold, would drink up
The Lees and dregs of a flat tamed piece;
You like a letcher, out of whoriſh Loins,
Are pleas'd to breed out your Inheritors:
Both merits poiz'd, each weighs no leſs nor more,
But he as he, which heavier for a Whore. Each
Par. You are too bitter to your Country-woman.
Dio. She's bitter to her Countrey: hear me, *Paris*,
For every falſe drop in her baudy Veins
A Grecians life hath ſunk: for every Scruple
Of her contaminated Carrion weight,
A Trojan hath been ſlain. Since ſhe could ſpeak,
She hath not given ſo many good words breath,
As for her *Greeks* and *Trojans* ſuffred death.
Par. Fair *Diomede*, you do as Chapmen do,
Diſpraiſe the thing that you deſire to buy:
But we in ſilence hold this virtue well;
We'll not commend, what we intend to ſell.
Here lies our way. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Troilus *and* Creſſida.

Troi. Dear, trouble not your ſelf: the morn is cold.
Creſ. Then, ſweet my Lord, I'le call my Uncle down:
He ſhall unbolt the Gates.
Troi. Trouble him not:
To Bed, to Bed: ſleep kill thoſe pretty Eyes,
And give as ſoft attachment to thy Sences,
As Infants empty of all thought.
Creſ. Good morrow then.
Troi. I prithee now to Bed.
Creſ. Are you a weary of me?
Troi. O *Creſſida*! but that the buſy day,
Wak'd by the Lark, has rouz'd the Ribald Crows,
And dreaming Night will hide our Eyes no longer:
I would not from thee.
Creſ. Night hath been too brief.
Troi. Beſhrew the Witch! with venemous weights ſhe (ſtays,
As hideouſly as Hell; but flies the graſps of love,
With wings more momentary, ſwifter than thought:
You will catch cold and curſe me.
Creſ. Prithee tarry, you men will never tarry;
O fooliſh *Creſſida*, I might have ſtill held off,
And then you would have tarried. Heark there's one up.
Pan. within. What's all the doors open here?
Troi. It is your Uncle.
[*Enter* Pandarus.
Creſ. A Peſtilence on him: now will he be mocking:
I ſhall have ſuch a life.
Pan. How now, how now? how go Maiden-heads?
Hear, you Maid: where's my Couſin *Creſſid*?
Creſ. Go hang your ſelf, you naughty mocking Uncle:
You bring me to do——and then you flout me too.
Pan. To do what? to do what? let her ſay, what:
What have I brought you to do?

Creſ. Come, come, beſhrew your heart: you'l ne're be good, nor ſuffer others.
Pan. Ha, ha: alas poor wretch: a poor *Chipochia*, haſt not ſlept to night? would he not (a naughty man) let it ſleep: a bug-bear take him. [*One knocks.*
Creſ. Did not I tell you? would he were knock'd i'th' head. Who's that at door? good Uncle, go and ſee.
My Lord, come you again into my Chamber:
You ſmile and mock me, as if I meant naughtily.
Troi. Ha, ha.
Creſ. Come, you are deceiv'd, I think of no ſuch thing.
How earneſtly they knock: pray you come in. [*Knock.*
I would not for half *Troy* have you ſeen here. [*Exeunt.*
Pan. Who's there? what's the matter? will you beat down the door? How now, what's the matter?
Æne. Good morrow Lord, good morrow.
Pan. Who's there, my Lord *Æneas*? by my troth I knew you not: what news with you ſo early?
Æne. Is not Prince *Troilus* here?
Pan. Here? what ſhould he do here?
Æne. Come, he is here, my Lord, do not deny him:
It doth import him much to ſpeak with me.
Pan. Is he here ſay you? 'tis more than I know, I'le be ſworn: For my own part, I came in late; what ſhould he do here?
Æne. Who, nay then: Come, come, you'll do him wrong, e're y' are ware: you'll be ſo true to him, to be falſe to him: Do not you know of him, but yet go fetch him hither, go.

Enter Troilus.

Troi. How now, what's the matter?
Æne. My Lord, I ſcarce have leiſure to ſalute you,
My matter is ſo raſh: there is at hand,
Paris your Brother, and *Deiphobus*,
The Grecian *Diomede*, and our *Anthenor*
Deliver'd to us, and for him forth-with,
E're the firſt Sacrifice, within this hour,
We muſt give up to *Diomedes* hand
The Lady *Creſſida*.
Troi. Is it concluded ſo?
Æne. By *Priam*, and the general State of *Troy*,
They are at hand, and ready to effect it.
Troi. How many atchievments mock me?
I will go meet them: and my Lord *Æneas*,
We met by chance, you did not find me here.
Æne. Good, good, my Lord, the ſecrets of nature
Have not more gift in taciturnity. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Pandarus *and* Creſſid.

Pan. Is't poſſible? no ſooner got but loſt: the Devil take *Anthenor*; the young Prince will go mad: a plague upon *Anthenor*; I would they had broke's neck.
Creſ. How now? what's the matter? who was here?
Pan. Ah, ah!
Creſ. Why ſigh you ſo profoundly? where's my Lord? gone? tell me, ſweet Uncle, what's the matter?
Pan. Would I were as deep under the earth, as I am above.
Creſ. O the Gods! what's the matter?
Pan. Prithee get thee in: would thou hadſt ne're been born; I knew thou would'ſt be his death. O poor Gentleman: a plague upon *Anthenor*.
Creſ. Good Uncle, I beſeech you, on my knees, I beſeech you, what's the matter?
Pan. Thou muſt be gone, wench, thou muſt be gone; thou art chang'd for *Anthenor*: thou muſt to thy Father, and be gone from *Troilus*: 'twill be his death: 'twill be his bane, he cannot bear it.
Creſ. O you immortal Gods! I will not go.
Pan. Thou muſt.
Creſ. I will not, Uncle: I have forgot my Father.
I know no touch of conſanguinity:
No Kin, no Love, no Blood, no Soul ſo near me,
As the ſweet *Troilus*: O you Gods divine!
Make *Creſſid*'s name the very crown of falſhood,
If ever ſhe leave *Troilus*: time, and death,
Do to this body what extremity you can;
But the ſtrong Baſe and building of my love
Is as the very Centre of the earth,
Drawing all things to it. I will go in, and weep.
Pan. Do, do.
Creſ. Tear my bright Hair, and ſcratch my praiſed cheeks,
Crack my clear voice with ſobs, and break my heart
With ſounding *Troilus*. I will not go from *Troy*. [*Exit.*

Enter Paris, Troilus, Æneas, Deiphobus, Anthenor, *and* Diomedes.

Par. It is great morning, and the hour prefixt
Of her delivery to this valiant Greek
Comes faſt upon: good my Brother *Troilus*,
Tell you the Lady what ſhe is to do,
And haſte her to the purpoſe.
Troi. Walk into her houſe:
I'le bring her to the Grecian preſently;
And to his hand when I deliver her,
Think it an Altar, and thy Brother *Troilus*
A Prieſt, there offering to it his heart.
Par. I know, what 'tis to love,
And would, as I ſhall pity, I could help.
Pleaſe you walk in, my Lords. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Pandarus *and* Creſſid.

Pan. Be moderate, be moderate.
Creſ. Why tell you me of moderation?
The grief is fine, full perfect that I taſte,
And no leſs in a ſenſe as ſtrong, as that
Which cauſeth it. How can I mod'rate it?
If I could temporiſe with my affection,
Or brew it to a weak and colder palat,
The like allayment could I give my grief:
My love admits do qualifying croſs.

Enter Troilus.

No more my grief, in ſuch a precious loſs.
Pan. Here, here, here he comes, a ſweet Duck.
Creſ. O *Troilus*, *Troilus*.
Pan. What a pair of ſpectacles is here? let me embrace too: oh Heart, as the goodly ſaying is; O Heart, heavy Heart, why ſitteſt thou without breaking? where he anſwers again; becauſe thou canſt not eaſe thy ſmart by friendſhip, nor by ſpeaking: there was never a truer time; let us caſt away nothing, for we may live to have need of ſuch a Verſe; we ſee it, we ſee it: how now, Lambs?
Troi. *Creſſid*, I love thee in ſo ſtrange a purity;
That the bleſt Gods, as angry with my fancy,
More bright in zeal, than the devotion which
Cold lips blow to their Deities, take thee from me.
Creſ. Have the Gods envy?
Pan. I, I, I, I, 'tis too plain a caſe.
Creſ. And is it true, that I muſt go from *Troy*?
Troi. A hateful truth.
Creſ. What, and from *Troilus* too?
Troi. From *Troy*, and *Troilus*.
Creſ. Is't poſſible?
Troi. And ſuddenly, where injury of chance
Puts back leave-taking, juſtles roughly by
All time of pauſe: rudely beguiles our lips
Of all rejoyndure: forcibly prevents
Our lock'd embraſures; ſtrangles our dear vows,
Even in the birth of our own labouring breath.
We two, that with ſo many thouſand ſighs
Did buy each other, muſt poorly ſell our ſelves,
With the rude brevity and diſcharge of one;
Injurious time, now with a Robbers haſte
Crams his rich Theevery up, he knows not how.
As many farewels as be ſtars in Heaven,
With diſtinct breath, and conſign'd kiſſes to them,
He fumbles up in a looſe adieu:
And ſcants us with a ſingle famiſht kiſs,

Diſtaſting with the Salt of broken tears.

Enter Æneas.

Æneas within. My Lord, is the Lady ready?
Troi. Hark, you are call'd: ſome ſay the Genius ſo
Cries, come, to him that inſtantly muſt die.
Bid them have patience; ſhe ſhall come anon.
Pan. Where are my tears? rain, to lay this wind, or
my Heart will be blown up by the Root.
Creſ. I muſt then to the *Grecians*?
Troi. No remedy.
Creſ. A woful *Creſſid* 'mongſt the merry Greeks.
Troi. When ſhall we ſee again?
Hear me, my Love: be thou but true of Heart.
Creſ. I true? how now? what wicked deem is this?
Troi. Nay, we muſt uſe expoſtulation kindly,
For it is parting from us:
I ſpeak not, be thou true, as fearing thee:
For I will throw my Glove to death himſelf,
That there's no maculation in thy Heart;
But be thou true, ſay I, to faſhion in
My ſequent Proteſtation: be thou true,
And I will ſee thee.
Creſ. O you ſhall be expos'd, my Lord, to dangers
As infinite, as imminent: but I'le be true.
Troi. And I'le grow friend with danger;
Wear this Sleeve.
Creſ. And you this Glove.
When ſhall I ſee you?
Troi. I will corrupt the Grecian Centinels
To give thee nightly viſitation:
But yet be true.
Creſ. O Heavens, be true again?
Troi. Hear why I ſpeak it, Love:
The Grecian youths are full of quality,
Their loving well compos'd, with gift of Nature,
Flowing and ſwelling o're with Arts and exerciſe:
How novelties may move, and parts with perſon,
Alas, a kind of godly jealouſie,
Which I beſeech you call a vertuous ſin,
Makes me afraid.
Creſ. O Heavens, you love me not!
Troi. Dye I a villain then:
In this I do not call your Faith in queſtion
So mainly as my merit: I cannot ſing,
Nor heel the high Lavolt; not ſweeten talk;
Nor play at ſubtle games; fair Virtues all:
To which the Grecians are moſt prompt and pregnant:
But I can tell that in each grace of theſe,
There lurks a ſtill and dumb-diſcourſive devil,
That tempts moſt cunningly: but be not tempted.
Creſ. Do not think, I will.
Troi. No, but ſome thing may be done that we will not:
And ſometimes we are Devils to our ſelves,
When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,
Preſuming on their changeful potencie.
Æneas within. Nay, good my Lord.
Troi. Come kiſs, and let us part.
Paris within. Brother *Troilus*.
Troi. Good Brother, come you hither,
And bring *Æneas* and the Grecian with you.
Creſ. My Lord, will you be true?
Troi. Who I? alas it is my vice, my fault:
While others Fiſh with craft for great Opinion,
I, with great truth, catch meer ſimplicity;
Whil'ſt ſome with cunning gild their Copper Crowns,
With truth and plainneſs I do wear mine bare.

Enter the Greeks.

Fear not my truth; the moral of my Wit
Is plain and true, there's all the reach of it.
Welcome, Sir *Diomede*, here is the Lady
Which for *Anthenor* we deliver you.
At the Port (Lord) I'le give her to thy hand,
And by the way poſſeſs thee what ſhe is.
Entreat her fair; and by my Soul, fair Greek,
If e're thou ſtand at mercy of my Sword,
Name *Creſſid*, and thy life ſhall be as ſafe
As *Priam* is in *Ilion*.
Diom. Fair Lady *Creſſid*,
So pleaſe you, ſave the thanks this Prince expects:
The luſtre in your Eye, Heaven in your cheek,
Pleads your fair uſage, and to *Diomede*
You ſhall be Miſtreſs, and command him wholly.
Troi. *Grecian*, thou doſt not uſe me courteouſly;
To ſhame the Seal of my Petition towards,
I praiſing her. I tell thee, Lord of *Greece*,
She is as far high-ſoaring o're thy praiſes,
As thou unworthy to be call'd her Servant:
I charge thee uſe her well, even for my charge:
For by the dreadful *Pluto*, if thou do'ſt not,
(Though the great bulk *Achilles* be thy Guard)
I'le cut thy Throat.
Diom. Oh be not mov'd, Prince *Troilus*;
Let me be privileg'd by my place and meſſage,
To be a ſpeaker free: when I am hence,
I'le anſwer to my luſt: and know, my Lord,
I'le nothing do on charge: to her own worth
She ſhall be priz'd: but that you ſay, be't ſo;
I'le ſpeak in my Spirit and honour, no.
Troi. Come to the Port. I'le tell thee, *Diomede*,
This Brave ſhall oft make thee to hide thy Head:
Lady, give me your hand, and as we walk,
To our own ſelves bend we our needful talk.
[*Sound Trumpet.*
Par. Hark, *Hector*'s Trumpet.
Æne. How have we ſpent this morning?
The Prince muſt think me tardy and remiſs,
That ſwore to ride before him in the Field.
Par. 'Tis *Troilus* fault: come, come, to Field with him.
[*Exeunt.*
Dio. Let us make ready ſtreight.
Æne. Yea, with a Bridegroom's freſh alacrity
Let us addreſs to tend on *Hector*'s heels:
The glory of our *Troy* doth this day lie
On his fair worth, and ſingle Chivalry.

Enter Ajax *armed*, Achilles, Patroclus, Agamemnon, Menelaus, Ulyſſes, Neſtor, Calcas, *&c.*

Aga. Here art thou in appointment freſh and fair,
Anticipating time. With ſtarting courage,
Give with thy Trumpet a loud note to *Troy*,
Thou dreadful *Ajax*, that the appauled-Air
May pierce the head of the great Combatant,
And hale him hither.
Aja. Thou Trumpet, there's my Purſe;
Now crack thy Lungs, and ſplit thy Braſen Pipe:
Blow villain, till thy ſphered Bias Cheek
Out-ſwell the Cholick of puft *Aquilon*:
Come, ſtretch thy cheſt, and let thy Eyes ſpout Blood:
Thou bloweſt for *Hector*.
Ulyſſ. No Trumpet anſwers.
Achil. 'Tis but early days.

Enter Diomede *and* Creſſid.

Aga. Is't not young *Diomede* with *Calcas* Daughter?
Ulyſ. 'Tis he, I ken the manner of his Gate,
He riſes on the Toe: that Spirit of his
In aſpiration lifts him from the Earth.
Aga. Is this the Lady *Creſſid*?
Dio. Even ſhe.
Aga. Moſt dearly welcome to the Greeks, ſweet
Lady.
Neſt. Our General doth ſalute you with a Kiſs.
Ulyſ. Yet is your kindneſs but particular; 'twere better
ſhe were kiſt in general.
Neſt. And very courtly counſel: I'le begin. So much
for *Neſtor*.
Achil. I'le take that Winter from your Lips: fair Lady,
Achilles bids you welcome.

Men. I had good argument for kiſſing once.
Patro. But that's no argument for kiſſing now;
For thus pop'd *Paris* in his hardiment.
Ulyſ. Oh deadly gall, and theam of all our ſcorns,
For which we loſe our heads, to gild his horns.
Patro. The firſt was *Menelaus* kiſs, this mine;
Patroclus kiſſes you.
Men. Oh this is trim.
Patr. *Paris* and I kiſs evermore for him.
Men. I'le have my kiſs, Sir: Lady, by your leave.
Creſ. In kiſſing do you render, or receive?
Patr. Both take and give.
Creſ. I'le make my match to give,
The kiſs you take is better than you give: therefore no kiſs.
Men. I'le give you boot, I'le give you three for one.
Creſ. You are an odd Man, give even, or give none.
Men. An odd Man, Lady? every man is odd.
Creſ. No, *Paris* is not; for you know 'tis true,
That you are odd, and he is even with you.
Men. You fillip me o'th' head.
Creſ. No, I'le be ſworn.
Ulyſ. It were no match, your Nail againſt his Horn:
May I, ſweet Lady, beg a kiſs of you?
Creſ. You may.
Ulyſ. I do deſire it.
Creſ. Why beg then.
Ulyſ. Why then for *Venus* ſake, give me a kiſs:
When *Helen* is a Maid again, and his———
Creſ. I am your debtor, claim it when 'tis due.
Ulyſ. Never's my Day, and then a kiſs of you.
Diom. Lady, a word, I'le bring you to your Father.
Neſt. A Woman of quick Sence.
Ulyſ. Fie, fie upon her:
There's language in her Eye, her Cheek, her Lip;
Nay, her Foot ſpeaks, her wanton Spirits look out
At every joynt, and motive of her Body:
Oh theſe encounters ſo glib of Tongue,
That give a coaſting welcome e're it comes;
And wide unclaſp the Tables of their thoughts,
To every tickling Reader: ſet them down,
For ſluttiſh ſpoils of opportunity;
And Daughters of the game. [*Exeunt.*

Enter all of Troy, Hector, Paris, Æneas, Helenus, *and Attendants.*

All. The *Trojans* Trumpet.
Aga. Yonder comes the Troop.
Æne. Hail all you ſtate of *Greece*: what ſhall be done
To him that Victory commands? or do you purpoſe,
A Victor ſhall be known: will you, the Knights
Shall to the edge of all extremity
Purſue each other; or ſhall be divided
By any voice, or order of the Field: *Hector* bad ask?
Aga. Which way would *Hector* have it?
Æne. He cares not, he'll obey conditions.
Aga. 'Tis done like *Hector*, but ſecurely done,
A little proudly, and great deal diſpriſing
The Knight oppos'd.
Æne. If not *Achilles*, Sir, what is your name?
Achil. If not *Achilles*, nothing.
Æne. Therefore *Achilles*: but what e're, know this,
In the extremity of great and little:
Valour and Pride excel themſelves in *Hector*;
The one almoſt as infinite as all,
The other blank as nothing: weigh him well:
And that which looks like Pride, is Courteſie:
This *Ajax* is half made of *Hector*'s Blood,
In love whereof, half *Hector* ſtay's at home:
Half heart, half hand, half *Hector*, comes to ſeek
This blended Knight, half *Trojan* and half *Greek*.
Achil. A Maiden Battel then? O I perceive you.
Aga. Here is Sir *Diomede*: Go gentle Knight,
Stand by our *Ajax*: as you and Lord *Æneas*
Conſent upon the order of their fight,
So be it; either to the uttermoſt,
Or elſe a breach: the Combatants being kin,
Half ſtints their ſtrife, before their ſtrokes begin.
Ulyſ. They are oppos'd already.
Aga. What *Trojan* is that ſame, that looks ſo heavy?
Ulyſ. The youngeſt Son of *Priam*,
And a true Knight; they call him *Troilus*;
Not yet mature, yet matchleſs, firm of word,
Speaking in deeds, and deedleſs in his Tongue;
Not ſoon provok'd, nor being provok'd, ſoon calm'd;
His heart and hand both open, and both free:
For what he has, he gives; what thinks, he ſhews;
Yet gives he not till judgment guide his bounty,
Nor dignifies an impair thought with Breath:
Manly as *Hector*, but more dangerous;
For *Hector* in his blaze of wrath ſubſcribes
To tender Objects; but he in heat of Action
Is more vindicative than jealous love.
They call him *Troilus*; and on him erect
A ſecond hope, as fairly built as *Hector*.
Thus ſays *Æneas*, one that knows the youth,
Even to his inches: and with private Soul,
Did in great *Ilion* thus tranſlate him to me. [*Alarum.*
Aga. They are in action.
Neſt. Now *Ajax* hold thine own.
Troi. *Hector* thou ſleep'ſt, awake thee.
Aga. His blows are well diſpos'd there, *Ajax*. [*Trumpets ceaſe.*
Diom. You muſt no more.
Æne. Princes, enough, ſo pleaſe you.
Aja. I am not warm yet, let us fight again.
Diom. As *Hector* pleaſes.
Hect. Why then will I no more:
Thou art, great Lord, my Father's Siſter's Son;
A Couſin German to great *Priam*'s Seed:
The obligation of our Blood forbids
A gory emulation 'twixt us twain:
Were thy commixtion *Greek* and *Trojan* ſo,
That thou could'ſt ſay, this hand is *Grecian* all,
And this is *Trojan*: the Sinews of this Leg
All *Greek*, and this all *Troy*: my Mother's Blood
Runs on the dexter Cheek, and this Siniſter
Bounds in my Father's: by *Jove* multipotent,
Thou ſhould'ſt not bear from me a Greekiſh member
Wherein my Sword had not impreſſure made
Of our rank feud: but the juſt Gods gainſay,
That any drop thou borrow'dſt from thy Mother,
My ſacred Aunt, ſhould by my mortal Sword
Be drain'd. Let me embrace thee, *Ajax*:
By him that thunders, thou haſt luſty Arms;
Hector would have them fall upon him thus,
Couſin, all honour to thee.
Aja. I thank thee, *Hector*:
Thou art too gentle, and too free a man:
I came to kill thee, Couſin, and bear hence
A great addition, earned in thy death.
Hect. Not *Neoptolemus* ſo mirable, Sire, i.e Achilles himſelf
On whoſe bright Creſt, Fame with her loud'ſt (O yes)
Cries, This is he, could promiſe to himſelf,
A thought of added Honour, torn from *Hector*.
Æne. There is expectance here from both the ſides:
What further you will do.
Hect. We'll anſwer it:
The iſſue is embracement: *Ajax*, farewel.
Aja. If I might in entreaties find ſucceſs,
As ſeld I have the chance; I would deſire
My famous Couſin to our Grecian Tents.
Diom. 'Tis *Agamemnon*'s wiſh, and great *Achilles*
Doth long to ſee unarm'd the valiant *Hector*.
Hect. *Æneas*, call my Brother *Troilus* to me:
And ſignifie this loving enterview
To the expectors of our *Trojan* part:
Deſire them home. Give me thy hand, my Couſin:

I will go eat with thee, and ſee your Knights.
Enter Agamemnon *and the reſt.*
Aja. Great *Agamemnon* comes to meet us here.
Hect. The worthieſt of them, tell me name by name:
But for *Achilles*, mine own ſearching eyes
Shall find him by his large and portly ſize.
Aga. Worthy of Arms: as welcome as to one,
That would be rid of ſuch an Enemy.
But that's no welcome: underſtand more clear,
What's paſt and what's to come, is ſtrew'd with husk's
And formleſs ruin of oblivion:
But in this extant moment, faith and troth,
Strain'd purely from all hollow bias drawing,
Bids thee with moſt divine integrity,
From heart of very heart, great *Hector*, welcome.
Hect. I thank thee, moſt imperious *Agamemnon*.
Aga. My well fam'd Lord of *Troy*, no leſs to you.
Men. Let me confirm my Princely Brothers greeting,
You brace of warlike Brothers, welcome hither.
Hect. Whom muſt we anſwer?
Æne. The Noble *Menelaus*.
Hect. O, you my Lord, by *Mars* his gauntlet, thanks,
Mock not, that I affect th' untraded Oath,
Your *quondam* wife ſwears ſtill by *Venus* Glove;
She's well, but bad me not commend her to you.
Men. Name her not now, Sir, ſhe's a deadly Theam.
Hect. O pardon, I offend.
Neſt. I have (thou gallant *Trojan*) ſeen thee oft
Labouring for deſtiny, make cruel way
Through ranks of Greekiſh youth; and I have ſeen thee,
As hot as *Perſeus*, ſpur thy *Phrygian* Steed,
And ſeen thee ſcorning forfeits and ſubduements,
When thou haſt hung thy advanced Sword i'th' Air,
Nor letting it decline on the declined:
That I have ſaid unto my ſtanders by,
Lo *Jupiter* is yonder, dealing life.
And I have ſeen thee pauſe, and take thy breath,
When that a Ring of Greeks, have hemm'd thee in,
Like an Olympian wraſtling. This have I ſeen,
But this thy countenance (ſtill lockt in Steel)
I never ſaw till now. I knew thy Grandſire,
And once fought with him; he was a Souldier good,
But by great *Mars* (the Captain of us all,)
Never like thee. Let an Old Man embrace thee,
And (worthy Warrior) welcome to our Tents.
Æne. 'Tis the old *Neſtor*.
Hect. Let me embrace thee, good old Chronicle,
That haſt ſo long walkt hand in hand with time:
Moſt Reverend *Neſtor*, I am glad to claſp thee.
Neſt. I would my Arms could match thee in contention,
As they contend with thee in courteſie.
Hect. I would they could.
Neſt. Ha? by this white beard I'ld fight with thee to morrow. Well, welcome, welcome: I have ſeen the time---
Ulyſ. I wonder now how yonder City ſtands,
When we have here her Baſe and Pillar by us.
Hect. I know your favour, Lord *Ulyſſes*, well.
Ah, Sir, there's many a *Greek* and *Trojan* dead;
Since firſt I ſaw your ſelf and *Diomede*
In *Ilion*, on your Greekiſh Embaſie.
Ulyſ. Sir, I foretold you then what would enſue,
My Prophecy is but half his journey yet;
For yonder Walls that partly front your Town:
Yond Towers, whoſe wanton tops do buſs the Clouds,
Muſt kiſs their own Feet.
Hect. I muſt not believe you:
There they ſtand yet: and modeſtly I think,
The fall of every *Phrygian* Stone will coſt
A drop of *Grecian* Blood: the end crowns all,
And that old common Arbitrator, Time,
Will one Day end it.
Ulyſ. So to him we leave it.
Moſt gentle, and moſt valiant *Hector*, welcome;
After the General, I beſeech you next
To feaſt with me, and ſee me at my Tent.
Achill. I ſhall foreſtal thee, Lord *Ulyſſes*, thou:
Now *Hector* I have fed mine Eyes on thee,
I have with exact view perus'd thee, *Hector*,
And quoted joynt by joynt.
Hect. Is this *Achilles*?
Achil. I am *Achilles*.
Hect. Stand fair, I prithee, let me look on thee.
Achil. Behold thy fill.
Hect. Nay, I have done already.
Achil. Thou art too brief, I will the ſecond time,
As I would buy thee, view thee, limb by limb.
Hect. O like a Book of ſport thou'lt read me o're:
But there's more in me than thou underſtand'ſt.
Why doeſt thou ſo oppreſs me with thine Eye?
Achil. Tell me, you Heavens, in which part of his Body
Shall I deſtroy him? Whether there, or there, or there,
That I may give the Local wound a name,
And make diſtinct the very breach, where-out
Hector's great Spirit flew. Anſwer me, Heavens.
Hect. It would diſcredit the bleſt Gods, Proud Man,
To anſwer ſuch a Queſtion: Stand again;
Think'ſt thou to catch my life ſo pleaſantly,
As to prenominate in nice conjecture,
Where thou wilt hit me dead?
Achil. I tell thee, yea.
Hect. Wert thou the Oracle to tell me ſo,
I'ld not believe thee: henceforth guard thee well,
For I'le not kill thee there, nor there, nor there,
But by the Forge that ſtythied *Mars* his Helm,
I'le kill thee every where, yea o're and o're.
You wiſeſt Grecians, pardon me this brag,
His inſolence draws folly from my Lips,
But I'le endeavour Deeds to match theſe Words,
Or may I never———
Ajax. Do not chafe thee, Couſin:
And you *Achilles*, let theſe threats alone
Till accident, or purpoſe bring you to't.
You may have every day enough of *Hector*,
If you have Stomach. The general ſtate, I fear,
Can ſcarce intreat you to be odd with him.
Hect. I pray you, let us ſee you in the Field,
We have had pelting Wars ſince you refus'd
The *Grecian*'s Cauſe.
Achil. Do'ſt thou intreat me, *Hector*?
To morrow do I meet thee, fell as death,
To Night, all Friends.
Hect. Thy hand upon that match.
Aga. Firſt, all you Peers of *Greece* go to my Tent,
There in the full convive you: Afterwards,
As *Hector*'s leiſure, and your bounties ſhall
Concur together, ſeverally intreat him.
Beat loud the Taborins, let the Trumpets blow.
That this great Souldier may his welcome know. [*Exeunt.*
Troi. My Lord *Ulyſſes*, tell me, I beſeech you,
In what place of the Field doth *Calcas* keep?
Ulyſ. At *Menelaus* Tent, moſt Princely *Troilus*,
There *Diomede* doth feaſt with him to Night,
Who neither looks on Heaven, nor on Earth,
But gives all gaze and bent of amorous view
On the fair *Creſſid*.
Troi. Shall I (ſweet Lord) be bound to thee ſo much,
After we part from *Agamemnon*'s Tent,
To bring me thither?
Ulyſ. You ſhall command me, Sir:
As gentle tell me, of what Honour was
This *Creſſida* in *Troy*, had ſhe no Lover there,
That wails her abſence?
Troi. O Sir, to ſuch as boaſting ſhew their ſcars,
A mock is due: will you walk on, my Lord?
She was belov'd, ſhe lov'd; ſhe is, and doth.
But ſtill, ſweet love is Food for Fortunes tooth. [*Exeunt.*
Enter Achilles *and* Patroclus.
Achil. I'le heat his Blood with Greekiſh Wine to Night,
Which

Patroclus, let us Feaſt him to the height.

Patr. Here comes *Therſites.*

Enter Therſites.

Achil. How now, thou core of Envy?
Thou cruſty batch of Nature, what's the news?

Ther. Why, thou Picture of what thou ſeem'ſt, and Idol of Idiot-worſhippers, here's a Letter for thee.

Achil. From whence, Fragment?

Ther. Why, thou full diſh of Fool, from *Troy.*

Patr. Who keeps the Tent now?

Ther. The Surgeon's Box, or the Patient's Wound.

Patr. Well ſaid, Adverſity, and what need theſe tricks?

Ther. Prithee be ſilent, Boy, I profit not by thy talk, thou art thought to be *Achilles*'s male Varlet.

Patr. Male Varlet, you Rogue? What's that?

Ther. Why, his maſculine Whore. Now the rotten diſeaſes of the South, Guts-griping, Ruptures, Catarrhs, Loads o'gravel i'th' backs, Lethargies, cold Palſies, and the like, take and take again ſuch prepoſterous diſcoveries.

Patr. Why, thou damnable box of Envy, thou, what mean'ſt thou to Curſe thus?

Ther. Do I Curſe thee?

Patr. Why no, you ruinous Butt, you whorſon indiſtinguiſhable Cur.

Ther. No? Why art thou then exaſperate, thou idle immaterial skein of ſleyd Silk; thou green Sarcenet flap for a ſore Eye, thou toſſel of a Prodigals Purſe, thou? Ah, how the poor World is peſtred with ſuch water-flies, diminutives of Nature.

Patr. Out gall.

Ther. Finch Egg.

Achil. My ſweet *Patroclus*, I am th'warted quite
From my great purpoſe in to morrows battel:
Here is a Letter from Queen *Hecuba*,
A Token from her daughter, my fair Love,
Both taxing me, and gaging me to keep
An Oath that I have ſworn. I will not break it,
Fall *Greek*, fail Fame, Honour, or go, or ſtay,
My major Vow lies here; this I'le obey:
Come, come, *Therſites*, help to trim my Tent,
This night in banqueting muſt all be ſpent.
Away, *Patroclus.* [*Exit.*

Ther. With too much blood, and too little brain, theſe two may run mad: but if with too much brain, and too little blood, they do, I'le be a Curer of Mad-men. Here's *Agamemnon*, an honeſt Fellow enough, and one that loves Quails, but he has not ſo much Brain as Ear-wax; and the good transformation of *Jupiter* there his Brother, the Bull, the primitive Statue, and oblique memorial of Cuckolds, a thrifty ſhooing-horn in a chain, hanging at his Brothers Leg; to what form, but that he is, ſhould wit larded with malice, and malice forced with wit, turn him to? to an Aſs were nothing, he is both Aſs and Ox; to an Ox were nothing, he is both Ox and Aſs; to be a Dogg, a Mule, a Cat, a Fitchew, a Toad, a Lizard, an Owl, a Puttock, or a Herring without a Roe, I would not care: But to be *Menelaus*, I would conſpire againſt Deſtiny. Ask me not what I would be, if I were not *Therſites*: for I care not to be the Lowſe of a Lazar, ſo I were not *Menelaus.* Hoy-day, Spirits and Fires.

Enter Hector, Ajax, Agamemnon, Ulyſſes, Neſtor, Diomede, *with Lights.*

Aga. We go wrong, we go wrong.

Aja. No, yonder 'tis, there where we ſee the Light.

Hect. I trouble you.

Ajax. No, not a whit.

Enter Achilles.

Ulyſ. Here comes himſelf to guide you.

Achil. Welcome brave *Hector*, welcome Princes all.

Agam. So, now fair Prince of *Troy*, I bid good night,
Ajax commands the Guard to tend on you.

Hect. Thanks, and good night to the *Greek's* General,

Men. Good night, my Lord.

Hect. Good night, ſweet Lord *Menelaus.*

Ther. Sweet draught: ſweet quoth a? ſweet Sink, ſweet Sure. Sciver

Achil. Good night, and welcom, both at once, to thoſe that go, or tarry.

Aga. Good night.

Achil. Old *Neſtor* tarries, and you too, *Diomede*,
Keep *Hector* company an hour or two.

Dio. I cannot, Lord, I have important buſineſs,
The tide whereof is now; Good night, great *Hector.*

Hect. Give me your hand.

Ulyſ. Follow his Torch, he goes to *Calchas*'s Tent,
I'le keep you company.

Troi. Sweet Sir, you honour me.

Hect. And ſo Good night.

Achil. Come, come, enter my Tent. [*Exeunt.*

Ther. That ſame *Diomed*'s a falſe-hearted Rogue, a moſt unjuſt Knave; I will no more truſt him when he leers, than I will a Serpent when he hiſſes: He will ſpend his mouth and promiſe, like Brabler the Hound; but when he performs, Aſtronomers foretel it, that it is prodigious, there will come ſome change: The Sun borrows of the Moon, when *Diomede* keeps his word. I will rather leave to ſee *Hector*, than not to dog him: they ſay, he keeps a *Trojan* Drab, and uſes the Traytor *Calchas* his Tent. I'le after——Nothing but Lechery? All incontinent Varlets. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Diomede.

Dio. What are you up here, ho? ſpeak.

Chal. Who calls?

Dio. *Diomede*, *Calchas*, I think, where's your Daughter?

Chal. She comes to you.

Enter Troilus, *and* Ulyſſes.

Ulyſ. Stand where the Torch may not diſcover us.

Enter Creſſid.

Troi. *Creſſid* come forth to him.

Dio. How now, my charge?

Creſ. Now my ſweet Guardian: hark, a word with you.

Troi. Yea, ſo familiar?

Ulyſ. She will ſing any man at firſt ſight.

Ther. And any man may find her, if he can take her life: ſhe's noted.

Dio. Will you remember?

Creſ. Remember? yes.

Dio. Nay, but do then; and let your mind be coupled with your words.

Troi. What ſhould ſhe remember?

Ulyſ. Liſt.

Creſ. Sweet honey, *Greek*, tempt me no more to folly.

Ther. Roguery.

Dio. Nay, then.

Creſ. I'le tell you what.

Dio. Fo, ſo, come tell a pin, you are a forſworn——

Creſ. In Faith I cannot: what would you have me do?

Ther. A jugling trick, to be ſecretly open.

Dio. What did you ſwear you would beſtow on me?

Creſ. I prethee do not hold me to mine Oath;
Bid me do any thing but that, ſweet *Greek.*

Dio. Good night.

Troi. Hold, Patience.

Ulyſ. How now, *Trojan?*

Creſ. *Diomede.*

Dio. No, no, good night: I'le be your Fool no more.

Troi. Thy better muſt.

Creſ. Hark, one word in your Ear.

Troi. O Plague and Madneſs!

Ulyſ. You are mov'd, Prince, let us depart, I pray you,
Leſt your diſpleaſure ſhould enlarge it ſelf
To wrathful terms: this place is dangerous;
The time right deadly: I beſeech you go.

Troi. Behold, I pray you.

Ulyſ. Nay, good my Lord go off:
You flow to great diſtraction: come, my Lord.

Troi. I pray thee ſtay ?
Ulyſ. You have not patience, come.
Troi. I pray you ſtay ; by Hell, and all Hells torments,
I will not ſpeak a word.
Dio. And ſo good night.
Creſ. Nay, but you part in anger.
Troi. Doth that grieve thee ? O withered truth !
Ulyſ. Why, how now, Lord ?
Troi. By *Jove*, I will be patient.
Creſ. Guardian ? why, *Greek* ?
Dio. Fo, fo, adieu, you palter.
Cre. In faith, I do not : come hither once again.
Ulyſ. You ſhake, my Lord, at ſomething ; will you go ?
You will break out.
Troi. She ſtroaks his Cheek.
Ulyſ. Come, come.
Troi. Nay, ſtay, by *Jove*, I will not ſpeak a word.
There is between my will, and all offences,
A guard of patience, ſtay a little while.
Ther. How the Devil Luxury with his fat Rump, and Potato Finger, tickles theſe together : fry, Lechery, fry.
Dio. But will you then ?
Creſ. In Faith I will go ; never truſt me elſe.
Dio. Give me ſome token for the ſurety of it.
Creſ. I'le fetch you one.
Ulyſ. You have ſworn patience.
Troi. Fear me not, ſweet Lord.
I will not be my ſelf, nor have cognition
Of what I feel : I am all patience.

Enter Creſſid.

Ther. Now the pledge, now, now, now.
Creſ. Here, *Diomede*, keep this Sleeve.
Troi. O Beauty ! where is thy Faith ?
Ulyſ. My Lord.
Troi. I will be patient, outwardly I will.
Creſ. You look upon that Sleeve ; behold it well :
He lov'd me : O falſe Wench : give't me again.
Dio. Whoſe was't ?
Creſ. It is no matter now I have't again.
I will not meet with you to morrow night :
I prithee, *Diomede*, viſit me no more.
Ther. Now ſhe ſharpens : well ſaid Whetſtone.
Dio. I ſhall have it.
Creſ. What, this ?
Dio. I, that.
Creſ. O all you Gods ! O pretty, pretty pledge ;
Thy Maſter now lies thinking in his Bed,
Of thee and me, and ſighs, and takes my Glove,
And gives memorial dainty kiſſes to it :
As I kiſs thee.
Dio. Nay, do not ſnatch it from me.
Creſ. He that takes that, takes my Heart withall.
Dio. I had your Heart before, this follows it.
Troi. I did ſwear patience.
Creſ. You ſhall not have it, *Diomede* : faith you ſhall not,
I'le give you ſomething elſe.
Dio. I will have this : whoſe was it ?
Creſ. It is no matter.
Dio. Come tell me whoſe it was ?
Creſ. 'Twas one that lov'd me better than you will.
But now you have it, take it.
Dio. Whoſe was it ?
Creſ. By all *Diana's* waiting Women yonder,
And by her ſelf, I will not tell you whoſe.
Dio. To morrow will I wear it on my Helm,
And grieve his Spirit that dares not challenge it.
Troi. Wert thou the Devil, and wor'ſt it on thy horn,
It ſhould be challeng'd.
Creſ. Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis paſt ; and yet it is not,
I will not keep my word.
Dio. Why then farewel,
Thou never ſhalt mock *Diomede* again.
Creſ. You ſhall not go : one cannot ſpeak a word,
But it ſtreight ſtarts you.
Dio. I do not like this fooling.
Ther. Nor I, by *Pluto* : but that that likes not me, pleaſes me beſt.
Dio. What ſhall I come ? the hour.
Creſ. I, come : O, *Jove* ! do, come : I ſhall be plagu'd.
Dio. Farewel till then. [*Exit.*
Creſ. Good night : I prithee come :
Troilus, farewel ; one Eye yet looks on thee,
But with my Heart, the other Eye doth ſee——
Ah poor our Sex ; this fault in us I find,
The error of our Eye, directs our mind.
What error leads muſt err : O then conclude,
Minds ſway'd by Eyes, are full of turpitude. [*Exit.*
Ther. A proof of ſtrength ſhe could not publiſh more ;
Unleſs ſhe ſay, my Mind is now turn'd Whore.
Ulyſ. All's done, my Lord.
Troi. It is.
Ulyſ. Why ſtay we then ?
Troi. To make a recordation to my Soul,
Of every ſyllable that here was ſpoke :
But if I tell how theſe two did co-act ;
Shall I not lye in publiſhing a truth ?
Sith yet there is a credence in my Heart,
An eſperance ſo obſtinately ſtrong,
That doth invert that teſt of Eyes and Ears ;
As if thoſe Organs had deceptious Functions,
Created only to calumniate.
Was *Creſſid* here ?
Ulyſ. I cannot conjure, *Trojan.*
Troi. She was not ſure.
Ulyſ. Moſt ſure ſhe was.
Troi. Why, my negation hath no taſt of madneſs.
Ulyſ. Nor mine, my Lord : *Creſſid* was here but now.
Troi. Let it not be believ'd for woman-hood :
Think we had Mothers ; do not give advantage
To ſtubborn Criticks, apt without a Theme
For depravation, to ſquare the general Sex,
By *Creſſid's* rule. Rather think this not *Creſſid.*
Ulyſ. VVhat hath ſhe done, Prince, that can ſoyl our Mothers ?
Troi. Nothing at all, unleſs that this were ſhe.
Ther. VVill he ſwagger himſelf out on's own Eyes ?
Troi. This ſhe ? no, this is *Diomede's Creſſid* :
If Beauty have a Soul, this is not ſhe :
If Souls guide vows, if vows are Sanctimony ;
If Sanctimony be the Gods delight :
If there be rule in unity it ſelf,
This is not ſhe : O madneſs of diſcourſe !
That Cauſe ſets up, with, and againſt thy ſelf,
By foul Authority : where reaſon can revolt
VVithout Perdition, and loſs aſſume all Reaſon,
VVithout Revolt. This is, and is not *Creſſid* :
Within my Soul, there doth conduce a fight
Of this ſtrange nature, that a thing inſeparate,
Divides more wider than the Sky and Earth,
And yet the ſpacious breadth of this diviſion,
Admits no Orifice for a point as ſubtle,
As *Ariachnes* broken woof to enter ;
Inſtance, O inſtance ! ſtrong as *Pluto's* Gates ;
Creſſid is mine, tied with the bonds of Heaven ;
Inſtance, O inſtance ! ſtrong as Heaven it ſelf ;
The bonds of Heaven are ſlipt, diſſolv'd, and looſ'd :
And with another knot five finger'd tied,
The fractions of her Faith, orts of her Love :
The fragments, ſcraps, the bits, and greaſie Reliques,
Of her o're-eaten Faith, are bound to *Diomede.*
Ulyſ. May worthy *Troilus* be half attached
VVith that which here his paſſion doth expreſs ?
Troi. I, *Greek*, and that ſhall be divulged well
In Characters, as red as *Mars* his heart
Inflam'd with *Venus* ; never did young man fancy
With ſo Eternal, and ſo fixt a ſoul.
Hark, *Greek* : as much as I do *Creſſida* love ;
So much by weight, hate I her *Diomede* :

That Sleeve is mine, that he'l bear in his Helm:
Were it a Cask compos'd by *Vulcan*'s skill,
My Sword ſhould bite it: Not the dreadful ſpout,
Which Ship-men do the Hurricano call,
Conſtring'd in maſs by the Almighty Fenn, Fair
Shall dizzy with more clamour *Neptune*'s ear
In his deſcent, than ſhall my prompted Sword
Falling on *Diomede*.

Ther. He'l tickle it for his Concupy.

Troi. O, *Creſſid!* O falſe *Creſſid!* falſe, falſe, falſe:
Let all untruths ſtand by thy ſtained name,
And they'l ſeem glorious.

Ulyſ. O contain your ſelf:
Your Paſſion draws ears hither.

Enter Æneas.

Æne. I have been ſeeking you this hour, my Lord:
Hector by this is arming him in *Troy*.
Ajax, your Guard, ſtays to conduct you home.

Troi. Have with you, Prince: my courteous Lord, adieu:
Farewel, revolted fair: and, *Diomede*,
Stand faſt, and wear a Caſtle on thy head.

Ulyſ. I'le bring you to the Gates.

Troi. Accept diſtracted thanks.

[*Exeunt* Troilus, Æneas, *and* Ulyſſes.

Ther. Would I could meet that Rogue *Diomede*, I would croak like a Raven: I would bode, I would bode: *Patroclus* will give me any thing for the intelligence of this Whore: the Parrot will not do more for an Almond, than he for a commodious drab: Lechery, Lechery, ſtill wars and Lechery, nothing elſe holds faſhion. A burning Devil take them. [*Exit*.

Enter Hector, *and* Andromache.

And. When was my Lord ſo much ungently temper'd,
To ſtop his Ears againſt admoniſhment?
Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to day.

Hect. You train me to offend you: get you gone,
By the everlaſting Gods, I'le go.

And. My Dreams will ſure prove ominous to the day.

Hect. No more, I ſay.

Enter Caſſandra.

Caſ. Where is my Brother *Hector*?

And. Here Siſter, arm'd, and bloody in intent:
Conſort with me in loud and dear Petition:
Purſue we him on knees: for I have dreamt
Of bloody turbulence; and this whole night
Hath nothing been but ſhapes, and forms of ſlaughter.

Caſ. O, 'tis true.

Hect. Ho? bid my Trumpet ſound.

Caſ. No notes of ſally, for the Heavens, ſweet Brother.

Hect. Be gone, I ſay: the Gods have heard me ſwear.

Caſ. The Gods are deaf to hot and peeviſh Vows;
They are polluted Offerings, more abhorr'd
Than ſpotted Livers in the Sacrifice.

And. O be perſuaded, do not count it holy,
To hurt by being juſt; it is as lawful:
For we would count give much ~~to~~ as violent thefts, +2
And rob in the behalf of Charity.

Caſ. It is the purpoſe that makes ſtrong the Vow;
But Vows to every purpoſe muſt not hold:
Unarm, ſweet *Hector*.

Hect. Hold you ſtill, I ſay;
Mine Honour keeps the weather of my Fate:
Life every man holds dear, but the dear man
Holds Honour far more precious-dear than life.

Enter Troilus.

How now, young man? mean'ſt thou to fight to day?

And. *Caſſandra*, call my Father to perſuade.

[*Exit* Caſſandra.

Hect. No Faith, young *Troilus*; doff thy harneſs, Youth:
I am to day i'th' vein of Chivalry:
Let grow thy Sinews till their knots be ſtrong;
And tempt not yet the bruſhes of the war.
Unarm thee, go, and doubt thou not, brave Boy,
I'le ſtand to day, for thee, and me, and *Troy*.

Troi. Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you;
Which better fits a Lion, than a Man.

Hect. What vice is that? good *Troilus* chide me for it.

Troi. When many times the Captive *Grecian* falls,
Even in the fan and wind of your fair Sword,
You bid them riſe, and live.

Hect. O, 'tis fair play.

Troi. Fools play, by Heaven, *Hector*.

Hect. How now? how now?

Troi. For th' love of all the Gods,
Let's leave the Hermit pity with our Mothers;
And when we have our Armors buckled on,
The venom'd vengeance ride upon our Swords,
Spur them to rueful work, rein them from ruth.

Hect. Fie, Savage, fie.

Troi. *Hector*, then 'tis wars.

Hect. *Troilus*, I would not have you fight to day.

Troi. Who ſhould with-hold me?
Not Fate, Obedience, nor the hand of *Mars*,
Beckning with fiery Truncheon my retire;
Not *Priamus*, and *Hecuba* on knees;
Their Eyes o're-galled with recourſe of Tears;
Nor you, my Brother, with your true Sword drawn,
Oppos'd to hinder me, ſhould ſtop my way;
But by my ruin.

Enter Priam *and* Caſſandra.

Caſ. Lay hold upon him, *Priam*, hold him faſt:
He is thy Crutch; now if thou loſe thy ſtay,
Thou on him leaning, and all *Troy* on thee,
Fall all together.

Priam. Come, *Hector*, come, go back:
Thy Wife hath dreamt, thy Mother hath had viſions,
Caſſandra doth foreſee; and I my ſelf,
Am like a Prophet ſuddenly enrapt,
To tell thee that this day is Ominous:
Therefore come back.

Hect. *Æneas* is a-field,
And I do ſtand engag'd to many *Greeks*,
Even in the faith of valour to appear
This morning to them.

Priam. I, but thou ſhalt not go.

Hect. I muſt not break my Faith:
You know me dutiful, therefore, dear Sir,
Let me not ſhame reſpect; but give me leave
To take that courſe by your conſent and voice,
Which you do here forbid me, Royal *Priam*.

Caſ. O, *Priam*, yield not to him.

And. Do not, dear Father.

Hect. *Andromache*, I am offended with you:
Upon the love you bear me, get you in.

[*Exit* Andromache.

Troi. This fooliſh, dreaming, ſuperſtitious Girl,
Makes all theſe bodements.

Caſ. O farewel, dear *Hector*:
Look how thou dieſt; look how thy Eye turns pale;
Look how thy wounds do bleed at many vents;
Hark how *Troy* roars; how *Hecuba* cries out;
How poor *Andromache* ſhrils her dolour forth;
Behold diſtraction, frenzy, and amazement,
Like witleſs Anticks, one another meet,
And all cry, *Hector*, *Hector*'s dead: O *Hector*!

Troi. Away.

Caſ. Farewel: yet, ſoft: *Hector*, I take my leave;
Thou do'ſt thy ſelf, and all our *Troy* deceive. *Exit*.

Hect. You are amaz'd, my Liege, at her exclaim:
Go in and cheer the Town, we'll forth and fight:
Do deeds of praiſe, and tell you them at night.

Priam. Farewel: the Gods with ſafety ſtand about thee.

[*Alarum*.

Troi. They are at it, hark: proud *Diomede*, believe
I come to loſe my Arm, or win my Sleeve.

Enter Pandar.

Pand. Do you hear, my Lord? do you hear?

Troi. What now?

Pand. Here's a Letter come from yond poor Girl.

Troi. Let me read.

Pand. A whorſon tiſick, a whorſon raſcally tiſick, ſo troubles me: and the fooliſh Fortune of this Girl, and what one thing, what another, that I ſhall leave you one o'th'days; and I have a Rheum in mine Eyes too, and ſuch an ach in my Bones, that unleſs a Man were curſt I cannot tell what to think on't. What ſays ſhe, there?

Troi. Words, words, meer words, no matter from the
Heart:
Th'effect doth operate another way.
Go wind to wind, there, turn and change together:
My love with words and errors ſtill ſhe feeds;
But edifies another with her deeds.

Pand. Why, but hear you?

Troi. Hence, brother Lacky; Ignominy and Shame
Purſue thy life, and live aye with thy name.

Alarum. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Therſites *in excurſion.*

Ther. Now they are clapper-clawing one another, I'le go look on: that diſſembling abominable varlet, *Diomede*, has got that ſame ſcurvy, doting, fooliſh young Knaves Sleeve of *Troy*, there in his Helm: I would fain ſee them meet, that, that ſame young *Trojan* aſs, that loves the Whore there, might ſend that *Greekiſh* Whore-maſterly Villain, with the Sleeve, back to the diſſembling luxurious Drab, of a ſleeveleſs errant. O'th'tother ſide, the Policy of thoſe crafty ſwearing Raſcals; that ſtale old Mouſe-eaten dry-cheeſe, *Neſtor*: and that ſame dog-fox *Ulyſſes* is not prov'd worth a Black-berry. They ſet me up in Policy, that mungril Cur *Ajax*, againſt that Dog of as bad a kind, *Achilles*. And now is the Cur *Ajax* prouder than the Cur *Achilles*, and will not arm to day. Whereupon the *Grecians* began to proclaim Barbariſm; and Policy grows into an ill opinion.

Enter Diomede, *and* Troilus.

Soft, here comes Sleeve, and th' other.

Troi. Fly not: for ſhould'ſt thou take the River *Styx*,
I would ſwim after.

Diom. Thou do'ſt miſcall, retire:
I do not flye, but advantagious care
With-drew me from the odds of multitude:
Have at thee.

Ther. Hold thy Whore, *Grecian*: now for thy Whore, *Trojan*: Now the Sleeve, now the Sleeve.

Enter Hector.

Hect. What art thou, *Greek*? art thou for *Hector*'s match?
Art thou of Blood, and Honour?

Ther. No, no: I am a Raſcal; a Scurvy railing Knave; a very filthy Rogue.

Hect. I do believe thee, live.

Ther. God a mercy, that thou wilt believe me; but a plague break thy neck—— for frighting me: what's become of the Wenching Rogues? I think, they have ſwallowed one another. I would laugh at that miracle——yet in a ſort, Lechery eats it ſelf: I'le ſeek them. [*Exit.*

Enter Diomede *and Servant.*

Dio. Go, go, my Servant, take thou *Troilus*'s Horſe;
Preſent the fair Steed to my Lady *Creſſid*:
Fellow, commend my Service to her Beauty:
Tell her, I have chaſtis'd the amorous *Trojan*,
And am her Knight by proof.

Ser. I go, my Lord. *Enter* Agamemnon.

Aga. Renew, renew, the fierce *Polydamus*
Hath beat down *Menon*: Baſtard *Margarelon*
Hath *Doreus* Priſoner,
And ſtands, *Coloſſus* wiſe, waving his beam,
Upon the paſhed corſes of the Kings,
Epiſtropus and *Cedus*, *Polyxines* is ſlain;
Amphimachus, and *Thous*, deadly hurt;
Patroclus ta'ne or ſlain, and *Palamedes*
Sore hurt and bruiſed; the dreadful Sagittary
Appals our numbers, haſte we, *Diomede*,
To re-inforcement, or we periſh all.

Enter Neſtor.

Neſt. Go bear *Patroclus*'s Body to *Achilles*,
And bid the Snail-pac'd *Ajax* arm for ſhame,
There is a thouſand *Hectors* in the Field:
Now here he fights on *Galathe* his Horſe;
And there lacks work: anon he's there a-foot,
And there they flye or dye, like ſcaled Sculs,
Before the belching Whale: then is he yonder,
And there the ſtraying *Greeks*, ripe for his edge,
Fall down before him, like the Mower's Swath;
Here, there, and every where, he leaves and takes;
Dexterity ſo obeying appetite,
That what he will, he does, and does ſo much,
That Proof is call'd Impoſſibility.

Enter Ulyſſes.

Ulyſ. Oh, Courage, Courage, Princes: great *Achilles*
Is arming, weeping, curſing, vowing Vengeance;
Patroclus's wounds have rouz'd his drowſie blood,
Together with his mangled *Myrmidons*,
That noſeleſs, handleſs, hackt, and chipt, come to him;
Crying on *Hector*. *Ajax* hath loſt a Friend,
And foams at Mouth, and he is arm'd, and at it:
Roaring for *Troilus*; who hath done to day,
Mad and fantaſtick execution;
Engaging and redeeming of himſelf,
With ſuch a careleſs Force, and forceleſs Care,
As if that luck, in very ſpight of cunning, bad him win all.

Enter Ajax.

Aja. *Troilus*, thou Coward, *Troilus.* [*Exit.*

Dio. I, there, there.

Neſt. So, ſo, we draw together. [*Exit.*

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Where is this *Hector*?
Come, come, thou Boy-killer, ſhew thy Face:
Know what it is to meet *Achilles* angry.
Hector, where's *Hector*? I will none but *Hector.* [*Exit.*

Enter Ajax.

Aja. *Troilus*, thou Coward *Troilus*, ſhew thy head.

Enter Diomede.

Diom. *Troilus*, I ſay, where's *Troilus*?

Aja. What would'ſt thou?

Dio. I would correct him.

Aja. Were I the General,
Thou ſhoul'dſt have my Office,
E're that Correction: *Troilus*, I ſay, what, *Troilus*?

Enter Troilus.

Troi. Oh Traytor *Diomede*!
Turn thy falſe Face, thou Traitor,
And pay thy life, thou oweſt me for my Horſe.

Dio. Ha, art thou there?

Aja. I'le fight with him alone, ſtand, *Diomede.*

Dio. He is my prize, I will not look upon.

Troi. Come both you cogging *Greeks*, have at you both.
[*Exit* Troilus.

Enter Hector.

Hect. Yea, *Troilus*? O well fought, my youngeſt Brother.

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Now do I ſee thee; have at thee, *Hector.*

Hect. Pauſe, if thou wilt.

Achil. I do diſdain thy Courteſie, proud *Trojan*;
Be happy that my Arms are out of uſe:
My reſt and negligence befriend thee now,
But thou anon ſhalt hear of me again:
Till when, go ſeek thy Fortune.

Hect. Fare thee well:
I would have been much more a freſher Man,
Had I expected thee: how now, my Brother?

Enter Troilus.

Troi. *Ajax* hath ta'ne *Æneas*; ſhall it be?
No, by the flame of yonder glorious Heaven,
He ſhall not carry him: I'le be ta'ne too,

Or bring him off: Fate, hear me what I ſay ;
I wreak not, though thou end my Life to day. [*Exit.*

Enter one in Armour.

Hect. Stand, ſtand, thou *Greek*,
Thou art a goodly Mark :
No ? wilt thou not ? I like thy Armour well,
I'le fruſh it, and unlock the Rivets all,
But I'le be Maſter of it : wilt thou not, beaſt, abide ?
Why then fly on, I'le hunt thee for thy Hide. [*Exit.*

Enter Achilles *with* Myrmidons :

Achil. Come here about me, you my *Myrmidons* :
Mark what I ſay ; attend me where I wheel :
Strike not a ſtroak, but keep your ſelves in breath ;
And when I have the bloody *Hector* found,
Empale him with your weapons round about :
In felleſt manner execute your Arms,
Follow me, Sirs, and my proceeding Eye ;
It is decreed, *Hector* the great muſt die. [*Exit.*

Enter Therſites, Menelaus, *and* Paris.

Ther. The Cuckold, and the Cuckold-maker are at it : now Bull, now Dog, 'loo ; *Paris*, 'loo ; now my double hen'd ſparrow ; ,'loo, *Paris*, 'loo ; the Bull has the game : 'ware Horns, ho.

[*Exit* Paris, *and* Menelaus.

Enter Baſtard.

Baſt. Turn, Slave, and fight.

Ther. What art thou ?

Baſt. A Baſtard Son of *Priam*'s.

Ther. I am a Baſtard too, I love Baſtards, I am a Baſtard begot, Baſtard inſtructed, Baſtard in mind, Baſtard in valour, in every thing illegitimate : One Bear will not bite another, and wherefore ſhould one Baſtard ? Take heed, the quarrel's moſt ominous to us : If the Son of a Whore fight for a VVhore, he tempts Judgment : farewel, Baſtard.

Baſt. The Devil take the Coward. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Hector.

Hect. Moſt putrified Core ſo fair without :
Thy goodly Armour thus hath coſt thy Life.
Now is my days work done ; I'le take good breath :
Reſt Sword, thou haſt thy fill of Blood and Death.

Enter Achilles, *and his* Myrmidons.

Achil. Look, *Hector*, how the Sun begins to ſet ;
How ugly Night comes breathing at his heels,
Even with the veil and darking of the Sun.
To cloſe the day up, *Hector*'s Life is done.

Hect. I am unarm'd, forgo this vantage, *Greek*.

Achil. Strike, Fellows, ſtrike, this is the Man I ſeek.
So, *Ilion*, fall thou : now, *Troy*, ſink down :
Here lies thy Heart, thy Sinews, and thy Bone.
On, *Myrmidons*, cry you all amain,
Achilles hath the mighty *Hector* ſlain. [*Retreat.*
Hark, a Retreat upon our *Grecian* part.

Gree. The *Trojan* Trumpets ſounds the like, my Lord.

Achil. The dragon wing of Night, o're-ſpreads the Earth.
And, Stickler-like, the Armies ſeparates ;
My half ſupt Sword, that frankly would have fed,
Pleas'd with this dainty bit, thus goes to bed.
Come, tye his Body to my Horſes Tail :
Along the Field, I will the *Trojan* trail. [*Exeunt.*

Sound Retreat. *Shout.*

Enter Agamemnon, Ajax, Menelaus, Neſtor, Diomede, *and the reſt marching.*

Aga. Hark, hark, what ſhout is that ?

Neſt. Peace Drums.

Sold. *Achilles*, *Achilles*, *Hector*'s ſlain, *Achilles*.

Dio. The bruit is, *Hector* ſlain, and by *Achilles*.

Aja. If it be ſo, yet bragleſs let it be :
Great *Hector* was a man as good as he.

Aga. March patiently along ; let one be ſent
To pray *Achilles* ſee us at out Tent.
If in his death the Gods have us befriended,
Great *Troy* is ours, and our ſharp Wars are ended.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Æneas, Paris, Anthenor *and* Deiphobus.

Æne. Stand ho, yet are we Maſters of the Field,
Never go home ; here ſtarve we out the night.

Enter Troilus.

Troi. *Hector* is ſlain.

All. *Hector* ? the Gods forbid.

Troi. He's dead : and at the Murtherers Horſes tail,
In beaſtly ſort, dragg'd through the ſhameful Field,
Frown on, you Heavens, effect your rage with ſpeed :
Sit Gods upon your Throns, and ſmile at *Troy*.
I ſay at once, let your brief Plagues be mercy,
And linger not our ſure deſtructions on.

Æne. My Lord, you do diſcomfort all the Hoſt.

Troi. You underſtand me not, that tell me ſo:
I do not ſpeak of flight, of fear, of death,
But dare all imminence, that Gods and Men
Addreſs their dangers in. *Hector* is gone :
Who ſhall tell *Priam* ſo ? or *Hecuba* ?
Let him that will a ſcriech-oul ay be call'd,
Go in to *Troy*, and ſay there, *Hector*'s dead :
There is a word will *Priam* turn to ſtone ;
Make wells, and *Niob's* of the Maids and Wives ;
Cool ſtatues of the youth ; and in a word,
Scare *Troy* out of ſelf. But march away,
Hector is dead : there is no more to ſay.
Stay yet : you vile abominable Tents,
Thus proudly pight upon our Phrygian Plains :
Let *Titan* riſe, as early as he dare,
I'le through, and through you, and thou great ſiz'd coward,
No ſpace of Earth ſhall ſunder our two hates,
I'le haunt thee, like a wicked Conſcience ſtill,
That mouldeth Goblins ſwift, as frenſies thoughts.
Strike a free march to *Troy*, with comfort go :
Hope of revenge, ſhall hide our inward woe.

Enter Pandarus.

Pand. But hear you ? hear you ?

Troi. Hence brothel, lacky, ignominy and ſhame
Purſue thy Life, and live aye with thy name. [*Exeunt.*

Pan. A goodly med'cine for mine aking bones : oh world, world, world ! thus is the poor Agent deſpis'd : Oh Traitors, and Bawds ; how earneſtly are you ſet a work, and how ill requited ? why ſhould our endeavour be ſo deſir'd, and the performance ſo loath'd ? What Verſe for it ? what Inſtance for it ? let me ſee,
Full merrily, the Humble Bee doth ſing,
Till he hath loſt his honey, and his ſting ;
And being once ſubdu'd in armed tail,
Sweet Honey, and ſweet Notes together fail.
Good Traders in the Fleſh, ſet this in your painted cloaths,
As many as be here of *Pandars* Hall,
Your Eyes half out, weep out at *Pandar's* Fall,
Or if you cannot weep, yet give ſome groans ;
Though not for me, yet for your aking bones ,
Brethren and Siſters of the hold-dore Trade,
Some two months hence, my will ſhall here be made :
It ſhould be now, but that my fear is this,
Some galled Gooſe of *Wincheſter* would hiſs :
Till then, I'le ſwear, and ſeek about for eaſes ;
And at that time bequeath you my diſeaſes. [*Exeunt.*

THE
TRAGEDY
OF
CORIOLANUS.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter a Company of Mutinous Citizens, with Staves, Clubs, and other Weapons.

1 *Citizen.*

BEfore we proceed any further, hear me ſpeak.

All. Speak, Speak.

1 *Cit.* You are all reſolv'd rather to die than to famiſh?

All. Reſolv'd, reſolv'd.

1. *Cit.* Firſt, you know, *Caius Martius* is chief Enemy to the People.

All. We know't.

1 *Cit.* Let us kill him, and we'll have Corn at our own price. Is't a Verdict?

All. No more talking on't, Let it be done, away, away.

2 *Cit.* One word, good Citizens.

1 *Cit.* We are accounted poor Citizens, the Patricians good: what Authority ſurfeits on, would relieve us; If they would yield us but the ſuperfluity, while it were wholeſom, we might gueſs they relieved us humanly: But they think we are too dear, the leanneſs that afflicts us, the object of our Miſery, is as an Inventory to particulariſe their abundance, our ſufferance is a gain to them. Let us revenge this with our Pikes, e're we become Racks. For the Gods know, I ſpeak this in hunger for Bread, not in thirſt for Revenge.

2 *Cit.* Would you proceed eſpecially againſt *Caius Martius*?

All. Againſt him firſt: He's a very Dog to the Commonalty.

2 *Cit.* Conſider you what Services he has done for his Country?

1 *Cit.* Very well, and could be content to give him good report for't, but that he pays himſelf with being proud.

All. Nay, but ſpeak not maliciouſly.

1 *Cit.* I ſay unto you, what he hath done Famouſly, he did it to that end: though ſoft conſcienc'd men can be content to ſay it was for his Country, he did it to pleaſe his Mother, and to be partly proud, which he is, even to the altitude of his virtue.

2 *Cit.* What he cannot help in his Nature, you account a Vice in him: You muſt in no way ſay, he is Covetous.

1 *Cit.* If I muſt not, I need not be barren of Accuſations, he hath faults (with ſurplus) to tire in repetition. [*Shouts within.*
What ſhouts are thoſe? The other ſide o'th' City is riſen, why ſtay we prating here? To th' Capitol.

All. Come, come.

1 *Cit.* Soft, who comes here?

Enter Menenius Agrippa.

2 *Cit.* Worthy *Menenius Agrippa*, one that hath always lov'd the People.

1 *Cit.* He's one honeſt enough, would all the reſt were ſo.

Men. What works my Country-men in hand?
Where go you with your Bats and Clubs? The matter,
Speak, I pray you.

2 *Cit.* Our buſineſs is not unknown to th' Senat, they have had inkling this fortnight, what we intend to do, which now we'll ſhew'm in deeds: They ſay, poor Suiters have ſtrong Breaths, they ſhall know we have ſtrong Arms too.

Men. Why Maſters, my good Friends, mine honeſt
Neighbours, will you undo your ſelves?

2 *Cit.* We cannot, Sir, we are undone already.

Men. I tell you, Friends, moſt charitable care
Have the Patricians of you, for your wants,
Your ſuffering in this dearth, you may as well
Strike at the Heaven with your Staves, as lift them
Againſt the *Roman* State, whoſe courſe will on
The way it takes: cracking ten thouſand Curbs
Of more ſtrong link'd aſunder, than can ever
Appear in your impediment. For the Dearth,
The Gods, not the Patricians make it, and
Your Knees to them (not Arms) muſt help. Alack,
You are tranſported by Calamity
Thither, where more attends you, and you ſlander
The Helms o'th' State; who care for you, like Fathers,
When you curſe them, as Enemies.

2 *Cit.* Care for us? True indeed, they ne're cared for us yet. Suffer us to famiſh, and their Store-houſes cramm'd with Grain: Make Edicts for Uſury, to ſupport Uſurers; repeal daily any wholeſome Act eſtabliſhed againſt the Rich, and provide more piercing Statutes daily, to chain up and reſtrain the Poor. If the Wars eat us not up, they will, and there's all the love they bear us.

Men. Either you muſt
Confeſs your ſelves wondrous Malicious,
Or be accus'd of Folly. I ſhall tell you
A pretty tale, it may be you have heard it,
But ſince it ſerves my purpoſe, I will venture
To ſcale't a little more.

2 *Cit.* Well,

I'le hear it, Sir: yet you muſt not think,
To fobb off our diſgrace with a tale:
But and't pleaſe you deliver.
Men. There was a time, when all the bodies Members
Rebell'd againſt the Belly; thus accus'd it;
That only like a Gulf it did remain
I' th' mid'ſt o'th' Body, idle and unactive,
Still cubbording the Viand, never bearing
Like labour with the reſt, where th' other Inſtruments
Did ſee, and hear, deviſe, inſtruct, walk, feel,
And mutually participate, did miniſter
Unto the Appetite, and affection common
Of the whole Body, the Belly anſwer.'d
2 Cit. Well, Sir, what anſwer made the Belly.
Men. Sir, I ſhall tell you with a kind of ſmile,
Which ne'er came from the Lungs, but even thus:
For look you, I may make the Belly ſmile,
As well as ſpeak; it tauntingly reply'd
To th' diſcontented Members, the mutinous parts
That envied his receit: even ſo moſt fitly,
As you malign our Senators, for that
They are not ſuch as you.
2 Cit. Your Bellies anſwer: What
The Kingly Crown'd head, the vigilant Eye,
The Counſellor Heart, the Arm our Souldier,
Our Steed the Leg, the Tongue our Trumpeter;
With other Muniments and petty helps
In this our Fabrick, if that they———.
Men. What then? For me, this fellow ſpeaks.
What then? What then?
2 Cit. Should by the Cormorant Belly be reſtrain'd,
Who is the ſink o'th' body.
Men. Well, what then?
2 Cit. The former Agents, if they did complain,
What could the Belly anſwer?
Men. I will tell you,
If you'l beſtow a ſmall (of what you have little)
Patience a while; you'ſt hear the Bellies anſwer.
2 Cit. Y'are long about it.
Men. Note me this, good Friend;
Your moſt grave Belly was deliberate,
Not raſh like his Accuſers, and thus anſwered;
True is it, my incorporate Friends (quoth he)
That I receive the general Food at firſt
Which you do live upon: and fit it is,
Becauſe I am the Store-houſe, and the Shop
Of the whole body. But if you do remember,
I ſend it through the Rivers of your Blood
Even to the Court, th' Heart, to th' ſeat o'th' Brain,
And through the Cranks and Offices of Man,
The ſtrongeſt Nerves, and ſmall inferiour Veins
From me receive that natural competency
Whereby they live. And though that all at once,
(You, my good Friends, this ſays the Belly) mark me.
2 Cit. I, Sir, well, well.
Men. Though all at once, cannot
See what I do deliver out to each,
Yet I can make my Audit up, that all
From me do back receive the flowr of all,
And leave me but the Bran. What ſay you to't?
2 Cit. It was an anſwer, how apply you this?
Men. The Senators of *Rome*, are this good Belly,
And you, the mutinous Members: For examine
Their Counſels, and their Care; diſgeſt things rightly,
Touching the Weal o'th' Common, you ſhall find
No publick benefit which you receive,
But it proceeds, or comes from them to you,
And no way from your ſelves. What do you think?
You, the great Toe of this Aſſembly?
2 Cit. I the great Toe? Why the great Toe?
Men. For that being one o'th' loweſt, baſeſt, pooreſt
Of this moſt wiſe Rebellion, thou goeſt formoſt:
Thou Raſcal, that art worſt in Blood to run,
Lead'ſt firſt to win ſome vantage.
But make you ready your ſtiff Bats and Clubs,
Rome, and her Rats, are at the point of Battel;
The one ſide muſt have Bail.

Enter Caius Martius.

Hayl, Noble *Martius.*
Mar. Thanks. What's the matter, you diſſentious Rogues?
That rubbing the poor itch of your Opinion,
Make your ſelves Scabs.
2 Cit. We have ever your good word.
Mar. He that will give good words to thee, will flatter
Beneath abhorring. What would you have, you Curs,
That like not Peace, nor War? The one affrights you,
The other makes you proud. He that truſts to you,
Where he ſhould find you Lions, finds you Hares:
Where Foxes, Geeſe you are: No ſurer, no,
Than is the coal of Fire upon the Ice,
Or Hailſtone in the Sun. Your Virtue is,
To make him worthy, whoſe offence ſubdues him,
And curſe that Juſtice did it. Who deſerves Greatneſs,
Deſerves your Hate: and your Affections are
A ſick mans Appetite; who deſires moſt that
Which would encreaſe his evil. He that depends
Upon your favours, ſwims with finns of Lead,
And hews down Oaks with ruſhes. Hang ye: truſt ye?
With every Minute you do change a Mind,
And call him Noble, that was now your Hate:
Him vile, that was your Garland. What's the matter,
That in theſe ſeveral places of the City,
You cry againſt the Noble Senate, who
(Under the Gods) keep you in awe, which elſe
Would feed on one another? What's their ſeeking?
Men. For Corn at their own rates, whereof they ſay,
The City is well ſtor'd.
Mar. Hang 'em: They ſay,
They'l ſit by th' Fire, and preſume to know
What's done i'th' Capitol: Who's like to riſe,
Who thrives, and who declines: Side Factions, and give out
Conjectural Marriages, making parties ſtrong,
And feebling ſuch as ſtand not in their liking,
Below their cobled Shoes. They ſay, there's Grain enough,
Would the Nobility lay aſide their Ruth,
And let me uſe my Sword, I'de make a Quarry
With thouſands of theſe quarter'd Slaves, as high
As I could pick my Lance.
Men. Nay, theſe are almoſt throughly perſuaded:
For though abundantly they lack diſcretion,
Yet are they paſſing cowardly. But, I beſeech you,
What ſays the other Troop?
Mar. They are diſſolv'd: Hang 'em;
They ſaid they were an hungry, ſigh'd forth Proverbs,
That Hunger broke Stone walls: that Dogs muſt eat,
That Meat was made for Mouths. That the Gods ſent not
Corn for the Rich men only: With theſe ſhreds
They vented their Complainings, which being anſwer'd,
And a Petition granted them, a ſtrange one,
To break the heart of generoſity,
And make bold power look pale, they threw their Caps
As they would hang them on the horns o'th' Moon,
Shooting their Emulation.
Men. What is granted them?
Mar. Five Tribunes to defend their vulgar wiſdoms,
Of their own choice. One's *Junius Brutus*,
Sicinius Velutus, and I know not. S'death,
The rabble ſhould have firſt unroo'ſt the City
E're ſo prevail'd with me; it will in time
Win upon power, and throw forth greater Themes
For Inſurrections arguing.
Men. This is ſtrange.
Mar. Go get you home, you Fragments.

Enter a Meſſenger haſtily.

Meſ. Where's *Caius Martius?*
Mar. Here: what's, the matter?
Meſ. The News is, Sir, the *Volſcies* are in Arms.
Mar. I am glad on't, then we ſhall have means to vent

Our muſty ſuperfluity. See our beſt Elders.

Enter Sicinius Velutus, Junius Brutus, Cominius, Titus Lucius, *with other Senators.*

1 *Sen. Martius*, 'tis true, that you have lately told us,
The *Volſcies* are in Arms.
Mar. They have a Leader,
Tullus Aufidius that will put you to't:
I ſin in envying his Nobility:
And were I any thing but what I am,
I could wiſh me only, he.
Com. You have fought together?
Mar. Were half to half the World by th' ears, and he
Upon my party, I'de revolt to make
Onely my Wars with him. He is a Lion
That I am proud to hunt.
1 *Sen.* Then worthy *Matrius*,
Attend upon *Cominius* to theſe Wars.
Com. It is your former promiſe.
Mar. Sir, it is,
And I am conſtant: *Titus Lucius*, thou
Shalt ſee me once more ſtrike at *Tullus*'s Face.
What art thou ſtiff? Stand'ſt out?
Tit. No, *Caius Martius*,
I'le lean upon one Crutch, and fight with t'other;
E're ſtay behind this buſineſs.
Men. Oh true-bred.
Sen. Your company to'th' Capitol, where I know
Our greateſt Friends attend us.
Tit. Lead you on: Follow *Cominius*, we muſt follow
you, right worthy your Prioritie.
Com. Noble *Martius.*
Sen. Hence to your homes, be gone.
Mar. Nay, let them follow,
The *Volſcies* have much Corn: take theſe Rats thither
To gnaw their Garners. Worſhipful Mutiners,
Your valour puts well forth: Pray, follow. [*Exeunt.*
[*Citizens ſteal away. Manent* Sicin. *and* Brutus.
Sicin. Was ever man ſo proud, as is this *Martius*?
Bru. He has no equal.
Sic. When we were choſen Tribunes for the People——
Bru. Mark'd you his Lip and Eyes.
Sic. Nay, but his taunts.
Bru. Being mov'd, he will not ſpare to gird the Gods.
Sic. Be-mock the modeſt Moon.
Bru. The preſent Wars devour him, he is grown
Too proud to be ſo valiant.

Sicin. Such a Nature, tickled with good ſucceſs, diſdains the ſhadow which he treads on at noon, but I do wonder, his Inſolence can brook to be commanded under *Cominius*?

Bru. Fame, at the which he ayms,
In whom already he is well grac'd, cannot
Better be held, nor more attain'd than by
A place below the firſt: for what miſcarries
Shall be the General's fault, though he perform
To th' utmoſt of a man, and giddy cenſure
Will then cry out of *Martius*: Oh, if he
Had born the buſineſs.
Sic. Beſides, if things go well,
Opinion, that ſo ſticks on *Martius*, ſhall
Of his demerits rob *Cominius.*
Bru. Come: half all *Cominius*'s Honours are to *Martius*,
Though *Martius* earn'd them not: and all his faults
To *Martius* ſhall be Honours, though indeed
In ought he merit not.
Sic. Let's hence, and hear
How the diſpatch is made, and in what faſhion,
More than his ſingularity, he goes
Upon this preſent Action.
Bru. Let's along. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Tullus Aufidius *with Senators of* Coriolus.

1 *Sen.* So, your Opinion is, *Aufidius*,
That they of *Rome* are entred in our Counſels,
And know how we proceed.
Auf. Is it not yours?
Whatever hath been thought on in this State,
That could be brought to bodily act, e're *Rome*
Had circumvention? 'tis not four Days gone
Since I heard thence, theſe are the words, I think
I have the Letter here, yes, here it is;
They have preſt a power, but it is not known
Whether for Eaſt or Weſt: the Dearth is great,
The People Mutinous: And it is rumour'd
Cominius, *Martius* your old Enemy,
(Who is of *Rome* worſe hated than of you)
And *Titus Lucius*, a moſt valiant *Roman*,
Theſe three lead on this Preparation
Whither 'tis bent: moſt likely, 'tis for you:
Conſider of it.
1 *Sen.* Our Army's in the Field:
We never yet made doubt, but *Rome* was ready
To anſwer us.
Auf. Nor did you think it folly,
To keep your great pretences veil'd, 'till when
They needs muſt ſhews themſelves, which in the hatching
It ſeem'd appear'd to *Rome.* By the diſcovery,
We ſhall be ſhortned in our aim, which was
To take in many Towns, e're (almoſt) *Rome*
Should know we are a-foot.
2 *Sen.* Noble *Aufidius*,
Take your Commiſſion, hie you to your Bands;
Let us alone to guard *Coriolus:*
If they ſet down before's, for the remove
Bring up your Army: But (I think) you'l find
Th' have not prepar'd for us.
Auf. O, doubt not that,
I ſpeak from certainties. Nay more,
Some parcels of their Power are forth already,
And only hitherward. I leave your Honours.
If we, and *Caius Martius* chance to meet,
'Tis ſworn between us, we ſhall ever ſtrike,
'Till one can do no more.
All. The Gods aſſiſt you.
Auf. And keep your Honours ſafe.
1 *Sen.* Farewel.
2 *Sen.* Farewel.
All. Farewel. [*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Volumnia *and* Virgilia, *Mother and Wife to* Martius: *They ſet them down on two low Stools, and Sew.*

Voln. I pray you, Daughter, ſing, or expreſs your ſelf in a more comfortable ſort: If my Son were my Husband, I would freelier rejoyce in that abſence wherein he won Honour, than in the embracements of his Bed, where he ſhould ſhew moſt love. When yet he was but tender-bodied, and the only Son of my Womb; when Youth with Comlineſs pluck'd all gaze his way: when for a Day of Kings entreaties, a Mother ſhould not ſell him an hour from her beholding, I conſidering how Honour would become ſuch a Perſon, that it was no better than Picture-like to hang by th' wall, if Renown made it not ſtir, was pleas'd to let him ſeek Danger, where he was like to find Fame: To a cruel War I ſent him, from whence he return'd, his Brows bound with Oak. I tell thee, Daughter, I ſprang no more in joy at firſt hearing he was a Man-child, than now in firſt ſeeing he had proved himſelf a Man.

Virg. But had he died in the buſineſs, Madam, how then?

Volum. Then his good Report ſhould have been my Son, I therein would have found iſſue. Heare me profeſs ſincerely, had I a dozen Sons each in my love alike, and none leſs dear than thine, and my good *Martius*, I had rather had eleven dye Nobly for their Countrey, than one voluptuouſly ſurfeit out of Action.

Enter a Gentlewoman.

Gent. Madam, the Lady *Valeria* is come to viſit you.
Virg. Beſeech you, give me leave to retire my ſelf.
Volum. Indeed thou ſhalt not:
Methinks, I hear hither your Husband's Drum:
See him pluck *Aufidius* down by th' Hair:
(As Children from a Bear) the *Volſcies* ſhunning him:
Methinks I ſee him ſtamp thus, and call thus,
Come on, ye Cowards, you were got in fear
Though you were born in *Rome*; his bloody brow,
With his mail'd hand, then wiping, forth he goes
Like to a Harveſt-man, what's task'd to mow,
Or all, or loſe his hire.
Virg. His bloody Brow? Oh *Jupiter*, no Blood.
Volum. Away, you Fool; it more becomes a Man
Than gilt his Trophy. The breſt of *Hecuba*
When ſhe did ſuckle *Hector*, look'd not lovelier
Than *Hector*'s Forehead, when it ſpit forth Blood
At *Grecian* Swords contending: tell *Valeria*
We are fit to bid her welcome. [*Exit Gent.*
Virg. Heavens bleſs my Lord from fell *Aufidius*.
Vol. He'll beat *Aufidius*'s Head below his Knee,
And tread upon his Neck.

Enter Valeria *with an Uſher, and a Gentlewoman.*

Val. My Ladies both, good day to you.
Vol. Sweet Madam.
Vir. I am glad to ſee your Ladyſhip.
Val. How do you both? You are manifeſt Houſe-keepers. What are you ſewing here? A fine ſpot in good faith. How does your little ſon?
Vir. I thank your Lady-ſhip: Well, good Madam.
Vol. He had rather ſee the Swords, and hear a Drum, than look upon his Schoolmaſter.
Val. A my word the Fathers Son: I'le ſwear 'tis a very pretty Boy. A my troth I look'd upon him a *Wedneſday* half an hour together: h'as ſuch a confirm'd countenance. I ſaw him run after a gilded Butterfly, and when he caught it, he let it go again, and after it again, and over and over he comes, and up again, and caught it again: or whether his fall enrag'd him, or how 'twas, he did ſo ſet his teeth, and tear it. Oh, I warrant how he mammockt it.
Vol. One o's Fathers moods.
Val. Indeed la, 'tis a Noble Child.
Virg. A Crack, Madam.
Val. Come, lay aſide your ſtitchery, I muſt have you play the idle Huſwife with me this afternoon.
Virg. No (good Madam)
I will not out of Doors.
Val. Not out of Doors?
Vol. She ſhall, ſhe ſhall.
Vir. Indeed, no, by your patience; I'le not over the threſhold, till my Lord, return from the Wars.
Val. Fie, you confine your ſelf moſt unreaſonably: Come, you muſt go viſit the good Lady that lies in.
Virg. I will wiſh her ſpeedy ſtrength, and viſit her with my Prayers, but I cannot go thither.
Vol. Why, I pray you?
Virg. 'Tis not to ſave labour, nor that I want love.
Val. You would be another *Penelope*: yet they ſay, all the Yarn ſhe ſpun in *Ulyſſes*'s abſence, did but fill *Ithaca* full of Mothes. Come, I would your Cambrick were ſenſible as your Finger, that you might leave pricking it for pity. Come, you ſhall go with us.
Virg. No, good Madam, pardon me, indeed I will not forth.
Val. In truth la go with me, and I'le tell you excellent News of your Husband.
Vir. Oh, good Madam, there can be none yet.
Val. Verily I do not jeſt with you: there came News from him laſt Night.
Vir. Indeed, Madam?
Val. In earneſt it's true; I heard a Senator ſpeak it. Thus it is: the *Volſcies* have an Army forth, againſt whom *Cominius* the General is gone, with one part of our *Roman* Power. Your Lord, and *Titus Lucius* are ſet down before their City *Coriolus*, they nothing doubt prevailing, and to make it brief Wars. This is true on mine Honour, and ſo, I pray, go with us.
Vir. Give me excuſe, good Madam, I will obey you in every thing hereafter.
Vol. Let her alone, Lady, as ſhe is now,
She will but diſeaſe our better mirth.
Val. In troth, I think ſhe would:
Fare you well then. Come, good ſweet Lady.
Prithee, *Virgilia*, turn thy ſolemneſs out a Door,
And go along with us.
Virg. No,
At a word, Madam; indeed I muſt not,
I wiſh you much mirth.
Val. Well, then farewel. [*Exeunt Ladies.*

Enter Martius, Titus Lucius, *with Drum and Colours, with Captains and Souldiers, as before the City* Coriolus: *to them a Meſſenger.*

Mart. Yonder comes News:
A Wager they have met.
Luc. My Horſe to yours, no.
Mar. 'Tis done.
Luc. Agreed.
Mar. Say, ha's our General met the Enemy?
Meſ. They lye in view; but have not ſpoke as yet.
Luc. So, the good Horſe is mine.
Mart. I'le buy him of you.
Luc. No, I'le not ſell, nor give him: Lend him you, I will,
For half a hundred years; Summon the Town.
Mar. How far off lies theſe Armies?
Meſ. Within this mile and half.
Mar. Then ſhall we hear their Larum, and they Ours.
Now, *Mars*, I prithee make us quick in work:
That we with ſmoaking Swords may march from hence
To help our fielded Friends. Come, blow thy blaſt.

They ſound a Parley. Enter two Senators with others on the Walls of Coriolus.

Tullus Aufidius, is he within your Walls?
1 *Senat.* No, nor a Man that fears you leſs than he,
That's leſſer than a little: [*Drum afar off.*
Hark, our Drums
Are bringing forth our Youth: We'll break our Walls
Rather than they ſhall pound us up; our Gates,
Which yet ſeem ſhut, we have but pin'd with Ruſhes
They'l open of themſelves. Hark you far off.
[*Alarum far off.*
There is *Aufidius*. Liſt what work he makes
Amongſt your cloven Army.
Mar. Oh, they are at it.
Luc. Their noiſe be our inſtruction. Ladders, hoe.

Enter the Army of the Volſcies.

Mar. They fear us not, but iſſue forth their City.
Now put your Shields before your hearts, and fight
With hearts more proof than Shields.
Advance, brave *Titus*,
They do diſdain us much beyond our Thoughts,
Which makes me ſweat with wrath. Come on, my fellows

He that retires, I'le take him for a *Volſcie*,
And he ſhall feel mine edge.
Alarum, the Romans *are beat back to their Trenches.*
Enter Martius *Curſing.*

Mar. All the contagion of the South, light on you,
You ſhames of *Rome*: you Herd of Biles and Plagues
Plaiſter you o're, that you may be abhorr'd
Farther than ſeen, and one infect another
Againſt the Wind a mile: You Souls of Geeſe,
That bear the ſhapes of Men, how have you run
From Slaves, that Apes would beat? *Pluto* and Hell,
All hurt behind, backs red, and faces pale
With flight and agued fear? mend, and charge home,
Or by the Fires of Heaven, I'le leave the Foe,
And make my Wars on you: Look to't: Come on,
If you'l ſtand faſt, we'll beat them to their Wives,
As they us to our Trenches followed.
Another Alarum, and Martius *follows them to the Gates, and is ſhut in.*
So, now the Gates are ope: now prove good Seconds;
'Tis for the Followers, Fortune widens them,
Not for the Flyers: Mark me, and do the like.
Enter the Gates.

1 *Sol.* Fool-hardineſs, not I.
2 *Sol.* Nor I.
1 *Sol.* See they have ſhut him in. [*Alarum continues.*
All. To th' pot I warrant him.
Enter Titus Lucius.
Tit. What is become of *Martius*?
All. Slain (Sir) doubtleſs.
1 *Sol.* Following the Flyers at the very heels,
With them he enters; who upon the ſudden
Clapt to their Gates: he is himſelf alone,
To anſwer all the City.
Luc. Oh Noble Fellow!
Who ſenſibly out-dares his ſenceleſs Sword,
And when it Bows, ſtand'ſt up: Thou art left, *Martius*,
A Carbuncle intire, as big as thou art,
Were not ſo rich a Jewel. Thou waſt a Souldier
Even to *Calves* wiſh, not fierce and terrible
Only in ſtrokes, but with thy grim looks, and
The Thunder-like percuſſion of thy ſounds
Thou mad'ſt thine Enemies ſhake, as if the World
Were feavorous, and did tremble.

Enter Martius *bleeding, aſſaulted by the Enemy.*

1 *Sol.* Look Sir.
Luc. O, 'tis *Martius*.
Let's fetch him off, or make remain alike.
[*Thy fight, and all enter the City.*

Enter certain Romans *with ſpoils.*

1 *Rom.* This will I carry to *Rome*.
2 *Rom.* And I this.
3 *Rom.* A Murrain on't, I took this for Silver. [*Exeunt.*
[*Alarum continues ſtill a far off.*

Enter Martius, *and* Titus *with a Trumpet.*

Mar. See here, theſe Movers, that do prize their hours
At a crack'd Drachm, Cuſhions, Leaden Spoons,
Irons of a Doit, Doublets that Hangmen would
Bury with thoſe that wore them, theſe baſe Slaves,
E're yet the fight be done, pack up, down with them.
And hark, what noiſe the General makes: To him,
There is the Man of my Souls hate, *Aufidius*,
Piercing our *Romans*: Then Valiant *Titus* take
Convenient Numbers to make good the City,
Whilſt I with thoſe that have the Spirit, will haſte
To help *Cominius*.
Luc. Worthy Sir, thou bleed'ſt,
Thy exerciſe hath been too violent,
For a ſecond courſe of Fight.
Mar. Sir, praiſe me not:
My work hath yet not warm'd me. Fare you well:
The Blood I drop, is rather Phyſical
Than Dangerous to me. To *Aufidius*, thus I will appear and fight.
Luc. Now the fair Goddeſs Fortune,
Fall deep in love with thee, and her great charms
Miſguide thy Oppoſers Swords, bold Gentleman:
Proſperity be thy Page.
Mar. Thy Friend no leſs,
Than thoſe ſhe placeth higheſt: So farewel.
Luc. Thou worthieſt *Martius*,
Go ſound thy Trumpet in the Market-place,
Call thither all the Officers o'th' Town,
Where they ſhall know our mind. Away. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Cominius *as it were in retire, with Souldiers.*

Com. Breathe you, my friends, well fought, we are come off
Like *Romans*, neither Fooliſh in our ſtands,
Nor Cowardly in retire: Believe me, Sirs,
We ſhall be charg'd again. Whiles we have ſtruck
By interims and conveying guſts, we have heard
The Charges of our Friends. The *Roman* Gods
Lead their ſucceſſes, as we wiſh our own,
That both our Powers, with ſmiling Fronts encountring,
May give you thankful Sacrifice. Thy news?
Enter a Meſſenger.
Meſ. The Citizens of *Coriolus* have iſſued,
And given to *Lucius* and to *Martius* Battel.
I ſaw our Party to their Trenches driven,
And then I came away.
Com. Though thou ſpeakeſt truth,
Methinks thou ſpeak'ſt not well. How long is't ſince?
Meſ. Above an hour, my Lord.
Com. 'Tis not a mile: briefly we heard their Drums.
How could'ſt thou in a mile confound an hour,
And bring thy News ſo late?
Meſ. Spies of the *Volſcies*
Held me in chace, that I was forc'd to wheel
Three or four Miles about, elſe had I, Sir,
Half an hour ſince, brought my report.
Enter Martius.
Com. Whoſe yonder,
That does appear as he were Flea'd? O Gods,
He has the ſtamp of *Martius*, and I have
Before time ſeen him thus.
Mar. Come I too late?
Com. The Shepherd knows not Thunder from a Taber,
More than I know the Sound of *Martius*'s Tongue
From every meaner Man.
Mar. Come I too late?
Com. I, if you come not in the Blood of others,
But mantled in your own.
Mar. Oh! let me clip ye
In Arms as ſound, as when I woo'd in Heart;
As merry as when our Nuptial Day was done,
And Tapers burnt to Bedward.
Com. Flower of Warriors, how is't with *Titus Lucius*?
Mar. As with a Man buſied about Decrees:
Condemning ſome to Death, and ſome to Exile,
Ranſoming him, or pitying, threatning th' other;
Holding *Coriolus* in the name of *Rome*,
Even like a fawning Grey-hound in the Leaſh,
To let him ſlip at will.
Com. Where is that Slave
Which told me they had beat you to your Trenches?
Where is he? Call him hither.
Mar. Let him alone,
He did inform the truth: But for our Gentlemen,
The common file, (a Plague Tribunes for them)
The Mouſe ne're ſhunn'd the Cat, as they did budge
From Raſcals worſe than they.
Com. But how prevail'd you?

Mar. Will the time ſerve to tell? I do not think:
Where is the Enemy? Are you Lords o'th' Field?
If not, why ceaſe you till you are ſo?
Com. Martius, we have at diſadvantage fought,
And did retire to win our purpoſe.
Mar. How lies their Battel? Know you on what ſide
they have plac'd their Men of truſt?
Com. As I gueſs, *Martius*,
Their Bands i'th' Vaward are the Ancients
Of their beſt truſt: O're them *Aufidius*,
Their very heart of Hope.
Mar. I do beſeech you,
By all the Battels wherein we have fought,
By th' Blood we have ſhed together,
By th' Vows we have made
To endure Friends, that you directly ſet me
Againſt *Aufidius*, and his *Antiats*,
And that you not delay the preſent (but
Filling the Air with Swords advanc'd) and Darts,
We prove this very hour.
Com. Though I could wiſh
You were conducted to a gentle Bath,
And Balms applied to you, yet dare I never
Deny your asking, take your choice of thoſe
That beſt can aid your action.
Mar. Thoſe are they
That moſt are willing; if any ſuch be here?
(As it 'twere ſin to doubt) that love this painting
Wherein you ſee me ſmear'd, if any fear
Leſſer his perſon, than an ill report:
If any think, brave death out-weighs bad life,
And that his Country's dearer than himſelf,
Let him alone, (or, ſo many ſo minded)
Wave thus, to expreſs his diſpoſition,
And follow *Martius*.
They all ſhout, and wave their Swords, take him up in their Arms, and caſt up their Caps.
Oh me alone, make you a Sword of me:
If theſe ſhews be not outward, which of you
But is four *Volſcies?* None of you, but is
Able to bear againſt the great *Aufidius*.
A Shield as hard as his. A certain number
(Though thanks to all) muſt I ſelect from all:
The reſt ſhall bear the buſineſs in ſome other fight
As cauſe will be obey'd: pleaſe you to march,
And four ſhall quickly draw out my Command,
Which Men are beſt inclin'd.
Com. March on, my fellows:
Make good this oſtentation, and you ſhall
Divide in all, with us. [*Exeunt.*

Titus Lucius, *having ſet a Guard upon* Coriolus, *going with Drum and Trumpet toward* Cominius, *and* Caius Martius, *Enters with a Lieutenant, other Souldiers, and a Scout.*

Luc. So, let the Ports be guarded; keep your Duties
As I have ſet them down. If I do ſend, diſpatch
Thoſe Centuries to our aid, the reſt will ſerve
For a ſhort holding; if we loſe the Field,
We cannot keep the Town.
Lieu. Fear not our care, Sir.
Luc. Hence; and ſhut your Gates upon's:
Our Guider come, to th' *Roman* Camp conduct us. [*Exit.*
[*Alarum as in Battel.*

Enter Martius *and* Aufidius *at ſeveral Doors.*

Mar. I'le fight with none but thee, for I do hate thee
Worſe than a Promiſe-breaker.
Auf. We hate alike:
Not *Africk* owns a Serpent I abhor
More than thy Fame and Envy: Fix thy Foot.
Mar. Let the firſt Budger die the others Slave,
And the Gods doom him after.
Auf. If I flie, *Martius*, hollow me like a Hare.
Mar. Within theſe three hours *Tullus*
Alone I fought in your *Coriolus* Walls,
And made what work I pleas'd: 'Tis not my Blood,
Wherein thou ſeeſt me maskt, for thy Revenge
Wrench up thy power to th' higheſt.
Auf. Wer't thou the *Hector*,
That was the whip of your bragg'd Progeny,
Thou ſhould'ſt not ſcape me here.
Here they fight, and certain Volſcies *come to the aid of* Aufid. Martius *fights till they be driven in breathleſs.*
Officious and not valiant, you have ſham'd me
In your condemned Seconds.

Flouriſh. Alarum. A Retreat is ſounded. Enter at one Door Cominius, *with the* Romans: *At another Door* Martius, *with his Arm in a Scarf.*

Com. If I ſhould tell thee o're this thy Days work,
Thou'lt not believe thy deeds: but I'le report it,
Where Senators ſhall mingle tears with ſmiles,
Where great Patricians ſhall attend, and ſhrug,
I'th' end admire: where Ladies ſhall be frighted,
And gladly quak'd, hear more: where the dull Tribunes,
That with the fuſty *Plebeians*, hate thine Honours,
Shall ſay againſt their hearts, we thank the Gods
Our *Rome* hath ſuch a Souldier.
Yet cam'ſt thou to a Morſel of this Feaſt,
Having fully din'd before.

Enter Titus *with his Power, from the Purſuit.*

Titus Lucius. Oh General:
Here is the Steed, we the Capariſon:
Hadſt thou beheld———
Mar. Pray now, no more:
My Mother, who has a Charter to extol her Blood,
When ſhe does praiſe me, grieves me:
I have done as you have done, that's what I can,
Induc'd as you have been, that's for my Country:
He that has but effected his good will,
Hath overta'ne mine Act.
Com. You ſhall not be the Grave of your deſerving,
Rome muſt know the value of her own:
'Twere a Concealment worſe than a Theft,
No leſs than a Traducement,
To hide your doings, and to ſilence that,
Which to the ſpire and top of praiſes vouch'd,
Would ſeem but modeſt: therefore, I beſeech you,
In ſign of what you are, not to reward
What you have done, before our Army hear me.
Mar. I have ſome wounds upon me, and they ſmart
To hear themſelves remembred.
Com. Should they not:
Well might they feſter 'gainſt ingratiude,
And tent themſelves with death: of all the Horſes,
Whereof we have ta'ne good, and good ſtore of all,
The Treaſure in this Field atchiev'd, and City,
We render you the tenth, to be ta'ne forth,
Before the common diſtribution,
At your only choice.
Mar. I thank you, General:
But cannot make my heart conſent to take
A Bribe, to pay my Sword: I do refuſe it,
And ſtand upon my common part with thoſe,
That have beheld the doing.

A long flouriſh. They all cry, Martius, Martius, *caſt up their Caps and Launces:* Cominius *and* Lucius *ſtand bare.*

Mar. May theſe ſame Inſtruments, which you prophane,
Never ſound more: when Drums and Trumpets ſhall
I'th'

I'th' Field prove flatterers, let Courts and Cities be
Made of all falſe-fac'd ſoothing:
When Steel grows ſoft, as the *Paraſites* Silk,
Let him be made an Overture for th' Wars:
No more, I ſay, for that I have not waſh'd
My Noſe that bled, or foil'd ſome debile wretch,
Which without note, here's many elſe have done,
You ſhout me forth in acclamations hyperbolical,
As if I lov'd my little ſhould be dieted
In praiſes, ſawc'd with Lies.

Com. Too modeſt are you:
More cruel to your good report, than grateful
To us, that give you truly: by your patience,
If againſt your ſelf you be incens'd, we'll put you
(Like one that means his proper harm) in Manacles,
Then reaſon ſafely with you: Therefore be it known,
As to us, to all the World, that *Caius Martius*
Wears this Wars Garland: in token of the which,
My noble Steed, known to the Camp, I give him,
With all his trim belonging, and from this time,
For what he did before *Coriolus*, call him,
With all th' applauſe and clamor of the Hoſt,
Martius Caius Coriolanus. Bear th' addition Nobly ever?

Flouriſh. Trumpets ſound, and Drums.

Omnes. Martius Caius Coriolanus.

Mar. I will go waſh:
And when my Face is fair, you ſhall perceive
Whether I bluſh, or no: Howbeit, I thank you.
I mean to ſtride your Steed, and at all times
To under-creſt your good Addition,
To th' fairneſs of my power.

Com. So, to our Tent:
Where, e're we do repoſe us, we will write
To *Rome* of our ſucceſs: you *Titus Lucius*
Muſt to *Coriolus* back, ſend us to *Rome*
The beſt, with whom we may articulate,
For their own good, and ours.

Luc. I ſhall, my Lord.

Mar. The Gods begin to mock me;
I that now refus'd moſt Princely gifts,
Am bound to beg of my Lord General.

Com. Take't, 'tis yours, what is't?

Mar. I ſometime lay here in *Coriolus*,
At a poor mans Houſe: He us'd me kindly.
He cry'd to me: I ſaw him Priſoner:
But then *Aufidius* was within my view,
And wrath o're-whelm'd my pity: I requeſt you
To give my poor Hoſt freedom.

Com. Oh well begg'd:
Were he the Butcher of my Son, he ſhould
Be free as is the Wind, deliver him, *Titus.*

Luc. Martius, his name.

Mar. By *Jupiter*, forgot:
I am weary, yea my Memory is tir'd:
Have we no Wine here?

Com. Go we to our Tent:
The Blood upon your Viſage dries, 'tis time
It ſhould be look'd too: come. [*Exeunt.*

A Flouriſh. Cornets. Enter Tullus Aufidius, *bloody, with two or three Souldiers.*

Auf. The Town is ta'ne.

Soul. 'Twill be deliver'd back on good Condition.

Auf. Condition?
I would I were a *Roman*, For I cannot,
Being a *Volſcie*, be, that I am. Condition?
What good Condition can a Treaty find
I'th' part that is at mercy? five times, *Martius*,
I have fought with thee; ſo often haſt thou beat me:
And would'ſt do ſo, I think, ſhould we encounter
As often as we eat. By the Elements,
If e're again I meet him beard to beard
He's mine, or I am his: Mine Emulation
Hath not that honour in't it had: For where
I thought to cruſh him in an equal Force,
True Sword to Sword: I'le potch at him ſome way,
Or Wrath, or Craft may get him.

Sol. He's the Devil.

Auf. Bolder, though not ſo ſubtle: my valor's poiſon'd,
With only ſuffering ſtain by him: for him
Shall flie out of it ſelf, nor ſleep, nor ſanctuary,
Being naked, ſick; nor Phane, nor Capitol,
The Prayers of Prieſts, nor time of Sacrifice:
Embarquements all of Fury ſhall lift up
Their rotten Priviledge, and Cuſtom 'gainſt
My hate to *Martius*. Where I find him, were it
At home, upon my Brothers Guard, even there
Againſt the Hoſpitable Cannon, would I
Waſh my fierce hand in's heart. Go you to the City,
Learn how 'tis held, and what they are that muſt
Be Hoſtages for *Rome.*

Sol. Will not you go?

Auf. I am attended at the Cyprus Grove. I pray you
('Tis South the City Mill) bring me word thither
How the World goes, that to the pace of it
I may ſpur on my Journey.

Sol. I ſhall, Sir.

Actus Secundus.

Enter Menenius *with the two Tribunes of the People,* Sicinius *and* Brutus.

Men. The Augurer tells me, we ſhall have News to Night.

Bru. Good or bad?

Men. Not according to the Prayer of the People, for they love not *Martius.*

Sicin. Nature teaches Beaſts to know their Friends.

Men. Pray you, who does the Wolf love?

Sicin. The Lamb.

Men. I, to devour him, as the hungry *Plebeians* would the Noble *Martius.*

Bru. He's a Lamb indeed, that baes like a Bear.

Men. He's a Bear indeed, that lives like a Lamb. You two are Old Men, tell me one thing that I ſhall ask you.

Both. Well, Sir.

Men. In what enormity is *Martius* poor in, that you two have not in abundance?

Bru. He's poor in no one fault, but ſtor'd with all.

Sicin. Eſpecially Pride.

Bru. And topping all others in boaſt.

Men. This is ſtrange now: Do you two know, how you are cenſured here in the City, I mean of us o'th' right hand File, do you?

Bru. Why? how are we cenſured?

Men. Becauſe you talk of Pride now, will you not be angry?

Both. Well, well Sir, well.

Men. Why 'tis no great matter; for a very little thief of Occaſion, will rob you of a great deal of Patience: Give your diſpoſitions the Reins, and be angry at your pleaſures (at the leaſt) if you take it as a pleaſure to you, in being ſo; you blame *Martius* for being proud.

Bru. We do it not alone, Sir.

Men. I know you can do very little alone, for your helps are many, or elſe your actions would grow wondrous ſingle: your abilities are too Infant-like, for doing much alone. You talk of Pride: Oh, that you could turn your Eyes toward the Napes of your Necks, and make but an interior ſurvey of your good ſelves. Oh that you could!

Men. What then, Sir?

Men. Why then you ſhould diſcover a brace of unmeriting,

meriting, proud, violent, teſty Magiſtrates (alias Fools) as any in *Rome*.

Sicin. *Menenius*, you are known well enough too.

Men. I am known to be a humorous *Patrician*, and one that loves a cup of hot Wine with not a drop of allaying Tiber in't: Said to be ſomething imperfect in favouring the firſt complaint, haſty and Tinder-like upon, too trivial motion: One, that converſes more with the Buttock of the Night, than with the Fore-head of the Morning. What I think I utter, and ſpend my Malice in my Breath. Meeting two ſuch Weals-men as you are (I cannot call you *Licurguſſes*) if the drink you give me, touch my Palat adverſly, I make a crooked face at it. I can ſay, your Worſhips have deliver'd, the matter well, when I find the Aſs in compound with the Major part of your Syllables. And though I muſt be content to bear with thoſe, that ſay you are Reverend Grave, yet they lye deadly, that tell you have good Faces; if you ſee this in the Map of my Microcoſm, follows it that I am known well enough too? VVhat harm can your Beſom Conſpectuities glean out of this Character, if I be known well enough too?

Bru. Come, Sir, come, we know you well enough.

Men. You know neither me, your ſelves, nor any thing: you are ambitious for poor Knaves Caps and Legs: You wear out a good wholeſom Fore-noon, in hearing a Cauſe between an Orange-wife, and a Fauſetſeller, and then rejourn the Coutroverſie of three-pence to a ſecond day of Audience. VVhen you are Hearing a matter between a Party and Party, if you chance to be pinch'd with the Cholick, you make Faces like Mummers, ſet up the bloody Flag againſt all Patience, and in roaring for a Chamber-pot, diſmiſs the Controverſie bleeding, the more intangled by your hearing: All the Peace you make in their Cauſe, is calling both the Parties Knaves. You are a Pair of ſtrange ones.

Bru. Come, come, you are well underſtood to be a perfecter gyber for the Table, than a neceſſary Bencher in the Capitol.

Men. Our very Prieſts muſt become Mockers, if they ſhall encounter ſuch ridiculous Subjects as you are; when you ſpeak beſt unto the purpoſe, it is not worth the wagging of your Beards, and your Beards deſerve not ſo honourable a Grave, as to ſtuff a Botchers Cuſhion, or to be intomb'd in an Aſſes Pack-ſaddle; yet you muſt be ſaying, *Martius* is proud: who in a cheap eſtimation, is worth all your Predeceſſors ſince *Deucalion*, though peradventure ſome of the beſt of 'em were hereditary Hangmen. Good-e'en to your Worſhips, more of your Converſation would infect my Brain, being the Heardſmen of the Beaſtly *Plebeians*. I will be bold to take my leave of you.

[Brutus *and* Sicinius. *Aſide.*

Enter Volumnia *and* Valeria.

How now (my as Fair as Noble) Ladies, and the Moon were ſhe Earthly, no Nobler; whither do you follow your Eyes ſo faſt?

Volum. Honourable *Menenius*, my Boy, *Martius*, approaches: for the love of *Juno* let's go.

Men. Ha? *Martius* coming home?

Volum. I, worthy *Menenius*, and with moſt proſperous Approbation.

Men. Take my Cap, *Jupiter*, and I thank thee: hoo, *Martius* coming home?

2 *Ladies.* Nay, 'tis true.

Volum. Look, here's a Letter from him, the State hath another, his Wife another, and (I think) there's one at home for you.

Menen. I will make my very houſe reel to night:
A Letter for me?

Virgil. Yes, certain, there's a Letter for you, I ſaw't.

Menen. A Letter for me? it gives me an Eſtate of ſeven years health; in which time, I will make a Lip at the Phyſician: The moſt Soveraign Preſcription in *Galen* is but Empericktique, and to this Preſervative, of no better report than a Horſe-drench. Is he not wounded? he was wont to come home wounded?

Virgil. Oh no, no, no.

Volum. Oh, he is wounded, I thank the Gods for't.

Menen. So do I too, if he be not too much: brings a Victory in his Pocket? the wounds become him.

Volum. On's Brows: *Menenius*, he comes the third time home with the Oaken Garland.

Menen. Has he diſciplin'd *Aufidius* ſoundly?

Volum. *Titus Lucius* writes, they fought together, but *Aufidius* got off.

Menen. And 'twas time for him too, I'le warrant him that: and he had ſtay'd by him, I would not have been ſo fiddious'd, for all the Cheſts in *Coriolus*, and the Gold that's in them. Is the Senate poſſeſt of this?

Volum. Good Ladies, let's go. Yes, yes, yes: The Senate has Letters from the General, wherein he gives my Son the whole Name of the War, he hath in this Action out-done his former Deeds doubly.

Valer. In troth there's woudrous things ſpoke of him.

Menen. Wondrous? I, I warrant you, and not without his true Purchaſing.

Virgil. The Gods grant them true.

Volum. True? pow waw.

Mene. True? I'le be ſworn they are true, where is he wounded, God ſave your good Worſhips? *Martius* is coming home: he has more cauſe to be proud: where is he wounded?

Volum. I'th' Shoulder, and i'th' left Arm, there will be large Cicatrices to ſhew the People, when he ſhall ſtand for his place: he receiv'd in the Repulſe of *Tarquin* ſeven hurts i'th' Body.

Men. One i'th' Neck, and two i'th' Thigh, there's nine that I know.

Volum. He had, before his laſt Expedition, twenty five Wounds upon him.

Men. Now it's twenty ſeven, every gaſh was an Enemies Grave. Hark, the Trumpets.

[*A Shout, and Flouriſh.*

Volum. Theſe are the Uſhers of *Martius*:
Before him, he carries Noiſe;
And behind him, he leaves Tears:
Death, that dark Spirit, in's nervy Arm doth lye,
Which being advanc'd, declines, and then Men dye.

A Sonet. Trumpets ſound. Enter Cominius *the General, and* Titus Lucius: *between them* Coriolanus, *Crown'd with an Oaken Garland, with Captains and Souldiers, and a Herald.*

Hera. Know, *Rome*, that all alone *Martius* did fight
Within *Coriolus* Gates: where he hath won,
With Fame, a Name to *Martius Caius*:
Theſe in Honour follows, *Martius Caius, Coriolanus.*
Welcome to *Rome*, renowned *Coriolanus.*

Sound. Flouriſh.

All. Welcome to *Rome*, renowned *Coriolanus.*

Corio. No more of this, it does offend my heart; pray now no more.

Com. Look, Sir, your Mother.

Corio. Oh! you have, I know, petition'd all the Gods for my Proſperity. [*Kneels.*

Volum. Nay, my good Souldier, up:
My gentle *Martius*, worthy *Caius*,
And by deed-atchieving Honour newly nam'd,
What is it (*Coriolanus*) muſt I call thee?
But oh, thy Wife.

Corio. My gracious ſilence, hail:
Would'ſt thou have laugh'd, had I come Coffin'd home,
That weep'ſt to ſee me Triumph? Ah, my Dear,
Such Eyes the Widows in *Coriolus* wear,
And Mothers that lack Sons.

Men. Now the Gods Crown thee.

Com. And live you yet? Oh my ſweet Lady, Pardon.
Volum. I know not where to turn:
Oh welcome home: and welcome General,
And y'are welcome all.
Men. A hundred thouſand Welcomes:
I could weep, and I could laugh,
I am light, and heavy; welcome:
A Curſe begin at very root on's Heart,
That is not glad to ſee thee.
You are Three, that *Rome* ſhould dote on:
Yet by the Faith of Men, we have
Some old Crab-trees here at home,
That will not be grafted to your Reliſh.
Yet welcome Warriors:
We call a Nettle, but a Nettle;
And the faults of Fools but Folly.
Com. Ever right.
Cor. *Menenius*, ever, ever.
Hera. Give way there, and go on.
Cor. Your Hand, and yours?
E're in our own Houſe I do ſhade my head,
The good Patricians muſt be viſited,
From whom I have receiv'd not only Greetings,
But with them, change of Honours.
Volum. I have lived,
To ſee inherited my very Wiſhes,
And the Buildings of my Fancy:
Only there's one thing wanting,
Which (I doubt not) but our *Rome*
Will caſt upon thee.
Cor. Know, good Mother,
I had rather be their Servant in my way,
Than ſway with them in theirs.
Com. On, to the Capitol. [*Flouriſh. Cornets.*
[*Exeunt in State, as before.*

Enter Brutus *and* Sicinius.

Bru. All Tongues ſpeak of him, and the bleared ſights
Are ſpectacled to ſee him. Your pratling Nurſe
Into a rapture lets her Baby cry,
While ſhe chats him: the Kitchin *Malkin* pins
Her richeſt Lockram 'bout her reechy neck,
Clambring the Walls to eye him:
Stalls, Bulks, Windows, are ſmother'd up,
Leads fill'd, and Ridges hors'd
With variable Complexions; all agreeing
In earneſtneſs to ſee him: ſeld-ſhown Flamins
Do preſs 'mong the popular Throngs, and puff
To win a vulgar ſtation: our veil'd Dames
Commit the War of White and Damask
In their nicely gawded Cheeks, to th' wanton ſpoil
Of *Phœbus* burning Kiſſes: ſuch a poother,
As if that whatſoever God, who leads him,
Were ſlily crept into his humane powers,
And gave him graceful poſture.
Sicin. On the ſudden, I warrant him Conſul.
Bru. Then our Office may, during his Power, go ſleep.
Sicin. He cannot temp'rately tranſport his Honours,
From where he ſhould begin and end, but will
Loſe thoſe he hath won.
Bru. In that there's comfort.
Sici. Doubt not,
The Commoners, for whom we ſtand, but they
Upon their ancient malice, will forget
With the leaſt cauſe, theſe his new Honours,
Which that he will give them, make I as little queſtion,
As he is proud to do't.
Bru. I heard him ſwear
Were he to ſtand for Conſul, never would he
Appear i'th' Market-place, nor on him put
The Naples Veſture of humility,
Nor ſhewing (as the manner is) his Wounds
To th' people, beg their ſtinking breaths.
Sicin. 'Tis right.
Bru. It was his word:
Oh he would miſs it, rather than carry it,
But by the ſuit of the Gentry to him,
And the deſire of the Nobles.
Sicin. I wiſh no better, than have him hold that purpoſe, and to put it in execution.
Bru. 'Tis moſt like, he will.
Sicin. It ſhall be to him then, as our good wills, a ſure deſtruction.
Bru. So it muſt fall out
To him, or our Authorities, for an end.
We muſt ſuggeſt the People, in what hatred
He ſtill hath held them; that to's power he would
Have made them Mules, ſilenc'd their Pleaders,
And diſproportioned their Freedoms; holding them,
In humane Action, and Capacity,
Of no more Soul, nor fitneſs for the World,
Than Camels in their War, who have their Provand
Only for bearing Burthens, and ſore blows
For ſinking under them.
Sicin. This (as you ſay) ſuggeſted,
At ſome time, when his ſoaring inſolence
Shall teach the People, which time ſhall not want,
If he be put upon't, and that's as eaſie,
As to ſet Dogs on Sheep, will be his fire
To kindle their dry Stubble: and their Blaze
Shall darken him for ever.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Bru. What's the matter?
Meſſ. You are ſent for to the Capitol:
'Tis thought, that *Martius* ſhall be Conſul:
I have ſeen the dumb men throng to ſee him,
And the blind to hear him ſpeak: Matrons flung Gloves,
Ladies and Maids their Scarfs, and Handkerchiefs,
Upon him, as he paſs'd: the Nobles bended
As to *Joves* Statue, and the Commons made
A Showre, and Thunder, with their Caps, and Shouts:
I never ſaw the like.
Bru. Let's to the Capitol,
And carry with us Ears and Eyes for th' time,
But Hearts for the event.
Sicin. Have with you. [*Exeunt.*

Enter two Officers, to lay Cuſhions, as it were, in the Capitol.

1 *Off.* Come, come, they are almoſt here: how many ſtand for Conſulſhips?

2 *Off.* Three, they ſay: but 'tis thought of every one, *Coriolanus* will carry it.

1 *Off.* That's a brave Fellow, but he's vengeance proud, and loves not the Common People.

2 *Off.* 'Faith, there have been many great men that have flatter'd the People, who ne're loved them, and there be many that they have loved, they know not wherefore: ſo that if they love they know not why, they hate upon no better a ground. Therefore, for *Coriolanus* neither to care whether they love, or hate him, manifeſts the true knowledge he has in their diſpoſition, and out of his Noble careleſneſs lets them plainly ſee't.

1 *Off.* If he did not care whether he had their love, or no, he waved indifferently, 'twixt doing them neither good, nor harm: but he ſeeks their hate with greater devotion, than they can render it him; and leaves nothing undone, that may fully diſcover him their Oppoſite. Now to ſeem to affect the Malice and Diſpleaſure of the People, is as bad, as that which he diſlikes, to flatter them for their love.

2 *Off.* He hath deſerved worthily of his Countrey, And his aſcent is not by ſuch eaſie degrees as thoſe, who having been ſupple and courteous to the People, Bonnetted, without any further deed, to have them at all into their eſtimation, and report: but he hath ſo planted his Honours in their Eyes, and his Actions in their Hearts, that for their Tongues to be ſilent, and not confeſs ſo much, were a kind of ingrateful injury: to report otherwiſe,

were a Malice, that giving it ſelf the Lye, would pluck reproof and rebuke from every Ear that heard it.
1 *Off.* No more of him, he's a worthy man: make may, they are coming.

A Sonet. Enter the Patricians, and the Tribunes of the People, Lictors before them; Coriolanus, Menenius, Cominius *the Conſul*: Sicinius *and* Brutus *take their places by themſelves*: Coriolanus *ſtands.*

Men. Having determin'd of the *Volſcies*,
And to ſend for *Titus Lucius*: it remains,
As the main Point of this our after-meeting,
To gratifie his Noble ſervice, that hath
Thus ſtood for his Country. Therefore pleaſe you,
Moſt Reverend and Grave Elders, to deſire,
The preſent Conſul, and laſt General,
In our well-found Succeſſes, to report
A little of that worthy Work perform'd
By *Martius Caius Coriolanus*: whom
We met here, both to thank, and to remember
With honours like himſelf.
1 *Sen.* Speak, good *Cominius*:
Leave nothing out for length, and make us think
Rather our State's defective for requital,
Than we to ſtretch it out. Maſters o'th' People,
We do requeſt your kindeſt Ear, and after,
Your loving motion toward the common Body,
To yield what paſſes here.
Sicin. We are convented upon a pleaſing Treaty, and have Hearts inclinable to Honour, and advance the Theam of our Aſſembly.
Bru. Which the rather we ſhall be bleſt to do, if he remember a kinder value of the People, than he hath hereto priz'd them at.
Men. That's off, that's off: I would you rather had been ſilent: Pleaſe you to hear *Cominius* ſpeak?
Bru. Moſt willingly: but yet my Caution was more pertinent than the rebuke you give it.
Men. He loves your people, but tye him not to be their Bedfellow: Worthy *Cominius*, ſpeak.
Coriolanus *riſes, and offers to go away.*
Nay, keep your place.
W *Senat.* Sir, *Coriolanus*, never ſhame to hear
hat you have Nobly done.
I *Corio.* Your Honours pardon:
had rather have my Wounds to heal again,
Than hear ſay how I got them.
Bru. Sir, I hope my words diſ-bench'd you not?
Corio. No, Sir, yet oft,
When blows have made me ſtay, I fled from words.
You ſooth'd not, therefore hurt not: but your People,
I love them as they weigh——
Men. Pray now, ſit down.
Corio. I had rather have one ſcratch my Head i'th' Sun,
When the Alarum were ſtruck, than idly ſit
To hear my Nothings monſter'd. [*Exit* Coriolanus.
Men. Maſters of the People,
Your multiplying Spawn how can he flatter?
That's thouſand to one good one, when you now ſee
He had rather venture all his Limbs for Honour,
Than one o's Ears to hear it. Proceed *Cominius.*
Com. I ſhall lack Voice: the Deeds of *Coriolanus*
Should not be utter'd feebly: it is held,
That Valour is the chiefeſt Virtue, and
Moſt dignifies the Haver: if it be,
The man I ſpeak of cannot in the World
Be ſingly counter-poys'd. At ſixteen years,
When *Tarquin* made a Head for *Rome*, he fought
Beyond the mark of others: our then Dictator,
Whom with all praiſe I point at, ſaw him fight,
When with his Amazonian Chin he drove
The brizled Lips before him: he beſtrid
An o're-preſt *Roman*, and i'th' Conſul's view
Slew three oppoſers: *Tarquins* ſelf he met,
And ſtruck him on his Knee: in that days feats,
When he might act the woman in the Scene,
He prov'd beſt man i'th' Field, and for his meed
Was Brow-bound with Oak. His Pupil-age
Man-entred thus, he waited like a Sea,
And in the brunt of ſeventeen Battels ſince,
He lurcht all Swords o'th' Garland: for this laſt,
Before, and in *Coriolus*, let me ſay
I cannot ſpeak him home: he ſtopt the flyers,
And by his rare example made the Coward
Turn terror into ſport: as Waves before
A Veſſel under ſayl, ſo men obey'd,
And fell below his Stem: his Sword (Deaths ſtamp)
Where it did mark, it took from Face to Foot:
He was a thing of Blood, whoſe every motion
Was trimm'd with dying Cries: alone he entred
The mortal Gate o'th' City, which he painted
With ſhunleſs defamy: aidleſs came off,
And with a ſudden re-inforcement ſtruck
Coriolus, like a Planet: now all's this,
When by and by the din of War 'gan pierce
His ready ſence, then ſtreight his doubled Spirit
Requickned what in fleſh was fatigate,
And to the Battel came he, where he did
Run reeking o're the lives of Men, as if
'Twere a perpetual ſpoyl; and till we call'd
Both Field and City ours, he never ſtood
To eaſe his Breaſt with panting.
Men. Worthy man.
Senat. He cannot but with meaſure fit the Honours which we deviſe him.
Com. Our ſpoils he kickt at,
And look'd upon things Precious, as they were
The common Muck o'th' World: he covets leſs
Than Miſery it ſelf would give, rewards his deeds
With doing them, and is content
To ſpend the time, to end it.
Men. He's right Noble, let him be call'd for.
Senat. Call *Coriolanus.*
Off. He doth appear.
Enter Coriolanus.
Men. The Senate, *Coriolanus*, are well pleas'd to make thee Conſul.
Corio. I do owe them ſtill my Life, and Services.
Men. It then remains that you do ſpeak to the People.
Corio. I do beſeech you,
Let me o're-leap that Cuſtom: for I cannot
Put on the Gown, ſtand naked, and entreat them
For my Wounds ſake, to give their ſuffrage:
Pleaſe you that I may paſs this doing.
Sicin. Sir, the People muſt have their Voices,
Neither will they bate one jot of Ceremony.
Men. Put them not to't:
Pray you go fit you to the Cuſtom,
And take to you, as your Predeceſſors have,
Your Honour with your form.
Corio. It is a Part that I ſhall bluſh in Acting,
And might well be taken from the People.
Bru. Mark you that.
Corio. To brag unto them, thus I did, and thus,
Shew them th'unaking Skars, which I ſhould hide,
As if I had receiv'd them for the hire
Of their Breath only.
Men. Do not ſtand upon't:
We recommend to you, Tribunes of the People,
Our purpoſe to them, and to our Noble Conſul
Wiſh we all Joy, and Honour.
Senat. To *Coriolanus* come all Joy and Honour.
Flouriſh Cornets.
Then Exeunt. Manent Sicinius *and* Brutus.
Bru. You ſee how he intends to uſe the People.
Sici. May they perceive's intent: he will require them

As if he did contemn what he requeſted,
Should be in them to give.
Bru. Come, we'll inform them
Of our proceedings here on th' Market place,
I know they do attend us.

Enter ſeven or eight Citizens.

1 *Cit.* Once if he do require our Voices, we ought not to deny him.

2 *Cit.* We may, Sir, if we will.

3 *Cit.* We have power in our ſelves to do it, but it is a power that we have no power to do: For, if he ſhew us his wounds, and tell us his deeds, we are to put our Tongues into thoſe wounds, and ſpeak for them: So, if he tell us his noble deeds, we muſt alſo tell him our noble acceptance of them. Ingratitude is monſtrous, and for the multitude to be ingrateful, were to make a Monſter of the multitude; of the which, we being Members, ſhould bring our ſelves to be monſtrous Members.

1 *Cit.* And to make us no better thought of a little help will ſerve: for once we ſtood up about the Corn, he himſelf ſtuck not to call us the many-headed Multitude.

3 *Cit.* We have been call'd ſo of many, not that our heads are ſome brown, ſome black, ſome auburn, ſome bald; but that our wits are ſo diverſly Colour'd; and truly, I think, if all our wits were to iſſue out of one Scull, they would flye Eaſt, Weſt, North, South, and their conſent of one direct way, ſhould be at once to all the points o'th' Compaſs.

2 *Cit.* Think you ſo? Which way do you judge my wit would flye?

3 *Cit.* Nay your wit will not ſo ſoon out as another mans will, 'tis ſtrongly wedg'd up in a Block-head: but if it were at liberty, 'twould ſure Southward.

2 *Cit.* Why, that way?

3 *Cit.* To loſe it ſelf in a Fog, where being three parts melted away with rotten Dews, the fourth would return for Conſcience ſake, to help to get thee a Wife.

2 *Cit.* You are never without your tricks, you may, you may.

3 *Cit.* Are you all reſolved to give your Voices? But that's no matter, the greater part carries it, I ſay. If he would incline to the People, there was never a Worthier man.

Enter Coriolanus *in a Gown of Humility, with* Menenius.

Here he comes, and in the Gown of Humility, mark his behaviour: we are not to ſtay all together, but to come by him where he ſtands, by ones, by twos, and by threes. He's to make his requeſts by particulars, where every one of us has a ſingle Honour, in giving him our own Voices with our own Tongues, therefore follow me, and I'le direct you how you ſhall go by him.

All. Content, content.

Men. Oh, Sir, you are not right; have you not known
The worthieſt men have don't?
Corio. What muſt I ſay, I pray, Sir?
Plauge upon't, I cannot bring
My Tongue to ſuch a pace. Look, Sir, my wounds,
I got them in my Countries Service, when
Some certain of your Brethren roar'd, and ran
From the noiſe of our own drums.
Men. Oh me the Gods, you muſt not ſpeak of that,
You muſt deſire them to think upon you.
Corio. Think upon me? Hang 'em,
I would they would forget me, like the Virtues
Which our Divines loſe by 'em.
Men. You'l mar all,
I'le leave you: Pray you ſpeak to 'em, I pray you
In wholeſome manner. [*Exit.*

Enter three of the Citizens.

Corio. Bid them waſh their Faces,
And keep their Teeth clean: So here comes a brace,
You know the cauſe (Sir) of my ſtanding here.

3 *Cit.* We do, Sir, tell us what hath brought you to't.

Corio. Mine own deſert.

2 *Cit.* Your own deſert?

Corio. I, not mine own deſire.

3 *Cit.* How, not your own deſire?

Corio. No, Sir, 'twas never my deſire yet to trouble the poor with begging.

3 *Cit.* You muſt think, if we give you any thing, we hope to gain by you.

Corio. Well then I pray, your price o'th' Conſulſhip?

1 *Cit.* The price is, to ask it kindly.

Corio. Kindly, Sir, I pray let me ha't: I have wounds to ſhew you, which ſhall be yours in private: your good Voice, Sir, what ſay you?

2 *Cit.* You ſhall ha't, worthy Sir.

Corio. A match, Sir, there's in all two worthy Voices begg'd: I have your Alms, Adieu.

3 *Cit.* But this is ſomething odd.

2 *Cit.* And 'twere to give again: but 'tis no matter.

Exeunt. *Enter two other Citizens.*

Corio. Pray you now, if it may ſtand with the tune of your Voices, that I may be Conſul, I have here the Cuſtomary Gown.

1. You have deſerved Nobly of your Country, and you have not deſerved Nobly.

Corio. Your Ænigma?

1. You have been a ſcourge to her Enemies, you have been a Rod to her Friends, you have not indeed loved the Common People.

Corio. You ſhould account me the more Virtuous, that I have not been common in my Love; I will, Sir, flatter my ſworn Brother, the People to earn a dearer eſtimation of them, 'tis a condition they account gentle: and ſince the wiſdom of their choice, is rather to have my Hat, than my Heart, I will practiſe the inſinuating nod, and be off to them moſt counterfeitly, that is, Sir, I will counterfeit the bewitchment of ſome popular man, and give it bountiful to the deſires: Therefore, beſeech you, I may be Conſul.

2. We hope to find you our Friend: and therefore give you our Voices heartily.

1. You have received many wounds for your Countrey.

Corio. I will not Seal your knowledge with ſhewing them. I will make much of your Voices, and ſo trouble you no farther.

Both. The Gods give you joy, Sir, heartily.

Corio. Moſt ſweet Voices:
Better it is to dye, better to ſtarve,
Than crave the hire, which firſt we do deſerve.
Why in this Woolviſh Gown ſhould I ſtand here,
To beg of *Hob* and *Dick*, that do appear,
Their needleſs Vouches? Cuſtom calls me to't:
What Cuſtom wills in all things, ſhould we do't?
The Duſt on antique Time would lie unſwept,
And mountainous Error be too highly heapt,
For truth to o're-peer. Rather than fool it ſo,
Let the high Office and the Honour go,
To one that would do thus. I am half through,
The one part ſuffer'd, the other will I do.

Enter three Citizens more.

Here come more Voices.
Your Voices? for your Voices I have fought,
Watch'd for your Voices: for your Voices, bear
Of Wounds, two dozen odd: Battels, thrice ſix
I have ſeen, and heard of: for your Voices,
Have done many things, ſome leſs, ſome more:
Your Voices? indeed I would be Conſul.

1 *Cit.* He has done Nobly, and cannot go without any honeſt Mans Voice.

2 *Cit.* Therefore let him be Conſul: the Gods give him joy, and make him good Friend to the People.

All. Amen, Amen. God ſave thee, Noble Conſul.

Corio. VVorthy Voices.

Enter Menenius, *with* Brutus, *and* Sicinius.

Men. You have ſtood your Limitation :
And the Tribunes endue you with the Peoples Voice,
Remains, that in th' Official Marks inveſted,
You anon do meet the Senate.
Corio. Is this done ?
Sici. The Cuſtom of Requeſt you have diſcharg'd :
The People do admit you, and are ſummon'd
To meet anon upon your Approbation.
Corio. Where ? at the Senate-houſe ?
Sici. There, *Coriolanus.*
Cori. May I change theſe Garments ?
Sicin. You may, Sir.
Corio. That I'le ſtraight do : and knowing my ſelf again
Repair to th' Senate-houſe.
Men. I'le keep you company. Will you along ?
Bru. We ſtay here for the People.
Sicin. Fare you well. [*Exeunt* Coriol. *and* Men.
He ha's it now : and by his Looks, methinks
'Tis warm at's heart.
Bru. With a proud heart he wore his humble Weeds :
Will you diſmiſs the People ?

Enter the Plebeians.

Sici. How now, my Maſters, have you choſe this man ?
1 *Cit.* He has our Voices, Sir.
Bru. We pray the Gods, he may deſerve your loves.
2 *Cit.* Amen, Sir : to my poor unworthy notice,
He mock'd us, when he begg'd our Voices.
3 *Cit.* Certainly he flowted us down-right.
1 *Cit.* No, 'tis his kind of ſpeech, he did not mock us.
2 *Cit.* Not one amongſt us, ſave your ſelf, but ſays
He us'd us ſcornfully : he ſhould have ſhew'd us
His Marks of Merit, Wounds receiv'd for's Country.
Sicin. Why ſo he did, I am ſure.
All. No, no ; no man ſaw 'em.
3 *Cit.* He ſaid he had Wounds,
Which he could ſhew in private :
And with his Hat, thus waving it in ſcorn,
I would be Conſul, ſays he : aged Cuſtom,
But by your Voices, will not ſo permit me.
Your Voices therefore : when we granted that,
Here was, I thank you for your Voices, thank you
Your moſt ſweet Voices : now you have left your Voices
I have no further with you. Was not this Mockery ?
Sicin. Why, either were you ignorant to ſee't ?
Or ſeeing it, of ſuch Childiſh friendlineſs,
To yield your Voices ?
Bru. Could you not have told him,
As you were leſſon'd ; when he had no Power,
But was a petty Servant to the State,
He was your Enemy, ever ſpake againſt
Your Liberties, and the Charters that you bear
I'th' Body of the Weal : and now arriving
At place of Potency, and ſway o'th' State,
If he ſhould ſtill malignantly remain
Faſt Foe to th' *Plebeii*, your Voices might
Be Curſes to your ſelves. You ſhould have ſaid,
That as his worthy Deeds did claim no leſs
Than what he ſtood for : ſo his gracious Nature
Would think upon you, for your Voices, and
Tranſlate his Malice towards you, into Love,
Standing your friendly Lord.
Sicin. Thus to have ſaid,
As you were fore-adviſ'd, had toucht his Spirit,
And try'd his Inclination : from him pluckt,
Either his gracious Promiſe, which you might
As cauſe had call'd you up, have held him to ;
Or elſe it would have gall'd his ſurly Nature ;
Which eaſily endures not Article,
Tying him to ought, ſo putting him to Rage,
You ſhould have ta'ne th' advantage of his Choler,
And paſs'd him unelected.
Bru. Did you perceive,
He did ſolicit you in free Contempt,
When he did need your Loves : and do you think,
That his Contempt ſhall not be bruiſing to you,
When he hath Power to cruſh ? Why had your Bodies
No Heart among you ? Or had you Tongues, to cry
Againſt the Rectorſhip of Judgment?
Sicin. Have you, e're now, deny'd the Asker :
And now again, of him that did not ask, but mock,
Beſtow your ſu'd-for Tongues ?
3 *Cit.* He's not confirm'd, we may deny him yet.
2 *Cit.* And will deny him :
I'le have five hundred Voices of that ſound.
1 *Cit.* I, twice five hundred, and their Friends, to piece 'em.
Bru. Get you hence inſtantly, and tell thoſe Friends,
They have choſe a Conſul, that will from them take
Their Liberties, make them of no more Voice
Than Dogs, that are as often beat for Barking,
As therefore kept to do ſo.
Sicin. Let them aſſemble : and on a ſafer Judgment,
All revoke your ignorant Election : Enforce his Pride,
And his old Hate unto you : beſides, forget not,
With what Contempt he wore the humble Weed,
How in his Suit he ſcorn'd you : but your Loves,
Thinking upon his Services, took from you
Th'apprehenſion of his preſent portance,
Which moſt gibingly, ungravely, he did faſhion
After the inveterate Hate he bears you.
Bru. Lay a fault on us, your Tribunes,
That we labour'd (no impediment between)
But that you muſt caſt your Election on him.
Sici. Say, you choſe him, more after our Commandment,
Than as guided by your own true Affections, and that
Your minds, pre-occupi'd with what you rather muſt do
Than what you ſhould, made you againſt the grain
To Voice him Conſul. Lay the fault on us.
Bru. I, ſpare us not : Say, we read Lectures to you,
How youngly he began to ſerve his Country,
How long continued, and what ſtock he ſprings of,
The Noble Houſe o'th' *Martians* : from whence came
That *Ancus Martius*, *Numa's* Daughter's Son :
Who after great *Hoſtilius* here was King,
Of the ſame Houſe *Publius* and *Quintus* were,
That our beſt Water brought by Conduits hither,
And Nobly nam'd, ſo twice being Cenſor,
Was his great Anceſtor.
Sici. One thus deſcended,
That hath beſide well in his perſon wrought,
To be ſet high in Place, we did commend
To your remembrances : but you have found,
Scaling his preſent bearing with his paſt,
That he's your fixed Enemy ; and revoke
Your ſudden Approbation.
Bru. Say, you ne're had don't,
(Harp on that ſtill) but by our putting on :
And preſently, when you have drawn your Number,
Repair to th' Capitol.
All. We will ſo : almoſt all repent in their Election.
[*Exeunt Plebeians.*

Bru. Let them go on :
This Mutiny were better put in hazard,
Than ſtay paſt doubt, for greater :
If, as his Nature is, he fall in rage
With their refuſal, both obſerve and anſwer
The vantage of his anger.
Sicin. To th' Capitol, come :
We will be there before the ſtream o'th' People :
And this ſhall ſeem, as partly 'tis, their own,
Which we have goaded onward. [*Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius.

Cornets. Enter Coriolanus, Menenius, *all the Gentry*, Cominius, Titus Lucius, *and other Senators.*

Corio. Tullus *Aufidius* then had made new head.
Lu. He had, my Lord, and that it was which caus'd
Our ſwifter Compoſition.
Corio. So then the *Volſcies* ſtand but as at firſt,
Ready when time ſhall prompt them, to make road
Upon's again.
Com. They are worn (Lord Conſul) ſo,
That we ſhall hardly in our ages ſee
Their Banners wave again.
Corio. Saw you *Aufidius?*
Lu. On ſafe-gard he came to me, and did curſe
Againſt the *Volſcies*, for they had ſo vilely
Yielded the Town: he is retired to *Antium.*
Corio. Spoke he of me?
Lu. He did, my Lord.
Corio. How? what?
Lu. How often he had met you Sword to Sword:
That of all things upon the Earth, he hated
Your Perſon moſt: That he would pawn his Fortunes
To hopeleſs Reſtitution, ſo he might
Be call'd your Vanquiſher.
Corio. At *Antium* lives he?
Lu. At *Antium.*
Corio. I wiſh I had a cauſe to ſeek him there,
To oppoſe his hatred fully. Welcome home.
Enter Sicinius, *and* Brutus.
Behold, theſe are the Tribunes of the People,
The Tongues o'th' Common Mouth, I do deſpiſe them:
For they do prank them in Authority,
Againſt all Noble ſufferance.
Sicin. Paſs no further.
Corio. Hah? what is that?
Bru. It will be dangerous to go on—No further.
Corio. What makes this change?
Men. The matter?
Com. Hath he not paſs'd the Noble, and the Commons?
Bru. Cominius, no.
Corio. Have I had Children's Voices?
Senat. Tribunes give way, he ſhall to th' Market place.
Bru. The People are incens'd againſt him.
Sicin. Stop, or all will fall in broyl.
Corio. Are theſe your Herd?
Muſt theſe have Voices, that can yield them now,
And ſtraight diſclaim their Tongues? what are your Offices?
You being their Mouths, why rule you not their Teeth?
Have you not ſet them on?
Men. Be calm, be calm.
Corio. It is a purpos'd thing, and grows by Plot,
To curb the will of the Nobility:
Suffer't, and live with ſuch as cannot rule,
Nor ever will be ruled.
Bru. Call't not a Plot:
The People cry you mock'd them: and of late,
When Corn was given them, *gratis*, you repin'd,
Scandal'd the Suppliants for the People, call'd them
Time-pleaſers, Flatterers, Foes to Nobleneſs.
Corio. Why this was known before.
Bru. Not to them all.
Corio. Have you inform'd them ſithence?
Bru. How? I inform them?
Com. You are like to do ſuch buſineſs.
Bru. Not unlike each way to better yours.
Corio. Why then ſhould I be Conſul? by yond Clouds
Let me deſerve ſo ill as you, and make me
Your fellow Tribune.
Sicin. You ſhew too much of that,
For which the People ſtir: if you will paſs
To where you are bound, you muſt enquire your way,
Which you are out of, with a gentler Spirit,
Or never be ſo Noble as a Conſul,
Nor yoak with him for Tribune.
Men. Let's be calm.
Com. The People are abus'd: ſet on, this paltring
Becomes not *Rome*: Nor has *Coriolanus*
Deſerv'd this ſo diſhonoured Rub, laid falſely
I'th' plain way of his Merit.
Corio. Tell me of Corn! this was my ſpeech,
And I will ſpeak't again.
Men. Not now, not now.
Senat. Not in this heat, Sir, now.
Corio. Now, as I live, I will.
My Nobler Friends, I crave their pardons:
For the mutable rank-ſcented Many,
Let them regard me, as I do not flatter,
And therein behold themſelves: I ſay again,
In ſoothing them, we nouriſh 'gainſt our Senate
The Cockle of Rebellion, Inſolence, Sedition,
Which we our ſelves have plowed for, ſow'd and ſcatter'd,
By mingling them with us, the honor'd Number,
Who lack not Virtue, no, nor Power, but that
Which they have given to Beggars.
Men. Well, no more.
Senat. No more words, we beſeech you.
Corio. How? no more?
As for my Country, I have ſhed my blood,
Not fearing outward force: So ſhall my Lungs
Coin words till their decay, againſt thoſe Meazels
Which we diſdain ſhould Tetter us, yet ſought
The very way to catch them.
Bru. You ſpeak o'th' People, as if you were a God
To puniſh, not a Man of their infirmity.
Sicin. 'Twere well, we let the People know't.
Men. What, what? his Choler?
Cor. Choler? Were I as Patient as the midnight-ſleep,
By *Jove*, 'twould be my mind.
Sicin. It is a mind that ſhall remain a Poiſon
Where it is, not poiſon any further.
Corio. Shall remain?
Hear you this, *Triton* of the *Minnoues?* Mark you
His abſolute Shall?
Com. 'Twas from the Cannon.
Corio. Shall? O God! but moſt unwiſe Patricians: why
You grave, but wreakleſs Senators, have you thus
Given *Hydra* here to chuſe an Officer,
That with his peremptory Shall, being but
The horn, and noiſe o'th' Monſters, wants not Spirit
To ſay, he'll turn your Current in a Ditch,
And make your Channel his? if he have power,
Then vail your Ignorance: if none, awake
Your dangerous Lenity: if you are Learn'd
Be not as common Fools; if you are not,
Let them have Cuſhions by you. You are *Plebeians*,
If they be Senators: and they are no leſs,
VVhen both your voices blended, the great'ſt taſt
Moſt palats theirs. They chuſe their Magiſtrate,
And ſuch a one as he, who puts his Shall;
His popular Shall, againſt a graver Bench
Than ever frown'd in *Greece*. By *Jove* himſelf,
It makes the Conſuls baſe; and my Soul akes
To know, when two Authorities are up,
Neither Supream, how ſoon Confuſion
May enter 'twixt the gap of Both, and take
The one by th' other.
Com. VVell, on to th' Market-place.
Corio. VVho ever gave that Counſel, to give forth
The Corn o'th' Store-houſe, *gratis*, as 'twas us'd
Sometime in *Greece*——
Men. Well, well, no more of that.
Cor. Though there the People had more abſolute power;
I ſay, they nouriſh'd diſobedience, fed the ruin of the State.

Bru. Why ſhall the People give
One that ſpeaks thus, their Voice?
Corio. I'le give my Reaſons,
More worthy than their Voices. They know the Corn
Was not our recompence, reſting well aſſur'd
They ne're did ſervice for't; being preſt to th' War,
Even when the Navel of the State was touch'd,
They would not thred the Gates: This kind of Service
Did not deſerve Corn *Gratis.* Being i'th' War,
Their Mutinies and Revolts, wherein they ſhew'd
Moſt Valour, ſpoke not for them. Th' Accuſation
Which they have often made againſt the Senate,
All cauſe unborn, could never be the Native
Of our ſo frank Donation. Well, what then?
How ſhall this Boſom-multiplied, digeſt
The Senates courteſie? Let deeds expreſs
What's like to be their words. We did requeſt it,
We are the greater Pole, and in true fear
They gave us our demands. Thus we debaſe
The Nature of our Seats, and make the Rabble
Call our Cares, Fears; which will in time
Break open the Locks o'th' Senate, and bring in
The Crows to peck the Eagles.
Men. Come, enough.
Bru. Enough, with over-meaſure.
Corio. No, take more.
What may be ſworn by, both Divine and Human,
Seal what I end withal. This double worſhip,
Whereon part does diſdain with cauſe, the other
Inſult without all ſeaſon; where Gentry, Title, Wiſdom,
Cannot conclude, but by the Yea and No
Of general ignorance, it muſt omit
Real Neceſſities, and give way the while
To unſtable Slightneſs: purpoſe ſo barr'd, it follows,
Nothing is done to purpoſe. Therefore, beſeech you,
You that will be leſs fearful, than diſcreet,
That love the Fundamental part of State
More than you doubt the change of't: that prefer
A Noble life, before a Long, and wiſh,
To jump a Body with a dangerous Phyſick,
That's ſure of death without it: at once pluck out
The Multitudinous Tongue, let them not lick
The ſweet which is their poiſon. Your diſhonour
Mangles true judgment, and bereaves the State
Of that Integrity which ſhonld becom't:
Not having the power to do the good it would
For th' ill which doth controul't.
Bru. H'as ſaid enough.
Sicin. H'as ſpoken like a Traytor, and ſhall anſwer
As Traytors do.
Corio. Thou Wretch, deſpight o're-whelm thee:
What ſhould the People do with theſe bald Tribunes?
On whom depending, their obedience fails
To th' greater Bench, in a Rebellion:
When what's not meet, but what muſt be, was Law,
Then were they choſen: in a better hour,
Let what is meet, be ſaid it muſt be meet,
And throw their power i'th' duſt.
Bru. Manifeſt Treaſon.
Sicin. This a Conſul? No.

Enter an Ædile.

Bru. The *Ædiles*, ho; Let him be apprehended.
Sicin. Go call the People, in whoſe name my Self
Attach thee as a Traiterous Innovator:
A Foe to th' publick Weal. Obey, I charge thee,
And follow to thine anſwer.
Corio. Hence old Goat.
All. We'll Surety him.
Com. Ag'd Sir, hands off.
Corio. Hence rotten thing, or I ſhall ſhake thy bones
Out of thy Garments.
Sicin. Help me, Citizens.

Enter a Rabble of Plebeians *with the* Ædiles.

Men. On both ſides more reſpect.
Sicin. Here's he, that would take from you all your power.
Bru. Seize him, *Ædiles.*
All. Down with him, down with him.
2 *Senat.* Weapons, Weapons, VVeapons:
[*They all buſtle about* Coriolanus.
Tribunes, Patricians, Citizens: what hoe:
Sicinius, *Brutus*, *Coriolanus*, Citizens.
All. Peace, peace, peace, ſtay, hold, peace.
Men. VVhat is about to be? I am out of Breath,
Confuſion's near, I cannot ſpeak. You Tribunes
To th' People: *Coriolanus*, patience: ſpeak, good *Sicinius.*
Sicin. Hear me, People, peace.
All. Let's hear our Tribune: peace, ſpeak, ſpeak, ſpeak.
Sici. You are at point to loſe your Liberties:
Martius would have all from you; *Martius*,
VVhom late you have nam'd for Conſul.
Men. Fie, fie, fie, this is the way to kindle, not to quench.
Sena. To unbuild the City, and to lay all flat.
Sici. VVhat is the City, but the People?
All. True, the People are the City.
Bru. By the conſent of all, we were eſtabliſhed the Peoples Magiſtrates.
All. You ſo remain.
Men. And ſo are like to do.
Com. That is the way to lay the City flat,
To bring the Roof to the Foundation,
And bury all, which yet diſtinctly ranges,
In heaps, and piles of ruin.
Sici. This deſerves death.
Bru. Or let us ſtand to our Authority,
Or let us loſe it: we do here pronounce,
Upon the part o'th' People, in whoſe power
We were elected theirs, *Martius* is worthy
Of preſent Death.
Sicin. Therefore lay hold of him:
Bear him to th' Rock *Tarpeian*, and from thence
Into Deſtruction caſt him.
Bru. *Ædiles* ſeize him.
All Ple. Yield, *Martius*, yield.
Men. Hear me one word, 'beſeech you Tribunes, hear me but a word.
Ædiles. Peace, peace.
Men. Be that you ſeem, truly your Countries friend,
And temp'rately proceed to what you would
Thus violently redreſs.
Bru. Sir, thoſe cold ways,
That ſeem like prudent helps, are very poyſonous,
Where the diſeaſe is violent. Lay hands upon him,
And bear him to the Rock. [Corio. *draws his Sword.*
Corio. No, I'le dye here:
There's ſome among you have beheld me fighting,
Come try upon your ſelves, what you have ſeen me.
Men. Down with that Sword, Tribunes withdraw a while.
Bru. Lay hands upon him.
Men. Help *Martius*, help; you that be noble, help him young and old.
All. Down with him, down with him. [*Exeunt.*
[*In this Mutiny, the* Tribunes, *the* Ædiles, *and the People are beat in.*
Men. Go, get you to our Houſe: be gone, away,
All will be naught elſe.
2 *Senat.* Get you gone.
Com. Stand faſt, we have as many Friends as Enemies.
Men. Shall it be put to that?
Senat. The Gods forbid:
I prithee, noble Friend, home to thy houſe,

Leave us to cure this Cauſe.
Men. For 'tis a Sore upon us,
You cannot Tent your ſelf: begone, 'beſeech you.
Com. Come Sir, along with us.
Men. I would they were *Barbarians*, as they are,
Though in *Rome* litter'd: not *Romans*, as they are not,
Though calved i'th' Porch o'th' Capitol:
Be gone, put not your worthy Rage into your Tongue,
One time will owe another.
Com. On fair ground, I could beat forty of them.
Men. I could my ſelf take up a Brace o'th' beſt of them, yea, the two Tribunes.
Com. But now 'tis odds beyond Arithmetick,
And Manhood is call'd Fool'ry, when it ſtands
Againſt a falling Fabrick. Will you hence,
Before the Tag return, whoſe Rage doth rend
Like interrupted waters, and o're-bear
What they are us'd to bear.
Men. Pray you be gone:
I'le try whether my old Wit be in requeſt
With thoſe that have but little: this muſt be patcht
With Cloth of any Colour.
Com. Nay, come away.
[*Exeunt* Coriolanus *and* Cominius.
Patri. This man has marr'd his Fortune.
Men. His Nature is too noble for the World:
He would not flatter *Neptune* for his Trident,
Or *Jove*, for's power to thunder: his Heart's his Mouth:
What his breaſt forges, that his tongue muſt vent,
And being angry, does forget that ever
He heard the name of Death. [*A noiſe within.*
Here's goodly work.
Patri. I would they were a-bed.
Men. I would they were in *Tyber*.
What the vengeance, could he not ſpeak 'em fair?
Enter Brutus, *and* Sicinius *with the Rabble again.*
Sicin. Where is this Viper,
That would depopulate the City, and be every man himſelf?
Men. You worthy Tribunes.
Sicin. He ſhall be thrown down the *Tarpeian* Rock
With rigorous hands: he hath reſiſted Law,
And therefore Law ſhall ſcorn him further Tryal
Than the ſeverity of the Publick Power,
Which he ſo ſets at nought.
1 *Cit.* He ſhall well know the Noble Tribunes are
The Peoples mouths, and we their hands.
All. He ſhall ſure out.
Men. Sir, Sir.
Sicin. Peace.
Men. Do not cry havock, where you ſhould but hunt
With modeſt warrant.
Sicin. Sir, how com'ſt that you have holp
To make this reſcue?
Men. Hear me ſpeak; As I do know
The Conſuls worthineſs, ſo can I name his faults.
Sicin. Conſul? what Conſul?
Men. The Conſul *Coriolanus*.
Bru. He Conſul?
All. No, no, no, no, no.
Men. If by the Tribunes leave,
And yours, good People,
I may be heard, I would crave a word or two;
The which ſhall turn you to no further harm,
Than ſo much loſs of time.
Sicin. Speak briefly then,
For we are peremptory to diſpatch
This viperous Traitor: to eject him hence
Were but one danger, and to keep him here
Our certain death: therefore it is decreed,
He dies to night.
Men. Now the good Gods forbid,
That our Renowned *Rome*, whoſe gratitude
Towards her deſerved Children, is enroll'd
In *Joves* own Book, like an unnatural Dam
Should now eat up her own.
Sicin. He's a Diſeaſe that muſt be cut away.
Men. Oh, he's a Limb, that has but a Diſeaſe;
Mortal, to cut it off, to cure it, eaſie.
What has he done to *Rome*, that's worthy death?
Killing our Enemies, the Blood he hath loſt
(Which I dare vouch, is more than that he hath,
By many an Ounce) he dropt it for his Country:
And what is left, to loſe it by his Country,
Were to us all that do't, and ſuffer it
A brand to th' end o'th' World.
Sicin. This is clean kam.
Bru. Meerly awry:
When he did love his Country, it honour'd him.
Men. The ſervice of the Foot
Being once gangren'd, is not then reſpected
For what before it was.
Bru. We'll hear no more:
Purſue him to his Houſe, and pluck him thence,
Leſt his Infection being of a catching nature,
Spread further.
Men. One word more, one word:
This Tiger-footed-rage, when it ſhall find
The harm of unskann'd ſwiftneſs, will (too late)
Tye Leaden pounds to's heels. Proceed by Proceſs,
Leſt Parties (as he is belov'd) break out,
And ſack great *Rome* with *Romans*.
Bru. If it were ſo———
Sicin. What do ye talk?
Have we not had a taſt of his Obedience?
Our Ædiles ſmote, our ſelves reſiſted, come.
Men. Conſider this: He has been bred i'th' Wars
Since a could draw a Sword, and is ill-ſchool'd
In boulted Language, Meal and Bran together
He throws without diſtinction. Give me leave,
I'le go to him, and undertake to bring him in peace,
Where he ſhall anſwer by a lawful Form
(In peace) to his utmoſt peril.
1 *Sen.* Noble Tribunes,
It is the humane way: the other courſe
Will prove too bloody, and the end of it
Unknown to the beginning.
Sic. Noble *Menenius*, be you then as the Peoples Officer:
Maſters, lay down your Weapons.
Bru. Go not home.
Sic. Meet on the Market-place: we'll attend you there,
Where, if you bring not *Martius*, we'll proceed
In our firſt way.
Men. I'le bring him to you.
Let me deſire your company: he muſt come,
Or what is worſt will follow.
Sena. Pray you let's to him. [*Exeunt omnes.*
Enter Coriolanus *with Nobles.*
Corio. Let them pull all about mine Ears, preſent me
Death on the Wheel, or at wild Horſes heels,
Or pile ten Hills on the *Tarpeian* Rock,
That the Precipitation might down ſtretch
Below the beam of ſight, yet will I ſtill
Be thus to them.
Enter Volumnia.
Noble. You do the Nobler.
Corio. I muſe my Mother
Does not approve me further, who was wont
To call them Wollen Vaſſals, things created
To buy and ſell with Groats, to ſhew bare heads
In Congregations, to yawn, be ſtill, and wonder,
When one but of my Ordinance ſtood up
To ſpeak of Peace, or War, I talk of you,
Why did you wiſh me milder? Would you have me
Falſe to my Nature? Rather ſay, I play
The Man I am.
Volum. Oh, Sir, Sir, Sir.
I would have had you put your power well on,
Before you had worn it out.

Corio. Let's go.
Vol. You might have been enough the man you are,
With ſtriving leſs to be ſo. Leſſer had been
The things of your diſpoſitions, if
You had not ſhew'd them how ye were diſpos'd
E're they lack'd power to croſs you.
Corio. Let them hang.
Volum. I, and burn too.
Enter Menenius *with the Senators.*
Men. Come, come, you have been too rough, ſomething too rough: you muſt return, and mend it.
Sen. There's no remedy,
Unleſs by not ſo doing, our good City
Cleave in the midſt and periſh.
Volum. Pray be counſell'd;
I have a Heart as little apt as yours,
But yet a Brain that leads my uſe of Anger
To better vantage.
Men. Well ſaid, Noble Woman:
Before he ſhould thus ſtoop to th' heart, but that
The violent fit o'th' time craves it as Phyſick
For the whole State; I would put mine Armour on,
Which I can ſcarcely bear.
Corio. What muſt I do?
Men. Return to th' Tribunes.
Corio. Well, what then? what then?
Men. Repent what you have ſpoke.
Corio. For them? I cannot do it to the Gods,
Muſt I then do't to them?
Volum. You are too abſolute,
Though therein you can never be too Noble,
But when extremities ſpeak. I have heard you ſay,
Honour and Policy, like unſever'd friends,
I'th' War do grow together: Grant that, and tell me
In Peace, what each of them by th'other loſe,
That they combine not there?
Corio. Tuſh, tuſh.
Men. A good demand.
Volum. If it be Honour in your Wars, to ſeem
The ſame you are not, which for your beſt ends
You adapt your Policy: How is it leſs or worſe
That it ſhall hold Companionſhip in Peace
With Honour, as in War; ſince that to both
It ſtands in like requeſt.
Corio. Why force you this?
Volum. Becauſe, that
Now it lies you on to ſpeak to th' People:
Not by your own inſtruction, nor by the matter
Which your Heart prompts you to, but with ſuch words
That are but roated in your Tongue:
Though but Baſtards, and Syllables
Of no allowance, to your boſoms truth.
Now, this no more diſhonours you at all,
Than to take in a Town with gentle words,
Which elſe would put you to your Fortune, and
The hazard of much Blood.
I would diſſemble with my Nature, where
My Fortunes and my Friends at ſtake, requir'd
I ſhould do ſo in Honour. I am in this
Your Wife, your Son: theſe Senators, the Nobles,
And you, will rather ſhew our general Lowts,
How you can frown, than ſpend a fawn upon 'em,
For the inheritance of their loves, and ſafegard
Of what that want might ruine.
Men. Noble Lady,
Come go with us, ſpeak fair: you may ſalve ſo,
Not what is dangerous preſent, but the loſs
Of what is paſt.
Volum. I prithee now, my Son,
Go to them, with this Bonnet in thy hand,
And thus far having ſtretcht it (here be with them)
Thy Knee buſſing the Stones: for in ſuch buſineſs
Action is eloquence, and the Eyes of th' ignorant
More learned than the ears, waving thy head,
Which often thus correcting thy ſtout heart,
Now humble as the ripeſt Mulberry,
That will not hold the handling: or ſay to them,
Thou art their Souldier, and being bred in broyls
Haſt not the ſoft way, which thou do'ſt confeſs
Were fit for thee to uſe, as they to claim,
In asking their good loves, but thou wilt frame
Thy ſelf (forſooth) hereafter theirs ſo far,
As thou haſt power and perſon.
Men. This but done,
Even as ſhe ſpeaks, why their hearts were yours;
For they have Pardons, being ask'd, as free,
As words to little purpoſe.
Volum. Prithee now,
Go and be rul'd: although I know thou hadſt rather
Follow thine Enemy in a Fiery Gulf,
Than flatter him in a Bower.
Enter Cominius.
Here is *Cominius.*
Com. I have been i'th' Market place, and Sir, 'tis fit,
You make ſtrong party, or defend your ſelf
By calmneſs, or by abſence: all's in anger.
Men. Only fair ſpeech.
Com. I think 'twill ſerve, if he can thereto frame his Spirit.
Volum. He muſt and will:
Prithee now ſay you will, and go about it.
Corio. Muſt I go ſhew them my unbarb'd Sconce?
Muſt I with my baſe Tongue give to my Noble Heart
A Lye, that it muſt bear well? I will do't:
Yet were there but this ſingle plot, to loſe
This Mould of *Martius*, they to Duſt ſhould grind it,
And throw't againſt the Wind. To the Market place:
You have put me now to ſuch a part, which never
I ſhall diſcharge to th' Life.
Com. Come, come, we'll prompt you.
Volum. I prithee now, ſweet Son, as thou haſt ſaid
My praiſes made thee firſt a Souldier: ſo
To have my praiſe for this, perform a part
Thou haſt not done before.
Corio. Well, I muſt do't:
Away my diſpoſition, and poſſeſs me
Some Harlots Spirit: my Throat of War be turn'd,
Which quier'd with my Drum into a Pipe,
Small as an Eunuch, or the Virgin voice
That Babies lull a-ſleep: The ſmiles of Knaves
Tent in my Cheeks, and School-boys Tears take up
The Glaſſes of my ſight: A Beggars Tongue
Make motion through my Lips, and my Arm'd Knees
Who bow'd but in my Stirrop, bend like his
That hath receiv'd an Almes. I will not do't,
Leſt I ſurceaſe to honour mine own Truth,
And by my Bodies Action, teach my Mind
A moſt inherent baſeneſs.
Volum. At thy choice then:
To beg of thee, it is my more diſ-honour,
Than thou of them. Come all to ruine, let
Thy Mother rather feel thy Pride, than fear
Thy dangerous Stoutneſs: For I mock at Death
With as big heart as thou. Do as thou liſt,
Thy Valiantneſs was mine, thou ſuck'ſt it from me;
But own thy Pride thy ſelf.
Corio. Pray be content:
Mother, I am going to the Market place:
Chide me no more. I'le Mountebank their Loves,
Cog their hearts from them, and come home belov'd
Of all the Trades in *Rome*. Look, I am going:
Commend me to my Wife, I'le return Conſul,
Or never truſt to what my Tongue can do
I'th' way of Flattery further.
Volum. Do your Will. [*Exit* Volumnia.
Com. Away, the Tribunes do attend you: Arm your (ſelf
To anſwer mildly: for they are prepar'd
With Accuſations, as I hear, more ſtrong

Than are upon you yet.
Corio. The word is, Mildly. Pray you let us go,
Let them accuſe me by Invention : I
Will anſwer in mine Honour.
Men. I, but mildly.
Corio. Well, mildly be it then; Mildly. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Sicinius *and* Brutus.

Bru. In this Point charge him home, that he affects
Tyrannical Power : if he evade us there,
Inforce him with his envy to the People,
And that the Spoil got on the *Antiats*
Was ne're diſtributed. What, will he come?
Enter an Ædile.
Ædile. He's coming.
Bru. How accompanied ?
Ædil. With old *Menenius*, and thoſe Senators
That always favour'd him.
Sicin. Have you a Catalogue
Of all the Voices that we have procur'd, ſet down by th'
(Pole :
Ædile. I have: 'tis ready.
Sicin. Have you collected them by Tribes?
Ædil. I have : 'tis ready.
Sicin. Aſſemble preſently the People hither:
And when they hear me ſay, it ſhall be ſo,
I'th' right and ſtrength o'th' Commons: be it either
For Death, for Fine, or for Baniſhment, then let them,
If I ſay Fine, cry Fine ; if Death, cry Death,
Inſiſting on the old Prerogative
And power i'th' Truth o'th' Cauſe.
Ædil. I ſhall inform them.
Bru. And when ſuch time they have begun to cry,
Let them not ceaſe, but with a din confus'd,
Inforce the preſent Execution
Of what we chance to Sentence.
Ædil. Very well.
Sicin. Make them be ſtrong, and ready for this hint
When we ſhall hap to giv't them.
Bru. Go about it,
Put him to Choler ſtreight, he hath been us'd
Ever to conquer, and to have his worth
Of Contradiction. Being once chaft, he cannot
Be rein'd again to Temperance ; then he ſpeaks
What's in his heart, and that is there which looks
With us to break his neck.

Enter Coriolanus , Meninius , *and* Cominius, *with others.*

Sicin. Well, here he comes.
Men. Calmly, I do beſeech you.
Corio. I, as an Hoſtler, that for the pooreſt piece
Will bear the Knave by th' Volume:
Th' honour'd Gods
Keep *Rome* in ſafety, and the Chairs of Juſtice
Supplied with worthy men, plant love amongſt you,
Through our large Temples, with the ſhews of Peace,
And not our ſtreets with War.
1 *Sen.* Amen, Amen.
Men. A Noble wiſh.

Enter the Ædile with the Plebeians.

Sicin. Draw near, ye People.
Ædile. Liſt to your Tribunes : Audience ;
Peace, I ſay.
Corio. Firſt, hear me ſpeak.
Both Tri. Well, ſay : Peace : ho.
Corio. Shall I be charg'd no further than this preſent?
Muſt all determine here?
Sicin. I do demand,
If you ſubmit you to the Peoples Voices,
Allow their Officers, and are content
To ſuffer lawful Cenſure for ſuch faults
As ſhall be prov'd upon you ?
Corio. I am content.
Mene. Lo, Citizens, he ſays he is Content :
The warlike Service he ha's done, conſider ; Think
Upon the wounds his Body bears, which ſhew
Like Graves i'th' Holy Church-yard.
Corio. Scratches with Bryars, Scars to move
Laughter only.
Men. Conſider further :
That when he ſpeaks not like a Citizen,
You find him like a Souldier : do not take
His rougher Actions for malicious ſounds :
But as I ſay, ſuch as become a Souldier,
Rather than envy you.
Com. Well, well, no more.
Corio. What is the matter,
That being paſt for Conſul with full Voice :
I am ſo diſhonour'd, that the very hour
You take it off again ?
Sici. Anſwer to us.
Corio. Say then : 'tis true, I ought ſo.
Sici. We charge you, that you have contriv'd to take
From *Rome* all ſeaſon'd Office, and to wind
Your ſelf unto a Power Tyrannical,
For which you are a Traytor to the People.
Corio. How ? Traytor ?
Mene. Nay, temperately : your promiſe.
Corio. The Fires i'th' loweſt Hell, Fould in the People:
Call me their Traytor, thou injurious Tribune.
Within thine Eyes ſate twenty thouſand Deaths,
In thy hands clutcht as many Millions, in
Thy lying Tongue, both numbers, I would ſay
Thou lyeſt unto thee, with a voice as free,
As I do pray the Gods.
Sicin. Mark you this, People ?
All. To th' Rock with him.
Sicin. Peace :
We need not put new Matter to his Charge :
What you have ſeen him do, and heard him ſpeak;
Beating your Officers, curſing your ſelves,
Oppoſing Laws with ſtroaks, and here defying
Thoſe whoſe great power muſt try him,
Even this ſo Criminal, and in ſuch Capital kind,
Deſerves th' extreameſt death.
Bru. But ſince he hath ſerv'd well for *Rome*——
Corio. What do you prate of Service ?
Bru. I talk of that, that know it.
Corio. You ?
Men. Is this the promiſe that you made your Mother ?
Com. Know, I pray you.
Corio. I'le know no farther :
Let them pronounce the ſteep Tarpeian death,
Vagabond exile, Fleaing, pent to linger
But with a grain a day, I would not buy
Their Mercy, at the price of one fair word,
Nor check my Courage for what they can give,
To hav't with ſaying, Good morrow.
Sicin. For that he ha's
(As much as in him lies) from time to time
Envy'd againſt the People ; ſeeking means
To pluck away their Power ; as now at laſt,
Given Hoſtile ſtroaks, and that not in the preſence
Of dreaded Juſtice, but on the Miniſters
That do diſtribute it. In the name o'th' People,
And in the power of us the Tribunes, we
(Ev'n from this inſtant) baniſh him our City
In peril of Precipitation
From off the Rock Tarpeian, never more
To enter our *Rome* Gates. I'th' Peoples name,
I ſay it ſhall be ſo.
All. It ſhall be ſo, it ſhall be ſo : let him away:
He's baniſh'd, and it ſhall be ſo.
Com. Hear me, my Maſters, and my common Friends.
Sicin. He's ſentenc'd : No more hearing.

Com. Let me ſpeak :
I have been Conſul, and can ſhew from *Rome*,
Her Enemies marks upon me. I do love
My Countries good, with a reſpect more tender,
More holy, and profound, than mine own life,
My dear Wives eſtimate, her wombs encreaſe,
And treaſure of my Loyns : then if I would
Speak that———

Sicin. We know your drift. Speak what ?

Bru. There's no more to be ſaid, but he is baniſh'd
As Enemy to the People, and his Country.
It ſhall be ſo.

All. It ſhall be ſo, it ſhall be ſo.

Corio. You common cry of Curs, whoſe breath I hate,
As reek o'th' rotten Fenns : whoſe Loves I prize,
As the dead Carkaſſes of unburied Men,
That do corrupt my Air : I baniſh you,
And here remain with your uncertainty.
Let every feeble Rumour ſhake your Hearts :
Your Enemies, with nodding of their Plumes
Fan you into deſpair : Have the power ſtill
To baniſh your Defenders, till at length
Your ignorance (which finds not till it feels,
Making but reſervation of your ſelves,
Still your own Foes) deliver you
As moſt abated Captives, to ſome Nation
That won you without blows, deſpiſing
For you the City. Thus I turn my back ;
There is a World elſewhere.

[*Exeunt* Coriolanus, Cominius, *cum aliis.*

They all Shout, and throw up their Caps.

Ædile. The Peoples Enemy is gone, is gone.

All. Our Enemy is baniſh'd, he is gone. Hoo, hoo.

Sicin. Go ſee him out at Gates, and follow him
As he hath follow'd you, with all deſpight,
Give him deſerv'd vexation. Let a Guard
Attend us through the City.

All. Come, come, lets ſee him out at the Gates, come.
The Gods preſerve our Noble Tribunes, come. [*Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus.

Enter Coriolanus, Volumnia, Virgilia, Menenius, Cominius, *with the young Nobility of* Rome.

Cor. Come, leave your Tears : a brief farewel : the Beaſt
With many heads butts me away. Nay, Mother,
Where is your ancient Courage ? You were us'd
To ſay, Extremity was the trier of Spirits,
That common chances common men could bear,
That when the Sea was calm, all Boats alike
Shew'd Maſterſhip in floating : Fortunes blows,
When moſt ſtruck home, being man gentle wounded, craved
A Noble cunning. You were us'd to load me
With precepts that would make invincible
The Heart that conn'd them.

Virg. Oh Heavens ! O Heavens !

Corio. Nay, I prithee woman.

Vol. Now the Red Peſtilence ſtrike all Trades in *Rome*,
And Occupations periſh.

Corio. What, what, what :
I ſhall be lov'd, when I am lack'd. Nay, Mother,
Reſume that Spirit, when you were wont to ſay,
If you had been the Wife of *Hercules*,
Six of his Labours youl'd have done, and ſav'd
Your Husband ſo much Sweat. *Cominius*,
Droop not, Adieu : Farewel my Wife, my Mother,
I'le do well yet. Thou old and true *Menenius*,
Thy Tears are ſalter than a younger Mans,
And venomous to thine Eyes. My (ſometime) General,
I have ſeen thee ſtern, and thou haſt oft beheld
Heart-hardning ſpectacles. Tell theſe ſad women,
'Tis fond to wail inevitable ſtrokes,
As 'tis to laugh at 'em. My Mother, you wot well
My hazards ſtill have been your ſolace, and
Believ't not lightly, though I go alone,
Like to a lonely Dragon, that his Fen
Makes fear'd, and talk'd of more than ſeen : Your Son
Will or exceed the Common, or be caught
With cautelous baits and practice.

Volum. My firſt Son,
Whither will you go ? Take good *Cominius*
With thee a while ; determine on ſome Courſe
More than a wild expoſture, to each chance
That ſtarts i'th' way before thee.

Corio. O the Gods !

Com. I'le follow thee a Month, deviſe with thee
Where thou ſhalt reſt, that thou may'ſt hear of us,
And we of thee. So if the time thruſt forth
A cauſe for thy Repeal, we ſhall not ſend
O're the vaſt world, to ſeek a ſingle man,
And loſe advantage, which doth ever cool
I'th' abſence of the needer.

Corio. Fare ye well :
Thou haſt years upon thee, and thou art too full
Of the Wars ſurfeits, to go rove with one
That's yet unbruis'd : bring me but out at Gate.
Come my ſweet Wife, my deareſt Mother, and
My Friends of Noble touch : when I am forth,
Bid me Farewel, and ſmile. I pray you, come :
While I remain above the ground, you ſhall
Hear from me ſtill, and never of me ought
But what is like me formerly.

Men. That's worthily
As any ear can hear. Come, let's not weep,
If I could ſhake off but one ſeven years
From theſe old Arms and Legs, by the good Gods
I'l'd with thee every foot.

Corio. Give me thy hand, come. [*Exeunt.*

Enter the two Tribunes Sicinius *and* Brutus, *with the Ædile.*

Sicin. Bid them all home, he's gone : and we'll no further,
The Nobility are vexed, whom we ſee have ſided
In his behalf.

Bru. Now we have ſhewn our Power,
Let us ſeem humbler after it is done,
Than when it was a doing.

Sicin. Bid them home, ſay their great Enemy is gone,
And they ſtand in their antient ſtrength.

Bru. Diſmiſs them home. Here comes his Mother.

Enter Volumnia, Virgilia, *and* Menenius.

Sicin. Let's not meet her.

Bru. Why ?

Sicin. They ſay, ſhe's mad.

Bru. They have ta'ne note of us : keep on your way.

Volum. Oh y'are well met :
Th' hoorded plague o'th' Gods requite your love.

Men. Peace, peace, be not ſo loud.

Volum. If that I could for weeping, you ſhould hear,
Nay, and you ſhall hear ſome. Will you be gone ?

Virg. You ſhall ſtay too : I would I had the power
To ſay ſo to my Husband.

Sicin. Are you Mankind ?

Volum. I Fool, is that a ſhame ? Note but this Fool,
Was not a man my Father ? Had'ſt thou Foxſhip
To baniſh him that ſtruck more blows for *Rome*
Than thou haſt ſpoken words.

Sicin. Oh bleſſed Heavens !

Vol. More noble Blows, than ever thou wiſe Words.
And for *Rome*'s good, I'le tell thee what ; yet go ;
Nay, but thou ſhalt ſtay too : I would my Son
Were in *Arabia*, and thy Tribe before him,
His good Sword in his hand.

Sicin. What then?
Virg. What then? He'ld make an end of thy poſterity.
Volum. Baſtards, and all.
Good man, the wounds that he does bear for *Rome!*
Menen. Come, come, peace.
Sicin. I would he had continued to his Country
As he began, and not unknit himſelf
The noble knot he made.
Bru. I would he had.
Vol. I would he had: 'Twas you incens'd the Rabble.
Cats, that can judge as fitly of his Worth,
As I can of thoſe Myſteries which Heaven
Will not have Earth to know.
Bru. Pray let's go.
Volum. Now, pray Sir, get you gone.
You have done a brave deed: E're you go, hear this:
As far as doth the Capitol exceed
The meaneſt Houſe in *Rome*; ſo far my Son
This Ladies Husband here; this (do you ſee)
Whom you have baniſh'd, does exceed you all.
Bru. Well, well, we'll leave you.
Sicin. Why ſtay you to be baited
With one that wants her Wits? [*Exeunt Tribunes.*
Volum. Take my Prayers with you.
I would the Gods had nothing elſe to do,
But to confirm my Curſes. Could I meet 'em
But once a day, it would unclog my Heart
Of what lies heavy to't.
Men. You have told them home,
And by my troth you have cauſe: you'l ſup with me?
Volum. Anger's my Meat: I ſup upon my ſelf,
And ſo ſhall ſtarve with Feeding: Come, let's go,
Leave this faint-puling, and lament as I do,
In Anger, *Juno*-like: Come, come, come. [*Exeunt.*
Men. Fie, fie, fie. [*Exit.*

Enter a Roman, *and a* Volſcie.

Rom. I know you well, Sir, and you know me: your Name, I think, is *Adrian.*

Volſcie. It is ſo, Sir, truly I have forgot you.

Rom. I am a *Roman*, and my Services are as you are againſt 'em. Know you me yet?

Volſcie. Nicanor? no.

Rom. The ſame, Sir.

Volſcie. You had more Beard when I laſt ſaw you, but your Favour is well appear'd by your Tongue. What's the News in *Rome*? I have a Note from the *Volſcian* ſtate to find you out here. You have well ſaved me a days Journey.

Rom. There hath been in *Rome* ſtrange Inſurrections: the People, againſt the Senators, Patricians, and Nobles.

Vol. Hath been; is it ended then? Our State thinks not ſo, they are in a moſt warlike preparation, and hope to come upon them in the heat of their diviſion.

Rom. The main blaze of it is paſt, but a ſmall thing would make it flame again. For the Nobles receive ſo to heart the Baniſhment of that worthy *Coriolanus*, that they are in a ripe aptneſs, to take all Power from the People, and to pluck from them their Tribunes for ever. This lies glowing I can tell you, and is almoſt mature for the violent breaking out.

Vol. Coriolanus Baniſh'd?

Rom. Baniſh'd, Sir.

Vol. You will be welcome with this Intelligence, *Nicanor.*

Rom. The day ſerves well for them now. I have heard it ſaid, the fitteſt time to corrupt a Mans VVife, is when ſhe's faln out with her Husband. Your Noble *Tullus Aufidius* will appear well in theſe VVars, his great Oppoſer *Coriolanus* being now in no requeſt of his Country.

Vol. He cannot chuſe: I am moſt fortunate, thus accidentally to encounter you. You have ended my Buſineſs, and I will merrily accompany you home.

Rom. I ſhall between this and Supper tell you moſt ſtrange things from *Rome*: all tending to the good of their Adverſaries. Have you an Army ready, ſay you?

Vol. A moſt Royal one. The Centurions, and their Charges diſtinctly billetted already in th' entertainment, and to be on foot at an hours warning.

Rom. I am joyful to hear of their readineſs, and am the man I think, that ſhall ſet them in preſent Action. So, Sir, heart'ly well met, and moſt glad of your Company.

Vol. You take my part from me, Sir, I have the moſt cauſe to be glad of yours.

Rom. Well, let us go together. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Coriolanus *in mean Apparel, diſguis'd and muffled.*

Corio. A goodly City is this *Antium.* City,
'Tis I that made thy Widows: Many an Heir
Of theſe fair Edifices for my Wars
Have I heard groan, and drop: Then know me not,
Leſt that thy Wives with Spits, and Boys with Stones
In puny Battel ſlay me. Save you, Sir.

Enter a Citizen.

Cit. And you.

Corio. Direct me, if it be your will, where great *Aufidius* lies: Is he in *Antium*?

Cit. He is, and Feaſts the Nobles of the State, at his Houſe this Night.

Corio. Which is his Houſe, beſeech you?
Cit. This here before you.
Corio. Thank you, Sir, Farewel. [*Exit Citizen.*
Oh World, thy ſlippery turns! Friends now faſt ſworn,
Whoſe double boſoms ſeem to wear one Heart,
Whoſe Hours, whoſe Bed, whoſe Meal and Exerciſe
Are ſtill together: who Twine (as 'twere) in Love,
Unſeparable, ſhall within this hour,
On a diſſention of a Doit, break out
To bittereſt Enmity. So felleſt Foes,
Whoſe Paſſions, and whoſe Plots have broke their ſleep
To take the one the other, by ſome chance,
Some trick not worth an Egg, ſhall grow dear Friends,
And inter-joyn their iſſues. So with me,
My Birth-place have I, and my Lover left; upon
This Enemy's Town I'le enter, if he ſlay me,
He does fair Juſtice: if he give me way,
I'le do his Country Service. [*Exit.*

Muſick plays. Enter a Servingman.

1 *Ser.* Wine, Wine, Wine: What Service is here? I think our Fellows are aſleep.

Enter another Servingman.

2 *Ser.* Where's *Cotus*? my Maſter calls for him: *Cotus.* [*Exit.*

Enter Coriolanus.

Corio. A goodly Houſe;
The Feaſt ſmells; but I appear not like a Gueſt.

Enter the firſt Serving-man.

1 *Ser.* What would you have, Friend? whence are you? Here's no place for you: Pray go to the Door. [*Exit.*

Corio. I have deſerv'd no better entertainment, in being *Coriolanus.*

Enter ſecond Servant.

2 *Ser.* Whence are you, Sir? Has the Porter his Eyes in his head, that he gives entrance to ſuch Companions? Pray get you out.

Corio. Away.
2 *Ser.* Away? Get you away.
Corio. Now th' art troubleſome.
2 *Ser.* Are you ſo brave: I'le have you talkt with anon.

Enter three Servingmen, the firſt meets him.

3. What Fellow's this?

1. A ſtrange one as ever I look'd on: I cannot get him out o'th' Houſe: Prithee call my Maſter to him.

3. What have you to do here, Fellow? Pray you avoid the Houſe.

Corio. Let me but ſtand, I will not hurt your Hearth.
3. What are you?
Corio. A Gentleman.

3. A marv'llous poor one.
Corio. True, ſo I am.
3. Pray you, poor Gentleman, take up ſome other ſtation, here's no place for you, pray you avoid: Come.
Corio. Follow your Function, go and batten on cold bits. [*Puſhes him away from him.*
3. What, you will not? Prithee tell my Maſter, what a ſtrange Gueſt he has here.
2. And I ſhall. [*Exit ſecond Servingman.*
3. Where dwell'ſt thou?
Corio. Under the Canopy.
3. Under the Canopy?
Corio. I.
3. Where's that?
Corio. I'th' City of Kites and Crows.
3. I'th' City of Kites and Crows. What an Aſs it is, then thou dwell'ſt with Daws too?
Corio. No, I ſerve not thy Maſter.
3. How, Sir, do you meddle with my Maſter?
Corio. I, 'tis an honeſter Service, than to meddle with thy Miſtreſs: Thou prat'ſt, and prat'ſt, ſerve with thy trencher: Hence. [*Beats him away.*

Enter Aufidius *with a Servingman.*

Auf. Where is this Fellow?
2. Here, Sir, I'de have beaten him like a Dog, but for diſturbing the Lords within. (Name?
Auf. Whence com'ſt thou? What would'ſt thou? Thy
Why ſpeak'ſt not? Speak man: what's thy Name?
Corio. If, *Tullus*, not yet thou know'ſt me, and ſeeing me, doſt not think me for the Man I am, neceſſity commands me name my Self.
Auf. What is thy Name?
Corio. A Name unmuſical to the *Volſcians* Ears,
And harſh in ſound to thine.
Auf. Say, what's thy Name?
Thou haſt a grim appearance, and thy Face
Bears a Command in't: Though thy Tackle's torn,
Thou ſhew'ſt a Noble Veſſel: What's thy Name?
Corio. Prepare thy brow to frown: know'ſt thou me yet?
Auf. I know thee not; thy Name?
Corio. My Name is *Caius Martius*, who hath done
To thee particularly, and to all the *Volſcies*,
Great hurt and miſchief: thereto witneſs may
My Sir-name, *Coriolanus*. The painful Service,
The extream Dangers, and the drops of Blood
Shed for thy thankleſs Country are requited:
But with that Sirname, a good memory
And witneſs of the Malice and Diſpleaſure
Which thou could'ſt bear me, only that Name remains.
The Cruelty and Envy of the People,
Permitted by our daſtard Nobles, who
Have all forſook me, hath devour'd the reſt:
And ſuffer'd me by th' voice of Slaves to be
Hoop'd out of *Rome*. Now this extremity,
Hath brought me to thy Hearth, not out of hope
(Miſtake me not) to ſave my Life: for if
I had fear'd death, of all the Men i'th' World
I would have voided thee. But in meer ſpight
To be full quit of thoſe my Baniſhers,
Stand I before thee here: Then if thou haſt
A heart of wreak in thee, that wilt revenge
Thine own particular wrongs, and ſtop thoſe maims
Of ſhame ſeen through thy Country, ſpeed thee ſtraight
And make my miſery ſerve thy turn: So uſe it,
That my revengeful Services may prove
As benefits to thee. For I will fight
Againſt my Cankred Country, with the ſpleen
Of all the under Fiends. But if ſo be,
Thou dar'ſt not this, and that to prove more Fortunes
Th'art tyr'd, then in a word, I alſo am
Longer to live moſt weary, and preſent
My Throat to thee, and to thy ancient Malice:
Which not to cut, would ſhew thee but a Fool,
Since I have ever follow'd thee with hate,
Drawn Tuns of Blood out of thy Countries Breaſt,
And cannot live but to thy ſhame, unleſs
It be to do thee Service.
Auf. Oh, *Martius*, *Martius*,
Each word thou haſt ſpoke, hath weeded from my Heart
A root of Antient Envy. If *Jupiter*
Should from yon Cloud ſpeak divine things,
And ſay, 'tis true: I'de not believe them more
Than thee, all-Noble *Martius*. Let me twine
Mine Arms about that Body, where againſt
My grained Aſh an hundred times hath broke,
And ſcarr'd the Moon with Splinters: here I cleep
The Anvile of my Sword, and do conteſt
As hotly and as nobly with thy Love,
As ever in Ambitious ſtrength, I did
Contend againſt thy Valour. Know thou firſt,
I lov'd the Maid I married: never Man
Sigh'd truer Breath. But that I ſee thee here,
Thou Noble thing, more dances my rapt Heart,
Than when I firſt my wedded Miſtreſs ſaw
Beſtrid my Threſhold. Why, thou *Mars*, I tell thee,
We have a Power on foot: and I had purpoſe
Once more to hew thy Target from thy Brawn,
Or loſe mine Arm for't: Thou haſt beat me out
Twelve ſeveral times, and I have nightly ſince
Dream't of Encounters 'twixt thy ſelf and me:
We have been down together in my Sleep,
Unbuckling Helms, fiſting each others Throat,
And wak'd half dead with nothing. Worthy *Martius*,
Had we no Quarrel elſe to *Rome*, but that,
Thou art thence baniſh'd, we would muſter all
From twelve to ſeventy: And pouring War
Into the Bowels of ungrateful *Rome*,
Like a bold Flood o're-beat. Oh come, go in,
And take our Friendly Senators by th' Hands,
Who now are here, taking their leaves of me,
Who am prepar'd againſt your Territories,
Though not for *Rome* it ſelf.
Corio. You bleſs me, Gods.
Auf. Therefore, moſt abſolute Sir, if thou wilt have
The leading of thine own Revenges, take
Th' one half of my Commiſſion, and ſet down
As beſt thou art experienc'd, ſince thou know'ſt
Thy Countries ſtrength and weakneſs, thine own waies
Whether to knock againſt the Gates of *Rome*,
Or rudely viſit them in parts remote,
To fright them, e're deſtroy. But come in,
Let me commend thee firſt to thoſe that ſhall
Say yea to thy deſires. A thouſand welcomes,
And more a Friend, than e're an Enemy,
Yet, *Martius*, that was much. Your hand: moſt welcome.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter two of the Servingmen.

1. Here's a ſtrange alteration.
2. By my hand, I had thought to have ſtrucken him with a Cudgel, and yet my mind gave me, his cloaths made a falſe report of him.
1. What an Arm he has, he turn'd me about with his Finger, and his Thumb, as one would ſet up a Top.
2. Nay, I knew by his Face, that there was ſomething in him. He had, Sir, a kind of Face methought. I cannot tell how to term it.
1. He had ſo, looking as it were, would I were hang'd but I thought there was more in him, than I could think.
2. So did I, I'le be ſworn: He is ſimply the rareſt man i'th' world.
1. I think he is: but a greater Souldier than he,
You wot one.
2. Who, my Maſter?
1. Nay, it's no matter for that.
2. Worth ſix on him.
1. Nay, not ſo neither: but I take him to be the greater Souldier.

2. Faith, look you, one cannot tell how to ſay that : for the Defence of a Town, our General is excellent.

1. I, and for an Aſſault too.

Enter the third Servingman.

3. Oh Slaves, I can tell you News, News, you Raſcals :

Both. What, what, what ? Let's partake.

3. I would not be a *Roman* of all Nations ; I had as Lieve be a condemn'd Man.

Both. Wherefore ? Wherefore ?

3. Why here's he that was wont to thwack our General, *Caius Martius.*

1. Why do you ſay, thwack our General ?

3. I do not ſay thwack our General, but he was always good enough for him.

2. Come, we are Fellows and Friends : he was ever too hard for him, I have heard him ſay ſo himſelf.

1. He was too hard for him directly, to ſay the Troth on't before *Coriolus* ; he ſcotcht him, and notcht him like a Carbonado.

2. And he had been Cannibally given, he might have boyl'd and eaten him too.

1. But more of thy News.

3. Why he is ſo made on here within, as if he were Son and Heir to *Mars*, ſet at upper end o'th' Table : No Queſtion askt him by any of the Senators, but they ſtand bald before him. Our General himſelf makes a Miſtreſs of him, Sanctifies himſelf with's Hand, and turns up the white o'th' Eye to his diſcourſe. But the bottom of the News is, our General is cut i'th' middle, and but one half of what he was yeſterday. For the other has half by the intreaty and grant of the whole Table. He'll go, he ſays, and ſole the Porter of *Rome* Gates by th' Ears. He will mow all down before him, and leave his paſſage poul'd.

2. And he's as like to do't, as any Man I can imagine.

3. Do't ? he will do't : for look you, Sir, he has as many Friends as Enemies : which Friends, Sir, as it were, durſt not (look you, Sir) ſhew themſelves (as we term it) his Friends, whil'ſt he's in Directitude.

1. Directitude ? Whats that ?

3. But when they ſhall ſee, Sir, his Creſt up again, and the man in Blood, they will out of their Burroughs (like Conies after Rain) and revel all with him.

1. But when goes this forward ?

3. To morrow, to day, preſently, you ſhall have the Drum ſtruck up this afternoon : 'Tis as it were a parcel of their Feaſt, and to be executed e're they wipe their lips.

2. Why then we ſhall have a ſtirring World again : This Peace is worth nothing, but to ruſt Iron, encreaſe Taylors, and breed Ballad-makers.

1. Let me have War, ſay I, it exceeds Peace, as far as day does night, it's ſprightly walking, audible, and full of Vent. Peace is a very Apoplexy, Lethargie, mull'd, deaf, ſleepy, inſenſible, a getter of more Baſtard Children, than Wars a deſtroyer of Men.

2. 'Tis ſo, and as Wars in ſome ſort may be ſaid to be a Raviſher, ſo it cannot be denied, but Peace is a great maker of Cuckolds.

1. I, and it makes Men hate one another.

3. Reaſon, becauſe they then leſs need one another : The Wars for my Money. I hope to ſee *Romans* as cheap as *Volſcians*. They are riſing, they are riſing.

Both. In, in, in, in. [*Exeunt.*

Enter the two Tribunes, Sicinius *and* Brutus.

Sicin. We hear not of him, neither need we fear him,
His remedies are tame, the preſent Peace,
And Quietneſs of the People, which before
Were in wild hurry. Here do we make his Friends
Bluſh, that the World goes well : who rather had,
Though they themſelves did ſuffer by't, behold
Diſſentious numbers peſtring ſtreets, than ſee
Our Trades-men ſinging in their Shops, and going
About their Functions friendly.

Enter Menenius.

Bru. We ſtood to't in good time. Is this *Menenius* ?
Sicin. 'Tis he, 'tis he : O he is grown moſt kind of late :
Hail, Sir. *Men.* Hail to you both.

Sicin. Your *Coriolanus* is not much miſt, but with his Friends : the Common-wealth doth ſtand, and ſo would do, were he more angry at it.

Men. All's well, and might have been much better, if he could have temporiz'd.

Sicin. Where is he, hear you ?
Men. Nay, I hear nothing :
His Mother and his Wife hear nothing from him.

Enter three or four Citizens.

All. The Gods preſerve you both.
Sicin. Good-e'en, Neighbours.
Bru. Good-e'en to you all, good-e'en to you all.
1 Our Selves, our Wives, and Children, on our knees,
Are bound to pray for you both.
Sicin. Live, and thrive.
Bru. Farewel, kind Neighbours :
We wiſht *Coriolanus* had lov'd you, as we did.
All. Now the Gods keep you.
Both Tri. Farewel, farewel. [*Ex. Citizens.*
Sicin. This is a happier, and more comely time,
Than when theſe Fellows ran about the ſtreets,
Crying, Confuſion.
Bru. Caius Martius was
A worthy Officer i'th' War, but Inſolent,
O'recome with Pride, Ambitious paſt all thinking,
Self-loving.
Sici. And affecting one ſole Throne, without aſſiſtance.
Men. I think not ſo.
Sicin. We ſhould by this to all our Lamentation,
If he had gone forth Conſul, found it ſo.
Bru. The Gods have well prevented it, and *Rome*
Sits ſafe and ſtill without him.

Enter Ædile.

Ædile. Worthy Tribunes,
There is a Slave, whom we have put into Priſon,
Reports the *Volſcies* with two ſeveral Powers
Are entred in the *Roman* Territories,
And with the deepeſt malice of the War,
Deſtroy what lies before 'em.
Men. 'Tis *Aufidius*,
Who hearing of our *Martius*'s Baniſhment,
Thruſts forth his Horns again into the World,
Which were In-ſhell'd, when *Martius* ſtood for *Rome*,
And durſt not once peep out.
Sicin. Come, what talk you of *Martius* ?
Bru. Go ſee this Rumourer whipt, it cannot be,
The *Volſcies* dare break with us.
Men. Cannot be ?
We have Record, that very well it can,
And three Examples of the like have been
Within my Age. But Reaſon with the Fellow
Before you puniſh him, where he heard this,
Leſt you ſhall chance to whip your Information,
And beat the Meſſenger, who bids beware
Of what is to be Dreaded.
Sicin. Tell not me : I know this cannot be.
Bru. Not poſſible.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. The Nobles in great earneſtneſs are going
All to the Senate-houſe : ſome News is coming
That turns their Countenances.
Sicin. 'Tis this Slave :
Go whip him 'fore the Peoples Eyes : His raiſing,
Nothing but his report.
Meſ. Yes, worthy Sir,
The Slaves report is ſeconded, and more,
More fearful is deliver'd.
Sicin. What more fearful ?
Meſ. It is ſpoke freely out of many mouths,

How probable I do not know, that *Martius*
Joyn'd with *Aufidius*, leads a Power 'gainſt *Rome*,
And vows Revenge as ſpacious, as between
The young'ſt and oldeſt thing.
Sicin. This is moſt likely.
Bru. Rais'd only, that the weaker ſort may wiſh
Good *Martius* home again.
Sicin. The very trick on't.
Men. This is unlikely,
He and *Aufidius* can no more atone
Than violent'ſt Contrariety.

Enter Meſſenger.

Meſ. You are ſent for to the Senate:
A fearful Army, led by *Caius Martius*,
Aſſociated with *Aufidius*'s Rages
Upon our Territories, and have already
O're-born their way, conſum'd with Fire, and took
What lay before them.

Enter Cominius.

Com. Oh, you have made good work.
Men. What news? What news?
Com. You have holp to raviſh your own Daughters, and
To melt the City Leads upon your pates,
To ſee your Wives diſhonour'd to your Noſes.
Men. What's the news? What's the news?
Com. Your Temples burned in their Cement, and
Your Franchiſes, whereon you ſtood, confin'd
Into an Augers bore.
Men. Pray now the news?
You have made fair work, I fear me: pray, your news?
If *Martius* ſhould be joyn'd with *Volſcians*.
Com. If? He is their God, he leads them like a thing
Made by ſome other Deity than Nature,
That ſhapes man better: and they follow him
Againſt us Brats, with no leſs Confidence,
Than Boyes purſuing Summer Butter-flies,
Or Butchers killing Flyes.
Men. You have made good work,
You and your Apron-men: you, that ſtood ſo much
Upon the voice of occupation, and
The Breath of Garlike-eaters.
Com. He'll ſhake your *Rome* about your Ears.
Men. As *Hercules* did ſhake down mellow Fruit:
You have made fair work.
Bru. But is this true, Sir?
Com. I, and you'll look pale
Before you find it other. All the Regions
Do ſmilingly revolt, and who reſiſts
Are mock'd for valiant Ignorance,
And periſh conſtant Fools: who is't can blame him?
Your Enemies and his find ſomething in him.
Men. We are all undone, unleſs
The Noble man have Mercy.
Com. Who ſhall ask it?
The Tribunes cannot do't for ſhame; the People
Deſerve ſuch pity of him, as the Wolf
Do's of the Shepherds: For his beſt Friends, if they
Should ſay, be good to *Rome*, they charg'd him even
As thoſe ſhould do that had deſerv'd his hate,
And therein ſhew'd like Enemies.
Me. 'Tis true, if he were putting to my Houſe, the brand
That ſhould conſume it, I have not the Face
To ſay, beſeech you ceaſe. You have made fair hands,
You and your Crafts, you have crafted fair.
Com. You have brought
A trembling upon *Rome*, ſuch as was never
S'incapable of help.
Tri. Say not, we brought it.
Men. How? Was't we? We lov'd him,
But like Beaſts, and Cowardly Nobles,
Gave way unto your Cluſters, who did hoot
Him out o'th' City.
Com. But I fear
They'l roar him in again. *Tullus Aufidius*,
The ſecond Name of Men, obeys his points
As if he were his Officer: Deſperation,
Is all the Policy, Strength, and Defence
That *Rome* can make againſt them.

Enter a Troop of Citizens.

Men. Here come the Cluſters.
And is *Aufidius* with him? You are they
That made the Ayr unwholſome, when you caſt
Your ſtincking, greaſie Caps, in hooting
At *Coriolanus* Exile. Now he's coming,
And not Hair upon a Souldiers Head
Which will not prove a whip: As many Coxcombes
As you threw Caps up, will he tumble down,
And pay you for your Voices. Tis no matter,
If he could burn us all into one Coal,
We have deſerv'd it.
Omnes. Faith, we hear fearful News.
1 *Cit.* For mine own part,
When I ſaid baniſh him, I ſaid 'twas pity.
2. And ſo did I.
3. And ſo did I; and to ſay the truth, ſo did very many of us, that we did, we did for the beſt: and though we willingly conſented to his Baniſhment, yet it was againſt our will.
Com. Y'are goodly things, you Voices.
Men. You have made you good work,
You and your cry. Shall's to the Capitol?
Com. Oh I, what elſe? [*Exeunt both.*
Sicin. Go, Maſters, get you home, be not diſmaid,
Theſe are a Side, that would be glad to have
This true, which they ſo ſeem to fear. Go home,
And ſhew no ſign of Fear.
1 *Cit.* The Gods be good to us: Come, Maſters, let's home, I ever ſaid we were i'th' wrong, when we baniſh'd him.
2 *Cit.* So did we all, but come, let's home. [*Ex. Cit.*
Bru. I do not like this News.
Sicin. Nor I.
Bru. Let's to the Capitol: would half my wealth
Would buy this for a Lye.
Sicin. Pray lets go. [*Exeunt Tribunes.*

Enter Aufidius *with his Lieutenant.*

Auf. Do they ſtill flie to th' *Roman*?
Lieu. I do not know what Witchcraft's in him: but
Your Souldiers uſe him as the grace 'fore Meat,
Their talk at Table, and their Thanks at end,
And you are darkned in this action, Sir,
Even by your own.
Auf. I cannot help it now,
Unleſs by uſing means I lame the Foot
Of our deſign. He bears himſelf more proudly,
Even to my Perſon, than I thought he would
When firſt I did embrace him. Yet his Nature
In that's no Changeling, and I muſt excuſe
What cannot be amended.
Lieu. Yet I wiſh, Sir,
(I mean for your particular) you had not
Joyn'd in Commiſſion with him: but either have born
The action of your ſelf, or elſe to him had left it ſolely.
Auf. I underſtand thee well, and be thou ſure,
When he ſhall come to his account, he knows not
What I can urge againſt him, although it ſeems
And ſo he thinks, and is no leſs apparent
To th' vulgar Eye, that he bears all things fairly,
And ſhews good Husbandry for the *Volſcian* State,
Fights Dragon-like, and does atchieve as ſoon
As draw his Sword: yet he hath left undone
That which ſhall break his Neck, or hazard mine,
When e're we come to our account.
Lieu. Sir, I beſeech you, think you he'll carry *Rome*?
Auf. All places yield to him e're he ſits down,
And the Nobility of *Rome* are his:

The Senators and Patricians love him too :
The Tribunes are no Souldiers : and their People
VVill be as raſh in the repeal, as haſty
To expel him thence. I think he'll be to *Rome*,
As is the Aſpray to the Fiſh, who takes it
By Soveraignty of Nature. Firſt, he was
A Noble Servant to them, but he could not
Carry his Honours even : whether 'twas Pride
VVhich out of daily Fortune ever taints
The happy Man ; whether defect of Judgment,
To fail in the diſpoſing of thoſe Chances
VVhich he was Lord of : or whether Nature,
Not to be other than one thing, not moving
From th' Caſk to th' Cuſhion : but commanding Peace
Even with the ſame auſterity and garb,
As he controll'd the VVar. But one of theſe,
(As he hath ſpices of them all) not all,
For I dare ſo far free him, made him fear'd,
So hated, and ſo baniſh'd : but he has a Merit
To choak it in the utt'rance : So our Virtues,
Lie in th'interpretation of the time,
And Power unto it ſelf moſt commendable,
Hath not a Tomb ſo evident as a Chair
T'extol what it hath done.
One Fire drives out one Fire ; one Nail, one Nail ;
Rights by rights fouler, ſtrengths by ſtrengths do fail.
Come let's away : when, *Caius*, *Rome* is thine,
Thou art poor'ſt of all ; then ſhortly art thou mine. [*Ex.*

Actus Quintus.

Enter Menenius, Cominius, Sicinius, Brutus, *the two Tribunes, with others.*

Men. No, I'le not go : you hear what he hath ſaid
VVhich was ſometime his General : who loved him
In a moſt dear particular. He call'd me Father :
But what o'that ? Go you that baniſh'd him
A mile before his Tent, fall down and kneel
The way into his mercy : Nay, if he coy'd
To hear *Cominius* ſpeak, I'le keep at home.
Com. He would not ſeem to know me.
Men. Do you hear ?
Com. Yet one time he did call me by my name :
I urg'd our old acquaintance, and the drops
That we have bled together. *Coriolanus*,
He would not anſwer to : Forbad all Names,
He was a kind of Nothing, Titleleſs,
Till he had forg'd himſelf a Name o'th' Fire
Of burning *Rome*.
Men. Why, ſo : you have made good work :
A pair of Tribunes, that have wrack'd for *Rome*,
To make Coals cheap : A Noble memory.
Com. I minded him, how Royal 'twas to pardon
When it was leſs expected. He reply'd,
It was a bare Petition of a State
To one whom they had puniſh'd.
Men. Very well, could he ſay leſs ?
Com. I offered to awaken his regard
For's private Friends. His anſwer to me was
He could not ſtay to pick them, in a pile
Of noyſome muſty Chaff. He ſaid, 'twas folly
For one poor grain or two, to leave unburnt
And ſtill to noſe th' offence.
Men. For one poor grain or two ?
I am one of thoſe : his Mother, Wife, his Child,
And this brave Fellow too : we are the Grains,
You are the Muſty Chaff, and you are ſmelt
Above the Moon. We muſt be burnt for you.
Sicin. Nay, pray be patient : If you refuſe your aid
In this ſo never-needed help, yet do not
Upbraid's with our diſtreſs. But ſure if you
Would be your Countries Pleader, your good Tongue
More than the inſtant Army we can make
Might ſtop our Country-man.
Men. No : I'le not meddle.
Sicin. Pray you go to him.
Men. What ſhould I do ?
Bru. Only make tryal what your Love can do
For *Rome*, towards *Martius*.
Men. Well, and ſay that *Martius* return me,
As *Cominius* return'd, unheard : what then ?
But as a diſcontented Friend, grief-ſhot
With his unkindneſs. Say't be ſo ?
S.cin. Yet your good will
Muſt have that thanks from *Rome*, after the meaſure
As you intended well.
Men. I'le undertake't :
I think he'l hear me. Yet to bite his lip,
And hum at good *Cominius*, much unhearts me.
He was not taken well ; he had not din'd,
The Veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then
We powt upon the Morning, are unapt
To give or to forgive ; but when we have ſtufft
Theſe Pipes, and theſe Conveyances of our blood
With Wine and feeding, we have ſuppler Souls
Than in our Prieſt-like Faſts : therefore I'le watch him
Till he be dieted to my requeſt, r 50 Pope
And then I'le ſet upon him. + Perhaps he has not din'd
Bru. You know the very Rode into his kindneſs,
And cannot loſe your way.
Men. Good faith, I'le prove him,
Speed how it will. I ſhall e're long have knowledge
Of my ſucceſs. [*Exit.*
Com. He'll never hear him.
Sicin. Not ?
Com. I tell you, he does ſit in Gold, his Eye
Red as 'twould burn *Rome* : and his Injury
The Goaler to his Pity. I kneel'd before him,
'Twas very faintly he ſaid, Riſe : diſmiſt me
Thus with his ſpeechleſs hand. What he would do
He ſent in writing after me : what he would not,
Bound with an Oath to yield to his Conditions :
So that all hope is vain, unleſs his Noble Mother,
And his Wife (who as I hear) mean to ſolicite him
For Mercy to his Country : therefore let's hence,
And with our fair intreaties haſte them on. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Menenius *to the Watch or Guard.*

1 *Wat.* Stay : whence are you?
2 *Wat.* Stand, and go back.
Men. You guard like men, 'tis well. But by your leave
I am an Officer of State, and come to ſpeak with *Coriolanus.*
1. From whence ? *Men.* From *Rome.*
1. You may not paſs, you muſt return : our General will no more hear from thence.
2. You'll ſee your *Rome* embrac'd with Fire, before You'l ſpeak with *Coriolanus.*
Men. Good my Friends,
If you have heard your General talk of *Rome*,
And of his Friends there, it is Lots to Blanks,
My Name hath toucht your Ears : it is *Menenius.*
1. Be it ſo, go back : the virtue of your Name
Is not here paſſable.
Men. I tell thee, Fellow,
Thy General is my Lover : I have been
The Book of his good Acts, whence Men have read
His Fame unparallel'd, happily amplified :
For I have ever verified my Friends,
(Of whom he's Chief) with all the ſize that verity
Would without lapſing ſuffer : Nay, ſometimes,
Like to a Bowl upon a ſubtil ground
I have tumbled paſt the throw : and in his praiſe
Have (almoſt) ſtampt the Leaſing. Therefore, Fellow,
I muſt have leave to paſs.

1. Faith, Sir, if you had told as many lies in his behalf, as you have uttered words in your own, you ſhould not paſs here: no, though it were as virtuous to lye, as to live chaſtly. Therefore go back.

Men. Prithee, Fellow, remember my name is *Menenius*, always Factionary on the party of your General.

2. Howſoever you have been his Lyar, as you ſay you have; I am one that telling true under him, muſt ſay you cannot paſs. Therefore go back.

Men. Has he din'd, can'ſt thou tell? For I would not ſpeak with him, till after Dinner.

1. You are a *Roman*, are you?

Men. I am, as thy General is.

1. Then you ſhould hate *Rome*, as he does. Can you, when you have puſht out your Gates the very Defender of them, and in a violent popular ignorance, given your Enemy your Shield, think to front his Revenges with the eaſie groans of Old Women, the Virginal palms of your Daughters, or with the palſied interceſſion of ſuch a decay'd Dotard, as you ſeem to be? Can you think to blow out the intended Fire, your City is ready to flame in, with ſuch weak breath as this? No, you are deceiv'd, therefore back to *Rome*, and prepare for your Execution: you are Condemn'd, our General has ſworn you out of Reprieve and Pardon.

Men. Sirrah, if the Captain knew I were here,
He would uſe me with Eſtimation.

1. Come, my Captain knows you not.

Men. I mean thy General.

1. My General cares not for you. Back, I ſay, go: leſt I let forth your half pint of Blood. Back, that's the utmoſt of your having, back.

Men. Nay, but Fellow, Fellow.

Enter Coriolanus *with* Aufidius.

Corio. What's the matter?

Men. Now you, Companion: I'le ſay an Errant for you: you ſhall know now that I am in Eſtimation: you ſhall perceive, that a Jack-gardant cannot Office me from my Son *Coriolanus*, gueſs but my entertainment with him: if thou ſtand'ſt not i'th' State of Hanging, or of ſome death more long in Spectatorſhip, and Crueller in ſuffering, behold now preſently, and ſwoon for what's to come upon thee. The glorious Gods ſit in hourly Synod about thy particular proſperity, and love thee no worſe than thy old Father *Menenius* does. O my Son, my Son! thou art preparing Fire for us: look thee, here's Water to quench it. I was hardly mov'd to come to thee: but being aſſured none but my ſelf could move thee, I have been blown out of our Gates with ſighs, and conjure thee to pardon *Rome*, and thy petitionary Countrymen. The good Gods aſſwage thy wrath, and turn the dregs of it upon this Varlet here: This, who like a Block hath denied my Acceſs to thee.

Corio. Away.

Men. How? Away?

Corio. Wife, Mother, Child, I know not. My affairs
Are ſervanted to others: Though I owe
My Revenge properly, my Remiſſion lies
In *Volſcian* Breaſts. That we have been familiar,
Ingrate forgetfulneſs ſhall poiſon rather
Than pity: Note how much, therefore be gone.
Mine Ears againſt your Suits are ſtronger than
Your Gates againſt my Force. Yet for I loved thee,
Take this along, I writ it for thy ſake,
And would have ſent it. Another word, *Menenius*,
I will not hear thee ſpeak. This Man, *Aufidius*,
Was my belov'd in *Rome*: yet thou behold'ſt——

Auf. You keep a conſtant temper. [*Exeunt.*

Manent the Guard and Menenius.

1. Now, Sir, is your name *Menenius*?

2. 'Tis a ſpell you ſee of much Power:
You know the way home again.

1. Do you hear how we are ſhent for keeping your greatneſs back?

2. What cauſe do you think I have to ſwoon?

Men. I neither care for th' World, nor your General: for ſuch things as you, I can ſcarce think there's any, y'are ſo ſlight. He that hath a will to dye by himſelf, fears it not from another: Let your General do his worſt. For you, be that you are, long; and your miſery increaſe with your Age. I ſay to you, as I was ſaid to, Away. [*Exit.*

1. A Noble Fellow, I warrant him.

2. The worthy Fellow is our General. He's the Rock, the Oak not to be wind-ſhaken. [*Exit Watch.*

Enter Coriolanus *and* Aufidius.

Corio. We will before the Walls of *Rome* to morrow
Set down our Hoſt. My Partner in this Action,
You muſt report to th' *Volſcian* Lords, how plainly
I have born this Buſineſs.

Auf. Only their Ends you have reſpected.
Stopt your Ears againſt the general Suit of *Rome*:
Never admitted a private whiſper, no not with ſuch Friends
That thought them ſure of you.

Corio. This laſt old man,
Whom with a crack'd Heart I have ſent to *Rome*,
Lov'd me, above the meaſure of a Father,
Nay, Godded me indeed. Their lateſt refuge,
Was to ſend him, for whoſe Love I have
(Though I ſhew'd ſow'rly to him) once more offer'd
The firſt Conditions which they did refuſe,
And cannot now accept, to grace him only,
That thought he could do more: A very little
I have yielded to. Freſh Embaſſies, and Suits,
Nor from the State, nor private Friends hereafter
Will I lend Ear to. Ha? what ſhout is this? [*Shout within.*
Shall I be tempted to infringe my Vow
In the ſame time 'tis made? I will not.

Enter Virgilia, Volumnia, Valeria, *young* Martius, *with Attendants.*

My Wife comes formoſt, then the honour'd Mould
Wherein this Trunk was fram'd, and in her hand
The Grand-child to her blood. But our Affection,
All bond and priviledge of Nature break;
Let it be Virtuous to be Obſtinate.
What is that Curt'ſie worth? Or thoſe Doves Eyes,
Which can make Gods forſworn? I melt, and am not
Of ſtronger Earth than others: my Mother bows,
As if *Olympus* to a Mole-hill ſhould
In ſupplication nod: and my young Boy
Hath an aſpect of interceſſion, which
Great Nature cries, Deny not. Let the *Volſcies*
Plough *Rome*, and harrow *Italy*, I'le never
Be ſuch a Goſling to obey Inſtinct: but ſtand
As if a man were Author of himſelf, and knew no other kin.

Virgil. My Lord and Husband.

Corio. Theſe Eyes are not the ſame I wore in *Rome*.

Virg. The ſorrow that delivers us thus chang'd,
Makes you think ſo.

Corio. Like a dull Actor now, I have forgot my part,
And I am out, even to a full diſgrace. Beſt of my Fleſh,
Forgive my Tyranny, but do not ſay,
For that forgive our *Romans*. O a kiſs
Long as my Exile, ſweet as my Revenge!
Now by the jealous Queen of Heaven, that kiſs
I carried from thee, Dear; and my true Lip
Hath Virgin'd it e're ſince. You Gods, I pray,
And the moſt Noble Mother of the World
Leave unſaluted: Sink my knee i'th' Earth; [*Kneels.*
Of thy deep duty, more impreſſion ſhew
Than that of common Sons.

Volum. O ſtand up bleſt!
Whil'ſt with no ſofter Cuſhion than the flint
I kneel before thee, and unproperly
Shew Duty as miſtaken, all this while,
Between the Child and Parent.

Corio. What's this? your knees to me?

To your Corrected Son?
Then let the Pebbles on the hungry Beach
Fillop the Stars: Then, let the mutinous Winds
Strike the proud Cedars 'gainſt the fiery Sun:
Murd'ring impoſſibility, to make
What cannot be, ſlight work.
Volum. Thou art my Warrior, I hope to frame thee,
Do you know this Lady?
Corio. The Noble Siſter of *Publicola*;
The Moon of *Rome*, Chaſt as the Iſicle
That's curdied by the Froſt from pureſt Snow,
And hangs on *Dian's* Temple: Dear *Valeria*.
Volum. This is a poor Epitome of yours,
Which by th'interpretation of full time,
May ſhew like all your ſelf.
Corio. The God of Souldiers,
With the conſent of ſupream *Jove*, inform
Thy thoughts with Nobleneſs, that thou maiſt prove
To ſhame unvulnerable, and ſtrike i'th' Wars
Like a great Sea-mark ſtanding every flaw,
And ſaving thoſe that eye thee.
Volum. Your knee, Sirrah.
Corio. That's my brave Boy.
Volum. Even he, your Wife, this Lady, and my ſelf,
Are Suiters to you.
Corio. I beſeech you, Peace:
Or if you'ld ask, remember this before;
The thing I have forſworn to grant, may never
Be held by you denial. Do not bid me
Diſmiſs my Souldiers, or Capitulate
Again with *Romes* Mechanicks. Tell me not
Wherein I ſeem unnatural: Deſire not t'allay
My Rages and Revenges, with your colder Reaſons.
Volum. Oh, no more: no more:
You have ſaid you will not grant us any thing:
For we have nothing elſe to ask, but that
Which you deny already: yet we will ask,
That if you fail in our requeſt, the blame
May hang upon your hardneſs, therefore hear us.
Corio. Aufidius, and you, *Volſcies*, mark, for we'll
Hear nought from *Rome* in private. Your requeſt?
Volum. Should we be ſilent and not ſpeak, our Raiment
And ſtate of Bodies would bewray what Life
We have led ſince thy Exile. Think with thy ſelf,
How more unfortunate than living Women
Are we come hither; ſince that thy ſight, which ſhould
Make our Eyes flow with Joy, Hearts dance with Comforts,
Conſtrains them weep, and ſhake with Fear and Sorrow,
Making the Mother, Wife, and Child to ſee,
The Son, the Husband, and the Father tearing
His Countries Bowels out: and to poor we,
Thine Enmity's moſt Capital: Thou barr'ſt us
Our Prayers to the Gods, which is a comfort
That all but we enjoy. For how can we?
Alas! how can we, for our Country pray,
Whereto we are bound? together with thy Victory,
Whereto we are bound? Alack, or we muſt loſe
The Country, our dear Nurſe, or elſe thy Perſon
Our comfort in the Country. We muſt find
An evident Calamity, though we had
Our wiſh, which ſide ſhould win. For either thou
Muſt as a Foreign Recreant be led
With Manacles through our Streets, or elſe
Triumphantly tread on thy Countries ruine,
And bear the Palm, for having bravely ſhed
Thy Wife and Childrens blood: For my ſelf, Son,
I purpoſe not to wait on Fortune, till
Theſe Wars determine: If I cannot perſuade thee
Rather to ſhew a Noble grace to both parts
Than ſeek the end of one; thou ſhalt no ſooner
March to aſſault thy Country, than to tread
(Truſt to't, thou ſhalt not) on thy Mothers Womb
That brought thee to this World.
Virg. I, and mine, brought you forth this Boy,
To keep your Name living to time.
Boy. A ſhall not tread on me: I'le run away
Till I am bigger, but then I'le fight.
Corio. Not of a Womans tenderneſs to be
Requires nor Child, nor Womans Face to ſee:
I have ſate too long.
Volum. Nay, go not from us thus:
If it were ſo, that our Requeſt did tend
To ſave the *Romans*, thereby to deſtroy
The *Volſcies* whom you ſerve, you might condemn us,
As poyſonous of your Honour. No, our Suit
Is that you reconcile them: While the *Volſcies*
May ſay, this Mercy we have ſhew'd; the *Romans*,
This we receiv'd, and each in either ſide
Give the All-hail to thee, and cry, be bleſt
For making up this Peace. Thou know'ſt (Great Son)
The end of War's uncertain; but this certain,
That if thou conquer *Rome*, the benefit
Which thou ſhalt thereby reap, is ſuch a Name,
Whoſe Repetition will be dogg'd with Curſes:
Whoſe Chronicle thus writ, The Man was Noble,
But with his laſt Attempt, he wip'd it out,
Deſtroy'd his Country, and his Name remains
To th'inſuing Age, abhorr'd. Speak to me, Son:
Thou haſt affected the five ſtrains of Honour,
To imitate the Graces of the Gods.
To tear with Thunder the wide Cheeks o'th' Air,
And yet to charge thy Sulphur with a Boult,
That ſhould but rive an Oak. Why do'ſt not ſpeak?
Think'ſt thou it Honourable for a Noble man
Still to remember Wrongs? Daughter, ſpeak you:
He cares not for your weeping. Speak thou, Boy,
Perhaps thy Childiſhneſs will move him more
Than can our Reaſons. There is no Man in the World
More bound to's Mother, yet here he lets me prate
Like one i'th' Stocks. Thou haſt never in thy Life,
Shew'd thy dear Mother any curteſie,
When ſhe (poor Hen) fond of no ſecond Brood,
Has cluck'd thee to the Wars, and ſafely home
Loaden with Honour. Say my Requeſt's unjuſt,
And ſpurn me back: But if it be not ſo,
Thou art not Honeſt, and the Gods will plague thee
That thou reſtrain'ſt from me the Duty, which
To a Mothers part belongs. He turns away:
Down Ladies: let us ſhame him with our Knees.
To his Sir-name, *Coriolanus*, 'longs more Pride,
Than Pity to our Prayers. Down: and end,
This is the laſt. So, we will home to *Rome*,
And dye among our Neighbours: Nay, behold's
This Boy, that cannot tell what he would have,
But kneels, and holds up Hands for Fellowſhip,
Does reaſon our Petition with more ſtrength,
Than thou haſt to deny't. Come, let us go:
This Fellow had a *Volſcian* to his Mother:
His Wife is in *Coriolus*, and his Child
Like him by chance: yet give us our diſpatch:
I am huſht until our City be afire, and then I'le ſpeak a little.
[*Holds her by the hand, ſilent.*

Corio. O Mother, Mother!
What have you done? Behold, the Heavens do ope,
The Gods look down, and this unnatural Scene
They laugh at. Oh, my Mother, Mother: Oh!
You have won a happy Victory to *Rome*.
But for your Son, believe it, Oh believe it,
Moſt dangerouſly you have with him prevail'd,
If not moſt mortal to him. But let it come:
Aufidius, though I cannot make true Wars,
I'le frame convenient Peace. Now, good *Aufidius*,
Were you in my ſtead, would you have heard
A Mother leſs? Or granted leſs, *Aufidius*?
Auf. I was mov'd withal.
Corio. I dare be ſworn you were:
And, Sir, it is no little thing to make
Mine Eyes to ſweat Compaſſion. But (good Sir,)

What Peace you'l make, adviſe me: For my part,
I'le not to *Rome*, I'le back with you, and pray you
Stand to me in this Cauſe. O Mother! Wife!

Auf. I am glad thou haſt ſet thy Mercy, and thy Honour
A difference in thee: Out of that I'le work
My ſelf a former Fortune.

Corio. I, by and by; but we will drink together:
And you ſhall bear
A better witneſs back, than words, which we
On like Conditions, will have counter-ſeal'd.
Come enter with us: Ladies, you deſerve
To have a Temple built you: All the Swords
In *Italy*, and her Confederate Arms
Could not have made this Peace. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Menenius *and* Sicinius.

Me. See you yond' Coin o'th' Capitol, yond' Corner ſtone?

Sicin. Why, what of that?

Men. If it be poſſible for you to diſplace it with your little Finger, there is ſome hope the Ladies of *Rome*, eſpecially his Mother, may prevail with him. But I ſay, there is no hope in't, our Throats are ſentenc'd, and ſtay upon Execution.

Sicin. Is't poſſible, that ſo ſhort a time can alter the condition of a Man.

Men. There is difference between a Grub and a Butterfly, yet your Butterfly was a Grub: this *Martius* is grown from Man to Dragon: He has wings, he's more than a creeping thing.

Sicin. He lov'd his Mother dearly.

Men. So did he me: and he no more remembers his Mother now, than an eight years old Horſe. The tartneſs of his Face ſours ripe Grapes. When he walks, he moves like an Engine, and the ground ſhrinks before his Treading. He is able to pierce a Corſlet with his Eye: Talks like a Knell, and his hum is a Battery. He ſits in his State as a thing made for *Alexander*. What he bids be done is finiſh'd with his bidding. He wants nothing of a God, but Eternity, and a Heaven to Throne in.

Sicin. Yes, Mercy, if you report him truly.

Men. I paint him in the Character. Mark what Mercy his Mother ſhall bring from him: There is no more Mercy in him, than there is Milk in a Male-Tyger, that ſhall our poor City find: and all this is long of you.

Sicin. The Gods be good unto us.

Men. No, in ſuch a caſe the Gods will not be good unto us. When we baniſh'd him, we reſpected not them: and he returning to break our Necks, they reſpect not us.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Sir, if you'ld ſave your Life flye to your Houſe,
The Plebeians have got your Fellow Tribune,
And hale him up and down; all ſwearing, if
The *Roman* Ladies bring not Comfort home,
They'l give him death by Inches.

Enter another Meſſenger.

Sicin. What's the News?

Meſ. Good News, good News, the Ladies have prevail'd,
The *Volſcians* are diſlodg'd, and *Martius* gone:
A merrier day did never yet greet *Rome*,
No, not th' expulſion of the *Tarquins*.

Sicin. Friend, art thou certain this is true?
Is't moſt certain?

Meſ. As certain as I know the Sun is Fire:
Where have you lurk'd that you make doubt of it?
Ne're through an Arch ſo hurried the blown Tide,
As the recomforted through th' gates. Why, hark you.
[*Trumpets, Hoboys, Drums beat, altogether.*
The Trumpets, Sack-buts, Pſalteries, and Fifes,
Tabors, and Cymbals, and the ſhouting *Romans*
Make the Sun dance. Hark you. [*A ſhout within.*

Men. This is good News:
I will go meet the Ladies. This *Volumnia*
Is worth of Conſuls, Senators, Patricians,
A City full: Of Tribunes, ſuch as you,
A Sea and Land full: you have pray'd well to day:
This Morning, for ten thouſand of your Throats,
I'd not have given a doit. Hark, how they joy.
[*Sound ſtill with the Shouts.*

Sicin. Firſt, the Gods bleſs you for your Tidings:
Next, accept my thankfulneſs.

Meſ. Sir, we have all great cauſe to give great thanks.

Sicin. They are near the City?

Meſ. Almoſt at point to enter.

Sicin. We'll meet them, and help the joy. [*Exeunt.*

Enter two Senators, with Ladies paſſing over the Stage with other Lords.

Senat. Behold our Patroneſs, the life of *Rome*:
Call all your Tribes together, praiſe the Gods,
And make Triumphant Fires, ſtrew Flowers before them:
Unſhoot the noiſe that baniſh'd *Martius*;
Repeal him, with the welcome of his Mother:
Cry welcome, Ladies, welcome.

All. Welcome Ladies, welcome. [*Exeunt.*
[*A Flouriſh with Drums and Trumpets.*

Enter Tullus Aufidius, *with Attendants.*

Auf. Go tell the Lords o'th' City, I am here:
Deliver them this Paper: having read it,
Bid them repair to th' Market-place, where I
Even in theirs, and in the Commons Ears,
Will vouch the truth of it. Him I accuſe
The City Ports by this hath enter'd, and
Intends t'appear before the People, hoping
To purge himſelf with words. Diſpatch.

Enter three or four Conſpirators of Aufidius's *Faction.*

Moſt welcome.

1 *Con.* How is it with our General?

Auf. Even ſo, as with a Man by his own Alms impoyſon'd, and with his Charity ſlain.

2 *Con.* Moſt Noble Sir, if you do hold the ſame intent,
Wherein you wiſh'd us Parties: We'll deliver you
Of your great danger.

Auf. Sir, I cannot tell,
We muſt proceed as we do find the People.

3 *Con.* The People will remain uncertain, whilſt
'Twixt you there's difference: but the fall of either
Makes the Survivor Heir of all.

Auf. I know it:
And my pretext to ſtrike at him admits
A good Conſtruction. I rais'd him, and I pawn'd
Mine Honour for his Truth: who being ſo heighten'd,
He watered his new Plants with dews of Flattery,
Seducing ſo my Friends: and to this end,
He bow'd his Nature, never known before,
But to be rough, unſwayable, and free.

3 *Con.* Sir, his ſtoutneſs
When he did ſtand for Conſul, which he loſt
By lack of ſtooping.

Auf. That I would have ſpoke of:
Being baniſh'd for't, he came unto my Hearth,
Preſented to my Knife his Throat: I took him,
Made him joynt-ſervant with me: Gave him way
In all his own deſires: Nay, let him chuſe
Out of my Files, his Projects to accompliſh,
My beſt and freſheſt Men, ſerv'd his Deſignments
In mine own Perſon: hop'd to reap the Fame
Which he did make all his; and took ſome Pride
To do my ſelf this wrong; till at the laſt,
I ſeem'd his Follower, not Partner; and
He wag'd me with his Countenance, as if
I had been Mercenary.

1 *Con.* So he did, my Lord:
The Army marvell'd at it, and in the laſt,
When he had carried *Rome*, and that we look'd

For no leſs Spoil, than Glory——
Auf. There was it:
For which my ſinews ſhall be ſtretcht upon him:
At a few drops of Womens Rheum, which are
As cheap as Lies, he ſold the Blood and Labour
Of our great Action; therefore ſhall he dye,
And I'le renew me in his fall. But hark.
[*Drums and Trumpets ſound, with great ſhouts of the People.*
1 *Con.* Your Native Town you enter'd like a Poſt,
And had no Welcomes home, but he returns
Splitting the Air with noyſe.
2 *Con.* And patient Fools,
Whoſe Children he hath ſlain, their baſe throats tear
With giving him Glory.
3 *Con.* Therefore at your vantage,
E're he expreſs himſelf, or move the People
With what he would ſay, let him feel your Sword:
Which we will ſecond, when he lies along,
After your way. His Tale pronounc'd ſhall bury
His Reaſons, with his Body.
Auf. Say no more, here come the Lords.

Enter the Lords of the City.

All Lords. You are moſt welcome home.
Auf. I have not deſerv'd it.
But, worthy Lords, have you with heed peruſed
What I have written to you?
All. We have.
1 *Lord.* And grieve to hear't
What faults he made before the laſt, I think
Might have found eaſie Fines: But there to end
Where he was to begin, and give away
The benefit of our Levies, anſwering us
With our own charge, making a Treaty, where
There was a yielding; this admits no excuſe.
Auf. He approaches, you ſhall hear him.

Enter Coriolanus *marching with Drum and Colours, the Commons being with him.*

Corio. Hail Lords, I am return'd, your Souldier:
No more infected with my Countries love,
Than when I parted hence, but ſtill ſubſiſting
Under your great Command. You are to know,
That proſperouſly I have attempted, and
With bloody paſſage led your Wars, even to
The Gates of *Rome*: Our ſpoils we have brought home
Doth more than Counterpoiſe a full third part
The charges of the Action. We have made peace
With no leſs Honour to the *Antiates*,
Than ſhame to th' *Romans*. And we here deliver
Subſcrib'd by th' Conſuls, and Patricians,
Together with the Seal o'th' Senate, what
We have Compounded on.
Auf. Read it not, Noble Lords,
But tell the Traytor in the higheſt degree
He hath abus'd your Powers.
Corio. Traytor? How now?
Auf. I, Traytor, *Martius.*
Corio. Martius?
Auf. I, *Martius*, *Caius Martius*: Do'ſt thou think
I'le grace thee with that Robbery, thy ſtoln name
Coriolanus in *Coriolus*?
You Lords and Head o'th' State, perfidiouſly
He has betray'd your buſineſs, and given up
For certain drops of Salt, your City *Rome*,
I ſay your City, to his Wife and Mother,
Breaking his Oath and Reſolution like
A twiſt of rotten Silk, never admitting
Counſel o'th' War: but at his Nurſes Tears
He whin'd and roar'd away your Victory,
That Pages bluſh'd at him, and Men of heart
Look'd wond'ring each at others.
Corio. Hear'ſt thou, *Mars*?
Auf. Name not the God, thou Boy of Tears.
Corio. Ha?
Auf. No more.
Corio. Meaſureleſs Lyar, thou haſt made my heart
Too great for what contains it. Boy? O Slave.
Pardon me, Lords, 'tis the firſt time that ever
I was forc'd to ſcould. Your Judgements, my grave Lords,
Muſt give this Cur the Lye: and his own Notion,
Who wears my ſtripes impreſt upon him, that
Muſt bear my beating to his Grave, ſhall joyn
To thruſt the Lye unto him.
1 *Lord.* Peace both, and hear me ſpeak.
Corio. Cut me to pieces, *Volſcies*, Men and Lads,
Stain all your edges on me. Boy, falſe Hound:
If you have writ your Annals true, 'tis there,
That like an Eagle in a Dove-coat, I
Flutter'd your *Volſcians* in *Coriolus.*
Alone I did it, Boy!
Auf. Why, Noble Lords,
Will you be put in mind of his blind Fortune,
Which was your ſhame, by this unholy Braggart?
'Fore your own Eyes and Ears?
All Con. Let him dye for't.
All People. Tear him to pieces, do it preſently:
He kill'd my Son, my Daughter, he kill'd my Couſin
Marcus, he kill'd my Father.
2 *Lord.* Peace, hoe: no out-rage, peace:
The Man is Noble, and his Fame folds in
This Orb o'th' Earth: His laſt Offences to us
Shall have Judicious hearing. Stand, *Aufidius*,
And trouble not the peace.
Corio. O that I had him, with ſix *Aufidiuſſes*, or more:
His Tribe to uſe my lawful Sword.
Auf. Inſolent Villain.
All Con. Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him.

Draw both the Conſpirators, and kill Martius, *who falls, and* Aufidius *ſtands on him.*

Lords. Hold, hold, hold, hold.
Auf. My Noble Maſters, hear me ſpeak.
1 *Lord.* O, *Tullus.*
2 *Lord.* Thou haſt done a deed, whereat
Valour will weep.
3 *Lord.* Tread not upon him, Maſters, all be quiet,
Put up your Swords.
Auf. My Lords,
When you ſhall know, (as in this Rage
Provok'd by him, you cannot) the great danger
Which this mans Life did owe you, you'l rejoyce
That he is thus cut off. Pleaſe it your Honours
To call me to your Senate, I'le deliver
My ſelf your Loyal Servant, or endure
Your heavieſt Cenſure.
1 *Lord.* Bear from hence his Body,
And mourn you for him. Let him be regarded
As the moſt Noble Coarſe, that ever Herald
Did follow to his Urn.
2 *Lord.* His own impatience
Takes from *Aufidius* a great part of blame:
Let's make the beſt of it.
Auf. My Rage is gone,
And I am ſtruck with Sorrow: Take him up:
Help three o'th' chiefeſt Souldiers; I'le be one.
Beat thou the Drum that it ſpeak mournfully:
Trail your ſteel Pikes. Though in this City he
Hath widowed and unchilded many a one,
Which to this hour bewail the Injury,
Yet he ſhall have a Noble memory. Aſſiſt.
[*Exeunt bearing the Body of* Martius. *A dead March Sounded.*

The Lamentable TRAGEDY OF Titus Andronicus.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter the Tribunes and Senators aloft. And then enter Saturninus *and his Followers at one door, and* Baſſianus *and his Followers at the other, with Drum and Colours.*

Saturninus.

Noble Patricians, Patrons of my right,
Defend the Juſtice of my Cauſe with Arms.
And Country-men, my loving Followers,
Plead my Succeſſive Title with your Swords.
I was the firſt-born Son of him that laſt
Wore the Imperial Diadem of *Rome*:
Then let my Fathers Honours live in me,
Nor wrong mine Age with this Indignity.

Baſſian. Romans, Friends, Followers,
Favourers of my Right:
If ever *Baſſianus*, *Cæſar*'s Son,
VVere gracious in the Eyes of Royal *Rome*,
Keep then this paſſage to the Capitol;
And ſuffer not Diſhonour to approach
Th'Imperial Seat to Virtue, Conſecrate
To Juſtice, Continence, and Nobility:
But let Deſert in pure Election ſhine;
And *Romans*, fight for Freedom in your Choice.

Enter Marcus Andronicus *aloft with the Crown.*

Princes that ſtrive by Factions, and my Friends,
Ambitiouſly for Rule and Empery:
Know, that the People of *Rome*, for whom we ſtand
A ſpecial Party, have by Common Voice
In Election for the *Roman* Empery,
Choſen *Andronicus*, Sur-nam'd *Pius*,
For many good and great deſerts to *Rome*.
A Nobler Man, a braver VVarior,
Lives not this day within the City VValls.
He by, the Senate is accited home
From weary VVars againſt the barbarous *Gothes*,
That with his Sons (a terror to our Foes)
Hath yoak'd a Nation ſtrong, train'd up in Arms.
Ten years are ſpent, ſince firſt he undertook
This Cauſe of *Rome*, and chaſtiſed with Arms
Our Enemies pride. Five times he hath return'd
Bleeding to *Rome*, bearing his valiant Sons
In Coffins from the Field.
And now at laſt, laden with Honours Spoyls,
Returns the good *Andronicus* to *Rome*,
Renowned *Titus*, flouriſhing in Arms.
Let us intreat, by Honour of his Name
VVhom (worthily) you would have now ſucceed,
And in the Capitol and Senates Right,
VVhom you pretend to Honour and Adore,
That you withdraw you, and abate your Strength,
Diſmiſs your Followers, and as Suiters ſhould,
Plead your Deſerts in Peace and Humbleneſs.

Saturnin. How fair the Tribune ſpeaks,
To calm my thoughts.

Baſſia. Marcus Andronicus, ſo I do affie
In thy Uprightneſs and Integrity:
And ſo I Love and Honour thee, and thine,
Thy Noble Brother *Titus*, and his Sons,
And her (to whom my thoughts are humbled all)
Gracious *Lavinia*, *Rome*'s rich Ornament,
That I will here diſmiſs my loving Friends:
And to my Fortunes, and the Peoples Favour,
Commit my Cauſe in ballance to be weigh'd.
[*Ex. Souldiers.*

Saturnin. Friends that have been
Thus forward in my Right,
I thank you all, and here diſmiſs you all,
And to the Love and Favour of my Countrey,
Commit my Self, my Perſon, and the Cauſe:
Rome, be as juſt and gracious unto me,
As I am confident and kind to thee.
Open the Gates, and let me in.

Baſſia. Tribunes, and me, a poor Competitor.
[*They go up into the Senate-Houſe.*

Enter a Captain.

Cap. Romans, make way: the good *Andronicus*,
Patron of Virtue, *Rome*'s beſt Champion,
Succeſsful in the Battels that he fights,
VVith Honour and with Fortune is return'd,
From whence he circumſcribed with his Sword,
And brought to yoke the Enemies of *Rome*.

Sound Drums and Trumpets. And then Enter two of Titus's *Sons: After them, two Men bearing a Coffin covered with black, then two other Sons. After them,* Titus Andronicus, *and then* Tamora, *the Queen of* Gothes, *and her two Sons,* Chiron *and* Demetrius, *with* Aaron *the Moor, and others, as many as can be: They ſet down the Coffin, and* Titus *ſpeaks.*

Andronicus. Hail, *Rome*:

Victorious in thy mourning Weeds:
Loe as the Bark that hath diſcharg'd her Fraught,
Returns with precious lading to the Bay,
From whence at firſt ſhe weigh'd her Anchorage:
Cometh *Andronicus* bound with Laurel Boughs,
To reſalute his Country with his Tears,
Tears of true Joy for his return to *Rome*,
Thou great Defender of this Capitol,
Stand gracious to the Rites that we intend.
Romans, of five and twenty Valiant Sons,
Half of the number that King *Priam* had,
Behold the Poor remains alive and dead!
Theſe that Survive, let *Rome* reward with Love:
Theſe that I bring unto their lateſt home,
With burial amongſt their Anceſtors.
Here *Gothes* have given me leave to ſheath my Sword:
Titus unkind, and careleſs of thine own,
Why ſuffer'ſt thou thy Sons unburied yet,
To hover on the dreadful ſhore of Styx?
Make way to lay them by their Brethren.
[*They open the Tomb.*

There greet in ſilence as the dead are wont,
And ſleep in peace, ſlain in your Countries Wars:
O ſacred receptacle of my Joys,
Sweet Cell of Virtue and Nobility,
How many Sons of mine haſt thou in ſtore,
That thou wilt never render to me more?
Luc. Give us the proudeſt Priſoner of the *Gothes*,
That we may hew his Limbs, and on a Pile,
Ad manes fratrum, Sacrifice his Fleſh,
Before this Earthly priſon of their Bones,
That ſo the ſhadows be not unappeas'd,
Nor we diſturb'd with Prodigies on Earth.
Tit. I give him you, the Nobleſt that ſurvives,
The Eldeſt Son of this diſtreſſed Queen.
Tam. Stay, *Roman* Brethren, gracious Conquerour,
Victorious *Titus*, ruth the Tears I ſhed, i.e. pity
A Mothers Tears in paſſion for her Son:
And if thy Sons were ever dear to thee,
Oh think my Sons to be as dear to me.
Sufficeth not, that we are brought to *Rome*,
To beautifie thy Triumphs, and return
Captive to thee, and to thy *Roman* Yoak;
But muſt my Sons be ſlaughtred in the Streets,
For Valiant doings in their Countries Cauſe?
O! If to fight for King and Common-weal,
Were Piety in thine, it is in theſe:
Andronicus, ſtain not thy Tomb with blood.
Wilt thou draw near the Nature of the Gods?
Draw near them then in being merciful,
Sweet mercy is Nobilities true badge,
Thrice Noble *Titus*, ſpare my firſt born-ſon.
Tit. Patient your ſelf, Madam, and pardon me.
Theſe are the Brethren, whom you *Gothes* behold
Alive and dead, and for their Brethren ſlain,
Religiouſly they ask a Sacrifice;
To this your Son is markt, and die he muſt,
To appeaſe their groaning ſhadows that are gone.
Luc. Away with him, and make a Fire ſtreight.
And with our Swords upon a Pile of Wood,
Let's hew his Limbs till they be clean conſum'd.
[*Exeunt Sons with* Alarbus.
Tam. O cruel irreligious Piety.
Chi. Was ever *Scythia* half ſo barbarous?
Dem. Oppoſe me, *Scythia*, to ambitious *Rome*, !
Alarbus go to reſt, and we ſurvive,
To tremble under *Titus*'s threatning looks,
Then, Madam, ſtand reſolv'd, but hope withall,
The ſelf-ſame Gods that arm'd the Queen of *Troy*,
With opportunity of ſharp Revenge
Upon the *Thracian* Tyrant in his Tent,
May favour *Tamora*, the Queen of *Gothes*,
(When *Gothes* were *Gothes*, and *Tamora* was Queen)
To quit the bloody Wrongs upon her Foes.

Enter the Sons of Andronicus *again.*

Luc. See, Lord and Father, how we have perform'd
Our *Roman* Rites, *Alarbus*'s Limbs are lopt,
And Intrals feed the ſacrificing Fire,
Whoſe Smoke, like Incenſe doth perfume the Skye.
Remaineth nought but to inter our Brethren,
And with loud Larums welcome them to *Rome*.
Tit. Let it be ſo, and let *Andronicus*
Make this his lateſt farewel to their Souls.

Then Sound Trumpets, and lay the Coffins in the Tomb.

In Peace and Honour reſt you here, my Sons,
Romes readieſt Champions, repoſe you here in reſt,
Secure from worldly Chances and Miſhaps:
Here lurks no Treaſon, here no Envy ſwells,
Here grow no damned Grudges, here no ſtorms,
No noiſe, but ſilence and Eternal ſleep:
In Peace and Honour reſt you here, my Sons.
Enter Lavinia.
Lav. In Peace and Honour, live Lord *Titus* long,
My Noble Lord and Father, live in Fame:
Loe at this Tomb, my tributary Tears
I render for my Brethrens Obſequies:
And at thy Feet I kneel with Tears of Joy
Shed on the Earth, for thy return to *Rome*.
O bleſs me here with thy victorious hand,
Whoſe Fortune *Romes* beſt Citizens applaud.
Tit. Kind *Rome*,
That haſt thus lovingly reſerv'd
The Cordial of mine Age, to glad mine Heart,
Lavinia, live, out-live thy Fathers days:
And Fames Eternal date for Virtues praiſe.
Mar. Long live Lord *Titus*, my beloved Brother,
Gracious Triumpher in the Eyes of *Rome*.
Tit. Thanks, gentle Tribune,
Noble Brother *Marcus*.
Mar. And welcome Nephews from ſucceſsful Wars,
You that ſurvive, and you that ſleep in Fame:
Fair Lords, your Fortunes are all alike in all,
That in your Countreys Service drew your Swords.
But ſafer Triumph is this Funeral Pomp,
That hath aſpir'd to *Solons* happineſs,
And Triumphs over Chance in Honours bed.
Titus Andronicus, the People of *Rome*,
Whoſe Friend in Juſtice thou haſt ever been,
Send thee by me their Tribune, and their truſt,
This Palliament of white and ſpotleſs Hue,
And name thee in Election for the Empire
With theſe our late deceaſed Emperours Sons:
Be *Candidates* then, and put it on,
And help to ſet a Head on headleſs *Rome*.
Tit. A better Head her Glorious body fits,
Then his that ſhakes for age and feebleneſs:
What ſhould I d'on this Robe and trouble you?
Be choſen with Proclamations to day,
To morrow yield up Rule, reſign my Life,
And ſet abroach new buſineſs for you all.
Rome, I have been thy Souldier forty years,
And led my Countries ſtrength ſucceſsfully,
And buried one and twenty Valiant Sons,
Knighted in Field, ſlain manfully in Arms,
In Right and Service of their Noble Country:
Give me a ſtaff of Honour for mine Age,
But not a Scepter to controul the World,
Upright he held it, Lords, that held it laſt.
Mar. Titus, thou ſhalt obtain and ask the Empery.
Sat. Proud and ambitious Tribune, can'ſt thou tell?
Titus. Patience, Prince *Saturninus*.
Sat. Romans, do me right.
Patricians draw your Swords, and ſheath them not,
Till *Saturninus* be *Romes* Emperour:

Andronicus, would thou wert ſhipt to Hell,
Rather than rob me of the Peoples Hearts.
Luc. Proud *Saturnine*, interrupter of the good
That Noble-minded *Titus* means to thee.
Tit. Content thee Prince, I will reſtore to thee,
The Peoples Hearts, and wean them from themſelves.
Baſs. *Andronicus*, I do not flatter thee,
But Honour thee, and will do till I die :
My Faction, if thou ſtrengthen with thy Friends,
I will moſt thankful be, and Thanks to men
Of Noble minds is Honourable Meed.
Tit. People of *Rome*, and Noble Tribunes here,
I ask your Voices, and your Suffrages,
Will you beſtow them friendly on *Andronicus* ?
Tri. To gratifie the good *Andronicus*,
And gratulate his ſafe return to *Rome*,
The People will accept whom he admits.
Tit. Tribunes, I thank you, and this ſuit I make,
That you create your Emperours Eldeſt Son,
Lord *Saturnine*, whoſe Virtues will, I hope,
Reflect on *Rome*, as Titans Rays on Earth,
And ripen Juſtice in this Common-weal :
Then if you will Elect by my adviſe,
Crown him, and ſay, Long live our Emperour.
Mar. An. With Voices and applauſe of every ſort,
Patricians and Plebeians, we Create
Lord *Saturninus*, *Romes* Great Emperour.
And ſay, *Long live our Emperour*, Saturnine.
[*A long Flouriſh till they come down.*
Sat. *Titus Andronicus*, for thy Favours done,
To us in our Election this day,
I give thee thanks in part of thy Deſerts,
And will with deeds requite thy gentleneſs :
And for an Onſet, *Titus*, to advance
Thy Name, and Honourable Family,
Lavinia will I make my Empereſs,
Romes Royal Miſtreſs, Miſtreſs of my Heart,
And in the Sacred *Pantheon* her Eſpouſe :
Tell me, *Andronicus*, doth this Motion pleaſe thee ?
Tit. It doth, my worthy Lord, and in this Match,
I hold me highly Honour’d of your Grace,
And here in ſight of *Rome*, to *Saturnine*,
King and Commander of our Common-weal,
The wide Worlds Emperour, do I Conſecrate
My Sword, my Chariot, and my Priſoners,
Preſents well worthy *Romes* Imperial Lord.
Receive them then, the Tribute that I owe,
Mine Honours Enſignes humbled at my Feet.
Sat. Thanks Noble *Titus*, Father of my Life,
How proud I am of thee, and of thy Gifts,
Rome ſhall record, and when I do forget
The leaſt of theſe unſpeakable Deſerts,
Romans forget your Fealty to me.
Tit. Now, Madam, are you Priſoner to an Emperour,
To him that for your Honour and your State,
Will uſe you Nobly, and your Followers.
Sat. A goodly Lady, truſt me of the Hue
That I would chuſe, were I to chuſe a new :
Cleer up, Fair Queen, that cloudy countenance,
Though chance of War hath wrought this change of cheer,
Thou com’ſt not to be made a ſcorn in *Rome* :
Princely ſhall be thy uſage every way.
Reſt on my word, and let not diſcontent
Daunt all your hopes : Madam, he comforts you,
Can make your Greater than the Queen of *Gothes* ?
Lavinia, you are not diſpleas’d with this ?
Lav. Not I, my Lord, ſith true Nobility
Warrants theſe words in Princely Courteſie.
Sat. Thanks, ſweet *Lavinia*, *Romans*, let us go :
Ranſomleſs here we ſet our Priſoners free,
Proclaim our Honours, Lords, with Trumpet and Drum.
Baſs. Lord *Titus* by your leave this Maid is mine.
Tit. How, Sir ? Are you in earneſt then, my Lord ?
Baſs. I, Noble *Titus*, and reſolv’d withall,
To do my ſelf this reaſon, and this right.
Mar. *Suum cuique*, is our *Roman* Juſtice :
This Prince in Juſtice ſeiſeth but his own.
Luc. And that he will, and ſhall, if *Lucius* live.
Tit. Traytors, avant, where is the Emperours Guard ?
Treaſon, my Lord, *Lavinia* is ſurpris’d.
Sat. Surpris’d, by whom ?
Baſs. By him that juſtly may
Bear his Betroth’d from all the World away.
Mut. Brothers, help to convey her hence away.
And with my Sword I’le keep the door cloſe.
Tit. Follow, my Lord, and I’le ſoon bring her back.
Mut. My Lord, you paſs not here.
Tit. What Villain, Boy, barr’ſt me my way in *Rome* ?
Mut. Help, *Lucius*, help. [*He kills him.*
Lu. My Lord, you are unjuſt, and more than ſo,
In wrongful Quarrel you have ſlain your Son.
Tit. Nor thou, nor he, are any Sons of mine.
My Sons would never ſo diſhonour me.
Traytor, reſtore *Lavinia* to the Emperour.
Luc. Dead, if you will, but not to be his VVife,
That is anothers lawful promis’d Love.

Enter aloft the Emperour with Tamora, *and her two Sons, and* Aaron *the Moor.*

Emp. No, *Titus*, no, the Emperour needs her not,
Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy ſtock :
I’le truſt by leiſure him that mocks me once,
Thee never, nor thy Traiterous haughty Sons,
Confederates all, thus to diſhonour me.
Was there none elſe in *Rome* to make a ſtale of
But *Saturnine* ? Full well, *Andronicus*
Agree theſe Deeds, with that proud Brag of thine,
That ſaid’ſt, I begg’d the Empire at thy hands.
Tit. O monſtrous, what reproachful words are theſe ?
Sat. But go thy ways, go give that changing piece,
To him that flouriſh’d for her with his Sword :
A Valiant Son in Law thou ſhalt enjoy :
One, fit to bandy with thy lawleſs Sons,
To ruffle in the Common-wealth of *Rome*.
Tit. Theſe words are Razors to my wounded Heart.
Sat. And therefore, lovely *Tamora*, Queen of *Gothes*,
That like the ſtately *Phœbe* ’mongſt her Nymphs,
Doſt over-ſhine the Gallant’ſt Dames of *Rome*,
If thou be pleas’d with this my ſudden Choice,
Behold I chuſe thee, *Tamora*, for my Bride,
And will Create thee Empereſs of *Rome*.
Speak, Queen of *Gothes*, doſt thou applaud my Choice ?
And here I ſwear by all the *Roman* Gods,
Sith Prieſt and Holy-water are ſo near,
And Tapers burn ſo bright, and every thing
In readineſs for *Hymeneus* ſtand,
I will not re-ſalute the Streets of *Rome*,
Or climb my Palace, till from forth this place
I lead eſpous’d my Bride along with me.
Tam. And here in ſight of Heaven to *Rome* I ſwear,
If *Saturnine* advance the Queen of *Gothes*,
She will a Hand-maid be to his deſires.
A loving Nurſe, a Mother to his Youth.
Sat. Aſcend, Fair Queen,
Pantheon Lords, accompany
Your Noble Emperour, and his lovely Bride,
Sent by the Heavens for Prince *Saturnine*,
Whoſe VViſdom hath her Fortune Conquered,
There ſhall we Conſummate our Sponſal Rites.
[*Exeunt omnes.*
Tit. I am not bid to wait upon this Bride.
Titus when wer’t thou wont to walk alone,
Diſhonoured thus, and Challenged of wrongs ?

Enter Marcus *and* Titus’s *Sons.*

Mar. O *Titus* ſee, O ſee what thou haſt done !

In a bad quarrel ſlain a Vertuous Son.
Tit. No, fooliſh Tribune, no: No Son of mine,
Nor thou, nor theſe Confederates in the deed,
That hath diſhonoured all our Family,
Unworthy Brother, and unworthy Sons.
Luc. But let us give him Burial as becomes.
Give *Mutius* Burial with our Brethren.
Tit. Traitors away, he reſts not in this Tomb:
This Monument five hundred years hath ſtood,
Which I have ſumptuouſly re-edified:
Here none but Souldiers, and *Romes* Servitors,
Repoſe in Fame: None baſely ſlain in Brawls.
Bury him where you can, he comes not here.
Mar. My Lord, this is Impiety in you,
My Nephew *Mutius*'s deeds do plead for him,
He muſt be buried with his Brethren.
[Titus's *two Sons ſpeak.*
2 Sons. And ſhall, or him we will accompany.
Tit. And ſhall! What Villain was it ſpake that word?
[Titus's *Son ſpeaks.*
1 Son. He that would vouch it in any place but here.
Tit. What would you bury him in my deſpight?
Mar. No, Noble *Titus*, but intreat of thee,
To pardon *Mutius*, and to bury him.
Tit. *Marcus*, even thou haſt ſtruck upon my Creſt,
And with theſe Boys mine Honour thou haſt wounded,
My Foes, I do repute you every one.
So trouble me no more, but get you gone.
1 Son. He is not himſelf, let us withdraw.
2 Son. Not I, till *Mutius* Bones be buried.
[*The Brother and the Sons kneel.*
Mar. Brother, for in that name doth Nature plead.
2 Son. Father, and in that Name doth Nature ſpeak.
Tit. Speak thou no more, if all the reſt will ſpeed.
Mar. Renowned *Titus*, more than half my Soul.
Luc. Dear Father, ſoul and ſubſtance of us all.
Mar. Suffer thy Brother *Marcus* to inter
His Noble Nephew here in Virtues neſt,
That died in Honour, and *Lavinias* Cauſe.
Thou art a *Roman*, be not barbarous:
The *Greeks* upon advice did bury *Ajax*
That ſlew himſelf: And *Laertes* Son
Did graciouſly plead for his Funerals:
Let not young *Mutius* then, that was thy joy,
Be barr'd his entrance here.
Tit. Riſe, *Marcus*, riſe,
The diſmall'ſt day is this that e're I ſaw,
To be diſhonoured by my Sons in *Rome*:
Well, bury him, and bury me the next.
[*They put him in the Tomb.*
Luc. There lie thy Bones, ſweet *Mutius*, with thy friends,
Till we with Trophies do adorn thy Tomb.
[*They all kneel and ſay.*
No Man ſhed tears for Noble *Mutius*.
He lives in Fame, that di'd in Virtues Cauſe. [*Exit.*
Mar. My Lord, to ſtep out of theſe ſudden dumps,
How comes it that the ſubtle Queen of *Gothes*
Is of a ſudden thus advanc'd in *Rome*?
Tit. I know not, *Marcus*: but I know it is,
(Whether by deviſe or no) the Heavens can tell,
Is ſhe not then beholding to the man,
That brought her for this high good turn ſo far?
Yes, and will Nobly him remunerate.

Flouriſh. Enter the Emperour, Tamora, *and her two Sons, with the Moor at one Door. Enter at the other Door* Baſſianus *and* Lavinia *with others.*

Sat. So, *Baſſianus*, you have plaid your prize,
God give you joy, Sir, of your Gallant Bride.
Baſ. And you of yours, my Lord: I ſay no more,
Nor wiſh no leſs, and ſo I take my leave.
Sat. Traitor, if *Rome* have Law, or we have Power,
Thou and thy Faction ſhall repent this Rape.
Baſ. Rape call you it, my Lord, to ſeiſe my own,
My true betrothed Love, and now my Wife?
But let the Laws of *Rome* determine all,
Mean while I am poſſeſt of that is mine.
Sat. 'Tis good, Sir: you are very ſhort with us,
But if we live, we'll be as ſharp with you.
Baſ. My Lord, what I have done, as I may,
Anſwer I muſt, and ſhall do with my Life,
Only thus much I give your Grace to know,
By all the duties that I owe to *Rome*,
This Noble Gentleman, Lord *Titus* here,
Is in opinion and in honour wrong'd,
That in the reſcue of *Lavinia*,
With his own hand did ſlay his youngeſt Son,
In zeal to you, and highly mov'd to wrath,
To be controll'd in that he frankly gave:
Receive him then to favour, *Saturnine*,
That hath expreſt himſelf in all his deeds,
A Father and a Friend to thee, and *Rome*.
Tit. Prince *Baſſianus*, leave to plead my Deeds,
'Tis thou, and thoſe, that have diſhonour'd me,
Rome and the Righteous Heavens be my Judge,
How I have lov'd and honour'd *Saturnine*.
Tam. My worthy Lord, if ever *Tamora*
Were gracious in thoſe Princely Eyes of thine,
Then hear me ſpeak indifferently for all:
And at my Suit (Sweet) pardon what is paſt.
Sat. What, Madam, be diſhonoured openly,
And baſely put it up without Revenge?
Tam. Not ſo, my Lord,
The Gods of *Rome* fore-fend,
I ſhould be Author to diſhonour you,
But on mine Honour dare I undertake
For good Lord *Titus*'s innocence in all:
Whoſe Fury not diſſembled ſpeaks his griefs;
Then at my Suit look graciouſly on him,
Loſe not ſo Noble a Friend on vain ſuppoſe,
Nor with ſowre looks afflict his gentle Heart.
My Lord, be rul'd by me, be won at laſt,
Diſſemble all your Griefs and Diſcontents,
You are but newly planted in your Throne;
Leſt then the People, and Patricians too,
Upon a juſt ſurvey take *Titus* part,
And ſo ſupplant us for Ingratitude,
Which *Rome* reputes to be a hainous ſin.
Yield at intreats, and then let me alone:
I'le find a day to maſſacre them all,
And raze their Faction, and their Family,
The cruel Father, and his Traiterous Sons,
To whom I ſued for my dear Sons Life;
And make them know what 'tis to let a Queen
Kneel in the Streets, and beg for Grace in vain.
Come, come, ſweet Emperour, (come *Andronicus*)
Take up this good old Man, and chear the Heart,
That dies in tempeſt of thy angry frown.
Sat. Riſe, *Titus*, riſe,
My Empereſs hath prevail'd.
Tit. I thank your Majeſty,
And her, my Lord.
Theſe words, theſe looks,
Infuſe new Life in me.
Tam. *Titus*, I am incorporate in *Rome*,
A *Roman* now adopted happily:
And muſt adviſe the Emperour for his good,
This day all quarrels die, *Andronicus*,
And let it be my Honour, good my Lord,
That I have reconcil'd your Friends and you.
For you, Prince *Baſſianus*, I have paſt
My word and promiſe to the Emperour,
That you will be more mild and tractable.
And fear not, Lords:
And you, *Lavinia*,
By my adviſe all humbled on your Knees,
You ſhall ask Pardon of his Majeſty.

Son. We do,
And vow to Heaven, and to his Highneſs,
That what he did, was mildly, as we might,
Tendring our Siſters Honour and our own.
Mar. That on mine Honour here I do proteſt.
Sat. Away, and talk not, trouble us no more.
Tam. Nay, nay,
Sweet Emperour, we muſt all be friends,
The Tribune and his Nephews kneel for Grace,
I will not be denied, Sweet-heart, look back.
Sat. Marcus,
For thy ſake and thy Brothers here,
And at my lovely *Tamora*'s intreats,
I do remit theſe young mens heinous faults.
Stand up, *Lavinia*, though you left me like a churl,
I found a Friend, and ſure as death I ſwear,
I would not part a Batchelor from the Prieſt.
Come, if the Emperours Court can feaſt two Brides,
You are my Gueſt, *Lavinia*, and your Friends:
This day ſhall be a Love-day, *Tamora*.
Tit. To morrow, and it pleaſe your Majeſty,
To hunt the Panther and the Hart with me,
With Horn and Hound,
We'l give your Grace *Bon jour.*
Sat. Be it ſo, *Titus*, and Gramercy too. [*Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus.

Enter Aaron *alone.*

Aaron. Now climbeth *Tamora* Olympus top,
Safe out of Fortunes ſhot, and ſits aloft,
Secure of Thunders crack, or Lightning flaſh,
Advanc'd above pale Envies threatning reach:
As when the golden Sun ſalutes the morn,
And having gilt the Ocean with his Beams,
Gallops the Zodiack in his gliſtring Coach,
And over-looks the higheſt piring Hills:
So *Tamora*.
Upon her Wit doth early Honour wait,
And Virtue ſtoops and trembles at her frown.
Then *Aaron* arm thy Heart, and fit thy Thoughts,
To mount aloft with thy Emperial Miſtreſs,
And mount her pitch, whom thou in triumph long
Haſt Priſoner held, fettred in amorous Chains,
And faſter bound to *Aarons* charming Eyes,
Than is *Prometheus* ty'd to *Caucaſus*.
Away with ſlaviſh weeds, and idle thoughts,
I will be bright, and ſhine in Pearl and Gold,
To wait upon this new made Empereſs,
To wait, ſaid I? To wanton with this Queen,
This Goddeſs, this *Semiramis*, this Queen,
This *Syren*, that will charm *Rome's Saturnine*,
And ſee his ſhipwrack, and his Common-weals.
Holla, what ſtorm is this?

Enter Chiron *and* Demetrius *braving.*

Dem. Chiron, thy years want Wit, thy wit wants edge
And manners to intrude where I am grac'd,
And may for ought thou know'ſt affected be.
Chi. Demetrius, thou doſt over-ween in all,
And ſo in this, to bear me down with Braves,
'Tis not the difference of a year or two
Makes me leſs Gracious, or thee more Fortunate:
I am as able, and as fit as thou,
To ſerve, and to deſerve my Miſtreſs Grace,
And that my Sword upon thee ſhall approve,
And plead my paſſions for *Lavinia*'s love.
Aar. Clubs, Clubs, theſe Lovers will not keep the Peace.
Dem. Why Boy, although our Mother (unadvis'd)
Gave you a dancing Rapier by your ſide,
Are you ſo deſperate grown to threat your Friends?
Go to: have your Lath glued within your Sheath,
Till you know better how to handle it.
Chi. Mean while, Sir, with the little skill I have,
Full well ſhalt thou perceive how much I dare.
Dem. I Boy, grow ye ſo brave? [*They draw.*
Aar. Why now, Lords?
So near the Emperours Palace dare you draw?
And maintain ſuch a Quarrel openly?
Full well I wot, the ground of all this grudg.
I would not for million of Gold,
The cauſe were known to them it moſt concerns.
Nor would your Noble Mother for much more
Be ſo diſhonoured in the Court of *Rome*.
For ſhame put up.
Dem. Not I, till I have ſheath'd
My Rapier in his Boſom, and withal
Thruſt theſe reproachful ſpeeches down his Throat,
That he hath breath'd in my diſhonour here.
Chi. For that I am prepar'd, and full reſolv'd,
Foul ſpoken Coward,
That thundreſt with thy Tongue,
And with thy Weapon nothing dar'ſt perform.
Aar. Away, I ſay.
Now by the Gods that warlike *Goths* adore,
This pretty brabble will undo us all:
Why Lords, and think you not how dangerous
It is to ſet upon a Princes right?
What is *Lavinia* then become ſo looſe,
Or *Baſſianus* ſo degenerate,
That for her love ſuch Quarrels may be broacht,
Without Controulment, Juſtice, or Revenge?
Young Lords, beware, and ſhould the Empreſs know
This diſcord's ground, the Muſick would not pleaſe.
Chi. I care not, I, knew ſhe and all the World,
I love *Lavinia* more than all the World.
Dem. Youngling,
Learn thou to make ſome better choice,
Lavinia is thine elder Brothers hope.
Aar. Why are ye mad? Or know ye not in *Rome*
How furious and impatient they be,
And cannot brook Competitors in love?
I tell you, Lords, you do but plot your Deaths
By this deviſe.
Chi. Aaron, a thouſand deaths would I propoſe,
To atchieve her whom I do love.
Aar. To atchieve her, how?
Dem. Why mak'ſt thou it ſo ſtrange?
She is a Woman, therefore may be woo'd,
She is a Woman, therefore may be won,
She is *Lavinia*, therefore muſt be lov'd.
What man, more Water glideth by the Mill
Than wots the Miller of, and eaſie it is
Of a cut Loaf to ſteal a Shive we know:
Though *Baſſianus* be the Emperours Brother,
Better than he have yet worn *Vulcans* badge.
Aar. I, and as good as *Saturninus* may.
Dem. Then why ſhould he deſpair that knows to court it
With words, fair looks, and liberality?
What haſt thou not full often ſtruck a Doe,
And born her cleanly by the Keepers Noſe?
Aar. Why then it ſeems ſome certain ſnatch or ſo
Would ſerve your turns.
Chi. I, ſo the turn were ſerved.
Dem. Aaron, thou haſt hit it.
Aar. Would you had hit it too,
Then ſhould not we be tir'd with this ado:
Why, hark ye, hark ye, and are you ſuch Fools,
To ſquare for this? Would it offend you then?
Chi. Faith, not me.
Dem. Nor me, ſo I were one.
Aar. For ſhame be friends, and joyn for that you jar.
'Tis policy and ſtratagem muſt do
That you affect, and ſo muſt you reſolve,

That what you cannot as you would atchieve,
You muſt perforce accompliſh as you may:
Take this of me, *Lucrece* was not more chaſt
Than this *Lavinia*, *Baſſianus*'s Love,
A ſpeedier courſe this lingring languiſhment
Muſt we purſue, and I have found the path:
My Lords, a ſolemn hunting is in hand,
There will the lovely *Roman* Ladies troop:
The Forreſt walks are wide and ſpacious,
And many unfrequented Plots there are,
Fitted by kind for Rape and Villany:
Single you thither then this dainty Doe,
And ſtrike her home by force, if not by words:
This way, or not at all, ſtand you in hope.
Come, come, our Empreſs with her Sacred Wit
To Villany and Vengeance conſecrate,
Will we acquaint with all that we intend,
And ſhe ſhall file our Engines with advice,
That will not ſuffer you to ſquare your ſelves,
But to your wiſhes height advance you both.
The Emperours Court is like the Houſe of Fame,
The Palace full of Tongues, of Eyes, of Ears:
The Woods are ruthleſs, dreadful, deaf, and dull:
There ſpeak, and ſtrike, brave Boys, and take your turns.
There ſerve your luſts, ſhadow'd from Heavens Eye,
And revel in *Lavinia*'s Treaſury.

Chi. Thy Counſel, Lad, ſmells of no Cowardiſe.

Dem. Si fas aut nefas, till I find the ſtreams
To cool this heat: a Charm to calm their fits,
Per Styga, per Manes vehor. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Titus Andronicus *and his three Sons, making a noiſe with Hounds and Horns, and* Marcus.

Tit. The hunt is up, the Morn is bright and gray,
The Fields are fragrant, and the Woods are green,
Uncouple here, and let us make a Bay,
And wake the Emperour and his lovely Bride,
And rouze the Prince, and ring a Hunters peal,
That all the Court may Eccho with the noiſe.
Sons, let it be your charge, as it is ours,
To attend the Emperours perſon carefully:
I have been troubled in my ſleep this Night,
But dawning Day new comfort hath inſpir'd.

Wind Horns. Here a cry of Hounds, and wind Horns in a Peal, then enter Saturninus, Tamora, Baſſianus, Lavinia, Chiron, Demetrius, *and their Attendants.*

Tit. Many Good morrows to your Majeſty,
Madam, to you, as many and as good.
I promiſed your Grace a Hunters Peal.

Sat. And you have rung it luſtily, my Lords,
Somewhat too early for new married Ladies.

Baſ. Lavinia, How ſay you?

Lav. I ſay, no:
I have been awake two hours and more.

Sat. Come on then, Horſe and Chariots let us have,
And to our ſport: Madam, now ſhall ye ſee
Our *Roman* Hunting.

Mar. I have Dogs, my Lord,
Will rouze the proudeſt Panther in the Chaſe,
And climb the higheſt Promontory top.

Tit. And I have Horſe will follow, where the Game
Makes away, and run like Swallows o're the plain.

Dem. Chiron, we hunt not, we, with Horſe nor Hound,
But hope to pluck a dainty Doe to Ground. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Aaron *alone.*

Aar. He that had Wit, would think that I had none,
To bury ſo much Gold under a Tree,
And never after to inherit it.
Let him that thinks of me ſo abjectly,
Know that this Gold muſt coin a ſtratagem,
Which cunningly effected, will beget
A very excellent piece of Villany:
And ſo repoſe ſweet Gold for their unreſt,
That have their Alms out of the Empreſs Cheſt.

Enter Tamora *to the* Moor.

Tam. My lovely *Aaron*,
Wherefore look'ſt thou ſad,
When every thing doth make a Gleeful boaſt?
The Birds chaunt melody on every buſh,
The Snake lies rolled in the chearful Sun,
The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,
And make a checquer'd ſhadow on the ground:
Under their ſweet ſhade, *Aaron*, let us ſit,
And whil'ſt the babling Eccho mocks the Hounds,
Replying ſhrilly to the well-tun'd Horns,
As if a double hunt were heard at once,
Let us ſit down and mark their yelping noiſe:
And after conflict ſuch as was ſuppos'd
The wandring Prince and *Dido* once enjoy'd,
When with a happy ſtorm they were ſurpriz'd,
And Curtain'd with a Counſel-keeping Cave,
We may each wreathed in the others arms,
(Our paſtimes done) poſſeſs a Golden ſlumber,
Whiles Hounds and Horns, and ſweet Melodious Birds
Be unto us, as is a Nurſes Song
Of Lullaby, to bring her Babe aſleep.

Aar. Madam,
Though *Venus* govern your deſires,
Saturn is Dominator over mine:
What ſignifies my deadly ſtanding Eye,
My ſilence, and my Cloudy Melancholy,
My Fleece of Woolly Hair, that now uncurls,
Even as an Adder when ſhe doth unrowl
To do ſome fatal Execution?
No, Madam, theſe are no Venereal ſigns,
Vengeance is in my Heart, death in my Hand,
Blood and revenge are hammering in my Head,
Hark, *Tamora*, the Empreſs of my Soul,
Which never hopes more Heaven, than reſts in thee,
This is the Day of Doom for *Baſſianus*;
His *Philomel* muſt loſe her Tongue to Day;
Thy Sons make Pillage of her Chaſtity,
And waſh their Hands in *Baſſianus*'s Blood.
Seeſt thou this Letter, take it up I pray thee.
And give the King this fatal plotted Scrowl;
Now queſtion me no more, we are eſpied,
Here comes a parcel of our hopeful Booty,
Which dreads not yet their lives deſtruction.

Enter Baſſianus *and* Lavinia.

Tam. Ah my ſweet *Moor*,
Sweeter to me than Life.

Aar. No more, Great Empreſs, *Baſſianus* comes,
Be croſs with him, and I'le go fetch thy Sons
To back thy Quarrels whatſoe're they be.

Baſ. Whom have we here?
Romes Royal Empreſs,
Unfurniſh'd of our well-beſeeming troop?
Or is it *Dian* habited like her,
Who hath abandoned her holy Groves,
To ſee the general Hunting in this Foreſt?

Tam. Sawcy controller of our private ſteps:
Had I the Power that ſome ſay *Dian* had,
Thy Temples ſhould be planted preſently
With Horns as was *Actæons*, and the Hounds
Should drive upon his new transformed limbs,
Unmannerly Intruder as thou art.

Lav. Under your Patience, gentle Empreſs,
'Tis thought you have a goodly gift in Horning,
And to be doubted, that your *Moor* and you
Are ſingled forth to try Experiments:
Jove ſhield your Husband from his Hounds to Day,
'Tis pity they ſhould take him for a Stag.

Baſ. Believe me, Queeen, your ſwarth Cymmerian

Doth make your Honour of his bodies hue,
Spotted, deteſted, and abominable.
Why are you ſequeſtred from all your train?
Diſmounted from your Snow-white goodly Steed,
And wandred hither to an obſcure plot,
Accompanied with a barbarous *Moor*,
If foul deſire had not conducted you?
Lav. And being intercepted in your ſport,
Great reaſon that my Noble Lord be rated
For Saucineſs; I pray you let us hence,
And let her joy her Raven-coloured love,
This valley fits the purpoſe paſſing well.
Baſ. The King my Brother ſhall have notice of this.
Lav. I, for theſe ſlips have made him noted long,
Good King, to be ſo mightily abuſed.
Tam. Why have I patience to endure all this?
Enter Chiron *and* Demetrius.
Dem. How now, dear Soveraign
And our gracious Mother,
Why doth your Highneſs look ſo pale and wan?
Tam. Have I not reaſon, think you, to look pale?
Theſe two have tic'd me hither to this place,
A barren, deteſted vale you ſee it is.
The Trees (though Summer) yet forlorn and lean,
O're-come with Moſs, and baleful Miſſelto.
Here never ſhines the Sun, here nothing breeds,
Unleſs the nightly Owl, or fatal Raven.
And when they ſhew'd me this abhorred Pit,
They told me, here at dead time of the night,
A thouſand Fiends, a thouſand hiſſing Snakes,
Ten thouſand ſwelling Toads, as many Urchins,
Would make ſuch fearful and confuſed cries,
As any mortal body hearing it,
Should ſtreight fall mad, or elſe die ſuddenly.
No ſooner had they told this helliſh Tale,
But ſtreight they told me they would bind me here,
Unto the body of a diſmal Yew,
And leave me to this miſerable death.
And then they call'd me foul Adultereſs,
Laſcivious *Goth*, and all the bittereſt terms
That ever Ears did hear to ſuch effect.
And had you not by wondrous fortune come,
This vengeance on me had they executed:
Revenge it, as you love your Mothers life,
Or be ye not henceforth call'd my Children.
Dem. This is a witneſs that I am thy Son. [*Stabs him.*
Chi. And this for me,
Struck home to ſhew my ſtrength.
Lav. I come *Semiramis*, nay Barbarous *Tamora*,
For no Name fits thy Nature but thy own.
Tam. Give me thy Poygnard: you ſhall know, my Boys,
Your Mothers hand ſhall right your Mothers wrong.
Dem. Stay, Madam, here is more belongs to her,
Firſt thraſh the Corn, then after burn the Straw:
This Minion ſtood upon her Chaſtity,
Upon her Nuptial Vow, her Loyalty,
And with that painted hope ſhe braves your Mightineſs,
And ſhall ſhe carry this unto her Grave?
Chi. And if ſhe do,
I would I were an Eunuch.
Drag hence her Husband to ſome ſecret Hole,
And make his dead Trunk Pillow to our Luſt.
Tam. But when ye have the Honey ye deſire,
Let not this Waſp out-live us both to ſting.
Chi. I warrant you, Madam, we will make that ſure;
Come Miſtreſs, now perforce we will enjoy,
That nice-preſerved honeſty of yours.
Lav. O *Tamora*, thou bear'ſt a Womans Face.
Tam. I will not hear her ſpeak, away with her.
Lav. Sweet Lords, intreat her hear me but a word.
Dem. Liſten, fair Madam, let it be your glory
To ſee her tears, but be your heart to them,
As unrelenting flints to drops of rain.
Lav. When did the Tygers young-ones teach the Dam?
O do not learn her wrath, ſhe taught it thee,
The Milk thou ſuck'ſt from her did turn to Marble,
Even at thy Teat thou had'ſt thy Tyranny,
Yet every Mother breeds not Sons alike,
Do thou intreat her ſhew a Woman pity.
Chi. What,
Would'ſt thou have me prove my ſelf a Baſtard?
Lav. 'Tis true,
The Raven doth not hatch a Lark,
Yet have I heard, O could I find it now,
The Lion mov'd with pity, did indure
To have his Princely Paws par'd all away.
Some ſay, that Ravens foſter forlorn Children,
The whil'ſt their own Birds famiſh in their neſts:
Oh be to me though thy hard heart ſay no,
Nothing ſo kind but ſomething pitiful.
Tam. I know not what it means, away with her.
Lav. Oh let me teach thee for my Fathers ſake,
That gave thee life, when well he might have ſlain thee:
Be not obdurate, open thy deaf Ears.
Tam. Had'ſt thou in Perſon ne're offended me,
Even for his ſake am I now pitileſs:
Remember, Boys, I pour'd forth tears in vain,
To ſave your Brother from the Sacrifice,
But fierce *Andronicus* would not relent,
Therefore away with her, and uſe her as you will,
The worſe to her, the better lov'd of me.
Lav. O *Tamora*,
Be call'd a gentle Queen,
And with thine own Hands kill me in this place,
For 'tis not life that I have begg'd ſo long,
Poor I was ſlain when *Baſſianus* dy'd.
Tam. What begg'ſt thou then? fond Woman, let me go.
Lav. 'Tis preſent death I beg, and one thing more,
That Womanhood denies my Tongue to tell,
Oh keep me from their worſe than killing luſt,
And tumble me into ſome loathſome Pit,
Where never mans Eye may behold my Body:
Do this, and be a Charitable Murderer.
Tam. So ſhould I rob my ſweet Sons of their Fee,
No, let them ſatisfie their Luſt on thee.
Dem. Away.
For thou haſt ſtaid us here too long.
Lav. No Grace?
No Woman-hood? Ah beaſtly Creature,
The blot and Enemy to our general name,
Confuſion all——
Chi. Nay then I'le ſtop your Mouth,
Bring thou her Husband,
This is the Hole where *Aaron* bid us hide him. [*Exeunt.*
Tam. Farewel, my Sons, ſee that ye make her ſure,
Ne're let my heart know merry cheer indeed,
Till all the *Andronici* be made away:
Now will I hence to ſeek my lovely *Moor*,
And let my ſpleenful Sons this Trul deflour. [*Exit.*

Enter Aaron *with two of* Titus's *Sons.*

Aaron. Come on, my Lords, the better foot before,
Straight will I bring you to the loathſome Pit,
Where I eſpied the Panther faſt aſleep.
Quin. My ſight is very dull what e're it bodes.
Mar. And mine, I promiſe you, were it not for ſhame
Well could I leave our ſport to ſleep a while.
Quin. What, art thou fallen?
What ſubtle Hole is this,
Whoſe Mouth is covered with Rude growing Briers,
Upon whoſe leaves are drops of new-ſhed-blood,
As freſh as morning Dew diſtill'd on flowers?
A very fatal place it ſeems to me:
Speak, Brother, haſt thou hurt thee with the fall?
Mar. Oh Brother,
With the diſmal'ſt object
That ever Eye with ſight made Heart lament.

Aar. Now will I fetch the King to find them here,
That he thereby may have a likely gueſs,
How theſe were they that made away his Brother.
[*Exit* Aaron.

Mar. Why doſt not comfort me and help me out,
From this unhallow'd and blood-ſtained Hole?
Quin. I am ſurpriz'd with an uncouth fear,
A chilling ſweat o're-runs my trembling joynts,
My heart ſuſpects more than mine eye can ſee.
Mar. To prove thou haſt a true divining heart,
Aaron and thou look down into this Den,
And ſee a fearful ſight of Blood and Death.
Quin. *Aaron* is gone,
And my compaſſionate heart
Will not permit mine Eyes once to behold
The thing whereat it trembles by ſurmiſe:
Oh tell me how it is, for ne're till now
Was I a Child, to fear I know not what.
Mar. Lord *Baſſianus* lies embrewed here,
All on a heap like to the ſlaughter'd Lamb,
In this deteſted, dark, blood-drinking pit.
Quin. If it be dark, how doſt thou know 'tis he?
Mar. Upon his bloody finger he doth wear
A precious Ring, that lightens all the Hole:
Which like a Taper in ſome Monument,
Doth ſhine upon the dead mans earthly Cheeks,
And ſhews the ragged intrails of the Pit:
So pale did ſhine the Moon on *Pyramus*,
When he by night lay bath'd in Maiden blood:
O Brother help me with thy fainting hand,
If fear hath made thee faint, as me it hath,
Out of this fell devouring receptacle,
As hateful as *Cocytus* miſtie mouth.
Quin. Reach me thy hand, that I may help thee out,
Or wanting ſtrength to do thee ſo much good,
I may be pluckt into the ſwallowing womb
Of this deep pit, poor *Baſſianus* Grave:
I have no ſtrength to pluck thee to the brink.
Mar. Nor I no ſtrength to climb without thy help.
Quin. Thy hand once more, I will not looſe again,
Till thou art here aloft, or I below:
Thou can'ſt not come to me, I come to thee. [*Both fall in.*

Enter the Emperour, Aaron *the* Moor.

Sat. Along with me, I'le ſee what hole is here,
And what he is that now is leapt into it.
Say, who art thou that lately did'ſt deſcend
Into this gaping Hollow of the Earth?
Mar. The unhappy Son of old *Andronicus*,
Brought hither in a moſt unlucky hour,
To find thy Brother *Baſſianus* dead.
Sat. My Brother dead? I know thou do'ſt but jeſt,
He and his Lady both are at the Lodg,
Upon the North-ſide of this pleaſant Chaſe,
'Tis not an hour ſince I left him there.
Mar. We know not where you left him all alive,
But out, alas, here have we found him dead.

Enter Tamora, Andronicus, *and* Lucius.

Tam. Where is my Lord, the King?
Sat. Here *Tamora*, though griev'd with killing grief.
Tam. Where is thy Brother *Baſſianus*?
Sat. Now to the bottom do'ſt thou ſearch my wound,
Poor *Baſſianus* here lies murthered.
Tam. Then all too late I bring this fatal writ,
The complot of this timeleſs Tragedy,
And wonder greatly that Man's Face can fold
In pleaſing ſmiles ſuch murderous Tyranny.
[*She giveth* Saturnine *a Letter.*

Saturninus *reads the Letter.*

And if we miſs to meet him handſomly,
Sweet Huntſman, Baſſianus, *'tis we mean,*
Do thou ſo much as dig the Grave for him,
Thou know'ſt our meaning, look for thy reward
Among the Nettles at the Elder tree:
Which over-ſhades the mouth of that ſame Pit,
Where we decreed to bury Baſſianus;
Do this, and purchaſe us thy laſting friends.

Sat. Oh *Tamora*, was ever heard the like?
This is the Pit, and this the Elder-tree,
Look, Sirs, if you can find the Huntſman out,
That ſhould have murthered *Baſſianus* here.
Aar. My gracious Lord, here is the Bag of Gold.
Sat. Two of thy whelps, fell Curs, of bloody kind
Have here bereft my Brother of his life:
Sirs, drag them from the Pit unto the Priſon,
There let them bide until we have devis'd
Some never heard-of torturing pain for them.
Tam. What are they in this Pit?
Oh wondrous thing!
How eaſily Murder is diſcovered?
Tit. High Emperour, upon my feeble Knee,
I beg this boon, with tears not lightly ſhed,
That this fell fault of my accurſed Sons,
Accurſed, if the faults be prov'd in them——
Sat. It it be prov'd? you ſee it is apparent,
Who found this Letter, *Tamora*, was it you?
Tam. *Andronicus* himſelf did take it up.
Tit. I did, my Lord,
Yet let me be their bail.
For by my Fathers reverend Tomb I vow
They ſhall be ready at your Highneſs Will,
To anſwer their ſuſpition with their lives.
Sat. Thou ſhalt not bail them, ſee thou follow me:
Some bring the murthered Body, ſome the Murtherers,
Let them not ſpeak a word, the Guilt is plain,
For by my Soul, were there worſe end than death,
That end upon them ſhould be executed.
Tam. *Andronicus*, I will intreat the King,
Fear not thy Sons, they ſhall do well enough.
Tit. Come *Lucius*, come,
Stay not to talk with them. [*Exeunt.*

Enter the Empreſs's Sons, with Lavinia, *her Hands cut off, and her Tongue cut out, and raviſht.*

Dem. So now go tell, and if thy tongue can ſpeak,
Who 'twas that cut thy tongue and raviſht thee.
Chi. Write down thy mind, bewray thy meaning ſo,
And if thy ſtumps will let thee play the Scribe.
Dem. See how with ſigns and tokens ſhe can ſcowl.
Chi. Go home,
Call for ſweet water, waſh thy hands.
Dem. She hath no tongue to call, nor hands to waſh.
And ſo let's leave her to her ſilent walks.
Chi. And 'twere my cauſe, I ſhould go hang my ſelf.
Dem. If thou had'ſt hands to help thee knit the Cord.
[*Exeunt.*

Wind Horns. *Enter* Marcus *from hunting to* Lavinia.

Mar. Who is this, my Niece, that flies away ſo faſt?
Couſin, a word, where is your Husband?
If I do dream, would all my wealth would wake me,
If I do wake, ſome Planet ſtrike me down,
That I may ſlumber in eternal ſleep.
Speak, gentle Niece, what ſtern ungentle hands
Hath lop'd and hew'd, and made thy Body bare
Of her two branches, thoſe ſweet Ornaments,
Whoſe circling ſhadows, Kings have ſought to ſleep in,
And might not gain ſo great a happineſs
As half thy love? why do'ſt not ſpeak to me?
Alas, a Crimſon River of warm blood,
Like to a bubling Fountain ſtir'd with Wind,
Doth riſe and fall between thy roſed lips,
Coming and going with thy Honey breath.

But ſure ſome *Tereus* hath deflour'd thee,
And leſt thou ſhould'ſt detect them, cut thy Tongue,
Ah, now thou turn'ſt away thy Face for ſhame!
And notwithſtanding all this loſs of blood,
As from a Conduit with their iſſuing Spouts,
Yet do thy cheeks look red as *Titans* Face,
Bluſhing to be encountred with a Cloud,
Shall I ſpeak for thee? Shall I ſay, 'tis ſo?
Oh that I knew thy Heart, and knew the Beaſt,
That I might rail at him to eaſe my mind.
Sorrow concealed, like an Oven ſtopt,
Doth burn the heart to Cinders where it is.
Fair *Philomela*, ſhe but loſt her Tongue,
And in a tedious Sampler ſewed her mind.
But lovely Niece, that mean is cut from thee,
A craftier *Tereus* haſt thou met withall,
And he hath cut thoſe pretty Fingers off
That could have better ſewed than *Philomel*.
Oh had the Monſter ſeen thoſe Lilly hands
Tremble like Aſpen Leaves upon a Lute,
And make the ſilken ſtrings delight to kiſs them,
He would not then have toucht them for his Life.
Or had he heard the Heavenly Harmony,
Which that ſweet Tongue hath made;
He would have dropt his Knife and fell aſleep,
As *Cerberus* at the *Thracian* Poets feet.
Come, let us go, and make thy Father blind,
For ſuch a ſight will blind a Father's Eye.
One hours ſtorm will drown the fragrant Meads,
What will whole Months of Tears thy Father's Eyes?
Do not draw back, for we will mourn with thee:
Oh could our mourning eaſe thy miſery. [*Exeunt*.

Actus Tertius.

Enter the Judges and Senators, with Titus's *two Sons bound, paſſing on the Stage to the place of Execution, and* Titus *going before, pleading.*

Tit. Hear me, grave Fathers, Noble Tribunes ſtay,
For pity of mine Age, whoſe youth was ſpent
In dangerous Wars, whilſt you ſecurely ſlept:
For all my blood in *Rome*'s great quarrel ſhed,
For all the froſty Nights that I have watcht,
And for theſe bitter Tears, which now you ſee
Filling the aged wrinkles in my Cheeks,
Be pitiful to my condemned Sons,
Whoſe Souls are not corrupted, as 'tis thought:
For two and twenty Sons I never wept,
Becauſe they died in Honours lofty Bed.
Andronicus *lyeth down, and the Judges paſs by him.*
For theſe, theſe, Tribunes, in the duſt I write
My hearts deep languor, and my Souls ſad Tears:
Let my Tears ſtench the Earths dry appetite,
My Sons ſweet blood will make it ſhame and bluſh:
O Earth! I will befriend thee more with rain, [*Exeunt*.
That ſhall diſtill from theſe two ancient ruins,
Than youthful *April* ſhall with all his Showers
In Summers drought: I'le drop upon thee ſtill,
In Winter with warm Tears I'le melt the Snow,
And keep Eternal Spring-time on thy Face,
So thou refuſe to drink my dear Son's Blood.

Enter Lucius *with his weapon drawn.*

Oh Reverend Tribunes, oh gentle aged men,
Unbind my Sons, reverſe the doom of Death,
And let me ſay (that never wept before)
My Tears are now prevailing Orators.
Lu. Oh Noble Father, you lament in vain,
The Tribunes hear you not, no man is by,
And you recount your ſorrows to a Stone.
Tit. Ah *Lucius*, for thy Brothers let me plead,
Grave Tribunes, once more I intreat of you——
Lu. My gracious Lord, no Tribune hears you ſpeak.
Tit. Why, 'tis no matter, Man, if they did hear,
They would not mark me: oh if they did hear,
They would not pity me.
Therefore I tell my ſorrows bootleſs to the ſtones,
Who though they cannot anſwer my diſtreſs,
Yet in ſome ſort they are better than the Tribunes,
For that they will not intercept my tale;
When I do weep, they humbly at my Feet
Receive my tears, and ſeem to weep with me,
And were they but attired in grave weeds,
Rome could afford no Tribune like to theſe.
A ſtone is as ſoft Wax,
Tribunes more hard than Stones:
A ſtone is ſilent, and offendeth not,
And Tribunes with their Tongues doom men to death.
But wherefore ſtand'ſt thou with thy weapon drawn?
Lu. To reſcue my two Brothers from their death,
For which attempt the Judges have pronounc'd
My everlaſting doom of Baniſhment.
Tit. O happy man, they have befriended thee:
Why fooliſh *Lucius*, do'ſt thou not perceive,
That *Rome* is but a Wilderneſs of Tigers?
Tigers muſt prey, and *Rome* affords no prey
But me and mine: how happy art thou then,
From theſe devourers to be baniſhed?
But who comes with our Brother *Marcus*, here?
Enter Marcus *and* Lavinia.
Mar. Titus, prepare thy Noble Eyes to weep,
Or if not ſo, thy Noble Heart to break:
I bring conſuming Sorrow to thine age.
Tit. Will it conſume me? Let me ſee it then.
Mar. This was thy Daughter.
Tit. Why, *Marcus*, ſo ſhe is.
Lu. Ay me, this Object kills me.
Tit. Fainted-Hearted Boy, ariſe, and look upon her,
Speak my *Lavinia*, what accurſed hand
Hath made thee handleſs in thy Fathers ſight?
What Fool hath added Water to the Sea?
Or brought a faggot to bright-burning *Troy*?
My grief was at the height before thou cam'ſt,
And now like *Nilus* it diſdaineth bounds:
Give me a Sword, I'le chop off my hands too,
For they have fought for *Rome*, and all in vain:
And they have nurs'd this woe,
In feeding Life:
In bootleſs Prayer have they been held up,
And they have ſerv'd me to effectleſs uſe.
Now all the Service I require of them,
Is, that the one will help to cut the other:
'Tis well, *Lavinia*, that thou haſt no Hands,
For Hands to do *Rome* ſervice, is but vain.
Lu. Speak, gentle Siſter, who hath martyr'd thee?
Mar. O that delightful Engine of her Thoughts,
That blab'd them with ſuch pleaſing Eloquence,
Is torn from forth that pretty hollow Cage,
Where like a ſweet melodious Bird it ſung
Sweet various notes inchanting every Ear.
Lu. Oh ſay thou for her,
Who hath done this deed?
Mar. Oh thus I found her ſtraying in the Park,
Seeking to hide her ſelf, as doth the Deer
That hath receiv'd ſome unrecuring Wound.
Tit. It was my Deer,
And he that wounded her
Hath hurt me more, than had he kill'd me dead:
For now I ſtand, as one upon a Rock,
Environ'd with a Wilderneſs of Sea,
Who makes the waxing Tide
Grow Wave by Wave,
Expecting ever when ſome envious Surge
Will in his briniſh Bowels ſwallow him.

This way to death my wretched Sons are gone:
Here ſtands my other Son, a baniſh'd man,
And here my Brother weeping at my woes.
But that which gives my Soul the greateſt ſpurn
Is dear *Lavinia*, dearer than my Soul.
Had I but ſeen thy Picture in this plight,
It would have madded me. What ſhall I do?
Now I behold thy lively body ſo?
Thou haſt no Hands to wipe away thy Tears,
Nor Tongue to tell me who hath martyr'd thee;
Thy Husband he is dead, and for his death
Thy Brothers are condemn'd, and dead by this.
Look *Marcus*, ah Son *Lucius* look on her:
When I did name her Brothers, then freſh tears
Stood on her cheeks, as doth the Honey dew,
Upon a gather'd Lillie almoſt withered.

Mar. Perchance ſhe weeps becauſe they kill'd her Husband.
Perchance becauſe ſhe knows him innocent.

Tit. If they did kill thy Husband, then be joyful,
Becauſe the Law hath ta'ne revenge on them.
No, no, they would not do ſo foul a deed,
Witneſs the ſorrow that their Siſter makes.
Gentle *Lavinia*, let me kiſs thy lips,
Or make ſome ſigns how I may do thee eaſe:
Shall thy good Uncle, and thy Brother *Lucius*,
And thou and I ſit round about ſome Fountain,
Looking all downwards to behold our cheeks
How they are ſtain'd in Meadows yet not dry
With miery ſlime left on them by a flood:
And in the Fountain ſhall we gaze ſo long,
Till the freſh taſte be taken from that clearneſs,
And made a Brine-pit with our bitter tears?
Or ſhall we cut away our hands like thine?
Or ſhall we bite our tongues, and in dumb Shows
Paſs the remainder of our hateful days?
What ſhall we do? Let us that have our Tongues
Plot ſome deviſe of further miſeries
To make us wondred at in time to come.

Luc. Sweet Father, ceaſe your tears, for at your grief
See how my wretched Siſter ſobs and weeps.

Mar. Patience, dear Niece, good *Titus* drie thine Eyes.

Tit. Ah *Marcus*, *Marcus*, Brother, well I wot,
Thy Napkin cannot drink a tear of mine,
For thou, poor Man, haſt drown'd it with thine own.

Luc. Ah, my *Lavinia*, I will wipe thy Cheeks.

Tit. Mark, *Marcus*, mark, I underſtand her ſigns,
Had ſhe a Tongue to ſpeak, now would ſhe ſay
That to her Brother which I ſaid to thee.
His Napkin with his true tears all bewet,
Can do no ſervice on her ſorrowful cheeks.
Oh what a ſympathy of woe is this!
As far from help as Limbo is from Bliſs.

Enter Aaron *the* Moor *alone.*

Moor. Titus Andronicus, my Lord the Emperor,
Sends thee this word, that if thou love thy Sons,
Let *Marcus*, *Lucius*, or thy ſelf, old *Titus*,
Or any one of you chop off your Hand,
And ſend it to the King: he for the ſame,
Will ſend thee hither both thy Sons alive,
And that ſhall be the Ranſom for their fault.

Tit. Oh gracious Emperour, oh gentle *Aaron*.
Did ever Raven ſing ſo like a Lark,
That gives ſweet tydings of the Suns Upriſe?
With all my heart, I'le ſend the Emperour my hand,
Good *Aaron* wilt thou help to chop it off?

Luc. Stay, Father, for that noble hand of thine,
That hath thrown down ſo many Enemies,
Shall not be ſent: my hand will ſerve the turn.
My youth can better ſpare my Blood than you,
And therefore mine ſhall ſave my Brothers lives.

Mar. Which of your hands hath not defended *Rome*,
And rear'd aloft the bloody Battel-ax,
Writing deſtruction on the Enemies Caſtle?
Oh none of both but are of high deſert:
My hand hath been but idle, let it ſerve
To ranſome my two Nephews from their death,
Then have I kept it to a worthy end.

Moor. Nay, come agree, whoſe hand ſhall go along,
For fear they die before their Pardon come.

Mar. My hand ſhall go.

Luc. By Heaven it ſhall not go.

Ti. Sirs, ſtrive no more, ſuch wither'd herbs as theſe
Are meet for plucking up, and therefore mine.

Luc. Sweet Father, if I ſhall be thought thy Son,
Let me redeem my Brothers both from death.

Mar. And for our Fathers ſake, and Mothers care,
Now let me ſhew a Brothers love to thee.

Tit. Agree between you, I will ſpare my hand.

Luc. Then I'le go fetch an Ax.

Mar. But I will uſe the Ax. [*Exeunt.*

Tit. Come hither, *Aaron*, I'le deceive them both,
Lend me thy hand, and I will give thee mine.

Moor. If that be call'd deceit, I will be honeſt,
And never whil'ſt I live deceive men ſo:
But I'le deceive you in another ſort,
And that you'l ſay e're half an hour paſs.
[*He cuts off* Titus's *hand.*

Enter Lucius *and* Marcus *again.*

Tit. Now ſtay your ſtrife, what ſhall be, is diſpatcht:
Good *Aaron*, give his Majeſty my hand:
Tell him, it was a hand that warded him
From thouſand dangers, bid him bury it,
More hath it merited: That let it have.
As for my Sons, ſay, I account of them,
As Jewels purchas'd at an eaſie Price,
And yet dear too, becauſe I bought mine own.

Aaron. I go, *Andronicus*, and for thy hand
Look by and by to have thy Sons with thee:
Their Heads I mean: Oh, how this Villany
Doth fat me with the very thought of it.
Let fools do good, and fair men call for Grace,
Aaron will have his Soul black like his Face. [*Exit.*

Tit. O hear, I lift this one hand up to Heaven,
And bow this feeble ruine to the Earth,
If any Power pities wretched tears,
To that I call: what wilt thou kneel with me?
Do then, dear heart, for Heaven ſhall hear our Prayers,
Or with our ſighs we'l breathe the welkin dim,
And ſtain the Sun with Fogg, as ſometime Clouds,
When they do hug him in their melting boſoms.

Mar. Oh, Brother, ſpeak with Poſſibilities,
And do not break into theſe deep Extreams.

Tit. Is not my ſorrow deep, having no bottom?
Then be my paſſions bottomleſs with them.

Mar. But yet let Reaſon govern thy lament.

Tit. If there were Reaſon for theſe miſeries,
Then into limits could I bind my woes:
When Heaven doth weep, doth not the Earth o're-flow?
If the winds rage, doth not the Sea wax mad,
Threatning the welkin with his big-ſwoln Face?
And wilt thou have a reaſon for this coil?
I am the Sea. Heark how her ſighs do blow;
She is the weeping welkin, I the Earth:
Then muſt my Sea be moved with her ſighs,
Then muſt my Earth with her continual tears
Become a deluge, over-flow'd and drown'd:
For why, my Bowels cannot hide her Woes,
But like a Drunkard muſt I vomit them:
Then give me leave, for loſers will have leave,
To eaſe their Stomachs with their bitter Tongues.

Enter a Meſſenger with two Heads and a Hand.

Meſ. Worthy *Andronicus*, ill art thou repay'd,

For that good hand thou ſent'ſt the Emperour:
Here are the heads of thy two Noble Sons.
And here's thy hand in ſcorn to thee ſent back:
Thy griefs, their ſports: Thy reſolution mockt,
That woe is me to think upon thy woes,
More than remembrance of my Fathers death. [*Exit.*

Mar. Now let hot *Ætna* cool in *Sicily*,
And be my heart in ever-burning Hell:
Theſe miſeries are more than may be born.
To weep with them that weep, doth eaſe ſome deal,
But ſorrow flouted at, is double death.

Luc. Ah that this ſight ſhould make ſo deep a wound,
And yet deteſted life not ſhrink thereat:
That ever death ſhould let life bear his name,
Where life hath no more intereſt but to breathe.

Mar. Alas poor heart, that kiſs is comfortleſs,
As frozen Water to a ſtarved ſnake.

Tit. When will this fearful ſlumber have an end?

Mar. Now farewel flattery, die *Andronicus*,
Thou doſt not ſlumber, ſee thy two Sons heads,
Thy warlike hand, thy mangled Daughter here:
Thy other baniſht Son with this dear ſight
Struck pale and bloodleſs, and thy Brother I,
Even like a ſtony Image, cold and num.
Ah now no more will I controul my griefs,
Rent off thy Silver hair, thy other hand
Gnawing with thy teeth, and be this diſmal ſight
The cloſing up of our moſt wretched eyes;
Now is a time to ſtorm, why art thou ſtill?

Tit. Ha, ha, ha.

Mar. Why doſt thou laugh? it fits not with this hour.

Tit. Why I have not another tear to ſhed:
Beſides, this ſorrow is an Enemy,
And would uſurp upon my watry eyes,
And make them blind with tributary tears,
Then which way ſhall I find Revenges Cave?
For theſe two Heads do ſeem to ſpeak to me,
And threat me, I ſhall never come to bliſs,
Till all theſe miſchiefs be return'd again,
Even in their Throats that have committed them.
Come let me ſee what task I have to do;
You heavy people circle me about,
That I may turn me to each one of you,
And ſwear unto my Soul to right your wrongs.
The Vow is made, come Brother take a head,
And in this hand the other will I bear,
Lavinia, thou ſhalt be employ'd in theſe things:
Bear thou my hand, ſweet wench, between thy teeth:
As for thee, Boy, go get thee from my ſight,
Thou art an Exile, and thou muſt not ſtay,
Hie to the *Gothes*, and raiſe an Army there,
And if you love me, as I think you do,
Let's kiſs and part, for we have much to do. [*Exeunt.*

Manet Lucius.

Luc. Farewel *Andronicus*, my Noble Father:
The woful'ſt man that ever liv'd in *Rome*:
Farewel, proud *Rome*, till *Lucius* come again,
He loves his pledges dearer than his life:
Farewel *Lavinia*, my Noble Siſter,
O would thou wert as thou to fore haſt been,
But now, nor *Lucius* nor *Lavinia* lives
But in oblivion and hateful griefs:
If *Lucius* live, he will requite your wrongs,
And make proud *Saturninus* and his Empreſs
Beg at the Gates like *Tarquin* and his Queen,
Now will I to the *Gothes* and raiſe a Power,
To be reveng'd on *Rome* and *Saturnine*. [*Exit* Lucius.

A Banquet.

Enter Andronicus, Marcus, Lavinia, *and the Boy.*

An. So, ſo, now ſit, and look you eat no more
Than will preſerve juſt ſo much ſtrength in us,
As will revenge theſe bitter woes of ours.
Marcus unknit that ſorrow-wreathen knot:
Thy Niece and I (poor Creatures) want our hands
And cannot paſſionate our ten-fold grief,
With foulded Arms. This poor right hand of mine
Is left to tyrannize upon my breaſt,
Who when my heart, all mad with miſery,
Beats in this hollow priſon of my fleſh,
Then thus I thump it down.
Thou Map of Woe, that thus doſt talk in ſigns,
When thy poor heart beats with outragions beating,
Thou canſt not ſtrike it thus to make it ſtill:
Wound it with ſighing, Girl, kill it with groans:
Or get ſome little knife between thy teeth,
And juſt againſt thy heart make thou a hole,
That all the tears that thy poor eyes let fall
May run into that ſink, and ſoaking in,
Drown the lamenting fool in Sea-ſalt tears.

Mar. Fie, Brother, fie, teach her not thus to lay
Such violent hands upon her tender life.

An. How now! Has ſorrow made thee doat already?
Why, *Marcus*, no man ſhould be mad but I:
What violent hands can ſhe lay on her life?
Ah, wherefore doſt thou urge the name of hands,
To bid *Æneas* tell the tale twice o're,
How *Troy* was burnt, and he made miſerable?
O handle not the Theam, to talk of hands,
Leſt we remember ſtill that we have none.
Fie, fie, how Frantiquely I ſquare my talk
As if we ſhould forget we had no hands,
If *Marcus* did not name the word of hands?
Come, let's fall too, and gentle Girl eat this,
Here is no drink: Heark, *Marcus*, what ſhe ſays,
I can interpret all her martyr'd ſigns,
She ſays, ſhe drinks no other drink but tears
Brew'd with her ſorrows, meſh'd upon her Cheeks.
Speechleſs complaint, O I will learn thy thought.
In thy dumb action will I be as perfect
As begging Hermits in their holy Prayers.
Thou ſhalt not ſigh, nor hold thy ſtumps to Heaven,
Nor wink, nor nod, nor kneel, nor make a ſign,
But I (of theſe) will wreſt an Alphabet,
And by ſtill Practice, learn to know thy meaning.

Boy. Good Grandſire leave theſe bitter deep Laments,
Make my Aunt merry, with ſome pleaſing Tale.

Mar. Alas, the tender Boy, in paſſion mov'd,
Doth weep to ſee his Grandſires heavineſs.

An. Peace tender ſapling, thou art made of tears,
And tears will quickly melt thy life away.

Marcus *ſtrikes the diſh with a Knife.*

What doſt thou ſtrike at *Marcus* with thy Knife?

Mar. At that that I have kill'd, my Lord, a Fly.

An. Out on thee, Murderer: thou kill'ſt my heart,
Mine eyes are cloy'd with view of Tyranny:
A deed of death done on the Innocent
Becomes not *Titus* Brother; get thee gone,
I ſee thou art not for my company.

Mar. Alas, (my Lord) I have but kill'd a Fly.

An. But, how if that Fly had a Father and Mother?
How would he hang his ſlender gilded wings,
And buz lamenting doings in the Air?
Poor harmleſs Fly,
That with his pretty buzzing melody,
Came here to make us merry,
And thou haſt kill'd him.

Mar. Pardon me, Sir,
It was a black ill-favour'd Fly,
Like to the Empreſs *Moor*, therefore I kill'd him.

An. O, o, o,
Then pardon me for reprehending thee,
For thou haſt done a Charitable deed:
Give me thy Knife, I will inſult on him,
Flattering my ſelf, as if it were the *Moor*,
Come hither purpoſely to poiſon me.
There's for thy ſelf, and that's for *Tamora*; Ah ſirra,

Yet I think we are not brought ſo low,
But that between us we can kill a Fly,
That comes in likeneſs of a Cole-black Moor.
Mar. Alas poor man, grief has ſo wrought in him,
He takes falſe ſhadows for true ſubſtances.
And, Come, take away ; *Lavinia*, go with me,
I'le to thy Cloſet, and go read with thee
Sad Stories, chanced in the times of old.
Come, Boy, and go with me, thy ſight is young,
And thou ſhalt read, when mine begin to dazle. [*Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus.

Enter young Lucius, *and* Lavinia *running after him, and the Boy flies from her with his Books under his Arm. Enter* Titus *and* Marcus.

Boy. Help, Grandſire, help, my Aunt *Lavinia*
Follows me every where, I know not why.
Good Uncle *Marcus*, ſee how ſwift ſhe comes :
Alas, ſweet Aunt, I know not what you mean.
Mar. Stand by me, *Lucius*, do not fear thy Aunt.
Tit. She loves thee, Boy, too well to do thee harm.
Boy. I, when my Father was in *Rome* ſhe did.
Ma. What means my Neece *Lavinia* by theſe ſigns?
Tit. Fear not, *Lucius*, ſomewhat doth ſhe mean :
See, *Lucius*, ſee, how much ſhe makes of thee :
Some whither would ſhe have thee go with her.
Ah, Boy, *Cornelia* never with more care
Read to her Sons, than ſhe hath read to thee,
Sweet Poetry, and *Tullies* Orator :
Canſt thou not gueſs, wherefore ſhe plies thee thus ?
Boy. My Lord, I know not, nor can I gueſs,
Unleſs ſome fit or frenſie do poſſeſs her :
For I have heard my Grandſire ſay full oft,
Extremity of griefs would make men mad.
And I have read that *Hecuba* of *Troy*
Ran mad through ſorrow, that made me to fear,
Although, my Lord, I know my Noble Aunt
Loves me as dear as e're my Mother did,
And would not but in fury fright my Youth,
Which made me down to throw my Books, and flye
Cauſleſs perhaps, but pardon me, ſweet Aunt,
And, Madam, if my Uncle *Marcus* go,
I moſt willingly attend your Lady-ſhip.
Mar. Lucius, I will.
Tit. How now, *Lavinia*? *Marcus*, what means this ?
Some book there is that ſhe deſires to ſee,
Which is it, Girl, of theſe? Open them, Boy,
But thou art deeper read, and better skill'd,
Come and take choice of all my Library,
And ſo beguile thy Sorrow, till the Heavens
Reveal the damn'd contriver of this deed :
What Book ?
Why lifts ſhe up her Arms in ſequence thus ?
Mar. I think ſhe means that there was more than one
Confederate in the Fact. I, more there was :
Or elſe to Heaven ſhe heaves them to revenge.
Tit. Lucius, what Book is that ſhe toſſeth ſo?
Boy. Grandſire, 'tis *Ovids Metamorphoſis*,
My mother gave it me.
Mar. For love of her that's gone,
Perhaps ſhe cull'd it from among the reſt.
Tit. Soft, ſo buſily ſhe turns the leaves.
Help her, what would ſhe find ? *Lavinia*, ſhall I read ?
This is the Tragick tale of *Philomel*,
And treats of *Tereus* Treaſon and his Rape,
And Rape I fear was root of thine annoy.
Mar. See, Brother, ſee, note how ſhe quotes the leaves.
Tit. Lavinia, wert thou thus ſurpriz'd, ſweet Girl,
Raviſh'd and wrong'd, as *Philomela* was,
Forc'd in the ruthleſs, vaſt, and gloomy woods ?
See, ſee, I ſuch a place there is, where we did hunt,
(O had we never, never hunted there)
Pattern'd by that the Poet here deſcribes,
By Nature made for Murders and for Rapes.
Mar. O, why ſhould Nature build ſo foul a Den,
Unleſs the Gods delight in Tragedies ?
Tit. Give ſigns, ſweet Girl, for here are none but Friends,
What *Roman* Lord it was durſt do the deed ?
Or ſlunk not *Saturnine*, as *Tarquin* erſt,
That left the Camp to ſin in *Lucrece* bed ?
Mar. Sit down, ſweet Neece, Brother, ſit down by me,
Apollo, *Pallas*, *Jove*, or *Mercury*,
Inſpire me that I may this Treaſon find.
My Lord, look here, look here, *Lavinia*.

He writes his Name with his Staff, and guides it with his Feet and Mouth.

This ſandy Plot is plain, guide if thou canſt
This after me, when I have writ my Name,
Without the help of any hand at all.
Curſt be that Heart that forc'd us to this ſhift:
Write thou, good Niece, and here diſplay at laſt,
What God will have diſcover'd for Revenge,
Heaven guide thy pen to print thy Sorrows plain,
That we may know the Traytors and the Truth.

She takes the Staff in her Mouth, and guides it with her ſtumps, and writes.

Tit. Oh do you read, my Lord, what ſhe hath writ ?
Stuprum, Chiron, Demetrius.
Mar. What, what, the luſtful Sons of *Tamora*,
Performers of this hainous bloody deed ?
Tit. Magni Dominator Poli,
Tam lentus audis ſcelera ! tam lentus vides !
Mar. Oh calm thee, gentle Lord : Although I know
There is enough written upon this Earth,
To ſtir a Mutiny in the mildeſt thoughts,
And arm the minds of Infants to exclaims.
My Lord, kneel down with me : *Lavinia*, kneel,
And kneel, ſweet Boy, the *Roman Hectors* hope,
And ſwear with me, as with the woful Peer,
And Father of that chaſt diſhonoured Dame,
Lord *Junius Brutus* ſware for *Lucrece* Rape,
That we will proſecute (by good advice)
Mortal revenge upon theſe Trayterous *Gothes*,
And ſee their Blood, or die with this Reproach.
Tit. 'Tis ſure enough, and you knew how.
But if you hunt theſe Bear-whelps, then beware
The Dam will wake, and if ſhe wind you once,
She's with the Lion deeply ſtill in league,
And lulls him whilſt ſhe playeth on her back,
And when he ſleeps will ſhe do what ſhe liſt.
You are a young Huntſman, *Marcus*, let it alone :
And come, I will go get a leaf of Braſs,
And with a Gad of Steel will write theſe words,
And lay it by : the angry Northern wind
Will blow theſe Sands like *Sybils* leaves abroad,
And where's your Leſſon then ? Boy. what ſay you ?
Boy. I ſay, my Lord, that if I were a Man,
Their Mothers Bed-chamber ſhould not be ſafe,
For theſe bad Bond-men to the yoak of *Rome*.
Mar. I, that's my Boy, thy Father hath full oft
For his ungrateful Country done the like.
Boy. And, Uncle, ſo will I, and if I live.
Tit. Come, go with me into mine Armory,
Lucius I'le fit thee, and withall, my Boy
Shall carry from me to the Empreſs Sons,
Preſents that I intend to ſend them both,
Come, come, thou'lt do thy Meſſage, wilt thou not ?
Boy. I, with my Dagger in their Boſome, Grandſire.
Tit. No, Boy, not ſo, I'le teach thee another Courſe,
Lavinia, come ; *Marcus*, look to my Houſe,
Lucius and I'le go brave it at the Court,

I marry will we, Sir, and we'll be waited on. [*Exeunt.*
Mar. O Heavens, can you hear a good Man groan,
And not relent, or not compaſſion him?
Marcus attend him in his extaſie,
That hath more ſcars of Sorrow in his Heart,
Than Foe-mens marks upon his battered Shield,
But yet ſo juſt, that he will not revenge,
Revenge the Heavens for old *Andronicus.* [*Exit.*

Enter Aaron, Chiron, *and* Demetrius *at one Door: and at another Door young* Lucius *and another, with a bundle of Weapons, and Verſes writ upon them.*

Chi. Demetrius, here's the Son of *Lucius,*
He hath ſome meſſage to deliver us.
Aar. I, ſome mad Meſſage from his mad Grandfather.
Boy. My Lords, with all the humbleneſs I may,
I greet your Honours from *Andronicus,*
And pray the *Roman* Gods confound you both.
Dem. Gramercy lovely *Lucius,* what's the News?
Boy. For Villains mark'd with Rape. May it pleaſe you,
My Grandſire, well adviſ'd hath ſent by me,
The goodlieſt Weapons of his Armory,
To gratifie your Honourable Youth,
The hope of *Rome,* for ſo he bad me ſay:
And ſo I do, and with his gifts preſent
Your Lordſhips, when ever you have need,
You may be armed and appointed well,
And ſo I leave you both, like bloody Villains. [*Exit.*
Dem. What's here, a Scrole, and written round about?
Let's ſee.
Integer vitæ ſceleriſque purus, non eget Mauri jaculis nec arcu.
Chir. O'tis a Verſe in *Horace,* I know it well:
I read it in the Grammar long ago.
Moor. I juſt, a Verſe in *Horace*: right, you have it,
Now what a thing it is to be an Aſs?
Here's no ſound jeſt, th' old Man hath found their Guilt,
And ſends the Weapons, wrapt about with Lines.
That wound (beyond their feeling) to the quick:
But were our witty Empreſs well a foot,
She would applaud *Andronicus* conceit:
But let her reſt, in her unreſt a while.
And now, young Lords, was't not a happy Star
Led us to *Rome* ſtrangers, and more than ſo,
Captives, to be advanc'd to this height?
It did me good, before the Palace Gate
To brave the Tribune in his Brothers hearing.
Dem. But me more good, to ſee ſo great a Lord
Baſely inſinuate, and ſend us gifts.
Moor. Had he not reaſon, Lord *Demetrius*?
Did you not uſe his Daughter very friendly?
Dem. I would we had a thouſand *Roman* Dames
At ſuch a bay, by turn to ſerve our Luſt.
Chi. A charitable wiſh, and full of Love.
Moor. Here lacks but your Mother for to ſay, Amen.
Chi. And that would ſhe for twenty thouſand more.
Dem. Come, let us go, and pray to all the Gods
For our beloved Mother in her pains.
Moor. Pray to the Devils, the Gods have given us over.
[*Flouriſh.*
Dem. Why do the Emperours Trumpets flouriſh thus?
Chi. Belike for joy the Emperour hath a Son.
Dem. Soft, who comes here?

Enter Nurſe with a black-a-Moor Child.

Nurſe. Good morrow, Lords:
O tell me, did you ſee *Aaron* the Moor?
Aaron. Well, more or leſs, or ne're a whit at all,
Here *Aaron* is, and what with *Aaron* now?
Nurſe. O gentle *Aaron,* we are all undone.
Now help, or woe betide thee evermore.
Aaron. Why, what a Caterwalling doſt thou keep?
What doſt thou wrap and fumble in thine Arms?
Nurſe. O that which I would hide from Heavens Eye,
Our Empreſs's ſhame, and ſtately *Romes* diſgrace,
She is delivered, Lords, ſhe is delivered.
Aaron. To whom?
Nurſe. I mean, ſhe is brought to bed?
Aaron. Well, God give her good reſt.
What hath he ſent her?
Nurſe. A Devil.
Aar. Why then ſhe is the Devils Dam: a joyful iſſue.
Nurſe. A joyleſs, diſmal, black and ſorrowful iſſue,
Here is the Babe, as loathſome as a Toad,
Amongſt the faireſt breeders of our clime,
The Empreſs ſends it thee, thy ſtamp, thy Seal,
And bids thee Chriſten it with thy Daggers point.
Aaron. Out you Whore, is black ſo baſe a hue?
Sweet blowſe, you are a beauteous bloſſom ſure.
Dem. Villain, what haſt thou done?
Aaron. That which thou can'ſt not undo.
Chi. Thou haſt undone our Mother.
Dem. And therein, helliſh Dog, thou haſt undone——
Woe to her chance, and damn'd her loathed choice,
Accur'ſt the off ſpring of ſo foul a Fiend.
Chi. It ſhall not live.
Aaron. It ſhall not dye.
Nurſe. Aaron, it muſt, the Mother wills it ſo.
Aaron. What, muſt it, *Nurſe*? Then let no man but I
Do Execution on my fleſh and blood.
Dem. I'le broach the Tadpole on my Rapiers point:
Nurſe, give it me, my Sword ſhall ſoon diſpatch it.
Aaron. Sooner this Sword ſhall plough thy Bowels up.
Stay murtherous Villains, will you kill your Brother?
Now by the burning Tapers of the Sky,
That ſhone ſo brightly when this Boy was got,
He dies upon my Semitars ſharp point,
That touches this my firſt-born Son and Heir.
I tell you, younglings, not *Enceladus*
With all his threatning band of *Typhon's* brood,
Nor Great *Alcides,* nor the God of War,
Shall ſeize this prey out of his Fathers Hands:
What, what, ye ſanguine ſhallow-hearted Boys,
Ye white-lim'd Walls, ye Ale-houſe painted Signs,
Cole-black is better than another hue:
In that it ſcorns to bear another hue,
For all the Water in the Ocean
Can never turn the Swans black legs to white,
Although ſhe lave them hourly in the Flood.
Tell the Empereſs from me, I am of age
To keep mine own, excuſe it how ſhe can.
Dem. Wilt thou betray thy Noble Miſtreſs thus?
Aaron. My Miſtreſs is my Miſtreſs: this, my ſelf,
The Vigour, and the Picture of my Youth:
This, before all the World do I prefer,
This, maugre all the World, will I keep ſafe,
Or ſome of you ſhall ſmoke for it in *Rome.*
Dem. By this our Mother is for ever ſham'd.
Chi. Rome will deſpiſe her for this foul eſcape.
Nur. The Emperour in his rage will doom her Death.
Chi. I bluſh to think upon this Ignominy.
Aaron. Why there's the priviledge your beauty bears:
Fie treacherous hue, that will betray with bluſhing
The cloſe enacts and counſels of the Heart:
Here's a young Lad fram'd of another leer,
Look how the black Slave ſmiles upon the Father;
As who ſhould ſay, old Lad I am thine own.
He is your Brother, Lords, ſenſibly fed
Of that ſelf-blood that firſt gave life to you,
And from that Womb where you impriſoned were,
He is infranchiſed and come to light:
Nay, he is your Brother by the ſurer ſide,
Although my Seal be ſtamped in his Face.
Nurſe Aaron, what ſhall I ſay unto the Empreſs?
Dem. Adviſe thee, *Aaron,* what is to be done,
And we will all ſubſcribe to thy advice:

Save thou the Child, ſo we may all be ſafe.
Aaron. Then ſit we down, and let us all conſult.
My Son and I will have the wind of you:
Keep there, now talk at pleaſure of your ſafety.
Dem. How many women ſaw this Child of his?
Aaron. Why ſo, brave Lords, when we all joyn in league,
I am a Lamb: but if you brave the *Moor*,
The chafed Boar, the Mountain Lioneſs,
The Ocean ſwells not ſo as *Aaron* ſtorms:
But ſay again, how many ſaw the Child?
Nurſe. *Cornelia* the Midwife, and my ſelf,
And none elſe but the delivered Empreſs.
Aaron. The Empreſs, the Midwife, and your ſelf,
Two may keep Counſel, when the third's away:
Go to the Empreſs, tell her, this I ſaid, [*He kills her.*
Week, week, ſo cries a Pig prepar'd to th' Spit.
Dem. What mean'ſt thou, *Aaron*?
Wherefore did'ſt thou this?
Aaron. O Lord, Sir, 'tis a deed of Policy:
Shall ſhe live to betray this Guilt of ours?
A long-tongu'd babling Goſſip? No, Lords, no:
And now be it known to you my full intent.
Not far, one *Muliteus*, my Country-man,
His Wife but yeſternight was brought to Bed,
His Child is like to her, fair as you are:
Go pack with him, and give the Mother Gold,
And tell them both the circumſtance of all,
And how by this their Child ſhall be advanc'd,
And be received for the Emperour's Heir,
And ſubſtituted in the place of mine,
To calm this tempeſt whirling in the Court,
And let the Emperour dandle him for his own.
Hark ye, Lords, ye ſee I have given her Phyſick,
And you muſt needs beſtow her Funeral,
The Fields are near, and you are gallant Grooms:
This done, ſee that you take no longer Days
But ſend the Midwife preſently to me.
The Midwife and the Nurſe well made away,
Then let the Ladies tattle what they pleaſe.
Chi. *Aaron*, I ſee thou wilt not truſt the Air with ſecrets.
Dem. For this care of *Tamora*,
Her ſelf, and hers are highly bound to thee. [*Exeunt.*
Aaron. Now to the *Goths*, as ſwift as Swallow flies,
There to diſpoſe this treaſure in mine Arms,
And ſecretly to greet the Empreſs Friends:
Come on you thick-lipt-ſlave, I'le bear you hence,
For it is you that puts us to our ſhifts:
I'le make you feed on Berries, and on Roots,
And feed on Curds, and Whay, and ſuck the Goat,
And Cabin in a Cave, and bring you up
To be a Warriour, and command a Camp. [*Exit.*

Enter Titus, *old* Marcus, *young* Lucius, *and other Gentlemen with Bows, and* Titus *bears the Arrows with Letters on the end of them.*

Tit. Come, *Marcus*, come Kinſmen, this is the way.
Sir Boy, now let me ſee your Archery,
Look ye draw home enough, and 'tis there ſtraight:
Terras Aſtræa reliquit, be you remembred, *Marcus*.
She's gone, ſhe's fled, Sirs, take you to your Tools,
You, Couſins, ſhall go ſound the Ocean:
And caſt your Nets, haply you may find her in the Sea,
Yet there's as little Juſtice as at Land:
No *Publius* and *Sempronius*, you muſt do it,
'Tis you muſt dig with Mattock and with Spade,
And pierce the inmoſt Center of the Earth:
Then when you come to *Pluto*'s Region,
I pray you to deliver him this Petition,
Tell him it is for Juſtice, and for Aid,
And that it comes from old *Andronicus*,
Shaken with ſorrows in ungrateful *Rome*.
Ah, *Rome*! Well, well, I made thee miſerable,
What time I threw the Peoples Suffrages
On him that thus doth Tyrannize o're me.
Go get you gone, and pray be careful all,
And leave you not a man of War unſearch'd,
This wicked Emperour may have ſhipt her hence,
And Kinſmen then we may go pipe for Juſtice.
Mar. O, *Publius*, is not this a heavy caſe
To ſee thy Noble Uncle thus diſtract?
Pub. Therefore, my Lord, it highly us concerns,
By Day and Night t'attend him carefully:
And feed his humour kindly as we may,
Till time beget ſome careful remedy.
Mar. Kinſmen, his Sorrows are paſt remedy.
Joyn with the *Goths*, and with revengeful War,
Take wreak on *Rome* for this Ingratitude,
And Vengeance on the Traytor *Saturnine*.
Tit. *Publius*, how now? how now, my Maſters,
What have you met with her?
Pub. No, my good Lord, but *Pluto* ſends you word,
If you will have revenge from Hell, you ſhall;
Marry for Juſtice ſhe is ſo imploy'd,
He thinks with *Jove* in Heaven, or ſome where elſe:
So that perforce you muſt needs ſtay a time.
Tit. He doth me wrong to feed me with delays,
I'le dive into the burning Lake below,
And pull her out of *Acheron* by the heels.
Marcus, we are but Shrubs, no Cedars we,
No big-bon'd-men, fram'd of the Cyclops ſize,
But Metal, *Marcus*, Steel to the very back,
Yet wrung with wrongs more than our Backs can bear.
And ſith there's no Juſtice in Earth nor Hell,
We will ſolicit Heaven, and move the Gods
To ſend down Juſtice for to wreak our wrongs:
Come to this Gear, you are a good Archer, *Marcus*.
[*He gives them the Arrows.*
Ad Jovem, that's for you: here *ad Apollonem*,
Ad Martem, that's for my ſelf,
Here Boy, to *Pallas*, here to *Mercury*,
To *Saturnine*, to *Caius*, not to *Saturnine*,
You were as good to ſhoot againſt the Wind.
To it, Boy, *Marcus*, looſe when I bid:
Of my word, I have written to effect,
There's not a God left unſolicited.
Mar. Kinſmen, ſhoot all your ſhafts into the Court,
We will afflict the Emperour in his Pride.
Tit. Now Maſters, draw, Oh well ſaid, *Lucius*:
Good Boy in *Virgo*'s lap, give it *Pallas*.
Mar. My Lord, I aim a Mile beyond the Moon.
Your Letter is with *Jupiter* by this.
Tit. Ha, ha, *Publius*, *Publius*, what haſt thou done?
See, ſee, thou haſt ſhot off one of *Taurus*'s Horns.
Mar. This was the ſport, my Lord, when *Publius* ſhot,
The Bull being gall'd, gave *Aries* ſuch a knock,
That down fell both the Rams Horns in the Court,
And who ſhould find them but the Empreſs Villain:
She laugh'd, and told the Moor he ſhould not chuſe
But give them to his Maſter for a preſent.
Tit. Why there it goes, God give your Lordſhip joy.

Enter the Clown with a Basket and two Pidgeons.

Tit. News, News from Heaven.
Marcus, the Poſt is come.
Sirrah, what tydings, have you any Letters?
Shall I have Juſtice, what ſays *Jupiter*?
Clow. Ho the Gibbet-maker, he ſays that he hath taken them down again, for the Man muſt not be hang'd till the next Week.
Tit. Tut, what ſays *Jupiter*, I ask thee?
Clow. Alas, Sir, I know not *Jupiter*,
I never drank with him in all my Life.
Tit. Why Villain, art not thou the Carrier?
Clow. I, of my Pidgeons, Sir, nothing elſe.
Tit. Why, did'ſt thou not come from Heaven?
Clow. From Heaven? Alas, Sir, I never came there,

God forbid I ſhould be ſo bold to preſs to Heaven in my young days. Why I am going with my Pidgeons to the Tribunal Plebs, to take up a matter of brawl, betwixt my Uncle, and one of the Emperials Men.

Mar. Why, Sir, that is as fit as can be to ſerve for your Oration, and let him deliver the Pidgeons to the Emperour from you.

Tit. Tell me, can you deliver an Oration to the Emperour with a Grace?

Clow. Nay, truly, Sir, I could never ſay Grace in all my Life.

Tit. Sirrah, come hither, make no more ado,
But give your Pidgeons to the Emperour.
By me thou ſhalt have Juſtice at his Hands.
Hold, hold, mean while here's Money for thy Charges.
Give me a Pen and Ink.
Sirrah, can you with a Grace deliver a Supplication?

Clow. I, Sir.

Tit. Then here is a Supplication for you, and when you come to him, at the firſt approach you muſt kneel, then kiſs his Foot, then deliver up your Pidgeons, and then look for your reward. I'le be at hand, Sir, ſee you do it bravely.

Clow. I warrant you, Sir, let me alone.

Tit. Sirrah, haſt thou a Knife? Come let me ſee it.
Here, *Marcus*, fold it in the Oration,
For thou haſt made it like an humble Suppliant,
And when thou haſt given it the Emperour,
Knock at my Door, and tell me what he ſays.

Clow. Ood be with you, Sir, I will.

Tit. Come, *Marcus*, let us go, *Publius* follow me.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Emperour and Empreſs, and her two Sons, the Emperour brings the Arrows in his hand, that Titus *ſhot at him.*

Sat. Why Lords,
What wrongs are theſe? was ever ſeen
An Emperour in *Rome* thus over-born,
Troubled, confronted thus, and for the extent
Of equal Juſtice, us'd in ſuch contempt;
My Lords, you know the might'ful Gods,
(However theſe diſturbers of our Peace
Buz in the Peoples Ears) there nought hath paſt,
But even with Law againſt the wilfull Sons
Of old *Andronicus.* And what and if
His Sorrows have ſo over-whelm'd his Wits,
Shall we be thus afflicted in his wreaks,
His fits, his frenzy, and his bitterneſs?
And now he writes to Heaven for his redreſs.
See, heres to *Jove*, and this to *Mercury*,
This to *Apollo*, this to the God of War:
Sweet ſcrowls to flie about the ſtreets of *Rome*:
What's this but Libelling againſt the Senate,
And blazoning our injuſtice every where?
A goodly humour, is it not, my Lords?
As who would ſay, in *Rome* no juſtice were.
But if I live, his feigned Extaſies
Shall be no ſhelter to theſe outrages:
But he and his ſhall know, that Juſtice lives
In *Saturninus* health, whom if he ſleep,
He'll ſo awake, as he in fury ſhall
Cut off the proud'ſt Conſpirator that lives.

Tam My gracious Lord, my lovely *Saturnine*,
Lord of my life, Commander of my thoughts,
Calm thee, and bear the faults of *Titus* age,
Th'effects of Sorrow for his valiant Sons,
Whoſe loſs hath pierc'd him deep, and ſcarr'd his Heart;
And rather comfort his diſtreſſed plight,
Than proſecute the meaneſt or the beſt
For theſe contempts. Why thus it ſhall become
High witted *Tamora* to gloſe with all:
But *Titus*, I have touch'd thee to the quick,
Thy life-blood on't: if *Aaron* now be wiſe,
Then is all ſafe, the Anchor's in the Port.

Enter Clown.

How now, good Fellow, wouldſt thou ſpeak with us?

Clow. Yea forſooth, and your Miſterſhip be Emperial.

Tam. Empreſs I am, but yonder ſits the Emperour.

Clo. 'Tis he: God and Saint *Stephen* give you good-e'en,
I have brought you a Letter, and a couple of Pidgeons here.
[*He reads the Letter.*

Sat. Go, take him away, and hang him preſently.

Clow. How much Money muſt I have?

Tam. Come, Sirrah, thou muſt be hang'd.

Clow. Hang'd? by'r Lady, then I have brought up a Neck to a fair end. [*Exit.*

Sat. Deſpightful and intolerable wrongs,
Shall I endure this Monſtrous Villany?
I know from whence this ſame device proceeds:
May this be born? As if his Trayterous Sons,
That dy'd by Law for Murther of our Brother,
Have by my means been butcher'd wrongfully?
Go, drag the Villain hither by the Hair,
Nor Age, nor Honour, ſhall ſhape priviledge:
For this proud mock, I'le be thy Slaughter-man:
Sly frantick wretch, that holp'ſt to make me great,
In hope thy ſelf ſhould govern *Rome* and me.

Enter Nuntius Æmilius.

Sat. What News with thee, *Æmilius*?

Æmil. Arm my Lords, *Rome* never had more cauſe,
The *Goths* have gather'd head, and with a Power
Of High reſolved men, bent to the ſpoyl
They hither march amain, under the conduct
Of *Lucius*, Son to old *Andronicus*:
Who threats in courſe of this revenge to do
As much as ever *Coriolanus* did.

Sat. Is warlike *Lucius* General of the *Goths*?
Theſe tydings nip me, and I hang the head
As Flowers with Froſt, or Graſs beat down with Storms.
I, now begin our ſorrows to approach,
'Tis he the common people love ſo much,
My ſelf hath often heard them ſay,
(When I have walked like a private man)
That *Lucius* baniſhment was wrongfully,
And they have wiſh'd, that *Lucius* were their Emperour.

Tam. Why ſhould you fear? Is not our City ſtrong?

Sat. I, but the Citizens favour *Lucius*,
And will revolt from me, to ſuccour him.

Tam. King, be thy thoughts imperious like thy Name.
Is the Sun dim'd, that Gnats do flie in it?
The Eagle ſuffers little Birds to ſing,
And is not careful what they mean thereby,
Knowing that with the ſhadow of his Wings,
He can at pleaſure ſtint their melody.
Even ſo may'ſt thou, the giddy men of *Rome*;
Then cheer thy ſpirit, for know, thou Emperour,
I will enchant the old *Andronicus*,
With words more ſweet, and yet more dangerous
Than baits to fiſh, or honey ſtalks to ſheep,
When as the one is wounded with the bait,
The other rotted with delicious Food.

King. But he will not intreat his Son for us.

Tam. If *Tamora* intreat him, then he will,
For I can ſmooth and fill his aged Ear
With golden promiſes, that were his Heart
Almoſt impregnable, his old ears deaf,
Yet ſhould both Ear and Heart obey my Tongue.
Go thou before to our Embaſſadour,
Say, that the Emperour requeſts a parly
Of warlike *Lucius*, and appoint the meeting.

King. *Æmilius*, do this meſſage Honourably,
And if he ſtand on Hoſtage for his ſafety,
Bid him demand what pledge will pleaſe him beſt.

Æmil. Your bidding ſhall I do effectually. [*Exit.*

Tam. Now will I to that old *Andronicus*,
And temper him with all the Art I have,
To pluck proud *Lucius* from the warlike *Goths*.
And now, ſweet Emperour, be blith again,
And bury all thy Fear in my Devices.

Sat. Then go ſucceſſantly and plead for him. [*Exit.*

Actu.

Actus Quintus.

Enter Lucius *with an Army of* Gothes, *with Drum and Souldiers.*

Lu. Approved Warriours, and my faithful Friends,
I have received Letters from Great *Rome*,
Which ſignifies what hate they bare their Emperour,
And how deſirous of our ſight they are.
Therefore, great Lords, be as your Titles witneſs,
Imperious and impatient of your wrongs,
And wherein *Rome* hath done you any ſcathe,
Let him make treble ſatisfaction.
Goth. Brave ſlip, ſprung from the Great *Andronicus*,
Whoſe Name was once our Terror, now our Comfort,
Whoſe high Exploits, and honourable Deeds,
Ingrateful *Rome* requites with foul contempt:
Be bold in us, we'll follow where thou lead'ſt,
Like ſtinging Bees in hotteſt Summers day,
Led by their Maſter to the flowred Fields,
And be aveng'd on curſed *Tamora*.
Omn. And as he ſaith, ſo ſay we all with him.
Lu. I humbly thank him, and I thank you all.
But who comes here led by a luſty *Goth*?

Enter a Goth *leading* Aaron *with his Child in his arms.*

Goth. Renowned *Lucius*, from our Troops I ſtraid
To gaze upon a ruinous Monaſtery,
And as I earneſtly did fix mine Eye
Upon the waſted building, ſuddenly
I heard a Child cry underneath a wall:
I made unto the noiſe, when ſoon I heard,
The crying Babe controll'd with this diſcourſe:
Peace, Tawny Slave, half me, and half thy Dam,
Did not thy Hue bewray whoſe Brat thou art,
Had Nature lent thee but thy Mothers look,
Villain, thou might'ſt have been an Emperour.
But where the Bull and Cow are both Milk-white,
They never do beget a Cole-black Calf.
Peace, Villain, peace, (even thus he rates the Babe)
For I muſt bear thee to a truſty *Goth*,
Who when he knows thou art the Empreſs Babe,
Will hold thee dearly for thy Mothers ſake.
With this, my Weapon drawn I ruſht upon him,
Surpriz'd him ſuddenly, and brought him hither,
To uſe, as you think needful of the Man.
Lu. Oh worthy *Goth*, this is the incarnate Devil,
That robb'd *Andronicus* of his good hand:
This is the Pearl that pleas'd your Empreſs's Eye,
And here's the baſe Fruit of his burning Luſt.
Say, wall-ey'd Slave, whither would'ſt thou convey
This growing Image of thy Fiend-like Face?
Why doſt not ſpeak? what deaf? no! Not a word?
A Halter, Souldiers, hang him on this Tree,
And by his ſide his Fruit of Baſtardy.
Aaron. Touch not the Boy, he is of Royal blood.
Lu. Too like the Syre for ever being good.
Firſt hang the Child, that he may ſee it ſprall,
A ſight to vex the Fathers Soul withal.
Aaron. Get me a Ladder, *Lucius*, ſave the Child,
And bear it from me to the Empreſs:
If thou do this, I'le ſhew thee wondrous things,
That highly may advantage thee to hear;
If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,
I'le ſpeak no more: but Vengeance rot you all.
Lu. Say on, and if it pleaſe me, which thou ſpeak'ſt
Thy Child ſhall live, and I will ſee it Nouriſh'd.
Aaron. And if it pleaſe thee? why aſſure thee, *Lucius*,
'Twill vex thy Soul to hear what I ſhall ſpeak:
For I muſt talk of Murthers, Rapes, and Maſſacres,
Acts of Black-night, abominable Deeds,
Complots of Michief, Treaſon, Villanies
Ruthful to hear, yet piteouſly perform'd,
And this ſhall all be buried by my death,
Unleſs thou ſwear to me my Child ſhall live.
Lu. Tell on thy mind,
I ſay thy Child ſhall live.
Aaron. Swear that he ſhall, and then I will begin.
Lu. Who ſhould I ſwear by?
Thou believeſt no God,
That granted, how can'ſt thou believe an Oath?
Aaron. What if I do not, as indeed I do not,
Yet for I know thou art Religious,
And haſt a thing within thee call'd Conſcience,
With twenty Popiſh tricks and Ceremonies,
Which I have ſeen thee careful to obſerve:
Therefore I urge thy Oath, for that I know
An Idiot holds his Bauble for a God,
And keeps the Oath, which by that God he ſwears,
To that I'le urge him: therefore thou ſhalt vow
By that ſame God, what God ſo e're it be
That thou adoreſt and haſt in reverence,
To ſave my Boy, nouriſh and bring him up,
Or elſe I will diſcover nought to thee.
Lu. Even by my. God I ſwear to thee, I will.
Aaron. Firſt know thou,
I begot him on thy Empreſs.
Lu. Oh moſt inſatiate luxurious Woman!
Aaron. Tut, *Lucius*, this was but a deed of Charity,
To that which thou ſhalt hear of me anon,
'Twas her two Sons that murdered *Baſſianus*,
They cut thy Siſters Tongue, and Raviſht her,
And cut her Hands off, and trimm'd her as thou ſaw'ſt.
Lu. Oh deteſtable Villain!
Call'ſt thou that trimming?
Aaron. Why ſhe was waſht, and cut, and trimm'd,
And 'twas trim ſport for them that had the doing of it.
Lu. Oh barbarous beaſtly Villains like thy ſelf!
Aaron. Indeed, I was their Tutor to inſtruct them,
That Codding Spirit had they from their Mother,
As ſure a Card, as ever won the Set:
That bloody mind I think they learn'd of me,
As true a Dog as ever fought at Head.
Well, let my Deeds be witneſs of my worth:
I train'd thy Brethren to that guileful Hole,
Where the dead Corps of *Baſſianus* lay:
I wrote the Letter that thy Father found,
And hid the Gold within the Letter mention'd.
Confederate with the Queen, and her two Sons,
And what not done that thou haſt cauſe to rue,
Wherein I had no ſtroke of Miſchief in it.
I plaid the Cheater for thy Fathers hand,
And when I had it, drew my ſelf apart,
And almoſt broke my Heart with extream laughter.
I pried me through the Crevice of a Wall,
When for his Hand, he had his two Sons Heads,
Beheld his Tears, and laugh'd ſo heartily,
That both mine Eyes were rainy like to his:
And when I told the Empreſs of this ſport,
She ſwooned almoſt at my pleaſing Tale,
And for my tydings, gave me twenty kiſſes.
Goth. What canſt thou ſay all this, and never bluſh?
Aaron. I, like a black Dog, as the ſaying is.
Lu. Art thou not ſorry for theſe hainous deeds?
Aaron. I, that I had not done a thouſand more.
Even now I curſe the day, and yet I think
Few come within the compaſs of my Curſe,
Wherein I did not ſome Notorious ill,
As kill a Man, or elſe deviſe his death,
Raviſh a Maid, or plot the way to do it,
Accuſe ſome innocent, and forſwear my ſelf,
Set deadly Enmity between two Friends,
Make poor Mens Cattle break their Necks,
Set Fire on Barns and Hay-ſtacks in the night,

And bid the Owners quench them with their tears:
Oft have I digg'd up dead men from their Graves,
And ſet them upright at their dear Friends Doors,
Even when their ſorrow almoſt was forgot,
And on their Skins, as on the Barque of Trees,
Have with my Knife carved in Roman Letters,
Let not your ſorrow dye, though I am dead.
Tut, I have done a thouſand dreadful things,
As willingly as one would kill a Fly,
And nothing grieves me heartily indeed,
But that I cannot do ten thouſand more.
Luc. Bring down the Devil, for he muſt not dye
So ſweet a death, as Hanging, preſently.
Aaron. If there be Devils, would I were a Devil,
To live and burn in everlaſting Fire,
So I might have your company in Hell,
But to torment you with my bitter Tongue.
Luc. Sirs, ſtop his Mouth, and let him ſpeak no more.

Enter Æmilius.

Goth. My Lord, there is a Meſſenger from *Rome*
Deſires to be admitted to your Preſence.
Luc. Let him come near.
Welcome, *Æmilius*, what's the News from *Rome*?
Æmi. Lord *Lucius*, and you Princes of the *Goths*,
The *Roman* Emperour greets you all by me,
And for he underſtands you are in Arms,
He craves a Parly at your Fathers Houſe,
Willing you to demand your Hoſtages,
And they ſhall be immediately delivered.
Goth. What ſays our General?
Luc. *Æmilius*, let the Emperour give his Pledges
Unto my Father, and my Uncle *Marcus*,
And we will come: March away. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Tamora, *and her two Sons diſguis'd.*

Tam. Thus in this ſtrange and ſad Habiliments,
I will encounter with *Andronicus*,
And ſay, I am Revenge ſent from below,
To joyn with him and right his heinous Wrongs:
Knock at his Study where they ſay he keeps,
To ruminate ſtrange Plots of dire Revenge,
Tell him Revenge is come to joyn with him,
And work Confuſion on his Enemies.
They knock, and Titus *opens his Study Door.*
Tit. Who doth moleſt my Contemplation?
Is it your trick to make me ope the Door,
That ſo my ſad Decrees may fly away,
And all my Study be to no effect?
You are deceiv'd, for what I mean to do,
See here in bloody Lines I have ſet down:
And what is written ſhall be executed.
Tam. *Titus*, I am come to talk with thee.
Tit. No not a word: how can I grace my talk,
Wanting a Hand to give it Action?
Thou haſt the odds of me, therefore no more.
Tam. If thou did'ſt know me,
Thou would'ſt talk with me.
Tit. I am not mad, I know thee well enough,
Witneſs this wretched ſtump,
Witneſs theſe Crimſon lines,
Witneſs theſe Trenches made by grief and care,
Witneſs the tyring Day, and heavy Night,
Witneſs all Sorrow, that I know thee well
For our proud Empreſs, mighty *Tamora*:
Is not thy coming for my other Hand?
Tam. Know thou, ſad man, I am not *Tamora*,
She is thy Enemy, and I thy Friend,
I am Revenge, ſent from the infernal Kingdom,
To eaſe the gnawing Vulture of thy mind:
By working wreakful vengeance on thy Foes:
Come down and welcome me to this worlds light,
Confer with me of Murder and of Death,
There's not a hollow Cave or lurking place,
No vaſt Obſcurity or Miſty Vale,
Where bloody Murther or deteſted Rape,
Can couch for fear, but I will find them out,
And in their Ears tell them my dreadful Name,
Revenge, which makes the foul Offenders quake.
Tit. Art thou Revenge? and art thou ſent to me,
To be a torment to mine Enemies?
Tam. I am, therefore come down and welcome me.
Tit. Do me ſome Service, e're I come to thee:
Lo by thy ſide where Rape and Murder ſtands,
Now give ſome ſurance that thou art Revenge,
Stab them, or tear them on thy Chariot Wheels,
And then I'le come and be thy Waggoner,
And whirl along with thee about the Globes.
Provide thee two proper Palfries, black as Jet,
To hale thy vengeful Waggon ſwift away,
And find out Murder in their guilty Caves.
And when thy Car is loaden with their Heads,
I will diſmount, and by the Waggon wheel
Trot like a Servile Footman all day long,
Even from *Hyperion's* riſing in the Eaſt,
Until his very downfall in the Sea.
And day by day I'le do this heavy task,
So thou deſtroy Rapine and Murder there.
Tam. Theſe are my Miniſters, and come with me.
Tit. Are they thy Miniſters, what are they call'd?
Tam. Rapine and Murder, therefore called ſo,
Cauſe they take vengeance of ſuch kind of men.
Tit. Good Lord, how like the Empreſs Sons they are,
And you the Empreſs: But we Worldly men,
Have miſerable mad miſtaking Eyes:
Oh, ſweet Revenge, now do I come to thee,
And if one Arms imbracement will content thee,
I will imbrace thee in it by and by.
Tam. This cloſing with him fits his Lunacy,
What e're I forge to feed his brain-ſick fits,
Do you uphold, and maintain in your Speeches,
For now he firmly takes me for Revenge,
And being credulous in this mad thought,
I'le make him ſend for *Lucius* his Son,
And whil'ſt I at a Banquet hold him ſure,
I'le find ſome cunning Practice out of Hand
To ſcatter and diſperſe the giddy *Goths*,
Or at the leaſt, make them his Enemies:
See here he comes, and I muſt play my Theam.
Tit. Long have I been forlorn, and all for thee,
Welcome, dread Fury, to my woful Houſe,
Rapine and Murther, you are welcome too,
How like the Empreſs, and her Sons you are,
Well are you fitted, had you but a Moor,
Could not all Hell afford you ſuch a Devil?
For well I wote the Empreſs never wags,
But in her Company there is a Moor;
And would you repreſent our Queen aright
It were convenient you had ſuch a Devil:
But welcome as you are, what ſhall we do?
Tam. What wouldſt thou have us do, *Andronicus*?
Dem. Shew me a Murtherer, I'le deal with him.
Chir. Shew me a Villain, that hath done a Rape,
And I am ſent to be reveng'd on him.
Tam. Shew me a Thouſand that have done thee wrong,
And I will be revenged on them all.
Tit. Look round about the wicked ſtreets of *Rome*,
And when thou find'ſt a Man that's like thy ſelf,
Good Murder, ſtab him, he's a Murtherer.
Go thou with him, and when it is thy hap
To find another that is like to thee,
Good Rapine, ſtab him, he is a Raviſher.
Go thou with them, and in the Emperours Court
There is a Queen attended by a Moor,
Well may'ſt thou know her by thy own proportion,
For up and down ſhe doth reſemble thee,
I pray thee do on them ſome violent death,

They have been violent to me and mine.
Tam. Well haſt thou leſſon'd us, this ſhall we do.
But would it pleaſe thee, good *Andronicus*,
To ſend for *Lucius* thy thrice valiant Son,
Who leads towards *Rome* a Band of Warlike *Goths*,
And bid him come and Banquet at thy Houſe.
When he is here, even at thy ſolemn Feaſt,
I will bring in the Empreſs and her Sons,
The Emperour himſelf, and all thy Foes,
And at thy mercy ſhall they ſtoop and kneel,
And on them ſhalt thou eaſe thy angry heart:
What ſays *Andronicus* to this deviſe?

Enter Marcus.

Tit. *Marcus*, my Brother, 'tis ſad *Titus* calls,
Go, gentle *Marcus*, to thy Nephew *Lucius*,
Thou ſhalt enquire him out among the *Goths*,
Bid him repair to me, and bring with him
Some of the chiefeſt Princes of the *Goths*,
Bid him encamp his Souldiers where they are,
Tell him the Emperour and the Empreſs too,
Feaſts at my Houſe, and he ſhall Feaſt with them;
This do thou for my love, and ſo let him,
As he regards his aged Fathers life.
Mar. This will I do, and ſoon return again. [*Exit.*
Tam. Now will I hence about thy buſineſs,
And take my Miniſters along with me.
Tit. Nay, nay, let Rape and Murder ſtay with me,
Or elſe I'le call my Brother back again,
And cleave to no revenge but *Lucius*.
Tam. What ſay you, Boys, will you bide with him,
Whiles I go tell my Lord, the Emperour,
How I have govern'd our determined jeſt?
Yield to his humour, ſmooth and ſpeak him fair,
And tarry with him till I turn again.
Tit. I know them all, though they ſuppoſe me mad,
And will o're-reach them in their own deviſes,
A pair of curſed Hell-hounds, and their Dam.
Dem. Madam, depart at pleaſure, leave us here.
Tam. Farewel, *Andronicus*, Revenge now goes
To lay a Complot to betray thy Foes.
Tit. I know thou doſt, and ſweet Revenge, farewel.
Chi. Tell us, Old Man, how ſhall we be employ'd?
Tit. Tut, I have work enough for you to do,
Publius come hither, *Caius*, and *Valentine*.
Pub. What is your will?
Tit. Know you theſe two?
Pub. The Empreſs Sons
I take them, *Chiron*, *Demetrius*.
Tit. Fie, *Publius*, fie, thou art too much deceiv'd,
The one is Murder, Rape is the other's Name,
And therefore bind them, gentle *Publius*,
Caius, and *Valentine*, lay hands on them,
Oft have you heard me wiſh for ſuch an hour,
And now I find it, therefore bind them ſure.
Chi. Villains, forbear, we are the Empreſs Sons.
Pub. And therefore do we, what we are commanded.
Stop cloſe their Mouths, let them not ſpeak a word.
Is he ſure bound? look that ye bind them faſt. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Titus Andronicus *with a Knife, and* Lavinia *with a Baſon.*

Tit, Come, come, *Lavinia*, look, thy Foes are bound;
Sirs, ſtop their Mouths, let them not ſpeak to me,
But let them hear what fearful words I utter.
Oh Villains, *Chiron*, and *Demetrius*,
Here ſtands the Spring whom you have ſtain'd with Mud,
This goodly Summer with your Winter mixt,
You kill'd her Husband, and for that vile fault,
Two of her Brothers were condemn'd to death,
My Hand cut off, and made a merry jeſt,
Both her ſweet Hands, her Tongue, and that more dear
Than Hands or Tongue, her ſpotleſs Chaſtity,
Inhumane Traitors, you conſtrain'd and forc'd.
What would you ſay, if I ſhould let you ſpeak?
Villains, for ſhame you could not beg for Grace.
Heark Wretches, how I mean to Martyr you,
This one Hand yet is left to cut your Throats,
Whil'ſt that *Lavinia* 'tween her ſtumps doth hold,
The Baſon that receives your guilty Blood.
You know your Mother means to feaſt with me,
And calls her ſelf Revenge, and thinks me mad.
Heark Villains, I will grind your Bones to Duſt,
And with your Blood and it I'le make a Paſte,
And of the Paſte a Coffin will I rear,
And make two Paſties of your ſhameful heads,
And bid that Strumpet, your unhallowed Dam,
Like to the Earth ſwallow her own Increaſe.
This is the Feaſt that I have bid her to,
And this the Banquet ſhe ſhall ſurfeit on,
For worſe than *Philomel* you us'd my Daughter,
And worſe than *Progne*, I will be reveng'd,
And now prepare your Throats: *Lavinia* come,
Receive the Blood, and when that they are dead
Let me go grind their Bones to Powder ſmall,
And with this hateful Liquor temper it,
And in that Paſte let their wild heads be bak'd.
Come, come, be every one officious
To make this Banquet, which I wiſh might prove
More ſtern and bloody than the Centaurs Feaſt.
[*He cuts their Throats.*
So now bring them in, for I'le play the Cook,
And ſee them ready 'gainſt the Mother comes. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Lucius, Marcus, *and the* Goths.

Luc. Uncle *Marcus*, ſince 'tis my Fathers mind
That I repair to *Rome*, I am content.
Goth. And ours with thine, befal what Fortune will.
Luc. Good Uncle, take you in this barbarous *Moor*,
This Ravenous Tiger, this accurſed Devil,
Let him receive no ſuſtenance, fetter him,
Till he be brought unto the Emperours Face,
For teſtimony of his foul proceedings.
And ſee the Ambuſh of our Friends be ſtrong,
I fear the Emperour means no good to us.
Aaron. Some Devil whiſper Curſes in my Ear,
And prompt me, that my Tongue may utter forth
The Venemous Malice of my ſwelling Heart.
Luc. Away, Inhumane Dog, Unhallowed Slave,
Sirs, help our Uncle, to convey him in, [*Flouriſh.*
The Trumpets ſhew the Emperour is at hand.

Sound Trumpets. Enter Emperour and Empreſs, with Tribunes and others.

Sat. What hath the Firmament more Suns than one?
Luc. What boots it thee to call thy ſelf a Sun?
Mar. *Romes* Emperour and Nephew break the Parly,
Theſe Quarrels muſt be quietly debated,
The Feaſt is ready which the careful *Titus*
Hath ordained to an honourable end,
For Peace, for Love, for League, and good to *Rome*:
Pleaſe you therefore draw nigh and take your places.
Satur. *Marcus*, we will. [*Hoboys.*

A Table brought in. Enter Titus *like a* Cook, *placing the meat on the Table, and* Lavinia *with a Veil over her Face.*

Titus. Welcome, my gracious Lord,
Welcome, Dread Queen,
Welcome, ye Warlike *Goths*, welcome *Lucius*,
And welcome all: although the cheer be poor,
'Twill fill your Stomachs, pleaſe you eat of it.
Sat. Why art thou thus attir'd, *Andronicus*?
Tit. Becauſe I would be ſure to have all well,
To entertain your Highneſs, and your Empreſs.
Tam. We are beholding to you, good *Andronicus*.

Tit. And if your Highneſs knew my Heart, you were:
My Lord, the Emperour, reſolve me this,
Was it well done of raſh *Virginius*,
To ſlay his Daughter with his own Right-hand,
Becauſe ſhe was enforc'd, ſtain'd, and deflour'd?
Satur. It was, *Andronicus.*
Tit- Your Reaſon, Mighty Lord?
Sat. Becauſe the Girl ſhould not ſurvive her ſhame,
And by her preſence ſtill renew his ſorrows.
Tit. A Reaſon mighty, ſtrong, and effectual,
A pattern, preſident, and lively warrant,
For me (moſt wretched) to perform the like:
Dye, dye, *Lavinia*, and thy ſhame with thee,
And with thy ſhame thy Fathers ſorrow dye.
[*He kills her.*
Sat. What haſt thou done, unnatural and unkind?
Tit. Kill'd her for whom my tears have made me blind.
I am as woful as *Virginius* was,
And have a thouſand times more cauſe than he.
Sat. What, was ſhe raviſht? tell, who did the deed?
Tit. Wil't pleaſe you eat,
Wil't pleaſe your Highneſs feed?
Tam. Why haſt thou ſlain thine onely Daughter thus?
Tit. Not I, 'twas *Chiron* and *Demetrius.*
They raviſht her, and cut away her Tongue,
And they, 'twas they, that did her all this wrong.
Sat. Go fetch them hither to us preſently.
Tit. Why there they are both, baked in that Pye,
Whereof their Mother daintily hath fed,
Eating the Fleſh that ſhe her ſelf hath bred.
'Tis true, 'tis true, witneſs my Knives ſharp point.
[*He ſtabs the Empreſs.*
Sat. Dye, frantick wretch, for this accurſed deed.
Luc. Can the Sons Eyes, behold his Father bleed?
There's meed for meed, death for a deadly deed.
Mar. You ſad-fac'd Men, People, and Sons of *Rome*,
By uprore ſever'd like a flight of Fowl,
Scatter'd by winds and high tempeſtuous guſts,
Oh let me teach you how, to knit again
This ſcattred Corn into one mutual Sheaf,
Thoſe broken limbs again into one Body.
Goth. Let *Rome* her ſelf be bane unto her ſelf,
And ſhe whom mighty Kingdoms curtſie to,
Like a forlorn and deſperate caſtaway,
Do ſhameful execution on her ſelf.
Mar. But if my froſty ſigns and chaps of age,
Grave Witneſſes of true experience,
Cannot induce you to attend my words,
Speak, *Rome's* dear friend, as'erſt our Anceſtor,
When with his Solemn Tongue he did diſcourſe
To Love-ſick *Didoes* ſad attending Ear,
The ſtory of that baleful burning Night,
When ſubtile Greeks ſurpriz'd King *Priam's Troy*:
Tell us what *Sinon* hath bewitch'd our Ears,
Or who hath brought the fatal Engine in,
That gives our *Troy*, our *Rome* the civil wound.
My Heart is not compact of Flint nor Steel,
Nor can I utter all our bitter grief,
But floods of Tears will drown my Oratory,
And break my very utterance, even in the time
When it ſhould move you to attend me moſt,
Lending your kind Hand, Commiſeration.
Here is a Captain, let him tell the Tale.
Your Hearts will throb and weep to hear him ſpeak.
Luc. This Noble Auditory, be it known to you,
That curſed *Chiron* and *Demetrius*
Were they that murdred our Emperours Brother,
And they it were that raviſhed our Siſter,
For their fell faults our Brothers were Beheaded,
Our Fathers tears deſpis'd, and baſely couzen'd
Of that true Hand, that fought *Rome's* Quarrel out,
And ſent her Enemies unto the Grave.
Laſtly, my ſelf unkindly baniſhed,
The Gates ſhut on me, and turn'd weeping out,
To beg relief among *Rome's* Enemies,
Who drown'd their enmity in my true Tears,
And op'd their Arms to imbrace me as a Friend:
And I am turn'd forth, be it known to you,
That have preſerv'd her welfare in my Blood,
And from her boſom took the Enemies point,
Sheathing the Steel in my adventrous Body.
Alas, you know, I am no Vaunter, I,
My ſcars can witneſs, dumb although they are,
That my report is juſt and full of truth:
But ſoft, methinks I do digreſs too much,
Citing my worthleſs praiſe: Oh pardon me,
For when no Friends are by, Men praiſe themſelves.
Mar. Now is my turn to ſpeak: Behold this Child,
Of this was *Tamora* delivered,
The iſſue of an Irreligious *Moor*,
Chief Architect and plotter of theſe woes,
The Villain is alive in *Titus's* Houſe,
And as he is, to witneſs this is true.
Now judge what cauſe had *Titus* to revenge
Theſe wrongs, unſpeakable, paſt Patience,
Or more than any living man could bear.
Now you have heard the truth, what ſay you, *Romans*?
Have we done ought amiſs? ſhew us, wherein,
And from the place where you behold us now,
The poor remainder of *Andronicus*,
Will Hand in Hand all headlong caſt us down,
And on the ragged Stones beat forth our Brains,
And make a mutual cloſure of our Houſe;
Speak, *Romans*, ſpeak, and if you ſay we ſhall,
Lo Hand in Hand *Lucius* and I will fall.
Æmili. Come, come, thou reveren'd Man of *Rome*,
And bring our Emperour gently in thy Hand,
Lucius our Emperour: For well I know,
The common voice do cry, it ſhall be ſo.
Mar. Lucius, all hail, *Romes* Royal Emperour,
Go, go into Old *Titus's* ſorrowful Houſe,
And hither hale that misbelieving *Moor*,
To be adjudg'd ſome direful ſlaughtering death,
As puniſhment for his moſt wicked life.
Lucius, all hail to *Rome's* gracious Governour.
Luc. Thanks, gentle *Romans*, may I govern ſo,
To heal *Romes* harms, and wipe away her woe.
But, gentle People, give me aim a-while,
Fo Nature puts me to a heavy task:
Stand all aloof, but, Uncle, draw you near
To ſhed obſequious Tears upon this Trunk:
Oh take this warm kiſs on thy pale cold Lips,
Theſe ſorrowful drops upon thy Blood-ſtain'd Face,
The laſt true Duties of thy Noble Son.
Mar. A tear for tear, and loving kiſs for kiſs,
Thy Brother *Marcus* tenders on thy Lips:
O were the ſum of theſe that I ſhould pay
Countleſs and infinite, yet would I pay them.
Luc. Come hither, Boy, come, come, and learn of us
To melt in ſhowers: thy Grandſire lov'd thee well,
Many a time he danc'd thee on his Knee:
Sung thee aſleep, his loving Breaſt, thy Pillow:
Many a matter hath he told to thee,
Meet and agreeing with thine Infancy:
In that reſpect then, like a loving Child,
Shed yet ſome ſmall drops from thy tender Spring,
Becauſe kind Nature doth require it ſo:
Friends ſhould aſſociate Friends, in Grief and Woe;
Bid him farewel, commit him to the Grave,
Do him that kindneſs, and take leave of him.
Boy. O Grandſire, Grandſire: even with all my Heart
Would I were Dead, ſo you did live again.
O Lord, I cannot ſpeak to him for weeping,
My tears will choke me, if I ope my mouth.
Romans. You ſad *Andronici*, have done with woes,
Give ſentence on this execrable Wretch,
That hath been breeder of theſe dire events.
Luc. Set him breaſt deep in Earth, and famiſh him:

There let him ſtand, and rave, and cry for Food:
If any one relieves, or pities him,
For the offence, he dies. This is our doom:
Some ſtay, to ſee him faſtned in the Earth.
Aaron. O why ſhould wrath be mute, and fury dumb?
I am no Baby, I, that with baſe Prayers
I ſhould repent the Evils I have done.
Ten thouſand worſe than ever yet I did,
Would I perform if I might have my Will:
If one good Deed in all my life I did,
I do repent it from my very Soul.
Luc. Some loving Friends convey the Emperour hence,
And give him burial in his Fathers Grave.
My Father, and *Lavinia*, ſhall forthwith
Be cloſed in our Houſholds Monument:
As for that heynous Tyger *Tamora*,
No funeral Rite, nor Man in mournful Weeds,
No mournful Bell ſhall ring her Burial:
But throw her forth to Beaſts and Birds of Prey:
Her Life was Beaſt-like, and devoid of pity,
And being ſo, ſhall have like want of pity.
See Juſtice done on *Aaron* that damn'd *Moor*,
From whom, our heavy haps had their beginning:
Then afterwards, to Order well the State.
That like events may ne're it ruinate.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

THE TRAGEDY OF ROMEO and JULIET.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Sampſon *and* Gregory, *with Swords and Bucklers, of the Houſe of* Capulet.

Sampſon. Gregory, a my word we'l not carry Coals.

Greg. No, for then we ſhould be Colliars.

Samp. I mean, if we be in choler, we'l draw.

Greg. I, while you live, draw your Neck out o'th' Collar.

Samp. I ſtrike quickly, being mov'd.

Greg. But thou art not quickly mov'd to ſtrike.

Samp. A Dog of the Houſe of *Mountague* moves me.

Greg. To move, is to ſtir: and to be valiant, is to ſtand: Therefore, if thou art mov'd, thou runn'ſt away.

Samp. A Dog of that Houſe ſhall move me to ſtand:
I will take the Wall of any Man or Maid of *Mountague*'s.

Greg. That ſhews thee weak, Slave, for the weakeſt goes to the Wall.

Samp. True, and therefore Women, being the weakeſt Veſſels, are ever thruſt to the Wall: therefore I will puſh *Mountague's* Men from the Wall, and thruſt his Maids to the Wall.

Greg. The Quarrel is between our Maſters, and us their Men.

Samp. 'Tis all one, I will ſhew my ſelf a Tyrant: when I have fought with the Men, I will be civil with the Maids, and cut off their Heads.

Greg. The Heads of the Maids?

Samp. I, the Heads of the Maids, or their Maiden-heads,
Take it in what ſenſe thou wilt.

Greg. They muſt take it in ſenſe that feel it.

Samp. Me they ſhall feel while I am able to ſtand:
And 'tis known I am a pretty piece of Fleſh.

Greg. 'Tis well thou art not Fiſh: if thou had'ſt, thou had'ſt been Poor John. Draw thy Tool, here comes of the Houſe of the *Mountagues.*

Enter two other Servingmen.

Samp. My naked weapon is out: quarrel, I will back thee.

Gre. How? Turn thy back and run?

Samp. Fear me not.

Greg. No, marry: I fear thee.

Samp. Let us take the Law of our ſides: let them begin.

Gre. I will frown as I paſs by, & let them take it as they liſt.

Samp. Nay, as they dare. I will bite my Thumb at them, which is a diſgrace to them, if they bear it.

Abra. Do you bite your Thumb at us, Sir?

Sam. I do bite my thumb, Sir.

Abra. Do you bite your thumb at us, Sir?

Sam. Is the Law of our ſide, if I ſay I?

Greg. No.

Sam. No, Sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, Sir: but I bite my Thumb, Sir.

Greg. Do you quarrel, Sir?

Abra. Quarrel, Sir? no, Sir.

Sam. If you do, Sir, I am for you, I ſerve as good a Man as you.

Abra. No better?

Sam. Well, Sir.

Enter Benvolio.

Gr. Say better: here comes one of my Maſters kinſmen.

Sam. Yes, better.

Abra. You Lye.

Sam. Draw if you be Men. *Gregory*, remember thy waſhing blow. [*They fight.*

Ben. Part, Fools, put up your Swords, you know not what you do.

Enter Tybalt.

Tyb. What art thou drawn, among theſe heartleſs Hinds? Turn thee, *Benvolio*, look upon thy death.

Ben. I do but keep the Peace, put up thy Sword,
Or manage it to part theſe men with me.

Tyb. What draw, and talk of Peace? I hate the word
As I hate Hell, all *Mountagues*, and thee:
Have at thee, Coward. [*Fight.*

Enter three or four Citizens with Clubs.

Offic. Clubs, Bills, and Partiſans, ſtrike, beat them down,
Down with the *Capulets*, down with the *Mountagues.*

Enter Old Capulet *in his Gown, and his Wife.*

Cap. What noiſe is this? Give me my long Sword, ho?

Wife. A Crutch, a Crutch: why call you for a Sword?

Cap. A Sword, I ſay: Old *Mountague* is come, And flouriſhes his Blade in ſpight of me.

Enter Old Mountague, *and his Wife.*

Moun. Thou Villain, *Capulet.* Hold me not, let me go.
2 *Wife.* Thou ſhalt not ſtir a foot to ſeek a Foe.

Enter Prince Eſkales *with his Train.*

Prin. Rebellious Subjects, Enemies to Peace,
Prophaners of this Neighbour-ſtained Steel;
Will they not hear? What hoe, you Men, you Beaſts,
That quench the Fire of your pernicious Rage,
With purple Fountains iſſuing from your Veins:
On pain of Torture from theſe bloody hands,
Throw your miſtemper'd Weapons to the ground,
And hear the Sentence of your moved Prince.
Three civil Broils, bred of an Aiery word,
By thee, old *Capulet,* and *Mountague,*
Have thrice diſturb'd the quiet of our Streets,
And made *Verona*'s ancient Citizens
Caſt by their grave beſeeming Ornaments,
To weild old Partizans, in hands as old,
Cankred with Peace, to part your Cankred-hate,
If ever you diſturb our Streets again,
Your lives ſhall pay the forfeit of the Peace.
For this time all the reſt depart away:
You, *Capulet,* ſhall go along with me;
And, *Mountague,* come you this afternoon,
To know our Father's pleaſure in this caſe,
To old Free-town, our common Judgment-place:
Once more, on pain of death, all men depart. [*Exeunt.*
Moun. Who ſet this ancient Quarrel new abroach?
Speak, Nephew, were you by when it began?
Ben. Here were the Servants of your adverſary,
And yours, cloſe fighting e're I did approach,
I drew to part them, in the inſtant came
The fiery *Tibalt,* with his ſword prepar'd,
Which as he breath'd defiance to my Ears,
He ſwong about his Head, and cut the Winds,
Who nothing hurt withall, hiſs'd him in ſcorn,
While we were interchanging thruſts and blows,
Came more and more, and fought on part and part,
Till the Prince came, who parted either part.
Wife. O where is *Romeo,* ſaw you him to day?
Right glad am I, he was not at this Fray.
Ben. Madam, an hour before the worſhipp'd Sun
Peer'd forth the golden window of the Eaſt,
A troubled mind drave me to walk abroad,
Where underneath the grove of Sycamour,
That Weſt-ward rooteth from this City ſide,
So early walking did I ſee your Son;
Towards him I made, but he was ware of me,
And ſtole into the Covert of the Wood;
I meaſuring his Affections by my own,
Which then moſt ſought, where moſt might not be found,
Being one too many by my weary ſelf,
Purſued my Honour, not purſuing his,
And gladly ſhun'd, who gladly fled from me.
Mount. Many a morning hath he there been ſeen,
With tears augmenting the freſh morning Dew,
Adding to Clouds, more Clouds with his deep ſighs,
But all ſo ſoon as the all-cheering Sun,
Should in the fartheſt Eaſt begin to draw
The ſhady Curtains from *Aurora*'s Bed,
Away from light ſteals home my heavy Son,
And private in his Chamber pens himſelf,
Shuts up his Windows, locks fair Day-light out,
And makes himſelf an artificial Night:
Black and portentous muſt this humour prove,
Unleſs good Counſel may the Cauſe remove.
Ben. My Noble Uncle, do you know the Cauſe?
Moun. I neither know it, nor can learn of him.
Ben. Have you importun'd him by any means?
Moun. Both my ſelf, and many other Friends,
But he his own affections Counſellor,
Is to himſelf (I will not ſay how true)
But to himſelf ſo ſecret and ſo cloſe,
So far from ſounding and diſcovery,
As is the bud bit with an envious worm,
E're he can ſpread his ſweet Leaves to the Air,
Or dedicate his Beauty to the ſame.
Could we but learn from whence his Sorrows grow,
We would as willingly give cure, as know.

Enter Romeo.

Ben. See where he comes, ſo pleaſe you ſtep aſide,
I'le know his grievance, or be much deny'd.
Moun. I would thou wert ſo happy by thy ſtay,
To hear true Shrift. Come, Madam, let's away. [*Exeunt.*
Ben. Good morrow, Couſin.
Rom. Is the day ſo young?
Ben. But new ſtrook nine.
Rom. Ay me, ſad hours ſeem long:
Was that my Father that went hence ſo faſt?
Ben. It was, what ſadneſs lengthens *Romeo*'s hours?
Ro. Not having that, which having, makes them ſhort.
Ben. In love.
Rom. Out.
Ben. Of Love.
Rom. Out of her favour, where I am in Love.
Ben. Alas that Love ſo gentle in his view,
Should be ſo Tyrannous and rough in proof.
Rom. Alas, that Love, whoſe view is muffled ſtill,
Should without Eyes, ſee path-ways to his will:
Where ſhall we dine? O me: what fray was here?
Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all:
Here's much to do with hate, but more with love:
Why then, O brawling Love, O loving Hate,
O any thing of nothing firſt create:
O heavy lightneſs, ſerious Vanity,
Miſhapen Chaos of well-ſeeming forms,
Feather of Lead, bright Smoke, cold Fire, ſick Health,
Still-waking Sleep, that is not what it is:
This Love feel I, that feel no Love in this.
Doſt thou not laugh?
Ben. No, Couz, I rather weep.
Rom. Good Heart, at what?
Ben. At thy good Hearts oppreſſion.
Rom. Why ſuch is loves tranſgreſſion.
Griefs of mine own lye heavy in my Breaſt;
Which thou wilt propagate to have it preſt
VVith more of thine, this Love that thou haſt ſhewn,
Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.
Love is a ſmoke made of the fume of ſighs,
Being purg'd, a fire ſparling in Lovers Eyes,
Being vext, a Sea nouriſh'd with loving tears,
VVhat is it elſe? a madneſs moſt diſcreet,
A choaking gall, and a preſerving ſweet:
Farewel my Couz.
Ben. Soft, I will go along.
And if you leave me ſo, you do me wrong.
Rom. But I have loſt my ſelf, I am not here,
This is not *Romeo,* he's ſome other where.
Ben. Tell me in ſadneſs, who is that you love?
Rom. VVhat ſhall I grone and tell thee?
Ben. Grone? why no: but ſadly tell me, who.
Rom. A ſick man in good ſadneſs makes his will:
O, word ill urg'd to one that is ſo ill:
In ſadneſs, Couſin, I do love a woman.
Ben. I aim'd ſo near, when I ſuppos'd you lov'd.
Rom. A right good Marks-man, and ſhe's fair I love.
Ben. A right fair mark, fair Couz, is ſooneſt hit.
Rom. VVell in that hit you miſs, ſhe'l not be hit
VVith Cupids Arrow, ſhe hath *Dians* wit:
And in ſtrong proof of Chaſtity well arm'd:
From Loves weak childiſh Bow, ſhe lives uncharm'd.

She will not ſtay the Siege of Loving terms,
Nor bide th' incounter of aſſailing Eyes,
Nor ope her Lap to Saint-ſeducing Gold:
O ſhe is rich in Beauty, only poor,
That when ſhe dies, with Beauty's dies her ſtore. with her dies Beauty's ſtore
Ben. Then ſhe hath ſworn, that ſhe will ſtill live chaſte?
Rom. She hath, and in that ſparing makes huge waſte?
For Beauty ſtarv'd with her ſeverity,
Cuts Beauty off from all poſterity.
She is too fair, too wiſe, wiſely too fair,
To merit bliſs by making me deſpair:
She hath forſworn to love, and in that Vow
Do I live dead, that live to tell it now.
Ben. Be rul'd by me, forget to think of her.
Rom. O teach me how I ſhould forget to think.
Ben. By giving liberty unto thine Eyes;
Examine other Beauties. Ro: Tis the Way
~~*Ro.* 'Tis the way~~ to call hers (exquiſite) in queſtion more.
Thoſe happy Masks that kiſs fair Ladies brows,
Being black, put us in mind they hide the fair:
He that is ſtrucken blind cannot forget
The precious Treaſure of his Eye-ſight loſt:
Shew me a Miſtreſs that is paſſing fair:
What doth her Beauty ſerve but as a Note,
Where I may read who paſt that paſſing fair.
Farewel, thou can'ſt not teach me to forget.
Ben. I'le pay that doctrine, or elſe die in debt. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Capulet, *County* Paris, *and the Clown.*

Capu. yes, *Mountague* is bound as well as I,
In penalty alike, and 'tis not hard (I think,)
For Men ſo old as we to keep the Peace.
Par. Of honourable reckning are you both,
And pity 'tis you liv'd at odds ſo long:
But now, my Lord, what ſay you to my ſuit?
Cap. But ſaying o're what I have ſaid before,
My Child is yet a ſtranger in the World,
She hath not ſeen the change of fourteen years,
Let two more Summers wither in their pride,
E're we may think her ripe to be a Bride.
Par. Younger than ſhe, are happy Mothers made.
Cap. And too ſoon marr'd are thoſe ſo early made:
Earth up hath ſwallowed all my hopes but ſhe,
She is the hopeful Lady of my Earth:
But wooe her, gentle *Paris*, get her Heart,
My will to her conſent, is but a part,
And ſhe agree, within her ſcope of choice,
Lies my conſent, and fair according voice:
This night I hold an old accuſtom'd Feaſt,
Whereto I have invited many a Gueſt,
Such as I love, and you among the ſtore,
One more, moſt welcome makes my number more:
At my poor Houſe, look to behold this night,
Earth-treading Stars, that make dark Heaven light,
Such comfort as do luſty young Men feel,
When well apparell'd *April* on the heel
Of limping Winter treads, even ſuch delight
Among freſh Female buds ſhall you this night
Inherit at my Houſe: hear all, all ſee:
And like her moſt, whoſe merit moſt ſhall be:
Which one more view, of many, mine being one,
May ſtand in number, though in reck'ning none.
Come, go with me: go, ſirrah, trudge about,
Through fair *Verona*, find thoſe Perſons out,
Whoſe Names are written there, and to them ſay,
My Houſe and Welcome, on their pleaſure ſtay. [*Exit.*

Ser. Find them out whoſe Names are written. Here it is written, that the Shoo-maker ſhould meddle with his Yard, and the Tayler with his Laſt, the Fiſher with his Penſil, and the Painter with his Nets. But I am ſent to find thoſe perſons whoſe Names are writ, and can never find what Names the writing perſon hath here writ, (I muſt to the Learned) in good time.

Enter Benvolio, *and* Romeo.

Ben. Tut man, one Fire burns out anothers burning,
One pain is leſs'ned by anothers anguiſh:
Turn giddy, and be holp by backward turning:
One deſperate grief Cures with anothers languiſh:
Take thou ſome new infection to the Eye,
And the rank Poyſon of the old will die.
Rom. Your Plantan leaf is excellent for that.
Ben. For what, I pray thee?
Rom. For your broken-ſhin.
Ben. Why, *Romeo*, art thou mad?
Rom. Not mad, but bound more than a Mad man is:
Shut up in Priſon, kept without my Food,
Whipt and tormented: and Good-e'en, good Fellow.
Ser. God gi' Good-e'en, I pray, Sir, can you read?
Rom. I, mine own Fortune in my miſery.
Ser. Perhaps you have learn'd it without Book:
But, I pray, can you read any thing you ſee?
Rom. I, if I know the Letters and the Language.
Ser. Ye ſay honeſtly, reſt you merry.
Rom. Stay Fellow, I can read.

He reads the Letter.

SEigneur Martino, *and his Wife and Daughter*: *County* Anſelm *and his Beauteous Siſters*: *the Lady Widow of* Vitruvio, *Seigneur* Placentio, *and his lovely Nieces*: Mercutio *and his Brother* Valentine, *mine Uncle* Capulet, *his Wife and Daughters*: *my fair Niece* Roſaline, Livia, *Seigneur* Valentio, *and his Couſin* Tybalt: Lucio, *and the lively* Helena.

A fair Aſſembly, whither ſhould they come?
Ser. Up.
Rom. Whither? to Supper?
Ser. To our Houſe.
Rom. Whoſe Houſe?
Ser. My Maſters.
Rom. Indeed I ſhould have askt you that before.

Ser. Now I'le tell you without asking. My Maſter is the great rich *Capulet*, and if you be not of the houſe of *Mountagues*, I pray come and cruſh a cup of Wine. Reſt you merry. [*Exit.*

Ben. At this ſame ancient Feaſt of *Capulets*,
Sups the fair *Roſaline*, whom thou ſo loveſt:
With all the admired Beauties of *Verona*,
Go thither, and with unattainted Eye,
Compare her Face with ſome that I ſhall ſhew,
And I will make thee think thy Swan a Crow.
Rom. When the devout Religion of mine Eye
Maintains ſuch falſe-hood, then turn Tears to Fire:
And theſe who often drown'd could never die,
Tranſparent Hereticks be burnt for Liers.
One fairer than my Love! the all-ſeeing Sun
Ne're ſaw her Match, ſince firſt the World begun.
Ben. Tut, tut, you ſaw her fair, none elſe being by,
Her ſelf poys'd with her ſelf in either Eye:
But in that Cryſtal ſcales, let there be weigh'd,
Your Ladies love againſt ſome other Maid,
That I will ſhew you, ſhining at this Feaſt,
And ſhe'll ſhew ſcant well, that now ſhews beſt. the best or showeth best
Rom. I'le go along, no ſuch ſight to be ſhewn,
But to rejoice in ſplendor of mine own.

Enter Capulet's *Wife, and Nurſe.*

Wife. Nurſe, where's my Daughter? call her forth to me.
Nurſe. Now by my Maiden-head, at twelve years old,
I bad her come, what Lamb, what Lady-bird, God forbid,
Where's this Girl? what, *Juliet*?

Enter Juliet.

Juliet. How now, who calls?
Nurſe. Your Mother.
Juliet. Madam, I am here, what is your will?

Wife. This is the matter : Nurſe, give leave a while, we muſt talk in ſecret. Nurſe, come back again, I have remembred me, thou'ſe hear my Counſel : Thou knoweſt my Daughter's of a pretty age.

Nurſe. Faith I can tell her age unto an hour.

Wife. She's not fourteen.

Nurſe. I'le lay fourteen of my teeth,
And yet to my teeth be it ſpoken,
I have but four, ſhe's not fourteen ;
How long is it now to *Lammas*-tide ?

Wife. A fortnight and odd days.

Nurſe. Even or odd, of all days in the year, come *Lammas* Eve at night ſhall ſhe be fourteen. *Suſan* and ſhe, God reſt all Chriſtian Souls, were of an age. Well, *Suſan* is with God, ſhe was too good for me. But as I ſaid, on *Lammas* Eve at night ſhall ſhe be fourteen, that ſhall ſhe, marry, I remember it well. 'Tis ſince the Earthquake now eleven years, and ſhe was wean'd, I never ſhall forget it, of all the days in the year, upon that day : for I had then laid Worm-wood to my Dug, ſitting in the Sun under the Dove-houſe wall, my Lord and you were then at *Mantua*, nay, I do bear a brain. But as I ſaid, when it did taſt the Wormwood on the Nipple of my Dug, and felt it bitter, pretty fool, to ſee it teachy, and fall out with the Dug. Shake, quoth the Dove-houſe, 'twas no need I trow to bid me trudge : and ſince that time it is eleven years, for then ſhe could ſtand alone, nay, byth' Rood ſhe could have run, and wadled all about : for even the day before ſhe broke her Brow, and then my Husband, God be with his Soul, a was a merry man, took up the Child, yea, quoth he, doſt thou fall upon thy Face ? thou wilt fall backward when thou haſt more wit, wilt thou not, *Juliet ?* And by my Holy-dam, the pretty wretch left crying, and ſaid, I : to ſee now how a Jeſt ſhall come about. I warrant, and I ſhould live a thouſand years, I never ſhould forget it : Wilt thou not, *Juliet*, quoth he ? and pretty fool, it ſtinted, and ſaid, I.

Old La. Enough of this, I pray thee hold thy peace.

Nur. Yes, Madam, yet I cannot chuſe but laugh, to think it ſhould leave crying, and ſay, I : and yet I warrant it had upon its Brow a bump as big as a young Cockrels Stone : A perilous knock, and it cried bitterly. Yea, quoth my Husband, fall'ſt upon thy Face ? thou wilt fall backward when thou comeſt to age : wilt thou not, *Juliet ?* It ſtinted, and ſaid, I.

Juli. And ſtint thee too, I pray thee, Nurſe, ſay I.

Nur. Peace, I have done : God mark thee to his Grace, thou waſt the pretti eſt Babe that e're I nurſt, and I might live to ſee thee married once, I have my wiſh.

Old La. Marry, that marry is the very theam
I came to talk of, tell me, Daughter *Juliet*,
How ſtands your diſpoſition to be Married ?

Juli. 'Tis an hour that I dream not of.

Nur. An hour, were not I thine onely Nurſe, I would ſay that thou hadſt ſuck'd wiſdom from thy teat.

Old La. Well think of Marriage now, younger than you
Here in *Verona*, Ladies of eſteem,
Are made already Mothers. By my count,
I was your Mother, much upon theſe years,
That you are now a Maid, thus then in brief,
The valiant *Paris* ſeeks you for his Love.

Nurſe. A Man, young Lady, Lady, ſuch a Man as all the world——— Why he's a Man of Wax.

Old La. Verona's Summer hath not ſuch a flower.

Nurſe. Nay he's a flower, in faith a very flower.

Old La. VVhat, ſay you, can you love the Gentleman ?
This night you ſhall behold him at our Feaſt,
Read o're the Volume of young *Paris*'s Face,
And find delight writ there with Beauties Pen :
Examine every ſeveral lineament,
And ſee how one another lends content :
And what obſcur'd in this fair Volume lies,
Finde written in the Margent of his Eyes.
This precious Book of Love, this unbound Lover,
To beautifie him, only lacks a Cover.
The Fiſh lives in the Sea, and 'tis much pride
For fair without, the fair within to hide :
That Book in manies Eyes doth ſhare the glory,
That in Gold Claſps locks in the Golden ſtory :
So ſhall you ſhare all that he doth poſſeſs,
By having him, making your ſelf no leſs.

Nurſe. No leſs, nay bigger : Women grow by men.

Old La. Speak briefly, can you like of *Paris* love ?

Juli. I'le look to like, if looking liking move.
But no more deep will I endart mine Eye,
Than your conſent gives ſtrength to make it fly.

Enter a Servingman.

Ser. Madam, the Gueſts are come, Supper ſerv'd up, you call'd, my young Lady ask'd for, the Nurſe curſt in the Pantry, and every thing in extremity : I muſt hence to wait, I beſeech you follow ſtraight. [*Exit.*

Mo. We follow thee. *Juliet*, the County ſtays.

Nurſe. Go, Girl, ſeek happy nights to happy days. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Romeo, Mercutio, Benvolio, *with five or ſix other Maskers, Torch-bearers.*

Rom. What ſhall this Speech be ſpoke to our excuſe ?
Or ſhall we on without Apology ?

Ben. The date is out of ſuch prolixity,
We'l have no *Cupid* hood-winkt with a Scarf,
Bearing a Tartars painted Bow of Lath,
Scaring the Ladies like a Crow-keeper.
But let them meaſure us by what they will,
We'l meaſure them a Meaſure, and be gone.

Rom. Give me a Torch, I am not for this ambling.
Being but heavy, I will bear the light.

Mer. Nay, gentle *Romeo*, we muſt have you dance.

Rom. Not I, believe me, you have dancing Shoes
With nimble Soles, I have a Sole of Lead,
So Stakes me to the ground, I cannot move.

Mer. You are a Lover, borrow *Cupids* Wings,
And ſoar with them above a common bound.

Rom. I am too ſore impierced with his ſhaft,
To ſoar with his light feathers, and to bound :
I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe,
Under loves heavy burden do I ſink.

Hora. And to ſink in it, ſhould you burden love,
Too great oppreſſion for a tender thing ?

Rom. Is Love a tender thing ? it is too rough,
Too rude, too boyſterous, it pricks like Thorn.

Mer. If Love be rough with you, be rough with Love,
Prick Love for pricking, and you beat Love down,
Give me a Caſe to put my Viſage in,
A Viſor for a Viſor ; what care I
What curious Eye doth quote deformities,
Here are the Beetle-brows ſhall bluſh for me.

Ben. Come knock and enter, and no ſooner in,
But every man betake him to his Legs.

Rom. A Torch for me, let Wantons light of Heart
Tickle the ſenſeleſs Ruſhes with their Heels :
For I am proverb'd with a Grandſire Phraſe,
I'le be a Candle-holder, and look on,
The Game was ne're ſo fair, and I am Dun.

Mer. Tut, Dun's the Mouſe, the Conſtables own word,
If thou art Dun, we'l draw thee from the mire.
Or, ſave your reverence, Love, wherein thou ſtickeſt
Up to the Ears : come, we burn day-light, ho.

Rom. Nay, that's not ſo.

Mer. I mean, Sir, I delay.
We waſte our Lights in vain, lights, lights, by day ;
Take our good Meaning, for our Judgment ſits
Five times in that, e're once in our fine Wits.

Rom. And we mean well in going to this Mask,
But 'tis no wit to go.

Mer. Why, may one ask ?

Rom. I dreamt a Dream to Night.
Mer. And ſo did I.
Rom. Well, what was yours?
Mer. That Dreamers often lie.
Rom. In Bed aſleep while they do dream things true.

Mer. O then I ſee Queen Mab hath been with you: She is the Fairies Mid-wife, and ſhe comes in ſhape no bigger than an Agat-ſtone on the fore-finger of an Alderman, drawn with a teem of little Atomies, over Mens Noſes as they lie aſleep: her Waggon Spoke's made of long Spinners Legs: the Cover of the Wings of Graſhoppers; her Trace of the ſmalleſt Spiders Web; her Collars of the Moon-ſhines watry beams; her Whip of Crickets bone, the Laſh of filme her Waggoner; a ſmall gray-coated Gnat, not half ſo big as a round little Worm, prickt from the Lazy finger of a Woman. Her Chariot is an empty Haſel-nut, made by the Joyner Squirrel or old Grub, time out of mind, the Fayries Coach-makers: and in this ſtate ſhe gallops Night by Night, through Lovers Brains: and then they dream of Love. On Countries Knees, that dream on Curſies ſtrait: O're Lawyers Fingers, who ſtrait dream on Fees: o're Ladies Lips, who ſtrait on Kiſſes dream, which oft the angry Mab with Bliſters plagues, becauſe their Breath with Sweet-meats tainted are. Sometime ſhe gallops o're a Courtiers Noſe, and then dreams he of ſmelling out a Suit: and ſometime comes ſhe with a Tith-pigs tale, tickling a Parſons Noſe as he lies aſleep, then he dreams of another Benefice. Sometime ſhe driveth o're a Souldiers Neck, and then dreams he of cutting Foreign Throats, of Breaches, Ambuſcadoes, *Spaniſh* Blades: Of Healths five Fathom deep; and then anon drums in his Ears, at which he ſtarts and wakes, and being thus frighted, ſwears a Prayer or two, and ſleeps again: this is that very Mab that plats the manes of Horſes in the Night: and bakes the Elf-locks in foul ſluttiſh Hairs, which once intangled, much misfortune bodes.
This is the Hag, when Maids lie on their backs,
That preſſes them, and learns them firſt to bear,
Making them women of good Carriage:
This is ſhe——

Rom. Peace, peace, *Mercutio*, peace.
Thou talk'ſt of nothing.

Mer. True, I talk of Dreams:
Which are the Children of an idle Brain,
Begot of nothing, but vain phantaſie,
Which is as thin of ſubſtance as the Air,
And more unconſtant than the Wind, who wooes
Even now the frozen boſom of the North:
And being anger'd, puffs away from thence
Turning his ſide to the dew-dropping South.

Ben. This wind you talk of blows us from our ſelves,
Supper is done, and we ſhall come too late.

Rom. I fear too early, for my mind miſgives,
Some conſequence yet hanging in the Stars,
Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
With this Nights Revels, and expire the term
Of a deſpiſed Life clos'd in my Breaſt,
By ſome vile forfeit of untimely death,
But he that hath the ſteerage of my courſe,
Direct my ſute: On, luſty Gentlemen.

Ben. Strike, Drum.

They march about the Stage, and Servingmen come forth with their Napkins.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Where's *Potpan*, that he helps not to take away? He ſhift a Trencher? He ſcrape a Trencher.

1. When good Manners ſhall lie in one or two Mens hands, and they unwaſh'd too, 'tis a foul thing.

Ser. Away with the Joyn-ſtools, remove the Court-cupbord, look to the Plate: good thou, ſave me a piece of March-pane, and as thou loveſt me, let the Porter let in *Suſan Grindſtone*, and *Nell*, *Anthony*, and *Potpan*.

2. I, Boy, ready.

Ser. You are look'd for, call'd for, ask'd for, and ſought for, in the great Chamber.

1. We cannot be here and there too, chearly Boys,
Be briſk a while, and the longer liver take all.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter all the Gueſts and Gentlewomen to the Maskers.

1 *Cap.* Welcome, Gentlemen,
Ladies that have their Toes
Unplagu'd with Corns, will walk about with you:
Ah me, Miſtreſſes, which of you all
Will now deny to Dance? She that makes dainty,
She, I'le ſwear, hath Corns: Am I come near ye now?
Welcome Gentlemen, I have ſeen the day
That I have worn a Viſor, and could tell
A whiſpering Tale in a fair Ladies Ear,
Such as would pleaſe: 'tis gone, 'tis gone, tis gone,
You are welcome, Gentlemen, come, Muſitians, play:

[*Muſick plays: and they dance.*

A Hall, Hall, give room, and foot it, Girles,
More light, ye Knaves, and turn the Tables up:
And quench the Fire, the Room is grown too hot.
Ah, Sirrah, this unlook'd for ſport comes well:
Nay, ſit, nay ſit, good Couſin *Capulet*,
For you and I, are paſt our dancing daies:
How long is't now ſince laſt your ſelf and I
Were in a Mask?

2 *Cap.* By'r Lady, thirty years.

1 *Cap.* What, man! 'tis not ſo much, 'tis not ſo much,
'Tis ſince the Nuptial of *Lucentio*,
Come Pentecoſt, as quickly as it will,
Some five and twenty years, and then we Mask'd.

2 *Cap.* 'Tis more, 'tis more, his Son is Elder, Sir:
His Son is thirty.

3 *Cap.* Will you tell me that?
His Son was but a Ward two years ago.

Rom. What Lady is that which doth enrich the hand of yonder Knight?

Ser. I know not, Sir.

Rom. O ſhe doth teach the Torches to burn bright:
Her Beauty hangs upon the cheek of night,
Like a rich Jewel in an *Æthiops* Ear:
Beauty too rich for uſe, for Earth too dear:
So ſhews a Snowy Dove trooping with Crows,
As yonder Lady o're her Fellows ſhows:
The meaſure done, I'le watch her place of ſtand,
And touching hers, make bleſſed my rude hand.
Did my heart love till now, forſwear it, ſight,
For I never ſaw true Beauty till this Night.

Tib. This by his voice ſhould be a *Mountague*.
Fetch me my Rapier, Boy, what dares the Slave
Come hither cover'd with an Antique Face,
To fleer and ſcorn at our Solemnity?
Now by the ſtock and honour of my kin,
To ſtrike him dead I hold it not a ſin.

Cap. Why how now, Kinſman,
Wherefore ſtorm you ſo?

Tib. Uncle this is a *Mountague*, our Foe:
A Villain that is hither come in ſpight,
To ſcorn at our Solemnity this Night.

Cap. Young *Romeo* is it?

Tib. 'Tis he, that Villain *Romeo*.

Cap. Content thee, gentle Couz, let him alone,
A bears him like a portly Gentleman:
And to ſay truth, *Verona* brags of him,
To be a vertuous and well-govern'd Youth:
I would not for the wealth of all the Town,
Here in my Houſe do him diſparagement:
Therefore be patient, take no note of him,
It is my will, the which if thou reſpect,

Shew a fair preſence, and put off theſe frowns,
An ill beſeeming ſemblance for a Feaſt.
Tib. It fits, when ſuch a Villain is a Gueſt,
I'le not endure him.
Cap. He ſhall be indur'd.
What, goodman-boy. I ſay he ſhall, go to,
Am I the Maſter here, or you? go to,
You'l not endure him, God ſhall mend my Soul,
You'l make a mutiny among the Gueſts:
You will ſet cock a hoop, you'l be the Man?
Tib. Why, Uncle, 'tis a ſhame.
Cap. Go to, go to.
You are a ſawcy Boy, 'tis ſo endeed?
This trick may chance to ſcathe you, I know what,
You muſt contrary me, marry 'tis time.
Well ſaid, my Hearts, you are a Princox, go,
Be quiet or more light, for ſhame,
I'le make you quiet. What, cheerly my Hearts.
Tib. Patience perforce, with willful choler meeting,
Makes my fleſh tremble in their different greeting:
I will withdraw, but this intruſion ſhall
Now ſeeming ſweet, convert to bitter gall.
Rom. If I prophane with my unworthieſt hand,
This holy ſhrine, the gentle ſin is this,
My lips two bluſhing Pilgrims ready ſtand,
To ſmooth that rough touch with a tender kiſs.
Jul. Good Pilgrim,
You do wrong your Hand too much,
Which mannerly devotion ſhews in this,
For Saints have hands, the Pilgrims hand, do touch,
And palm to palm, is holy Palmers kiſs.
Rom. Have not Saints Lips, and holy Palmers too?
Jul. I, Pilgrim, lips that they muſt uſe in Prayer.
Rom. O then, dear Saint, let Lips do what Hands do,
They pray, (grant thou,) leaſt Faith turn to Deſpair.
Jul. Saints do not move,
Though grant for Prayers ſake.
Rom. Then move not while my Prayers effect do take:
Thus from my Lips, by thine my ſin is purg'd.
Jul. Then have my Lips the ſin that they have took.
Rom. Sin from my Lips? O treſpaſs ſweetly urg'd:
Give me my ſin again.
Jul. You kiſs by th' Book.
Nur. Madam, your Mother craves a word with you.
Rom. What is her Mother?
Nur. Marry, Batchelor,
Her Mother is the Lady of the Houſe,
And a good Lady, and a wiſe, and vertuous,
I Nurs'd her Daughter that you talk withall:
I tell you, he that can lay hold of her,
Shall have the Chinks.
Rom. Is ſhe a *Capulet*?
O dear account! my Life is my Foes debt.
Ben. Away, be gone, the ſport is at the beſt.
Rom. I, ſo I fear, the more is my unreſt.
Cap. Nay, Gentlemen, prepare not to be gone,
We have a trifling fooliſh Banquet towards:
Is it e'en ſo? why then, I thank you all.
I thank you, honeſt Gentlemen, good Night:
More Torches here come on, then lets to Bed.
Ah Sirrah, by my Faie it waxes late.
I'le to my reſt.
[*Exeunt.*

Jul. Come hither, Nurſe,
What is yond' Gentleman?
Nur. The Son and Heir of old *Tyberio.*
Jul. What's he that now is going out of door?
Nur. Marry, that I think to be young *Petruchio.*
Jul. What's he that follows here, that would not dance?
Nur. I know not.
Jul. Go ask his Name; if he be Married,
My Grave is like to be my wedding Bed.
Nur. His Name is *Romeo*, and a *Mountague*,
The only Son of our great Enemy.
Jul. My only Love ſprung from my only Hate,
Too early ſeen, unknown, and known, too late,
Prodigious birth of Love it is to me,
That I muſt love a loathed Enemy.
Nur. What's this? what's this?
Jul. A Rhime I learn'd even now
Of one I danc'd withall.
[*One calls within,* Juliet.
Nur. Anon, anon:
Come let's away, the Strangers all are gone.
[*Exeunt.*

Chorus.

Now old deſire doth in his Death-bed lie,
And young Affection gapes to be his Heir,
That fair, for which Love groan'd for and would die,
With tender *Juliet* match'd is now not fair,
Now *Romeo* is beloved, and loves again,
A like bewitched by the charm of looks:
But to his Foe ſuppos'd he muſt complain,
And ſhe ſteal Loves ſweet bait from fearful hooks.
Being held a Foe, he may not have acceſs
To breathe ſuch Vows, as Lovers uſe to ſwear;
And ſhe as much in Love, her means much leſs,
To meet her new Beloved any where:
But paſſion lends them Power, time, means to meet,
Tempting extremities with extream ſweet.

Enter Romeo *alone.*

Rom. Can I go forward, when my Heart is here?
Turn back, Dull Earth, and find my Center out.

Enter Benvolio *with* Mercutio.

Ben. *Romeo*, my Couſin *Romeo*, *Romeo*.
Mer. He is wiſe,
And on my life hath ſtoln him home to bed.
Ben. He ran this way, and leap'd this Orchard wall.
Call, good *Mercutio*:
Nay, I'le conjure too.
Mer. *Romeo* Humours, Madam, Paſſion, Lover, Madman
Appear thou in the likeneſs of a ſight,
Speak but one time, and I am ſatisfied: Rhime
Cry me but aim, Couply but Love and Day, Couple but love & Dove
Speak to my Goſſip *Venus* one fair word,
One Nick-name for her pur-blind Son and her,
Young *Abraham Cupid*, he that ſhot ſo true,
When King *Cophetua* lov'd the Beggar-maid,
He heareth not, he ſtirreth not, he moveth not,
The Ape is dead, and I muſt conjure him,
I conjure thee by *Roſuline*'s bright Eyes,
By her high Fore-head, and her Scarlet lip,
By her fine Foot, ſtreight Leg, and quivering Thigh,
And the Deſmeans that there adjacent lie,
That in thy likeneſs thou appear to us.
Ben. And if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.
Mer. This cannot anger him, 'twould anger him,
To raiſe a Spirit in his Miſtreſs's Circle,
Of ſome ſtrange Nature, letting it there ſtand
Till ſhe had laid it, and conjur'd it down,
That were ſome ſpight.
My Invocation is fair and honeſt, and in his Miſtreſs's name,
I conjure only but to raiſe up him.
Ben. Come, he hath hid himſelf among theſe Trees
To be conſorted with the humorous Night:
Blind is his Love, and beſt befits the dark.
Mer. If Love be blind, Love cannot hit the mark,
Now will he ſit under a Medlar-tree,
And wiſh his Miſtreſs were that kind of Fruit,
As Maids call Medlars when they laugh alone,
O, *Romeo*, that ſhe were, O that ſhe were
An Open, or thou a Poprin Pear,
A-ſe

Romeo, good night, I'le to my Truckle-bed,
This Field-bed is too cold for me to ſleep:
Come, ſhall we go?
Ben. Go then, for 'tis in vain to ſeek him here———
That means not to be found.
[*Exeunt.*

Rom. He jeſts at Scars that never felt a wound,
But ſoft, what light through yonder window breaks?
It is the Eaſt, and *Juliet* is the Sun,
Ariſe, fair Sun, and kill the envious Moon,
Who is already ſick and pale with grief,
That thou her Maid, art far more fair than ſhe:
Be not her Maid ſince ſhe is envious,
Her veſtal Livery is but ſick and green,
And none but Fools do wear it, caſt it off:
It is my Lady, O it is my Love, O that ſhe knew ſhe were,
She ſpeaks, yet ſhe ſays nothing; what of that?
Her Eye diſcourſes, I will anſwer it:
I am too bold, 'tis not to me ſhe ſpeaks:
Two of the faireſt Stars in all the Heaven,
Having ſome buſineſs, do intreat her Eyes
To twinckle in their Spheres till they return.
What if her Eyes were there, they in her Head,
The brightneſs of her Cheek would ſhame thoſe Stars,
As Day-light doth a Lamp, her Eye in Heaven,
Would through the airy Region ſtream ſo bright,
That Birds would ſing, and think it were not Night:
See how ſhe leans her Cheek upon her Hand.
O that I were a Glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that Cheek.
Jul. Ay me.
Rom. She ſpeaks.
Oh ſpeak again, bright Angel, for thou art
As glorious to this Night being o're my Head,
As is a winged Meſſenger of Heaven
Unto the white upturned wondring Eyes
Of Mortals that fall back to gaze on him,
When he beſtrides the lazy puffing Clouds,
And ſails upon the boſom of the air.
Jul. O, *Romeo*, *Romeo*, wherefore art thou *Romeo*?
Deny thy Father, and refuſe thy name:
Or if thou wilt not, be but ſworn my Love,
And I'le no longer be a *Capulet*.
Rom. Shall I hear more, or ſhall I ſpeak at this?
Juli. 'Tis but thy name that is my Enemy:
Not Thou ~~art~~ thy ſelf, art though ~~not~~ a *Mountague*,
What's *Mountague*? it is not hand nor foot,
Nor arm, nor face, O be ſome other name
Belonging to a man.
What's in a name? that which we call a Roſe,
By any other word would ſmell as ſweet,
So *Romeo* would, were he not *Romeo* call'd,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes,
Without that Title; *Romeo*, doff thy Name,
And for thy Name, which is no part of thee,
Take all my ſelf.
Rom. I take thee at thy word:
Call me but Love, and I'le be new baptiz'd,
Henceforth I never will be *Romeo*.
Jul. What Man art thou, that thus beſcreen'd in Night,
So ſtumbleſt on my Counſel?
Rom. By a Name,
I know not how to tell thee who I am:
My Name, dear Saint, is hateful to my ſelf,
Becauſe it is an Enemy to thee,
Had I it written, I would tear the word.
Jul. My Ears have yet not drunk a hundred words
Of thy Tongues uttering, yet I know the ſound.
Art thou not *Romeo*, and a *Mountague*?
Rom. Neither, fair Maid, if either thee diſlike.
Jul. How cam'ſt thou hither,
Tell me, and wherefore?
The Orchard Walls are high, and hard to climb,
And the place Death, conſidering who thou art,
If any of my Kinſmen find thee here.
Rom. With Loves light wings
Did I o're-perch theſe Walls,
For ſtony Limits cannot hold Love out,
And what Love can do, that dares Love attempt:
Therefore thy Kinſmen are no ſtop to me.
Jul. If they do ſee thee, they will murder thee.
Rom. Alack there lies more peril in thine Eye,
Than twenty of their ſwords, look thou but ſweet,
And I am proof againſt their Enmity.
Jul. I would not for the World they ſaw thee here.
Rom. I have Nights cloak to hide me from their Eyes,
And but thou love me, let them find me here,
My Life were better ended by their Hate,
Than Death prorogued wanting of thy Love.
Jul. By whoſe direction found'ſt thou out this place?
Rom. By Love that firſt did prompt me to enquire,
He lent me Counſel, and I lent him Eyes:
I am no Pilot, yet wert thou as far
As that vaſt-ſhore, waſh'd with the fartheſt Sea,
I ſhould adventure for ſuch Merchandiſe.
Jul. Thou knoweſt the mask of Night is on my Face,
Elſe would a Maiden bluſh bepaint my Cheek,
For that which thou haſt heard me ſpeak to Night,
Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain, deny
What I have ſpoke, but farewel, Complements,
Doſt thou Love? O, I know thou wilt ſay, I,
And I will take thy word, yet if thou ſwear'ſt,
Thou may'ſt prove falſe; at Lovers perjuries
They ſay *Jove* laughs, oh gentle *Romeo*,
If thou doſt love, pronounce it faithfully:
Or if thou thinkeſt I am too quickly won,
I'le frown and be perverſe, and ſay thee nay,
So thou wilt wooe: But elſe not for the world.
In truth, fair *Mountague*, I am too fond:
And therefore thou mayeſt think my haviour light,
But truſt me, Gentleman, I'le prove more true,
Than thoſe that have more coyning to be ſtrange,
I ſhould have been more ſtrange, I muſt confeſs,
But that thou over-heard'ſt e're I was ware
My true Loves paſſion, therefore pardon me,
And not impute this yielding to light Love,
Which the dark night hath ſo diſcovered.
Rom. Lady, by yonder Moon, I vow:
That tips with Silver all theſe Fruit-tree tops.
Jul. O ſwear not by the Moon, th'unconſtant Moon,
That monthly changes in her circled Orb,
Leſt that thy Love prove likewiſe variable.
Rom. What ſhall I ſwear by?
Jul. Do not ſwear at all:
Or if thou wilt, ſwear by thy gracious ſelf,
Which is the God of my Idolatry,
And I'le believe thee.
Rom. If my Hearts dear love———
Jul. Well do not ſwear although I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contract to Night,
It is too raſh, too unadvis'd, too ſudden,
Too like the lightning which doth ceaſe to be,
E're one can ſay, it lightens, Sweet, good Night,
This bud of Love by Summers ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous Flower when next we meet:
Good night: good night, as ſweet repoſe and reſt,
Come to thy Heart, as that within my breaſt.
Rom. O wilt thou leave me ſo unſatisfied?
Jul. What ſatisfaction canſt thou have to Night?
Rom. Th' exchange of thy Loves faithful Vow of mine.
Jul. I gave thee mine before thou didſt requeſt it:
And yet I would it were to give again.
Rom. Would'ſt thou withdraw it?
For what purpoſe, Love?
Jul. But to be frank, and give it thee again,
And yet I wiſh but for the thing I have,
My bounty is as boundleſs as the Sea,
My Love as deep, the more I give to thee,

The more I have, for both are infinite.
I hear ſome noiſe within; dear Love adieu.
[*Calls within.*
Anon, good Nurſe, ſweet *Mountague* be true:
Stay but a little, I will come again.
Rom. O bleſſed, bleſſed Night, I am afear'd,
Being in night, all this is but a Dream,
Too flattering ſweet to be ſubſtantial.

Enter.

Jul. Three words, dear *Romeo*,
And good night indeed,
If that thy bent of Love be Honourable,
Thy purpoſe Marriage, ſend me word to morrow,
By one that I'le procure to come to thee,
Where, and what time thou wilt perform the Rite,
And all my Fortunes at thy Foot I'le lay,
And follow thee, my Lord, throughout the World.
[*Within*: Madam.
I come, anon: but if thou meaneſt not well,
I do beſeech thee,
[*Within*: Madam.
(By and by, I come.)
To ceaſe thy ſtrife, and leave me to my grief;
To morrow will I ſend.
Rom. So thrive my Soul.
Jul. A thouſand times, good Night. [*Exit.*
Rom. A thouſand times the worſe to want thy light,
Love goes toward Love, as School-boys from their Books,
But Love from Love, towards School with heavy looks.

Enter Juliet *again.*

Jul. Hiſt, *Romeo*, hiſt: O for a Falkners Voice,
To lure this Taſſel gentle back again,
Bondage is hoarſe and may not ſpeak aloud,
Elſe would I tear the Cave where Eccho lies,
And make her ayry Tongue more hoarſe, than with
The repetition of my *Romeo*.
Rom. It is my Soul that calls upon my Name.
How ſilver-ſweet ſound Lovers Tongues by Night,
Like ſofteſt Muſick to attending Ears.
Jul. *Romeo.*
Rom. My Sweet.
Jul. What a Clock to morrow
Shall I ſend to thee?
Rom. By the hour of Nine.
Jul. I will not fail, 'tis twenty years till then,
I have forgot why I did call thee back.
Rom. Let me ſtand here 'till thou remember it.
Jul. I ſhall forget, to have thee ſtill ſtand there,
Remembring how I love thy Company.
Rom. And I'le ſtill ſtay to have thee ſtill forget,
Forgetting any other name but this.
Jul. 'Tis almoſt morning, I would have thee gone.
And yet no further then a wantons Bird,
That lets it hop a little from his hand,
Like a poor Priſoner in his twiſted Gyves,
And with a ſilken thred plucks it again,
So loving jealous of his Liberty.
Rom. I would I were thy Bird.
Jul. Sweet, ſo would I,
Yet I ſhould kill thee with much cheriſhing:
Good night, good night.
Rom. Parting is ſuch ſweet ſorrow,
That I ſhall ſay Good night, till it be morrow.
Jul. Sleep dwell upon thine Eyes, peace in thy Breaſt.
[*Exit.*
Rom. Would I were Sleep and Peace ſo ſweet to reſt,
The gray-ey'd Morn ſmiles on the frowning Night,
Check'ring the Eaſtern Clouds with ſtreaks of light,
And Darkneſs fleckel'd like a Drunkard reels,
From forth days path-way, made by *Titan*'s Wheels.
Hence will I to my Ghoſtly Friers cloſe Cell,
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell. [*Exit.*

Enter Frier alone with a Basket.

Fri. Now e're the Sun advance his burning Eye,
The day to chear, and Nights dank dew to dry,
I muſt up-fill this Oſier Cage of ours,
With baleful Weeds, and precious juiced Flowers,
The Earth that's Natures Mother, is her Tomb,
What is her burying Grave, that is her Womb:
And from her Womb Children of divers kind
We ſucking on her natural Boſom find:
Many for many Virtues Excellent:
None but for ſome, and yet all different.
O mickle is the powerful Grace that lies
In Plants, Herbs, Stones, and their true Qualities:
For nought ſo vile, that on the Earth doth live,
But to the Earth ſome ſpecial good doth give.
Nor ought ſo good, but ſtrain'd from that fair uſe,
Revolts from true Birth, ſtumbling on abuſe.
Vertue it ſelf turns vice being miſapplied.
And Vice ſometime by action dignified.

Enter Romeo.

Within the infant Rind of this weak Flower,
Poyſon hath reſidence, and medicine Power:
For this being ſmelt, with that part chears each part,
Being taſted ſlays all Senſes with the Heart.
Two ſuch oppoſed Kings encamp them ſtill,
In Man as well as Herbs, Grace and rude Will:
And where the worſer is predominant,
Full ſoon the Canker Death eats up that Plant.
Rom. Good morrow, Father.
Fri. Benedicite.
What early Tongue ſo ſweet ſalute them?
Young Son, it argues a diſtemper'd Head,
So ſoon to bid Good morrow to thy Bed;
Care keeps his watch in every old Mans Eye,
And where Care lodgeth, Sleep will never lie:
But where unbruiſed Youth with unſtuft Brain
Doth couch his Limbs, there golden ſleep doth raign;
Therefore thy earlineſs doth me aſſure,
Thou art up-rouz'd with ſome diſtemperature;
Or if not ſo, then here I hit it right,
Our *Romeo* hath not been in bed to Night.
Rom. That laſt is true, the ſweeter reſt was mine.
Fri. God pardon ſin: waſt thou with *Roſaline*?
Rom. With *Roſaline*, my Ghoſtly Father? No,
I have forgot that Name, and that Name's woe.
Fri. That's my good Son, but where haſt thou been then?
Rom. I'le tell thee e're thou ask it me again:
I have been feaſting with mine Enemy,
Where on a ſudden one hath wounded me,
That's by me wounded: both our Remedies
Within thy help and holy Phyſick lies:
I bear no hatred, Bleſſed man, for lo
My interceſſion likewiſe ſteads my Foe.
Fri. Be plain, good Son, reſt homely in thy drift,
Ridling confeſſion finds but ridling ſhrift.
Rom. Then plainly know my heart's dear Love is ſet
On the fair Daughter of rich *Capulet*:
As mine on hers, ſo hers is ſet on mine;
And all combin'd, ſave what thou muſt combine
By holy Marriage: when, and where, and how,
We met, we woo'd, and made exchange of vow,
I'le tell the as we paſs, but this I pray,
That thou conſent to marry us to day.
Fri. Holy Saint *Francis*, what a change is here?
Is *Roſaline*, that thou didſt love ſo dear,
So ſoon forſaken? young mens Love then lies
Not truly in their Hearts, but in their Eyes.
Jeſu Maria, what a deal of brine
Hath waſht thy fallow Cheeks for *Roſaline*?
How much ſalt Water thrown away in waſte,

To ſeaſon Love, that of it doth not taſte?
The Sun not yet thy ſighes from heaven clears,
Thy old groans yet ring in my ancient ears;
Lo here upon thy cheek the ſtain doth ſit,
Of an old tear that is not waſht off yet.
If ere thou waſt thy ſelf, and theſe woes thine,
Thou and theſe woes were all for *Roſaline*.
And art thou chang'd? Pronounce this ſentence then,
Women may fall, when there's no ſtrength in men.
Rom. Thou chidd'ſt me oft for loving *Roſaline*.
Fri. For doting, not for loving, Pupil mine.
Rom. And bad'ſt me bury Love.
Fri. Not in a grave,
To lay one in, another out to have.
Rom. I pray thee chide me not, her I Love now
Doth grace for grace, and Love for Love allow:
The other did not ſo.
Fri. Oh ſhe knew well,
Thy Love did read by rote, that could not ſpell:
But come young waverer, come go with me,
In one reſpect I'le thy aſſiſtant be:
For this alliance may ſo happy prove,
To turn your houſhold-rancour to pure Love.
Rom. O let us hence, I ſtand on ſudden haſte.
Fri. Wiſely and ſlow, they ſtumble that run faſt.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Benvoleo *and* Mercutio.

Mer. Where the devil ſhould this *Romeo* be? came he not home to night?

Ben. Not to his Fathers, I ſpoke with his man.

Mer. Why that ſame pale hard-hearted wench, that *Roſaline* torments him ſo, that he will ſure run mad.

Ben. Tybalt, the kinſman to old *Capulet*, hath ſent a Letter to his Fathers houſe.

Mer. A Challenge on my life.

Ben. Romeo will anſwer it.

Mer. Any man that can write, may anſwer a Letter.

Ben. Nay he will anſwer the Letters Maſter how he dares, being dared.

Mer. Alas poor *Romeo*, he is already dead, ſtabb'd with a white whenches black eye, run through the ear with a Love-ſong, the very pin of his heart cleft with the blind Bow-boyes-but-ſhaft, and is he a man to encounter *Tybalt*?

Ben. Why what is *Tybalt*?

Mer. More then Prince of Cats. Oh he's the Couragious Captain of Complements: he fights as you ſing prick-ſongs, keeps time, diſtance, and proportion; he reſts his minum, one, two, and the third in your Boſom: the very butcher of a ſilk button, a Duelliſt, a Duelliſt: a Gentleman of the very firſt houſe of the firſt and ſecond cauſe: ah the immortal Paſſado, the Punto reverſo, the Hay.

Ben. The what?

Mer. The Pox of ſuch antique liſping affecting phantaſies, theſe new tuners of accent: Jeſu, a very good blade, a very tall man, a very good Whore. Why is not this a lamentable thing Grandſir, that we ſhould be thus afflicted with theſe ſtrange flies, theſe faſhion-mongers, theſe pardon-me's, who ſtand ſo much on the new form, that they cannot ſit at eaſe on the old bench. O their bones, their bones.

Enter Romeo.

Ben. Here comes *Romeo*, here comes *Romeo*.

Mer. Without his Roe, like a dried Herring. O fleſh, fleſh, how art thou fiſhified? Now is he for the numbers that *Petrarch* flowed in: *Laura* to his Lady was a Kitchen-wench, marry ſhe had a better love to berime her: *Dido* a Dowdy, *Cleopatra*, a Gipſie, *Helen* and *Hero*, hildings and harlots: *Thisby* a gray eye or ſo, but not to the purpoſe. Signior *Romeo*, *Bonjour*, there's a French ſalutation to your French ſlop: you gave us the counterfeit fairly laſt night.

Romeo. Good morrow to you both, what counterfeit did I give you?

Mer. The ſlip Sir, the ſlip, can you not conceive?

Rom. Pardon *Mercutio*, my buſineſs was great, and in ſuch a caſe as mine, a man may ſtrain courteſie.

Mer. That's as much as to ſay, ſuch a caſe as yours conſtrains a man to bow in the hams.

Rom. Meaning to courteſie.

Mer. Thou haſt moſt kindly hit it.

Rom. A moſt courteous expoſition.

Mer. Nay, I am the very pinck of courteſie.

Rom. Pinke for flower.

Mer. Right.

Rom. Why then is my Pump well flowr'd.

Mer. Sure wit, follow me this jeſt now till thou haſt worn out thy Pump, that when the ſingle ſole of it is worn, the jeſt may remain after the wearing, ſole-ſingular.

Rom. O ſingle-ſol'd jeſt,
Solely ſingular, for the ſingleneſs.

Mer. Come between us good *Benvolio*, my wit faints.

Rom. Swits and Spurs,
Swits and Spurs, or I'le cry a match.

Mer. Nay, if our wits run the Wild-gooſe chaſe, I am done: For thou haſt more of the Wild-gooſe in one of thy wits, then I am ſure I have in my whole five. Was I with you there for the Gooſe?

Rom. Thou was never with me for any thing, when thou waſt not there for the Gooſe.

Mer. I will bite thee by the ear for that jeſt.

Rom. Nay, good Gooſe bite not.

Mer. Thy wit is a very bitter-ſweeting,
It is a moſt ſharp ſawce.

Rom. And is it not well ſerv'd in to a ſweet Gooſe?

Mer. Oh here's a wit of Cheverell, that ſtretches from an inch narrow, to an ell broad.

Rom. I ſtretch it out for that word, broad, which added to the Gooſe, proves the far and wide, a broad Gooſe.

Mer. Why is not this better now, then groaning for Love? now art thou ſociable, now art thou *Romeo*: now art thou what thou art, by Art as well as by Nature, for this driveling Love is like a great Natural, that runs lolling up and down to hide his bauble in a hole.

Ben. Stop there, ſtop there.

Mer. Thou deſireſt me to ſtop in my Tale againſt the hair.

Ben. Thou would'ſt elſe made thy tale large.

Mer. O thou art deceiv'd, I would have made it ſhort, for I was come to the whole depth of my Tale, and meant indeed to occupy the argument no longer.

Enter Nurſe and her Man.

Rom. Here's goodly gear.
A ſayle, a ſayle.

Mer. Two, two, a Shirt and a Smock.

Nur. Peter?

Peter. Anon.

Nur. My Fan *Peter*.

Mer. Good *Peter*, to hide her face:
For her Fan's the fairer face?

Nur. God ye good morrow Gentlemen.

Mer. God ye gooden fair Gentlewoman.

Nur. Is it gooden?

Mer. 'Tis no leſs I tell you; for the bawdy hand of the Dyal is now upon the prick of Noon.

Nur. Out upon you: what a man are you?

Rom. One, Gentlewoman,
That God hath made himſelf to mar.

Nur. By my troth it is ſad, for himſelf to mar, quotha? Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find the young *Romeo*?

Romeo. I can tell you: but young *Romeo* will be older

when you have found him, than he was when you ſought him: I am the youngeſt of that Name, for fault of a worſe.
Nur. You ſay well.
Mer. Yea, is the worſt well?
Very well took, Iſaith, wiſely, wiſely.
Nur. If you be he Sir,
I deſire ſome Confidence with you.
Ben. She will invite him to ſome Supper.
Mer. A Baud, a Baud, a Baud. So ho.
Rom. What haſt thou found?
Mer. No Hare Sir, unleſs a Hare Sir in a Lenten Pie, that is ſomething Stale and Hoar e're it be ſpent.
An old Hare hoar, and an old Hare hoar is very good meat in *Lent.*
But a Hare that is hoar, is too much for a Score, when it hoars e're it be ſpent.
Romeo, will you come to your Fathers? Wee'l to Dinner thither.
Rom. I will follow you.
Mer. Farewel ancient Lady:
Farewel Lady, Lady, Lady.
[*Ex.* Mercutio, Benvolio.

Nur. I pray you Sir, what ſawcy Merchant was this that was ſo full of his Roguery?

Rom. A Gentelman, Nurſe, that loves to hear himſelf talk, and will ſpeak more in a minute, than he will ſtand to in a Month.

Nur. And a ſpeak any thing againſt me, I'le take him down, and a were luſtier than he is, and twenty ſuch Jacks: And if I cannot, I'le find thoſe that ſhall: Scurvy Knave, I am none of his flurt-gils, I am none of his skains-Mates. And thou muſt ſtand by too, and ſuffer every Knave to uſe me at his Pleaſure.

Pet. I ſaw no Man uſe you at his Pleaſure: if I had, my Weapon ſhould quickly have been out, I warrant you, I dare draw as ſoon as another Man, if I ſee occaſion in a good Quarrel, and the Law on my ſide.

Nur. Now afore God, I am ſo vext, that every part about me quivers: ſcurvy Knave: Pray you Sir a Word: And as I told you, my young Lady bid me enquire you out; what ſhe bid me ſay, I will keep to my ſelf: But firſt let me tell ye, if ye ſhould lead her in a fools Paradiſe, as they ſay, it were a very groſs kind of behaviour, as they ſay: For the Gentlewoman is young, and therefore, if you ſhould deal double with her, truly it were an ill thing to be offered to any Gentlewoman, and very weak dealing.

Rom. Nurſe, commend me to thy Lady and Miſtreſs, I proteſt unto thee———

Nur. Good heart, and I'faith I will tell her as much: Lord, Lord, ſhe will be a joyful Woman.

Rom. What wilt thou tell her, Nurſe? Thou doſt not mark me?

Nur. I will tell her, Sir, that you do proteſt, which, as I take it, is a Gentleman-like offer.

Rom. Bid her deviſe ſome means to come to ſhrift this (afternoon;
And there ſhe ſhall at Frier *Lawrence* Cell
Be ſhriv'd and married: here is for thy pains.
Nur. No truly Sir, not a penny.
Rom. Go to, I ſay you ſhall.
Nur. This afternoon Sir? Well, ſhe ſhall be there.
Rom. And ſtay thou, good Nurſe, behind the Abby-wall,
Within this hour my Man ſhall be with thee,
And bring thee Cords made like a tackled ſtair,
Which to the high top-gallant of my joy
Muſt be my Convoy in the ſecret Night.
Farewel, be truſty, and I'le quite thy pains:
Farewel, commend me to thy Miſtreſs.
Nur. Now God in Heaven bleſs thee: Hark you Sir.
Rom. What ſaiſt thou, my dear Nurſe?

Nur. Is your man ſecret? did you ne're hear ſay, Two may keep Counſel, putting one away?

Rom. I warrant thee my man as true as Steel.

Nur. Well Sir, my Miſtreſs is the ſweeteſt Lady; Lord, Lord, when 'twas a little prating thing. O, there is a Noble man in Town, one *Paris*, that would fain lay Knife aboard: But ſhe, good Soul, had as live ſee a Toad, a very Toad, as ſee him: I anger her ſometimes, and tell her that *Paris* is the properer man, but I'le warrant you, when I ſay ſo, ſhe looks as pale as any Clout in the verſal World. Doth not Roſemary and *Romeo* begin both with a letter?

Rom. I Nurſe, what of that? Both with an *R.*

Nur. A mocker that's the Dogs name. *R.* is for the no, I know it begins with ſome other Letter, and ſhe hath the prettieſt ſententious of it, of you and Roſemary, that it would do you good to hear it.

Rom. Commeud me to thy Lady.
Nur. I a thouſand times. *Peter?*
Pet. Anon.
Nur. Before, and apace. [*Ex. Nurſe and* Peter.

Enter Juliet.

Juli. The Clock ſtrook nine, when I did ſend the Nurſe:
In half an hour ſhe promiſed to retutn,
Perchance ſhe cannot meet him: That's not ſo:
Oh ſhe is Lame, Loves Heraulds ſhould be thoughts,
Which ten times faſter glide than the Suns Beams,
Driving back ſhadows over lowring Hills.
Therefore do nimble Pinnion'd Doves draw Love,
And therefore hath the wind-ſwift *Cupid* Wings:
Now is the Sun upon the highmoſt Hill
Of this days journey, and from nine till twelve,
I three long hours, yet ſhe is not come:
Had ſhe affections and warm youthful Blood,
She'ld be as ſwift in motion as a Ball,
My words would bandy her to my ſweet Love,
And his to me; but old Folks,
Many fain as they were Dead,
Unwieldy, ſlow, heavy, and pale as Lead.

Enter Nurſe.

O God ſhe comes. O honey Nurſe, what News?
Haſt thou met with him? Send thy Man away.
Nur. Peter ſtay at the Gate.
Juli. Now good ſweet Nurſe:
O Lord why look'ſt thou ſad?
Though News be ſad, yet tell them merrily.
If good, thou ſham'ſt the Muſick of ſweet News,
By playing it to me with ſo ſower a Face.
Nur. I am a weary, give me leave a while;
Fie, how my Bones ake, what a Jaunt have I had?
Juli. I would thou hadſt my Bones, and I thy News:
Nay come, I pray thee ſpeak, good Nurſe ſpeak.
Nur. Jeſu, what haſte? can you not ſtay a while?
Do you not ſee how I am out of breath?
Juli. How art thou out of breath, when thou haſt breath
To ſay to me, that thou art out of breath?
The Excuſe that thou doſt make in this delay,
Is longer then the Tale thou doſt excuſe.
Is thy News good or bad? Anſwer to that,
Say either, and I'le ſtay the Circumſtance:
Let me be ſatisfied, is't good or bad?

Nur. Well, you have made a ſimple choice, you know not how to chuſe a man: *Romeo*, no not he, though his Face be better than any mans, yet his Legs excell all mens, and for a Hand and a Foot, and a Bawdy, though they be not to be talk'd on, yet they are paſt compare: He is not the Flower of Courteſie, but I warrant him as gentle a Lamb: Go thy waies Wench, ſerve God; what have you din'd at home?

Juli. No, no: But all this did I know before:
What ſaies he of our Marriage? What of that?
Nur. Lord how my Head akes, what a Head have I?
It beats as it would fall in twenty Peices.
My back a tother ſide: O my back, my back:
Beſhrew your Heart for ſending me about
To catch my Death with jaunting up and down.
Juli. I faith I am ſorry that thou art ſo ill,

Sweet, ſweet, ſweet Nurſe, tell me what ſays my Love?
Nur. Your Love ſays like an honeſt Gentleman,
And a courteous, and a kind, and a handſom,
And I warrant a vertuous; where is your Mother?
Juli. Where is my Mother?
Why ſhe is within, where ſhould ſhe be?
How odly thou reply'ſt!
Your Love ſays like an honeſt Gentleman:
Where is my Mother?
Nur. O Gods Lady dear,
Are you ſo hot? marry come up I trow,
Is this the Poultis for my aking bones?
Hence forward do your meſſages your ſelf.
Juli. Here's ſuch a coil, come, what ſays *Romeo*?
Nur. Have you got leave to go to ſhrift to day?
Juli. I have.
Nur. Then hie you hence to Frier *Lawrence* Cell,
There ſtaies a Husband to make you a Wife:
Now comes the wanton blood up in your Cheeks,
They'l be in Scarlet ſtraight at any news:
Hie you to Church, I muſt another way,
To fetch a Ladder, by the which your Love
Muſt climb a Birds neſt ſoon, when it is dark:
I am the drudge, and toil in your delight:
But you ſhall bear the Burthen ſoon at night.
Go I'le to Dinner, hie you to the Cell.
Juli. Hie to high Fortune, honeſt Nurſe farewell.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Frier and Romeo.

Fri. So ſmile the Heavens upon this holy act,
That after hours with ſorrow chide us not.
Rom. Amen, amen: but come what ſorrow can,
It cannot countervail the exchange of joy
That one ſhort minute gives me in her ſight:
Do thou but cloſe our Hands with holy words,
Then Love-devouring Death do what he dare,
It is enough I may but call her mine.
Fri. Theſe violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph die like Fire and Powder,
Which as they kiſs conſume. The ſweeteſt honey
Is loathſom in ~~his~~ its own deliciouſneſs,
And in the taſte confounds the appetite:
Therefore love moderately, long Love doth ſo,
Too ſwift arrives as tardy as too ſlow.

Enter Juliet.

Here comes the Lady. Oh ſo light a foot
Will ne'er wear out the everlaſting flint;
A Lover may beſtride the Goſſamour
That idles in the wanton Summer Air,
And yet not fall, ſo light is vanity.
Juli. Good-even to my ghoſtly Confeſſor.
Fri. *Romeo* ſhall thank thee Daughter for us both.
Juli. As much to him, elſe is his thanks too much.
Rom. Ah *Juliet*, if the meaſure of thy joy
Be heapt like mine, and that thy skill be more
To blaſon it, then ſweeten with thy breath
This neighbour Air, and let rich Muſicks Tongue
Unfold the imagin'd happineſs that both
Receive in either, by this dear encounter.
Juli. Conceit more rich in matter then in words,
Brags of his Subſtance, not of Ornament:
They are but beggars that can count their worth,
But my true Love is grown to ſuch exceſs,
I cannot ſum up ~~ſome~~ the sum of half my wealth.
Fri. Come, come with me, and we will make ſhort work,
For by your leaves, you ſhall not ſtay alone,
Till holy Church incorporate two in one.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Mercutio, Benvolio, *and Men.*

Ben. I pray thee good *Mercutio* lets retire,
The day is hot, the *Capulets* abroad:
And if we meet, we ſhall not ſcape a brawl, for now theſe hot days is the mad blood ſtirring.

Mer. Thou art like one of thoſe Fellows, that when he enters the confines of a Tavern, claps me his ſword upon the table, and ſaies, God ſend me no need of thee: and by the operation of the ſecond Cup, draws him on the Drawer, when indeed there is no need.

Ben. Am I like ſuch a fellow?

Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a Jack in thy mood, as any in *Italy*; and as ſoon moved to be moody, and as ſoon moody to be mov'd.

Ben. And what too?

Mer. Nay, and there were two ſuch, we ſhould have none ſhortly, for one would kill the other: thou, why thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair more, or a hair leſs in his Beard than thou haſt: thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking Nuts, having no other reaſon, but becauſe thou haſt haſel Eyes; what eye, but ſuch an eye, would ſpy out ſuch a quarrel? thy head is as full of quarrels, as an Egg is full of meat, and yet thy head hath been beaten as addle as an Egg for quarrelling: thou haſt quarrell'd with a man for Coughing in the ſtreet, becauſe he hath wakened thy Dog that hath lain aſleep in the Sun. Did'ſt thou not fall out with a Taylor for wearing his new Doublet before Eaſter? with another, for tying his new Shoes with old Ribband? and yet thou wilt Tutor me from quarrelling!

Ben. And I were ſo apt to quarrel as thou art, any man ſhould buy the Fee-ſimple of my Life for an hour and a quarter.

Mer. The Fee-ſimple? O ſimple!

Enter Tybalt, Petruchio, *and others.*

Ben. By my head here come the *Capulets.*

Mer. By my heel I care not.

Tyb. Follow me cloſe, for I will ſpeak to them.
Gentlemen, Good-den, a word with one of you.

Mer. And but one word with one of us? couple it with ſomething, make it a word and a blow—

Tyb. You ſhall find me apt enough to that Sir, and you will give me occaſion.

Mercu. Could you not take ſome occaſion without giving?

Tyb. *Mercutio*, thou conſort'ſt with *Romeo.*

Mer. Conſort? what doſt thou make us Minſtrels? and thou make Minſtrels of us, look to hear nothing but Diſcords: here's my Fiddleſtick; here's that ſhall make you dance. Come conſort.

Ben. We talk here in the publick haunt of men:
Either withdraw unto ſome private place,
Or reaſon coldly of your grievances,
Or elſe depart; here all Eyes gaze on us.
Mer. Mens Eyes were made to look, and let them gaze,
I will not budge for no mans pleaſure I.

Enter Romeo.

Tyb. Well, peace be with you Sir, here comes my man.
Mer. But I'le be hang'd Sir if he wear your Livery;
Marry go before to field, hee'l be your follower,
Your Worſhip in that ſenſe may call him man.
Tyb. *Romeo*, the love I bear thee, can afford
No better term than this; Thou art a Villain.
Rom. *Tybalt*, the reaſon that I have to love thee,
Doth much excuſe the appertaining rage
To ſuch a greeting:
Therefore farewell, I ſee thou know'ſt me not.
Tyb. Boy, this ſhall not excuſe the injuries

That thou haſt done me, therefore turn and Draw.
Rom. I do proteſt I never injur'd thee,
But lov'd thee better than thou can'ſt deviſe;
Till thou ſhalt know the Reaſon of my Love.
And ſo good *Capulet*, which Name I tender
As dearly as my own, be ſatisfied.
Mer. O calm, diſhonourable, vile ſubmiſſion!
Allaſtucatho carries it away.
Tybalt, You Rat-catcher, will you walk?
Tib. What wouldſt thou have with me?
Mer. Good King of Cats, nothing but one of your nine
Lives, that I mean to make bold withal, and as you ſhall
uſe me hereafter dry beat the reſt of the eight. Will you
pluck your Sword out of his Pilcher by the Ears? Make
haſte, leſt mine be about your Ears e're it be out.
Tib. I am for you.
Rom. Gentle *Mercutio*, put thy Rapier up.
Mer. Come Sir, your Paſſado.
Rom. Draw *Benvolio*, beat down their Weapons:
Gentlemen, for ſhame forbear this outrage,
Tybalt, *Mercutio*, the Prince expreſly hath
Forbidden bandying in *Verona* Streets,
Hold *Tybalt*, good *Mercutio*.
[*Exit* Tybalt.

Mer. I am hurt.
A Plague of both the houſes, I am ſped:
Is he gone and hath nothing?
Ben. What art thou hurt?
Mer. I, I, a Scratch, a Scratch, marry 'tis enough,
Where is my Page? Go Villain fetch a Surgeon.
Rom. Courage man, the hurt cannot be much.
Mer. No, 'tis not ſo deep as a Well, nor ſo wide as a
Church-door, but 'tis enough, 'twill ſerve: ask for me to
morrow, and you ſhall find me a Grave Man. I am pepper'd
I warrant for this World: a Plague of both your Houſes.
What, a Dog, a Rat, a Mouſe, a Cat to ſcratch a Man to
Death! a Braggart, a Rogue, a Villain, that fights by the
book of Arithmetick. Why the Div'l came you between us?
I was hurt under your Arm.
Rom. I thought all for the beſt.
Mer. Help me into ſome Houſe *Benvolio*,
Or I ſhall faint: a Plague o'both your Houſes,
They have made worms-meat of me,
I have it, and ſoundly too, your Houſes.
[*Exit.*

Rom. This Gentleman, the Princes near Allie,
My very Friend, hath got his mortal Hurt
In my behalf, my Reputation ſtain'd
With *Tybalt*'s ſlander, *Tybalt*, that an Hour
Hath been my Cozen: O Sweet *Juliet*,
Thy Beauty hath made me Effeminate,
And in my Temper ſoftned Valour's Steel.

Enter Benvolio.

Ben. O *Romeo*, *Romeo*, brave *Mercutio's* dead,
That Gallant Spirit hath aſpir'd the Clouds,
Which too untimely here did ſcorn the Earth.
Rom. This days black Fate, on more days does depend,
This but begins the Woe, others muſt end.

Enter Tybalt.

Ben. Here comes the furious *Tybalt* back again.
Rom. He gone in Triumph, and *Mercutio* Slain?
Away to Heaven reſpective Lenity,
And Fire, and Fury be my Conduct now:
Now *Tybalt* take the Villain back again
That late thou gav'ſt me, for *Mercutio's* Soul
Is but a little way above our Heads,
Staying for thine to keep him Company:
Either thou or I, or both, muſt go with him.
Tyb. Thou wretched Boy that didſt conſort him here,
Shalt with him hence.
Rom. This ſhall determine that.
They fight. Tybalt *falls.*

Ben. *Romeo*, away, be gone:
The Citizens are up, and *Tybalt* ſlain,
Stand not amaz'd, the Prince will doom thee Death
If thou art taken: Hence, be gone, away.
Rom. O! I am Fortunes Fool.
Ben. Why doſt thou ſtay?
[*Exit* Romeo.

Enter Citizens.

Citi. Which way ran he that kill'd *Mercutio*?
Tybalt that Murtherer, which way ran he?
Ben. There lies that *Tybalt*.
Citi. Up Sir, go with me:
I charge thee in the Princes Name obey.

Enter Prince, old Mountague, Capulet, *their Wives and all.*

Prin. Where are the vile beginners of this Fray?
Ben. O Noble Prince I can diſcover all
The unlucky mannage of this fatal Brall:
There lies the man ſlain by young *Romeo*,
That ſlew thy Kinſman brave *Mercutio*.
Cap. Wi. Tybalt my Cozen? O my Brothers Child,
O Prince, O Cozen, Husband, O the Blood is ſpill'd,
Of my dear Kinſman. Prince as thou art true,
For Blood of ours, ſhed Blood of *Mountague*.
O Cozen, Cozen.
Prin. Benvolio, Who began this Fray?
Ben. Tybalt here Slain, whom *Romeo*'s hand did Slay,
Romeo that ſpoke him fair, bid him bethink
How nice the Quarrel was, and urg'd withal
Your High Diſpleaſure: All this uttered,
With gentle Breath, calm Look, Knees humbly bow'd,
Could not take Truce with the unruly Spleen
Of *Tybalt*, deaf to Peace, but that he Tilts
With Piercing Steel at bold *Mercutio's* Breaſt,
Who all as hot, turns deadly Point to Point,
And with a Martial ſcorn, with one hand beats
Cold Death aſide, and with the other ſends
It back to *Tybalt*, whoſe Dexterity
Retorts it: *Romeo* he cries aloud,
Hold Friends, Friends part, and ſwifter than his Tongue,
His able Arm beats down their fatal Points,
And twixt them Ruſhes, underneath whoſe Arm,
An envious thruſt from *Tybalt*, hit the Life
Of ſtout *Mercutio*, and then *Tybalt* fled.
But by and by comes back to *Romeo*,
Who had but newly entertained Revenge,
An to't they go like Lightning, for e're I
Could draw to part them, was ſtout *Tybalt* Slain:
And as he fell, did *Romeo* turn and Fly:
This is the Truth, or let *Benvolio* Die.
Cap. Wi. He is a Kinſman to the *Mountague*,
Affection makes him falſe, he ſpeaks not true.
Some twenty of them fought in this black ſtrife,
And all thoſe twenty could but kill one Life.
I beg for Juſtice, which thou Prince muſt give:
Romeo ſlew *Tybalt*, *Romeo* muſt not Live.
Prin. Romeo ſlew him, he ſlew *Mercutio*,
Who now the Price of his dear Blood doth owe.
Cap. Not *Romeo* Prince, he was *Mercutio's* Friend,
His Fault concludes but what the Law ſhould end,
The Life of *Tybalt*.
Prin. And for that Offence,
Immediately we do Exile him hence:
I have an Intereſt in your hearts Proceeding,
My Blood for your rude Brawls doth lye a Bleeding.
But I'le amerce you with ſo ſtrong a Fine,
That you ſhall all Repent the loſs of Mine.
I will be deaf to Pleading and Excuſes,

Nor Tears, nor Prayers ſhall purchaſe our abuſes.
Therefore uſe none, let *Romeo* hence in haſte,
Elſe when he is found, that hour is his laſt.
Bear hence this Body, and attend our Will:
Mercy but Murders, pardoning thoſe that Kill.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Juliet *alone.*

Juli. Gallop apace, you fiery footed Steeds,
Toward *Phœbus* lodging, ſuch a Wagoner
As *Phaeton* would whip you to the Weſt,
And bring in cloudy night immediately,
Spred thy cloſe Curtain, Love-performing night,
That run-aways eyes may wink, and *Romeo*
Leap to theſe Arms, untalkt of and unſeen,
Lovers can ſee to do their Amorous Rites,
By their own Beauties: Or if Love be blind,
It beſt agrees with night: Come civil night,
Thou ſober-ſuted Matron, all in black,
And learn me how to loſe a winning Match,
Playd for a pair of ſtainleſs Maidenheads,
Hood my unmann'd Blood baiting in my Cheeks, bating
With thy black Mantle, till ſtrange Love grow bold,
Think true Love acted ſimple Modeſty:
Come night, come *Romeo*, come thou day in night,
For thou wilt lie upon the Wings of night,
Whiter than new Snow on a Ravens back:
Come gentle night, come loving black-brow'd night,
Give me my *Romeo*, and when I ſhall die,
Take him and cut him out in little Stars,
And he will make the Face of Heaven ſo fine,
That all the World will be in Love with night,
And pay no Worſhip to the Gariſh Sun.
O I have bought the Manſion of a Love,
But not poſſeſs'd it, and though I am ſold,
Not yet enjoy'd, ſo tedious is this Day,
As is the night before ſome Feſtival,
To an impatient Child that hath new Robes
And may not wear them. O here comes my Nurſe:

Enter Nurſe with Cords.

And ſhe brings news, and every Tongne that ſpeaks
But *Romeo's* name, ſpeaks Heavenly Eloquence:
Now Nurſe, what News? What haſt thou there?
The Cords that *Romeo* bid thee fetch?
Nur. I, I, the Cords.
Juli. Ay me, what News?
Why doſt thou wring thy Hands.
Nur. A weladay he's dead, he's dead,
We are undone, Lady, we are undone.
Alack the day, he's gone, he's kill'd, he's dead.
Juli. Can Heav'n be ſo envious?
Nur. Romeo can,
Though Heaven cannot. O *Romeo*, *Romeo*,
Who ever would have thought it, *Romeo*?
Juli. What Divel art thou,
That doſt torment me thus?
This Torture ſhould de roar'd in diſmal Hell,
Hath *Romeo* ſlain himſelf? Say thou but I:
And that bare Vowel *I* ſhall poyſon more
Than the Death-darting eye of Cockatrice,
I am not *I*, if there be ſuch an *I*.
Or thoſe Eyes ſhot that makes the anſwer I,
If he be ſlain ſay I, or if not, no.
Brief ſounds determine of my weal or woe.
Nur. I ſaw the Wound, I ſaw it with mine Eyes,
God ſave the Mark here on his manly Breaſt.
A pitteous Coarſe, a bloody pitteous Coarſe;
Pale, pale as Aſhes, all bedawb'd in Blood,
All in gore Blood, I ſwooned at the ſight.
Juli. O break my heart,
Poor Bankrupt break at once,
To Priſon Eyes, ne're look on Liberty,
Vile Earth to Earth reſign, end motion here,
And thou and *Romeo* preſs one heavy Beer.
Nur. O *Tybalt*, *Tybalt*, the beſt Friend I had:
O courteous *Tybalt*, honeſt Gentleman,
That ever I ſhould live to ſee thee Dead.
Juli. What ſtorm is this that blows ſo contrary?
Is *Romeo* ſlaughter'd? and is *Tybalt* dead?
My deareſt Cozen, and my dearer Lord:
The dreadful Trumpet ſound the general Doom,
For who is living, if thoſe two are gone?
Nur. Tybalt is gone, and *Romeo* baniſhed,
Romeo that kill'd him, he is Baniſhed.
Juli. O God!
Did *Romeo's* hand ſhed *Tybalt's* Blood?
Nur. It did, it did, alas the day, it did.
Juli. O Serpent Heart, hid with a flowring face,
Did ever Dragon keep ſo fair a Cave?
Beautiful Tyrant, Fiend Angelical,
(~~Ravenous~~ Dove, feather'd Raven,
Wolviſh-ravening Lamb,
Deſpiſed ſubſtance of Divineſt ſhow:
Juſt oppoſite to what thou juſtly ſeem'ſt,
A damned Saint, an Honourable Villain:
O Nature! What hadſt thou to do in Hell,
When thou didſt bower the Spirit of a Fiend
In mortal Paradiſe of ſuch ſweet fleſh?
Was ever Book containing ſuch vile matter
So fairly bound? O that deceit ſhould dwell
In ſuch a gorgeous Pallace.
Nur. There's no Truſt, no Faith, no honeſty in men,
All perjur'd, all forſworn, all nought, all diſſemblers,
Ah where's my man? Give me ſome *Aqua-vitæ*?
Theſe Griefs, theſe woes, theſe ſorrows make me old!
Shame come to *Romeo*.
Juli. Bliſter'd be thy Tongue
For ſuch a wiſh, he was not born to ſhame:
Upon his Brow ſhame is aſham'd to ſit:
For 'tis a Throne where Honour may be Crown'd
Sole Monarch of the Univerſal Earth:
O what a Beaſt was I to chide him ſo?
Nur. Will you ſpeak well of him
That kill'd your Cozen?
Juli. Shall I ſpeak ill of him that is my Husband?
Ah poor my Lord, what Tongue ſhall ſmooth thy name,
When I thy three hours Wife have mangled it!
But wherefore Villain didſt thou kill my Cozen?
That Villain Cozen would have kill'd my Husband:
Back fooliſh Tears, back to your native Spring,
Your Tributary drops belong to Woe,
Which your miſtaking offer up to Joy:
My Husband lives that *Tybalt* would have Slain,
And *Tybalt* dead that would have kill'd my Husband,
All this is Comfort, wherefore weep I then?
Some word there was worſer then *Tybalt's* Death
That Murdered me, I would forget it fain,
But oh it preſſes to my Memory,
Like damned guilty deeds to ſinners minds,
Tybalt is dead, and *Romeo* Baniſhed:
That Baniſhed, that one word Baniſhed,
Hath ſlain ten thouſand *Tybalts*: *Tybalt's* death
Was woe enough if it had ended there:
Or if ſower woe delights in Fellowſhip,
And needly will be rank'd with other Griefs,
Why followed not, when ſhe ſaid *Tybalt's* dead,
Thy Father, or thy Mother, nay or both,
Which modern Lamentation might have mov'd.
But with a Rere-ward following *Tybalt's* death,
Romeo is baniſhed, to ſpeak that word,
Is Father, Mother, *Tybalt*, *Romeo*, *Juliet*,
All Slain, all Dead: *Romeo* is baniſhed,
There is no end, no limit, meaſure, bound,
In that words death, no words can that woe ſound.
Where is my Father and my Mother, Nurſe?

Nur. Weeping and wailing over *Tybalts* Coarſe.
Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.
Juli. Waſh they his wounds with tears: mine ſhall be ſpent
When theirs are dry for *Romeos* Baniſhment.
Take up thoſe Cords, poor Ropes you are beguil'd,
Both you and I, for *Romeo* is Exil'd:
He made you for an High-way to my bed,
But I a Maid, dye Maiden widowed.
Come Cord, come Nurſe, i'le to my Wedding-bed,
And Death, not *Romeo*, take my Maiden-head.
Nur. Hie to your Chamber, i'le find *Romeo*
To comfort you, I wot well where he is:
Hark ye, your *Romeo* will be here at Night,
I'le to him, he is hid at *Lawrence* Cell.
Juli. O find him, give this Ring to my true Knight,
And bid him come, to take his laſt Farewel.
[*Exit.*

Enter Frier, and Romeo.

Fri. *Romeo*, come forth,
Come forth, thou fearful Man,
Affliction is enamour'd of thy Parts:
And thou art wedded to Calamity.
Rom. Father, what News?
What is the Princes Doom?
What Sorrow craves admittance at my hand,
That I yet know not?
Fri. Too familiar
Is my dear Son with ſuch ſowr Company:
I bring thee Tydings of the Princes Doom.
Rom. What leſs than Dooms-day,
Is the Princes Doom?
Fri. A gentle Judgment vaniſht from his Lips,
Not Bodies Death, but Bodies Baniſhment.
Rom. Ha, Baniſhment? Be merciful, ſay Death:
For Exile hath more terror in his look,
Much more than Death, do not ſay Baniſhment.
Fri. Here from *Verona* art thou baniſhed:
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.
Rom. There is no world without *Verona*-walls,
But Purgatory, Torture, Hell it ſelf:
Hence baniſhed, is baniſht from the World,
And worlds Exile is death. Then baniſhed
Is Death mis-term'd, calling Death Baniſhed.
Thou cut'ſt my Head off with a Golden Ax,
And ſmil'ſt upon the ſtroak that Murders me.
Fri. O deadly ſin, O rude unthankfulneſs!
Thy fault our Law calls Death, but the kind Prince
Taking thy part hath ruſht aſide the Law,
And turn'd that black word Death, to Baniſhment.
This is dear Mercy, and thou ſeeſt it not.
Rom. 'Tis Torture and not Mercy, heaven is here
Where *Juliet* lives, and every Cat and Dog,
And little Mouſe, every unworthy thing
Live here in heaven, and may look on her,
But *Romeo* may not. More Validity,
More honourable State, more Courtſhip lives
In Carrion Flies, than *Romeo*: They may ſeize
On the white wonder of dear *Juliets* hand,
And ſteal immortal bleſſings from her lips,
Who even in pure and Veſtal Modeſty
Still bluſh, as thinking their own kiſſes ſin.
This may Flies do, when I from this muſt fly,
And ſaiſt thou yet, that Exile is not Death?
But *Romeo* may not, he is baniſhed.
Hadſt thou no poiſon mixt, no ſharp-ground knife,
No ſudden mean of Death, though nere ſo mean,
But baniſhed to kill me? Baniſhed?
O Frier, the Damned uſe that word in Hell:
Howlings attend it, how haſt thou the heart
Being a Divine, a Ghoſtly Confeſſor,
A Sin-Abſolver, and my Friend profeſt,
To mangle me with that word Baniſhed?

Fri. Fond Mad-man, hear me ſpeak.
Rom. O thou wilt ſpeak again of baniſhment.
Fri. I'le give thee Armour to keep off that word,
Adverſities ſweet milk, Philoſophy,
To comfort thee, though thou art baniſhed.
Rom. Yet, baniſhed? Hang up Philoſophy,
Unleſs Philoſophy can make a *Juliet*,
Diſplant a Town, reverſe a Princes Doom,
It helps not, it prevails not, talk no more:
Fri. O then I ſee, that mad-men have no ears.
Rom. How ſhou'd they,
When wiſe-men have no eyes?
Fri. Let me deſpair with thee of thy Eſtate.
Rom. Thou canſt not ſpeak of that thou doſt not feel,
Wert thou as young, as *Juliet* my Love:
An hour but married, *Tybalt* murdered,
Doting like me, and like me baniſhed.
Then might'ſt thou ſpeak,
Then migh'ſt thou tear thy hair,
And fall upon the ground as I do now,
Taking the meaſure of an unmade Grave.

Enter Nurſe and knocks.

Fri. Ariſe, one knocks,
Good *Romeo* hide thy ſelf.
Rom. Not I,
Unleſs the breath of Heart-ſick groans
Miſt-like infold me from the ſearch of eyes.
[*Knock.*

Fri. Hark, how they knock,
(Who's there) *Romeo*, ariſe,
Thou wilt be taken, ſtay a while, ſtand up:
[*Knock.*

Run to my ſtudy: By and by, Gods will?
What Simpleneſs is this: I come, I come.
[*Knock.*

Who knocks ſo hard?
Whence come you? what's your Will?

Enter Nurſe.

Nur. Let me come in,
And you ſhall know my Errand:
I come from Lady *Juliet*.
Fri. Welcom then.
Nur. O holy Frier, O tell me holy Frier,
Wher's my Ladies Lord? wheres *Romeo*.
Fri. There on the ground,
With his own tears made drunk.
Nur. O he is even in my Miſtreſs caſe,
Juſt in her caſe, O woful Sympathy!
Piteous predicament, even ſo lies ſhe,
Blubbring and weeping, weeping and blubbring,
Stand up, ſtand up, ſtand and you be a Man,
For *Juliet's* ſake, for her ſake riſe and ſtand:
Why ſhould you fall into ſo deep an O.
Rom. Nurſe.
Nur. Ah ſir, ah ſir, death's the end of all.
Rom. Speak'ſt thou of *Juliet*? How is't with her?
Doth not ſhe think me an old Murtherer,
Now I have ſtain'd the Child-hood of our joy
VVith blood, remov~~e~~d but little from her own?
Where is ſhe? and how does ſhe? and what ſays
My conceal'd Lady to our conceal'd Love?
Nur. Oh ſhe ſays nothing, Sir, but weeps and weeps,
And now falls on her bed, and then ſtarts up.
And *Tybalt* calls, and then she *Romeo* cries,
And then down falls again. Ro: As if That Name
~~Ro As if that Name~~ ſhot from the deadly level of a Gun
Did murder her, as that Names curſed hand
Murdered her Kinſman. Oh tell me, Frier, tell me,
In what vile part of this Anatomy
Doth my Name lodge? Tell me, that I may ſack

The hateful Manſion.
Fri. Hold thy deſperate hand:
Art thou a man? Thy form cries out, thou art:
Thy tears are womaniſh, thy wild Acts do note
This unreaſonable fury of a Beaſt.
Unſeemly Woman, in a ſeeming Man,
And ill beſeeming Beaſt in ſeeming both,
Thou haſt amaz'd me. By my holy Order,
I thought thy diſpoſition better temper'd.
Haſt thou ſlain *Tybalt*? Wilt thou ſlay thy ſelf?
And ſlay thy Lady, that in thy life lives,
By doing damned hate upon thy ſelf?
Why rail'ſt thou on thy birth? the Heaven and Earth?
Since birth, and heaven, and earth, all three do meet
In thee at once which thou at once would'ſt loſe.
Fie, fie, thou ſham'ſt thy ſhape, thy Love, thy Wit:
Which like an Uſurer abound'ſt in all:
And uſeſt none in that true uſe indeed,
Which ſhould bedeck thy ſhape, thy Love, thy Wit:
Thy Noble ſhape is but a Form of Wax,
Digreſſing from the Valour of a Man,
Thy dear Love ſworn, but hollow Perjury,
Killing that Love which thou haſt vow'd to Cheriſh,
Thy Wit, that Ornament to ſhape and Love,
Miſ-ſhapen in the Conduct of them both:
Like Powder in a skilleſs Souldiers flask,
Is ſet a fire by thine own ignorance,
And thou diſmembred with thine own Defence.
What, rouſe thee, Man, thy *Juliet* is alive,
For whoſe dear ſake thou waſt but lately dead.
There art thou happy. *Tybalt* would kill thee,
But thou ſlew'ſt *Tybalt*, there art thou happy too,
The Law that threatned Death became thy friend,
And turn'd it to Exile, there art thou happy.
A pack of Bleſſings light upon thy back,
Happineſs courts thee in her beſt Array,
But like a miſ-ſhapen and a ſullen Wench,
Thou putteſt up thy Fortune and thy Love:
Take heed, take heed, for ſuch die miſerable.
Go get thee to thy Love as was decreed,
Aſcend her Chamber, hence and comfort her:
But look thou ſtay not till the Watch be ſet,
For then thou canſt not paſs to *Mantua*,
Where thou ſhalt live till we can find a time
To blaze your Marriage, reconcile your Friends,
Beg pardon of thy Prince, and call thee back,
With twenty hundred thouſand times more Joy
Than thou went'ſt forth in Lamentation.
Go before, Nurſe, commend me to thy Lady,
And bid her haſten all the Houſe to Bed,
Which heavy Sorrow makes them apt unto.
Romeo is coming.
Nur. O Lord, I could have ſtaid here all the night,
To hear good Counſel: Oh what Learning is?
My Lord, I'le tell my Lady you will come.
Rom. Do ſo, and bid my Sweet prepare to chide.
Nur. Here, Sir, a Ring ſhe bid me give you, Sir:
Hie you, make haſte, for it grows very late.
Rom. How well my comfort is reviv'd by this.
Fri. Go hence.
Goodnight, and here ſtands all your ſtate:
Either be gone before the VVatch be ſet,
Or by the Break of day diſguis'd from hence,
Sojourn in *Mantua*, I'le find out your man,
And he ſhall ſignifie from time to time,
Every good hap to you that chances here:
Give me thy hand, 'tis late, farewel, Good night.
Rom. But that a joy, paſt joy, calls out on me,
It were a grief, ſo brief to part with thee:
Farewel. [*Exeunt.*

Enter old Capulet, *his Wife, and* Paris.

Cap. Things have faln out, Sir, ſo unluckily,
That we have no time now to move our Daughter:
Look you, ſhe lov'd her Kinſman *Tybalt* dearly,
And ſo did I. Well, we were born to die.
'Tis very late, ſhe'll not come down to Night:
I promiſe you, but for your Company,
I would have been a bed an hour ago.
Par. Theſe times of woe afford no times to wooe:
Madam, Good night, commend me to your Daughter.
Lad. I will, and know her mind early to morrow;
To night ſhe's ~~is~~ mew'd up to her heavineſs.
Cap. Sir *Paris*, I will make a deſperate tender
Of my Childs Love: I think ſhe will be rul'd
Ile venture to make
In all reſpects by me, nay more, I doubt it not.
Wife, go you to her e're you go to bed,
Acquaint her here of my Son *Paris* Love,
And bid her, mark you me, on Wedneſday next,
But ſoft, what day is this?
Par. Monday, my Lord.
Cap. Monday, ha, ha, well, Wedneſday is too ſoon,
A Thurſday let it be: A Thurſday tell her
She ſhall be married to this Noble Earl:
Will you be ready? Do you like this haſte?
Wee'l keep no great a-do, a friend or two,
For, hark you, *Tybalt* being ſlain ſo late,
It may be thought we held him careleſly,
Being our Kinſman, if we revel much:
Therefore we'll have ſome half a dozen Friends,
And there an end. But what ſay you to Thurſday?
Par. My Lord,
I would that Thurſday were to morrow.
Cap. Well, get you gone, a Thurſday be it then:
Go you to *Juliet* e're you go to bed,
Prepare her Wife, againſt this wedding day.
Farewel, my Lord, light to my Chamber, hoa,
Afore me, it is ſo late, that we may call it early by and by.
Good night.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Romeo *and* Juliet *aloft.*

Juli. Wilt thou be gone?
It was the Nightingale, and not the Lark,
That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine Ear,
Nightly ſhe ſings on yond Pomgranate Tree,
Believe me Love, it was the Nightingale.
Rom. It was the Lark, the Herauld of the Morn:
No Nightingale: Look, Love, what envious ſtreaks
Do lace the ſevering Clouds in yonder Eaſt:
Nights Candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the miſty Mountain tops,
I muſt be gone and live, or ſtay and die.
Juli. Yon light is not Day-light, I know it, I:
It is ſome Meteor that the Sun exhales,
To be to thee this night a Torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to *Mantua*.
Therefore ſtay yet thou need'ſt not to be gone.
Rom. Let me be ta'ne, let me be put to death,
I am content, ſo thou wilt have it ſo.
I'le ſay yon gray is not the Mornings eye,
'Tis but the pale reflex of *Cynthia*'s brow.
Nor that is not the Lark whoſe Notes do beat
The vaulty Heavens ſo high above our Heads,
I have more care to ſtay, than will to go:
Come Death and welcome, *Juliet* wills it ſo.
How is't, my Soul, let's talk, it is not day.
Juli. It is, it is, hie hence, be gone, away:
It is the Lark that ſings ſo out of Tune,
Straining harſh Diſcords, and unpleaſing Sharps.
Some ſay the Lark makes ſweet Diviſion;
This doth not ſo: For ſhe divideth us.
Some ſay, the Lark, and loathed Toad change Eies,
O now I would they had chang'd voices too:
Since arm from arm that Voice doth us affray,
Hunting thee hence, with Hunts-up to the day,

O now be gone, more light, and ~~it~~ light it grows.
Ro. More light and light, more dark and dark our woes.

Enter Madam and Nurſe.

Nur. Madam.
Juli. Nurſe.
Nur. Your Lady Mother is coming to your Chamber,
The Day is broke, be wary, look about.
Juli. Then Window let Day in, and let Life out.
Rom. Farewel, farewel, one kiſs, and I'le deſcend.
Juli. Art thou gone ſo? Love,Lord,ah Husband, Friend,
I muſt hear from thee every day in the hour,
For in a minute there are many days,
O by this count I ſhall be much in years,
E're I again behold my *Romeo.*
Rom. Farewel:
I will omit no opportunity,
That may convey my greetings, Love, to thee.
Juli. O thinkeſt thou we ſhall ever meet again?
Rom. I doubt it not, and all theſe woes ſhall ſerve
For ſweet Diſcourſes in our time to come.
Juli. O God! I have an ill Divining Soul,
Methinks I ſee thee now, thou art ſo low,
As one dead in the bottom of a Tomb,
Either my Eye-ſight fails: or thou look'ſt pale.
Rom. And truſt me, Love, in my Eye ſo do you:
Dry ſorrow drinks our Blood. Adieu, adieu. [*Exit.*
Juli. O Fortune, Fortune, all men call thee fickle,
If thou art fickle, what doſt thou with him
That is renown'd for Faith? be fickle Fortune:
For then I hope thou wilt not keep him long,
But ſend him back.

Enter Mother.

La. Ho Daughter, are you up?
Juli. Who is't that calls? is it my Lady Mother?
Is ſhe not down ſo late, or up ſo early?
What unaccuſtom'd cauſe procures her hither?
La. Why how now, *Juliet?*
Juli. Madam, I am not well.
La. Evermore weeping for your Couſins death?
What wilt thou waſh him from his Grave with tears?
And if thou couldſt, thou couldſt not make him live:
Therefore have done, ſome grief ſhews much of Love,
But much of grief ſhews ſtill ſome want of wit.
Juli. Yet let me weep, for ſuch a feeling loſs.
La. So ſhall you feel the loſs, but not the Friend
Which you weep for.
Juli. Feeling ſo the loſs,
I cannot chuſe but ever weep the Friend.
La. Well Girl, thou weep'ſt not ſo much for his death,
As that the Villain lives which ſlaughter'd him.
Juli. What Villain, Madam?
La. That ſame Villain, *Romeo.*
Juli. Villain and he be many miles aſunder;
God Pardon him, I do with all my heart,
And yet no man like he doth grieve my heart.
La. That is becauſe the Traitor lives.
Juli. I, Madam, from the reach of theſe my hands:
Would none but I might venge my Couſin's death.
La. We will have vengeance for it, fear thou not.
Then weep no more. I'le ſend to one in *Mantua,*
Where that ſame baniſh'd Runnagate doth live,
Shall give him ſuch an unaccuſtom'd dram,
That he ſhall ſoon keep *Tybalt* Company:
And then I hope thou wilt be ſatisfied.
Juli. Indeed I never ſhall be ſatisfied
With *Romeo,* till I behold him. Dead
Is my poor heart, ſo for a Kinſman vext:
Madam, if you could find out but a man
To bear a Poiſon, I would temper it;
That *Romeo* ſhould upon receipt thereof,
Soon ſleep in quiet. Oh how my heart abhors
To hear him nam'd, and cannot come to him,
To wreak the love I bore my Couſin *Tybalt,*
Upon his Body that hath ſlaughter'd him.
Mo. Find thou the means, and I'le find ſuch a man,
But now I'le tell thee joyful tidings, Girl.
Juli. And joy comes well, in ſuch a needy time,
What are they, I beſeech your Ladyſhip?
Mo. Well, well, thou haſt a careful Father, Child;
One, who to put thee from thy heavineſs,
Hath ſorted out a ſudden day of joy,
That thou expects not, nor I look'd not for.
Juli. Madam, in happy time, what day is this?
Mo. Marry, my Child, early next Thurſday morn,
The gallant, Young, and Noble Gentleman,
The County *Paris* at St. *Peter*'s Church,
Shall happily make thee a joyful Bride.
Juli. Now by Saint *Peter*'s Church, and *Peter* too,
He ſhall not make me there a joyful Bride.
I wonder at this haſte, that I muſt wed
E're he that ſhould be Husband comes to wooe.
I pray you tell my Lord and Father, Madam,
I will not marry yet, and when I do, I ſwear
It ſhall be *Romeo,* whom you know I hate,
Rather than *Paris.* Theſe are News indeed.
Mo. Here comes your Father, tell him ſo your ſelf,
And ſee how he will take it at your hands.

Enter Capulet *and Nurſe.*

Cap. When the Sun ſets, the Earth doth drizzle Dew;
But for the Sunſet of my Brother's Son,
It rains down-right.
How now? a Conduit Girl, what ſtill in tears?
Evermore ſhowring in one little Body?
Thy Counterfeit's a Bark, a Sea, a Wind:
For ſtill thy Eyes, which I may call the Sea,
Do ebb and flow with tears, the Bark thy Body
Sailing in this Salt flood, the Winds thy Sighs,
Who raging with the Tears, and they with them,
Without a ſudden calm will over-ſet
Thy tempeſt-toſſed Body. How now, Wife?
Have you delivered to her our Decree?
La. I, Sir;
But ſhe will none, ſhe gives you thanks?
I would the Fool were married to her Grave.
Cap. Soft, take me with you, take me with you, Wife,
How, will ſhe none? doth ſhe not give us thanks?
Is ſhe not proud? doth ſhe not count her bleſt,
Unworthy as ſhe is, that we have wrought
So worthy a Gentleman to be her Bridegroom?
Juli. Not proud you have,
But thankful that you have.
Proud can I never be of what I have,
But thankful even for Hate, that is meant Love.
Cap. How now?
How now? Chopt Logick? what is this?
Proud, and I thank you: and I thank you not.
Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,
But ſettle your fine joints 'gainſt Thurſday next,
To go with *Paris* to Saint *Peter*'s Church:
Or I will drag thee on a Hurdle thither.
Out you Green-ſickneſs Carrion, out you baggage,
Out you Tallow-face.
Lad. Fie, fie, what are you mad?
Jul. Good Father, I beſeech you on my Knees
Hear me with patience, but to ſpeak a word.
Fa. Hang thee, Young Baggage, diſobedient wretch,
I tell thee what, get thee to Church a *Thurſday,*
Or never after look me in the Face.
Speak not, reply not, do not anſwer me.
My Fingers itch, Wife: we ſcarce thought us bleſt,
That God had lent us but this only Child,

But now I ſee this one is one too much,
And that we have a Curſe in having her:
Out on her, Hilding.
Nur. God in Heaven bleſs her,
You are to blame, my Lord, to rate her ſo.
Fa. And why, my Lady Wiſdom? hold your tongue,
Good Prudence, ſmatter with your Goſſip, go.
Nur. I ſpeak no Treaſon,
O God gi' goode'en,
May not one ſpeak?
Fa. Peace you mumbling Fool,
Utter your Gravity o're a Goſſips bowl,
For here we need it not.
La. You are too hot.
Fa. Gods bread, it makes me mad:
Day, night, hour, tide, time, work, play,
Alone, in company, ſtill my care hath been
To have her macht'd, and having now provided
A Gentleman of Noble Parentage,
Of fair Demeans, Youthful, and Nobly Allied,
Stuft, as they ſay, with Honourable parts,
Proportion'd as ones thought would wiſh a Man.
And then to have a wretched puling Fool,
A whining Mammet, in her Fortunes tender,
To anſwer I'le not wed, I cannot Love,
I am too young, I pray you pardon me.
But, and you will not wed, I'le pardon you.
Graze where you will, you ſhall not Houſe with me:
Look to't, think on't, I do not uſe to jeſt.
Thurſday is near, lay Hand on Heart, adviſe;
And you be mine, I'le give you to my Friend:
And you be not Hang, Beg, Starve, die in the Streets,
For, by my Soul, I'le ne're acknowledge thee,
Nor what is mine, ſhall never do thee good:
Truſt to't, bethink you, I'le not be forſworn.
[*Exit.*

Jul. Is there no pity ſitting in the Clouds,
That ſees into the bottom of my grief?
O ſweet my Mother, caſt me not away,
Delay this Marriage for a Month, a Week,
Or if you do not, make the Bridal Bed
In that dim Monument where *Tybalt* lies.
Mo. Talk not to me, for I'le not ſpeak a word,
Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee.
[*Exit.*

Jtl. O God!
O Nurſe, how ſhall this be prevented?
My Husband is on Earth, my Faith in Heaven,
How ſhall that Faith return again to Earth,
Unleſs that Husband ſend it me from Heaven,
By leaving Earth? Comfort me, counſel me,
Alack, alack, that Heaven ſhould practiſe Stratagems
Upon ſo ſoft a Subject, as my ſelf.
What ſay'ſt thou? haſt thou not a word of joy?
Some comfort, Nurſe.
Nur. Faith here it is,
Romeo is baniſhed, and all the World to nothing
That he dares ne're come back to challenge you:
Or if he do, it needs muſt be by ſtealth.
Then ſince the caſe ſo ſtands as now it doth,
I think it beſt you married with the Count,
Oh he's a lovely Gentleman:
Romeo's a diſh-clout to him: an Eagle, Madam,
Hath not ſo green, ſo quick, ſo fair an Eye
As *Paris* hath, beſhrew my very Heart,
I think you are happy in this ſecond match,
For it excels your firſt: or if it did not,
Your firſt is dead, or 'twere as good he were,
As living here, and you no uſe of him.
Jul. Speakeſt thou from thy Heart?
Nur. And from my Soul to,
Or elſe beſhrew them both.
Jul. Amen.
Nur. What?
Jul. Well, thou haſt comforted me marv'lous much;
Go in, and tell my Lady I am gone,
Having diſpleas'd my Father, to *Lawrence* Cell,
To make Confeſſion, and to be Abſolved.
Nur. Marry I will, and this is wiſely done.
[*Exit.*

Jul. Ancient Damnation, O moſt wicked Fiend.
Is it more Sin to wiſh me thus forſworn,
Or to diſpraiſe my Lord with that ſame Tongue
Which ſhe hath prais'd him with above compare,
So many thouſand times? Go, Counſellor,
Thou and my boſom henceforth ſhall be twain:
I'le to the Frier to know his remedy.
If all elſe fail, my ſelf have power to die.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Frier and Count Paris.

Fri. On *Thurſday*, Sir, the time is very ſhort.
Par. My Father *Capulet* will have it ſo,
And I am nothing ſlow to ſlack his haſte.
Fri. You ſay you do not know the Ladies mind:
Uneven is the courſe, I like it not.
Pa. Immoderately ſhe weeps for *Tybalt's* death,
And therefore have I little talk of Love,
For *Venus* ſmiles not in a Houſe of Tears,
Now, Sir, her Father counts it dangerous
That ſhe ſhould give her ſorrow ſo much ſway:
And in his Wiſdom, haſtes our Marriage,
To ſtop the inundation of her Tears,
Which too much minded by her ſelf alone,
May be put from her by Society.
Now do you know the reaſon of this haſte?
Fri. I would I knew not why it ſhould be ſlow'd.
Look, Sir, here comes the Lady towards my Cell.

Enter Juliet.

Par. Happily met, my Lady and my Wife.
Jul. That may be, Sir, when I may be a Wife.
Par. That may be, muſt be, Love, on *Thurſday* next.
Jul. What muſt be, ſhall be.
Fri. That's a certain Text.
Par. Come you to make Confeſſion to this Father?
Jul. To anſwer that, I ſhould confeſs to you.
Par. Do not deny to him, that you love me.
Jul. I will confeſs to you that I Love him.
Par. So will ye, I am ſure, that you Love me.
Jul. If I do ſo, it will be of more Price,
Being ſpoke behind your back, than to your Face.
Par. Poor Soul, thy Face is much abus'd with Tears.
Jul. The Tears have got ſmall Victory by that:
For it was bad enough before their ſpight.
Pa. Thou wrong'ſt it more than Tears with that report.
Jul. That is no ſlander, Sir, which is truth,
And what I ſpeak, I ſpeak it to my Face.
Par. Thy Face is mine, and thou haſt ſlandred it.
Jul. It may be ſo, for it is not mine own.
Are you at leiſure, Holy Father now,
Or ſhall I come to you at evening Maſs?
Fri. My leiſure ſerves me, penſive Daughter, now.
My Lord, I muſt intreat the time alone.
Par. God ſhield, I ſhould diſturb Devotion:
Juliet, on *Thurſday* early will I rowze ye,
Till then adieu, and keep this holy kiſs.
[*Exit* Paris.

Jul. O ſhut the Door, and when thou haſt done ſo,
Come weep with me, paſt hope, paſt care, paſt help.
Fri. O, *Juliet*, I already know thy grief,
It ſtrains me paſt the compaſs of my wits:
I hear thou muſt, and nothing may prorogue it,
On *Thurſday* next be married to this Count.
Jul. Tell me not, Frier, that thou heareſt of this,
Unleſs thou tell me how I may prevent it:

If in thy wiſdom, thou canſt give no help,
Do thou but call my reſolution Wiſe,
And with this Knife, I'le help it preſently.
God joyn'd my heart and *Romeo's*, thou our hands,
And e're this hand, by thee to *Romeo* ſeal'd,
Shall be the Label to another Deed,
Or my true Heart with treacherous revolt,
Turn to another, this ſhall ſlay them both:
Therefore out of thy long experienc'd Time,
Give me ſome preſent Counſel, or behold
'Twixt my extreams and me, this bloody Knife
Shall play the umpire, arbitrating that,
Which the Commiſſion of my years and Art,
Could to no Iſſue of true Honour bring:
Be not ſo long to ſpeak, I long to die,
If what thou ſpeak'ſt ſpeak not of Remedy.

Fri. Hold, Daughter, I do ſpie a kind of hope,
Which craves as deſperate an Execution,
As that is deſperate which we would prevent.
If rather than to marry County *Paris*,
Thou haſt the ſtrength of Will to ſlay thy ſelf,
Then it is likely thou wilt undertake
A thing like Death to chide away this ſhame,
That cop'ſt with Death himſelf, to ſcape from it:
And if thou dar'ſt, I'le give thee remedy.

Juli. O bid me leap, rather than marry *Paris*,
From off the Battlements of any Tower,
Or walk in Thieviſh ways, or bid me lurk
Where Serpents are: Chain me with roaring Bears
Or hide me nightly in a Charnel Houſe,
O're-covered quite with dead Mens ratling Bones,
With recky ſhanks, and yellow chapleſs skuls:
Or bid me go into a new made Grave,
And hide me with a dead Man in his Grave,
Things that to hear them told, have made me tremble,
And I will do it without fear or doubt,
To live an unſtain'd Wife to my ſweet Love.

Fri. Hold then: Go home, be merry, give conſent,
To marry *Paris*: Wedneſday is to morrow,
To morrow Night look that thou lie alone,
Let not thy Nurſe lie with thee in thy Chamber:
Take thou this Viol being then in Bed,
And this diſtilling Liquor drink thou off,
When preſently through all thy Veins ſhall run
A cold and drowſie Humour: For no Pulſe
Shall keep his Native Progreſs, but Surceaſe:
No warmth, no breath ſhall teſtifie thou liveſt.
The Roſes in thy Lips and Cheeks ſhall fade
To mealy aſhes, the eyes windows fall
Like Death when he ſhuts up the day of Life;
Each part depriv'd of ſupple Government,
Shall ſtiff and ſtark, and cold appear like Death,
And in this borrowed likeneſs of ſhrunk Death,
Thou ſhalt continue two and forty Hours,
And then awake, as from a pleaſant Sleep,
Now when the Bridegroom in the morning comes
To rowſe thee from thy Bed, there art thou Dead:
Then as the manner of our Country is,
In thy beſt Robes uncover'd on the Beer,
Be born to Burial in thy Kindreds Grave,
Thou ſhalt be born to that ſame Ancient Vault,
Where all the Kindred of the *Capulets* lie,
In the mean time, againſt thou ſhalt awake,
Shall *Romeo* by my Letters know our drift,
And hither ſhall he come, and that very Night
Shall *Romeo* bear thee hence to *Mantua*,
And this ſhall free thee from this preſent ſhame,
If no unconſtant Toy nor Womaniſh fear,
Abate thy Valour in the acting it.

Juli. Give me, give me, O tell not me of fear.
Frian Hold, get you gone, be ſtrong and proſperous
In this reſolve, I'le ſend a Frier with ſpeed
To *Mantua* with my Letters to thy Lord.

Jul. Love give me ſtrength,
And ſtrength ſhall help afford:
Farewel, dear Father.
[*Exit.*

Enter Father Capulet, *Mother*, *Nurſe*, *and*
ſerving-men, *two or three.*

Cap. So many Gueſts invite as here are writ,
Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning Cooks.

Ser. You ſhall have none ill, Sir, for I'le try if they can lick their fingers.

Cap. How canſt thou try them ſo?

Ser. Marry, Sir, 'tis an ill Cook that cannot lick his own fingers: Therefore he that cannot lick his fingers, goes not with me.

Cap. Go, be gone, we ſhall be much unfurniſh'd for this time: What is my Daughter gone to Frier *Lawrence*?

Nur. I forſooth.

Cap. Well he may chance to do ſome good on her,
A peeviſh ſelf-wild Harlotry it is.

Enter Juliet.

Nur. See where ſhe comes from ſhrift
With merry look.

Cap. How now, my Headſtrong,
Where have you been gadding?

Juli. Where I have learnt me to repent the Sin
Of diſobedient Oppoſition
To you and your beheſts, and am enjoyn'd
By holy *Lawrence*, to fall proſtrate here,
To beg your Pardon: Pardon I beſeech you,
Henceforward I am ever rul'd by you.

Cap. Send for the Count, go tell him of this,
I'le have this Knot knit up to morrow morning.

Jul. I met the youthful Lord at *Lawrence* Cell,
And gave him what becomed Love I might,
Not ſtepping o're the bounds of Modeſty.

Cap. Why I am glad on't, this is well, ſtand up,
This is as't ſhould be, let me ſee the County:
I marry, go I ſay, and fetch him hither.
Now afore God, this reverend Holy Frier,
All our whole City is much bound to him.

Juli. Nurſe, will you go with me into my Cloſet,
To help me ſort ſuch needful Ornaments,
As you think fit to furniſh me to morrow?

Mo. No not till *Thurſday*, there is time enough.

Fa. Go Nurſe, go with her,
Wee'l to Church to morrow.
[*Exeunt* Juliet *and Nurſe.*

Mo. We ſhall be ſhort in our Proviſion,
'Tis now neer Night.

Fa. Tuſh, I will ſtir about,
And all things ſhall be well, I warran tthee, wife:
Go thou to *Juliet*, help to deck up her,
I'le not to bed to night, let me alone:
I'le play the Huſwife for this once. What ho?
They are all forth, well I will walk my ſelf
To County *Paris*, to prepare him up
Againſt to morrow, my heart is wondrous light,
Since this ſame way-ward Girl is ſo reclaim'd.
[*Exeunt Father and Mother*

Enter Juliet *and Nurſe.*

Juli. I, thoſe attires are beſt, but gentle Nurſe,
I pray thee leave me to my ſelf to Night:
For I have need of many Oriſons,
To move the Heavens to ſmile upon my ſtate,
Which well thou know'ſt is croſs and full of ſin.

Enter Mother.

Mo. What are you buſie, ho? Need you my help?

Juli. No, Madam, we have cull'd ſuch neceſſaries
As are behoveful for our ſtate to morrow:
So pleaſe you, let me now be left alone;
And let the Nurſe this night ſit up with you,
For I am ſure you have your hands full all,
In this ſo ſudden buſineſs.
Mo. Goodnight,
Get thee to bed and reſt, for thou haſt need.
[*Exeunt.*
Juli. Farewel:
God knows, when we ſhall meet again.
I have a faint cold fear thrills through my Veins,
That almoſt freezes up the heat of Fire:
I'le call them back to comfort me.
Nurſe, what ſhould ſhe do here?
My diſmal Scene, I needs muſt act alone:
Come Vial, what if this mixture do not work at all?
Shall I be married to morrow morning?
No, no, this ſhall forbid it. Lie thou there," Here she hides the Knife in some fold of her Clothes or Placket
What if it be a Poyſon, which the Frier,
Subtilly hath Miniſtred to have me Dead,
Leſt in this Marriage he ſhould be diſhonour'd,
Becauſe he Married me before to *Romeo*?
I fear it is, and yet methinks it ſhould not,
For he hath ſtill been tryed a Holy Man.
How, if when I am laid into the Tomb,
I wake before the time that *Romeo*
Come to redeem me? There's a fearful Point:
Shall I not then be ſtifled in the Vault?
To whoſe foul mouth no healthſome Air breaths in,
And there die ſtrangled e're my *Romeo* comes.
Or if I live, is it not very like,
The horrible conceit of Death and Night,
Together with the Terror of the Place,
As in a Vault, an ancient Receptacle,
Where for theſe many hundred years the Bones
Of all my buried Anceſtors are packt,
Where bloody *Tybalt*, yet but green in Earth,
Lies feſtring in his Shrow'd, where, as they ſay,
At ſome hours in the night, Spirits reſort:
Alack, alack is it not like that I
So early waking, what with loathſome ſmells,
And ſhrieks like Mandrakes torn out of the Earth,
That living Mortals, hearing them, run mad.
Or if I walk, ſhall I not be diſtraught,
Inviron'd with all theſe Hideous fears,
And madly play with my fore-fathers joynts?
And pluck the mangled *Tybalt* from his ſhrow'd?
And in this rage, with ſome great Kinſmans Bone,
As (with a Club) daſh out my deſperate Brains.
O look, methinks I ſee my Cozens Ghoſt,
Seeking out *Romeo* that did ſpit his Body
Upon his Rapiers point: Stay, *Tybalt* ſtay;
Romeo, Romeo, Romeo, here's drink: I drink to thee.

Enter Lady of the houſe and Nurſe.

Lady. Hold,
Take theſe Keies and fetch more Spices, Nurſe.
Nur. They call for Dates and Quinces in the Paſtry.

Enter old Capulet.

Cap. Come, ſtir, ſtir, ſtir,
The ſecond Cock hath Crow'd,
The Curphew Bell hath rung, 'tis three a Clock:
Look to the Bak'd Meats, good *Angelica*.
Spare not for coſt.
Nur. Go, you Cot-quean, go,
Get you to Bed, faith you'l be ſick to morrow
For this nights Watching.
Cap. No not a whit, I have watch'd e're now
All Night for a leſs Cauſe, and ne're been ſick.
La. I, you have been a Mouſe-hunt in your time,
But I will watch you from ſuch watching now.
[*Exit Lady and Nurſe.*
Cap. A jealous-hood, a jealous-hood,
Now, Fellow, what's there?

Enter three or four with Spits, and Logs, and Baskets.

Fel. Things for the Cook, Sir, but I know not what.
Cap. Make haſte, make haſte, ſirrah, fetch drier Logs.
Call *Peter*, he will ſhew thee where they are.
Fel. I have a head, ſir, that will find out Logs.
And never trouble *Peter* for the matter.
Cap. Maſs and well ſaid, a merry Horſon, ha.
Thou ſhalt be Logger-head, good Faith, 'tis day.
[*Play Muſick.*
The County will be here with Muſick ſtraight,
For ſo he ſaid he would, I hear him near,
Nurſe, Wife, what ho? What, Nurſe, I ſay?

Enter Nurſe.

Go waken *Juliet*, go and trim her up,
I'le go and chat with *Paris*: Hie, make haſte,
Make haſte, the Bridegroom, he is come already:
Make haſte, I ſay.
Nur. Miſtreſs, what Miſtreſs? *Juliet*? Faſt I warrant her.
Why Lamb, why Lady? Fie you ſlug-a bed,
Why Love, I ſay? Madam, Sweet-heart: Why Bride?
What, not a word? You take your Penniworths now,
Sleep for a week, for the next night I warrant
The County *Paris* hath ſet up his reſt,
That you ſhall reſt but little, God forgive me:
Marry and Amen: How ſound is ſhe aſleep?
I muſt needs wake her: Madam, Madam, Madam,
I, let the County take you in your Bed;
Hee'l fright you up y'faith. Will it not be?
What dreſt, and in your Cloths, and down again?
I muſt needs wake you: Lady, Lady, Lady?
Alas, alas, help, help, my Lady's dead.
Oh wel-a-day, that ever I was born,
Some *Aqua-vitæ* ho, my Lord, my Lady?

Enter Mother.

Mo. What noiſe is here?
Nur. O lamentable day.
Mo. What is the matter?
Nur. Look, look, oh heavy day.
Mo. O me, O me, my Child, my only life;
Revive, look up, or I will die with thee;
Help, help, call help.

Enter Father.

Fa. For ſhame bring *Juliet* forth, her Lord is come.
Nur. She's dead: Deceaſt, ſhe's dead: Alack the day.
Mo. Alack the day, ſhe's dead, ſhe's dead, ſhe's dead.
Fa. Ha? Let me ſee her: Out alas, ſhe's cold,
Her blood is ſetled, and her joynts are ſtiff:
Life and theſe Lips have long been ſeparated:
Death lies on her like an untimely Froſt
Upon the ſweeteſt flower of all the Field.
Nur. O lamentable day!
Mo. O woful time.
Fa. Death that hath ta'ne her hence to make me waile,
Ties up my Tongue and will not let me ſpeak.

Enter Frier and the County.

Fri. Come, is the Bride ready to go to Church?
Fa. Ready to go, but never to return.
O Son, the night before thy Wedding day,
Hath Death lain with thy Wife: See, there ſhe lies,

Flower as ſhe was, Deflowr'd now by him,
Death is my Son in Law, Death is my Heir,
My Daughter he hath wedded. I will die,
And leave him all Life living, all is Deaths.
Pa. Have I thought long to ſee this mornings face,
And doth it give me ſuch a ſight as this?
Mo. Accurſt, unhappy, wretched, hateful day,
Moſt miſerable Hour, that e're time ſaw
In laſting Labour of his Pilgrimage.
But one, poor one, one poor and loving Child,
But one thing to rejoyce and ſolace in,
And cruel Death hath catcht it from my ſight.
Nur. O wo, O woful, woful, woful Day,
Moſt lamentable Day, moſt woful Day,
That ever, ever, I did yet behold,
O day, O day, O day, O hateful day,
Never was ſeen ſo black a day as this:
O woful day, O woful day.
Pa. Beguil'd, divorced, wronged, ſpighted, ſlain,
Moſt deteſtable death, by thee beguil'd,
By cruel, cruel thee quite overthrown:
O love, O life; not Life, but Love in Death.
Fa. Deſpis'd, diſtreſſed, hated, martyr'd, kill'd,
Uncomfortable time, why cam'ſt thou now
To murther, murther our Solemnity?
O Child, O Child; my Soul and not my Child,
Dead art thou, alack my Child is Dead,
And with my Child, my joys are Buried.
Fri. Peace ho for ſhame, Confuſions: Care lives not
In theſe Confuſions, Heaven and your ſelf
Had part in this fair Maid, now Heaven hath all,
And all the better is it for the Maid:
Your part in her, you could not keep from Death,
But Heaven keeps his part in Eternal Life:
The moſt you ſought was her Promotion,
For 'twas your Heaven that ſhe ſhould be advanc'd;
And weep ye now, ſeeing ſhe is advanc'd
Above the Clouds, as high as Heaven it ſelf?
O in this love, you love your Child ſo ill,
That you run mad, ſeeing that ſhe is well,
She's not well married, that lives married long,
But ſhe's beſt married, that dies married young.
Dry up your tears, and ſtick your Roſemary
On this fair Coarſe, and as the Cuſtom is,
And in her beſt Array, bear her to Church:
For though fond Nature bids all us lament,
Yet Natures tears are Reaſons merriment.
Fa. All things that we ordained Feſtival,
Turn from their Office to black Funeral:
Our Inſtruments to melancholly Bells,
Our wedding Chear, to a ſad burial Feaſt:
Our ſolemn Hymns, to ſullen Dyrges change;
Our Bridal Flowers ſerve for a buried Coarſe;
And all things change them to the contrary.
Fri. Sir go you in, and Madam, go with him,
And go Sir *Paris*, every one prepare
To follow this fair Coarſe unto her Grave:
The Heavens do lowre upon you, for ſome ill:
Move them no more, by croſſing their high Will.
[*Exeunt.*
Mu. Faith we may put up our Pipes and be gone.
Nur. Honeſt good fellows: Ah put up, put up,
For well you know this is a pittiful Caſe.
Mu. I by my Troth, the caſe may be amended.

Enter Peter.

Pet. Muſitians, oh Muſitians,
Hearts eaſe, hearts eaſe,
O, and you will have me live, play hearts eaſe.
Mu. Why hearts eaſe?
Pet. O Muſitians,
Becauſe my heart it ſelf plays, my heart is full.
Mu. Not a dump we, 'tis no time to play now.
Pet. You will not then?
Mu. No.
Pet. I will then give it you ſoundly.
Mu. What will you give us?
Pet. No Money on my Faith, but the Gleek.
I will give you the Miniſtrel.
Mu. Then will I give you the Serving Creature.
Pet. Then will I lay the ſerving Creatures Dagger on your Pate. I will carry no Crotchets, I'le Re you, I'le Fa you, do you Note me?
Mu. And you Re us, and Fa us, you Note us.
2 *Mu.* Pray you put up your Dagger,
And put out your Wit.
Then have at you with my Wit.
Pet. I will drie-beat you with an Iron Wit,
And put up my Iron Dagger.
Anſwer me like Men:
When griping griefs the Heart doth wound, then Muſick
With her ſilver ſound.
Why Silver ſound? VVhy Muſick with her Silver ſound?
What ſay you *Simon Catling?*
Mu. Marry Sir, becauſe Silver hath a ſweet ſound.
Pet. Prateſt, what ſay you *Hugh Rebick?*
2 *Mu.* I ſay Silver ſound, becauſe Muſitians ſound for Sil-
Pet. Prateſt too, what ſay you *James Sound-Poſt*? (ver.
3 *Mu.* Faith I know not what to ſay.
Pet. O I cry you mercy, you are the Singer.
I will ſay for you, it is Muſick with her Silver ſound,
Becauſe Muſitians have no Gold for ſounding:
Then Muſick with her Silver ſound, with ſpeedy help doth lend redreſs.
[*Exit.*
Mu. What a peſtilent Knave is this ſame?
2 *Mu.* Hang him Jack, come we'll in here, tarry for the Mourners, and ſtay dinner.
[*Exit.*

Enter Romeo.

Rom. If I may truſt the flattering truth of ſleep,
My Dreams preſage ſome joyful news at hand:
My boſoms Lord ſits lightly in his Throne:
And all this winged unaccuſtom'd Spirit,
Lifts me above the ground with chearful Thoughts.
I dreamt my Lady came and found me Dead,
(Strange Dream that gives a dead man leave to think)
And breath'd ſuch life with Kiſſes in my lips,
That I reviv'd, and was an Emperour.
Ah me, how ſweet is Love it ſelf poſſeſt,
When but Loves Shadows are ſo rich in Joy.

Enter Romeo'*s Man.*

News from *Verona*, how now *Balthazar*?
Doſt thou not bring me Letters from the Frier?
How doth my Lady? Is my Father well?
How doth my Lady *Juliet*? That I ask again,
For nothing can be ill, if ſhe be well.
Man. Then ſhe is well, and nothing can be ill.
Her Body ſleeps in *Capulet's* Monument,
And her immortal part with Angels lives,
I ſaw her laid low in her Kindreds Vault,
And preſently took Poſt to tell it you:
O pardon me for bringing theſe ill News,
Since you did leave it for my Office, Sir.
Rom. Is it even ſo?
Then I deny you Stars.
Thou knoweſt my Lodging, get me Ink and Paper,
And hire Poſt-Horſes, I will hence to Night.
Man. I do beſeech you, Sir, have Patience:
Your looks are pale and wild, and do import
Some miſadventure.
Rom. Tuſh, thou art deceiv'd,

Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do:
Haſt thou no Letters to me from the Frier?
Man. No, my good Lord. [*Exit Man.*

Rom. No matter: Get thee gone,
And hire thoſe Horſes, I'le be with thee ſtreight.
Well *Juliet*, I will lie with thee to Night:
Let's ſee for means: O miſchief thou art ſwift
To enter in the Thoughts of deſperate Men:
I do remember an Apothecary,
And hereabouts he dwells, which late I noted
In tatter'd Weeds, with overwhelming Brows,
Culling of Simples, Meager were his Looks,
Sharp Miſery had worn him to the Bones:
And in his needy Shop a Tortoiſe hung,
An Allegator ſtuft, and other Skins
Of ill-ſhap'd Fiſhes, and about his Shelves
A beggarly Account of empty Boxes;
Green earthen Pots, Bladders, and muſty Seeds,
Remnants of Packthred, and old Cakes of Roſes
Were thinly ſcattered, to make up a ſhew.
Noting this Penury, to my Self I ſaid,
And if a Man did need a Poyſon now,
Whoſe ſale is preſent Death in *Mantua*,
Here lives a Caitiff Wretch would ſell it him.
O this ſame Thought did but fore-run my need,
And this ſame needy Man muſt ſell it me.
As I remember, this ſhould be the Houſe,
Being holy day, the Beggars Shop is ſhut.
What ho? Apothecary?

Enter Apothecary.

Ap. Who call's ſo lowd?
Rom. Come hither Man, I ſee that thou art Poor,
Hold, there is forty Duckets, let me have
A Dram of Poyſon, ſuch ſoon-ſpeeding Geer,
As will diſperſe it ſelf through all the Veins,
That the Life-weary-taker may fall Dead,
And that the Trunk may be diſcharg'd of Breath,
As violently, as haſty Powder fir'd
Doth hurry from the fatal Cannons Womb.
Ap. Such Mortal Drugs I have, but *Mantua's* Law
Is Death to any he that utters them.
Rom. Art thou ſo bare and full of Wretchedneſs,
And fear'ſt to die? Famine is in thy Cheeks,
Need and Oppreſſion ſtarveth in thine Eyes,
Contempt and Beggary hang on thy Back!
The world is not thy Friend, nor the world's Law:
The world affords no Law to make thee Rich.
Then be not Poor, but break it, and take this.
Ap. My Poverty, but not my Will conſents.
Rom. I pray thy Poverty, and not thy Will.
Ap. Put this in any Liquid thing you will,
And drink it off, and if you had the Strength
Of twenty men, it would diſpatch you ſtreight.
Rom. There's thy Gold,
Worſe Poyſon to Mens Souls,
Doing more Murder in this loathſom World,
Than theſe poor Compounds that thou maiſt not ſell:
I ſell thee Poyſon, thou haſt ſold me none.
Farewel, buy Food, and get thy ſelf in Fleſh.
Come Cordial, and not Poyſon, go with me
To *Juliet's* Grave, for there muſt I uſe thee. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Frier John *to Frier* Lawrence.

John. Holy *Franciſcan* Frier, Brother, ho?

Enter Frier Lawrence.

Law. This ſame ſhould be the Voice of Frier *John.*
Welcome from *Mantua*, what ſays *Romeo*?
Or if mind be writ, give me his Letter.
Joh. Going to find a bare-foot Brother out,
One of our Order, to aſſociate me,
Here in this City viſiting the Sick,
And finding him, the Searchers of the Town
Suſpecting that we both were in a Houſe
Where the infectious Peſtilence did reign,
Seal'd up the Doors, and would not let us forth,
So that my ſpeed to *Mantua* there was ſtaid.
Law. Who bare my Letter then to *Romeo*?
Joh. I could not ſend it, here it is again,
Nor get a Meſſenger to bring it thee,
So fearful were they of Infection.
Law. Unhappy Fortune! by my Brotherhood
The Letter was not nice, but full of charge
Of dear Import, and the neglecting it
May do much Danger: Frier *John*, go hence,
Get me an Iron Crow, and bring it ſtreight
Unto my Cell.
John. Brother, I'le go and bring it thee. [*Exit.*

Law. Now muſt I to the Monument alone,
VVithin this three Hours will fair *Juliet* wake,
She will beſhrew me much that *Romeo*
Hath had no notice of theſe Accidents:
But I will write again to *Mantua*,
And keep her at my Cell till *Romeo* come,
Poor living Coarſe, clos'd in a dead Man's Tomb. [*Exit.*

Enter Paris *and his Page.*

Par. Give me thy Torch, Boy, hence and ſtand aloof:
Yet put it out, for I would not be ſeen:
Under yond young Trees lay thee all along,
Laying thy Ear cloſe to the hollow ground,
So ſhall no foot upon the Church-yard tread,
Being looſe, unfirm, with digging up of Graves,
But thou ſhalt hear it: VVhiſtle then to me,
As ſignal that thou heareſt ſomething approach.
Give me thoſe Flowers. Do as I bid thee, go.
Pag. I am almoſt afraid to ſtand alone
Here in the Church-yard, yet I will adventure. [*Exit.*
Pa. Sweet Flower, with Flowers thy Bridal bed I ſtrew:
O woe, thy Canopy is duſt and ſtones,
VVhich with ſweet VVater nightly I will dew,
Or wanting that, with tears diſtill'd by Mones;
The Obſequies that I for thee will keep,
Nightly ſhall be, to ſtrew thy Grave and weep. [*Whiſtle Boy.*
The Boy gives warning, ſomething doth approach,
VVhat curſed Foot wanders this way to night,
To croſs my Obſequies, and true Loves Right?
VVhat with a Torch? Muffle me Night a while.

Enter Romeo *and* Peter.

Rom. Give me that Mattock, and the wrenching Iron,
Hold, take this Letter, early in the Morning
See thou deliver it to my Lord and Father,
Give me the Light: upon thy Life I charge thee,
What-e're thou hear'ſt or ſeeſt, ſtand all aloof,
And do not interrupt me in my Courſe.
Why I deſcend into this Bed of Death,
Is partly to behold my Lady's Face:
But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger,
A precious Ring, A Ring that I muſt uſe
In dear Employment, therefore hence be gone:
But if thou, Jealous, doſt return to Pry
In what I further ſhall intend to do,
By Heaven I will tear thee joynt by joynt,
And ſtrew this hungry Church-yard with thy Limbs:
The time, and my intents are Savage Wild:

More fierce, and more inexorable far,
Than empty Tygers, or the Roaring Sea.

Pet. I will be gone Sir, and not trouble you.

Ro. So ſhalt thou ſhew me Friendſhip : Take thou that,
Live and be Proſperous, and farewel good Fellow.

Pet. For all this ſame, I'le hide me here about,
His Looks I fear, and his Intents I doubt. [*Exit.*

Rom. Thou deteſtable Maw, thou Womb of Death,
Gorg'd with the deareſt Morſel of the Earth :
Thus I enforce thy rotten Jaws to open,
And in deſpight, I'le cram thee with more Food.

Par. This is that Baniſht haughty *Mountague*
That murdred my Loves Cozin ; with which Grief,
It is ſuppoſed the Fair Creature died,
And here is come to do ſome Villanous Shame
To the Dead Bodys : I will apprehend him.
Stop thy unhallowed Toyl, vile *Mountague* :
Can Vengeance be purſued further then Death ?
Condemned Villain, I do apprehend thee ;
Obey, and go with me, for thou muſt Die.

Rom. I muſt indeed, and therefore came I hither.
Good gentle Youth, tempt not a deſperate Man,
Fly hence and leave me, think upon thoſe gone,
Let them affright thee. I beſeech thee Youth,
Put not another Sin upon my Head,
By urging me to Fury. O be gone,
By Heaven I Love thee better than my ſelf,
For I come hither Arm'd againſt my ſelf :
Stay not, be gone, Live, and hereafter ſay,
A mad Man's Mercy bid thee run away.

Par. I do defie thy Commiſeration,
And apprehend thee for a Fellon here.

Rom. Wilt thou provoke me ? Then have at thee Boy.

Pet. O Lord they fight, I will go call the Watch.

Pa. O I am Slain ; if thou be Merciful,
Open the Tomb, lay me with *Juliet.*

Rom. In Faith I will : let me peruſe this Face,
Mercutio's Kinſman, Noble County *Paris.*
What ſaid my Man, when my betoſſed Soul
Did not attend him as we Rode ? I think
He told me *Paris* ſhould have Married *Juliet.*
Said he not ſo ? Or did I Dream it ſo ?
Or am I Mad, hearing him talk of *Juliet*,
To think it was ſo ? O give me thy Hand,
One writ with me in ſowr Misfortunes Book,
I'le bury thee in a Triumphant Grave.
A Grave, O no a Lanthorn, ſlaughter'd Youth :
For here lies *Juliet*, and her Beauty makes
This Vault a Feaſting preſence full of Light.
Death, be thou there by a Dead Man intrer'd.
How oft when Men are at the Point of Death,
Have they been Merry ? Which their Keepers call
A Lightning before Death ? Oh how may I
Call this a Lightning ? O my Love, my Wife,
Death that hath ſuckt the Honey of thy Breath,
Hath had no Power yet upon thy Beauty :
Thou art not Conquer'd, Beauties Enſign yet
Is Crimſon in thy Lips, and in thy Cheeks,
And Deaths pale Flag is not advanced there.
Tybalt, ly'ſt thou there in thy Bloody Sheet ?
O what more Favour can I do to thee,
Then with that Hand that cut thy Youth in twain,
To ſunder his that was thy Enemy ?
Forgive me Cozen. Ah dear *Juliet* :
Why art thou yet ſo fair ? I will believe,
Shall I believe, that unſubſtantial Death is Amorous ?
And that the lean abhorred Monſter keeps
Thee here in Dark to be his Paramour ?
For fear of that, I ſtill will ſtay with thee,
And never from this Palace of dim Night
Depart again : Come lie thou in my Arms,
Here's to thy Health, where e're thou tumbleſt in.
O true Apothecary !
Thy Drugs are quick. Thus with a Kiſs I Die,
Depart again ; here, here will I remain,
With Worms that are thy Chamber-Maids : O here
Will I ſet up my Everlaſting reſt :
And ſhake thy Yoak of inauſpicious Stars
From this Worlds wearied Fleſh : Eyes look your laſt ;
Arms take your laſt Embrace : And Lips, O you
The Doors of Breath, ſeal with a Righteous Kiſs
A dateleſs Bargain to engroſſing Death :
Come bitter Conduct, come unſavoury Guide,
Thou deſperate Pilot, now at once run on
The daſhing Rocks thy Sea-ſick weary Bark :
Here's to my Love. O true Apothecary !
Thy Drugs are quick. Thus with a Kiſs I Die.

Enter Frier with Lanthorn, Crow, and Spade.

Fri. St. *Francis* be my ſpeed, how oft to Night
Have my old Feet ſtumbled at Graves ? Who's there ?

Man. Here's one, a Friend, and one that knows you well.

Fri. Bliſs be upon you. Tell me good my Friend
What Torch is yond, that vainly lends his Light
To grubs and eyeleſs Sculls ? As I diſcern,
It burneth in the *Capulet's* Monument.

Man. It doth ſo, Holy Sir.
And there's my Maſter, one that you Love.

Fri. Who is it ?

Man. Romeo.

Fri. How long hath he been there ?

Man. Full half an hour.

Fri. Go with me to the Vault.

Man. I dare not, Sir.
My Maſter knows not but I am gone hence,
And fearfully did Menace me with Death,
If I did ſtay to look on his Intents.

Fri. Stay, then I'le goe alone, fears come upon me.
O much I fear ſome ill unlucky thing.

Man. As I did ſleep under this young Tree here,
I dreamt my Maſter and another fought,
And that my Maſter ſlew him.

Frier. Romeo.
Alack, alack, what Blood is this which ſtains
The ſtony entrance of this Sepulchre ?
What mean theſe Maſterleſs and Goary Swords
To lie diſcolour'd by this place of Peace ?
Romeo, oh pale ! Who elſe ? What *Paris* too ?
And ſteep'd in Blood ? Ah what an unkind Hour
Is guilty of this Lamentable chance ?
The Lady ſtirs.

Juli. O comfortable Frier, where's my Lord ?
I do remember well where I ſhould be :
And there I am, where is my *Romeo* ?

Fri. I hear ſome noiſe Lady, come from that Neſt
Of Death, contagion, and unnatural Sleep ;
A greater Power than we can contradict
Hath thwarted our intents ; come, come away,
Thy Husband in thy Boſome there lies Dead,
And *Paris* too : Come I'le diſpoſe of thee,
Among a Siſterhood of Holy Nuns :
Stay not to queſtion, for the Watch is coming,
Come, go good *Juliet*, I dare no longer ſtay. [*Exit.*

Juli. Go, get thee hence, for I will not away.
What's here ? A Cup cloſ'd in my true Loves hand ?
Poyſon I ſee hath been his timeleſs End.
O Churle, drink all, and left no Friendly drop,
To help me after ? I will Kiſs thy Lips,
Haply ſome Poyſon yet doth Hang on them,
To make me Die with a Reſtorative.
Thy Lips are warm.

Enter Boy and Watch.

Watch. Lead Boy, which way ?

Juli. Yea, noiſe? i.e. Happily found addressing her self
Then I'le be brief. O happy Dagger, ~~to Romeo's~~
'Tis in thy ſheath, there ruſt and let me die. or ~~[illegible]~~ Paris's —
i.e. in my Body now — or perhaps her own knife [*Kills her ſelfe.*
vid. page 322 & pag. 323.

Boy. This is the place,
There were the Torch doth burn.

Watch. The ground is bloody,
Search about the Churchyard.
Go ſome of you, who e're you find attach.
Pittyful ſight, heres lies the County ſlain,
And *Juliet* bleeding, warm, and newly dead,
Who here hath lain theſe two daies Buried.
Go tell the Prince, run to the *Capulets*,
Raiſe up the *Mountagues*, ſome others ſearch,
We ſee the Ground whereon theſe Woes do lye.
But the true Ground of all theſe piteous Woes
We cannot without Circumſtance deſcry.

Enter Romeo's *Man.*

Wat. Here's *Romeo*'s Man,
We found him in the Churchyard.

Con. Hold him in ſafety, till the Prince comes hither.

Enter Frier and another Watchman.

3. *Wat.* Here is a Frier that trembles, ſighs, and weeps:
We took this Mattock and this Spade from him,
As he was coming from this Church-yard ſide.

Con. A great Suſpicion, ſtay the Frier too.

Enter the Prince.

Pri. What miſadventure is ſo early up,
That calls our Perſon from our Mornings Reſt?

Enter Capulet *and his Wife.*

Cap. What ſhould it be that they ſo ſhriek abroad?

Wife. O the People in the Street cry *Romeo*,
Some *Juliet*, and ſome *Paris*, and all run
With open out-cry toward our Monument.

Pri. What Fear is this which ſtartles in your Ears?

Wat. Soveraign, here lies the County *Paris* ſlain,
And *Romeo* dead, and *Juliet* dead before,
Warm and new kill'd.

Pri. Search,
Seek, and know how this foul Murther comes.

Wat. Here is a Frier, and ſlanghter'd *Romeo*'s Man,
With Inſtruments upon them fit to open
Theſe Dead mens Tombs.

Cap. O Heaven!
O Wife, look how our Daughter Bleeds!
This Dagger hath miſtaine, for loe his Houſe
Is empty on the back of *Mountague*,
And is miſ-ſheathed in my Daughters Boſom.

Wife. O me, this ſight of Death is as a Bell,
That warns my old Age to a Sepulcher.

Enter Mountague.

Pri. Come *Mountague*, for thou art early up
To ſee thy Son and Heir now early down.

Moun. Alas my Liege, my Wife is dead to Night,
Grief of my Sons Exile hath ſtopt her Breath:
What further Woe conſpires againſt my Age?

Pri. Look, and thou ſhalt ſee.

Moun. O thou untaught, what Manners is in this,
To preſs before thy Father to a Grave?

Pri. Seal up the Mouth of out-rage for a while,
Till we can clear theſe Ambiguities,
And know their Spring, their Head, their true Deſcent,
And then will I be General of your Woes,
And lead you even to Death; mean time forbear,
And let Miſchance be Slave to Patience.
Bring forth the Parties of ſuſpicion.

Fri. I am the greateſt, able to do leaſt,
Yet moſt ſuſpected, as the Time and Place
Doth make againſt me, of this direful Murther:
And here I ſtand both to Impeach and Purge
My ſelf Condemned, and my ſelf Excus'd.

Pri. Then ſay at once what thou doſt know in this?

Fri. I will be brief, for my ſhort date of Breath
Is not ſo long as is a tedious Tale.
Romeo there Dead, was Husband to that *Juliet*,
And ſhe there Dead, that's *Romeo's* faithful Wife:
I Married them: and their ſtoln Marriage Day
Was *Tybalt's* Dooms-day, whoſe untimely Death
Baniſh'd the new-made Bridegroom from this City:
For whom (and not for *Tybalt*) *Juliet* pin'd.
You, to remove that Siege of Grief from her,
Betroth'd, and would have Married her perforce
To County *Paris*. Then comes ſhe to me,
And (with wild Looks) bid me deviſe ſome means
To rid her from this ſecond Marriage,
Or in my Cell there would ſhe kill her ſelf.
Then gave I her (ſo tutor'd by my Art)
A ſleeping Potion, which ſo took Effect
As I intended, for it wrought on her
The Form of Death. Mean time I writ to *Romeo*,
That he ſhould hither come, as this dire Night,
To help to take her from her borrowed Grave,
Being the time the Potions force ſhould ceaſe.
But he which bore my Letter, Frier *John*,
Was ſtay'd by accident, and yeſternight
Return'd my Letter back; then all alone,
At the prefixed Hour of her waking,
Came I to take her from her Kindreds Vault,
Meaning to keep her cloſely at my Cell,
Till I conveniently could ſend to *Romeo*.
But when I came (ſome Minute e're the time
Of her awaking) here untimely lay
The Noble *Paris*, and true *Romeo* dead.
She wakes, and I intreat her to come forth,
And bear this Work of Heaven with Patience:
But then, a Noiſe did ſcare me from the Tomb,
And ſhe (too deſperate) would not go with me,
But (as it ſeems) did Violence on her ſelf.
All this I know, and to the Marriage her Nurſe is privy:
And if ought in this miſcarried by my fault,
Let my old Life be ſacrific'd ſome Hour before the time,
Unto the Rigor of ſevereſt Law.

Pri. We ſtill have known thee for an Holy man.
Where's *Romeo*'s Man? What can he ſay to this?

Boy. I brought my Maſter News of *Juliets* Death,
And then in Poſte he came from *Mantua*
To this ſame place, to this ſame Monument.
This Letter he early bid me give his Father,
And threatned me with Death, going in the Vault,
If I departed not, and left him there.

Prin. Give me the Letter, I will look on it.
Where is the Counties Page that rais'd the Watch?
Sirrah, what made your Maſter in this Place?

Pag. He came with Flowers to ſtrew his Ladies Grave,
And bid me ſtand aloof, and ſo I did:
Anon comes one with light to ope the Tomb,
And by and by my Maſter drew on him,
And then I ran away to call the Watch.

Prin. This Letter doth make good the Friers words,
Their Courſe of Love, the tydings of her Death:
And here he Writes, that he did buy a Poyſon
Of a poor Pothecary, and therewithal
Came to this Vault to die, and lie with *Juliet*.
Where be theſe Enemies? *Capulet*, *Mountague*,
See what a Scourge is laid upon your Hate,
That Heaven finds means to kill your Joyes with Love;
And I, for winking at your diſcords too,
Have loſt a brace of Kinſmen: All are puniſh'd.

Cap. O Brother *Mountague*, give me thy Hand,
This is my Daughters Joynture, for no more
Can I demand.
Moun. But I can give thee more,
For I will raiſe her Statue in pure Gold,
That whiles *Verona* by that Name is known,
There ſhall no Figure at that rate be ſet,
As that of true and faithful *Juliet.*

Cap. As rich ſhall *Romeo* by his Lady lie,
Poor Sacrifices of our Enmity.
Prin. A gloomy Peace this Morning with it brings,
The Sun for Sorrow will not ſhew his Head;
Go hence to have more talk of theſe ſad things,
Some ſhall be pardon'd, and ſome puniſhed.
For never was a Story of more woe,
Than this of *Juliet*, and her *Romeo*. [*Exeunt omnes.*

THE LIFE OF TIMON of ATHENS.

The Actors Names.

Timon of *Athens*.
Lucius,
Lucullus, } *Two flattering Lords.*
Apemantus, *a Churliſh Philoſopher.*
Sempronius, *another flattering Lord.*
Alcibiades, *an Athenian Captain.*
Poet.
Painter.
Jeweller.
Merchant.
Certain Senators.
Certain Maskers.
Certain Thieves.
Flaminius, *one of* **Timon***'s Servants.*
Servilius, *another.*
Caphis,
Varro,
Philo,
Titus,
Lucius,
Hortenſius. } *Several Servants to Uſurers.*
Ventidius, *one of* **Timon***'s falſe Friends.*
Cupid.
Sempronius.
With divers other Servants and Attendants.

Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Merchant, *and* Mercer *at ſeveral doors*

Poet. Good day, Sir.
Pain. I am glad ye are well.
Poet. I have not ſeen you long, how goes the World?
Pain. It wears, Sir, as it grows.
Poet. I, that's well known.
But what particular Rarity? What ſtrange,
Which manifold record not matches: See
Magick of Bounty, all theſe ſpirits thy power
Hath conjur'd to attend.
I know the Merchant.
Pain. I know them both, th'other's a Jeweller
Mer. Oh 'tis a worthy Lord.
Jew. Nay, that's moſt fixt.
Mer. A moſt incomparable man, breath'd as it were,
To an untyrable and continuate goodneſs:
He paſſes.
Jew. I have a Jewel here.
Mer. O pray let's ſee't. For the Lord *Timon*, Sir?
Jew. If he will touch the eſtimate, but for that——
Poet. When we for recompence have prais'd the vild,
It ſtaines the Glory in that happy Verſe,
Which aptly ſings the good.
Mer. 'Tis a good form.
Jew. And rich: here is a Water, look ye.
Pain. You are rapt, Sir, in ſome work, ſome Dedication to the Great Lord.
Poet. A thing ſlipt idly from me.
Our Poeſie is as a Gown, which uſes / Gound which that oozes-
From whence 'tis nouriſht: The fire i'th' Flint
Shews not 'till it be ſtruck: Our gentle Flame
Provokes it ſelf, and like the current flies
Each bound it chaſes. What have you there?
Pain. A Picture, Sir: When comes your Book forth?
Poet. Upon the Heels of my preſentment, Sir.
Let's ſee your piece.
Pain. 'Tis a good Piece.
Poet. So 'tis, this comes off well, and excellent.
Pain. Indifferent.
Poet. Admirable! How this Grace
Speaks his own ſtanding: what a mental power
This eye ſhoots forth? How big imagination
Moves in this Lip; to th' dumbneſs of the geſture,
One might interpret.
Pain. It is a pretty mocking of the life:
Here is a touch: Is't good?
Poet. I will ſay of it,
It tutors Nature, Artificial ſtrife
Lives in theſe touches livelier than life.

Enter certain Senators.

Pain. How this Lord is followed!
Poet The Senators of *Athens*, happy men.
Pain. Look moe.
Poet. You ſee this confluence, this great flood of Viſitors,
I have in this rough work ſhap'd out a man,

Whom this beneath world doth embrace and hugg
With ampleſt entertainment: My free drift
Halts not particularly, but moves it ſelf
In a wide Sea of Wax, no levell'd malice
Infects one comma in the courſe I hold,
But flies an Eagle flight, bold, and forth on,
Leaving no Tract behind.
Pain. How ſhall I underſtand you?
Poet. I will unbolt to you.
You ſee how all Conditions, how all Minds,
As well of glib and ſlipp'ry Creatures, as
Of grave and auſtere quality, tender down
Their ſervices to Lord *Timon*: His large Fortune,
Upon his good and gracious Nature hanging,
Subdues and properties to his love and tendance
All ſorts of hearts; yea from the glaſs fac'd Flatterer
To *Apemantus*, that few things loves better
Than to abhor himſelf, even he drops down
The knee before him, and returns in peace
Moſt rich in *Timon*'s nod.
Pain. I ſaw them ſpeak together.
Poet. Sir, I have upon a high and pleaſant hill
Feign'd Fortune to be thron'd.
The Baſe o'th' Mount
Is rank'd with all deſerts, all kind of Natures
That labour on the boſom of this Sphere,
To propagate their ſtates; amongſt them all,
Whoſe eyes are on this Sovereign Lady fixt,
One do I perſonate of Lord *Timon*'s frame,
Whom Fortune with her Ivory hand wafts to her,
Whoſe preſent grace, to preſent ſlaves and ſervants
Tranſlates his Rivals.
Pain. 'Tis conceiv'd, to ſcope
This Throne, this Fortune, and this Hill methinks
With one man beckn'd from the reſt below,
Bowing his head againſt the ſteepy Mount,
To climb his happineſs, would be well expreſt
In our Condition.
Poet. Nay, Sir, but hear me on:
All thoſe which were his Fellows but of late,
Some better than his value; on the moment
Follow his ſtrides, his Lobbies fill with tendance,
Rain Sacrificial whiſperings in his ear,
Make Sacred, even his Stirrop, and through him
Drink the free Air.
Pain. I marry, what of theſe?
Poet. When Fortune in her ſhift and change of mood
Spurns down her late beloved; all his Dependants
Which labour'd after him to the Mountains top,
Even on their knees and hands let him ſit down,
Not one accompanying his declining foot.
Pain. 'Tis common:
A thouſand moral Paintings I can ſhew,
That ſhall demonſtrate theſe quick blowes of Fortune,
More pregnantly than words. Yet you do well,
To ſhew Lord *Timon*, that mean eyes have ſeen
The foot above the head.

Trumpets ſound.
Enter Lord Timon, *addreſſing himſelf courteouſly to every Suitor.*

Tim. Impriſoned is he, ſay you?
Meſ. I my good Lord, five Talents is his debt,
His means moſt ſhort, his Creditors moſt ſtraight:
Your honourable Letter he deſires
To thoſe have ſhut him up, which failing to him,
Periods his comfort.
Tim. Noble *Ventidius*, well:
I am not of that Feather, to ſhake off
My friend when he moſt needs me. I do know him
A Gentleman, that well deſerves a help,
Which he ſhall have. I'll pay the debt, and free him.
Meſ. Your Lordſhip ever binds him.
Tim. Commend me to him, I will ſend his ranſom,
And being enfranchized, bid him come to me;
'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,
But to ſupport him after. Fare you well.
Meſ. All happineſs to your Honour. *Exit.*

Enter an Old Athenian.

O. Ath. Lord *Timon*, hear me ſpeak.
Tim. Freely, good Father.
O. Ath. Thou haſt a ſervant nam'd *Lucilius*.
Tim. I have ſo: What of him?
O. Ath. Moſt Noble *Timon*, call the man before thee.
Tim. Attends he here, or no? *Lucilius.*
Luc. Here, at your Lordſhips ſervice.
O. Ath. This fellow here, L. *Timon*, this thy Creature
By night frequents my houſe. I am a man
That from my firſt have been inclin'd to thrift,
And my eſtate deſerves an Heir more rais'd,
Than one which holds a Trencher.
Tim. Well: What further?
O. Ath. One only Daughter have I, no Kin elſe,
On whom I may confer what I have got:
The Maid is fair, a'th' youngeſt for a Bride,
And I have bred her at my deareſt coſt,
In Qualities of the beſt. This man of thine
Attempts her Love: I pray thee (Noble Lord)
Joyn with me to forbid him her reſort,
My ſelf have ſpoke in vain.
Tim. The man is honeſt.
O. Ath. Therefore he will be, *Timon*,
His Honeſty rewards him in it ſelf,
It muſt not bear my Daughter.
Tim. Does ſhe love him?
O. Ath. She is young and apt:
Our own precedent paſſions do inſtruct us
What levity's in Youth.
Tim. Love you the Maid?
Luci. I my good Lord, and ſhe accepts of it.
O. Ath. If in her Marriage my conſent be miſſing,
I call the Gods to witneſs, I will chuſe
Mine Heir from forth the Beggars of the World,
And diſpoſſeſs her all.
Tim. How ſhall ſhe be endowed,
If ſhe be mated with an equal Husband?
O. Ath. Three Talents on the preſent, in future, all.
Tim. This Gentleman of mine
Hath ſerv'd me long:
To build his Fortune I will ſtrain a little,
For 'tis a Bond in men. Give him thy Daughter,
What you beſtow, in him I'll counterpoize,
And make him weigh with her.
O. Ath. Moſt Noble Lord,
Pawn me to this your Honour, ſhe is his.
Tim. My Hand to thee,
Mine Honour on my Promiſe.
Luci. Humbly I thank your Lordſhip, never may
That State or Fortune fall into my keeping,
Which is not owed to you. [*Exit.*
Poet. Vouchſafe my Labour,
And long live your Lordſhip.
Tim. I thank you, you ſhall hear from me anon:
Go not away. What have you there, my Friend?
Pain. A piece of Painting, which I do beſeech
Your Lordſhip to accept.
Tim. Painting is welcome.
The Painting is almoſt the Natural Man:
For ſince Diſhonour trafficks with mans Nature,
He is but outſide: The Penſil'd Figures are
Even ſuch as they give out. I like your work,
And you ſhall find I like it: Wait Attendance
Till you hear further from me.
Pain. The Gods preſerve ye.
Tim. Well fare you Gentleman: Give me your hand.

We muſt needs dine together: Sir, your Jewel
Hath ſuffered under praiſe.
Jew. What my Lord, diſpraiſe?
Tim. A meer ſatiety of Commendations,
If I ſhould pay you for't as 'tis extoll'd,
It would unclew me quite.
Jew. My Lord, 'tis rated
As thoſe which ſell would give: But you well know,
Things of like value differing in the Owners,
Are priz'd by their Maſters. Believ't, dear Lord,
You mend the Jewel by the wearing it.
Tim. Well mock'd. [*Enter* Apemantus.
Mer. No, my good Lord, he ſpeaks the common tongue
Which all men ſpeak with him.
Tim. Look who comes here, will you be chid?
Jew. We'll bear with your Lordſhip.
Mer. He'll ſpare none.
Tim. Good morrow to thee,
Gentle *Apemantus.*
Apem. Till I be gentle, ſtay thou for thy good morrow.
When thou art *Timon*'s dog, and theſe Knaves honeſt.
Tim. Why doſt thou call them Knaves, thou know'ſt them not?
Apem. Are they not *Athenians?*
Tim. Yes.
Apem. Then I repent not.
Jew. You know me, *Apemantus?*
Apem. Thou know'ſt I do, I call'd thee by thy name.
Tim. Thou art proud, *Apemantus.*
Apem. Of nothing ſo much, as that I am not like *Timon.*
Tim. Whither art going?
Apem. To knock out an honeſt Athenians brains.
Tim. That's a deed thou'lt die for.
Apem. Right, if doing nothing be death by th' Law.
Tim. How lik'ſt thou this Picture, *Apemantus?*
Apem. The beſt, for the Innocence.
Tim. Wrought he not well that painted it?
Apem. He wrought better that made the Painter, and yet he's but a filthy piece of work.
Pain. Y'are a Dog.
Apem. Thy Mother's of my generation: What's ſhe, if I be a Dog?
Tim. Wilt dine with me, *Apemantus?*
Apem. No, I eat not Lords.
Tim. And thou ſhould'ſt, thou'd'ſt anger Ladies.
Apem. O they eat Lords.
So they come by great bellies.
Tim. That's a laſcivious apprehenſion.
Apem. So thou apprehend'ſt it.
Take it for thy labour.
Tim. How doſt thou like this Jewel, *Apemantus?*
Apem. Not ſo well as plain-dealing, which will not coſt a man a Doit.
Tim. What doſt thou think 'tis worth?
Apem. Not worth my thinking.
How now, Poet?
Poet. How now, Philoſopher?
Apem. Thou lieſt.
Poet. Art not one?
Apem. Yes.
Poet. Then I lie not.
Apem. Art not a Poet?
Poet. Yes.
Apem. Then thou lieſt:
Look in thy laſt work, where thou haſt feign'd him a worthy Fellow.
Poet. That's not feign'd, he is ſo.
Apem. Yes, he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee for thy labour. He that loves to be flattered is worthy o'th' flatterer. Heavens, that I were a Lord.
Tim. What wouldſt do then, *Apemantus?*
Apem. E'en as *Apemantus* does now, hate a Lord with my heart.
Tim. What thy ſelf?
Apem. I.
Tim. Wherefore?
Apem. That I had no angry wit to be a Lord.! Ironically—
Art not thou a Merchant?
Mer. I, *Apemantus.*
Apem. Traffick confound thee, if the Gods will not.
Mer. If Traffick do it, the Gods do it.
Apem. Traffick's thy God, and thy God confound thee.

Trumpet ſounds. Enter a Meſſenger.

Tim. What Trumpet's that?
Meſ. 'Tis *Alcibiades*, and ſome twenty Horſe,
All of Companionſhip.
Tim. Pray entertain them, give them guide to us,
You muſt needs dine with me: Go not you hence
Till I have thankt you; and when dinner's done
Shew me this piece. I am joyful of your ſights.
Enter Alcibiades *with the reſt.*
Moſt welcome Sir.
Apem. So ſo, their Aches contract, and ſtarve your ſupple Joynts: That there ſhould be ſmall love amongſt theſe ſweet Knaves, and all this Courteſie. The ſtrain of man's bred out into Baboon and Monkey.
Alci. You have ſav'd my longing, and I feed
Moſt hungerly on your ſight.
Tim. Right welcome, Sir.
E're we depart, we'll ſhare a bounteous time
In different pleaſures.
Pray you let us in. [*Exeunt.*

Enter two Lords.

1. *Lord.* What time a day is't, *Apemantus?*
Apem. Time to be honeſt.
1. That time ſerves ſtill.
Apem. The moſt accurſed thou that ſtill omit t'ſtit.
2. Thou art going to Lord *Timon*'s Feaſt.
Apem. I, to ſee Meat fill Knaves, and Wine heat Fools.
2. Fare thee well, fare thee well.
Apem. Thou art a Fool to bid me farewel twice.
2. Why, *Apemantus?*
Apem. Should'ſt have kept one to thy ſelf, for I mean to give thee none.
1. Hang thy ſelf.
Apem. No, I will do nothing at thy bidding:
Make thy requeſts to thy Friend.
2. Away unpeaceable Dog,
Or I'll ſpurn thee hence.
Apem. I will fly like a Dog, the heels a'th' Aſs.
1. He's oppoſite to humanity.
Come, ſhall we in,
And taſte Lord *Timon*'s Bounty? He outgoes
The very heart of kindneſs.
2. He pours it out: *Plutus*, the God of gold,
Is but his Steward; no meed but he repaies
Seven-fold above it ſelf: No gift to him,
But breeds the giver a return: Exceeding
All uſe of quittance.
1. The Nobleſt mind he carries,
That ever govern'd man.
2. Long may he live in Fortunes: Shall we in?
I'll keep you company. [*Exeunt.*

Hoboyes playing, Loud Muſick.
A great Banquet ſerv'd in; and then enter Lord Timon, *the* States, *the* Athenian Lords, Ventidius *which* Timon *redeemed from priſon. Then comes dropping after all,* Apemantus *diſcontentedly like himſelf.*

Ventid. Moſt honoured *Timon,*
It hath pleas'd the Gods to remember my Father's age,
And call him to long peace:
He is gone happy, and has left me rich:

Then as in grateful virtue I am bound
To your free heart, I do return thoſe Talents
Doubled with thanks and ſervice, from whoſe help
I deriv'd liberty.
Tim. O by no means,
Honeſt *Ventidius:* You miſtake my Love,
I gave it freely ever, and there's none
Can truly ſay he gives, if he receives:
If our betters play at that game, we muſt not dare
To imitate them. Faults that are rich are fair.
Ventid. A Noble Spirit.
Tim. Nay my Lords, Ceremony was but deviſ'd at firſt
To ſet a gloſs on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,
Recanting goodneſs, ſorry ere 'tis ſhown:
But where there is true friendſhip there needs none.
Pray, ſit, more welcome are ye to my Fortunes,
Than my Fortunes to me.
1 *Lord* My Lord, we alwaies have confeſt it.
Apem. Ho, ho, confeſt it? Hang'd it? Have you not?
Tim. O *Apemantus*, you are welcome.
Apem. No: You ſhall not make me welcome.
I come to have thee thruſt me out of doors.
Tim. Fye, th'art a Churle, ye have got a humour there
Does not become a man, 'tis much to blame:
They ſay, my Lords, *Ira furor brevis eſt*,
But yond man is very angry.
Go, let him have a Table by himſelf:
For he does neither affect company,
Nor is he fit for't indeed.
Apem. Let me ſtay at thine apperil, *Timon*,
I come to obſerve, I give thee warning on't.
Tim. I take no heed of thee; Th'art an *Athenian*, therefore welcome: I my ſelf would have no power, prethee let my meat make thee ſilent.
Apem. I ſcorn thy meat, 'twould choak me: For I ſhould ne'er flatter thee. Oh you Gods! What a number of men eats *Timon*, and he ſees 'em not? It grieves me to ſee ſo many dip their meat in one mans blood, and all the madneſs is, he cheers them up too.
I wonder men dare truſt themſelves with men.
Methinks they ſhould invite them without knives,
Good for their meat, and ſafer for their lives.
There's much example for't, the fellow that ſits next him now, parts bread with him, pledges the breath of him in a divided draught: is the readieſt man to kill him. 'T has been proved, if I were a huge man, I ſhould fear to drink at meals, leſt they ſhould ſpy my wind-pipes dangerous notes, great men ſhould drink with harneſs on their throats.
Tim. My Lord in heart: and let the health go round.
2 *Lord.* Let it flow this way, my good Lord.
Apem. Flow this way? A brave fellow; he keeps his tides well, thoſe healths will make thee and thy ſtate look ill, *Timon*.
Here's that which is too weak to be a ſinner,
Honeſt water, which ne'er left man i'th'mire:
This and my food are equal, there's no ods,
Feaſts are too proud to give thanks to the Gods.

Apemantus's *Grace.*

Immortal Gods, I crave no pelf,
I pray for no man but my ſelf,
Grant I may never prove ſo fond,
To truſt man on his Oath or Bond:
Or a Harlot for her weeping:
Or a Dog that ſeems a ſleeping:
Or a Keeper with my Freedom:
Or my Friends if I ſhould need 'em.
Amen. So fall too't:
Rich men ſin, and I eat root.

Much good dich thy good heart, *Apemantus.*
Tim. Captain,
Alcibiades, your heart's in the field now.
Alci. My heart is ever at your ſervice, my Lord.
Tim. You had rather be at a breakfaſt of Enemies, than a dinner of Friends.
Alci. So they were bleeding new my Lord, there's no meat like 'em, I could wiſh my friend at ſuch a Feaſt.
Apem. Would all thoſe flatterers were thine Enemies then, that then thou might'ſt kill 'em: And bid me to 'em.
1 *Lord.* Might we but have that happineſs, my Lord, that you would once uſe our hearts, whereby we might expreſs ſome part of our zeals, we ſhould think our ſelves for ever perfect.
Tim. Oh no doubt, my good Friends, but the Gods themſelves have provided that I ſhall have much help from you: How had you been my Friends elſe? Why have you that charitable title from thouſands? Did not you chiefly belong to my heart? I have told more of you to my ſelf, than you can with modeſty ſpeak in your own behalf. And Thus far I cofirm you. Oh you Gods (think I) what need we have any Friends if we ſhould never have need of 'em? They were the moſt needleſs Creatures living, ſhould we ne'er have uſe for 'em. And would moſt reſemble ſweet Inſtruments hung up in Caſes, that keep their ſounds to themſelves. Why I have often wiſht my ſelf poorer, that I might come nearer to you: We are born to do benefits. And what better or properer can we call our own, than the riches of our Friends? Oh what a precious comfort 'tis to have ſo many like Brothers commanding one anothers Fortunes! Oh Joy[illegible], e'en made away e're't can be born, mine eyes cannot hold out water, methinks; to forget their faults, I drink to you.
Apem. Thou weep'ſt to make them drink, *Timon.*
2. *Lord* Joy had the like conception in our eyes,
And at that inſtant like a Babe ſprung up.
Apem. Ho, ho, I laugh to think that Babe a Baſtard.
3 *Lord* I promiſe you my Lord you mov'd me much.
Apem. Much.

Sound Tucket. Enter the Maskers of Amazons with Lutes in their hands, dancing and playing.

Tim. What means that Trump? How now?

Enter Servant.

Ser. Pleaſe you, my Lord, there are certain Ladies
Moſt deſirous of admittance.
Tim. Ladies? What are their wills?
Ser. There comes with them a Fore-runner, my Lord, which bears that office to ſignifie their pleaſures.
Tim. I pray let them be admitted.

Enter Cupid *with the Mask of Ladies.*

Cup. Hail to thee, worthy *Timon*, and to all that of his Bounties taſt: The five beſt Senſes acknowledge thee their Patron, and come freely to gratulate thy plenteous Boſom. There taſt, touch all, pleas'd from thy Table riſe:
They only now come but to feaſt thine eyes.
Tim. They're welcome all; let 'em have kind admittance.
Muſick make their welcome.
Luc. You ſee, my Lord, how ample you are belov'd.
Apem. Hoyday!
What a ſweep of vanity comes this way.
They dance, they are mad Women.
Like Madneſs is the Glory of this life,
As this pomp ſhews to a little oyl and root.
We make our ſelves fools, to diſport our ſelves,
And ſpend our flatteries to drink thoſe men,
Upon whoſe Age we void it up agen,
With poyſonous Spight and Envy.
Who lives, that's not deprav[illegible], or depraves?
Who dies, that bears not one ſpurn to their graves
Of their friends gift?
I ſhould fear, thoſe that dance before me now,
Would one day ſtamp upon me: 'T'as been done,

Men ſhut their doors againſt a Setting Sun.

The Lords *riſe from Table, with much adoring of* Timon, *and to ſhew their loves, each ſingle out an Amazon, and all dance, Men with Women, a lofty ſtrain or two to the Hoboyes, and ceaſe.*

Tim. You have done your pleaſures,
Much Grace (Fair Ladies)
Sets a fair faſhion on our entertainment,
Which was not half ſo beautiful, and kind:
You have added worth unto't, and lively luſtre,
And entertain'd me with mine own device.
I am to thank you for it.

1 *Lady* My Lord, you take us even at the beſt.

Apem. Faith for the worſt is filthy, and would not hold taking, I doubt me.

Tim. Ladies, there is an idle Banquet attends you. Pleaſe you to diſpoſe your ſelves.

All La. Moſt thankfully, my Lord. *Exeunt.*

Tim. Flavius.

Flav. My Lord.

Tim. The little Casket, bring me hither.

Fla. Yes, my Lord. More Jewels yet?
There is no croſſing him in's humour,
Elſe I ſhould tell him well, i'faith I ſhould,
When all's ſpent, he'd be croſs'd then, and he could:
'Tis pity bounty has not eyes behind,
That man might ne'r be wretched for his mind.

1. *Lord.* Where be our men?

Serv. Here, my Lord, in readineſs.

2. *Lord.* Our Horſes.

Tim. O my Friends!
I have one word to ſay to you: Look you, my good Lord:
I muſt entreat you, honour me ſo much,
As to advance this Jewel, accept, and wear it,
Kind my Lord.

1. *Lord.* I am ſo far already in your Gifts.

All. So are we all.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My Lord, there are certain Nobles of the Senate newly alighted, and come to viſit you.

Tim. They are fairly welcome.

Enter Flavius.

Fla. I beſeech your Honour, vouchſafe me a word, it does concern you near.

Tim. Near! Why then another time I'll hear thee.
I prethee let's be provided to ſhew them entertainment.

Fla. I ſcarce know how.

Enter another Servant.

Ser. May it pleaſe your Honour, Lord *Lucius*
(Out of his free Love) hath preſented to you
Four Milk-white Horſes trapt in Silver.

Tim. I ſhall accept them fairly: Let the Preſents
Be worthily entertain'd.

Enter a third Servant.

How now? What News?

3 *Serv.* Pleaſe you, my Lord, that honourable Gentleman, Lord *Lucullus*, entreats your company to morrow, to hunt with him, and h'as ſent your Honour two brace of Grey-Hounds.

Tim. I'll hunt with him.
And let them be received, not without fair Reward.

Fla. What will this come to?
He commands us to provide, and give great gifts, and all out of an empty Coffer:
Nor will he know his purſe, or yield me this,
To ſhew him what a Beggar his heart is,
Being of no Power to make his wiſhes good,
His promiſes fly ſo beyond his ſtate,
That what he ſpeaks is all in debt, owes for ev'ry word:
He is ſo kind, that he now payes intereſt for't;
His Land's put to their Books. Well, would I were
Gently put out of Office, e'er I were forc'd:
Happier is he that has no friend to feed,
Than ſuch that do e'en Enemies exceed.
I bleed inwardly for my Lord. [*Exit.*

Tim. You do your ſelves much wrong,
You bate too much of your own merits.
Here, my Lord, a trifle of our love.

2 *Lord* With more than common thanks
I will receive it.

3 *Lord.* O ha's the very ſoul of Bounty.

Tim. And now I remember, my Lord, you gave good words the other day of a Bay Courſer I rode on. 'Tis yours becauſe you lik'd it.

1 *L.* Oh, I beſech you, pardon me, my Lord, in that.

Tim. You may take my word, my Lord: I know no man can juſtly praiſe, but what he does affect. I weigh my friends affection with my own? I'll tell you true, I'll call to you.

All Lords. O none ſo welcome.

Tim. I take all, and your ſeveral viſitations
So kind to heart, 'tis not enough to give:
Methinks I could deal Kingdoms to my Friends,
And ne'er be weary. *Alcibiades*,
Thou art a Souldier, therefore ſeldom rich,
It comes in charity to thee; for all thy living
Is 'mongſt the dead; and all the Lands thou haſt
Lie in a Pitcht Field.

Alci. I defie Land, my Lord.

1 *Lord.* We are ſo vertuouſly bound.

Tim. And ſo am I to you.

2 *Lord.* So infinitely endear'd.

Tim. All to yo you. Lights, more Lights, more Light.

1 *Lord.* The beſt of Happineſs, Honour and Fortunes,
Keep with you, Lord *Timon.*

Tim. Ready for his Friends. [*Exeunt Lords.*

Apem. What a coils here, ſerving of becks and jutting out of bumms, I doubt whether their Legs be worth the ſummes that are given for 'em.
Friendſhip's full of Dreggs:
Methinks falſe hearts ſhould never have ſound legs.
Thus honeſt fools lay out their wealth on Court'ſies.

Tim. Now, *Apemantus* (if thou wert not ſullen)
I would be good to thee.

Apem. No, I'll nothing; for if I ſhould be brib'd too, there would be none left to rail upon thee, and then thou wouldſt ſin the faſter. Thou giv'ſt ſo long, *Timon* (I fear me) thou wilt give away thy ſelf in paper ſhortly. What need theſe Feaſts, Pomps, and Vain-glories?

Tim. Nay, and you begin to rail on Society once, I am ſworn not to give regard to you. Farewell, and come with better Muſick. [*Exit.*

Apem. So: Thou wilt not hear me now, thou ſhalt not then. I'll lock thy Heaven from thee:
Oh that mens ears ſhould be
To Counſel deaf, but not to flattery. [*Exit.*

Enter a Senator.

Sen. And late five thouſand: to *Varro* and to *Iſidore*
He owes nine thouſand, beſides my former ſumme,
Which make it five and twenty. Still in motion
Of raging waſte? It cannot hold, it will not.
If I want Gold, ſteal but a Beggar's Dog,
And give it *Timon*, why the Dog coins Gold.
If I would ſell my Horſe, and buy twenty more
Better than he; why give my horſe to *Timon.*
Ask nothing, give it him, it foals me ſtraight
An able Horſe: No Porter at his gate,
But rather one that ſmiles and ſtill invites
All that paſs by. It cannot hold, no reaſon

Can ſound his ſtate in ſafety. *Caphis*, hoa.
Caphis I ſay.

Enter Caphis.

Caph. Here, Sir, what is your pleaſure?
Sen. Get on your Cloak, and haſte you to Lord *Timon*;
Importune him for my monies, be not ceaſt
With ſlight denial; nor then ſilenc'd, then
Commend me to your Maſter, and the Cap
Plaies in the right hand, thus: But tell him, ſirrah,
My uſes cry to me; I muſt ſerve my turn
Out of mine own, his dayes and times are paſt,
And my reliances on his fracted dates
Have ſmit my credit. I love and honour him,
But muſt not break my back, to heal his finger.
Immediate are my needs, and my relief
Muſt not be toſt and turn'd to me in words,
But find ſupply immediate. Get you gone,
Put on a moſt importunate aſpect,
A viſage of demand: For I do fear
When every Feather ſticks in his own wing,
Lord *Timon* will be left a naked gull,
Which flaſhes now a Phœnix, get you gone.
Caph. I go, Sir.
Sen. I go, Sir?
Take the Bonds along with you,
And have the dates in. Come.
Caph. I will, Sir.
Sen. Go. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Steward, *with many Bills in his hand.*

Stew. No care, no ſtop, ſo ſenſeleſs of expence,
That he will know neither how to maintain it,
Nor ceaſe his flow of Riot. Takes no account
How things go from him, nor reſume no care
Of what is to continue: Never mind
Was to be ſo unwiſe, to be ſo kind.
What ſhall be done, he will not hear, till feel:
I muſt be round with him, now he comes from hunting.
Fie, fie, fie, fie.

Enter Caphis, Iſidore, *and* Varro.

Caph. Good even, *Varro*, what, you come for money?
Var. Is't not your buſineſs too?
Caph. It is, and yours too, *Iſidore?*
Iſid. It is ſo.
Caph. Would we were all diſcharg'd.
Var. I fear it.
Caph. Here comes the Lord.

Enter Timon, *and his Train.*

Tim. So ſoon as dinner's done, we'll forth again,
My *Alcibiades*. With me, what is your will?
Caph. My Lord, here is a note of certain dues.
Tim. Dues? Whence are you?
Caph. Of *Athens* here: My Lord.
Tim. Go to my Steward.
Caph. Pleaſe it your Lordſhip, he hath put me off
To the ſucceſſion of new dayes this month:
My Maſter is awak'd by great occaſion,
To call upon his own, and humbly prays you,
That with your other Noble parts, you'll ſuit,
In giving him his right.
Tim. Mine honeſt Friend,
I prethee but repair to me next morning.
Caph. Nay, good my Lord.
Tim. Contain thy ſelf, good Friend.
Var. One *Varro*'s ſervant, my good Lord.
Iſid. From *Iſidore*, he humbly prays your ſpeedy payment.
Caph. If you did know, my Lord, my Maſter's wants.
Var. 'Twas due on forfeiture, my Lord, ſix weeks, and paſt.
Iſid. Your Steward puts me off, my Lord, and I
Am ſent expreſly to your Lordſhip.
Tim. Give me breath:
I do beſeech you, good my Lords, keep on,
I'll wait upon you inſtantly. Come hither, pray you
How goes the world that I am thus encountred
With clamorous demands of debt, broken Bonds,
And the detention, long ſince due debts
Againſt my Honour?
Stew. Pleaſe you, Gentlemen,
The time is unagreeable to this buſineſs:
Your importunacy ceaſe, till after dinner,
That I may make his Lordſhip underſtand
Wherefore you are not paid.
Tim. Do ſo, my Friends, ſee them well entertain'd.
Stew. Pray draw near. [*Exit.*

Enter Apemantus *and* Fool.

Caph. Stay, ſtay, here comes the Fool with *Apemantus*, let's have ſome ſport with 'em.
Var. Hang him, he'll abuſe us
Iſid. A plague upon him dog.
Var. How doſt, Fool?
Apem. Doſt dialogue with thy ſhadow?
Var. I ſpeak not to thee.
Apem. No, 'tis to thy ſelf. Come away.
Iſid. There's the Fool hangs on your back already.
Apem. No, thou ſtandſt ſingle, thou art not on him yet.
Caph. Where's the Fool now?
Apem. He laſt ask'd the Queſtion. Poor Rogues and Uſurers men, Bawds between Gold and want.
All. What are we, *Apemantus?*
Apem. Aſſes.
All. Why?
Apem. That you ask me what you are, and do not know your ſelves. Speak to 'em Fool.
Fool. How do you, Gentlemen?
All. Gramercies, good Fool:
How does your Miſtreſs?
Fool. She's e'en ſetting on water to ſcald ſuch Chickens as you are. Would we could ſee you at Corinth.
Apem. Good, Gramercy.

Enter Page.

Fool. Look you, here comes my Maſter's Page.
Page. Why how now, Captain? What do you in this wiſe company?
How doſt thou, *Apemantus*?
Apem. Would I had a Rod in my mouth, that I might anſwer thee profitably.
Page. Prethee, *Apemantus*, read me the ſuperſcription of theſe Letters, I know not which is which.
Apem. Canſt not read?
Page. No.
Apem. There will little learning die then that day thou art hang'd. This is to Lord *Timon*, this to *Alcibiades*. Go thou waſt born a Baſtard and thou'lt die a Bawd.
Page. Thou waſt whelpt a Dog, and thou ſhalt famiſh a Dogs death.
Anſwer not, I am gone. [*Exit.*
Apem. E'en ſo thou out-runſt Grace,
Fool, I will go with you to Lord *Timons*.
Fool. Will you leave me there?
Apem. If *Timon* ſtay at home.
You three ſerve three Uſurers?
All. I wou'd they ſerv'd us.
Apem. So would I:
As good a trick as ever Hangman ſerv'd Thief.
Fool. Are you three Uſurers men?

All I; Fool.

Fool. I think no Uſurer but has a fool to his Servant. My Miſtreſs is one, and I am her fool: when men come to borrow of your Maſters, they approach ſadly, and go away merrily: but they enter my maſters houſe merrily, and go away ſadly. The reaſon of this?

Var. I could render one.

Apem. Do it then, that we may account thee a Whore-maſter, and a Knave, which notwithſtanding thou ſhalt be no leſs eſteemed.

Var. What is a Whore-maſter, Fool?

Fool. A Fool in good cloaths, and ſomething like thee. 'Tis a ſpirit, ſomtime 't appears like a Lord, ſometimes like a Lawyer, ſometime like a Philoſopher, with two ſtones more than's artificial one. He is very often like a Knight; and generally, in all ſhapes that man goes up and down in, from fourſcore to thirteen, this Spirit walks in.

Var. Thou art not altogether a fool.

Fool. Nor thou altogether a wiſe man,
As much foolery as I have, ſo much wit thou lack'ſt.

Apem. That anſwer might have become *Apemantus.*

All. Aſide, aſide, here comes Lord *Timon.*

Enter Timon *and* Steward.

Apem. Come with me (fool) come.

Fool. I do not always follow Lover, elder Brother, and Woman, ſometime the Philoſopher.

Stew. Pray you walk near,
I'll ſpeak with you anon. [*Exeunt.*

Tim. You make me marvel wherefore e'er this time
Had you not fully laid my ſtate before me,
That I might ſo have rated my expence,
As I had leave of means.

Stew. You would not hear me:
At many leiſures I propos'd.

Tim. Go to:
Perchance ſome ſingle vantages you took,
When my indiſpoſition put you back,
And that unaptneſs made you miniſter
Thus to excuſe your ſelf.

Stew. O my good Lord,
At many times I brought in my accompts,
Laid them before you, you would throw them off,
And ſay you found them in mine honeſty,
When for ſome trifling Preſent you have bid me
Return ſo much, I have ſhook my head, and wept;
Yea againſt th' Authority of manners, pray'd you
To hold your hand more cloſe: I did endure
Not ſeldom, nor no ſlight checks, when I have
Prompted you in the Ebbe of your Eſtate,
And your great flow of Debts; my dear lov'd Lord,
Though you here now (too late) yet now's a time
The greateſt of your having, lacks a half,
To pay your preſent debts.

Tim. Let all my Land be ſold.

Stew. 'Tis all engag'd, ſome forfeited and gone,
And what remains will hardly ſtop the mouth
Of preſent dues; the future comes apace:
What ſhall defend the interim, and at length
How goes our reck'ning?

Tim. To *Lacedemon* did my Land extend.

Stew. O my good Lord, the world is but a world,
Were it all yours, to give it in a breath,
How quickly were it gone?

Tim. You tell me true?

Stew. If you ſuſpect my Husbandry or Falſhood,
Call me before the exacteſt Auditors,
And ſet me on the proof. So the Gods bleſs me,
When all our Offices have been oppreſt
With riotous Feeders, when our Vaults have wept
With drunken Spilth of wine; when every Room
Hath blaz'd with Lights, and braid with Minſtrelſie,
I have retir'd me to a waſteful cock,
And ſet mine eyes at flow.

Tim. Preethee no more.

Stew. Heavens have I ſaid, the bounty of this Lord!
How many prodigal bits have Slaves and Peazants
This night englutted! who is not *Timon*'s?
What heart, head, ſword, force, means, but is L. *Timon*'s?
Great *Timon*, Noble, Worthy, Royal *Timon*'s:
Ah, when the means are gone, that buy this praiſe,
The breath is gone whereof this praiſe is made:
Feaſt won, Faſt loſt, one cloud of winter ſhowres,
Theſe flies are coucht.

Tim. Come ſermon me no further.
No villanous bounty yet hath paſt my heart;
Unwiſely not ignobly have I given.
Why doſt thou weep, canſt thou the conſcience lack,
To think I ſhall lack Friends? Secure thy heart;
If I would broach the Veſſels of my Love,
And try the argument of hearts, by borrowing,
Men and mens Fortunes could I frankly uſe,
As I can bid thee ſpeak.

Stew. Aſſurance bleſs your thoughts.

Tim. And in ſome ſort theſe wants of mine are crown'd,
That I account them Bleſſings. For by theſe
Shall I try Friends. You ſhall perceive
How you miſtake my fortunes:
I am wealthy in my friends.
Within there, *Flavius, Servilius?*

Enter three Servants.

Ser. My Lord, my Lord.

Tim. I will diſpatch you ſeverally.
You to Lord *Lucius*, to Lord *Lucullus* you, I hunted with his Honour to day; you to *Sempronius*; commend me to their loves, and I am proud, ſay, that my occaſions have found time to uſe 'em toward a ſupply of money: let the requeſt be fifty Talents.

Flam. As you have ſaid, my Lord.

Stew. Lord *Lucius* and *Lucullus?* Humb.

Tim. Go you, Sir, to the Senators;
Of whom, even to the States beſt health, I have
Deſerv'd this hearing; bid 'em ſend o'th' inſtant
A thouſand Talents to me.

Stew. I have been bold
(For that I knew it the moſt general way)
To them to uſe your Signet and your Name,
But they do ſhake their heads, and I am here
No richer in return.

Tim. Is't true? Can't be?

Stew. They anſwer in a joint and corporate voice,
That now they are at fall, want Treaſure, cannot
Do what they would, are ſorry: You are Honourable,
But yet they could have wiſht, they know not,
Something hath been amiſs; a Noble Nature
May catch a wrench; would all were well; 'tis pity,
And ſo intending other ſerious matters,
After diſtaſtful looks, and theſe hard Fractions,
With certain half-caps, and cold moving nods,
They froze me into ſilence.

Tim. You Gods reward them:
Prethee man, look cheerly. Theſe old Fellows
Have their Ingratitude in them Hereditary:
Their blood is cak'd, 'tis cold, it ſeldom flowes,
'Tis lack of kindly warmth, they are not kind;
And Nature, as it grows again toward earth,
Is faſhion'd for the journey, dull and heavy.
Go to *Ventidius* (prethee be not ſad,
Thou art true, and honeſt; ingenuouſly I ſpeak,
No blame belongs to thee:) *Ventidius* lately
Buri'd his Father, by whoſe death he's ſtepp'd
Into a great eſtate: when he was poor,
Impriſon'd, and in ſcarcity of friends,
I clear'd him with five Talents. Greet him from me,

Bid him ſuppoſe, ſome good neceſſity
Touches his Friend, which craves to be remembred
With thoſe five Talents; that had, giv't theſe Fellows
To whom 'tis inſtant due. Nev'r ſpeak, or think,
That *Timon*'s fortunes 'mong his Friends can ſink.

Stew. I would I could not think it:
That thought is bounties Foe:
Being free it ſelf it thinks all others ſo. [*Exeunt.*

Flaminius *waiting to ſpeak with a Lord from his Maſter:*
enters a Servant *to him.*

Ser. I have told my Lord of you, he is coming down to you.

Flam. I thank you, Sir.

Enter Lucullus.

Ser. Here's my Lord.

Luc. One of Lord *Timon*'s men? A Gift I warrant. Why, this hits right: I dreamt of a Silver Baſon and Ewre to night. *Flaminius*, honeſt *Flaminius*, you are very reſpectively welcome, Sir, Fill me ſome Wine. And how does that Honourable, Compleat, Free-hearted Gentleman of *Athens*, thy very bountiful good Lord and Maſter.

Flam. His health is well, Sir.

Luc. I am right glad that his health is well, Sir; and what haſt thou there under thy Cloak, pretty *Flaminius?*

Flam. Faith, nothing but an empty box, Sir, which in my Lords behalf, I come to intreat your honour to ſupply, who having great and inſtant occaſion to uſe fifty Talents, hath ſent to your Lordſhip to furniſh him, nothing doubting your preſent aſſiſtance therein.

Luc. La, la, la, la: Nothing doubting, ſays he? Alas, good Lord, a Noble Gentleman 'tis, if he would not keep ſo good a houſe. Many a time and often I ha' din'd with him, and told him on't, and come again to ſupper to him on purpoſe to have him ſpend leſs, and yet he would embrace no counſel, take no warning by my coming, every man hath his fault, and honeſty is his. I ha' told him on't, but I could never get him from't.

Enter Servant, *with Wine.*

Ser. Pleaſe your Lordſhip, here is the Wine.

Luc. *Flaminius*, I have noted thee always wiſe.
Here's to thee.

Flam. Your Lordſhip ſpeaks your pleaſure.

Luc. I have obſerved thee alwaies for a towardly prompt ſpirit, give thee thy due, and one that knowes what belongs to reaſon; and canſt uſe the time well, if the time uſe thee well. Good parts in thee; get you gone, Sirrah. Draw nearer, honeſt *Flaminius.* Thy Lord's a bountiful Gentleman, but thou art wiſe, and thou knoweſt well enough (although thou comeſt to me) that this is no time to lend money, eſpecially upon bare Friendſhip without ſecurity. Here's three *Solidares* for thee, Good Boy, wink at me, and ſay thou ſaw'ſt me not. Fare thee well.

Flam. Is't poſſible the world ſhould ſo much differ,
And we alive that liv'd? Fly damned baſeneſs
To him that worſhips thee.

Luc. Ha? Now I ſee thou art a Fool, and fit for thy Maſter. [*Exit* Lucullus.

Flam. May theſe add to the number that may ſcald thee:
Let molten Coyn be thy damnation,
Thou diſeaſe of a Friend, and not himſelf:
Has Friendſhip ſuch a faint and milky heart,
It turns in leſs than two nights? O you Gods!
I feel my Maſters paſſion. This Slave unto his honour
Has my Lords meat in him:
Why ſhould it thrive and come to Nutriment,
When he is turn'd to poyſon?
O may diſeaſes only work upon't:
And when he's ſick to death, let not that part of Nature,
Which my Lord paid for, be of any power,
To expel ſickneſs, but prolong his hour. [*Exit.*

Enter Lucius, *with three* Strangers.

Luci. Who, the Lord *Timon?* He is my very good Friend, and an honourable Gentleman.

1. We know him for no leſs, though we are but ſtrangers to him. But I can tell you one thing, my Lord, and which I hear from common rumours, now Lord *Timon*'s happy hours are done and paſt, and his eſtate ſhrinks from him.

Luci. Fye, no, do not believe it: He cannot want for Money.

2. But believe you this, my Lord, that not long ago, one of his men was with the Lord *Lucullus*, to borrow ſo many Talents, nay, urg'd extreamly for't, and ſhewed what neceſſity belong'd to't, and yet was deny'd.

Luci. How?

2. I tell you, deny'd, my Lord.

Luci. What a ſtrange caſe was that? Now before the Gods I am aſham'd on't. Deny'd that honourable man? There was very little honour ſhew'd in that. For my own part, I muſt needs confeſs, I have received ſome ſmall kindneſſes from him, as money, Plate, Jewels, and ſuch like Trifles; nothing comparing to his: Yet had he miſtook him, and ſent him to me, I ſhould ne'er have denyed his occaſion ſo many Talents.

Enter Servilius.

Servil. See, by good hap yonder's my Lord, I have ſwet to ſee his honour. My honour'd Lord.

Luci. *Servilius?* You are kindly met, Sir. Fare thee well, commend me to thy honourable vertuous Lord, my very exquiſite Friend.

Servil. May it pleaſe your honour, my Lord hath ſent

Luci. Ha! What hath he ſent? I am ſo much endeared to that Lord; he's ever ſending: How ſhall I thank him, think'ſt thou? And what has he ſent now?

Servil. H'as only ſent his preſent occaſion now, my Lord; requeſting your Lordſhip to ſupply his inſtant uſe, with ſo many Talents.

Luci. I know his Lordſhip is but merry with me,
He cannot want fifty five hundred Talents.

Servil. But in the mean time he wants leſs, my Lord.
If his occaſion were not vertuous,
I ſhould not urge it half ſo faithfully.

Luci. Doſt thou ſpeak ſeriouſly, *Servilius?*

Servil. Upon my Soul 'tis true, Sir.

Luci. What a wicked Beaſt was I, to disfurniſh my ſelf againſt ſuch a good time, when I might ha' ſhewn my ſelf honourable? How unluckily it hapned, that I ſhould purchaſe the day before for a little part, and undoe a great deal of honour! *Servilius*, now before the Gods I am not able to do (the more beaſt I ſay) I was ſending to uſe Lord *Timon* my ſelf, theſe Gentlemen can witneſs; but I would not for the wealth of *Athens* I had don't now. Commend me bountifully to his good Lordſhip, and I hope his honour will conceive the faireſt of me, becauſe I have no power to be kind. And tell him this from me, I count it one of my greateſt afflictions, ſay, that I cannot pleaſure ſuch an honourable Gentleman. Good *Servilius*, will you befriend me ſo far, as to uſe my own words to him?

Servil. Yes, Sir, I ſhall. [*Exit* Servilius.

Luci. I'll look you out a good turn, *Servilius.*
True as you ſaid, *Timon* is ſhrunk indeed,
And he that's once deny'd will hardly ſpeed. [*Exit.*

1. Do you obſerve this, *Hoſtilius?*

2. I, too well.

1. Why, this is the worlds ſoul,
And juſt of the ſame piece
Is every flatterers ſport: Who can call him his Friend
That dips in the ſame diſh? For in my knowing,
Timon has been this Lords Father,
And kept his credit with his purſe:
Supported his eſtate, nay, *Timon*'s money
Has paid his men their wages. He ne'er drinks,
But *Timon*'s Silver treads upon his lip;
And yet Oh ſee the monſtrouſneſs of Man,
When he looks out in an ungrateful ſhape:
He does deny him (in reſpect of his)
What Charitable Men afford to Beggars.
3. Religion groans at it.
1. For mine own part I never taſted *Timon* in my life,
Nor came any of his bounties over me,
To mark me for his Friend. Yet I proteſt,
For his right Noble Mind, Illuſtrious vertue,
And Honourable Carriage,
Had his neceſſity made uſe of me,
I would have put my wealth into Donation,
And the beſt half ſhould have return'd to him,
So much I love his heart: But I perceive,
Men muſt learn now with pity to diſpence.
For policy ſits above Conſcience. [*Exeunt.*

Enter a third Servant *with* Sempronius, *another of* Timon'*s Friends.*

Semp. Muſt he needs trouble me in't? Humb.
'Bove all others?
He might have tried Lord *Lucius*, or *Lucullus*,
And now *Ventidius* is wealthy too.
Whom he redeem'd from priſon. All theſe
Owe their Eſtates unto him.
Ser. My Lord,
They have all been touch'd, and all are found baſe Mettal,
For they have all deny'd him.
Semp. How? Have they deny'd him?
Has *Ventidius* and *Lucullus* deny'd him?
And does he ſend to me? Three? Humb.
It ſhews but little love or judgment in him.
Muſt I be his laſt Refuge? His Friends (like Phyſicians)
That thriv'd, give him over. Muſt I take th'Cure upon me?
Has much diſgrac'd me in't, I'm angry at him,
That might have known my place, I ſee no ſenſe for't
But his occaſions might have wooed me firſt:
For in my conſcience I was the firſt man
That e'er received gift from him.
And does he think ſo backwardly of me now,
That I'll requite it laſt? No:
So it may prove an argument of laughter
To th'reſt, and 'mongſt Lords I be thought a fool:
I'd rather than the worth of thrice the ſum,
H'ad ſent to me firſt, but for my minds ſake:
I'd ſuch a courage to do him good. But now return,
And with their faint reply this anſwer joyn;
Who bates mine honour, ſhall not know my Coyn. [*Exit.*

Ser. Excellent: Your Lordſhip's a goodly Villain, the Devil knew not what he did, when he made man Politick; he croſſed himſelf by't: And I cannot think, but in the end the villanies of man will ſet him clear. How fairly this Lord ſtrives to appear foul? Takes vertuous Copies to be wicked: Like thoſe that under hot, ardent zeal, would ſet whole Realms on fire, of ſuch a nature is his politick love.
This was my Lord's beſt hope, now all are fled,
Save only the Gods, now his Friends are dead,
Doors that were ne'er acquainted with their Wards,
Many a bounteous year, muſt be imploy'd
Now to guard ſure their Maſter.
And this is all a liberal courſe allows;
Who cannot keep his wealth, muſt keep his houſe. [*Exit.*

Enter Varro'*s man, meeting others. All* Timon'*s Creditors to wait for his coming out. Then enter* Lucius *and* Hortenſius.

Var. man. Well met, good morrow, *Titus* and *Hortenſius.*
Tit. The like to you, kind *Varro.*
Hort. Lucius, what do we meet together?
Luc. I, and I think one buſineſs do's command us all.
For mine is money.
Tit. So is theirs, and ours.

Enter Philotus.

Luci. And Sir *Philotus* too.
Phi. Good day at once.
Luci. Welcome, good Brother.
What do you think the Hour?
Phi. Labouring for nine.
Luci. So much?
Phil. Is not my Lord ſeen yet?
Luci. Not yet.
Phil. I wonder on't, he was wont to ſhine at ſeven.
Luci. I, but the days are wax'd ſhorter with him:
You muſt conſider that a prodigal courſe
Is like the Suns, but not like his recoverable, I fear:
'Tis deepeſt Winter in Lord *Timon*'s purſe, that is; One may reach deep enough, and yet find little.
Phil. I am of your fear for that.
Tit. I'll ſhew you t'obſerve a ſtrange event;
Your Lord ſends now for money?
Hort. Moſt true, he does.
Tit. And he wears Jewels now of *Timon*'s gift,
For which I wait for money.
Hort. It is againſt my heart.
Luci. Mark how ſtrange it ſhows,
Timon in this ſhould pay more than he owes:
And e'en as if your Lord ſhould wear rich Jewels,
And ſend for money for 'em.
Hort. I'm weary of this Charge,
The Gods can witneſs:
I know my Lord hath ſpent of *Timon*'s wealth,
And now ingratitude makes it worſe than ſtealth.
Var. Yes, mine's three thouſand Crowns:
What's yours?
Luci. Five thouſand mine.
Var. 'Tis much deep, and it ſhould ſeem by th' ſum,
Your Maſter's confidence was above mine,
Elſe ſurely his had equall'd.

Enter Flaminius.

Tit. One of Lord *Timon*'s men.
Luc. Flaminius? Sir, a word: Pray is my Lord ready to come forth?
Flam. No, indeed he is not.
Tit. We attend his Lordſhip: Pray ſignifie ſo much.
Flam. I need not tell him that, he knows you are too diligent.

Enter Steward *in a Cloak muffled.*

Luci. Ha! Is not that his Steward muffled ſo?
He goes away in a Cloud: Call him, call him.
Tit. Do you hear, Sir?
2. *Varro.* By your lieve, Sir.
Stew. What do you ask of me, my Friend?
Tit. We wait for certain money here, Sir.
Stew. If money were as certain as your waiting,
'Twere ſure enough.
Why then preferr'd you not your Sums and Bills,
When your falſe Maſters eat of my Lords meat?
Then they would ſmile and fawn upon his debts,
And take down th'intereſt into their glutt'nous Maws.

You do your ſelves but wrong to ſtir me up,
Let me paſs quietly:
Believ't, my Lord, and I have made an end,
I have no more to reckon, he to ſpend.
Luci. I, but this anſwer will not ſerve.
Stew. If 'twill not ſerve, 'tis not ſo baſe as you,
For you ſerve Knaves.

1. *Varro.* How? What does his caſhier'd worſhip mutter?

2. *Varro.* No matter what, he's poor, and that's revenge enough. Who can ſpeak broader, than he that has no houſe to put his head in? Such may rail againſt great buildings.

Enter Servilius.

Tit. Oh, here's *Servilius*, now we ſhall know ſome anſwer.

Servil. If I might beſeech you, Gentlemen, to repair ſome other hour, I ſhould derive much from't. For tak't of my Soul, my Lord leans wondrouſly to diſcontent: His comfortable temper has forſook him, he's much out of health, and keeps his Chamber.

Luci. Many do keep their Chambers, are not ſick:
And if it be ſo far beyond his health,
Methinks he ſhould the ſooner pay his debts,
And make a clear way to the Gods.
Servil. Good Gods!
Tit. We cannot take this for anſwer, Sir.
Flaminius within. Servilius, help, my Lord, my Lord.

Enter Timon *in a rage.*

Tim. What, are my doors oppos'd againſt my paſſage?
Have I been ever free, and muſt my houſe
Be my retentive Enemy? My Gaol?
The place which I have feaſted, does it now
(Like all Mankind) ſhew me an Iron heart?
Luci. Put in now, *Titus.*
Tit. My Lord, here's my Bill.
Luci. Here's mine.
1. *Varro.* And mine, my Lord.
2. *Varro.* And ours, my Lord.
Philo. All our Bills.
Tim. Knock me down with 'em, cleave me to the Girdle.
Luci. Alas, my Lord.
Tim. Cut out my heart in ſums:
Tit. Mine, fifty Talents.
Tim. Tell out my Blood.
Luci. Five thouſand Crowns, my Lord.
Tim. Five thouſand drops pays that,
What yours? And yours?
1. *Varro.* My Lord.
2. *Varro.* My Lord.
Tim. Tear me, take me, and the gods fall upon you.
Exit Timon.

Hort. Faith, I perceive our Maſters may throw their caps at their money, theſe debts may well be call'd deſperate ones, for a mad man owes 'em. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Timon.

Tim. They have e'ne put my breath from me, the ſlaves.
Creditors? Devils
Stew. My dear Lord.
Tim. What if it ſhould be ſo?
Stew. My Lord.
Tim. I'll have it ſo. My Steward?
Stew. Here, my Lord.
Tim. So fitly? Goe, bid all my Friends again,
Lucius, *Lucullus*, and *Sempronius*: All,
I'll once more Feaſt the Raſcals.

Stew. O my Lord, you only ſpeak from your diſtracted ſoul; there's not ſo much left to furniſh out a moderate Table.

Tim. Be it not in thy care:
Go I charge thee, invite them all, let in the tide
Of Knaves once more: My Cook and I'll provide. *Exeunt.*

Enter three Senators *at one door,* Alcibiades *meeting them, with Attendants.*

1. *Sen.* My Lord, you have my voice to't,
The fault's bloody;
'Tis neceſſary he ſhould die:
Nothing emboldens ſin ſo much as Mercy.
2. Moſt true; the Law ſhall bruiſe 'em.
Alci. Honour, health and compaſſion to the Senate.
1. Now, Captain.
Alci. I am an humble Suitor to your Vertues;
For pity is the Vertue of the Law,
And none but Tyrants uſe it cruelly.
It pleaſes Time and Fortune to lie heavy
Upon a Friend of mine, who in hot bloud
Hath ſtept into the Law: which is paſt depth
To thoſe that (without heed) do plunge into't.
He's a man (ſetting his Fate aſide) of comely Vertues,
Nor did he ſoyl the fact with Cowardiſe.
And honour in him, which buyes out his fault)
But with a Noble Fury and Fair Spirit,
Seeing his reputation touch'd to death,
He did oppoſe his Foe;
And with ſuch ſober and unnoted paſſion
He did behoove his anger e're 'twas ſpent,
As if he had but prov'd an Argument.
1. *Sen.* You undergo too ſtrict a Paradox,
Striving to make an ugly deed look fair:
Your words have took ſuch pains, as they labour'd
To bring Man-ſlaughter into form, and ſet Quarrelling
Upon the head of Valour; which indeed
Is Valour mis-begot, and came into the world,
When Sects and Factions were newly born.
He's truly valiant, that can wiſely ſuffer
The worſt that man can breath,
And make his wrongs his Out-ſides,
To wear them like his Rayment, careleſly,
And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,
To bring it into danger.
If wrongs be evils, and enforce us kill,
What Folly 'tis to hazzard life for ill.
Alci. My Lord.
1. *Sen.* You cannot make groſs ſins look clear,
To revenge is no Valour, but to bear.
Alci. My Lords, then under favour, pardon me;
If I ſpeak like a Captain.
Why do fond men expoſe themſelves to Battel,
And not endure all threats? Sleep upon't,
And let the Foes quietly cut their throats
Without repugnancy? If there be
Such Valour in the bearing, what make we
Abroad? Why then, Women are more valiant
That ſtay at home, if bearing carry it:
And the Aſs, more Captain than the Lion? The Fellow
Loaden with Irons, wiſer than the Judge?
If Wiſdom be in ſuffering. Oh my Lords,
As you are great, be pitifully good,
Who cannot condemn raſhneſs in cold blood?
To kill, I grant, is ſins extreameſt Guſt,
But in defence, by Mercy 'tis moſt juſt.
To be in Anger, is impiety:
But who is man, that is not Angry?
Weigh but the Crime with this.
2. *Sen.* You breath in vain.
Alci. In vain?
His ſervice done at *Lacedemon*, and *Bizantium*,
Were a ſufficient Briber for his life.
1. What's that?

Alcib. Why, I ſay my Lords h' as done fair ſervice,
And ſlain in Fight many of your Enemies:
How full of Valour did he bear himſelf
In the laſt Conflict, and made plenteous Wounds?
2. He has made too much plenty with 'em,
He's a ſworn Rioter, he has a ſin
That often drowns him, and takes his valour Priſoner.
If there were no Foes, that were enough
To overcome him. In that beaſtly fury,
He has been known to commit outrages,
And cheriſh Factions. 'Tis inferr'd to us,
His days are foul, and his drink dangerous.
1. He dyes.
Alcib. Hard Fate! He might have dy'd in War.
My Lords, if not for any Parts in him,
Though his right arm might purchaſe his own time,
And be in debt to none: yet more to move you,
Take my deſerts to his, and joyn 'em both.
And for I know, your Reverend Ages love Security,
I'll pawn my Victories, all my Honours to you,
Upon his good returns.
If by this Crime, he owes the Law his life,
Why let the War receive 't in valiant Gore,
For Law is ſtrict, and War is nothing more.
1. We are for Law, he dyes, urge it no more
On heighth of our diſpleaſure: Friend, or Brother,
He forfeits his own bloud, that ſpills another.
Alcib. Muſt it be ſo? It muſt not be:
My Lords, I do beſeech you know me.
2. How?
Alcib. Call me to your remembrances.
3. What!
Alcib. I cannot think but your Age hath forgot me,
It could not elſe be, I ſhould prove ſo baſe,
To ſue, and be deny'd ſuch common Grace.
My Wounds ake at you.
1. Do you dare our anger?
'Tis few words, but ſpacious in effect.
We baniſh thee for ever.
Alcib. Baniſh me, baniſh your dotage, baniſh Uſury,
That makes the Senate ugly.
1. If after two days ſhine, *Athens* contain thee,
Attend our weightier Judgment.
And, not to ſwell our Spirit,
He ſhall be executed preſently. *Exeunt.*
Alcib. Now the Gods keep you old enough,
That you may live
Only in Bone, that none may look on you.
I'm worſe than mad: I have kept back their Foes
While they have told their Money, and let out
Their Coin upon large Intereſt. I my ſelf
Rich only in large hurts; All thoſe, for this?
Is this the Balſom that the uſuring Senate
Pours into Captains wounds? Ha! Baniſhment!
It comes not ill: I hate not to be baniſht,
It is a Cauſe worthy my Spleen and Fury,
That I may ſtrike at *Athens.* I'll cheer up
my diſcontented Troops, and lay for hearts:
'Tis honour with moſt Lands to be at odds,
Souldiers ſhould brook as little wrongs as gods. *Exit.*

Enter divers Friends at ſeveral Doors.

1. The good time of day to you, Sir.

2. I alſo wiſh it to you: I think this honourable Lord did but try us this other day.

1. Upon that were my thoughts tiring when we encountred. I hope it is not ſo low with him as he made it ſeem in the tryal of his ſeveral Friends.

2. It ſhould not be, by the perſwaſion of his new Feaſting.

1. I ſhould think ſo: He hath ſent me an earneſt inviting, which many my near occaſions did urge me to put off: but he hath conjur'd me beyond them, and I muſt needs appear.

2. In like manner was I in debt to my importunate buſineſs; but he would not hear my excuſe. I am ſorry, when he ſent to borrow of me, that my Proviſion was out.

1. I am ſick of that grief too, as I underſtand how all things go.

2. Every man here's ſo: What would he have borrowed of you?

1. A thouſand Pieces.

2. A thouſand Pieces!

1. What of you?

2. He ſent to me, Sir—— Here he comes.

Enter Timon *and Attendants.*

Tim. With all my heart, Gentlemen both; and how fare you?

1. Ever at the beſt, hearing well of your Lordſhip.

2. The Swallow follows not Summer more willingly, Than we your Lordſhip.

Tim. Nor more willingly leaves Winter, ſuch Summer-Birds are men. Gentlemen, our Dinner will not recompence this long ſtay: Feaſt your ears with the Muſick a while: if they will fare ſo harſhly o' th' Trumpets ſound: we ſhall to't preſently.

1. I hope it remains not unkindly with your Lordſhip, that I return'd you an empty Meſſenger.

Tim. O Sir, let it not trouble you.

2. My Noble Lord.

Tim. Ah my good Friend, what Cheer?

The Banquet brought in.

2. My moſt honourable Lord, I am e'en ſick of ſhame, that when your Lordſhip the other day ſent to me, I was ſo unfortunate a Beggar.

Tim. Think not on't, Sir.

2. If you had ſent but two hours before——

Tim. Let it not cumber your better remembrance. Come, bring in all together.

2. All cover'd Diſhes!

1. Royal Chear, I warrant you.

3. Doubt not that, if Money and the Seaſon can yield it.

1. How do you? What's the News?

3. *Alcibiades* is baniſht: Hear you of it?

Both. *Alcibiades* baniſh'd!

3. 'Tis ſo, be ſure of it.

1. How? How?

2. I pray you upon what?

Tim. My worthy Friends will you draw near?

3. I'll tell you more anon. Here's a Noble Feaſt toward.

2. This is the Old man ſtill.

3. Will 't hold? Will 't hold?

2. It does, but time will, and ſo—

3. I do conceive.

Tim. Each man to his Stool, with that Spur as he would to the Lip of his Miſtris: Your Diet ſhall be in all places alike. Make not a City-Feaſt of it, to let the Meat cool, e're we can agree upon the firſt place. Sir, Sir.
The Gods require our thanks.

You great Benefactors, ſprinkle our Society with Thankfulneſs. For your own gifts, make your ſelves prais'd: But reſerve ſtill to give, leſt your Deities be deſpiſed. Lend to each man enough, that one need not lend to another. For were your godheads to borrow of men, men would forſake the gods. Make the meat be beloved, more than the man that gives it. Let no Aſſembly of Twenty, be without a Score of Villains. If there ſit twelve Women at the Table, let a Dozen of them be as they are—— The reſt of your Fees, O gods, the Senators of Athens, *together with the common leg of People, what is amiſs in them, you gods, make ſutable for deſtruction. For theſe my preſent Friends, as they are to me nothing, ſo in nothing bleſs them, and to nothing are they welcome.*

Uncover Dogs, and lap.
Some ſpeak. What does his Lordſhip mean?
Some other. I know not.
Tim. May you a better Feaſt never behold,
You Knot of Mouth Friends: Smoke, and lukewarm Water
Is your perfection. This is *Timon*'s laſt,
Who ſtuck and ſpangled you with flatteries,
Waſhes it off, and ſprinkles in your faces
Your reeking villany. Live loath'd, and long
Moſt ſmiling, ſmooth, deteſted Paraſites,
Courteous Deſtroyers, affable Wolves, meek Bears:
You Fools of Fortune, Trencher-friends, Time-flies,
Cap and Knee Slaves, Vapours and Minute Jacks
Of Man and Beaſt, the infinite Malady
Cruſt you quite o'r. What doſt thou go?
Soft, take thy Phyſick firſt; thou too, and thou;
Stay, I will lend thee Money, borrow none.
What! all in motion? Henceforth be no Feaſt,
Whereat a Villain's not a welcome Gueſt.
Burn houſe, ſink *Athens*, henceforth hated be
Of *Timon*, Man, and all humanity. *Exit.*

Enter the Senators, *with other Lords.*

1. How now, my Lords?
2. Know you the quality of Lord *Timon*'s fury?
3. Puſh, did you ſee my Cap?
4 I have loſt my Gown.
1. He's but a mad Lord, and nought but humour ſways him. He gave me a Jewel th' other day, and now he has beat it out of my Hat.
Did you ſee my Jewel?
2. Did you ſee my Cap?
3. Here 'tis.
4 Here lyes my Gown.
1. Let's make no ſtay.
2 Lord *Timon*'s mad.
3. I feel't upon my Bones.
4. One day he gives us Diamonds, next day Stones.
Exeunt the Senators.

Enter Timon.

Tim. Let me look back upon thee. O thou Wall,
That girdles in thoſe Wolves, dive in the Earth,
And fence not *Athens*. Matrons, turn incontinent:
Obedience fail in Children: Slaves and Fools
Pluck the grave wrinkled Senate from the Bench,
And miniſter in their ſteads to general Filths.
Convert o' th' inſtant green Virginity,
Do't in your Parents eyes. Bankrupts, hold faſt,
Rather than render back; out with your Knives,
And cut your Truſters throats. Bound Servants, ſteal,
Large-handed Robbers your grave Maſters are,
And Pill by Law. Maid, to thy Maſters Bed,
Thy Miſtreſs is o'th' Brothel. Son of ſixteen,
Pluck the lin'd Crutch from thy old limping Sire,
With it, beat out his Brains Piety, and fear,
Religion to the gods, Peace, Juſtice, Truth,
Domeſtick awe, Night-reſt, and Neighbourhood,
Inſtruction, Manners, Myſteries, and Trades,
Degrees, Obſervances, Cuſtoms, and Laws,
Decline to your confounding contraries.
And yet confuſion live: Plagues incident to men,
Your potent and infectious Feavers, heap
On *Athens* ripe for ſtroke. Thou cold *Sciatica*,
Cripple our Senators, that their Limbs may halt
As lamely as their Manners. Luſt and liberty
Creep in the Minds and Marrows of our Youth,
That 'gainſt the Stream of Vertue they may ſtrive,
And drown themſelves in Riot. Itches, Blains,
Sow all the Athenian boſoms, and their Crop
Be general Leproſie: Breath infect breath,
That their Society (as their friendſhip) may
Be meerly Poyſon. Nothing I'll bear from thee,
But Nakedneſs, thou deteſtable Town.
Take thou that too, with multiplying Banns:
Timon will to the Woods, where he ſhall find
Th' unkindeſt Beaſt much kinder than Mankind.
The gods confound (hear me you good gods all)
Th' Athenians both within and out that Wall;
And grant as *Timon* grows, his hate may grow
To the whole Race of Mankind, high and low.
Amen. *Exit.*

Enter Steward *with two or three Servants.*

1. Here you, Maſter Steward, where's our Maſter?
Are we undone, caſt off, nothing remaining?
Stew. Alack, my Fellows, what ſhould I ſay to you?
Let me be recorded by the righteous gods,
I am as poor as you.
1. Such a Houſe broke?
So Noble a Maſter faln, all gone, and not
One Friend to take his Fortune by the Arm,
And go along with him.
2. As we do turn our Backs
From our Companion, thrown into his Grave,
So his Familiars to his buried Fortunes
Slink all away, leave their falſe Vows with him
Like empty Purſes pickt. And his poor ſelf
A dedicated Beggar to the Air,
With his Diſeaſe, of all ſhun'd poverty,
Walks like contempt alone. More of our Fellows.

Enter other Servants.

Stew. All broken Implements of a ruin'd Houſe.
3. Yet do our hearts wear *Timon*'s Livery,
That ſee I by our faces: we are Fellows ſtill,
Serving alike in ſorrow: Leak'd is our Bark,
And we poor Mates ſtand on the dying Deck,
Hearing the Surges threat: we muſt all part
Into this Sea of Air.
Stew. Good Fellows all,
The lateſt of my wealth I'll ſhare amongſt you.
Whereever we ſhall meet, for *Timon*'s ſake,
Let's yet be Fellows. Let's ſhake our heads, and ſay,
As 'twere a Knell unto our Maſters Fortunes,
VVe have ſeen better days. Let each take ſome:
Nay put out all your hands: Not one word more,
Thus part we rich in ſorrow, parting poor.
Embrace, and part ſeveral ways.
Oh the fierce wretchedneſs that Glory brings us!
Who would not wiſh to be from wealth exempt,
Since Riches point to Miſery and Contempt?
VVho would be ſo mock'd with Glory, or to live
But in a Dream of Friendſhip,
To have his Pomp, and all what ſtate compounds,
But only painted like his varniſht friends:
Poor honeſt Lord, brought low by his own heart,
Undone by goodneſs: ſtrange unuſual blood,
VVhen man's worſt ſin is, he does too much good.
VVho then dares to be half ſo kind agen?
For Bounty that makes gods, does ſtill mar men;
My deareſt Lord, bleſt to be moſt accurſt,
Rich only to be wretched; thy great Fortunes
Are made thy chief afflictions. Alas (kind Lord)
He's flung in Rage from this ungrateful Seat
Of monſtrous Friends:
Nor has he with him to ſupply his life,
Or that which can command it:
I'll follow and enquire him out.
I'll ever ſerve his mind, with my beſt will,
Whilſt I have Gold, I'll be his Steward ſtill. *Exit.*

Enter Timon *in the Woods.*

Tim. O bleſſed breeding Sun, draw from the Earth
Rotten humidity: below thy Siſters Orb

Infect the air. Twin'd Brothers of one womb,
Whoſe procreation, reſidence, and birth,
Scarce is dividant; touch them with ſeveral fortunes,
The greater ſcorns the leſſer. Not Nature
(To whom all ſores lay Siege) can bear great Fortune
But by contempt of Nature.
Raiſe me this Beggar, and deny't that Lord,
The Senators ſhall bear contempt Hereditary,
The Beggar Native honour.
It is the ~~Paſtor Lords,~~ the Brothers ſides, The Pasture Lards
The want that makes him lean: who dares? who dares
In purity of Manhood, ſtand upright
And ſay, this man's a Flatterer? If one be,
So are they all, for every grize of fortune i.e. degree
Is ſmooth'd by that below. The Learned pate
Ducks to the Golden Fool. All's obliquy: i.e. Obliquity
There's nothing level in our curſed Natures
But direct Villany. Therefore be abhorr'd,
All Feaſts, Societies, and Throngs of men.
His ſemblable, yea himſelf *Timon* diſdains,
Deſtruction phang mankind, Earth yield me Roots,
Who ſeeks for better of thee, ſawce his pallate
With thy moſt operant poiſon. What is here?
Gold? Yellow, glittering, precious Gold?
No gods, I am no idle Votariſt,
Roots, you clear Heavens. Thus much of this will make
Black, white; fowl, fair; wrong, right;
Baſe, Noble; Old, Young; Coward, Valiant.
Ha you gods! why this? what this you gods? why, this
Will lug your Prieſts and Servants from your ſides:
Pluck ſtout mens Pillows from below the Heads.
This yellow Slave
Will knit and break Religions, bleſs th'accurſt,
Make the hoar Leproſie ador'd, place Thieves.
And give them title, knee, and approbation
With Senators on the Bench? This is it
That makes the wapen'd Widdow wed again;
Her
She, whom the Spittle-Houſe, and ulcerous Sores,
Would caſt the gorge at, This Embalms and Spices
To th' *April* day again. Come damn'd Earth,
Thou common Whore of Mankind, that puts odds
Among the rout of Nations, I will make thee
Do thy right Nature. *March afar off.*
Ha! a Drum? Th'art quick,
But yet I'll bury thee: Thou'lt go (ſtrong Thief)
When Gouty Keepers of thee cannot ſtand:
Nay ſtay thou out for earneſt.

Enter Alcibiades *with Drum and Fife in warlike manner, and* Phrinia, *and* Timandra.

Alci. What art thou there? ſpeak.

Tim. A Beaſt as thou art. The Canker gnaw thy heart
For ſhewing me again the Eyes of man.

Alci. What is thy name? is man ſo hateful to thee,
That art thy ſelf a man?

Tim. I am *Miſanthropos*, and hate Mankind.
For thy part, I do wiſh thou wert a Dog,
That I might love thee ſomething.

Alci. I know thee well:
But in thy fortunes am unlearn'd, and ſtrange.

Tim. I know thee too, and more than that I know thee
I not deſire to know. Follow thy Drum,
With mans blood paint the ground Gules, Gules:
Religious Cannons, civil Laws are cruel,
Then what ſhould War be? This fell Whore of thine,
Hath in her more deſtruction than thy Sword,
For all her Cherubin look.

Phrin. Thy Lips rot off.

Tim. I will not kiſs thee, then the rot returns
To thine own Lips again.

Alci. How came the Noble *Timon* to this change?

Tim. As the Moon do's, by wanting light to give:
But then renew I could not, like the Moon,
There were no Suns to borrow of.

Alci. Noble *Timon*, what Friendſhip may I do thee?

Tim. None, but to maintain my opinion.

Alci. What is it *Timon*?

Tim. Promiſe me Friendſhip, but perform none.
If thou wilt not promiſe, the Gods plague thee, for thou art a man: if thou doſt perform, confound thee, for thou art a man.

Alci. I have heard in ſome ſort of thy Miſeries.

Tim. Thou ſaw'ſt them when I had proſperity.

Alci. I ſee them now, then was a bleſſed time.

Tim. As thine is now, held with a brace of Harlots.

Timan. Is this th' Athenian Minion, whom the World,
Voic'd ſo regardfully?

Tim. Art thou *Timandra*? *Timandra.* Yes.

Tim. Be a Whore ſtill, they love thee not that uſe thee, give them Diſeaſes, leaving with thee their Luſt. Make uſe of thy ſalt hours, ſeaſon the Slaves for Tubs and Baths, bring down Roſe-cheek'd Youth to the Fubfaſt, and the Diet.

Timan. Hang thee Monſter.

Alci. Pardon him, ſweet *Timandra*, for his Wits
Are drown'd and loſt in his Calamities.
I have but little Gold of late, brave *Timon*,
The want whereof, doth daily make revolt
In my penurious Band. I have heard and griev'd,
How Curſed *Athens*, mindleſs of thy worth,
Forgetting thy great deeds, when Neighbour ſtates
But for thy Sword and Fortune trod upon them.

Tim. I prethee beat thy Drum, and get thee gone.

Alci. I am thy Friend, and pity thee, dear *Timon.*

Tim How doſt thou pity him, whom thou doſt trouble,
I had rather be alone.

Alci. Why fare thee well:
Here is ſome Gold for thee.

Tim. Keep it, I cannot eat it.

Alci. When I have laid proud *Athens* on a heap.

Tim. War'ſt thou 'gainſt *Athens*?

Alci. I, *Timon*, and have cauſe.

Tim. The gods confound them all in thy Conqueſt,
And thee after, when thou haſt conquer'd.

Alci. Why me, *Timon*?

Tim. That by killing of Villains
Thou was't born to conquer my Country.
Put up thy Gold. Go on, here's Gold, go on;
Be as a Planetary plague, whom *Jove*
Will o're ſome high-vic'd City hang his poiſon
In the ſick air: let not thy Sword skip one.
Pity not honour'd Age for his white Beard,
He is an Uſurer. Strike me the counterfeit Matron,
It is her habit only, that is honeſt,
Her ſelf's a Bawd. Let not the Virgins cheek
Make ſoft thy trenchant Sword: for thoſe Milk-Paps
That through the Window Barn bore at mens Eyes, ? thro' their Windows born pore at
Are not within the Leaf of pity writ,
But ſet them down horrible Traitors. Spare not the Babe
Whoſe dimpled ſmiles from Fools exhauſt their mercy;
Think it a Baſtard, whom the Oracle
Hath doubtfully pronounced, "thy throat ſhall cut,"
And mince it ſans remorſe. Swear againſt Objects,
Put Armour on thine Ears, and on thine Eyes,
Whoſe proof, nor yels of Mothers, Maids, nor Babes,
Nor ſight of Prieſts in holy Veſtments bleeding,
Shall pierce a jot. There's Gold to pay thy Souldiers.
Make large confuſion: and thy fury ſpent,
Confounded be thy ſelf. Speak not, be gone.

Alci. Haſt thou gold yet? I'll take the gold thou giveſt me, not all thy Counſel.

Tim. Doſt thou, or doſt thou not, Heavens Curſe upon thee.

Both. Give us ſome gold, good *Timon*, haſt thou more?

Tim. Enough to make a Whore forſwear her Trade,
And to make Whores a Bawd. Hold up, you Sluts,
Your Aprons Mountant, you are not Othable,

Although I know you'l ſwear, terribly ſwear
Into ſtrong ſhudders, and to Heavenly Agues
Th' immortal gods that hear you. Spare your Oaths:
Ile truſt to your conditions, be VVhores ſtill.
And he whoſe pious breath ſeeks to convert you,
Be ſtrong in VVhore, allure him, burn him up.
Let your cloſe fire predominate his ſmoak,
And be no Turn-Coats: yet may your pains ſix months
Be quite contrary. And Thatch
Your poor thin Roofs, with burthens of the dead,
(Some that were hang'd) no matter:
VVear them, betray with them; VVhore ſtill.
Paint till a Horſe may mire upon your face:
A Pox of wrinkles.

Both. VVell, more Gold, what then?
Believ't that we'l do any thing for Gold.

Tim. Conſumptions ſow
In hollow bones of man, ſtrike their ſharp ſhins,
And mar mens ſpurring. Crack the Lawyers Voice,
That he may never more falſe Title plead,
Nor ſound his Quillets ſhrilly. Hoar the Flamen,
That ſcold'~~ſt~~ againſt the quality of fleſh,
And not believes himſelf, Down with Noſe, +his or the
Down with it flat, take the Bridge quite away
Of him, that his particular to foreſee
Smells from the general weal. Make curl'd pate Ruffians (bald
And let the unſcarr'd Braggarts of the War
Derive ſome pain from you. Plague all,
That you'activity may defeat and quell
The ſource of all Erection. There's more Gold.
Do you damn others, and let this damn you,
And Ditches grave you all.

Both. More counſel with more Money, bounteous *Timon.*

Tim. More Whore, more miſchief firſt, I have given you earneſt.

Alci. Strike up the Drum towards *Athens*, farewel *Timon*: if I thrive well, I'll viſit thee again.

Tim. If I hope well, I'll never ſee thee more.

Alci. I never did thee harm.

Tim. Yes, thou ſpok'ſt well of me.

Alci. Call'ſt thou that harm?

Tim. Men daily find it. Get thee away,
And take thy Beagles with thee.

Alci. We but offend him, ſtrike. [*Exeunt.*

Tim. That Nature being ſick of mans unkindneſs
Should yet be hungry: Common Mother, thou
Whoſe Womb unmeaſurable, and infinite breaſt
Teems and feeds all: whoſe ſelf ſame mettle
Whereof thy proud Child (arrogant man) is puſt,
Engenders the black Toad, and Adder blew,
The gilded Newt, and Eyeleſs venom'd Worm,
With all th' abhorred Births below Criſp Heaven,
Whereon *Hyperions* quickning fire doth ſhine:
Yield him, who all the humane Sons do hate,
From forth thy plenteous boſom, one poor root
Enſear thy Fertile, and Conceptions Womb,
Let it no more bring out ingrateful man.
Go great with Tygers, Dragons, Wolves, and Bears,
Teem with new Monſters, whom thy upward face
Hath to the Marbled Manſion all above
Never preſented. O, a Root, dear thanks:
Dry up thy Marrows, Vines, and Plough-torn Leas,
Whereof ingrateful man with Liquoriſh draughts
And Morſels Unctious, greaſes his pure mind,
That from it all conſideration ſlips ——

Enter Apemantus.

More man? Plague, Plague.

Ape. I was directed hither. Men report,
Thou doſt affect my Manners, and doſt uſe them.

Tim. 'Tis then, becauſe thou doſt not keep a Dog
VVhom I would imitate, Conſumption catch thee.

Ape. This is in thee a Nature but infected,
A poor unmanly Melancholly ſprung +fortune
From change of future. VVhy this Spade? this place?
This Slave-like Habit, and theſe looks of Care?
Thy Flatterers yet wear Silk, drink VVine, lye ſoft,
Hug their diſeaſed Perfumes, and have forgot
That ever *Timon* was. Shame not theſe VVoods,
By putting on the cunning of a Carper.
Be thou a Flatterer now, and ſeek to thrive
By that which has undone thee; hindge thy Knee,
And let his very breath whom thou'lt obſerve
Blow off thy Cap: praiſe his moſt vicious ſtrain,
And call it excellent: thou waſt told thus:
Thou gav'ſt thine Ears (like Tapſters, that bid welcome)
To Knaves, and all approachers: 'Tis moſt juſt
That thou turn Raſcal, hadſt thou wealth again,
Raſcals ſhould hav't. Do not aſſume my likeneſs.

Tim. VVere I like thee, I'de throw away my ſelf.

Ape. Thou haſt caſt away thy ſelf, being like thy ſelf
A Madman ſo long, now a Fool: what think'ſt
That the bleak Air, thy boiſterous Chamberlain
VVill put thy Shirt on warm? VVill theſe moiſt Trees,
That have out-liv'd the Eagle, page thy heels,
And skip when thou point'ſt out? VVill the cold Brook
Candied with Ice, Cawdle thy Morning taſte
To cure thy o're-nights ſurfeit? Call the Creatures,
VVhoſe naked Natures live in all the ſpight
Of wreekful Heaven, whoſe bare unhouſed Trunks,
To the conflicting Elements expos'd
Anſwer meer Nature: bid them flatter thee.
O thou ſhalt find.

Tim. A Fool of thee: depart.

Ape. I love thee better now than ere I did.

Tim. I hate thee worſe.

Ape. VVhy?

Tim. Thou flatter'ſt miſery.

Ape. I flatter not, but ſay thou art a Caytiff.

Tim. VVhy doſt thou ſeek me out?

Ape. To vex thee.

Tim. Always a Villains Office, or a Fools.
Doſt pleaſe thy ſelf in't?

Ape. I.

Tim. VVhat, a Knave too?

Ape. If thou didſt put this ſowre cold habit on
To caſtigate thy pride, 'twere well: but thou
Doſt it enforcedly: Thou'dſt Courtier be again
VVert thou not Beggar: willing miſery
Out-lives: in certain pomp, is crown'd before:
The one is filling ſtill, never compleat:
The other, at high wiſh: beſt ſtate Contentleſs,
Hath a diſtracted and moſt wretched being,
VVorſe than the worſt, content.
Thou ſhouldſt deſire to die, being miſerable.

Tim. Not by his breath, that is more miſerable.
Thou art a Slave, whom Fortunes tender arm
VVith favour never claſpt: but bred a Dog.
Hadſt thou like us from our firſt ſwath proceeded,
The ſweet degrees that this brief VVorld affords,
To ſuch as may the paſſive drugs of it
Freely command'ſt: thou wouldſt have plung'd thy ſelf
In general Riot, melted down thy youth
In different beds of Luſt, and never learn'd
The Icy precepts of reſpect, but followed
The Sugared Game before thee. But my ſelf
VVho had the world as my Confectionary,
The mouths, the tongues, the eyes, the hearts of men,
At duty more than I could frame employments:
That numberleſs upon thee ſtuck, as leaves
Do on the Oak, have with one Winters bruſh
Fell from their boughs, and left me open bare,
For every ſtorm that blows. I to bear this,
That never knew but better, is ſome burthen
Thy Nature did commence in ſufferance, Time
Hath made thee hard in't. Why ſhouldſt thou hate men?

They never flatter'd thee. What haſt thou given?
If thou wilt Curſe: thy Father (that poor rag)
Muſt be thy Subject; who in ſpight put ſtuff
To ſome She-Begger, and compounded thee
Poor Rogue, hereditary. Hence be gone,
If thou hadſt not been born the worſt of men,
Thou hadſt been a Knave and Flatterer.

Ape. Art thou proud yet?

Tim. I, that I am not thee.

Ape. I, that I was no Prodigal.

Tim. I, that I am one now.
Were all the wealth I have ſhut up in thee,
I'ld give thee leave to hang it. Get thee gone:
That the whole life of *Athens* were in this,
Thus would I eat it.

Ape. Here, I will mend thy Feaſt.

Tim. Firſt mend thy Company, take away thy ſelf.

Ape. So I ſhall mend mine own, by th'lack of thine.

Tim. 'Tis not well mended ſo, it is but botcht;
If not, I would it were.

Ape. What wouldſt thou have to *Athens?*

Tim. Thee thither in a Whirlwind: if thou wilt,
Tell them there I have Gold, look, ſo I have.

Ape. Here is no uſe for Gold.

Tim. The beſt, and trueſt:
For here it ſleeps, and do's no hired harm.

Ape. Where ly'ſt a nights, *Timon?*

Tim. Under that's above me.
Where feed'ſt thou a daies, *Apemantus?*

Ape. Where my ſtomach finds meat, or rather where I eat it.

Tim. Would poiſon were obedient, and knew my mind.

Ape. Where wouldſt thou ſend it?

Tim. To ſawce thy Diſhes.

Ape. The middle of humanity thou never kneweſt, but the extremity of both ends. When thou waſt in thy Gilt, and thy Perfume, they mockt thee, for too much curioſity: in thy Rags thou knoweſt none, but art deſpis'd for the contrary. There's a Medler for thee, eat it.

Tim. On what I hate, I feed not.

Ape. Doſt hate a Medler?

Tim. I, though it look like thee.

Ape. And th'hadſt hated Medlers ſooner, thou ſhould'ſt have loved thy ſelf better now. What man did'ſt thou ever know unthrift, that was beloved after his means?

Tim. Who without thoſe means thou talk'ſt of, didſt thou ever know belov'd?

Ape. My ſelf.

Tim. I underſtand thee, thou hadſt ſome means to keep a Dog.

Ape. What things in the World canſt thou neareſt compare to thy Flatterers?

Tim. Women neareſt, but men: men are the things themſelves. What wouldſt thou do with the World *Apemantus*, if it lay in thy power?

Ape. Give it the Beaſts, to be rid of the men.

Tim. Wouldſt thou have thy ſelf fall in the confuſion of men, and remain a Beaſt with the Beaſts.

Ape. I *Timon.*

Tim. A beaſtly ambition, which the Gods grant thee t'attain to. If thou wert the Lyon, the Fox would beguile thee: if thou wert the Lamb, the Fox would eat thee: if thou wert the Fox, the Lyon would ſuſpect thee, when peradventure thou wert accus'd by the Aſſe: If thou wert the Aſſe, thy dulneſs would torment thee: and ſtill thou liv'dſt but as a Breakfaſt to the Wolf. If thou wert the Wolf, thy greedineſs would afflict thee, and oft thou ſhouldſt hazard thy life for thy Dinner. Wert thou the Unicorn, pride and wrath would confound thee, and make thine own ſelf the conqueſt of thy fury. Wert thou a Bear, thou wouldſt be kill'd by the Horſe: wert thou a Horſe, thou wouldſt be ſeiz'd by the Leopard: wert thou a Leopard, thou wert German to the Lion, and the ſpots of thy Kindred, were Jurors on thy life. All thy ſafety were remotion, and thy defence abſence. What Beaſt couldſt thou be, that were not ſubject to a Beaſt: and what a Beaſt art thou already, that ſeeſt not thy loſs in transformation.

Ape. If thou couldſt pleaſe me
With ſpeaking to me thou might'ſt
Have hit upon it here.
The Commonwealth of *Athens* is become
A Foreſt of Beaſts.

Tim. How has the Aſs broke the Wall, that thou art out of the City.

Ape. Yonder comes a Poet and a Painter:
The Plague of Company light upon thee:
I will fear to catch it, and give way.
When I know not what elſe to do,
Ile ſee thee again.

Tim. VVhen there is nothing living but thee,
Thou ſhalt be welcome.
I had rather be a Beggars Dog
Than *Apemantus.*

Ape. Thou art the Cap
Of all the Fools alive.

Tim. VVould thou wert clean enough
To ſpit upon.

Ape. A Plague on thee,
Thou art too bad to Curſe.

Tim. All Villains
That do ſtand by thee, are pure.

Ape. There is no Leproſie,
But what thou ſpeak'ſt.

Tim. If I name thee, Ill beat thee;
But I ſhould infect my hands.

Ape. I would my tongue
Could rot them off.

Tim. Away thou iſſue of a mangy Dog,
Choler does kill me,
That thou art alive, I ſwound to ſee thee.

Ape. VVould thou would'ſt burſt.

Tim. Away thou tedious Rogue, I am ſorry I ſhall loſe a ſtone by thee.

Ape. Beaſt.

Tim. Slave.

Ape. Toad.

Tim. Rogue, Rogue, Rogue.
I am ſick of this falſe VVorld, and will love nought
But even the meer neceſſities upon't:
Then *Timon* preſently prepare thy Grave:
Lye where the light Foam of the Sea may beat
Thy Grave-ſtone daily, make thine Epitaph,
That Death in me, at others lives may laugh.
O thou ſweet King-Killer, and dear divorce
Twixt natural Sun and Fire: thou bright defiler
Of *Hymens* pureſt Bed, thou valiant *Mars,*
Thou ever, young, freſh, loved, and delicate wooer,
VVhoſe bluſh doth thawe the conſecrated Snow
That lies on *Dians* Lap.
Thou viſible God,
That ſouldreſt cloſe Impoſſibilities,
And mak'ſt them kiſs; that ſpeak'ſt with every Tongue
To every purpoſe; O thou touch of hearts,
Think thy ſlave-man Rebels, and by thy vertue
Set them into confounding odds, that Beaſts
May have the VVorld in Empire.

Ape. VVould 'twere ſo,
But not till I am dead. Ile ſay th'haſt Gold:
Thou wilt be throng'd too ſhortly.

Tim. Throng'd too?

Ape. I.

Tim. Thy back I prythee.

Ape. Live, and love thy miſery.

Tim. Long live ſo, and ſo die. I am quit.

Ape. Mo things like men;
Eat, *Timon*, and abhor then. [*Exit.* Apeman.

Enter the Banditti.

1. Where ſhould he have this Gold? It is ſome poor Fragment, ſome ſlender Ort of his remainder: the meer want of Gold, and the falling from of his Friends, drove him into this Melancholy.

2. It is nois'd
He hath a Maſs of Treaſure.

3. Let us make the aſſay upon him, if he care not for't, he will ſupply us eaſily: if he covetouſly reſerve it, how ſhall's get it?

2. True: for he bears it not about him:
'Tis hid.
1. Is not this he?
All. Where?
2. 'Tis his deſcription.
3 He? I know him.
All. Save thee, *Timon.*
Tim. Now Thieves.
All. Souldiers, not Thieves.
Tim. Both too, and Womens Sons.
All. We are not Thieves, but men
That much do want.
Tim. Your greateſt want is, you want much of meat:
Why ſhould you want? Behold, the Earth hath Roots:
Within this Mile break forth an hundred Springs:
The Oaks bear Maſt, the Briers Scarlet Hips,
The bounteous Huſwife Nature, on each Buſh,
Lays her full Meſs before you. Want? why want?
1. We cannot live on Graſs, on Berries, Water,
As Beaſts, and Birds, and Fiſhes.
Tim. Nor on the Beaſts themſelves, the Birds and Fiſhes,
You muſt eat men. Yet thanks I muſt you con,
That you are Thieves profeſt: that you work not
In holier ſhapes: for there is boundleſs theft
In limited profeſſions. Raſcal Thieves,
Here's Gold. Go, ſuck the ſubtle blood o'th Grape,
Till the high Feaver ſeeth your Bloud to Froth,
And ſo ſcape hanging. Truſt not the Phyſician,
His Antidotes are poyſon, and he ſlayes
More than you Rob: Take wealth, and live together,
Do Villain do, ſince you proteſt to do't.
Like Workmen, Ile Example you with Thievery:
The Sun's a Thief, and with his great attraction
Robs the vaſt Sea. The Moon's an Arrant Thief,
And her pale fire ſhe ſnatches from the Sun.
The Sea's a Thief, whoſe liquid Surge reſolves
The Moon into Salt tears. The Earth's a Thief,
That feeds and breeds by a compoſture ſtoln
From gen'ral Excrement: Each thing's a Thief.
The Laws, your curb and whip, in their rough power
Ha's uncheck'd theft. Love not your ſelves, away,
Rob one another, there's more Gold, Cut-Throats;
All that you meet are Thieves: to *Athens* go,
Break open Shops, nothing can you ſteal
But Thieves do loſe it: ſteal leſs, for this I give you,
And Gold confound you howſoere: *Amen.*

3. H'as almoſt charm'd me from my Profeſſion, by perſwading me to it.

1. 'Tis in the malice of mankind, that he thus adviſes us not to have us thrive in our myſtery.

2. Ile believe him as an Enemy,
And give over my Trade.

1. Let us firſt ſee peace in *Athens*, there is no time ſo miſerable but a man may be true. [*Exeunt Thieves.*

Enter the Steward *to* Timon.

Stew. Oh you Gods!
Is yond deſpis'd and ruinous man my Lord?
Full of decay and failing? Oh Monument
And wonder of good deeds, evilly beſtow'd!
What an alteration of honour has deſp'rate want made?
What vilder thing upon the Earth, than Friends,
Who can bring Nobleſt minds to baſeſt ends,
How rarely does it meet with this times guiſe,
When man was wiſht to love his Enemies:
Grant I may ever love, and rather woo
Thoſe that would miſchief me, than thoſe that do.
H'as caught me in his Eye, I will preſent my honeſt grief
Unto him; and as my Lord, ſtill ſerve him with my life.
My deareſt Maſter.
Tim. Away: what art thou?
Stew. Have you forgot me, Sir?
Tim. Why doſt ask that? I have forgot all men.
Then if thou grunt'ſt th' art a man,
I have forgot thee.
Stew. An honeſt poor Servant of yours.
Tim. Then I know thee not:
I nev'r had honeſt man about me, I, all
I kept were Knaves, to ſerve in meat to Villains.
Stew. The Gods are witneſs,
Never did poor Steward wear a truer grief
For his undone Lord, than mine Eyes for you.
Tim. What doſt thou weep?
Come nearer, then I love thee
Becauſe thou art a Woman, and diſclaim'ſt
Flinty Mankind: whoſe Eyes do never give,
But through Luſt and Laughter: pitie's ſleeping:
Strange times that weep with laughing, not with weeping.
Stew. I beg of you to know me, good my Lord,
T' accept my grief, and whilſt this poor wealth laſts,
To entertain me as your Steward ſtill.
Tim. Had I a Steward
So true, ſo juſt, and now ſo comfortable?
It almoſt turns my dangerous Nature wild.
Let me behold thy face: Surely, this man
Was born of Woman.
Forgive my general, and exceptleſs raſhneſs
You perpetual ſober Gods. I do proclaim
One honeſt man: Miſtake me not, but one:
No more I pray, and he's a Steward.
How fain would I have hated all mankind,
And thou redeem'ſt thy ſelf: But all ſave thee,
I fell with Curſes.
Me thinks thou art more honeſt now than wiſe:
For, by oppreſſing and betraying me,
Thou might'ſt have ſooner got another Service:
For many ſo arrive at ſecond Maſters,
Upon their firſt Lords neck. But tell me true,
(For I muſt ever doubt, though ne're ſo ſure)
Is not thy kindneſs ſubtle, covetous,
If not a Uſuring kindneſs, and as rich men deal Gifts,
Expecting in return twenty for one?
Stew. No, my moſt worthy Maſter, in whoſe breſt
Doubt and ſuſpect (alas) are plac'd too late:
You ſhould have fear'd falſe times, when you did Feaſt.
Suſpect ſtill comes where an eſtate is leaſt.
That which I ſhew, Heaven knows, is meerly Love,
Duty, and Zeal, to your unmatched mind,
Care of your Food and Living, and believe it,
My moſt honour'd Lord,
For any benefit that points to me,
Either in hope, or preſent, I'de exchange
For this one wiſh, that you had power and wealth
To requite me, by making rich your ſelf.
Tim. Look thee 'tis ſo: thou ſingly honeſt man,
Here take: the Gods out of my miſery,
Ha's ſent thee treaſure. Go, live rich and happy.
But thus condition'd: Thou ſhalt build from men:
Hate all, Curſe all, ſhew Charity to none,
But let the famiſht fleſh ſlide from the bone,
Ere thou relieve the Beggar. Give to Dogs
What thou denyeſt to men. Let Priſons ſwallow 'em,
Debts wither 'm to nothing, be men like blaſted Woods
And may Diſeaſes lick up their falſe blouds,
And ſo farewel, and thrive.

Stew. O let me ſtay and comfort you my Maſter:
Tim. If thou hat'ſt Curſes,
Stay not: flee, whil'ſt thou art bleſt and free:
Ne're ſee thou man, and let me ne're ſee thee. [*Exit.*

Enter Poet *and* Painter.

Pain. As I took note of the place, it cannot be far
Where he abides.
Poet. What's to be thought of him?
Does the Rumour hold for true,
That he's ſo full of Gold?
Pain. Certain.
Alcibiades reports it: *Phrinia* and *Timandra*
Had Gold of him, he likewiſe enrich'd
Poor ſtragling Souldiers, with great quantity.
'Tis ſaid, he gave unto his Steward
A mighty Summ.
Poet. Then this breaking of his,
Has been but a try for his Friends.
Pain. Nothing elſe:
You ſhall ſee him a Palm in *Athens* again,
And flouriſh with the higheſt:
Therefore, 'tis not amiſs, we tender our loves
To him, in this ſuppos'd diſtreſs of his:
It will ſhew honeſtly in us,
And is very likely to load our purpoſes
With what they travail for,
If it be a juſt and true report, that goes
Of his having.
Poet. What have you now
To preſent unto him?
Painter. Nothing at this time
But my Viſitation: only I will promiſe him
An excellent Piece.
Poet. I muſt ſerve him ſo too;
Tell him of an intent that's coming toward him.
Painter. Good as the beſt,
Promiſing is the very Air o'th' Time;
It opens the Eyes of Expectation.
Performance is ever the duller for his act,
And but in the plainer and ſimpler kind of people,
The deed of Saying is quite out of uſe.
To promiſe, is moſt Courtly and faſhionable;
Performance is a kind of Will or Teſtament,
Which argues a great ſickneſs in his judgment
That makes it.

Enter Timon *from his Cave.*

Timon. Excellent Workman,
Thou canſt not paint a man ſo bad
As is thy ſelf.
Poet. I am thinking
What I ſhall ſay I have provided for him:
It muſt be a perſonating of himſelf:
A Satyre againſt the ſoftneſs of Proſperity,
With a Diſcovery of the infinite Flatteries
That follow youth and opulency.
Timon. Muſt thou needs
Stand for a Villain in thine own Work?
Wilt thou whip thine own faults in other men?
Do ſo, I have Gold for thee.
Poet. Nay let's ſeek him.
Then do we ſin againſt our own eſtate,
When we may profit meet, and come too late.
Painter. True:
When the day ſerves before black corner'd night;
Find what thou want'ſt, by free and offer'd light.
Come.
Tim. Ile meet you at the turn:
What a God's Gold, that he is worſhipt
In a baſer Temple, than where Swine feed?
'Tis thou that rigg'ſt the Bark, and plow'ſt the Fome,
Setleſt admired reverence in a Slave,
To thee be worſhip't, and thy Saints for aye:
Be crown'd with Plagues, that thee alone obey.
Fit I meet them.
Poet. Hail, worthy *Timon.*
Pain. Our late Noble Maſter.
Timon. Have I once liv'd
To ſee two honeſt men?
Poet. Sir:
Having often of your open Bounty taſted,
Hearing you were retir'd, your Friends faln off,
Whoſe thankleſs Natures (O abhorred Spirits)
Not all the Whips of Heaven are large enough,
What, to you,
Whoſe Star-like Nobleneſs gave life and influence
To their whole being? I am rapt, and cannot cover
The monſtrous bulk of this Ingratitude
With any ſize of words.
Timon. Let it go,
Naked men may ſee't the better:
You that are honeſt, by being what you are,
Make them beſt ſeen, and known.
Pain. He, and my ſelf
Have travel'd in the great ſhowre of your gifts,
And ſweetly felt it.
Timon. I, you are honeſt men.
Paint. We are hither come
To offer you our ſervice.
Timon. Moſt honeſt men:
Why how ſhall I requite you?
Can you eat Roots, and drink cold Water, no?
Both. What we can do,
Wee'l do, to do you ſervice.
Tim. Y'are honeſt men,
Y'have heard that I have Gold,
I am ſure you have, ſpeak truth, y'are honeſt men.
Pain. So it is ſaid, my Noble Lord, but therefore
Came not my Friend, nor I.
Tim. Good honeſt man: thou draw'ſt a counterfeit
Beſt in all *Athens*, tha'rt indeed the beſt,
Thou counterfeit'ſt moſt lively.
Pain. So, ſo, my Lord.
Tim. E'ne ſo, Sir, as I ſay. And for thy fiction,
Why thy Verſe ſwells with ſtuff ſo fine and ſmooth,
That thou art even Natural in thine Art.
But for all this (my honeſt Natur'd Friends)
I muſt needs ſay you have a little fault,
Marry 'tis not monſtrous in you, neither wiſh I
You take much pains to mend.
Both. Beſeech your Honour
To make it known to us.
Tim. You'l take it ill.
Both. Moſt thankfully, my Lord.
Tim. Will you indeed?
Both. Doubt it not, worthy Lord.
Tim. There's never a one of you but truſts a Knave,
That mightily deceives you.
Both. Do we, my Lord?
Tim. I, and you hear him cogge,
See him diſſemble,
Know his groſs patchery, love him, feed him,
Keep in your boſom, yet remain aſſur'd
That he's a made-up Villain.
Pain. I know none ſuch, my Lord.
Poet. Nor I.
Tim. Look you,
I love you well, ile give you Gold,
Rid me theſe Villains from your Companies;
Hang them, or ſtab them, drown them in draught,
Confound them by ſome courſe, and come to me,
Ile give you Gold enough.
Both. Name them, my Lord, let's know them.
Tim. You that way, and you this:
But two in Company:

Each man apart, all ſingle and alone,
Yet an arch Villain keeps him company:
If where thou art, two villains ſhall not be,
Come not near him. If thou would'ſt not recide
But where one villain is, then him abandon.
Hence, pack, there's Gold, ye came for Gold ye Slaves:
You have work for me; there's payment, thence,
You are an Alchymiſt, make Gold of that:
Out Raſcal Dogs. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Steward, *and two* Senators.

Stew. It is in vain that you would ſpeak with *Timon*:
For he is ſet ſo onely to himſelf,
That nothing but himſelf, which looks like man,
Is friendly with him.
1 *Sen.* Bring us to his Cave.
It is our part and promiſe to th' *Athenians*
To ſpeak with *Timon.*
2 *Sen.* At all times alike
Men are not ſtill the ſame: 'twas Time and Griefs
That fram'd him thus. Time with his fairer hand,
Offering the Fortunes of his former days,
The former man may make him: bring us to him
And chance it as it may.
Stew. Here is his Cave:
Peace and content be here, *Timon*, *Timon*,
Look out, and ſpeak to Friends: Th' Athenians
By two of their moſt reverend Senate greet thee:
Speak to them, Noble *Timon.*

Enter Timon *out of his Cave.*

Tim. Thou Sun that comfort burn,
Speak and be hang'd:
For each true word, a bliſter, and each falſe
Be as a Catherizing to the root o'th tongue.
Conſuming it with ſpeaking.
1 Worthy *Timon.*
Tim. Of none but ſuch as you,
And you of *Timon.*
1. The Senators of *Athens* greet thee, *Timon.*
Tim. I thank them.
And would ſend them back the plague,
Could I but catch it for them:
1. O forget
What we are ſorry for our ſelves in thee:
The Senators, with one conſent of love,
Intreat thee back to *Athens*, who have thought
On ſpecial Dignities, which vacant lie
For thy beſt uſe and wearing.
2. They confeſs
Toward thee, forgetfulneſs too general groſs;
Which now the publick Body, which doth ſeldom,
Play the Re-canter, feeling in it ſelf
A lack of *Timons* aid, hath ſince withal
Of it own fall, reſtraining aid to *Timon*,
And ſend forth us to make their ſorrowed render,
Together, with a recompence more fruitful
Than their offence can weigh down by the Dram,
I even ſuch heaps and ſums of Love and Wealth,
As ſhall to thee blot out, what wrongs were theirs,
And write in thee, the Figures of their Love,
Ever to read them thine.
Tim. You witch me in it?
Surprize me to the very brink of tears;
Lend me a Fools heart, and a Womans Eyes,
And ile beweep theſe comforts, worthy Senators.
1. Therefore ſo pleaſe thee to return with us,
And of our *Athens*, thine and ours to take
The Captainſhip, thou ſhalt be met with thanks,
Allowed with abſolute power, and thy good name
Live with authority: ſo ſoon we ſhall drive back
Of *Alcibiades* h'approaches wild
Who like a Boar too ſavage, doth root up
His Countreys Peace.
2. And ſhakes his threatning Sword
Againſt the Walls of *Athens.*
1. Therefore, *Timon.*
Tim. Well Sir, I will: therefore I will Sir thus:
If *Alcibiades* kill my Countreymen,
Let *Alcibiades* know this of *Timon*,
That *Timon* cares not. But if he ſack fair *Athens*,
And take our goodly aged men by th'Beards,
Giving our holy Virgins to the ſtain
Of contumelious, beaſtly, mad-brain'd War:
Then let him know, and tell him *Timon* ſpeaks it.
In pitty of our aged, and our youth,
I cannot chuſe but tell him that I care not,
And let him tak't at worſt: For their Knives care not,
While you have throats to anſwer. For my ſelf,
There's not a whittle in th'unruly Camp,
But I do prize it at my love, before
The reverendſt Throat in *Athens.* So I leave you
To the protection of the proſperous Gods,
As Thieves to Keepers.
Stew. Stay not, all's in vain.
Tim. Why I was writing of my Epitaph,
It will be ſeen to Morrow. My long ſickneſs
Of Health, and Living, now begins to mend,
And nothing brings me all things. Go, live ſtill,
Be *Alcibiabes* your plague; you his,
And laſt ſo long enough.
1. We ſpeak in vain.
Tim. But yet I love my Countrey, and am not
One that rejoices in the common wrack,
As common bruit doth put it.
1. That's well ſpoke.
Tim. Commend me to my loving Countrey-men.
1. Theſe words become your Lips as they paſs thorow them.
2. And enter into our Ears, like great Triumphers
In their applauding Gates.
Tim. Commend me to them,
And tell them, that to eaſe them of their griefs,
Their fears of Hoſtile ſtrokes, their Aches, loſſes,
Their pangs of Love, with other incident throes
That Natures fragile Veſſel doth ſuſtain
In lifes uncertain Voyage, I will ſome kindneſs do them,
Ile teach them to prevent wild *Alcibiades* wrath.
1. I like this well, he will return again.
Tim. I have a Tree which grows here in my Cloſe,
That mine own uſe invites me to cut down,
And ſhortly muſt I fell it. Tell my Friends,
Tell *Athens*, in the frequence of degree,
From high to low throughout, that who ſo pleaſe
To ſtop Affliction, let him take his haſte;
Come hither ere my Tree hath felt the Axe,
And hang himſelf. I pray you do my greeting.
Stew. Trouble him no further, thus you ſtill ſhall
Find him.
Tim. Come not to me again, but ſay to *Athens*,
Timon hath made his Everlaſting Manſion
Upon the Beached Verge of the ſalt Flood,
Which once a day with his emboſſed Froth
The turbulent Surge ſhall cover; thither come,
And let my Grave-ſtone be your Oracle:
Lips, let four words go by, and Language end:
What is amiſs, Plague and Infection mend.
Graves onely be mens works, and Death their gain;
Sun, hide thy beams, *Timon* hath done his Reign.
[*Exit* Timon.
1. His diſcontents are unremoveably coupled to Nature.
2. Our hope in him is dead: let us return,
And ſtrain what other means is left unto us
In our dear peril.
1. It requires ſwift foot. [*Exeunt.*

Enter two other Senators, *with a* Meſſenger.

1. Thou haſt painfully diſcover'd: are his Files
As full as thy report?
Meſ. I have ſpoke the leaſt.
Beſides, his expedition promiſes preſent approach.
2. We ſtand much hazard, if they bring not *Timon.*
Meſ. I met a Currier, one mine ancient Friend,
Whom though in general part we were oppos'd,
Yet our old love made a particular force,
And made us ſpeak like Friends. This man was riding
From *Alcibiades* to *Timons* Cave,
With Letters of intreaty, which imported
His Fellowſhip i'th'cauſe againſt your City,
In part for his ſake mov'd.

Enter the other Senators.

1. Here come our Brothers.
3. No talk of *Timon*, nothing of him expect,
The Enemies Drum is heard and fearful ſcouring
Doth choak the air with Duſt: In, and prepare,
Ours is the fall I fear, our Foes the Snare. [*Exeunt.*

Enter a Souldier *in the Woods ſeeking* Timon.

Sol. By all deſcription this ſhould be the place.
Who's here? Speak ho. No anſwer? What is this?
Timon is dead, who hath out-ſtretcht his ſpan,
Some Beaſt read this; There do's not live a Man.
Dead ſure, and this his Grave, what's on this Tomb?
I cannot read: the Character ile take with Wax,
Our Captain hath in every figure skill,
An ag'd interpreter, though young in days:
Before proud *Athens* he's ſet down by this,
Whoſe fall the mark of his ambition is. [*Exit.*

Trumpets ſound. Enter Alcibiades *with his Powers before* Athens.

Alc. Sound to this Coward and laſcivious Town,
Our terrible approach.
Sounds a parley.
The Senators *appear upon the Walls.*
Till now you have gone on, and fill'd the time
With all Licentious meaſure, making your wills
The ſcope of Juſtice. Till now my ſelf and ſuch
As ſlept within the ſhadow of your power
Have wander'd with our traverſt Arms, and breath'd
Our ſufferance vainly. Now the time is fluſh,
When crouching Marrow in the bearer ſtrong
Cries (of it ſelf) no more: Now breathleſs wrong,
Shall ſit and pant in your great Chairs of eaſe,
And purſy Inſolence ſhall break his wind
With fear and horrid flight.
1. *Sen.* Noble and young;
When thy firſt griefs were but a meer conceit,
Ere thou hadſt power, or we had cauſe to fear,
We ſent to thee, to give thy rages Balm,
To wipe out our ingratitude, with Loves
Above their quantity.
2. So did we wooe
Transformed *Timon* to our Cities love
By humble Meſſage, and by promis'd means:
We were not all unkind, nor all deſerve
The common ſtroke of War.
1. Theſe Walls of ours
Were not erected by their hands, from whom
You have receiv'd your grief: Nor are they ſuch,
That theſe great Towres, Trophees, and Schools ſhould fall
For private faults in them.
2. Nor are they living
Who were the motives that you firſt went out;
Shame (that they wanted cunning in exceſs)
Hath broke their hearts, March, Noble Lord,
Into our City with thy Banners ſpred,
By decimation and a tythed death;
If thy Revenges hunger for that Food
Which Nature loaths, take thou the deſtin'd tenth,
And by the hazard of the ſpotted die,
Let die the ſpotted.
1. All have not offended:
For thoſe that were, it is not ſquare to take,
On thoſe that are, Revenge: Crimes, like Lands
Are not inherited, then dear Countryman,
Bring in thy ranks, but leave without thy rage,
Spare thy Athenian Cradle, and thoſe Kin
Which in the bluſter of thy wrath muſt fall
With thoſe that have offended, like a Shepherd,
Approach the Fold, and cull th' infected forth,
But kill not all together.
2. What thou wilt,
Thou rather ſhalt enforce it with thy ſmile,
Than hew to't with thy Sword.
1. Set but thy foot
Againſt our rampyr'd Gates, and they ſhall ope:
So thou wilt ſend thy gentle heart before,
To ſay thoul't enter Friendly.
2. Throw thy Glove,
Or any token of thine honour elſe,
That thou wilt uſe the Wars as thy redreſs,
And not as our Confuſion: All thy Powers
Shall make their harbour in our Town till we
Have ſeal'd thy full deſire.
Alc. Then there's my Glove,
Deſcend and open your uncharged Ports,
Thoſe Enemies of *Timons*, and mine own
Whom you your ſelves ſhall ſet out for reproof,
Fall and no more; and to atone your fears
With my more Noble meaning, not a man
Shall paſs his quarter, or offend the ſtream
Of Regular Juſtice in your Cities bounds,
But ſhall be remedied by your publick Laws
At heavieſt anſwer.
Both. 'Tis moſt Nobly ſpoken.
Alc. Deſcend, and keep your words.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. My Noble General, *Timon* is dead,
Entomb'd upon the very hem o'th' Sea,
And on his Graveſtone, this Inſculpture which
With Wax I brought away: whoſe ſoft Impreſſion
Interprets for my poor Ignorance.

Alcibiades *reads the Epitaph.*

Here lies a wretched Coarſe, of wretched Soul bereft,
Seek not my name: A Plague conſume you Catiffs left:
Here lie I Timon, *who all living men did hate,*
Paſs by, and curſe thy fill, but ſtay not here thy gate.

Theſe well expreſs in thee thy latter ſpirits:
Though thou abhorrd'ſt in us our humane griefs,
Scornd'ſt our Brains flow, and thoſe our droplets, which
From niggard Nature fall; yet Rich Conceit
Taught thee to make vaſt *Neptune* weep for aye
On thy low Grave: on faults forgiven. Dead
Is Noble *Timon*, of whoſe Memory
Hereafter more? Bring me into your City,
And I will uſe the Olive with my Sword:
Make War breed Peace; make peace ſtint War, make each
Preſcribe to other, as each others Leach;
Let our Drums ſtrike. [*Exeunt.*

THE

THE
TRAGEDY
OF
JULIUS CÆSAR.

Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Flavius, Murellus, *and certain* Commoners *over the Stage.*

Flav. HEnce: home you idle Creatures, get you home:
Is this a Holy-day? What, know you not
(Being Mechanical) you ought not walk
Upon a labouring day, without the ſign
Of your Profeſſion? Speak, what Trade art thou?

Car. Why Sir, a Carpenter.

Mur. Where is thy Leather Apron, and thy Rule?
What doſt thou with thy beſt apparel on?
You ſir, what Trade are you?

Cob. Truly Sir, in reſpect of a fine workman, I am but as you would ſay, a Cobler.

Mur. But what Trade art thou? anſwer me directly.

Cob. A Trade, Sir, that I hope I may uſe with a ſafe Conſcience, which is indeed, Sir, a mender of bad ſoals.

Fla. What Trade thou Knave? Thou naughty Knave, what Trade?

Cob. Nay I beſeech you Sir, be not out with me: yet if you be out Sir, I can mend you.

Mur. What mean'ſt thou by that? Mend me, thou ſawcy fellow?

Cob. Why Sir, Cobble you.

Fla. Thou art a Cobler, art thou?

Cob. Truly Sir, all that I live by is with the Awl: I meddle with no Tradeſmans matters, nor Womans matters; but withal, I am indeed, Sir a Surgeon to old Shooes, when they are in great danger, I recover them. As proper men as ever trod upon Neats-Leather, have gone upon my handy work.

Fla. But wherefore art not in thy Shop to day?
Why doſt thou lead theſe men about the ſtreets?

Cob. Truly Sir, to wear out their Shooes, to get my ſelf into more work. But indeed Sir, we make Holy-day to ſee *Cæſar*, and to rejoyce in his Triumph.

Mur. Wherefore rejoyce?
What Conqueſt brings he home?
What Tributaries follow him to *Rome*,
To grace in Captive Bonds his Chariot Wheels?
You blocks, you ſtones, you worſe than ſenſeleſs things:
O you hard hearts, you cruel men of *Rome*,
Knew you not *Pompey* many a time and oft?
Have you climb'd up to Walls and Battlements,
To Towers and Windows? Yea to Chimney tops,
Your Infants in your Arms, and there have ſate
The live-long day with patient expectation,
To ſee great *Pompey* paſs the ſtreets of *Rome*:
And when you ſaw his Chariot but appear,
Have you not made an Univerſal ſhout,
That *Tyber* trembled underneath her banks
To hear the replication of your ſounds,
Made in her Concave Shores?
And do you now put on your beſt attire?
And do you now cull out an Holy-day?
And do you now ſtrew Flowers in his way,
That comes in Triumph over *Pompey*'s blood?
Be gone,
Run to your Houſes, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the Gods to intermit the Plague
That needs muſt light on this ingratitude.

Fla. Go, go, good Countrymen, and for this fault
Aſſemble all the poor men of your ſort;
Draw them to *Tyber* banks, and weep your tears
Into the Channel, till the loweſt ſtream
Do kiſs the moſt exalted Shores of all.

[*Exeunt all the* Commoners.

See where their baſeſt mettle be not mov'd,
They vaniſh tongue-ty'd in their guiltineſs:
Go you down that way towards the Capitol,
This way will I: Diſrobe the Images,
If you do find them deck'd with Ceremonies.

Mur. May we do ſo?
You know it is the Feaſt of *Lupercal*.

Fla. It is no matter, let no Images
Be hung with the *Cæſar*'s Trophies: I'll about,
And drive away the Vulgar from the ſtreets;
So do you too, where you perceive them thick.
Theſe growing Feathers, pluck'd from *Cæſar*'s wing,
Will make him fly an ordinary pitch,
Who elſe would ſore above the view of men.
And keep us all in ſervile fearfulneſs. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Cæſar, Antony *for the Courſe*, Calphurnia, Portia, Decius, Cicero, Brutus, Caſſius, Caska, *a* Soothſayer: *after them* Murellus *and* Flavius.

Cæſ. *Calphurnia.*

Cask. Peace ho, *Cæſar* ſpeaks.

Cæſ. *Calphurnia.*

Calp. Here my Lord.

Cæſ. Stand you directly in *Antonio*'s way,
When he doth run his courſe. *Antonio.*

Ant. *Cæſar*, my Lord.

Cæſ. Forget not in your ſpeed, *Antonio*,
To touch *Calphurnia*: for our Elders ſay,
The barren touched in this holy chaſe,
Shake off their ſteril curſe.

Ant. I ſhall remember
When *Cæſar* ſays, Do this; it is perform'd.

Cæſ. Set on, and leave no Ceremony out.

Sooth. *Cæſar.*

Cæſ. Ha! Who calls?
Cask. Bid every noiſe be ſtill: peace yet again.
Cæſ. Who is it in the preſs, that calls on me?
I hear a tongue ſhriller than all the Muſick
Cry, *Cæſar*: Speak, *Cæſar* is turn'd to hear.
Sooth. Beware the Ides of *March.*
Cæſ. What man is that?
Br. A Sooth-ſayer bids you beware the Ides of *March.*
Cæſ. Set him before me, let me ſee his face,
Caſſi. Fellow, come from the throng, look upon *Cæſar.*
Cæſ. What ſay'ſt thou to me now? Speak once again.
Sooth. Beware the Ides of *March.*
Cæſ. He is a Dreamer, let us leave him: Paſs.
Senate. Exeunt. Manent Brut. *&* Caſſi.
Caſſi. Will you go ſee the order of the courſe?
Brut. Not I.
Caſſi. I pray you do.
Brut. I am not Gameſom: I do lack ſome part
Of that quick Spirit that is in *Antony*:
Let me not hinder *Caſſius*, your deſires;
I'll leave you.
Caſſi. Brutus, I do obſerve you now of late:
I have not from your eyes that gentleneſs
And ſhew of Love, as I was wont to have:
You bear too ſtubborn, and too ſtrange a hand
Over your Friends, that love you.
Bru. Caſſius.
Be not deceiv'd: if I have veil'd my look,
I turn the trouble of my Countenance
Meerly upon my ſelf. Vexed I am
Of late, with paſſions of ſome difference,
Conceptions only proper to my ſelf,
Which give ſome ſoil (perhaps) to my Behaviours:
But let not therefore my good friends be griev'd
(Among which number *Caſſius* be you one)
Nor conſtrue any further my neglect,
Than that poor *Brutus* with himſelf at War,
Forgets the ſhews of Love to other men.
Caſſi. Then *Brutus*, I have much miſtook your paſſion,
By means whereof, this Breaſt of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy Cogitations.
Tell me good *Brutus*, can you ſee your face?
Bru. No *Caſſius*:
For the eye ſees not himſelf: but by reflection,
By ſome other things.
Caſſi. 'Tis juſt,
And it is very much lamented, *Brutus*,
That you have no ſuch mirrors, as will turn
Your hidden worthineſs into your eye,
That you might ſee your ſhadow:
I have heard,
Where many of the beſt reſpect in *Rome*,
(Except Immortal *Cæſar*) ſpeaking of *Brutus*,
And groaning underneath this ages yoak,
Have wiſh'd that Noble *Brutus* had his eyes.
Bru. Into what dangers would you
Lead me, *Caſſius*?
That you would have me ſeek into my ſelf,
For that which is not in me?
Caſſi. Therefore good *Brutus* be prepar'd to hear;
And ſince you know you cannot ſee your ſelf
So well as by reflection; I your Glaſs,
Will modeſtly diſcover to your ſelf
That of your ſelf, which yet you know not of,
And be not jealous on me, gentle *Brutus*,
Were I a common Laugher, or did uſe
To ſtale with ordinary Oaths my Love
To every new Proteſtor: if you know,
That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,
And after ſcandal them: or if you know,
That I profeſs in Banqueting
To all the Rout, then hold me dangerous.
Flouriſh and Shout.
Bru. What means this Shouting?
I do fear the people chooſe *Cæſar*
For their King.
Caſſi. I, do you fear it?
Then muſt I think you would not have it ſo.
Bru. I would not, *Caſſius*, yet I love him well:
But wherefore do you hold me here ſo long?
What is it, that you would impart to me?
If it be ought toward the general good,
Set Honour in one eye, and Death i'th'other,
And I will look on both indifferently:
For let the Gods ſo ſpeed me, as I love
The name of Honour, more than I fear Death.
Caſſi. I know that vertue to be in you, *Brutus*,
As well as I do know your outward favour,
Well, Honour is the Subject of my Story:
I cannot tell, what you and other men
Think of this life: But my ſingle ſelf,
I had as lief not be, as live to be
In awe of ſuch a thing, as I my ſelf.
I was born free as *Cæſar*, ſo were you,
We both have fed as well, and we can both
Endure the Winters cold, as well as he.
For once upon a Raw and Guſty Day,
The troubled *Tyber* chafing with her Shores,
Cæſar ſays to me, dar'ſt thou *Caſſius* now
Leap in with me into this angry Flood,
And ſwim to yonder Point? Upon the word,
Accounted as I was, I plunged in,
And bad him follow: ſo indeed he did.
The Torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it
With luſty Sinews, throwing it aſide,
And ſtemming it with hearts of Controverſie.
But e're we could arrive the Point propos'd,
Cæſar cry'd, Help me *Caſſius*, or I ſink.
I (as *Æneas*, our great Anceſtor,
Did from the Flames of *Troy*, upon his ſhoulder
The old *Anchiſes* bear) ſo, from the Waves of *Tyber*
Did I the tired *Cæſar*: And this Man
Is now become a God, and *Caſſius* is
A wretched Creature, and muſt bend his body,
If *Cæſar* careleſly but nod on him.
He had a Feaver when he was in *Spain*
And when the Fit was on him, I did mark
How he did ſhake: 'Tis true, this God did ſhake,
His Coward lips did from their colour flye,
And that ſame eye, whoſe bend doth awe the World,
Did loſe his Luſtre: I did hear him groan:
I, and that tongue of his that bad the *Romans*
Mark him, and writ his Speeches in their Books,
Alas! it cryed, Give me ſome drink, *Titinius*,
As a ſick Girl: Ye Gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of ſuch a feeble temper ſhould
So get the ſtart of the Majeſtick World,
And bear the Palm alone.
Shout. Flouriſh.
Bru. Another general ſhout?
I do believe, that theſe applauſes are
For ſome new Honours that are heap'd on *Cæſar*.
Caſſi. Why man, he doth beſtride the narrow VVorld
Like a *Coloſſus*, and we petty men
VValk under his huge Legs, and peep about
To find our ſelves diſhonourable Graves.
Men at ſome time, are Maſters of their Fates.
The fault (dear *Brutus*) is not in our Stars,
But in our ſelves, that we are Underlings.
Brutus and *Cæſar*: VVhat ſhould be in that *Cæſar*?
Why ſhould that name be ſounded more than yours?
Write them together: yours is as fair a Name:
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well,
VVeigh them, it is as heavy: Conjure with 'em man,
Brutus will ſtart a Spirit as ſoon as *Cæſar*.
Now in the names of all the Gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our *Cæſar* feed,
That he is grown ſo great? Age, thou art ſham'd.

Rome, thou haſt loſt the breed of noble Blouds.
When went there by an Age, ſince the great Floud,
But it was fam'd with more than with one man?
When could they ſay (till now) that talk'd of *Rome*,
That her wide walks incompaſt but one man?
Now is it *Rome* indeed, and Room enough
When there is in it but one only man.
O! you and I, have heard our Fathers ſay,
There was a *Brutus* once, that would have brook'd
Th' eternal Devil to keep his State in *Rome*,
As eaſily as a King.
Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous:
What you would work me to, I have ſome aim:
How I have thought of this, and of theſe times
I ſhall recount hereafter: For this preſent,
I would not ſo (with love I might entreat you)
Be any further mov'd: What you have ſaid,
I will conſider: what you have to ſay
I will with patience hear, and find a time
Both meet to hear, and anſwer ſuch high things.
Till then, my noble Friend, chew upon this:
Brutus had rather be a Villager,
Than to repute himſelf a Son of *Rome*
Under theſe hard Conditions, as this time
Is like to lay upon us.
Caſſi. I am glad that my weak words
Have ſtruck but thus much ſhew of fire from *Brutus.*

Enter Cæſar *and his Train.*

Bru. The Games are done,
And *Cæſar* is returning.
Caſſi. As they paſs by,
Pluck *Caska* by the Sleeve,
And he will (after his ſowre faſhion) tell you
What hath proceeded worthy note to day.
Bru. I will do ſo: but look you, *Caſſius*,
The angry ſpot doth blow on *Cæſars* brow,
And all the reſt look like a chidden train;
Calphurnia's Cheek is pale, and *Cicero*
Looks with ſuch Ferret, and ſuch fiery Eyes
As we have ſeen him in the Capitol
Being croſt in Conference, by ſome Senators.
Caſſi. Caska will tell us what the matter is.
Cæſ. Antonio.
Ant. Cæſar.
Cæſ. Let me have men about me that are fat,
Sleek-headed men, and ſuch as ſleep a nights:
Yond *Caſſius* has a lean and hungry look,
He thinks too much: ſuch men are dangerous.
Ant. Fear him not, *Cæſar*, he's not dangerous,
He is a Noble *Roman*, and well given.
Cæſ. Would he were fatter; But I fear him not:
Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I ſhould avoid,
So ſoon as that ſpare *Caſſius*. He reads much,
He is a great Obſerver, and he looks
Quite through the Deeds of men. He loves no Playes,
As thou doſt *Antony*: he hears no Muſick:
Seldom he ſmiles, and ſmiles in ſuch a ſort
As if he mock'd himſelf, and ſcorn'd his ſpirit
That could be mov'd to ſmile at any thing,
Such men as he, be never at hearts eaſe
Whiles they behold a greater than themſelves,
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd,
Than what I fear: for always I am *Cæſar*,
Come on my right hand, for this Ear is deaf,
And tell me truly, what thou think'ſt of him.

Sennit.

[*Exeunt* Cæſar *and his Train.*

Cask. You pull'd me by the Cloak, would you ſpeak with me?
Bru. I *Caska*, tell us what hath chanc'd to day
That *Cæſar* looks ſo ſad.
Cask. Why you were with him, were you not?
Bru. I ſhould not then ask *Caska* what had chanc'd.
Cask. Why there was a Crown offer'd him; and being offer'd him, he put it by with the back of his hand thus, and then the people fell a ſhouting.
Bru. What was the ſecond noiſe for?
Cask. Why for that too.
Caſſi. They ſhouted thrice: what was the laſt cry for?
Cask. Why for that too.
Bru. Was the Crown offer'd him thrice?
Cask. I marry was't, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other; and at every putting by, mine honeſt Neighbours ſhouted.
Caſſi. Who offer'd him the Crown?
Cask. Why, *Antony.*
Bru. Tell us the manner of it, gentle *Caska.*
Cask. I can as well be hang'd as tell the manner of it: It were meer Foolery, I did not mark it. I ſaw *Mark Antony* offer him a Crown, yet 'twas not a Crown neither, 'twas one of theſe Coronets: and as I told you, he put it by once: but for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offered it to him again: then he put it by again: but to my thinking, he was very loth to lay his Fingers off it. And then he offered it the third time: he put it the third time by, and ſtill as he refus'd it, the rabblement houted, and clapp'd their chopt hands, and threw up their ſweaty Night-Caps, and uttered ſuch a deal of ſtinking breath, becauſe *Cæſar* refus'd the Crown, that it had (almoſt) choaked *Cæſar*: for he ſwoonded, and fell down at it: And for mine own part, I durſt not laugh, for fear of opening my Lips, and receiving the bad Air.
Caſſi. But ſoft I pray you: what did *Cæſar* ſwound?
Cask. He fell down in the Market-place, and foam'd at mouth, and was ſpeechleſs.
Brut 'Tis very like he hath the falling-ſickneſs.
Caſſi. No, *Cæſar* hath it not: but you, and I.
And honeſt *Caska*, we have the falling ſickneſs.
Cask. I know not what you mean by that, but I am ſure *Cæſar* fell down, if the tag rag people did not clap him, and hiſs him, according as he pleas'd, and diſpleas'd them, as they uſe to do the Players in the Theatre, I am no true man.
Brut. What ſaid he, when he came unto himſelf?
Cask. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceiv'd the common Herd was glad he refus'd the Crown, he pluckt me ope his Doublet, and offer'd them his Throat to cut: and I had been a man of any Occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to Hell among the Rogues, and ſo he fell. When he came to himſelf again, he ſaid, If he had done, or ſaid any thing amiſs, he deſir'd their worſhips to think it was his infirmity. Three or four Wenches where I ſtood, cryed, Alas good Soul, and forgave him with all their hearts: But there's no heed to be taken of them; if *Cæſar* had ſtabb'd their Mothers, they would have done no leſs.
Brut. And after that, he came thus ſad away.
Cask. I.
Caſſi. Did *Cicero* ſay any thing?
Cask. I, he ſpoke Greek.
Caſſi. To what effect?
Cask. Nay, and I tell you that, I'le ne're look you i' th' face again. But thoſe that underſtood him, ſmil'd at one another, and ſhook their heads: but for mine own part it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news too: *Murellus* and *Flavius*, for pulling Scarffs off *Cæſars* Images, are put to ſilence. Fare you well. There was more Foolery yet, if I could remember it.
Caſſi. Will you ſup with me to night, *Caska?*
Cask. No, I am promis'd forth.
Caſſi. Will you dine with me to morrow?

Caſk. I, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and your Dinner worth the eating.
Caſſi. Good, I will expect you.
Caſk. Do ſo: farewel both. [*Exit.*
Bru. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be?
He was quick Mettle, when he went to School.
Caſſi. So is he now, in Execution
Of any bold or noble Enterprize,
How-ever he puts on this tardy form:
This Rudeneſs is a Sawce to his good wit,
Which gives men ſtomach to digeſt his words
With better Appetites.
Brut. And ſo it is:
For this time I will leave you:
To morrow if you pleaſe to ſpeak with me,
I will come home to you; or if you will,
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.
Caſſi. I will do ſo: till then, think of the World.
[*Exit* Brutus.
Well *Brutus*, thou art Noble: Yet I ſee
Thy honourable Metal may be wrought
From that it is diſpos'd, therefore 'tis meet,
That Noble minds keep ever with their likes:
For who ſo firm, that cannot be ſeduc'd?
Cæſar doth bear me hard, but he loves *Brutus.*
If I were *Brutus* now, and he were *Caſſius*,
He ſhould not humor me. I will this night,
In ſeveral hands, in at his Windows throw,
As if they came from ſeveral Citizens,
Writings, all tending to the great opinion
That *Rome* holds of his Name: wherein obſcurely
Cæſars ambition ſhall be glanced at.
And after this, let *Cæſar* ſeat him ſure,
For we will ſhake him, or worſe days endure. [*Exit.*

Thunder and Lightning. Enter Caska, *and* Cicero.

Cic. Good even, *Caska:* brought you *Cæſar* home?
Why are you breathleſs, and why ſtare you ſo?
Caſk. Are not you mov'd, when all the ſway of Earth
Shakes, like a thing unfirm? O *Cicero*,
I have ſeen Tempeſts, when the ſcolding Winds
Have riv'd the knotty Oaks, and I have ſeen
Th' ambitious Ocean ſwell, and rage, and foam,
To be exalted with the threatning Clouds:
But never till to night, never till now,
Did I go through a Tempeſt-dropping-fire.
Either there is a Civil ſtrife in Heaven,
Or elſe the World, too ſawcy with the Gods,
Incenſes them to ſend deſtruction.
Cic. Why, ſaw you any thing more wonderful?
Caſk. A common ſlave, you know him well by ſight,
Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn
Like twenty Torches join'd; and yet his hand,
Not ſenſible of fire, remain'd unſcorch'd.
Beſides, I ha' not ſince put up my Sword,
Againſt the Capitol I met a Lion,
Who glaz'd upon me, and went ſurly by,
Without annoying me. And there were drawn
Upon a heap, a hundred gaſtly Women,
Transformed with their fear, who ſwore, they ſaw
Men, all in fire, walk up and down the ſtreets.
And yeſterday, the Bird of Night did ſit,
Even at Noon day, upon the Market place,
Houting, and ſhreeking. When theſe Prodigies
Do ſo conjointly meet, let not men ſay,
Theſe are their Reaſons, they are Natural:
For I believe, they are portentous things
Unto the Climate, that they point upon.
Cic. Indeed, it is a ſtrange diſpoſed time:
But men may conſtrue things after their faſhion,
Clean from the purpoſe of the things themſelves.
Comes *Cæſar* up the Capitol to morrow?
Caſk. He doth: for he did bid *Antonio*
Send word to you, he would be there to morrow.
Cic. Good night then, *Caska:*
This diſturbed Sky is not to walk in.
Caſk. Farewel, *Cicero.* [*Exit* Cicero.

Enter Caſſius.

Caſſi. Who's there?
Caſk. A *Romane.*
Caſſi. *Caska*, by your Voice.
Caſk. Your Ear is good.
Caſſius, What night is this?
Caſſi. A very pleaſing night to honeſt men.
Caſk. Who ever knew the Heavens menace ſo?
Caſſi. Thoſe that have known the Earth ſo full of faults.
For my part I have walk'd about the ſtreets,
Submitting me unto the perillous Night:
And thus unbraced, *Caska*, as you ſee,
Have bar'd my Boſom to the Thunder-ſtone:
And when the croſs blue Lightning ſeem'd to open
The Breaſt of Heaven, I did preſent my ſelf
Even in the aim, and very flaſh of it.
Caſk. But wherefore did you ſo much tempt the Heavens?
It is the part of men, to fear and tremble,
When the moſt Mighty Gods by tokens ſend
Such dreadful Heralds, to aſtoniſh us.
Caſſi. You are dull, *Caska:*
And thoſe ſparks of Life that ſhould be in a *Roman*,
You do want, or elſe you uſe not,
You look pale, and gaze, and put on fear,
And caſt your ſelf in wonder,
To ſee the ſtrange impatience of the Heavens:
But if you would conſider the true cauſe,
Why all theſe fires, why all theſe gliding Ghoſts,
Why Birds and Beaſts, from quality and kind,
Why Old men, Fools, and Children calculate.
Why all theſe things change from their Ordinance,
Their Natures, and pre-formed Faculties,
To monſtrous quality; why you ſhall find,
That Heaven hath infus'd them with theſe Spirits,
To make them inſtruments of fear, and warning,
Unto ſome monſtrous State.
Now could I (*Caska*) name to thee a man,
Moſt like this dreadful Night,
That Thunders, Lightens, opens Graves, and tears,
As doth the Lyon in the Capitol;
A man no mightier than thy ſelf, or me,
In perſonal action; yet prodigious grown,
And fearful as theſe ſtrange eruptions are.
Caſk. 'Tis *Cæſar* that you mean,
Is it not, *Caſſius?*
Caſſi. Let it be who it is: for *Romans* now
Have Sinews and Limbs like to their Anceſtors;
But woe the while, our Fathers minds are dead,
And we are govern'd with our Mothers ſpirits,
Our yoke, and ſufferance, ſhew us Womaniſh.
Caſk. Indeed, they ſay, the Senators to morrow
Mean to eſtabliſh *Cæſar* as a King:
And he ſhall wear his Crown by Sea, and Land,
In every place, ſave here in *Italy.*
Caſſi. I know where I will wear this Dagger then;
Caſſius from bondage will deliver *Caſſius:*
Therein, ye Gods, you make the weak moſt ſtrong;
Therein, ye Gods, you Tyrants do defeat.
Nor ſtony Tower, nor Walls of beaten Braſs,
Nor air-leſs Dungeon, nor ſtrong Links of Iron,
Can be retentive to the ſtrength of Spirit:
But Life being weary of theſe Worldly Bars,
Never lacks power to diſmiſs it ſelf.
If I know this, know all the World beſides,
That part of Tyranny that I do bear,
I can ſhake off at pleaſure. [*Thunder ſtill.*

Cask. So can I:
So every Bondman in his own hand bears
The power to Cancel his Captivity.
Caſſi. And why ſhould *Cæſar* be a Tyrant then?
Poor man, I know he would not be a Wolf,
But that he ſees the *Romans* are but Sheep;
He were no Lyon, were not *Romans* Hinds.
Thoſe that with haſte will make a mighty fire,
Begin it with weak Straws. What traſh is *Rome?*
What Rubbiſh, and what Offal? when it ſerves
For the baſe matter, to illuminate
So vile a thing as *Cæſar.* But oh grief!
Where haſt thou led me? I (perhaps) ſpeak this
Before a willing Bondman: then I know
My anſwer muſt be made. But I am arm'd,
And dangers are to me indifferent.
Cask. You ſpeak to *Caska*, and to ſuch a man,
That is no flearing Tell-tale. Hold, my hand:
Be factious for redreſs of all theſe Griefs,
And I will ſet this foot of mine as far,
As who goes fartheſt.
Caſſi. There's a Bargain made.
Now know you, *Caska*, I have mov'd already
Some certain of the Nobleſt minded *Romans*
To under-go, with me, an enterprize,
Of Honourable dangerous conſequence;
And I do know by this, they ſtay for me
In *Pompey*'s Porch; for now this fearful night,
There is no ſtir, or walking in the ſtreets,
And the Complexion of the Element
Is Favours, like the work we have in hand,
Moſt bloody, fiery, and moſt terrible.

Enter Cinna.

Cask. Stand cloſe a while, for here comes one in haſte.
Caſſi. 'Tis *Cinna*, I do know him by his Gate,
He is a Friend. *Cinna*, where haſte you ſo?
Cinna. To find out you: Who's that, *Metellus Cymber?*
Caſſi. No, it is *Caska*, one incorporate
To our Attempts. Am I not ſtaid for, *Cinna?*
Cin. I am glad on't.
What a fearful Night?
There's two or three of us have ſeen ſtrange ſights.
Caſſi. Am I not ſtaid for? tell me.
Cin. Yes, you are, O *Caſſius*,
If you could but win the Noble *Brutus*
To our party ——
Caſſi. Be you content. Good *Cinna* take this paper,
And look you lay it in the Prætors Chair,
Where *Brutus* may but find it: and throw this
In at his Window; ſet this up with Wax
Upon old *Brutus* Statue: all this done,
Repair to *Pompey*'s Porch, where you ſhall find us.
Is *Decius Brutus* and *Trebonius* there?
Cin. All, but *Metellus Cymber*, and he's gone
To ſeek you at your Houſe. Well, I will hie,
And ſo beſtow theſe papers as you bad me.
Caſſi. That done, repair to *Pompey*'s Theater.
[*Exit.* Cinna.
Come *Caska*, you and I will yet, ere day,
See *Brutus* at his Houſe: three parts of him
Is ours already, and the man entire
Upon the next encounter, yields him ours.
Cask. O, he ſits high in all the peoples hearts:
And that which would appear offence in us,
His Countenance, like richeſt Alchymy,
Will change to Vertue, and to Worthineſs.
Caſſi. Him, and his worth, and our great need of him,
You have right well conceited: let us go,
For it is after Mid-night, and ere day,
We will awake him, and be ſure of him. [*Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus.

Enter Brutus *in his Orchard.*

Bru. What *Lucius*, hoe?
I cannot, by the progreſs of the Stars,
Give gueſs how near to day — *Lucius*, I ſay?
I would it were my fault to ſleep ſo ſoundly.
When *Lucius*, when? awake, I ſay: what *Lucius?*

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Call'd you, my Lord?
Bru. Get me a Taper in my Study, *Lucius:*
When it is lighted, come and call me here.
Luc. I will, my Lord. [*Exit.*
Bru. It muſt be by his death: and for my part,
I know no perſonal cauſe, to ſpurn at him,
But for the general. He would be crown'd:
How that might change his Nature, there's the queſtion?
It is the bright day, that brings forth the Adder,
And that craves wary walking: Crown him that,
And then I grant we put a ſting in him,
That at his will he may do danger with.
Th' abuſe of Greatneſs, is, when it disjoins
Remorſe from power: And to ſpeak truth of *Cæſar*,
I have not known, when his affections ſway'd
More than his Reaſon. But 'tis a common proof,
That Lowlineſs is young Ambitions Ladder,
Whereto the Climber upward turns his face:
But when he once attains the upmoſt Round,
He then unto the Ladder turns his back.
Looks in the Clouds, ſcorning the baſe degrees
By which he did aſcend: ſo *Cæſar* may;
Then leſt he may, prevent. And ſince the quarrel
Will bear no colour, for the thing he is,
Faſhion it thus; that what he is augmented,
Would run to theſe, and theſe extremities:
And therefore think him as a Serpents Egge,
Which hatch'd, would as his kind grow miſchievous;
And kill him in the ſhell.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. The Taper burneth in your Cloſet, Sir:
Searching the Window for a Flint, I found
This Paper, thus ſeal'd up, and I am ſure
It did not lye there when I went to Bed.
Gives him the Letter.
Bru. Get you to Bed again, it is not day:
Is not to Morrow (Boy) the firſt of *March?*
Luc. I know not, Sir.
Bru. Look in the Kalendar, and bring me word.
Luc. I will, Sir. [*Exit.*
Bru. The exhalations, whizzing in the air,
Give ſo much light: that I may read by them.
Opens the Letter and reads.
Brutus, *thou ſleep'ſt; awake, and ſee thy ſelf:*
Shall Rome, *&c. ſpeak, ſtrike, redreſs.*
Brutus, *thou ſleep'ſt: awake.*
Such inſtigations have been often dropt.
Where I have took them up:
Shall Rome, *&c.* Thus muſt I piece it out:
Shall *Rome* ſtand under one mans awe? What *Rome?*
My Anceſtors did from the ſtreets of *Rome*
The *Tarquin* drive, when he was call'd a King.
Speak, ſtrike, redreſs, Am I entreated
To ſpeak, and ſtrike? O *Rome*, I make thee promiſe,
If the redreſs will follow, thou receiveſt
Thy full Petition at the hand of *Brutus*.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, *March* is waſted fifteen days.
[*Knock within.*
Bru. 'Tis good. Go to the Gate, ſome body knocks:
Since *Caſſius* firſt did whet me againſt *Cæſar*,
I have not ſlept.
Between the acting of a dreadful thing,
And the firſt motion, all the *Interim* is
Like a *Phantaſma*, or a hideous Dream:
The *Genius*, and the mortal inſtruments
Are then in counſel; and the ſtate of man,
Like to a little Kingdom, ſuffers then
The nature of an inſurrection.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, 'tis your Brother *Caſſius* at the door,
Who doth deſire to ſee you.
Bru. Is he alone?
Luc. No, Sir, there are moe with him.
Bru. Do you know them?
Luc. No, Sir, their Hats are pluck'd about their Ears,
And half their Faces buried in their Cloaths,
That by no means I may diſcover them,
By any mark of favour.
Bru. Let them enter:
They are the Faction. O Conſpiracy,
Sham'ſt thou to ſhew thy dang'rous Brow by Night,
When evils are moſt free? O then, by day
Where wilt thou find a Cavern dark enough,
To mask thy monſtrous Viſage? Seek none, Conſpiracy,
Hide it in Smiles, and Affability:
For if thou path thy native ſemblance on,
Not *Erebus* it ſelf were dim enough,
To hide thee from prevention.

Enter the Conſpirators, Caſſius, Caska, Decius, Cinna, Metellus, *and* Trebonius.

Caſſi. I think we are too bold upon your Reſt:
Good morrow, *Brutus*, do we trouble you?
Bru. I have been up this hour, awake all Night:
Know I theſe men, that come along with you?
Caſſi. Yes, every man of them; and no man here
But honours you: and every one doth wiſh,
You had but that opinion of your ſelf,
Which every Noble *Roman* bears of you.
This is *Trebonius*.
Bru. He is welcome hither.
Caſſi. This, *Decius Brutus*.
Bru. He is welcome too.
Caſſi. This, *Caska*; this, *Cinna*; and this *Metellus Cimber*.
Bru. They are all welcome.
What watchful cares do interpoſe themſelves
Betwixt your Eyes and Night?
Caſſi. Shall I intreat a word? [*They whiſper.*
Dec. Here lies the Eaſt: doth not the Day break here?
Cask. No.
Cin. O pardon, Sir, it doth, and yon grey Lines,
That fret the Clouds, are Meſſengers of Day.
Cask. You ſhall confeſs that you are both deceiv'd:
Here as I point my Sword, the Sun ariſes,
Which is a great way growing on the South,
Weighing the youthful Seaſon of the year.
Some two months hence, up higher toward the North
He firſt preſents his fire, and the high Eaſt
Stands as the Capitol, directly here.
Bru. Give me your hands all over, one by one.
Caſſi. And let us ſwear our reſolution.
Bru. No, not an Oath: if not the face of men,
The ſufferance of our ſouls, the times abuſe;
If theſe be motives weak, break off betimes,
And every man hence, to his idle bed:
So let high-ſighted-Tyranny range on,
Till each man drop by Lottery. But if theſe
(As I am ſure they do) bear fire enough
To kindle Cowards, and to ſteel with valour
The melting Spirits of women; Then, Countrymen,
What need we any ſpur, but our own cauſe
To prick us to redreſs? What other Bond,
Then ſecret *Romans*, that have ſpoke the word,
And will not palter? And what other Oath,
Than Honeſty to Honeſty engag'd,
That this ſhall be, or we will fall for it.
Swear Prieſts and Cowards, and men cautelous,
Old feeble Carrions, and ſuch ſuffering ſouls
That welcome wrongs: Unto bad cauſes, ſwear
Such Creatures as men doubt; but do not ſtain
The even vertue of our Enterprize,
Nor th'inſuppreſſive Mettle of our Spirits,
To think, that or our Cauſe, or our Performance
Did need an Oath. When every drop of blood
That every *Roman* bears, and nobly bears,
Is guilty of a ſeveral Baſtardy,
If he doth break the ſmalleſt Particle
Of any promiſe that hath paſt from him.
Caſſi. But what of *Cicero*? Shall we ſound him?
I think he will ſtand very ſtrong with us.
Cask. Let us not leave him out.
Cin. No, by no means.
Met. O let us have him, for his ſilver hairs
Will purchaſe us a good opinion.
And buy mens voices, to commend our deeds:
It ſhall be ſaid, his judgment rul'd our hands,
Our youths, and wildneſs, ſhall no whit appear,
But all be buried in his gravity.
Bru. O name him not; let us not break with him.
For he will never follow any thing
That other men begin.
Caſſi. Then leave him out.
Cask. Indeed, he is not fit.
Dec. Shall no man elſe be touch'd, but only *Cæſar*?
Caſſi. *Decius*, Well urg'd: I think it is not meet,
Mark Antony, ſo well belov'd of *Cæſar*,
Should out-live *Cæſar*, we ſhall find of him
A ſhrewd Contriver. And you know, his means,
If he improve them, may well ſtretch ſo far
As to annoy us all: which to prevent,
Let *Antony* and *Cæſar* fall together.
Bru. Our courſe will ſeem too bloody, *Caius Caſſius*,
To cut the Head off, and then hack the Limbs:
Like wrath in death, and Envy afterwards.
For *Antony* is but a Limb of *Cæſar*.
Let's be Sacrificers, but not Butchers, *Caius*:
We all ſtand up againſt the Spirit of *Cæſar*,
And in the Spirit of men, there is no blood:
O that we then could come by *Cæſar*'s Spirits,
And not diſmember *Cæſar*! But (alas)
Cæſar muſt bleed for it. And gentle Friends,
Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully:
Let's carve him, as a Diſh fit for the Gods,
Not hew him as a Carkaſs fit for Hounds;
And let our hearts, as ſubtle Maſters do,
Stir up their Servants to an act of rage,
And after ſeem to chide them. This ſhall make
Our purpoſe neceſſary, and not envious.
Which ſo appearing to the common eyes,
We ſhall be call'd Purgers, not Murderers.
And for *Mark Antony*, think not of him:
For he can do no more than *Cæſar*'s Arm,
When *Cæſar*'s head is off.
Caſſi. Yet I fear him,
For in the ingrafted Love he bears to *Cæſar*.
Bru. Alas, good *Caſſius*, do not think of him:
If he love *Cæſar*, all that he can do

Is to himſelf, take thought, and dye for *Cæſar*.
And that were much he ſhould: for he is given
To ſports, to wildneſs, and much company.
Treb. There is no fear in him; let him not die,
For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter.
[*Clock ſtrikes*.
Bru. Peace, count the Clock.
Caſſi. The Clock hath ſtricken three.
Treb. 'Tis time to part.
Caſſi. But it is doubtful yet,
Whether *Cæſar* will come forth to day, or no:
For he is ſuperſtitious grown of late,
Quite from the main opinion he held once,
Of Fantaſie, of Dreams, and Ceremonies:
It may be, theſe apparent Prodigies,
The unaccuſtom'd terrour of this Night,
And the perſwaſion of his Augurers,
May hold him from the Capitol to day,
Dec. Never fear that: if he be ſo reſolv'd,
I can o're-ſway him: for he loves to hear,
That Unicorns may be betray'd with Trees,
And Bears with Glaſſes, Elephants with Holes,
Lyons with Toils, and Men with Flatterers.
But, when I tell him, he hates Flatterers,
He ſays, he does; being then moſt flattered.
Let me work:
For I can give his humour the true bent;
And I will bring him to the Capitol.
Caſſi. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.
Bru. By the eighth hour, is that the uttermoſt?
Cin. Be that the uttermoſt, and fail not then.
Met. *Caius Ligarius* doth bear *Cæſar* hatred,
Who rated him for ſpeaking well of *Pompey*;
I wonder none of you have thought of him.
Bru. Now good *Metellus* go along by him:
He loves me well, and I have given him Reaſons,
Send him but hither, and I'll faſhion him.
Caſſi. The Morning comes upon's:
Wee'l leave you, *Brutus*,
And Friends diſperſe your ſelves: but all remember
What you have ſaid, and ſhew your ſelves true *Romans*.
Bru. Good Gentlemen, look freſh and merrily,
Let not our looks put on our purpoſes,
But bear it as our *Roman* Actors do,
With untir'd ſpirits, and formal Conſtancy,
And ſo good morrow to you every one. [*Exeunt*.
Manet Brutus.
Boy: *Lucius*: faſt aſleep? It is no matter,
Enjoy the hony-heavy-dew of Slumber:
Thou haſt no Figures, nor no Fantaſies,
Which buſie care draws in the Brains of men;
Therefore thou ſleep'ſt ſo ſound.

Enter Portia.

Por. *Brutus*, my Lord.
Bru. *Portia*, What mean you? wherefore riſe you now?
It is not for your health, thus to commit
Your weak condition to the raw cold Morning.
Por. Nor for yours neither. Y'have ungently, *Brutus*,
Stole from my Bed: and yeſternight at Supper
You ſuddenly aroſe, and walk'd about,
Muſing, and ſighing, with your arms a-croſs:
And when I ask'd you what the matter was,
You ſtar'd upon me with ungentle looks.
I urg'd you further, then you ſcratch'd your head,
And too impatiently ſtamp'd with your foot:
Yet I inſiſted, yet you anſwer'd not,
But with an angry wafter of your hand
Gave ſign for me to leave you: So I did,
Fearing to ſtrengthen that impatience
Which ſeem'd too much inkindled, and withal,
Hoping it was but an effect of Humour,
Which ſometime hath his hour with every man.
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor ſleep;
And could it work ſo much upon your ſhape,
As it hath much prevail'd on your Condition,
I ſhould not know you, *Brutus*. Dear, My Lord,
Make me acquainted with your cauſe of grief.
Bru. I am not well in health, and that is all.
Por. *Brutus* is wiſe, and were he not in health,
He would embrace the means to come by it.
Bru. Why ſo I do: good *Portia*, go to Bed.
Por. Is *Brutus* ſick? and is it Phyſical
To walk unbraced, and ſuck up the humors
Of the dark Morning? What, is *Brutus* ſick?
And will he ſteal out of his wholſom Bed,
To dare the vile contagion of the Night?
And tempt the Rheumy, and unpurged Air
To add unto his ſickneſs? No, my *Brutus*,
You have ſome ſick offence within your mind,
Which by the Right and Vertue of my place
I ought to know of: And upon my knees,
I charm you, by my once commended Beauty,
By all your vows of Love, and that great Vow
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, your ſelf, your half;
Why you are heavy, and what men to night
Have had reſort to you: for here have been
Some ſix or ſeven, who did hide their faces
Even from darkneſs.
Bru. Kneel not, gentle *Portia*.
Por. I ſhould not need, if you were gentle *Brutus*.
Within the bond of Marriage, tell me, *Brutus*,
Is it excepted, I ſhould know no ſecrets
That appertain to you? Am I your ſelf,
But as it were in ſort, or limitation?
To keep with you at meals, comfort your Bed,
And talk to you ſometimes? Dwell I but in the Suburbs
Of your good pleaſure? If it be no more,
Portia is *Brutus* Harlot, not his Wife.
Bru. You are my true and honourable Wife,
As dear to me, as are the ruddy drops
That viſit my ſad heart.
Por. If this were true, then ſhould I know this ſecret.
I grant I am a woman; but withal,
A woman that Lord *Brutus* took to Wife:
I grant I am a woman; but withal,
A woman well reputed: *Cato*'s Daughter.
Think you, I am no ſtronger than my Sex,
Being ſo Father'd, and ſo Husbanded?
Tell me your Counſels, I will not diſcloſe them:
I have made ſtrong proof of my Conſtancy,
Giving my ſelf a voluntary wound
Here, in the Thigh: Can I bear that with patience,
And not my Husband's Secrets?
Bru. O ye Gods!
Render me worthy of this Noble Wife. [*Knock*.
Hark, hark, one knocks: *Portia*, go in a while,
And by and by thy boſome ſhall partake
The ſecrets of my heart.
All my engagements, I will conſtrue to thee,
All the Charactery of my ſad brows:
Leave me with haſte [*Exit* Portia.

Enter Lucius *and* Ligarius.

Lucius, who's that knocks?
Luc. Here is a ſick man that would ſpeak with you.
Bru. *Caius Ligarius*, that *Metellus* ſpake of.
Boy, ſtand aſide. *Caius Ligarius*, how?
Cai. Vouchſafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.
Bru. O what a time have you choſe out, brave *Caius*,
To wear a Kerchief? Would you were not ſick.
Cai. I am not ſick, if *Brutus* have in hand
Any exploit worthy the name of Honour.
Bru. Such an exploit have I in hand, *Ligarius*,
Had you an healthful Ear to hear of it.

Cai. By all the Gods that *Romans* bow before,
I here diſcard my ſickneſs. Soul of *Rome*,
Brave Son, deriv'd from honourable Loins,
Thou like an Exorciſt, haſt conjur'd up
My mortified Spirit. Now bid me run,
And I will ſtrive with things impoſſible,
Yea get the better of them. What's to do?
Bru. A piece of work,
That will make ſick men whole.
Cai. But are not ſome whole that we muſt make ſick?
Bru. That muſt we alſo. What it is, my *Caius*,
I ſhall unfold to thee, as we are going,
To whom it muſt be done.
Cai. Set on your foot,
And with a heart new fir'd, I follow you,
To do I know not what: But it ſufficeth
That *Brutus* leads me on. [*Thunder.*
Bru. Follow me then. [*Exeunt.*
Thunder and Lightning.

Enter Julius Cæſar *in his Night-Gown*

Cæſ. Nor Heaven, nor Earth,
Have been at peace to night:
Thrice hath *Calphurnia* in her ſleep cryed out;
Help, ho: They murder *Cæſar*. Who's within?

Enter a Servant.

Ser. My Lord.
Cæſ. Go, bid the Prieſts do preſent Sacrifice,
And bring me their opinions of Succeſs.
Ser. I will, my Lord. [*Exit.*

Enter Calphurnia.

Cal. What mean you, *Cæſar*? Think you to walk forth?
You ſhall not ſtir out of your houſe to day.
Cæſ. *Cæſar* ſhall forth; the things that threatn'd me,
Ne'r lookt but on my back: When they ſhall ſee
The face of *Cæſar*, they are vaniſhed.
Calph. *Cæſar*, I never ſtood on Ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me: There is one within,
Beſides the things that we have heard and ſeen,
Recounts moſt horrid ſights ſeen by the Watch.
A Lioneſs hath whelped in the ſtreets,
And Graves have yawn'd and yielded up their dead;
Fierce fiery warriours fight upon the Clouds
In Ranks and Squadrons and right form of war
Which drizzel'd blood upon the Capitol:
The noiſe of Battel hurried in the Air:
Horſes did neigh, and dying men did groan,
And Ghoſt did ſhriek and ſqueal about the ſtreets.
O *Cæſar*, theſe things are beyond all uſe,
And I do fear them.
Cæſ. What can be avoided
Whoſe end is purpos'd by the mighty Gods?
Yet *Cæſar* ſhall go forth: For theſe Predictions
Are to the world in general, as to *Cæſar*.
Calph. When Beggars die there are no Comets ſeen,
The Heavens themſelves blaze forth the death of Princes.
Cæſ. Cowards die many times before their deaths,
The valiant never taſte of death but once:
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It ſeems to me moſt ſtrange that men ſhould fear,
Seeing that death, a neceſſary end
Will come, when it will come.

Enter a Servant.

What ſay the Augurers?
Ser. They would not have you ſtir forth to day.
Plucking the Entrails of an Offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beaſt.
Cæſ. The Gods do this in ſhame of Cowardiſe:
Cæſar ſhould be a beaſt without a heart
If he ſhould ſtay at home to day for fear:
No, *Cæſar* ſhall not; Danger knows full well
That *Cæſar* is more dangerous than he.
We hear two Lions litter'd in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible,
And *Cæſar* ſhall go forth.
Cal. Alas, my Lord,
Your wiſdom is conſum'd in confidence:
Do not go forth to day: Call it my fear,
That keeps you in the houſe, and not your own.
We'll ſend *Mark Antony* to the Senate houſe,
And he ſhall ſay your are not well to day:
Let me upon my knee prevail in this.
Cæſ. *Mark Antony* ſhall ſay I am not well,
And for thy humour, I will ſtay at home.

Enter Decius.

Here's *Decius Brutus*, he ſhall tell them ſo.
Dec. *Cæſar*, all hail: Good morrow, worthy *Cæſar*,
I come to fetch you to the Senate houſe.
Cæſ. And you are come in very happy time,
To bear my greeting to the Senators,
And tell them that I will not come to day:
Cannot is falſe: and that I dare not, falſer:
I will not come to day, tell them ſo, *Decius*.
Cal. Say he's ſick.
Cæſ. Shall *Cæſar* ſend a Lie?
Have I in Conqueſt ſtretcht mine arm ſo far,
To be afraid to tell Grey-beards the truth:
Decius, go tell them *Cæſar* will not come.
Dec. Moſt mighty *Cæſar*, let me know ſome cauſe,
Leſt I be laught at when I tell them ſo.
Cæſ. The cauſe is in my will, I will not come,
That is enough to ſatisfie the Senate.
But for your private ſatisfaction,
Becauſe I love you, I will let you know.
Calphurnia here my wife, ſtays me at home:
She dreamt to night ſhe ſaw my Statue,
Which like a Fountain, with an hundred ſpouts,
Did run pure blood: and many luſty *Romans*
Came ſmiling, and did bathe their hands in it:
And theſe does ſhe apply, for warnings and portents,
And evils imminent; and on her knee
Hath begg'd that I will ſtay at home to day.
Dec. This dream is all amiſs interpreted,
It was a viſion fair and fortunate:
Your Statue ſpouting blood in many Pipes,
In which ſo many ſmiling *Romans* bath'd,
Signifies that from you great *Rome* ſhall ſuck
Reviving blood, and that great Men ſhall preſs
For Tinctures, Stains, Reliques, and Cogniſance.
This, by *Calphurnia*'s dream is ſignified.
Cæſ. And this way have you well expounded it.
Dec. I have, when you have heard what I can ſay,
And know it now, the Senate have concluded
To give this day a Crown to mighty *Cæſar*.
If you ſhall ſend them word you will not come,
Their minds may change. Beſides it were a mock
Apt to be render'd for ſome one to ſay,
Break up the Senate till another time,
When *Cæſar*'s wife ſhall meet with better Dreams:
If *Cæſar* hide himſelf, ſhall they not whiſper,
Lo, *Cæſar* is afraid?
Pardon me, *Cæſar*, for my dear dear love,
To your Proceeding, bids me tell you this:
And reaſon to my love is liable.
Cæſ. How fooliſh do your fears ſeem now, *Calphurnia*?
I am aſhamed I did yield to them.
Give me my Robe, for I will go.

Enter Brutus, Ligarius, Metellus, Caska, Trebonius,
Cinna, *and* Publius.

And look where *Publius* is come to fetch me.
Pub. Good morrow, *Cæſar.*
Cæſ. Welcom, *Publius.*
What, *Brutus,* are you ſtirr'd ſo early too?
Good morrow, *Caska, Caius Ligarius,*
Cæſar was ne're ſo much your Enemy,
As that ſame Ague which hath made you lean.
What is't a Clock?
Bru. Cæſar, 'tis ſtrucken eight.
Cæſ. I thank you for your pains and curteſie.

Enter Antony.

See *Antony,* that revels long a-nights,
Is notwithſtanding up. Good morrow, *Antony.*
Ant. So to moſt noble *Cæſar.*
Cæſ. Bid them prepare within:
I am to blame to be thus waited for.
Now *Cinna,* now *Metellus*: what, *Trebonius,*
I have an hours talk in ſtore for you:
Remember that you call on me to day:
Be near me, that I may remember you.
Treb. Cæſar, I will; and ſo near will I be,
That your beſt Friends ſhall wiſh I had been further.
Cæſ. Good Friends go in, and taſte ſome Wine with me,
And we (like Friends) will ſtraightway go together.
Bru. That every like is not the ſame, O *Cæſar,*
The heart of *Brutus* earns to think upon. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Artemidorus.

Cæſar, *beware of* Brutus, *take heed of* Caſſius, *come not near* Caska, *have an eye to* Cinna, *truſt not* Trebonius, *mark well* Metellus Cymber, Decius Brutus *loves thee not: Thou haſt wrong'd* Caius Ligarius. *There is but one mind in all theſe men, and it is bent againſt* Cæſar: *If thou beeſt not Immortal, look about you: Security gives way to Conſpiracy. The mighty Gods defend thee.*

Thy Lover *Artemidorus.*

Here will I ſtand, till *Cæſar* paſs along,
And as a Sutor will I give him this:
My heart laments, that Vertue cannot live
Out of the teeth of Emulation.
If thou read this, O *Cæſar,* thou mayeſt live;
If not, the Fates with Traytors do contrive.

Enter Portia *and* Lucius.

Por. I prythee, Boy, run to the Senate-houſe,
Stay not to anſwer me, but get thee gone,
Why doſt thou ſtay?
Luc. To know my Errand, Madam.
Por. I would have had thee there and here again
E're I can tell thee what thou ſhould'ſt do there:
O Conſtancy, be ſtrong upon my ſide,
Set a huge Mountain 'tween my Heart and Tongue:
I have a mans mind, but a womans might:
How hard it is for women to keep counſel.
Art thou here yet?
Luc. Madam, what ſhould I do?
Run to the Capitol, and nothing elſe?
And ſo return to you, and nothing elſe?
Por. Yes, bring me word if thy Lord look well,
For he went ſickly forth: and take good note
What *Cæſar* doth, what Suitors preſs to him.
Hark Boy, what noiſe is that?
Luc. I hear none, Madam.
Por. Prythee liſten well:
I heard a buſsling Rumour like a Fray,
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.
Luc. Sooth, Madam, I hear nothing.

Enter the Soothſayer.

Por. Come hither fellow, which way haſt thou been?
Sooth. At mine own houſe, good Lady.
Por. What is't a Clock?
Sooth. About the ninth hour, Lady.
Por. Is *Cæſar* yet gone to the Capitol?
Sooth. Madam, not yet, I go to take my ſtand,
To ſee him paſs on to the Capitol.
Por. Thou haſt ſome ſute to *Cæſar,* haſt thou not?
Sooth. That I have, Lady, if it will pleaſe *Cæſar*
To be ſo good to *Cæſar,* as to hear me:
I ſhall beſeech him to befriend himſelf.
Por. Why know'ſt thou any harm's intended towards him?
Sooth. None that I know will be,
Much that I fear may chance:
Good morrow to you: here the ſtreet is narrow:
The throng that follows *Cæſar* at the heels
Of Senators, of Prætors, common Suitors,
Will crowd a feeble man (almoſt to death:
I'll get me to a place more void, and there
Speak to great *Cæſar* as he comes along. [*Exit.*
Por. I muſt go in:
Aye me! How weak a thing
The heart of Woman is? O *Brutus,*
The Heavens ſpeed thee in thine enterprize.
Sure the Boy heard me: *Brutus* hath a ſuit
That *Cæſar* will not grant. O, I grow faint:
Run, *Lucius,* and commend me to my Lord,
Say I am merry; Come to me again,
And bring me word what he doth ſay to thee.

Actus Tertius.

Flouriſh.

Enter Cæſar, Brutus, Caſſius, Caska, Decius, Metellus,
Trebonius, Cinna, Antony, Lepidus, Artemidorus, Popilius, *and the* Soothſayer.

Cæſ. The Ides of *March* are come.
Sooth. I, *Cæſar,* but not gone.
Art. Hail, *Cæſar*: read this Schedule.
Dec. Trebonius doth deſire you to o're-read
(At your beſt leiſure) this his humble ſuit.
Art. O *Cæſar,* read mine firſt: for mine's a ſuit
That touches *Cæſar* nearer. Read it, great *Cæſar.*
Cæſ. What touches us our ſelf, ſhall be laſt ſerv'd.
Art. Delay not, *Cæſar,* read it inſtantly.
Cæſ. What, is the fellow mad?
Pub. Sirrah, give place.
Caſſi. What urge you your Petitions in the ſtreet?
Come to the Capitol.
Pop. I wiſh your Enterprize to day may thrive.
Caſſi. What Enterprize, *Popilius*?
Pop. Fare you well.
Bru. What ſaid *Popilius Lena*?
Caſſi. He wiſh'd to day our Enterprize might thrive:
I fear our purpoſe is diſcovered.
Bru. Look how he makes to *Cæſar*: mark him.
Caſſi. Caska, be ſudden, for we fear prevention.
Brutus, what ſhall be done? If this be known,
Caſſius or *Cæſar* never ſhall turn back,
For I will ſlay my ſelf.
Bru. Caſſius be conſtant:
Popilius Lena ſpeaks not of our purpoſes.
For look he ſmiles, and *Cæſar* doth not change.
Caſſi. Trebonius knows his time: for look you, *Brutus,*

He draws *Mark Antony* out of the way.
Dec. Where is *Metellus Cimber*? let him go,
And preſently prefer his ſuit to *Cæſar*.
Bru. He is addreſt: preſs near, and ſecond him.
Cin. Caska, you are the firſt that rears your hand.
Cæſ. Are we all ready? What is now amiſs,
That *Cæſar* and his Senate muſt redreſs?
Met. Moſt high, moſt mighty, and moſt puiſſant *Cæſar*,
Metellus Cimber throws before thy Seat,
An humble heart.
Cæſ. I muſt prevent thee, *Cimber*:
Theſe couchings, and theſe lowly curtſies
Might fire the blood of ordinary men,
And turn pre-Ordinance, and firſt Decree,
Into the lane of Children. Be not fond,
To think that *Cæſar* bears ſuch Rebel Blood
That will be thaw'd from the true quality
With that which melteth Fools, I mean, ſweet words,
Low-crooked-curtſies, and baſe Spaniel fawning:
Thy Brother by Decree is baniſhed:
If thou doſt bend, and pray, and fawn for him,
I ſpurn thee like a Cur out of my way:
Know, *Cæſar* doth not wrong, nor without cauſe
Will he be ſatisfied.
Met. Is there no voice more worthy than my own,
To ſound more ſweetly in great *Cæſar*'s Ear,
For the repealing of my baniſh'd Brother?
Bru. I kiſs thy hand, but not in flattery, *Cæſar*:
Deſiring thee that *Publius Cimber* may
Have an immediate freedom of repeal.
Cæſ. What *Brutus*?
Caſſi Pardon, *Cæſar*: *Cæſar*, pardon:
As low as to thy Foot doth *Caſſius* fall,
To beg infranchiſement for *Publius Cimber*.
Cæſ. I could be well mov'd, if I were as you,
If I could pray to move, Prayers would move me:
But I am conſtant as the Northern Star,
Of whoſe true fixt, and reſting quality
There is no fellow in the Firmament,
The Skies are painted with unnumbred ſparks,
They are all fire, and every one doth ſhine:
But there's but one in all doth hold his place.
So, in the World, 'tis furniſh'd well with men,
And men are fleſh and blood, and apprehenſive;
Yet in the number, I do know but one
That unaſſailable holds on his rank,
Unſhak'd of motion: and that I am he,
Let me a little ſhew it, even in this:
That I was conſtant *Cimber* ſhould be baniſh'd,
And conſtant do remain to keep him ſo.
Cin. O *Cæſar*.
Cæſ. Hence: wilt thou lift up *Olympus*?
Dec. Great *Cæſar*.
Cæſ. Do not *Brutus* bootleſs kneel?
Cask. Speak hands for me.
They ſtab Cæſar.
Cæſ. Et tu Brute—— Then fall *Cæſar*.
Cin. Liberty, Freedom; Tyranny is dead,
Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the ſtreets.
Caſſi. Some to the common Pulpits, and cry out,
Liberty, Freedom, and Enfranchiſement.
Bru. People and Senators, be not affrighted:
Fly not, ſtand ſtill, ambitions debt is paid.
Cask. Go to the Pulpit, *Brutus*.
Dec. And *Caſſius* too.
Bru. Where's *Publius*?
Cin. Here quite confounded with this mutiny.
Met. Stand faſt together, leſt ſome friend of *Cæſar*'s
Should chance——
Bru. Talk not of ſtanding. *Publius*, good cheer,
There is no harm intended to your Perſon,
Nor ot no *Roman* elſe: ſo tell them, *Publius*.
Caſſi. And leave us, *Publius*, leſt that the People
Ruſhing on us, ſhould do your age ſome miſchief.
Bru. Do ſo, and let no man abide this deed,
But we the Doers.

Enter Trebonius.

Caſſi. Where is *Antony*?
Treb. Fled to his houſe amaz'd,
Men, Wives, and Children, ſtare, cry out, and run,
As it were Doomeſday.
Bru. Fates, we will know your pleaſures:
That we ſhall dye we know, 'tis but the time
And drawing days out, that men ſtand upon.
Cask. Why he that cuts off twenty years of life,
Cuts of ſo many years of fearing death.
Bru. Grant that, and then is death a benefit:
So are we *Cæſar*'s friends, that have abridg'd
His time of fearing death, ſtoop *Romans*, ſtoop,
And let us bath our hands in *Cæſar*'s blood
Up to the Elbows, and beſmear our Swords:
Then walk we forth even to the Market Place,
And waving our red Weapons o're our heads,
Let's all cry Peace, Freedom, and Liberty.
Caſſi. Stoop then, and waſh. How many ages hence
Shall this our lofty Scene be acted over,
In States unborn, and Accents yet unknown?
Bru. How many times ſhall *Cæſar* bleed in ſport,
That now on *Pompey*'s Baſis lies along,
No worthier than the duſt?
Caſſi. So oft as that ſhall be,
So often ſhall the knot of us be call'd,
The men that gave their Country Liberty.
Dec. What, ſhall we forth?
Caſſi. I, every man away.
Brutus ſhall lead, and we will grace his heels
With the moſt boldeſt, and beſt hearts of *Rome*.

Enter a Servant.

Bru. Soft, who comes here? a friend of *Antony*'s.
Ser. Thus, *Brutus*, did my Maſter bid me kneel;
Thus did *Mark Antony* bid me fall down,
And being proſtrate, thus he bad me ſay,
Brutus is noble, Wiſe, Valiant, and Honeſt;
Cæſar was Mighty, Bold, Royal, and Loving:
Say, I love *Brutus*, and I honour him;
Say, I fear'd *Cæſar*, honour'd him, and lov'd him.
If *Brutus* will vouchſafe, that *Antony*
May ſafely come to him, and be reſolv'd
How *Cæſar* hath deſerv'd to lye in death,
Mark Antony ſhall not love *Cæſar* dead
So well as *Brutus* living; but will follow
The Fortunes and Affairs of Noble *Brutus*,
Thorough the hazards of this untrod State,
With all true Faith. So ſays my Maſter *Antony*,
Bru. Thy Maſter is a Wiſe and Valiant *Roman*,
I never thought him worſe:
Tell him, ſo pleaſe him come unto this place
He ſhall be ſatisfied, and by my honour
Depart untouch'd.
Ser. I'll fetch him preſently. [*Exit Servant.*
Bru. I know that we ſhall have him well to Friend.
Caſſi. I wiſh we may: But yet have I a mind
That fears him much: and my miſgiving ſtill
Falls ſhrewdly to the purpoſe.

Enter Antony.

Bru. But here comes *Antony*:
Welcome, *Mark Antony*.
Ant. O mighty *Cæſar*! doſt thou lye ſo low?
Are all thy Conqueſts, Glories, Triumphs, Spoils,
Shrunk to this little Meaſure? Fare thee well.
I know not, Gentlemen, what you intend,
Who elſe muſt be let blood, who elſe is rank:

If I my ſelf, there is no hour ſo fit
As *Cæſar*'s deaths hour; nor no inſtrument
Of half that worth, as thoſe your Swords; made rich
With the moſt Noble Blood of all this World.
I do beſeech ye, if you bear me hard,
Now, whil'ſt your purpled hands do reek and ſmoak
Fulfil your pleaſure. Live a thouſand years,
I ſhall not find my ſelf ſo apt to dye.
No place will pleaſe me ſo, no mean of death,
As here by *Cæſar*, and by you cut off,
The Choice and Maſter Spirits of this age.
Bru. O *Antony!* Beg not your death of us:
Though now we muſt appear bloody and cruel,
As by our hands, and this our preſent Act
You ſee we do: yet ſee you but our hands,
And this, the bleeding buſineſs they have done:
Our hearts you ſee not, they are pitiful:
And pity to the general wrong of *Rome*,
As fire drives out fire, ſo pity, pity,
Hath done this deed on *Cæſar*. For your part,
To you, our Swords have leaden points, *Mark Antony*;
Our Arms in ſtrength of malice, and our Hearts
Of Brothers temper, do receive you in,
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.
Caſſi. Your voice ſhall be as ſtrong as any mans,
In the diſpoſing of new Dignities.
Bru. Only be patient till we have appeas'd
The multitude, beſide themſelves with fear,
And then we will deliver you the cauſe,
Why I, that did love *Cæſar* when I ſtrook him,
Have thus proceeded.
Ant. I doubt not of your wiſdom:
Let each man render me his bloody hand.
Firſt, *Marcus Brutus*, will I ſhake with you;
Next, *Caius Caſſius*, do I take your hand,
Now, *Decius Brutus*, yours, now yours, *Metellus*;
Yours, *Cinna*; and my valiant *Caska*, yours;
Though laſt, not leaſt in love, yours, good *Trebonius:*
Gentlemen all, alas, what ſhall I ſay,
My credit now ſtands on ſuch ſlippery ground,
That one of two bad ways you muſt conceit me,
Either a Coward, or a Flatterer.
That I did love thee, *Cæſar*, O 'tis true:
If then thy Spirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee dearer than thy death,
To ſee thy *Antony* making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes?
Moſt Noble in the preſence of thy Coarſe,
Had I as many eyes, as thou haſt wounds,
Weeping as faſt as they ſtream forth thy blood,
It would become me better, than to cloſe
In terms of friendſhip with thine Enemies.
Pardon me, *Julius*, here was't thou bay'd brave heart.
Here didſt thou fall, and here thy Hunters ſtand
Sign'd in thy ſpoil, and Crimſon'd in thy *Lethe*.
O World! thou waſt the Foreſt to this Hart,
And this indeed, O World, the Hart of thee.
How like a Deer, ſtricken by many Princes,
Doſt thou here lye?
Caſſi. Mark Antony.
Ant. Pardon me, *Caius Caſſius:*
The Enemies of *Cæſar* ſhall ſay this:
Then, in a friend, it is cold Modeſty.
Caſſi. I blame you not for praiſing *Cæſar* ſo,
But what compact mean you to have with us?
Will you be prick'd in number of our friends,
Or ſhall we on; and not depend on you?
Ant. Therefore I took your hands, but was indeed
Sway'd from the point, by looking down on *Cæſar*.
Friends am I with you all, and love you all,
Upon this hope, that you ſhall give me Reaſons,
Why, and wherein *Cæſar* was dangerous.
Bru. Or elſe were this a ſavage ſpectacle:
Our reaſons are ſo full of good regard,
That were you *Antony* the Son of *Cæſar*.
You ſhould be ſatisfied.
Ant. That's all I ſeek,
And am moreover ſuitor that I may
Produce his Body to the Market-place,
And in the Pulpit as becomes a friend,
Speak in the order of his Funeral.
Bru. You ſhall, *Mark Antony.*
Caſſi. Brutus, a word with you:
You know not what you do; do not conſent
That *Antony* ſpeak in his Funeral:
Know you how much the people may be mov'd
By that which he will utter,
Bru. By your pardon:
I will my ſelf into the Pulpit firſt,
And ſhew the reaſon of our *Cæſar*'s death,
What *Antony* ſhall ſpeak, I will proteſt
He ſpeaks by leave, and by permiſſion:
And that we are contented *Cæſar* ſhall
Have all true Rites, and lawful Ceremonies,
It ſhall advantage more, than do us wrong.
Caſſi. I know not what may fall, I like it not.
Bru. Mark Antony, here take you *Cæſar*'s Body:
You ſhall not in your Funeral ſpeech blame us,
But ſpeak all good you can deviſe of *Cæſar*,
And ſay you do't by our permiſſion:
Elſe ſhall you not have any hand at all
About his Funeral. And you ſhall ſpeak
In the ſame Pulpit whereto I am going,
After my ſpeech is ended.
Ant. Be it ſo:
I do deſire no more.
Bru. Prepare the Body then, and follow us. [*Exeunt.*
Manet Antony.
O pardon me, thou bleeding piece of Earth:
That I am meek and gentle with theſe Butchers.
Thou art the Ruines of the Nobleſt man
That ever lived in the Tide of Times.
Woe to the hand that ſhed this coſtly Blood.
Over thy wounds, now do I propheſie,
(Which like dumb mouths do ope their ruby lips,
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue)
A Curſe ſhall light upon the limbs of men;
Domeſtick fury, and fierce civil ſtrife,
Shall cumber all the parts of *Italy*:
Blood and deſtruction ſhall be ſo in uſe,
And dreadful objects ſo familiar,
That Mothers ſhall but ſmile, when they behold
Their Infants quartered with the hands of War:
All pity choak'd with cuſtom of fell deeds,
And *Cæſar*'s Spirit ranging for revenge,
With *Ate* by his ſide, come hot from Hell,
Shall in theſe Confines, with a Monarch's voice,
Cry havock, and let ſlip the Dogs of War,
That this foul deed ſhall ſmell above the earth
With Carrion men, groaning for burial.

Enter Octavio's *Servant.*

You ſerve *Octavius Cæſar*, do you not?
Ser. I do, *Mark Antony.*
Ant. Cæſar did write for him to come to *Rome.*
Ser. He did receive his Letters, and is coming,
And bid me ſay to you by word of mouth——
O *Cæſar!*
Ant. Thy heart is big, get thee a-part and weep:
Paſſion I ſee is catching, for mine eyes,
Seeing thoſe Beads of ſorrow ſtand in thine,
Began to water. Is thy Maſter coming?
Ser. He lies to night within ſeven Leagues of *Rome.*
Ant. Poſt back with ſpeed,
And tell him what hath chanc'd:
Here is a mourning *Rome*, a dangerous *Rome*,
No *Rome* of ſafety for *Octavius* yet,

Hie hence, and tell him ſo. Yet ſtay a while,
Thou ſhalt not back, till I have born this Coarſe
Into the Market-place: There ſhall I try
In my Oration, how the people take
The cruel iſſue of theſe bloody men,
According to the which, thou ſhalt diſcourſe
To young *Octavius* of the ſtate of things.
Lend me your hand. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Brutus, *and goes into the Pulpit*; *and* Caſſius, *with the Plebeians.*

Pleb. We will be ſatisfied: let us be ſatisfied.
Brut. Then follow me, and give me audience, Friends.
Caſſius, go you into the other Street,
And part the Numbers:
Thoſe that will hear me ſpeak, let 'em ſtay here;
Thoſe that will follow *Caſſius*, go with him,
And publick Reaſons ſhall be rendred
Of *Cæſar*'s death.
1. *Pleb.* I will hear *Brutus* ſpeak.
2. I will hear *Caſſius*, and compare their Reaſons,
When ſeverally we hear them rendred.
3. The noble *Brutus* is aſcended: Silence.
Brut. Be patient till the laſt.

Romans, Country-men, and Lovers, hear me for my Cauſe, and be ſilent, that you may hear. Believe me for mine Honour, and have reſpect to mine Honour, that you may believe. Cenſure me in your wiſdom, and awake your Senſes, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this Aſſembly, any dear Friend of *Cæſar*'s, to them I ſay, That *Brutus* love to *Cæſar* was no leſs than his. If then, that Friend demand, why *Brutus* roſe againſt *Cæſar*, this is my Anſwer: Not that I lov'd *Cæſar* leſs, but that I lov'd *Rome* more. Had you rather *Cæſar* were living, and dye all Slaves; than that *Cæſar* were dead, to live all Free-men? As *Cæſar* lov'd me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoyce at it; as he was valiant, I honour him: But, as he was ambitious, I ſlew him. There is Tears for his Love, Joy for his Fortune, Honour for his Valour, and Death for his Ambition. Who is here ſo baſe that would be a Bond-man? If any, ſpeak; for him have I offended. Who is here ſo rude, that would not be a *Roman*? If any, ſpeak; for him have I offended. Who is here ſo vile, that will not love his Countrey? If any, ſpeak; for him have I offended. I pauſe for a reply.

All. None, *Brutus*, none.

Brut. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to *Cæſar* than you ſhall do to *Brutus*. The Queſtion of his Death is inroll'd in the Capitol; his Glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; not his offences enforc'd, for which he ſuffered death.

Enter Mark Antony, *with* Cæſar's *Body.*

Here comes his Body, mourn'd by *Mark Antony*, who though he had no hand in his death, ſhall receive the benefit of his dying, a Place in the Commonwealth; as which of you ſhall not? With this I depart, That as I ſlew my beſt Lover for the good of *Rome*, I have the ſame Dagger for my ſelf, when it ſhall pleaſe my Countrey to need my Death.

All. Live, *Brutus*, live, live.
1. Bring him with Triumph home unto his houſe.
2. Give him a Statue with his Anceſtors.
3. Let him be *Cæſar*.
4. *Cæſar*'s better Parts
Shall be crown'd in *Brutus*.
1. We'll bring him to his houſe
With Shouts and Clamors.
Brut. My Country-men—
2. Peace, ſilence, *Brutus* ſpeaks.
1. Peace, Ho.
Brut. Good Country-men, let me depart alone,
And (for my ſake) ſtay here with *Antony*:
Do grace to *Cæſar*'s Corps, and grace his Speech
Tending to *Cæſar*'s Glories, which *Mark Antony*
(By our permiſſion) is allow'd to make.
I do entreat you, not a man depart,
Save I alone, till *Antony* have ſpoke. [*Exit.*
1. Stay, Hoe, and let us hear *Mark Antony*.
3. Let him go up into the Publick Chair,
We'll hear him: Noble *Antony*, go up
Ant. For *Brutus*'s ſake I am beholden to you.
4. What does he ſay of *Brutus*?
3. He ſays for *Brutus*'s ſake
He finds himſelf beholden to us all.
4. 'Twere beſt ſpeak no harm of *Brutus* here.
1. This *Cæſar* was a Tyrant.
3. Nay, that's certain:
We are glad that *Rome* is rid of him.
2. Peace, let us hear what *Antony* can ſay.
Ant. You gentle *Romans*——
All. Peace, Hoe, let us hear him.
Ant. Friends, *Romans*, Country-men, lend me your ears:
I come to bury *Cæſar*, not to praiſe him:
The evil that men do, lives after them,
The Good is oft interred with the Bones;
So let it be with *Cæſar*. The Noble *Brutus*
Hath told you, *Cæſar* was ambitious:
If it were ſo, it was a grievous fault,
And grievouſly hath *Cæſar* anſwer'd it
Here, under leave of *Brutus*, and the reſt,
(For *Brutus* is an honourable man,
So are they all, all honourable men)
Come I to ſpeak in *Cæſar*'s Funeral.
He was my Friend, faithful and juſt to me;
But *Brutus* ſays, He was ambitious,
And *Brutus* is an Honourable man.
He hath brought many Captives home to *Rome*,
Whoſe Ranſomes did the general Coffers fill;
Did this in *Cæſar* ſeem ambitious?
When that the poor have cry'd, *Cæſar* hath wept:
Ambition ſhould be made of ſterner Stuff:
Yet *Brutus* ſays, He was ambitious,
And *Brutus* is an Honourable man.
You all did ſee, That on the *Lupercal*,
I thrice preſented him a Kingly Crown,
Which he did thrice refuſe. Was this Ambition?
Yet *Brutus* ſays, He was ambitious,
And ſure he is an Honourable man.
I ſpeak not to diſprove what *Brutus* ſpoke,
But here I am to ſpeak what I do know;
You all did love him once, not without cauſe,
What cauſe with-holds you then to mourn for him?
O Judgment! thou art fled to Brutiſh Beaſts,
And Men have loſt their Reaſon. Bear with me,
My heart is in the Coffin there with *Cæſar*,
And I muſt pauſe till it come back to me.
1. Methinks there is much reaſon in his Sayings.
If thou conſider rightly of the matter,
Cæſar has had great wrong.
3. Has he, Maſters? I fear there will a worſe come in his place.
4. Mark'd ye his words? He would not take the Crown,
Therefore 'tis certain, he was not ambitious.
1. If it be found ſo, ſome will dear abide it.
2. Poor Soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.
3. There's not a nobler man in *Rome* than *Antony*.
4. Now mark him, he begins again to ſpeak.
Ant. But yeſterday the word of *Cæſar* might
Have ſtood againſt the World; Now lyes he there,
And none ſo poor to do him reverence.
O Maſters! If I were diſpos'd to ſtir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I ſhould do *Brutus* wrong, and *Caſſius* wrong;
Who (you all know) are Honourable men.
I will not do them wrong: I rather chuſe
To wrong the dead, to wrong my ſelf and you,
Than I will wrong ſuch Honourable men.
But here's a Parchment, with the Seal of *Cæſar*,

I found it in his Cloſet, 'tis his Will:
Let but the Commons hear this Teſtament:
(Which pardon me) I do not mean to read,
And they would go and kiſs dead *Cæſar*'s Wounds,
And dip their Napkins in his Sacred blood:
Yea, beg a hair of him for Memory,
And dying, mention it within their Wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich Legacy
Unto their iſſue.
4 Wee'll hear the Will, read it, *Mark Antony.*
All. The Will, the Will; we will hear *Cæſar*'s Will.
Ant. Have patience, gentle Friends, I muſt not read it.
It is not meet you know how *Cæſar* lov'd you:
You are not Wood, you are not Stones, but men:
And being men, hearing the Will of *Cæſar*,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad;
'Tis good you know not that you are his Heirs,
For if you ſhould, O what would come of it?
4. Read the Will, wee'll hear it, *Antony:*
You ſhall read us the Will, *Cæſar*'s Will.
Ant. Will you be Patient? will you ſtay a while?
I have o're ſhot my ſelf to tell you of it,
I fear I wrong the Honourable men,
Whoſe Daggers have ſtabb'd *Cæſar:* I do fear it.
4. They were Traytors, Honourable men?
All. The Will, the Teſtament.
2. They were Villains, Murderers: the Will, read the Will.
Ant. You will compel me then to read the Will;
Then make a Ring about the Corps of *Cæſar*,
And let me ſhew you him that made the Will:
Shall I deſcend? and will you give me leave?
All. Come down.
2. Deſcend.
3. You ſhall have leave.
4. A Ring, ſtand round.
1. Stand from the Hearſe, ſtand from the Body.
2. Room for *Antony*, moſt Noble *Antony.*
Ant. Nay preſs not ſo upon me, ſtand far off.
All. Stand back, room, bear back.
Ant. If you have tears, prepare to ſhed them now.
You all do know this Mantle, I remember
The firſt time ever *Cæſar* put it on,
'Twas on a Summers Evening in his Tent,
That day he overcame the *Nervii*
Look, in this place ran *Caſſius*'s Dagger through:
See what a Rent the envious *Caska* made:
Through this, the well beloved *Brutus* ſtab'd,
And as he pluck'd his curſed Steell away,
Mark how the blood of *Cæſar* followed it.
As ruſhing out of Doors, to be reſolv'd,
If *Brutus* ſo unkindly knock'd, or no:
For *Brutus* as you know, was *Cæſar*'s Angel.
Judge, O you Gods, how dearly *Cæſar* lov'd him:
This was the moſt unkindeſt cut of all.
For when the Noble *Cæſar* ſaw him ſtab,
Ingratitude, more ſtrong than Traitors arms,
Quite vanquiſh'd him: then burſt his Mighty heart,
And in his Mantle, muffling up his face,
Even at the Baſe of *Pompey*'s Statue
(Which all the while ran blood) great *Cæſar* fell.
O what a fall was there, my Country-men?
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whil'ſt bloody Treaſon flouriſh'd over us.
O now you weep, and I perceive you feel
The dint of pity: Theſe are gracious drops.
Kind Souls, what weep you, when you but behold
Our *Cæſar*'s Veſture wounded? Look you here,
Here is Himſelf, marr'd as you ſee with Traytors.
1. O piteous Spectacle!
2. O Noble *Cæſar!*
3. O woful day!
4. O Traytors, Villains!
1. O moſt bloody ſight!
2. We will be reveng'd: Revenge
About, ſeek, burn, fire, kill, ſlay,
Let not a Traytor live.
Ant. Stay, Country-men.
1. Peace there, hear the Noble *Antony*,
2. Wee'll hear him, wee'll follow him, wee'll dye with him.
Ant. Good Friends, ſweet Friends, let me not ſtir you up
To ſuch a ſudden Flood of Mutiny:
They that have done this Deed, are Honourable,
What private griefs they have, alas I know not,
That made them do it: They are wiſe and honourable,
And will no doubt with reaſons anſwer you.
I come not (Friends,) to ſteal away your hearts;
I am no Orator, as *Brutus* is;
But (as you know me all) a plain blunt man
That love my Friend, and that they know full well,
That give me publick leave to ſpeak of him:
For I have neither Wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action nor utterance, nor the power of ſpeech,
To ſtir mens Blood. I only ſpeak right on:
I tell you that, which you your ſelves do know,
Shew you ſweet *Cæſar*'s Wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths,
And bid them ſpeak for me: But were I *Brutus*,
And *Brutus Antony*, there were an *Antony*
Would ruffle up your Spirits, and put a Tongue
In every Wound of *Cæſar*, that ſhould move
The ſtones of *Rome* to riſe and mutiny.
All. Wee'll Mutiny.
1. Wee'll burn the Houſe of *Brutus.*
3. Away then, come ſeek the Conſpirators.
Ant. Yet hear me, Country-men, yet hear me ſpeak.
All. Peace ho, hear *Antony*, moſt Noble *Antony.*
Ant. Why, Friends, you go to do you know not what.
Wherein hath *Cæſar* thus deſerv'd your loves?
Alas you know not, I muſt tell you then:
You have forgot the Will I told you of.
All. Moſt true, the Will, let's ſtay and hear the Will.
Ant. Here is the Will, and under *Cæſar*'s Seal:
To every *Roman* Citizen he gives,
To every ſeveral man, ſeventy five Drachmaes.
2. *Ple.* Moſt noble *Cæſar*, wee'll revenge his Death.
3. *Ple.* O Royal *Cæſar.*
Ant. Hear me with patience.
All. Peace ho.
Ant. Moreover he hath left you all his Walks,
His private Arbours, and new-planted Orchards:
On this ſide *Tyber*, he hath left them you,
And to your Heirs for ever: common pleaſures
To walk abroad, and recreate your ſelves.
Here was a *Cæſar:* when comes ſuch another?
1. *Ple.* Never, never: come, away, away:
Wee'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the Brands fire all the Traytors Houſes.
Take up the Body.
2. *Ple.* Go fetch fire.
3. *Ple.* Pluck down Benches.
4. *Ple.* Pluck down Forms, Windows, any thing.
[*Exeunt* Plebeians.
Ant. Now let it work: Miſchief thou art a foot,
Take thou what courſe thou wilt.
How now, Fellow?

Enter Servant.

Ser. Sir, *Octavius* is already come to *Rome.*
Ant. Where is he?
Ser. He and *Lepidus* are at *Cæſar*'s Houſe.
Ant. And thither will I ſtraight, to viſit him:
He comes upon a wiſh. Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us any thing.
Ser. I heard him ſay, *Brutus* and *Caſſius*
Are rid like Madmen through the Gates of *Rome.*
Ant. Belike they had ſome notice of the people,
How I had moved them. Bring me to *Octavius.* [*Exeunt.*

Enter Cinna *the Poet, and after him the* Plebeians.

Cin. I dreamt to Night, that I did Feaſt with *Cæſar*,
And things unluckily charge my Fantaſie:
I have no will to wander forth of Doors,
Yet ſomething leads me forth.
1. What is your Name?
2. Whither are you going?
3. Where do you dwell?
4. Are you a Married Man, or a Batchellor?
2. Anſwer every man directly.
1. I, and briefly.
4. I, and wiſely.
3. I, and truly, you were beſt.

Cin. What is my Name? Whither am I going? Where do I dwell? Am I a Married Man, or a Batchellor? Then to Anſwer every Man directly and briefly, wiſely and truly: wiſely, I ſay, I am a Batchellor.

2. That's as much as to ſay, they are Fools that Marry: you'll bear me a bang for that I fear: Proceed directly.

Cin. Directly, I am going to *Cæſar*'s Funeral.
1. As a Friend, or an Enemy?
Cin. As a Friend.
2. That matter is anſwered directly.
4. For your Dwelling: briefly.
Cin. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.
3. Your Name, Sir, truly.
Cin. Truly my Name is *Cinna*.
1. Tear him to pieces, he's a Conſpirator.
Cin. I am *Cinna* the Poet, I am *Cinna* the Poet.
4. Tear him for his bad Verſes, tear him for his bad Verſes.
Cin. I am not *Cinna* the Conſpirator.
4. It is no matter, his Name's *Cinna*, pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.
3. Tear him, tear him; Come Brands ho, Firebrands: to *Brutus*, to *Caſſius*, burn all. Some to *Decius*'s Houſes, and ſome to *Caska*'s, ſome to *Ligarius*: Away, go.
[*Exeunt all the* Plebeians.

Actus Quartus.

Enter Antony, Octavius, *and* Lepidus.

Ant. These many then ſhall die, their Names are prickt.
Oct. Your Brother too muſt die: conſent you, *Lepidus*?
Lep. I do conſent.
Oct. Prick him down, *Antony*.
Lep. Upon condition *Publius* ſhall not live,
Who is your Siſters Son, *Mark Antony*.
Ant. He ſhall not live; look, with a ſpot, I damn him.
But *Lepidus*, go you to *Cæſar*'s Houſe:
Fetch the Will hither, and we ſhall determine
How to cut off ſome charge in Legacies.
Lep. What? ſhall I find you here?
Oct. Or here, or at the Capitol. [*Exit* Lepidus.
Ant. This is a ſlight unmeritable man,
Meet to be ſent on Errands: is it fit
The three-fold World divided, he ſhould ſtand
One of the three to ſhare it?
Oct. So you thought him,
And took his Voice who ſhould be prickt to die
In our black Sentence and Proſcription.
Ant. *Octavius*, I have ſeen more days than you;
And though we lay theſe honours on this man,
To eaſe our ſelves of divers ſland'rous loads,
He ſhall but bear them, as the Aſs bears Gold,
To groan and ſweat under the Buſineſs,
Either led or driven, as we print the way:
And having brought our treaſure, where we will,
Then take we down his load, and turn him off
(Like to the empty Aſs) to ſhake his Ears,
And graze in Commons.
Oct. You may do your will:
But he's a tri'd and valiant Souldier.
Ant. So is my Horſe, *Octavius*, and for that,
I do appoint him ſtore of Provender.
It is a Creature that I teach to fight,
To wind, to ſtop, to run directly on:
His corporal Motion, govern'd by my Spirit,
And in ſome taſt, is *Lepidus* but ſo:
He muſt be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth:
A barren ſpirited Fellow, one that feeds
On Objects, Arts, and Imitations.
Which out of uſe, and ſtall'd by other men
Begin his faſhion. Do not talk of him,
But as a property: and now, *Octavius*,
Liſten great things. *Brutus* and *Caſſius*
Are levying Powers; We muſt ſtraight make head:
Therefore let our Alliance be combin'd,
Our beſt Friends made, and our beſt means ſtretcht out,
And let us preſently go ſit in Council,
How covert matters may be beſt diſclos'd,
And open Perils ſureſt anſwered.
Oct. Let us do ſo: for we are at the ſtake,
And bayed about with many Enemies,
And ſome that ſmile have in their hearts, I fear,
Millions of Miſchiefs. [*Exeunt.*

Drum. Enter Brutus, Lucilius, *and the Army.* Titinius *and* Pindarus *meet them.*

Bru. Stand, ho.
Luc. Give the word, ho, and Stand.
Bru. What now, *Lucilius*, is *Caſſius* near?
Luc. He is at hand, and *Pindarus* is come
To do you ſalutation from his Maſter.
Bru. He greets me well. Your Maſter *Pindarus*,
In his own change, or by ill Officers,
Hath given me ſome worthy cauſe to wiſh
Things done, undone: But if he be at hand,
I ſhall be ſatisfied.
Pin. I do not doubt
But that my Noble Maſter will appear
Such as he is, full of regard, and Honour.
Bru. He is not doubted. A word, *Lucilius*,
How he receiv'd you: let me be reſolv'd.
Luc. With curteſie, and with reſpect enough,
But not with ſuch familiar inſtances,
Nor with ſuch free and friendly Conference,
As he hath us'd of old.
Bru. Thou haſt deſcrib'd
A hot Friend, cooling: Ever note, *Lucilius*,
When Love begins to ſicken and decay,
It uſeth an enforced Ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and ſimple Faith:
But hollow men, like Horſes hot at hand,
Make gallant ſhew, and promiſe of their Mettle:
Low March within.
But when they ſhould endure the bloody Spur,
They fall their Creſt, and like deceitful Jades,
Sink in the Trial. Comes his Army on?
Luc. They mean this Night in *Sardis* to be quarter'd:
The greater part, the Horſe in general
Are come with *Caſſius*.

Enter Caſſius *and his Powers.*

Bru. Hark, he is arriv'd:
March gently on to meet him.

Caſſi. Stand, ho.
Bru. Stand, ho, ſpeak the word along.
Stand.
Stand.
Stand.
Caſſi. Moſt Noble Brother: you have done me wrong.
Bru. Judge me, you Gods; wrong I mine Enemies?
And if not ſo, how ſhould I wrong a Brother?
Caſſi. Brutus, this ſober form of yours, hides wrongs,
And when you do them ——
Bru. Caſſius, be content,
Speak your griefs ſoftly, I do know you well.
Before the Eyes of both our Armies here
(Which ſhould perceive nothing but Love from us)
Let us not wrangle. Bid them move away:
Then in my Tent *Caſſius* enlarge your Griefs,
And I will give you Audience.
Caſſi. Pindarus,
Bid our Commanders lead their Charges off
A little from this ground.
Bru. Lucilius, do you the like, and let no man
Come to our Tent, till we have done our Conference.
Let *Lucius* and *Titinius* guard our Door. [*Exeunt.*
Manent Brutus *and* Caſſius.
Caſſi. That you have wrong'd me, doth appear in this
You have condemn'd, and noted *Lucius Pella*
For taking Bribes here of the *Sardians*;
Wherein my Letter, praying on his ſide,
Becauſe I knew the man, was ſlighted off.
Bru. You wrong'd your ſelf to write in ſuch a caſe.
Caſſi. In ſuch a time as this, it is not meet,
That every nice offence ſhould bear his Comment.
Bru. Let me tell you, *Caſſius*, you your ſelf,
Are much condemn'd to have an itching Palm,
To ſell, and Mart your Offices for Gold
To Undeſervers.
Caſſi. I, an itching Palm?
You know that you are *Brutus* that ſpeaks this,
Or by the Gods, this ſpeech were elſe your laſt.
Bru. The name of *Caſſius* honours this Corruption,
And Chaſtiſement doth therefore hide his head.
Caſſi. Chaſtiſement?
Bru. Remember *March*, the Ides of *March* remember:
Did not great *Julius* bleed for Juſtice ſake?
What Villain touch'd his Body, that did ſtab,
And not for Juſtice? What, ſhall one of Us,
That ſtruck the Formoſt man of all this World,
But for ſupporting Robbers: ſhall we now
Contaminate our Fingers with baſe Bribes?
And ſell the mighty ſpace of our large Honours
For ſo much traſh, as may be graſped thus?
I had rather be a Dog, and bait the Moon,
Than ſuch a *Roman*.
Caſſi. Brutus, bait not me,
I'll not endure it: you forget your ſelf,
To hedge me in, I am a Souldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than your ſelf
To make Conditions.
Bru. Go to: you are not *Caſſius*.
Caſſi. I am.
Bru. I ſay, you are not.
Caſſi. Urge me no more, I ſhall forget my ſelf:
Have mind upon your health: Tempt me no farther.
Bru. Away, ſlight man.
Caſſi. Is't poſſible?
Bru. Hear me, for I will ſpeak.
Muſt I give way, and room to your raſh Choler?
Shall I be frighted, when a mad man ſtares?
Caſſi. O ye Gods, ye Gods, muſt I endure all this?
Bru. All this? I more. Fret till your proud heart break,
Go ſhew your Slaves how Cholerick you are,
And make your Bondmen tremble. Muſt I budge?
Muſt I obſerve you? Muſt I ſtand and crouch
Under your teſty humour? By the Gods
You ſhall digeſt the Venom of your ſpleen
Though it do ſplit you. For from this day forth,
I'll uſe you for my Mirth, yea for my Laughter,
When you are waſpiſh.
Caſſi. Is it come to this?
Bru. You ſay, you are a better Souldier:
Let it appear ſo; make your vaunting true,
And it ſhall pleaſe me well. For mine own part,
I ſhall be glad to learn of Noble men.
Caſſi. You wrong me every way:
You wrong me, *Brutus*:
I ſaid, an Elder Souldier, not a Better.
Did I ſay Better?
Bru If you did, I care not.
Caſſi. When *Cæſar* liv'd, he durſt not thus have mov'd me.
Bru. Peace, peace, you durſt not ſo have tempted him.
Caſſi. I durſt not.
Bru. No.
Caſſi. What? durſt not tempt him?
Bru. For your life you durſt not?
Caſſi. Do not preſume too much upon my love,
I may do that I ſhall be ſorry for.
Bru. You have done that you ſhould be ſorry for.
There is no terror, *Caſſius*, in your threats.
For I am arm'd ſo ſtrong in honeſty,
That they paſs by me, as the idle wind,
Which I reſpect not. I did ſend to you
For certain ſums of Gold, which you deny'd me,
For I can raiſe no money by vile means:
By Heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for Drachmaes, than to wring
From the hard hands of Peazants, their vile traſh
By any indirection. I did ſend
To you for Gold to pay my Legions,
Which you deny'd me: was that done like *Caſſius*?
Should I have anſwer'd *Caius Caſſius* ſo?
When *Marcus Brutus* grows ſo covetous,
To lock ſuch Raſcal Counters from his Friends,
Be ready gods with all your Thunder-bolts,
Daſh him to pieces.
Caſſi. I deny'd you not.
Bru. You did.
Caſſi. I did not. He was but a Fool
That brought my anſwer back. *Brutus* hath riv'd my heart,
A Friend ſhould bear his Friends infirmities,
But *Brutus* makes mine greater than they are.
Bru. I do not till you practiſe them on me.
Caſſi. You love me not.
Bru. I do not like your faults.
Caſſi. A Friendly Eye could never ſee ſuch faults.
Bru. A Flatterers would not, though they do appear
As huge as high *Olympus*.
Caſſi. Come, *Antony*, and young *Octavius* come,
Revenge your ſelves alone on *Caſſius*,
For *Caſſius* is a weary of the World:
Hated by one he loves, brav'd by his Brother,
Check'd like a Bondman, all his faults obſerv'd,
Set in a Note-Book, learn'd, and con'd by roat
To caſt into my Teeth. O I could weep
My Spirit from mine Eyes: There is my Dagger,
And here my naked Breaſt: Within a heart
Dearer than *Pluto*'s Mine: Richer than Gold:
If that thou beeſt a *Roman*, take it forth.
I that deny'd thee Gold, will give my Heart:
Strike as thou didſt at *Cæſar*, for I know,
When thou didſt hate him worſt, thou lovedſt him better
Than ever thou lovedſt *Caſſius*.
Bru. Sheath your Dagger:
Be angry when you will, it ſhall have ſcope,
Do what you will, diſhonour ſhall be humour.
O, *Caſſius*, you are yoaked with a Lamb
That carries anger, as the Flint bears fire,
Who much inforced, ſhews a haſty ſpark,

And ſtraight is cold again.
Caſſi. Hath *Caſſius* liv'd
To be but Mirth and Laughter to his *Brutus*,
When grief and blood ill temper'd, vexeth him?
Bru. When I ſpoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.
Caſſi. Do you confeſs ſo much? Give me your hand.
Bru. And my heart too.
Caſſi. O *Brutus!*
Bru. What's the matter?
Caſſi. Have not you love enough to bear with me,
When that raſh humour which my Mother gave me
Makes me forgetful?
Bru. Yes, *Caſſius*, and from henceforth
When you are over-earneſt with your *Brutus*,
Hee'll think your Mother chides, and leave you ſo.

Enter a Poet.

Po. Let me go in to ſee the Generals,
There is ſome grudge between 'em, 'tis not meet
They be alone.
Luci. You ſhall not come to them.
Poet. Nothing but Death ſhall ſtay me.
Caſſi. How now? What's the matter?
Poet. For ſhame you Generals? what do you mean?
Love, and be Friends, as two ſuch men ſhould be,
For I have ſeen more years I'm ſure than ye.
Caſſi. Ha, ha, how vilely doth this Cynick rhime:
Bru. Get you hence, Sirrah: Sawcy fellow, hence.
Caſſi. Bear with him, *Brutus*, 'tis his faſhion.
Bru. I'll know his humour, when he knows his time:
What ſhould the Wars do with theſe jigging Fools?
Companion, hence.
Caſſi. Away, away, be gone. [*Exit* Poet.
Brut. *Lucilius* and *Titinius*, bid the Commanders
Prepare to lodge their Companies to Night.
Caſſi. And come your ſelves, and bring *Meſſala* with you
Immediately to us.
Bru. *Lucius*, a Bowl of Wine.
Caſſi. I did not think you could have been ſo angry.
Bru. O *Caſſius*, I am ſick of many griefs.
Caſſi. Of your Philoſophy you make no uſe,
If you give place to accidental evils.
Brut. No man bears ſorrow better. *Portia* is dead.
Caſſi. Ha! *Portia?*
Bru. She is dead.
Caſſi. How ſcap'd I killing, when I croſt you ſo?
O inſupportable, and touching loſs!
Upon what ſickneſs?
Bru. Impatient of my abſence:
And grief, that young *Octavius* with *Mark Antony*,
Have made themſelves ſo ſtrong: For with her Death
That tydings came. With this ſhe fell diſtract,
And (her Attendants abſent) ſwallow'd fire.
Caſſi. And dy'd ſo?
Bru. Even ſo.
Caſſi. O ye immortal Gods!

Enter Boy with Wine and Tapers.

Bru. Speak no more of her: Give me a Bowl of Wine.
In this I bury all unkindneſs, *Caſſius* [*Drinks.*
Caſſi. My heart is thirſty for that Noble pledge,
Fill, *Lucius*, till the Wine o're-ſwell the Cup:
I cannot drink too much of *Brutus*'s love.

Enter Titinius, *and* Meſſala.

Bru. Come in, *Titinius*:
Welcome, good *Meſſala*:
Now ſit we cloſe about this Taper here,
And call in queſtion our neceſſities.
Caſſi. *Portia*, art thou gone?
Bru. No more, I pray you.
Meſſala, I have here received Letters,
That young *Octavius*, and *Mark Antony*,
Come down upon us with a mighty power,
Bending their expedition toward *Philippi*.
Meſſ. My ſelf have Letters of the ſelf ſame tenure.
Bru. With what Addition.
Meſſ. That by proſcription, and Bills of Outlawry,
Octavius, *Antony*, and *Lepidus*,
Have put to Death an hundred Senators.
Bru. Therein our Letters do not well agree:
Mine ſpeak of ſeventy Senators, that dy'd
By their proſcriptions, *Cicero* being one.
Caſſi. *Cicero* one?
Meſſ. *Cicero* is dead, and by that order of proſcription.
Had you your Letters from your Wife, my Lord?
Brut. No, *Meſſala*.
Meſſ. Nor nothing in your Letters writ of her?
Bru. Nothing, *Meſſala*.
Meſſ. That methinks is ſtrange.
Bru. Why ask you?
Hear you ought of her, in yours?
Meſſ. No, my Lord.
Bru. Now, as you are a *Roman*, tell me true.
Meſſ. Then like a *Roman*, bear the truth I tell,
For certain ſhe is dead, and by ſtrange manner.
Bru. Why, farewel, *Portia*: we muſt die, *Meſſala*,
With meditating that ſhe muſt die once,
I have the patience to endure it now.
Meſſ. Even ſo great men, great loſſes ſhould endure.
Caſſi. I have as much of this in Art as you,
But yet my Nature could not bear it ſo.
Bru. Well, to our work alive. What do you think
Of marching to *Philippi* preſently.
Caſſi. I do not think it good.
Bru. Your reaſon?
Caſſi. This it is:
'Tis better that the Enemy ſeek us,
So ſhall he waſte his means, weary his Souldiers,
Doing himſelf offence, whilſt we lying ſtill,
Are full of reſt, defence, and nimbleneſs.
Bru. Good reaſons muſt of force give place to better:
The people 'twixt *Philippi*, and this ground
Do ſtand but in a forc'd affection:
For they have grudg'd us Contribution.
The Enemy, marching along by them,
By them ſhall make a fuller number up,
Come on refreſht, new added, and encourag'd;
From which advantage ſhall we cut him off.
If at *Philippi* we do face him there,
Theſe people at our back.
Caſſi. Hear me, good Brother.
Bru. Under your Pardon. You muſt note beſide,
That we have try'd the utmoſt of our Friends:
Our Legions are brim full, our cauſe is ripe,
The Enemy encreaſeth every day,
We at the height, are ready to decline.
There is a Tide in the affairs of men,
Which taken at the Flood, leads on to Fortune:
Omitted, all the Voyage of their Life,
Is bound in Shallows, and in Miſeries.
On ſuch a full Sea, are we now a-float,
And we muſt take the current when it ſerves,
Or looſe our ventures.
Caſſi. Then with your will go on: we'll along
Our ſelves, and meet them at *Philippi*.
Bru. The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
And Nature muſt obey Neceſſity,
Which we will niggard with a little reſt:
There is no more to ſay.
Caſſi. No more, good night,
Early to Morrow will we riſe, and hence.

Enter Lucius.

Bru. *Lucius*, my Gown: farewel, good *Meſſala*,
Good Night, *Titinius*: Noble, Noble *Caſſius*,
Good Night, and good repoſe.
Caſſi. O my dear Brother:
This was an ill beginning of the night:
Never come ſuch diviſion 'tween our Souls:
Let it not, *Brutus*.

Enter Lucius *with the Gown*.

Bru. Every thing is well.
Caſſi. Good Night, my Lord.
Bru. Good Night, good Brother.
Tit. Meſſa. Good Night, Lord *Brutus*.
Bru. Farewel, every one. [*Exeunt*.
Give me the Gown. Where is thy Inſtrument?
Luc. Here in the Tent.
Bru. What, thou ſpeakeſt drowſily?
Poor Knave, I blame thee, thou art o're-watch'd.
Call *Claudio*, and ſome other of my men,
I'll have them ſleep on Cuſhions in my Tent.
Luc. *Varrus* and *Claudio*.

Enter Varrus *and* Claudio.

Var. Calls my Lord?
Bru. I pray you, Sirs, lie in my Tent, and ſleep,
It may be I ſhall raiſe you by and by
On buſineſs to my Brother *Caſſius*.
Var. So pleaſe you, we will ſtand,
And watch your pleaſure.
Bru. I will not have it ſo: lie down, good Sirs,
It may be I ſhall otherwiſe bethink me.
Look *Lucius*, here's the Book I ſought for ſo:
I put it in the Pocket of my Gown.
Luc. I was ſure your Lordſhip did not give it me.
Bru. Bear with me, good Boy, I am much forgetful.
Canſt thou hold up thy inſtrument a ſtrain or two.
And touch thy heavy Eyes a while.
Luc. I, my Lord, an't pleaſe you.
Bru. It does, my Boy;
I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.
Luc. It is my duty, Sir.
Bru. I ſhould not urge thy duty paſt thy might,
I know young bloods look for a time of reſt.
Luc. I have ſlept, my Lord, already.
Bru. It was well done, and thou ſhalt ſleep again:
I will not hold thee long. If I do live,
I will be good to thee.

Muſick and a Song.

This is a ſleepy Tune: O murderous ſlumber!
Layeſt thou thy Leaden Mace upon my Boy,
That plays thee Muſick? Gentle Knave, good night:
I will not do thee ſo much wrong to wake thee:
If thou doſt nod, thou break'ſt thy Inſtrument,
I'll take it from thee, and (good Boy) good night.
Let me ſee, let me ſee? is not the Leaf turn'd down
Where I left reading? Here it is, I think.

Enter the Ghoſt of Cæſar.

How ill this Taper burns. Ha! Who comes here?
I think it is the weakneſs of mine Eyes
That ſhapes this monſtrous Apparition.
It comes upon me: Art thou any thing?
Art thou ſome God, ſome Angel, or ſome Devil,
That mak'ſt my blood cold, and my hair to ſtare?
Speak to me, what thou art.
Ghoſt. Thy evil Spirit, *Brutus*.
Bru. Why com'ſt thou?
Ghoſt. To tell thee thou ſhalt ſee me at *Philippi*.
Brut. Well: then I ſhall ſee thee again?
Ghoſt. I, at *Philippi*.
Bru. Why, I will ſee thee at *Philippi* then:
Now I have taken heart, thou vaniſheſt.
Ill Spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.
Boy, *Lucius*, *Varrus*, *Claudio*, Sirs: awake:
Claudio.
Luci. The ſtrings, my Lord, are falſe.
Bru. He thinks he is ſtill at his Inſtrument.
Lucius, awake.
Luci. My Lord.
Bru. Didſt thou dream, *Lucius*, that thou ſo cryedſt out?
Luc. My Lord, I do not know that I did cry.
Bru. Yes, that thou didſt; Didſt thou ſee any thing?
Luc. Nothing, my Lord.
Bru. Sleep again, *Lucius*: Sirrah, *Claudio*, Fellow,
Thou, awake.
Var. My Lord.
Clau. My Lord.
Bru. Why did you ſo cry out, Sirs, in your Sleep?
Both. Did we, my Lord?
Bru. I: ſaw you any thing?
Var. No, my Lord, I ſaw nothing.
Clau. Nor I, my Lord.
Bru. Go, and commend me to my Brother *Caſſius*:
Bid him ſet on his powers betimes before,
And we will follow.
Both. It ſhall be done, my Lord. [*Exeunt*.

Actus Quintus.

Enter Octavius, Antony, *and their Army*.

Octa. NOW, *Antony*, our hopes are anſwered,
You ſaid the Enemy would not come down,
But keep the Hills and upper Regions:
It proves not ſo: their Battels are at hand,
They mean to warn us at *Philippi* here:
Anſwering before we do demand of them.
Ant. Tut I am in their boſoms, and I know
Wherefore they do it: They could be content
To viſit other places, and come down
With fearful bravery: thinking by this face
To faſten in our thoughts that they have Courage:
But 'tis not ſo.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Prepare you Generals,
The Enemy comes on in gallant ſhew:
Their bloudy ſign of Battel is hung out,
And ſomething to be done immediately.
Ant. *Octavius*, lead your Battel ſoftly on
Upon the left hand of the evil Field.
Octa. Upon the right hand I, keep thou the left.
Ant. Why do you croſs me in this exigent?
Octa. I do not croſs you: but I will do ſo. [*March*.

Drum. *Enter* Brutus, Caſſius, *and their Army*.

Bru. They ſtand, and would have parley.
Caſſi. Stand faſt, *Titinius*, we muſt out and talk.
Octa. *Mark Antony*, ſhall we give ſign of Battel?
Ant. No, *Cæſar*, we will anſwer on their Charge.
Make forth, the Generals would have ſome words.
Octa. Stir not until the Signal.
Bru. Words before blows: is it ſo, Country-men?

Octa. Not that we love words better, as you do.
Bru. Good words are better than bad ſtrokes, *Octavius.*
Ant. In your bad ſtrokes, *Brutus*, you give good words,
Witneſs the hole you made in *Cæſars* heart,
Crying, long live, hail *Cæſar.*
Caſſi. *Antony*,
The poſture of your blows are yet unknown;
But for your words, they rob the *Hibla* Bees,
And leave them Honey-leſs.
Ant. Not ſtingleſs too.
Bru. O yes, and ſoundleſs too:
For you have ſtoln their buzzing, *Antony*,
And very wiſely threat before you ſting.
Ant. Villains: you did not ſo, when your vile Daggers
Hack one another in the ſides of *Cæſar:*
You ſhew'd your teeth like Apes,
And fawn'd like Hounds,
And bow'd like Bondmen, kiſſing *Cæſar*'s feet:
Whilſt damned *Caska*, like a Cur, behind
Struck *Cæſar* on the neck. O you flatterers!
Caſſi. Flatterers? Now *Brutus* thank your ſelf:
This tongue had not offended ſo to day,
If *Caſſius* might have rul'd.
Octa. Come, come, the cauſe. If arguing make us ſwet,
The proof of it will turn to redder drops:
Look, I draw a Sword againſt Conſpirators,
When think you that the Sword goes up again?
Never till *Cæſar*'s three and thirty wounds
Be well aveng'd; or till another *Cæſar*
Have added Slaughter to the Sword of Traytors.
Bru. *Cæſar*, Thou canſt not die by Traytors hands,
Unleſs thou bringſt them with thee.
Octa. So I hope:
I was not born to die on *Brutus* Sword.
Bru. O if thou wert the Nobleſt of thy Strain,
Young-man, thou couldſt not die more honourable.
Caſſi. A peeviſh School-Boy, worthies of ſuch honour
Join'd with a Masker and a Reveller.
Ant. Old *Caſſius* ſtill.
Octa. Come, *Antony*: away:
Defiance, Traytors, hurle we in your teeth.
If you dare fight to day, come to the field:
If not, when you have ſtomachs.
[*Exit* Octavius, Antony, *and Army.*
Caſſi. Why now blow wind, ſwell billow,
And ſwim Bark:
The Storm is up, and all is on the hazard.
Bru. Ho, *Lucillius*, hark, a word with you.
Lucillius, *and* Meſſala *ſtand forth.*
Luc. My Lord.
Caſ. *Meſſala.*
Meſſa. What ſayes my General?
Caſ *Meſſala*, this is my Birth-Day: as this very day
Was *Caſſius* born. Give me thy hand, *Meſſala:*
Be thou my witneſs, that againſt my will,
(As *Pompey* was) am I compell'd to ſet
Upon one Battel all our Liberties.
You know that I held *Epicurus* ſtrong,
And his opinion: Now I change my mind,
And partly credit things that do preſage.
Coming from *Sardis*, on our former Enſign,
Two mighty Eagles fell, and there they pearch'd,
Gorging and feeding from our Souldiers hands,
Who to *Philippi* here conſorted us:
This Morning are they fled away, and gone,
And in their ſteads, do Ravens, Crows and Kites,
Fly o're our heads, and downward look on us
As we were ſickly prey; their ſhadows ſeem
A Canopy moſt fatal, under which
Our Army lies, ready to give up the Ghoſt.
Meſſa. Believe not ſo.
Caſſi. I but believe it partly,
For I am freſh of ſpirit, and reſolv'd
To meet all peril, very conſtantly.
Bru. Even ſo, *Lucillius.*
Caſſi. Now moſt Noble *Brutus*,
The gods to day ſtand friendly, that we may
Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age.
But ſince the affairs of men reſts ſtill incertain,
Lets reaſon with the worſt that may befal.
If we do loſe this Battel, then is this
The very laſt time we ſhall ſpeak together:
What are you then determined to do?
Bru. Even by the rule of that Philoſophy,
By which I did blame *Cato*, for the death
Which he did give himſelf, I know not how:
But I do find it Cowardly, and vile,
For fear of what might fall, ſo to prevent
The time of life, arming my ſelf with patience,
To ſtay the providence of ſome high Powers,
That govern us below.
Caſſi. Then if we loſe this Battel,
You are contented to be led in triumph
Through the ſtreets of *Rome.*
Bru. No, *Caſſius*, no:
Think not thou, Noble *Roman*,
That ever *Brutus* will go bound to *Rome*,
He bears too great a mind, But this ſame day
Muſt end that work, that Ides of *March* begun.
And whether we ſhall meet again, I know not:
Therefore our everlaſting farewel take:
For ever, and for ever, farewel, *Caſſius*,
If we do meet again, why, we ſhall ſmile:
If not, why then this parting was well made.
Caſſi. For ever, and for ever, farewel, *Brutus:*
If we do meet again, wee'l ſmile indeed;
If not, 'tis true, this parting was well made.
Bru. Why then lead on. O that a man might know
The end of this days buſineſs, ere it come:
But it ſufficeth, that the day will end,
And then the end is known. Come ho, away. [*Exeunt.*

Alarum. *Enter* Brutus *and* Meſſala.

Bru. Ride, ride, *Meſſala*, ride and give theſe Bills
Unto the Legions, on the other ſide.
[*Loud Alarum.*
Let them ſet on at once: for I perceive
But cold demeanour in *Octavio*'s Wing:
And ſudden puſh gives them the overthrow:
Ride, ride, *Meſſala*, let them all come down. [*Exeunt.*

Alarums. *Enter* Caſſius *and* Titinius.

Caſſi. O look, *Titinius*, look, the Villains fly:
My ſelf have to mine own turn'd Enemy:
This Enſign here of mine was turning back,
I ſlew the Coward, and did take it from him.
Titin. O *Caſſius*, *Brutus* gave the word too early,
Who having ſome advantage on *Octavius*
Took it too eagerly: his Souldiers fell to ſpoil,
Whilſt we by *Antony* are all incloſ'd.

Enter Pindarus.

Pind. Fly further off my Lord: fly further off,
Mark Antony is in your Tents, my Lord:
Fly therefore, Noble *Caſſius*, fly far off.
Caſſi. This Hill is far enough. Look, look, *Titinius*,
Are thoſe my Tents where I perceive the fire?
Tit. They are, my Lord.
Caſſi. *Titinius*, if thou loveſt me,
Mount thou my Horſe, and hide thy Spurs in him,
Till he have brought thee up to yonder Troops,
And here again, that I may reſt aſſur'd
Whether yond Troops are Friend or Enemy.
Tit. I will be here again, even with a thought. [*Exit.*
Caſſi. Go, *Pindarus*, get thither on that Hill,

My ſight was ever thick: regard, *Titinius*,
And tell me what thou not'ſt about the field.
This day I breath'd firſt, time is come round,
And where I did begin, there ſhall I end,
My life is run his compaſs. Sirrah, What news?
Pind. Above. O, my Lord.
Caſſi. What news?
Pind. Titinius is encloſed round about
With Horſemen, that make to him on the Spur,
Yet he ſpurs on. Now they are almoſt on him:
Now *Titinius*, Now ſome light: O he lights too.
He's tane. [*Shout.*
And hark, they ſhout for joy.
Caſſi. Come down, behold no more:
O Coward, that I am, to live ſo long,
To ſee my beſt Friend tane before my Face!

Enter Pindarus.

Come hither Sirrah; In *Parthia* did I take thee Priſoner,
And then I ſwore thee, ſaving of thy life,
That whatſoever I did bid thee do,
Thou ſhouldſt attempt it. Come now, keep thine Oath,
Now be a Freeman, and with this good Sword
That ran through *Cæſars* Bowels, ſearch this Boſom.
Stand not to Anſwer: Here, take thou the Hilts,
And when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now,
Guide thou the Sword —— *Cæſar* thou art reveng'd,
Even with the Sword that kill'd thee. [*Kills him.*
Pin. So, I am free,
Yet would not ſo have been,
Durſt I have done my will. O *Caſſius*,
Far from this Country *Pindarus* ſhall run,
Where never *Roman* ſhall take note of him.

Enter Titinius, *and* Meſſala.

Meſſa. It is but change, *Titinius*: for *Octavius*
Is overthrown by Noble *Brutus* power,
As *Caſſius* Legions are by *Antony*.
Titin. Theſe tidings will well comfort *Caſſius*.
Meſſa. Where did you leave him?
Titin. All diſconſolate,
With *Pindarus* his Bondman, on this Hill.
Meſſa. Is not that he that lies upon the ground?
Titi. He lies not like the Living. O my heart!
Meſſa. Is not that he?
Titin. No, this was he, *Meſſala*,
But *Caſſius* is no more. O ſetting Sun:
As in thy red Rayes thou doſt ſink to night;
So in his red blood *Caſſius* day it ſet.
The Son of *Rome* is ſet. Our day is gone,
Clouds, Dews, and Dangers come; our deeds are done:
Miſtruſt of my ſucceſs hath done this deed.
Meſſa. Miſtruſt of good ſucceſs hath done this deed.
O hateful Error, Melancholies Child:
Why doſt thou ſhew to the apt thoughts of men,
The things that are not? O Error ſoon conceiv'd,
Thou never com'ſt unto a happy Birth,
But kill'ſt the Mother that engendred thee.
Tit. What *Pindarus*? Where art thou, *Pindarus*?
Meſſa. Seek him, *Titinius*: whilſt I go to meet
The Noble *Brutus*, thruſting this report
Into his Ears; I may ſay, thruſting it:
For piercing Steel, and Darts invenomed
Shall be as welcome to the Ears of *Brutus*,
As tydings of this ſight.
Tit. Hye you, *Meſſala*,
And I will ſeek for *Pindarus* the while:
Why didſt thou ſend me forth, brave *Caſſius*?
Did I not meet thy Friends, and did not they
Put on my brows this wreath of Victory,
And bid me give it thee? Didſt thou not hear their ſhouts?
Alas, thou haſt miſconſtrued every thing.
But hold thee, take this Garland on thy Brow,
Thy *Brutus* bid me give it thee, and I
Will do his bidding. *Brutus*, come apace,
And ſee how I regarded *Caius Caſſius*:
By your leave, gods: This is a Romans part,
Come *Caſſius* Sword, and find *Titinius* heart. [*Dies.*

Alarum. Enter Brutus, Meſſala, *young* Cato, Strato, Volumnius, *and* Lucillius.

Bru. Where, where, *Meſſala*, doth his Body lie?
Meſſa. Lo yonder, and *Titinius* mourning it.
Bru. *Titinius* face is upward.
Cato. He is ſlain.
Bru. O *Julius Cæſar*, thou art mighty yet,
Thy Spirit walks abroad, and turns our Swords
In our own proper Entrails. [*Low Alarums.*
Cato. Brave *Titinius*,
Look where he have not Crown'd dead *Caſſius*.
Bru. Are yet two *Romans* living ſuch as theſe?
The laſt of all the *Romans*, fare thee well:
It is impoſſible that ever *Rome*
Should breed thy Fellow: Friends I owe moe tears
To this dead man, than you ſhall ſee me pay.
I ſhall find time, *Caſſius*: I ſhall find time.
Come therefore, and to *Tharſus* ſend his body,
His Funerals ſhall not be in our Camp,
Leſt it diſcomfort us. *Lucillius* come,
And come, young *Cato*, let us to the Field,
Labio and *Flavius*, ſet our Battels on:
'Tis three a Clock, and *Romans* yet ere night,
We ſhall try Fortune in a ſecond fight. [*Exeunt.*

Alarum. Enter Brutus, Meſſala, Cato, Lucillius, *and* Flavius.

Bru. Yet Countrymen: O yet, hold up your heads.
Cato. What Baſtard doth not? who will go with me?
I will proclaim my name about the field.
I am the Son of *Marcus Cato*, ho.
A Foe to Tyrants, and my Countreys Friend.
I am the Son of *Marcus Cato*, ho.
Enter Souldiers and fight.
And I am *Brutus*, *Marcus Brutus*, I.
Brutus my Countries Friend: know me for *Brutus*.
Luc. O young and Noble *Cato*, art thou down?
Why now thou dyeſt, as bravely as *Titinius*,
And may'ſt be honour'd being *Cato*'s Son.
Sould. Yield, or thou dyeſt.
Luc. Only I yield to die:
There is ſo much, that thou wilt kill me ſtraight:
Kill *Brutus*, and be honour'd in his Death.
Sould. We muſt not: a Noble Priſoner.

Enter Antony.

2. *Sould.* Room ho: tell *Antony*, *Brutus* is tane.
1. *Sould.* I'll tell thee news, here comes the General,
Brutus is tane, *Brutus* is tane, my Lord.
Ant. Where is he?
Luc. Safe *Antony*, *Brutus* is ſafe enough:
I dare aſſure thee, that no Enemy
Shall ever take alive the Noble *Brutus*:
The gods defend him from ſo great a ſhame,
When you do find him or alive, or dead,
He will be found like *Brutus*, like himſelf.
Ant. This is not *Brutus*, Friend, but I aſſure you,
A prize no leſs in worth: keep this man ſafe,
Give him all kindneſs. I had rather have
Such men my Friends, than Enemies. Go on,
And ſee where *Brutus* be alive or dead,
And bring us unto *Octavius* Tent,
How every thing is chanc'd. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Brutus, Dardanius, Clitus, Strato,
and Volumnius.

Bru. Come,poor remains of Friends, reſt on this Rock.
Clit. *Statillius* ſhew'd the Torch-light, but, my Lord,
He came not back, he is, or tane, or ſlain.
Bru. Sit thee down, *Clitus*: ſlaying is the word,
It is a deed in faſhion. Hark thee, *Clitus.*
Clit. What I, my Lord? No, not for all the World.
Bru. Peace then, no words.
Clit. I'll rather kill my ſelf.
Bru. Hark thee, *Dardanius.*
Dard. Shall I do ſuch a Deed?
Clit. O *Dardanius.*
Dar. O *Clitus.*
Clit. What ill requeſt did *Brutus* make to thee?
Dar. To kill him, *Clitus*: look he meditates.
Clit. Now is that Noble Veſſel full of grief,
That it runs over even at his Eyes.
Bru. Come hither, good *Volumnius*, liſt a word.
Volum. What ſays, my Lord?
Bru. Why this, *Volumnius*:
The Ghoſt of *Cæſar* hath appear'd to me
Two ſeveral times by night: at *Sardis*, once;
And this laſt night, here in *Philippi-fields*:
I know my hour is come.
Volum. Not ſo, my Lord.
Bru. Nay, I am ſure it is, *Volumnius.*
Thou ſeeſt the World, *Volumnius*, how it goes,
Our Enemies have beat us to the Pit: [*Low Alarum.*
It is more worthy, to leap in our ſelves,
Than tarry till they puſh us. Good *Volumnius*,
Thou knoweſt that we two went to School together:
Even for that our love of old, I prethee
Hold thou my Swords Hilt, while I run on it.
Vol. That's not an office for a Friend, my Lord.
[*Alarum ſtill.*
Clit. Fly, fly, my Lord, there is no tarrying here.
Bru. Farewel to you, and you, and you, *Volumnius.*
Strato, thou haſt been all this while aſleep:
Farewel to thee, to *Strato*, Countrymen:
My heart doth joy, that yet all my life,
I found no man, but he was true to me.
I ſhall have glory by this looſing day,
More than *Octavius* and *Mark Antony*,
By this vile Conqueſt ſhall attain unto.
So fare you well at once, for *Brutus* tongue
Hath almoſt ended his lives Hiſtory:
Night hangs upon mine Eyes, my Bones would reſt,
That have but labour'd, to attain this hour.
Alarum. Cry within. Flie, flie, flie.
Cli. Flie, my Lord, flie.
Bru. Hence: I will follow:
I prethee, *Strato*, ſtay thou by thy Lord,
Thou art a Fellow of a good reſpect:
Thy life hath had ſome ſmatch of honour in it.
Hold then my Sword, and turn away thy face,
While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, *Strato?*
Strat. Give me your hand firſt. Fare you well, my Lord.
Bru. Farewel, good *Strato.* —— *Cæſar*, now be ſtill,
I kill'd not thee with half ſo good a will. [*Dies.*

Alarum. Retreat. Enter Antony, Octavius, Meſſala,
Lucillius, *and the Army.*

Octa. What man is that?
Meſſa. My Maſters man. *Strato*, where is thy Maſter?
Stra. Free from the Bondage you are in, *Meſſala*;
The Conquerours can but make a fire of him:
For *Brutus* only overcame himſelf,
And no man elſe hath honour by his Death.
Luci. So *Brutus* ſhould be found. I thank thee, *Brutus*,
That thou haſt prov'd *Lucillius* ſaying true.
Octa. All that ſerv'd *Brutus* I will entertain them,
Fellow, wilt thou beſtow thy time with me?
Stra. I, if *Meſſala* will prefer me to you.
Octa. Do ſo, good *Meſſala.*
Meſſa. How died my Lord, *Strato?*
Stra I held the Sword, and he did run on it.
Meſſa. *Octavius*, then take him to follow thee,
That did the lateſt ſervice to my Maſter.
Ant. This was the Nobleſt *Roman* of them all:
All the Conſpirators ſave only he,
Did that they did, in envy of great *Cæſar*:
He, only in a general honeſt thought,
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle, and the Elements
So mixt in him, that Nature might ſtand up,
And ſay to all the World; This was a man.
Octa. According to his Vertue, let us uſe him
With all reſpect, and rites of Burial.
Within my Tent his Bones to night ſhall lie,
Moſt like a Souldier, ordered honourably:
So call the field to reſt, and let's away,
To part the glories of this happy day. [*Exeunt omnes.*

THE
TRAGEDY
OF
MACBETH.

Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter three Witches.

1. WHEN ſhall we three meet again?
In Thunder, Lightning, or in Rain?
2. When the Hurly-burly's done,
When the Battel's loſt and won.
3. That will be e're the ſet of Sun.
1. Where the place?
2. Upon the Heath.
3. There to meet with *Macbeth.*
1. I come, *Gray-Malkin.*
All. Padocke calls anon: Fair is foul, and foul is fair.
Hover through the fog and filthy air. [*Exeunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

Alarum within. Enter King, Malcolme, Donalbaine,
Lenox, *with Attendants, meeting
a bleeding* Captain.

King. What bloody man is that? He can report,
As ſeemeth by his plight, of the revolt
The neweſt ſtate.
Mal. This is the Serjeant,
Who like a good and hardy Souldier fought
'Gainſt my Captivity: Hail, hail, brave Friend;
Say to the King, the knowledge of the broyl,
As thou didſt leave it.
Cap. Doubtful it ſtood,
As two ſpent Swimmers, that do cling together,
And choak their Art: The mercileſs *Macdonnel*
(Worthy to be a Rebel, for to that
The multiplying villanies of Nature
Do ſwarm upon him) from the weſtern Iſles
Of Kernes and Gallow glaſſes is ſupply'd,
And Fortune on his damned Quarry ſmiling,
Shew'd like a Rebels whore: But all's too weak:
For brave *Macbeth* (well he deſerves that name)
Diſdaining Fortune with his brandiſht Steel,
Which ſmoak'd with bloody execution
Like Valours Minion) carv'd out his paſſage,
Till he fac'd the Slave:
Which never ſhook hands, nor bid farewel to him,
Till he unſeam'd him from the Nave to th' Chops,
And fix'd his head upon our Battlements.
King. O valiant Couſin, worthy Gentleman.
Cap. As whence the Sun gins his reflection,
Shipwracking ſtorms and direful Thunders breaking
So from that ſpring, whence comfort ſeem'd to come,
Diſcomfort ſwells: Mark, King of *Scotland*, mark,
No ſooner Juſtice had with Valour arm'd,
Compell'd theſe skipping Kernes to truſt their heels,
But the *Norweyan* Lord ſurveying vantage,
With furbuſht arms and new ſupplies of men,
Began a freſh aſſault.
King. Diſmaid not this our Captains, *Macbeth* and
Banquo?
Cap. Yes, as Sparrows Eagles;
Or the Hare the Lion.
If I ſay ſooth, I muſt report they were
As Cannons overcharg'd with double Cracks,
So they doubly redoubled ſtroaks on the Foe:
Except they meant to bathe in reeking Wounds,
Or memorize another *Golgotha*,
I cannot tell: But I am faint,
My Gaſhes cry for help.
King. So well thy words become thee, as thy wounds,
They ſmack of Honour both: Go, get him Surgeons.

Enter Roſſe *and* Angus.

Who comes here?
Mal. The worthy *Thane* of *Roſſe.*
Len. What haſt looks through his eyes?
So ſhould he look, that ſeems to ſpeak things ſtrange.
Roſſe. God ſave the King,
King. Whence cam'ſt thou, worthy *Thane?*
Roſſe. From *Fife*, great King,
Where the *Norweyan* Banners flout the Sky,
And fan our people cold.
Norway himſelf, with terrible numbers,
Aſſiſted by that moſt diſloyal Traytor,
The *Thane* of *Cawdor*, began a diſmal Conflict,
Till that *Bellona*'s Bridegroom, lapt in proof,
Confronted him with ſelf-compariſons,
Point againſt Point, rebellious Arm 'gainſt Arm,
Curbing his laviſh ſpirit: And to conclude,
The victory fell on us.
King. Great happineſs.
Roſſe. That now *Sweno*, the *Norwayes* King,
Craves compoſition:
Nor would we deign him burial of his men,
'Till he disburſed, at Saint *Colmes*-hill,
Ten thouſand Dollars, to our general uſe.
King. No more that *Thane* of *Cawdor* ſhall deceive
Our boſom intereſt: Go, pronounce his preſent death,

And with his former Title, great *Macbeth*.
Roſſe. I'll ſee it done.
King. What he hath loſt, noble *Macbeth* hath won.
[*Exeunt*.

Scæna Tertia.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1. Where haſt thou been, Siſter?
2. Killing Swine.
3. Siſter, where thou?
1. A Saylors wife had Cheſtnuts in her Lap,
And mouncht, and mouncht, and mouncht:
Give me, quoth I. fat fatal the Rump
Anoynt thee, Witch, the Rump-fed Ronyon cries.
Her husband's to *Aleppo* gone, Maſter o'th' *Tiger*:
But in a ſieve I'll thither ſail,
And like a Rat without a Tail,
I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.
2. I'll give thee a wind.
1. Th'art kind.
3. And I another.
1. I my ſelf have all the other,
And the very Ports they blow,
All the Quarters that they know.
I'th' Shipman's Card.
I'll drain him dry as Hay:
Sleep ſhall neither night nor day,
Hang upon his Pent-houſe Lid:
He ſhall live a man forbid:
Weary Sev'nights, nine times nine,
Shall he dwindle, peak and pine:
Though his Bark cannot be loſt,
Yet it ſhall be Tempeſt-toſt.
Look what I have.
2. Shew me, ſhew me.
1. Here, I have a Pilot's Thumb,
Wrackt as homeward he did come. [*Drum within*.
3. A Drum, a Drum:
Macbeth doth come.
All. The weyward Siſters, hand in hand, Wyerd
Poſters of the Sea and Land. Fatal-alias
Thus do go, about, about, Wizard Pag: 52.
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
And thrice again to make up nine.
Peace, the Charm's wound up.

Enter Macbeth *and* Banquo.

Macb. So foul and fair a day I have not ſeen.
Banq. How far is't call'd to *Soris*? what are theſe?
So wither'd, and ſo wild in their attire,
That look not like th' inhabitans o'th' Earth,
And yet are on't? Live you, or are you ought
That man may queſtion? You ſeem to underſtand me,
By each at once her choppy finger laying
Upon her skinny Lips: You ſhould be Women,
And yet your Beards forbid me to interpret
That you are ſo.
Macb. Speak if you can: What are you?
1. All hail, *Macbeth*, hail to thee, *Thane* of *Glamis*.
2. All hail, *Macbeth*, hail to thee, *Thane* of *Cawdor*.
3. All hail, *Macbeth*, that ſhalt be King hereafter.
Ban. Good Sir, why do you ſtart and ſeem to fear
Things that do ſound ſo fair? I'th' name of Truth,
Are ye fantaſtical, or that indeed
Which outwardly ye ſhew? My noble Partner,
You greet with preſent Grace, and great Prediction
Of Noble having, and of Royal hope,
That he ſeems wrapt withal; to me you ſpeak not.
If you can look into the Seeds of Time,
And ſay, which Grain will grow, and which will not,
Speak then to me, who neither beg, nor fear
Your favours, nor your hate.
1. Hail.
2. Hail.
3. Hail.
1. Leſſer than *Macbeth*, and greater.
2. Not ſo happy, yet much happier.
3. Thou ſhalt get Kings, though thou be none:
So all hail, *Macbeth* and *Banquo*.
1. *Banquo* and *Macbeth*, all hail.
Macb. Stay, you imperfect Speakers, tell me more:
By *Sinel*'s death I know I am *Thane* of *Glamis*,
But how of *Cawdor*? The *Thane* of *Cawdor* lives,
A proſperous Gentleman: And to be King,
Stands not within the proſpect of belief,
No more than to be *Cawdor*. Say from whence
You owe this ſtrange intelligence, or why,
Upon this blaſted heath you ſtop our way
With ſuch Prophetique greeting?
Speak, I charge you. [Witches *vaniſh*.
Banq. The Earth hath bubbles, as the water has.
And theſe are of them: Whither are they vaniſh'd?
Macb. Into the Air: and what ſeem'd corporal,
Melted, as breath into the wind.
Would they had ſtaid.
Banq. Were ſuch things here, as we do ſpeak about?
Or have we eaten of the inſane Root,
That takes the Reaſon Priſoner?
Macb. Your Children ſhall be Kings.
Banq. You ſhall be King.
Macb. And *Thane* of *Cawdor* too: Went it not ſo?
Banq. To th' ſelf-ſame tune, and words: Who's here?

Enter Roſſe *and* Angus.

Roſſe. The King hath happily receiv'd, *Macbeth*,
The news of thy Succeſs: and when he reads
Thy perſonal Venture in the Rebels fight,
His wonders and his Praiſes do contend,
Which ſhould be thine or his: Silenc'd with that,
In viewing o're the reſt o'th' ſelf-ſame day,
He finds thee in the ſtout *Norweyan* Ranks,
Nothing afraid of what thy ſelf didſt make
Strange Images of death, as thick as tale
Can poſt with Poſt, and every one did bear Came
Thy praiſes in his Kingdoms great defence,
And pour'd them down before him.
Ang. We are ſent,
To give thee, from our Royal Maſter, thanks,
Only to herald thee into his ſight,
Not pay thee.
Roſſe. And for an earneſt of a greater honour,
He bad me, from him, call thee *Thane* of *Cawdor*:
In which addition, hail, moſt worthy *Thane*,
For it is thine.
Banq. What, can the Devil ſpeak true?
Macb. The *Thane* of *Cawdor* lives:
Why do you dreſs me in his borrowed Robes?
Ang. Who was the *Thane*, lives yet,
But under heavy judgment bears that life,
Which he deſerves to loſe.
Whether he was combin'd with thoſe of *Norway*,
Or elſe did line the Rebel with hidden help,
And vantage; or that with both he labour'd
In his Countreys wrack, I know not:
But Treaſons Capital, confeſs'd, and prov'd,
Have overthrown him.
Macb. Glamis, and *Thane* of *Cawdor*:
The greateſt is behind. Thanks for your pains.
Do you not hope your Children ſhall be Kings,
When thoſe that gave the *Thane* of *Cawdor* to me,
Promis'd no leſs to them?
Banq. That truſted home,
Might yet enkindle you into the Crown,
Beſides the *Thane* of *Cawdor*. But 'tis ſtrange:

And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The inſtruments of Darkneſs tell us Truths,
Win us with honeſt trifles, to betray's
In deepeſt conſequence.
Couſins, a word, I pray you.
Macb. Two truths are told,
As happy Prologues to the ſwelling Act
Of the imperial Theam. I thank you, Gentlemen:
This ſupernatural ſolliciting
Cannot be ill; cannot be good.
If ill? Why hath it given me earneſt of ſucceſs,
Commencing in a Truth? I am *Thane* of *Cawdor.*
If good? Why do I yield to that ſuggeſtion,
Whoſe horrid Image doth unfix my heir, hair
And make my ſeated heart knock at my Ribs,
Againſt the uſe of nature? Preſent fears
Are leſs than horrible imaginings:
My thought, whoſe murther yet is but fantaſtical,
Shakes ſo my ſingle ſtate of man.
That function is ſmother'd in ſurmiſe,
And nothing is, but what is not.
Ban. Look how our Partner's rapt.
Macb. If Chance will have me King,
Why Chance may crown me
Without my ſtirr.
Ban. New honours come upon him,
Like our ſtrange Garments, cleave not to their mould,
But with the aid of uſe.
Macb. Come what come may,
Time and the hour runs through the rougheſt day.
Ban. Worthy *Macbeth*, we ſtay upon your leiſure.
Macb. Give me your favour:
My dull brain was wrought with things forgotten.
Kind Gentlemen, your pains are regiſtred,
Where every day I turn the Leaf,
To read them.
Let us toward the King; think upon
What hath chanc'd: and at more time,
The *interim* having weigh'd it, let us ſpeak
Our free hearts each to other.
Ban. Very gladly.
Macb. Till then enough:
Come, friends. [*Exeunt.*

Scæna Quarta.

Flouriſh. Enter King, Lenox, Malcolme,
Donalbain, *and Attendants.*

King. Is execution done on *Cawdor?*
Are not thoſe in commiſſion yet return'd?
Mal. My Liege, they are not yet come back.
But I have ſpoke with one that ſaw him die:
Who did report, that very frankly he
Confeſs'd his Treaſons, implor'd your Highneſs pardon,
And ſet forth a deep Repentance:
Nothing in his life became him,
Like the leaving it. He dy'd,
As one that had been ſtudied in his death,
To throw away the deareſt thing he ow'd,
As 'twere a careleſs trifle.
King. There's no Art,
To find the minds conſtruction in the face:
He was a Gentleman on whom I built
An abſolute truſt.

Enter Macbeth, Banquo, Roſſe, *and* Angus.

O worthieſt Couſin,
The ſin of my Ingratitude even now
Was heavy on me. Thou art ſo far before,
That ſwifteſt Wing of Recompence is ſlow:
To overtake thee. Would thou hadſt leſs deſerv'd,
That the Proportion both of thanks and payment,
Might have been mine: Only I have left to ſay,
More is thy due, than more than all can pay. then
Macb. The ſervice and the loyalty I owe,
In doing it, paies it ſelf.
Your Highneſs part is to receive our Duties:
And our Duties are to your Throne and State,
Children and Servants; which do but what they ſhould
By doing every thing ſafe toward your love
And honour. i.e. That may ſecure quod sit tutamen
King. Welcome hither:
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing. Noble *Banquo*,
That haſt no leſs deſerv'd, nor muſt be known,
Nor leſs to have done ſo: Let me enfold thee,
And hold thee to my heart.
Ban. There if I grow,
The Harveſt is your own.
King. My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fulneſs, ſeek to hide themſelves
In drops of Sorrow. Sons, Kinſman, *Thanes*,
And you, whoſe places are the neareſt, know,
We will eſtabliſh our Eſtate upon
Our eldeſt, *Malcolm*, whom we name hereafter,
The Prince of *Cumberland*: Which honour muſt
Not unaccompanied, inveſt him only,
But ſigns of Nobleneſs, like Stars ſhall ſhine
On all Deſervers. From hence to *Envernes*,
And bind us further to you.
Mal. The reſt is labour, which is not us'd for you:
I'll be my ſelf the Harbenger, and make joyful
The hearing of my wife with your approach:
So humbly take my leave.
King. My worthy *Cawdor.*
Macb. The Prince of *Cumberland*: That is a ſtep,
On which I muſt fall down, or elſe o'r leap,
For in my way it lies. Stars hide your fires,
Let not light ſee my black and deep deſires:
The eye wink at the hand: Yet let that be,
Which the eye fears, when it is done to ſee. [*Exit.*
King. True, worthy *Banquo*: He is full ſo valiant,
And in his commendations, I am fed:
It is a Banquet to me, let's after him,
Whoſe care is gone before, to bid us welcome:
It is a peerleſs kinſman. [*Exeunt.*

Scæna Quinta.

Enter Macbeth'*s* wiſe *alone with a Letter.*

Lady. *They met me in the day of ſucceſs: and I have learn'd by the perfect'ſt report, they have more in them, than mortal knowledge. When I burnt in deſire to queſtion them further, they made themſelves Air. Into which they vaniſh'd. Whiles I ſtood rapt in the wonder of it, came Miſſives from the King, who all hail'd me* Thane *of* Cawdor, *by which Title before, theſe weyward Siſters ſaluted me, and referr'd me to the coming on of time, with hail King that ſhalt be. This have I thought good to deliver thee (my deareſt partner of Greatneſs) that thou might'ſt not loſe the dues of rejoycing by being ignorant of what Greatneſs is promis'd thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewel.*

Glamis thou art, and *Cawdor*, and ſhalt be
What thou art promis'd: Yet I do fear thy Nature,
It is too full o'th' milk of humane kindneſs,
To catch the neareſt way. Thou wouldſt be great,
Art not without ambition: But without
The Illneſs ſhould attend it. What thou would'ſt highly,
That wouldſt thou holily: Would'ſt not play falſe,
And yet would'ſt wrongly win.
Thou'd'ſt have, great *Glamis*, that which cries,
Thus thou muſt do if thou have it;
And that which rather thou doſt fear to do,

Than wiſheſt ſhould be undone. Hie thee hither,
That I may pour my Spirits in thine ear,
And chaſtiſe with the valour of my tongue
All that thee hinders from the Golden Round,
Which Fate and Metaphyſical aid doth ſeem
To have thee crown'd withal.

Enter Meſſenger.

What is your tidings?
Meſſ. The King comes here to night,
Lady. Thou'rt mad to ſay it.
Is not thy Maſter with him? who, wer't ſo,
Would have inform'd for preparation.
Meſſ. So pleaſe you, it is true: our *Thane* is coming,
One of my fellows had the ſpeed of him;
Who almoſt dead for breath, had ſcarcely more
Than would make up his Meſſage.
Lady. Give him tending,
He brings great News, [*Exit* Meſſenger.
The Raven himſelf is hoarſe,
That croaks the fatal entrance of *Duncane*
Under my Battlements. Come you Spirits.
That tend on mortal thoughts, unſex me here,
And fill me from the Crown to the Toe, top-full
Of direſt Cruelty: make thick my blood,
Stop up the acceſs and paſſage to Remorſe,
That no compunctious viſitings of Nature
Shake my fell purpoſe, nor keep peace between
Th'effect, and it. Come to my Womans Breaſts,
And take my Milk for Gall, you murth'ring Miniſters,
Where-ever in your ſightleſs ſubſtances,
You wait on Natures Miſchief. Come, thick Night,
And pall thee in the dunneſt ſmoak of Hell,
That my keen knife ſee not the wound it makes,
Nor Heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
To cry, hold, hold.

Enter Macbeth.

Great *Glamis*, worthy *Cawdor*,
Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter,
Thy Letters have tranſported me beyond
This ignorant preſent, and I feel now
The future in the inſtant.
Macb. My deareſt Love,
Duncane comes here to Night.
Lady. And when goes hence?
Macb. To morrow, as he purpoſes.
Lady. O never,
Shall Sun that morrow ſee.
Your Face, my *Thane*, is as a book, where men
May read ſtrange matters to beguile the time.
Look like the time, bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue; look like the innocent flower,
But be the Serpent under't. He that's coming,
Muſt be provided for: and you ſhall put
This Nights great buſineſs into my diſpatch,
Which ſhall to all our Nights and Days to come,
Give ſolely Soveraign Sway and Maſterdom.
Macb. We will ſpeak further.
Lady. Only look up clear:
To alter favour ever is to fear:
Leave all the reſt to me. [*Exeunt.*

Scæna Sexta.

Hoboys, and Torches. Enter King, Malcolm, Donalbain. Banquo, Lenox, Macduffe, Roſſe, Angus, *and* Attendants.

King. This Caſtle hath a pleaſant ſeat,
The air nimbly and ſweetly recommends it ſelf
Unto our gentle ſenſes.
Banq. This Gueſt of Summer,
The Temple-haunting Barlet does approve, Martlet
By his loved Manſonry, that the Heavens breath,
Smells wooingly here: No Jutty frieze,
Buttrice, nor Coigne of Vantage, But this Bird
Hath made his pendant Bed, and procreant Cradle,
Where they muſt breed, and haunt: I have obſerv'd
The air is delicate,

Enter Lady.

King. See, ſee, our honour'd Hoſteſs:
The love that follows us, ſometime is our trouble,
Which ſtill we thank as Love. Herein I teach you,
How you ſhall bid god-eyld us for your pains,
And thank us for your trouble.
Lady. All our ſervice,
In every point twice done, and then done double,
Were poor, and ſingle Buſineſs, to contend
Againſt thoſe honours deep, and broad,
Wherewith your Majeſty loads our houſe:
For thoſe of old, and the late Dignities,
Heap'd up to them, we reſt your Hermits.
King. Where's the *Thane* of *Cawdor?*
We courſt him at the heels, and had a purpoſe
To be his Purveyor: But he rides well,
And his great Love (ſharp as his Spur) hath holp him
To his home before us: Fair and Noble Hoſteſs,
We are your gueſt to Night.
Lady. Your Servants ever,
Have theirs, themſelves, and what is theirs in compt,
To make their Audit at your highneſs pleaſure,
Still to return your own.
King. Give me your hand:
Conduct me to mine Hoſt, we love him highly,
And ſhall continue, our Graces towards him.
By your leave, Hoſteſs. [*Exeunt.*

Scæna Septima.

Hoboys. Torches.
Enter a Sewer, *and divers* Servants *with Diſhes and Service over the Stage. Then enter* Macbeth.

Macb. If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well,
It were done quickly: if th'Aſſaſſination
Could trammel up the Conſequence, and catch
With his ſurceaſe, Succeſs: that but this blow
Might be the be all, and the end all, be Here,
But here, upon this Bank and School of time, Shoal
We'ld jump the life to come. But in theſe Caſes,
We ſtill have judgment here, that we but teach
Bloody inſtructions, which being taught, return
To plague th'ingredience of our poyſon'd Chalice
To our own lips. He's here in double truſt;
Firſt, as I am his Kinſman, and his Subject,
Strong both againſt the Deed: then, as his Hoſt,
Who ſhould againſt his Murderer ſhut the door,
Not bear the knife my ſelf. Beſides this *Duncane*
Hath born his Faculty ſo meek: hath been
So clear in his great Office, that his Vertues
Will plead like Angels, Trumpet-tongu'd againſt
The deep damnation of his taking off:
And Pity, like a naked new-born-babe,
Striding the blaſt, or Heavens Cherubin, hors'd
Upon the ſightleſs Curriors of the Air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears ſhall drown the Wind. I have no Spur
To prick the ſides of my intent, but only
Vaulting Ambition, which o're-leaps it ſelf,

Enter Lady.

And-falls on th'other Side,
How now? What News?
La. He has almoſt ſup'd: why have you left the chamber?
Mac. Hath he ask'd for me?
Lady. Know you not, he has?
Mac. We will proceed no further in this Buſineſs:
He hath honour'd me of late, and I have bought
Golden Opinions from all ſorts of People,
Which would be worn now in their neweſt gloſs,
Not caſt aſide ſo ſoon.
Lady. Was the hope drunk,
VVherein you dreſt your ſelf? Hath it ſlept ſince?
And wakes it now to look ſo green and pale?
At what it did ſo freely? From this time,
Such I account thy love. Art thou afraid
To be the ſame in thine own Act, and Valour,
As thou art in deſire? Wouldſt thou have that
Which thou eſteem'ſt the Ornament of Life,
And live a Coward in thine own eſteem?
Letting "I dare not, wait upon I would,"
Like the poor Cat i'th' Adage.
Macb. Prethee, peace:
I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more is none.
Lady. What beaſt was't then,
That made you break this enterprize to me?
When you durſt do it, then you were a man:
And to be more than what you were, you would
Be ſo much more the man. Nor time, nor place
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:
They have made themſelves, and that their fitneſs now
Do's unmake you. I have given Suck, and know
How tender 'tis to love the Babe that milks me,
I would, while it was ſmiling in my face,
Have pluckt my Nipple from his boneleſs Gumms,
And daſht the Brains out, had I but ſo ſworn
As you have done to this.
Macb. If we ſhould fail?
Lady. We fail?
But ſcrew your courage to the ſticking place,
And we'll not fail: When *Ducan* is aſleep,
(Whereto the rather ſhall his days hard Journey
ſoundly invite him) his two Chamberlains
Will I with VVine and VVaſſel, ſo convince,
That memory, the warder of the Brain,
Shall be a Fume, and the Receipt of Reaſon
A Limbeck only, when in ſwiniſh ſleep,
Their drenched Natures lie as in a Death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
Th'unguarded *Duncan*? What, not put upon
His ſpungy Officers? Who ſhall bear the guilt
Of our great Quell?
Macb. Bring forth Men-Children only:
For thy undaunted Metal ſhould compoſe
Nothing but Males. VVill it not be receiv'd,
VVhen we have mark'd with blood thoſe ſleepy two
Of his own Chamber, and us'd their very Daggers,
That they have don't?
Lady. Who dares receive it other,
As we ſhall make our Griefs and Clamour roar,
Upon his Death?
Macb. I am ſetled, and bend up
Each corporal Agent to this terrible Feat,
Away, and mock the time with faireſt ſhow,
Falſe Face muſt hide what the falſe heart doth know.
Exeunt.

Actus Secundus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Banquo, *and* Fleance, *with a Torch before him.*

Banq. HOW goes the Night, Boy?
Fleance. The Moon is down: I have not heard the Clock.
Banq. And ſhe goes down at Twelve.
Fleance. I tak't 'tis later, Sir.
Banq. Hold, Take my Sword;
There's Husbandry in Heaven,
Their Candles are all out: Take thee that too.
A heavy Summons lies like lead upon me,
And yet I would not ſleep:
Merciful Powers, reſtrain in me the curſed thoughts
That Nature gives way to in repoſe.

Enter Macbeth, *and a* Servant *with a Torch.*

Give me my Sword: Who's there?
Macb. A Friend.
Banq. What, Sir, not yet at reſt? The King's a bed
He hath been in unuſual pleaſure,
And ſent forth a great Largeſs to your Offices.
This Diamond he greets your Wife withal,
By the name of moſt kind Hoſteſs, and shut up
And ſhut it up in meaſureleſs content — a Break –
Macb. Being unprepar'd,
Our will became the ſervant to defect,
Which elſe ſhould free have wrought.
Banq. All's well.
I dreamt laſt night of the three weyward Siſters:
To you they have ſhew'd ſome truth.
Macb. I think not of them:
Yet when we can intreat an hour to ſerve,
We would ſpend it in ſome words upon that Buſineſs,
If you would grant the time.
Banq. At your kind leiſure.
Macb. If you ſhall cleave to my conſent,
When 'tis, it ſhall make honour for you.
Banq. So I loſe none,
In ſeeking to augment it, but ſtill keep
My boſom franchis'd, and allegiance clear,
I ſhall be counſell'd.
Macb. Good repoſe the while.
Banq. Thanks, Sir: The like to you. [*Exit* Banquo.
Macb. Go, bid thy Miſtreſs, when my drink is ready,
She ſtrike upon the Bell. Get thee to bed. [*Exit.*
Is this a dagger which I ſee before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come let me clutch thee:
I have thee not, and yet I ſee thee ſtill,
Art thou not fatal Viſion, ſenſible
To feeling, as to ſight? Or art thou but
A Dagger of the Mind, a falſe Creation,
Proceeding from the heat oppreſſed Brain?
I ſee thee yet, in form, as palpable
As this which now I draw.
Thou marſhal'ſt me the way that I was going,
And ſuch an Inſtrument I was to uſe.
Mine eyes are made the fools o'th' other Senſes,
Or elſe worth all the reſt: I ſee thee ſtill,
And on thy blade, and Dudgeon, Gouts of blood,
Which was not ſo before. There's no ſuch thing:
It is the bloody Buſineſs, which informs
Thus to mine eyes. Now o're the one half world
Nature ſeems dead, and wicked Dreams abuſe
The Curtain'd ſleep: Witchcraft celebrates
Pale *Hecates* Offerings: and wither'd Murther,
Alarum'd by his Sentinel, the Woolf,

x Sides the true reading, and means the Heart & Liver, the Seat of the Amorous Paſſions.

Whoſe howl's his watch, thus with his ſtealthy pace,
With *Tarquin*'s raviſhing x ſides, towards his deſign x Strides
Moves like a Ghoſt. Thou ſour and firm-ſet Earth,
Hear not my ſteps, which way they ~~may~~ walk, for fear
Thy very ſtones prate of my where-about,
And take the preſent horrour from the time,
Which now ſuits with it. Whiles I threat, he lives:
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.

A Bell rings.

I go, and it is done: the Bell invites me.
Hear it not, *Duncane*, for it is a Knell,
That ſummons thee to Heaven, or to Hell. [*Exit.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Lady.

La. That which hath made them drunk, hath made me (bold:
What hath quench'd them, hath given me fire.
Heark, peace: It was the Owl that ſhriek'd,
The fatal Bell-man, which gives the ſtern'ſt good night,
He is about it, the doors are open:
And the ſurfeited Grooms do mock their charge
With Snores. I have drugg'd theire Poſſets,
That Death and Nature do contend about them,
Whether they live or die.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. Who's there? What ho?
Lady. Alack, I am afraid they have awak'd,
And 'tis not done: The attempt, and not the deed,
Confounds us: Hark: I laid their Daggers ready,
He could not miſs 'em. Had he not reſembled
My Father as he ſlept, I had done't.
My Husband?
Macb. I have done the deed:
Didſt not thou hear a noiſe?
Lady. I heard the Owl ſcream, and the Crickets cry.
Did not you ſpeak?
Macb. When?
Lady. Now.
Macb. As I deſcended?
Lady. I.
Macb. Hark, who lies i'th' ſecond Chamber?
Lady. *Donalbaine.*
Macb. This is a ſorry ſight.
Lady. A fooliſh thought, to ſay a ſorry ſight.
Macb. There's one did laugh in's ſleep,
And one cry'd Murder, that they did wake each other:
I ſtood, and heard them: But they did ſay their Prayers,
And addreſt them again to ſleep.
Lady. There are two lodg'd together.
Macb. One cry'd, God bleſs us, and Amen the other,
As they had ſeen me with theſe Hangmans hands:
Liſtning their fear, I could not ſay Amen,
When they did ſay, God bleſs us.
Lady. Conſider it not ſo deeply.
Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce Amen?
I had moſt need of bleſſing, and Amen ſtuck in my throat.
Lady. Theſe deeds muſt not be thought
After theſe ways: ſo, it will make us mad.
Macb. Methought I heard a voice cry, ſleep no more:
Macbeth does murder ſleep, the innocent ſleep,
Sleep that knits up the ravell'd Sleeve of Care, ſleave
The death of each daies Life, ſore Labours Bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great Natures ſecond Courſe,
Chief Nouriſher in Lifes Feaſt.
Lady. What do you mean?
Macb. Still it cry'd, ſleep no more, to all the houſe:
Glamis hath murther'd ſleep, and therefore *Cawdor*
Shall ſleep no more: *Macbeth* ſhall ſleep no more.
La. Who was it that thus cry'd? Why, worthy *Thane*,
You do unbend your noble ſtrength, to think
So brain-ſickly of things: Go, get ſome water,
And waſh this filthy witneſs from your Hand,
Why did you bring theſe Daggers from the place?
They muſt lie there: Go, carry them, and ſmear
The ſleepy Grooms with bloud.
Macb. I'll go no more:
I am afraid, to think what I have done:
Look on't again! I dare not.
Lady. Infirm of purpoſe:
Give me the Daggers: The ſleeping and the dead,
Are but as Pictures: 'Tis the Eye of Child-hood,
That fears a painted Devil. If he do bleed,
I'll gild the Faces of the Grooms withal,
For it muſt ſeem their Guilt. [*Exit.*

Knock within.

Macb. Whence is that Knocking?
How is't with me, when every noiſe appalls me?
What Hands are here? Hah: they pluck out mine eyes.
Will all great *Neptune*'s Ocean waſh this bloud
Clean from my Hand? No: This my Hand will rather
The multitudinous Seas incarnardine, Seas
Making the Green one Red.

Enter Lady.

Lady. My hands are of your colour: But I ſhame
To wear a heart ſo white. [*Knock.*
I hear a Knocking at the South Entry:
Retire we to our Chamber:
A little Water clears us of this deed.
How eaſie is it then? Your Conſtancy
Hath left you unattended, [*Knock.*
Heark, more Knocking.
Get on your Night-Gown, leſt occaſion call us,
And ſhew us to be Watchers: Be not loſt
So poorly in your thoughts.
Macb. To know my deed, [*Knock.*
'Twere beſt not know my ſelf.
Wake *Duncane* with thy Knocking:
I would thou could'ſt. [*Exeunt.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter a Porter.

[*Knocking within.*

Porter. Here's a knocking indeed: If a man were Porter of Hell Gate, he ſhould have old turning the Key. *Knock.* Knock, knock, knock. Who's there, i'th' name of *Belzebub?* Here's a Farmer, that hang'd himſelf on th'expectation of Plenty: Come in time, have Napkins enough about you, here you'll ſweat for't. *Knock.* Knock, knock, Who's there, in th'other Devils Name? Faith, here's an Equivocator, that could ſwear in both the Scales, againſt either Scale, who committed Treaſon enough for God's ſake, yet could not equivocate to Heaven: Oh come in, Equivocator. *Knock.* Knock, knock, knock. Who's there? Faith, here's an *Engliſh* Taylor come hither for ſtealing out of a *French* Hoſe: Come in, Taylor, here you may roaſt your Gooſe. *Knock.* Knock, knock, never at quiet! What are you? But this place is too cold for Hell. I'll Devil-Porter it no further: I had thought to have let in ſome of all profeſſions, that go the Primroſe way to th' everlaſting Bonfire. *Knock.* Anon, anon, I pray you remember the Porter.

Enter Macduff, *and* Lenox.

Macd. Was it ſo late, Friend, e're you went to bed,
That you do lie ſo late?
Port. Faith, Sir, we were carouſing till the ſecond Cock:
And Drink, Sir, is a great Provoker of three things.

Macd. What three things does Drink eſpecially provoke?

Port. Marry, Sir, Noſe-painting, Sleep, and Urine. Letchery, Sir, it provokes, and unprovokes: it Provokes the deſire, but it takes away the performance. Therefore much Drink may be ſaid to be an Equivocator with Lechery: it makes him and it mars him; it ſets him on, and it takes him off; it perſwades him, and diſheartens him; makes him ſtand to, and not ſtand to: in concluſion, equivocates him in a ſleep, and giving him the Lye, leaves him.

Macd. I believe, Drink gave thee the Lye laſt Night.

Port. That it did, Sir, i' the very Throat on me: but I requited him for his Lye, and (I think) being too ſtrong for him, though he took up my Legs ſometime, yet I made a Shift to caſt him.

Enter Macbeth.

Macd. Is thy Maſter ſtirring?
Our knocking has awak'd him: here he comes.
Lenox. Good Morrow, Noble Sir.
Macb. Good Morrow both.
Macd. Is the King ſtirring, worthy *Thane?*
Macb. Not yet.
Macd. He did command me to call timely on him,
I have almoſt ſlipt the hour.
Macb. I'll bring you to him.
Macd. I know this is a joyful trouble to you:
But yet 'tis one.
Macb. The labour we delight in, Phyſick's pain:
This is the Door.
Macd. I'll make ſo bold to call, for 'tis my limited
ſervice. [*Exit* Macduffe.
Lenox. Goes the King hence to day.
Macb. He does: he did appoint ſo.
Lenox. The Night has been unruly:
Where we lay, our Chimneys were blown down.
And (as they ſay) lamentings heard i' th' Air;
Strange Screems of Death,
And Propheſying, with Accents terrible,
Of dire combuſtions, and confuſ'd Events,
New hatch'd to th' woſul time.
The obſcure Bird clamor'd the live-long Night,
Some ſay, the Earth was feaverous,
And did ſhake.
Macb. 'Twas a rough Night.
Lenox. My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it.

Enter Macduff.

Macd. O horrour, horrour, horrour!
Tongue nor Heart cannot conceive, nor name thee.
Macb. and Lenox. What's the matter?
Macd. Confuſion now hath made his Maſter-piece:
Moſt ſacrilegious Murther hath broke ope
The Lord's annointed Temple, and ſtole thence
The Life o' th' Building.
Macb. What is't you ſay? the Life?
Lenox. Mean you his Majeſty?
Macd. Approach the Chamber, and deſtroy your ſight
With a new *Gorgon.* Do not bid me ſpeak:
See, and then ſpeak your ſelves: awake, awake.
[*Exeunt* Macbeth *and* Lenox.
Ring the Alarum-Bell: Murther, and Treaſon,
Banquo, and *Donalbaine: Malcolme* awake,
Shake off this Downy ſleep, Death's counterfeit,
And look on Death it ſelf: up, up, and ſee
The great Doom's Image: *Malcolme, Banquo,*
As from your Graves riſe up, and walk like Sprights,
To countenance this horror. Ring the Bell.

Bell rings. *Enter* Lady.

Lady. What's the buſineſs?
That ſuch a hideous Trumpet calls to parley
The ſleepers of the Houſe? ſpeak, ſpeak.
Macd. O gentle Lady,
'Tis not for you to hear what I can ſpeak:
The repetition in a Woman's Ear,
Would murther as it fell.

Enter Banquo.

O *Banquo, Banquo,* Our Royal Maſter's murther'd.
Lady. Woe, alas:
What, in our Houſe?
Ban. Too cruel, any where.
Dear *Duff,* I prythee contract thy ſelf, contradict
And ſay, it is not ſo.

Enter Macbeth, Lenox, *and* Roſſe.

Macb. Had I but dy'd an hour before this chance,
I had liv'd a bleſſed time: for from this inſtant,
There's nothing ſerious in Mortality:
All is but toyes: Renown and Grace is dead,
The Wine of Life is drawn, and the mere Lees
Is left this Vault to brag of.

Enter Malcolme, *and* Donalbaine.

Donal. What is amiſs?
Macb. You are, and do not know't:
The Spring, the Head, the Fountain of your Bloud
Is ſtopt; the very Source of it is ſtopt.
Macd. Your Royal Father's murther'd.
Mal. Oh, by whom?
Lenox. Thoſe of his Chamber, as it ſeem'd, had don't:
Their Hands and Faces were all badg'd with bloud,
So were their Daggers, which unwip'd, we found
Upon their Pillows: they ſtar'd, and were diſtracted,
No man's life was to be truſted with them.
Macb. O, yet I do repent me of my fury,
That I did kill them.
Macd. Wherefore did you ſo?
Macb. Who can be wiſe, amaz'd, temp'rate, and furious,
Loyal, and Neutral, in a moment? No man:
Th' expedition of my violent Love
Out-run the pauſer, Reaſon. Here lay *Duncan,*
His ſilver skin, lac'd with his Golden Bloud,
And his gaſh'd Stabs, look'd like a Breach in Nature,
For Ruins waſtful entrance: there the Murtherers,
Steep'd in the Colours of their Trade; their Daggers
x Unmannerly breech'd with gore: who could refrain,
That had a heart to love, and in that heart,
Courage, to make's love known?
Lady. Help me hence, ho.
Macd. Look to the Lady.
Mal. Why do we hold our tongues,
That moſt may claim this argument for ours?
Donal. What ſhould be ſpoken here,
Where our Fate hid within an awger-hole,
May ruſh, and ſeize us? Let's away,
Our tears are not yet brew'd.
Mal. Nor our ſtrong Sorrow
Upon the foot of Motion,
Banq. Look to the Lady:
And when we have our naked Frailties hid,
That ſuffer in expoſure; let us meet,
And queſtion this moſt bloudy piece of work,
To know it further. Fears and ſcruples ſhake us:
In the great Hand of God I ſtand, and thence,
Againſt the un-divulg'd pretence I fight
Of treaſonous Malice.

q. Some read "In a manner drench'd"
the proper Reading may be ~~Betray'd~~
For two Subjects

Macd.

x Unmannerly breech'd with Gore", read ~~[illegible]~~ brush'd
fouly stain'd with Gore.

Macd. And ſo do I.
All. So all.
Macb. Let's briefly put on manly readineſs,
And meet i' th' Hall together.
All. Wellconten ted. [*Exeunt*
Malc. What will you do?
Let's not conſort with them:
To ſhew an unfelt Sorrow, is an Office
Which the falſe man do's eaſie.
I'll to *England.*
Don. To *Ireland*, I:
Our ſeparated fortune ſhall keep us both the ſafer:
Where we are, ther's Daggers in mens Smiles;
The near in bloud, the nearer bloudy.
Malc. This murtherous ſhaft that's ſhot,
Hath not yet lighted: and our ſafeſt way,
Is to avoid the aim. Therefore to Houſe, Horſe
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,
But ſhift away: there's warrant in that Theft
Which ſteals it ſelf, when there's no mercy left.
[*Exeunt.*

Scæna Quarta.

Enter Roſſe, *with an* Old man.

Old man. Threeſcore and ten I can remember well,
Within the Volume of which time, I have ſeen
Hours dreadful, and things ſtrange: but this ſore Night
Hath trifled former knowings.
Roſſe. Ha, good Father,
Thou ſeeſt the Heavens, as troubled with man's Act,
Threatens his bloudy Stage: by th' Clock 'tis Day, this
And yet dark Night ſtrangles the travelling Lamp:
Is't Night's predominance, or the Day's ſhame,
That Darkneſs do's the face of Earth intomb,
When living Light ſhould kiſs it?
Old man. 'Tis unnatural,
Even like the deed that's done: on *Tueſday* laſt,
A Faulcon towring in her pride of place,
Was by a Mouſing Owl hawkt at, and kill'd.
Roſſe. And *Duncan*'s Horſes,
(A thing moſt ſtrange, and certain)
Beauteous, and ſwift, the Minions of their Race, the
Turn'd wild in nature, broke their ſtalls, flung out,
Contending 'gainſt Obedience, as they would
Make War with Mankind.
Old man. 'Tis ſaid, they eat each other.
Roſſe. They did ſo:
To th' amazement of mine Eyes that look'd upon't.

Enter Macduff.

Here comes the good *Macduff*.
How goes the World, Sir, now?
Macd. Why ſee you not?
Roſſe. Is't known who did this more than bloody deed?
Macd. Thoſe that *Macbeth* hath ſlain.
Roſſe. Alas the day,
What good could they pretend?
Macd. They were ſuborned,
Malcolm, and *Donalbain* the King's two Sons
Are ſtoln away and fled, which puts upon them
Suſpicion of the deed.
Roſſe. 'Gainſt Nature ſtill,
Thriftleſs Ambition, that will raven upon
Thine own lives means: then 'tis moſt like,
The Soveraignty will fall upon *Macbeth*.
Macd. He is already nam'd, and gone to *Scone*
To be inveſted.
Roſſe. Where is *Duncan*'s Body?
Macd. Carried to *Colmekill*,
The Sacred Store-houſe of his Predeceſſors,
And Guardian of their Bones.
Roſſe. Will you to *Scone*?
Macd. No Couſin, I'll to *Fife*.
Roſſe. Well, I will thither.
Macd. Well may you ſee things well done there: Adieu.
Leſt our old Robes ſit eaſier than our new.
Roſſe. Farewel, Father.
Old.M. God's beniſon go with you, Sir, and with thoſe
That would make good of bad, and Friends of Foes.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

Actus Tertius. Scæna Prima.

Enter Banquo.

Banq. Thou haſt it now, King, *Cawdor*, *Glamis*, all,
As the weyward Woman promis'd, and I fear
Thou playd'ſt moſt foully for't: yet it was ſaid
It ſhould not ſtand in thy Poſterity,
But that my ſelf ſhould be the Root, and Father
Of many Kings. If there come truth from them,
As upon thee, *Macbeth*, their Speeches ſhine,
Why by the verities on thee made good,
May they not be my Oracles as well,
And ſet me up in hope? But huſh, no more.

Senit ſounded. Enter Macbeth *as King, Lady* Lenox, Roſſe, *Lords, and Attendants.*

Macb. Here's our chief Gueſt.
La. If he had been forgotten,
It had been as a gap in our great Feaſt,
And all things unbecoming.
Macb. To night we hold a ſolemn Supper, Sir,
And I'll requeſt your preſence.
Banq. Let your Highneſs
Command upon me, to the which my duties
Are with a moſt indiſſoluble tye
For ever knit.
Macb. Ride you this Afternoon?
Banq. I, my good Lord.
Macb. We ſhould have elſe deſir'd your good advice,
(Which ſtill hath been both grave, and proſperous)
In this dayes Councel: but we'll take to Morrow.
Is't far you ride?
Banq. As far, my Lord, as will fill up the time
'Twixt this and Supper. Go not my Horſe the better,
I muſt become a borrower of the Night,
For a dark hour or twain.
Macb. Fail not our Feaſt.
Ban. My Lord, I will not.
Macb. We hear our bloudy Couſins are beſtow'd
In *England*, and in *Ireland*, not confeſſing
Their cruel Parricide, filling their hearers
With ſtrange invention. But of that to morrow,
When therewithal we ſhall have cauſe of State,
Craving us jointly. Hye you to Horſe:
Adieu, till you return at Night.
Goes *Fleance* with you?
Ban. I, my good Lord: our time does call upon's.
Macb. I wiſh your Horſes ſwift, and ſure of foot:
And ſo do I commend you to their backs.
Farewel. [*Exit* Banquo.
Let every man be maſter of his time,
'Till ſeven at Night, to make Society
The ſweeter welcome:
We will keep our ſelf till Supper time alone:
While then, God be with you. [*Exeunt Lords.*
Sirrah, a word with you: Attend thoſe men
Our pleaſure?
Servant. They are, my Lord, without the Pallace Gate.

Macb. Bring them before us. [*Exit Servant.*
To be thus, is nothing, but to be ſafely thus:
Our fears in *Banquo* ſtick deep,
And in his Royalty of Nature reigns that
Which would be fear'd. 'Tis much he dares,
And to that dauntleſs temper of his Mind,
He hath a Wiſdom, that doth guide his Valour,
To act in ſafety. There is none but he,
Whoſe being I do fear: and under him,
My *Genius* is rebuk'd, as it is ſaid
Mark Anthony's was by *Cæſar*, He chid the Siſters,
When firſt they put the Name of King upon me,
And bad them ſpeak to him. Then Prophet like,
They hayl'd him Father to a line of Kings.
Upon my Head, they plac'd a fruitleſs Crown,
And put a barren Scepter in my Gripe,
Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal Hand,
No Son of mine ſucceeding: if't be ſo,
For *Banquo*'s Iſſue have I fill'd my Mind,
For them, the gracious *Duncan* have I murther'd,
Put Rancours in the Veſſel of my Peace
Only for them, and mine Eternal Jewel
Given to the common Enemy of Man,
To make them Kings, the Seeds of *Banquo* Kings!
Rather than ſo, come Fate into the Liſt,
And Champion me to th' utterance.
Who's there?

Enter Servant, and two Murtherers.

Now go to the Door, and ſtay there 'till we call.
[*Exit* Servant.

Was it not yeſterday we ſpoke together?
Murth. It was, ſo pleaſe your Highneſs.
Macb. Well then,
Now you have conſider'd of my ſpeeches?
Know, that it was he, in the times paſt;
Which held you ſo under fortune,
Which you thought had been our innocent ſelf,
This I made good to you, in our laſt Conference,
Paſt in probation with you:
How you were born in hand, how croſt:
The Inſtruments: who wrought with them:
And all things elſe, that might
To half a Soul, and to a Notion craz'd,
Say, thus did *Banquo.*
1. *Murth.* You made it known to us.
Macb. I did ſo:
And went further, which is now
Our point of ſecond meeting.
Do you find your patience ſo predominant
In your nature, that you can let this go?
Are you ſo Goſpell'd to pray for this good man,
And for his Iſſue, whoſe heavy hand
Hath bow'd you to the Grave, and begger'd
Yours for ever?
1. *Murth.* We are men, my Liege.
Macb. I, in the Catalogue ye go for men,
As Hounds, and Greyhounds, Mungrels, Spaniels, Curs,
Showghes, Water-Rugs, and Demy-Wolves are clipt
All by the Name of Dogs: the valued file
Diſtinguiſhes the ſwift, the ſlow, the ſubtle,
The Houſe Keeper, the Hunter, every one
According to the gift, which bounteous Nature
Hath in him cloſ'd: whereby he does receive
Particular addition, from the Bill,
That writes them all alike: and ſo of men.
Now, if you have a ſtation in the file,
Not i' th' worſt rank of Manhood, ſay't,
And I will put the buſineſs in your Boſoms,
Whoſe Execution takes your Enemy off,
Grapples you to the heart; and love of us,
Who wear our Health but ſickly in his Life,
Which in his Death were perfect.

2. *Murth.* I am one, my Liege,
Whom the vile Blows and Buffets of the World
Hath ſo incens'd that I am reckleſs what I do,
To ſpight the World.
1. *Murth.* And I another,
So weary with Diſaſters, tugg'd with Fortune,
That I would ſet my Life on any Chance,
To mend it, or be rid on't.
Macb. Both of you know *Banquo* was your Enemy.
Murth. True, my Lord.
Macb. So is he mine: and in ſuch bloody diſtance,
That every minute of his being, thruſts
Againſt my near'ſt of Life: and though I could
With bare-fac'd power ſweep him from my ſight,
And bid my will avouch it; yet I muſt not,
For certain Friends that are both his, and mine,
Whoſe loves I may not drop, but wail his fall,
Who I my ſelf ſtruck down: and thence it is,
That I to your aſſiſtance do make love,
Masking the buſineſs from the common Eye,
For ſundry weighty Reaſons.
2. *Murth.* We ſhall, my Lord,
Perform what you command us.
1. *Murth.* Though our Lives——
Macb. Your Spirits ſhine through you.
Within this hour, at moſt,
I will adviſe you where to plant your ſelves,
Acquaint you with the perfect Spy o'th'time,
The moment on't, for't muſt be done to Night,
And ſomething from the Palace: [always thought,
That I require a clearneſs] and with him,
To leave no Rubs nor Botches in the Work:
Fleance, his Son, that keeps him company,
Whoſe abſence is no leſs material to me,
Than is his Fathers, muſt embrace the fate
Of that dark hour: reſolve your ſelves a-part,
I'll come to you anon.
Murth. We are reſolv'd, my Lord.
Macb. I'll call upon you ſtraight: abide within,
It is concluded: *Banquo*, thy Soul's flight,
If it find Heaven, muſt find it out to Night. [*Exeunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Macbeth'*s* Lady, *and a* Servant.

Lady. Is *Banquo* gone from Court?
Servant. I, Madam, but returns again to Night.
Lady. Say to the King, I would attend his leiſure,
For a few words.
Servant. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*
Lady. Nought's had, all's ſpent,
Where our deſire is got without content:
'Tis ſafer, to be that which we deſtroy,
Than by deſtruction dwell in doubtful joy.

Enter Macbeth.

How now, my Lord, why do you keep alone?
Of ſorrieſt Fancies your Companions making,
Uſing thoſe Thoughts, which ſhould indeed have dy'd
With them they think on: things without all remedy
Should be without regard: what's done, is done.
Macb. We have ſcotch'd the Snake, not kill'd it:
She'll cloſe, and be her ſelf, whileſt our poor Malice
Remains in danger of her former Tooth.
But let the frame of things disjoint,
Both the Worlds ſuffer,
E're we will eat our Meal in fear, and ſleep
In the affliction of theſe terrible Dreams,
That ſhake us Nightly: Better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gain our place, have ſent to peace:
Than on the torture of the Mind to lie

In reſtleſs ecſtaſie :
Duncan is in his Grave :
After Life's fitful Fever, he ſleeps well,
Treaſon has done his worſt : nor Steel nor Poiſon,
Malice domeſtick, Foreign Levy, nothing
Can touch him further.
Lady. Come on :
Gentle, my Lord, ſleek o're your rugged Looks,
Be bright and Jovial 'mong your Gueſts to Night.
Macb. So ſhall I, Love, and ſo I pray be you :
Let your remembrance ſtill apply to *Banquo*,
Preſent him Eminence, both with Eye and Tongue :
Unſafe the while, that we muſt lave
Our Honours in theſe flattering ſtreams,
And make our Faces Vizards to our Hearts,
Diſguiſing what they are.
Lady. You muſt leave this.
Macb. O, full of Scorpions is my Mind, dear Wife :
Thou know'ſt, that *Banquo* and his *Fleans* lives.
Lady. But in them, Nature's Copie's not eterne.
Macb. There's comfort yet, they are aſſailable,
Then be thou jocund : e're the Bat hath flown
His Cloyſter'd flight, e're to black *Hecat*'s Summons
The ſhard-born Beetle, with his drowſie hums,
Hath rung Night's yawning Peal,
There ſhall be done a deed of dreadful note.
Lady. What's to be done ?
Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, deareſt Chuck,
'Till thou applaud the deed : Come, ſeeling Night,
Skarf up the tender Eye of pitiful Day,
And with thy bloudy and inviſible Hand
Cancel and tear to pieces that great Bond,
Which keeps me pale. Light thickens,
And the Crow makes Wing to th' Rooky Wood :
Good things of Day begin to droop, and drowze,
Whiles Night's black Agents to their Preys do rowze.
Thou marvell'ſt at my words : but hold thee ſtill :
Things bad begun, make ſtrong themſelves by ill :
So prythee go with me. [*Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter three Murtherers.

1. But who did bid thee join with us ?
3. *Macbeth.*
2. He needs not our miſtruſt, ſince he delivers
Our Offices, and what we have to do,
To the direction juſt.
1. Then ſtand with us.
The Weſt yet glimmers with ſome ſtreaks of Day.
Now ſpurs the lateſt Traveller apace,
To gain the timely Inn, and near approaches
The ſubject of our Watch.
3. Hark, I hear Horſes.
Banquo within. Give us a Light there, ho.
2. Then 'tis he :
The reſt, that are within the note of expectation,
Already are i' th' Court.
1. His Horſes go about.
3. Almoſt a mile : but he does uſually,
So all men do, from hence to th' Palace Gate
Make it their walk.

Enter Banquo *and* Fleans, *with a Torch.*

2. A Light, a Light.
3. 'Tis he.
1. Stand to't.
Ban. It will be Rain to Night.
1. Let it come down.
Ban. O, Treachery !
Fly, good *Fleans*, flie, flie, flie,
Thou may'ſt revenge. O Slave !
3. Who did ſtrike out the light ?
1. Was't not the way ?
3. There's but one down : the Son is fled.
2. We have loſt
Beſt half of our Affair.
1. Well, let's away, and ſay how much is done.
[*Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Banquet prepar'd. Enter Macbeth, Lady, Roſſe, Lenox, Lords, *and* Attendants.

To *Macb.* You know your own degrees, ſit down :
At firſt and laſt, the hearty welcome.
Lords. Thanks to your Majeſty.
Macb. Our ſelf will mingle with Society,
And play the humble Hoſt :
Our Hoſteſs keeps her State, but in the beſt time
We will require her welcome.
Lady. Pronounce it for me, Sir, to all our Friends,
For my heart ſpeaks, they are welcome.

Enter firſt Murtherer.

Macb. See they encounter thee with their hearts thanks,
Both ſides are even : here I'll ſit i' th' mid'ſt,
Be large in Mirth, anon we'll drink a Meaſure
The Table round. There's bloud upon thy Face.
Mur. 'Tis *Banquo*'s then.
Macb. 'Tis better thee without, than he within. him
Is he diſpatch'd ?
Mur. My Lord, his Throat is cut, that I did for him.
Macb. Thou art the beſt o' th' Cut Throats,
Yet he's good that did the like for *Fleans :*
If thou did'ſt it, thou art the Non-pareil.
Mur. Moſt Royal Sir,
Fleans is ſcap'd.
Macb. Then comes my Fit again :
I had elſe been perfect ;
Whole as the Marble, founded as the Rock,
As broad, and general, as the caſing Air :
But now I am cabin'd, crib'd, confin'd, bound in
To ſawcy doubts, and fears. But *Banquo*'s ſafe ?
Mur. I, my good Lord : ſafe in a Ditch he bides,
With twenty trenched gaſhes on his head ;
The leaſt a Death to Nature.
Macb. Thanks for that,
There the grown Serpent lies, the Worm that's fled
Hath Nature, that in time will Venom breed,
No teeth for th' preſent. Get thee gone, to morrow
Well hear our ſelves again. [*Exit* Murtherer.
Lady. My Royal Lord,
You do not give the Cheer, the Feaſt is ſold – Cold or Soil'd –
That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis making :
'Tis given with welcome : to feed were beſt at home :
From thence, the ſawce to meat is Ceremony,
Meeting were bare without it.

Enter the Ghoſt of Banquo, *and ſits in* Macbeth'*s place.*

Macb. Sweet Remembrancer :
Now good digeſtion wait on Appetite,
And health on both.
Lenox. May't pleaſe your Highneſs ſit.
Macb. Here had we now our Countrie's Honour roof'd,
Were the grac'd perſon of our *Banquo* preſent :
Who may I rather challenge for unkindneſs,
Than pity for Miſchance.
Roſſe. His abſence (Sir)
Layes blame upon his promiſe. Pleas't your Highneſs
To grace us with your Royal Company ?

Macb. The Table's full.
Lenox. Here is a place reſerv'd, Sir.
Macb. Where?
Lenox. Here, my good Lord.
What is't that moves your Highneſs?
Macb. Which of you have done this?
Lords. What, my good Lord?
Macb. Thou canſt not ſay I did it; never ſhake
Thy goary Locks at me.
Roſſe. Gentlemen riſe, his Highneſs is not well.
Lady. Sit, worthy Friends: my Lord is often thus,
And hath been from his youth. Pray you keep ſeat,
The fit is momentany, upon a thought
He will again be well. If much you note him
You ſhall offend him, and extend his Paſſion,
Feed, and regard him not. Are you a man?
Macb. I, and a bold one, that dare look on that
Which might appall the Devil.
Lady. O, proper ſtuff!
This is the very painting of your fear:
This is the Air-drawn-Dagger which you ſaid
Led you to *Duncan.* O, theſe flaws and ſtarts
(Impoſtors to true fear) would well become
A Woman's ſtory at a Winter's fire
Authoriz'd by her Grandam: ſhame it ſelf,
Why do you make ſuch faces? When all's done
You look but on a ſtool.
Macb. Prythee ſee there:
Behold, look, loe, how ſay you:
Why what care I, if thou canſt nod, ſpeak too.
If Charnel-Houſes, and our Graves muſt ſend
Thoſe that we bury, back; our Monuments
Shall be the Mawes of Kites. [*Exit Ghoſt.*
Lady. What? quite unmann'd in folly.
Macb. If I ſtand here, I ſaw him.
Lady. Fie for ſhame.
Macb. Bloud hath been ſhed e're now, i' th' olden time
E're humane Statue purg'd the gentle Weal:
I, and ſince too, Murthers have been perform'd
Too terrible for the Ear: the times have been,
That when the Brains were out, the man would die,
And there an end; But now they riſe again
With twenty mortal murthers on their Crowns,
And puſh us from our ſtools: this is more ſtrange
Than ſuch a Murther is.
Lady. My worthy Lord,
Your Noble Friends do lack you.
Macb. I do forget:
Do not muſe at me, my moſt worthy Friends,
I have a ſtrange infirmity, which is nothing
To thoſe that know me. Come, love and health to all,
Then I'll ſit down: Give me ſome Wine, fill full:

Enter Ghoſt.

I drink to th' general joy o' th' whole Table,
And to our dear Friend *Banquo*, whom we miſs:
Would he were here: to all; and him, we thirſt,
And all to all.
Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.
Macb. Avant, and quit my ſight, let the Earth hide thee:
Thy bones are marrowleſs: thy bloud is cold:
Thou haſt no ſpeculation in thoſe Eyes
Which thou doſt glare with.
Lady. Think of this good Peers
But as a thing of Cuſtom: 'tis no other,
Only it ſpoils the pleaſure of the time.
Macb. What man dare, I dare:
Approach thou like the rugged *Ruſſian* Bear,
The arm'd Rhinoceros, or th' *Hyrcan* Tyger,
Take any ſhape but that, and my firm Nerves
Shall never tremble. Or be alive again,
And dare me to the Deſart with thy Sword:
If trembling I inhabit, then proteſt me
I in Habit

The Baby of a Girl. Hence horrible ſhadow, [*Exit.*
Unreal mock'ry hence. Why ſo, be gone
I am a man again: pray you ſit ſtill.
Lady. You have diſplac'd the mirth,
Broke the good meeting, with moſt admir'd diſorder.
Macb. Can ſuch things be,
And overcome us like a Summer's Cloud
Without our ſpecial wonder? You make me ſtrange
Even to the diſpoſition that I owe, i.e. own
When now I think you can behold ſuch ſights,
And keep the natural Ruby of your Cheeks,
When mine is blanch'd with fear.
Roſſe. What ſighs my Lord? Sights
Lady. I pray you ſpeak not: he grows worſe and worſe,
Queſtion enrages him: at once, goodnight.
Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.
Lenox. Good night, and better health
Attend his Majeſty.
Lady. A kind goodnight to all. [*Exeunt* Lords.
Macb. It will have bloud they ſay:
Bloud will have Bloud:
Stones have been known to move, and trees to ſpeak:
Augures, and underſtood Relations, have
By Maggot Pyes, and Choughs, and Rooks brought forth
The ſecret'ſt man of bloud. What is the night?
La. Almoſt at odds with Morning, which is which.
Macb. How ſay'ſt thou that *Macduff* denies his perſon
At our great bidding?
La. Did you ſend to him, Sir?
Macb. I hear it by the way: But I will ſend:
There's not a one of them but in his Houſe
I keep a Servant Fee'd. I will to morrow
(And betimes I will) to the wizard Siſters.
More ſhall they ſpeak: for now I am bent to know
By the worſt means, the worſt, for mine own good,
All cauſes ſhall give way, I am in bloud
Spent in ſo far, that ſhould I wade no more, Pent
Returning were as tedious as go o're:
Strange things I have in head, that will to hand,
Which muſt be acted, e're they may be ſcann'd.
Lady. You lack the ſeaſon of all Natures, ſleep.
Macb. Come, we'll to ſleep; My ſtrange and ſelf-abuſe
Is the initiate fear, that wants hard uſe:
We are yet but young indeed. [*Exeunt.*

Scæna Quinta.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches, *meeting* Hecate.

1. Why how now, *Hecate*, you look angerly?
Hec. Have I not reaſon (Beldams) as you are?
Sawcy, and over-bold, how did you dare
To trade, and traffick with *Macbeth*,
In Riddles, and Affairs of death;
And I the Miſtreſs of your Charms.
The cloſe contriver of all harms,
Was never call'd to bear my part,
Or ſhew the glory of our Art?
And which is worſe, all you have done
Hath been but for a wayward Son,
Spightful, and wrathful, who (as others do)
Loves for his own ends, not for you.
But make amends now: Get you gon,
And at the Pit of *Acheron*
Meet me i' th' Morning: thither he
Will come, to know his Deſtiny,
Your Veſſels, and your Spells provide,
Your Charms, and every thing beſide;
I am for th' Air: this night I'll ſpend
Unto a diſmal, and a fatal end.
Great buſineſs muſt be wrought e're Noon.
Upon the Corner of the Moon

There hangs a vap'rous drop, profound,
I'll catch it e're it come to ground;
And that diſtill'd by Magick ſlights,
Shall raiſe ſuch Artificial Sprights,
As by the ſtrength of their illuſion,
Shall draw him on to his Confuſion.
He ſhall ſpurn Fate, ſcorn Death, and bear
His hopes 'bove Wiſdom, Grace, and Fear:
And you all know, Security
Is mortals chiefeſt Enemy.
[*Muſick, and a Song.*
Hark, I am call'd: my little Spirit ſee
Sits in a foggy Cloud, and ſtays for me.
Sing within. Come away, come away, &c.
1. Come, let's make haſt, ſhee'l ſoon be
Back again. [*Exeunt.*

Scena Sexta.

Enter Lenox, *and another* Lord:

Lenox. My former Speeches
Have but hit your Thoughts,
Which can interpret farther: Only I ſay
Things have been ſtrangely born. The gracious *Duncan*
Was pitied of *Macbeth*: marry he was dead:
And the right valiant *Banquo* walk'd too late.
Whom you may ſay, (if't pleaſe you) *Fleans* kill'd,
For *Fleans* fled: Men muſt not walk too late.
Who cannot want the thought, how monſtrous
It was for *Malcolm*, and for *Donalbane*
To kill their gracious Father? Damned Fact,
How it did grieve *Macbeth*? Did he not ſtraight
In pious rage, the two delinquents tear,
That were the ſlaves of Drink, and thralls of Sleep?
Was that not nobly done? I, and wiſely too:
For 'twould have anger'd any heart alive
To hear the men deny't. So that I ſay,
He has born all things well, and I do think,
That had he *Duncan*'s Sons under the Key,
(As, and't pleaſe Heaven he ſhall not) they ſhall find
What 'twere to kill a Father: So ſhould *Fleans.*
But peace; for from broad-words, and cauſe he fail'd
His preſence at the Tyrant's Feaſt; I hear
Macduffe lives in diſgrace. Sir, can you tell
VVhere he beſtows himſelf?
Lord. The Sons of *Duncan*
(From whom this Tyrant holds the due of Birth)
Live in the *Engliſh* Court, and ~~is~~ are receiv'd
Of the moſt Pious *Edward*, with ſuch grace,
That the malevolence of Fortune, nothing
Takes from his high reſpect. Thither *Macduffe*
Is gone, to pray the holy King, upon his aid
To wake *Northumberland*, and warlike *Seyward*,
That by the help of theſe (with him above
To ratifie the VVork) we may again
Give to our Tables Meat, Sleep to our Nights:
Free from our Feaſts, and Banquets bloody Knives;
Do faithful Homage, and receive free Honours,
All which we pine for now. And this report
Hath ſo exaſperate their King, that he
Prepares for ſome attempt of VVar.
Lenox. Sent he to *Macduffe*?
Lord. He did: and with an abſolute, Sir, not I,
The cloudy Meſſenger turns me his back,
And hums; as who ſhould ſay, you'll rue the time
That clogs me with this Anſwer.
Lenox. And that well might,
Adviſe him to a caution, t'hold what diſtance
His wiſdom can provide. Some Holy Angel
Fly to the Court of *England*, and unfold
His Meſſage e're he come, that a ſwift bleſſing
May ſoon return to this our ſuffering Country,
Under a hand accurs'd.
Lord. I'll ſend my Prayers with him. [*Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Thunder. Enter the three VVitches.

1 Thrice the brinded Cat hath mew'd.
2. Thrice, and once the Hedge-Pig whin'd.
3. Harpier crys, 'tis time, 'tis time.
1. Round about the Cauldron go:
In the poiſon'd Entrails throw
Toad, that under th cold ſtone,
Days and Nights, has thirty one:
Sweltred Venom ſleeping got,
Boil thou firſt i'th' charmed Pot.
All. Double, double, toil and trouble;
Fire burn, and Cauldron bubble.
2. Fillet of a Fenny Snake,
In the Cauldron Boil and Bake:
Eye of Newt, and Toe of Frog:
Wool of Bat, and Tongue of Dog:
Adders Fork, and Blind-worms Sting,
Lizards Leg, and Howlet's Wing:
For a Charm of powerful trouble,
Like a Hell-broth, boil and bubble.
All. Double, double, toil and trouble,
Fire burn, and Cauldron bubble.
3. Scale of Dragon, Tooth of Wolf,
Witches Mummy, Maw, and Gulf
Of the ravin'd ſalt Sea Shark:
Root of Hemlock, digg'd i'th' dark:
Liver of Blaſpheming *Jew*:
Gall of Goat, and Slips of Yew,
Sliver'd in the Moon's Eclipſe:
Noſe of *Turk*, and *Tartar*'s lips,
Finger of Birth-ſtrangled Babe,
Ditch-deliver'd by a Drab,
Make the Gruel thick, and ſlab.
Add thereto a Tyger's Chawdron,
For th' Ingredience of our Cauldron. ingredients
All. Double, double, toil and trouble,
Fire burn, and Cauldron bubble.
2. Cool it with a Baboon's blood,
Then the Charm is firm and good.

Enter Hecate, *and the other three* Witches.

Hec. O well done: I commend your pains,
And every one ſhall ſhare i'th' gains:
And now about the Cauldron ſing
Like Elves and Fairies in a Ring,
Inchanting all that you put in.
Muſick and a Song. Black Spirits, &c.
2. By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes:
Open Locks, whoever knocks.

Enter Macbeth.

Mac. How now you ſecret, black, and midnight Hags?
What is't you do?
All. A deed without a name.
Mac. I conjure you, by that which you profeſs,
(How e're you come to know it) anſwer me:
Though you untie the Winds, and let them fight
Againſt the Churches: Though the yeſty Waves
Confound and ſwallow Navigation up:
Though bladed Corn be lodg'd, and Trees blown down,
Though Caſtles topple on their Warders heads:

Though Palaces, and Pyramids do ſlope
Their heads to their Foundations: though the treaſure
Of Natures Germain, tumble altogether,
Even till deſtruction ſicken: Anſwer me
To what I ask you.
1. Speak.
2. Demand.
3. We'll anſwer.
1. Say, if th' had'ſt rather hear it from our mouths,
Or from our Maſters.
Macb. Call 'em: let me ſee 'em.
1. Pour in Sowes bloud, that hath eaten
Her nine Farrow: Greace that's ſweaten
From the Murtherers Gibbet, throw
Into the Flame.
All. Come high or low:
Thy Self and Office deftly ſhow. [*Thunder.*
1. *Apparition, an Armed Head.*
Macb. Tell me thou unknown power.
1. He knows thy thought:
Hear his Speech, but ſay thou nought.
1 *Appar. Macbeth, Macbeth, Macbeth:*
Beware *Macduff*,
Beware the *Thane* of *Fife:* diſmiſs me. Enough
[*He Deſcends.*
Macb. What-e're thou art, for thy good caution, thanks.
Thou haſt harp'd my fear aright. But one word more.
1. He will not be commanded: here's another
More potent than the firſt. [*Thunder.*
2. *Apparition, a Bloudy Child.*
2. *Appar. Macbeth, Macbeth, Macbeth.*
Macb. Had I three Ears, I'd hear thee.
2. *Appar.* Be bloudy, bold, and reſolute:
Laugh to ſcorn
The power of man: For none of Woman born
Shall harm *Macbeth.* [*Deſcends.*
Macb. Then live *Macduff:* what need I fear of thee?
But yet I'll make aſſurance, double ſure,
And take a Bond of Fate: thou ſhalt not live,
That I may tell pale-hearted Fear, it lies;
And ſleep in ſpight of Thunder. [*Thunder.*
3. *Apparition, a Child crowned, with a Tree in his hand.*
What is this, that riſes like the iſſue of a King,
And wears upon his Baby-brow, the round
And top of Soveraignty?
All. Liſten, but ſpeak not to't.
3. *Appar.* Be Lyon metled, proud, and take no care:
Who chafes, who frets, or where Conſpirers are:
Macbeth ſhall never vanquiſh'd be, until
Great *Birnam* Wood to high *Dunſinane* Hill
Shall come againſt him. [*Deſcend.*
Macb. That will never be:
Who can impreſs the Foreſt, bid the Tree
Unfix his Earth-bound Root? Sweet Boadments, good:
Rebellious dead, riſe never 'till the Wood
Of *Birnam* riſe, and our high-plac'd *Macbeth*
Shall live the Leaſe of Nature, pay his breath
To time, and mortal Cuſtom. Yet my heart
Throbs to know one thing: tell me, if your Art
Can tell ſo much: Shall *Banquo's* iſſue ever
Reign in this Kingdom?
All. Seek to know no more.
Macb. I will be ſatisfied. Deny me this,
And an eternal Curſe fall on you: Let me know.
Why ſinks that Cauldron? and what noiſe is this? [*Hoboys.*
1. Shew.
2. Shew.
3. Shew.
All. Shew his Eyes, and grieve his Heart,
Come like ſhadows, ſo depart.
A ſhew of eight Kings, and Banquo *laſt, with a glaſs in his hand.*
Macb. Thou art too like the Spirit of *Banquo:* Down:
Thy Crown do's ſear mine Eye-Balls. And thy hair
Thou other Gold-bound-brow, is like the firſt:
A third, is like the former. Filthy Haggs,
Why do you ſhew me this? —— A fourth? Start Eye!
What will the Line ſtretch out to th' crack of Doom?
Another yet? A ſeventh? I'll ſee no more:
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a Glaſs,
Which ſhews me many more: and ſome I ſee,
That twofold Balls, and treble Scepters carry.
Horrible ſight: Now I ſee 'tis true,
For the Bloud-bolter'd *Banquo* ſmiles upon me,
And points at them for his. What is this ſo?
1. I Sir, all this is ſo. But why
Stands *Macbeth* thus amazedly?
Come Siſters, cheer we up his ſprights,
And ſhew the beſt of our delights.
I'll Charm the Air to give a ſound,
While you perform your Antique round:
That this great King may kindly ſay,
Our duties did his welcome pay. [*Muſick.*
The Witches Dance, and vaniſh.
Macb. Where are they? Gone?
Let this pernicious hour,
Stand aye accurſed in the Kalender.
Come in, without there. *Enter* Lenox.
Lenox. What's your Graces will?
Macb. Saw you the Wizards Siſters?
Lenox. No, my Lord.
Macb. Came they not by you?
Lenox. No indeed, my Lord.
Macb. Infected be the Air whereon they ride,
And damn'd all thoſe that truſt them. I did hear
The gallopping of Horſe. Who was't came by?
Lenox. 'Tis two or three, my Lord, that bring you word:
Macduff is fled to *England.*
Macb. Fled to *England?*
Len. I, my good Lord.
Macb. Time, thou anticipat'ſt my dread exploits:
The flighty purpoſe never is o're-took
Unleſs the deed go with it. From this moment,
The very firſtling of my heart ſhall be
The firſtlings of my hand. And even now
To Crown my thoughts with Acts: be it thought and done:
The Caſtle of *Macduff* I will ſurprize.
Seize upon *Fife*; give to th' edge o' th' Sword
His Wife, his Babes, and all unfortunate Souls,
That trace him in his Line. No boaſting like a Fool,
This deed I'll do, before this purpoſe cool,
But no more ſights. Where are theſe Gentlemen?
Come, bring me where they are. [*Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Macduff's *Wife, her Son, and* Roſſe.

Wife. What had he done, to make him fly the Land?
Roſſe. You muſt have patience, Madam.
Wife. He had none:
His flight was madneſs: when our Actions do not,
Our fears do make us Traytors.
Roſſe. You know not
Whether it was his wiſdom, or his fear.
Wife. Wiſdom? to leave his Wife, to leave his Babes,
His Manſion, and his Titles, in a place
From whence himſelf does flie? He loves us not.
He wants the natural touch: for the poor Wren
(The moſt diminutive of Birds) will fight,
Her young ones in her Neſt, againſt the Owle:
All is the Fear, and nothing is the Love;
As little is the Wiſdom, where the flight
So runs againſt all reaſon.
Roſſe. My deareſt Couz,
I pray you School your ſelf; But for your Husband,
He is Noble, Wiſe, Judicious, and beſt knows

The fits o'th' Seaſon. I dare not ſpeak much further,
But cruel are the times, when we are Traytors,
And do not know our ſelves: VVhen we hold Rumour
From what we fear, yet know not what we fear,
But float upon a wild and violent Sea
Each way, and move. I take my leave of you:
Shall not be long but I'll be here again:
Things at the worſt will ceaſe, or elſe climb upward
To what they were before, my pretty Couſin,
Bleſſing upon you.
Wife. Father'd he is,
And yet he's Fatherleſs.
Roſſe. I am ſo much a Fool, ſhould I ſtay longer,
It would be my diſgrace, and your diſcomfort.
I take my leave at once. [*Exit* Roſſe.
Wife. Sirrah, your Father's dead,
And what will you do now? How will you live?
Son. As Birds do, Mother.
Wife. VVhat with worms and flies?
Son. VVith what I get, and ſo do they.
Wife. Poor Bird,
Thoud'ſt never fear the Net, nor Line,
The Pit-fall, nor the Gin.
Son. VVhy ſhould I, Mother?
Poor Birds they are not ſet for:
My Father is not dead for all your ſaying.
Wife. Yes, he is dead:
How wilt thou do for a Father?
Son. Nay, how will you do for a Husband?
Wife. VVhy, I can buy me twenty at any Market.
Son. Then you'll buy 'em to ſell again.
Wife. Thou ſpeak'ſt with all thy wit,
And yet i' faith with wit enough for thee.
Son. VVas my Father a Traytor, Mother?
Wife. I, that he was.
Son. VVhat is a Traytor?
Wife. Why, one that ſwears and lies.
Son. And be all Traytors that do ſo?
Wife. Every one that does ſo is a Traytor,
And muſt be hang'd.
Son. And muſt they all be hang'd that ſwear and lie?
Wife. Every one.
Son. Who muſt hang them?
Wife. VVhy, honeſt men.
Son. Then the Liars and Swearers are Fools: for there are Liars and Swearers enow, to beat the honeſt men, and hang up them.
Wife. God help thee, poor Monkey:
But how wilt thou do for a Father?
Son. If he were dead, you'd weep for him: If you would not it were a good ſign, that I ſhould quickly have a new Father.
Wife. Poor Pratler, how thou talk'ſt!

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Bleſs you, fair Dame, I am not to you known,
Though in your ſtate of honour I am perfect;
I doubt ſome danger does approach you nearly.
If you will take a homely man's advice,
Be not found here: Hence with your little ones:
To fright you thus, methinks I am too ſavage:
To do worſe to you, were fell Cruelty,
Which is too nigh your perſon. Heaven preſerve you,
I dare abide no longer. [*Exit* Meſſenger.
Wife. Whither ſhould I fly?
I have done no harm. But I remember now
I am in this earthly world: where to do harm
Is often laudable, to do good ſometime
Accounted dangerous Folly. VVhy then (alas)
Do I put up that womanly defence,
To ſay I had done no harm?
VVhat are theſe faces?

Enter Murtherers.

Mur. VVhere is your Husband?
Wife. I hope in no place ſo unſanctified,
VVhere ſuch as thou may'ſt find him.
Mur. He's a Traytor.
Son. Thou ly'ſt thou ſhag-eard Villain.
Mur. VVhat you Egg?
Young fry of Treachery?
Son. He has kill'd me, Mother,
Run away, I pray you. [*Exit, crying murther.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Malcolm *and* Macduffe.

Mal. Let us ſeek out ſome deſolate ſhade, and there
VVeep our ſad boſomes empty.
Macd. Let us rather
Hold faſt the mortal Sword: and like good men,
Beſtride our downfal Birth-dome: Each new Morn,
New widows howl, new Orphans cry, new ſorrows
Strike Heaven on the face, that it reſounds
As if it felt with *Scotland*, and yell'd out
Like Syllable of Dolour.
Mal. VVhat I believe, I'll wail;
VVhat know, believe; and what I can redreſs,
As I ſhall find the time to friend, I will.
What you have ſpoke, it may be ſo perchance.
This Tyrant, whoſe ſole Name bliſters our Tongues,
Was once thought honeſt: You have lov'd him well,
He hath not touch'd you yet. I am young, but ſomething
You may diſcern of him through me, and wiſdom
To offer up a weak, poor innocent Lamb,
T'appeaſe an angry God.
Macd. I am not treacherous.
Mal. But *Macbeth* is.
A good and virtuous Nature may recoil
In an imperial charge. But I ſhall crave your pardon:
That which you are, my thoughts cannot tranſpoſe;
Angels are bright ſtill, though the brighteſt fell.
Though all things foul would bear the brows of Grace,
Yet Grace muſt ſtill look ſo.
Macd. I have loſt my hopes.
Malc. Perchance, even there
Where I did find my doubts,
Why in that rawneſs left you wife and Children?
Thoſe precious Motives, thoſe ſtrong knots of Love,
Without leave-taking. I pray you,
Let not my Jealouſies, be your Diſhonours,
But mine own ſafeties: you may be rightly juſt,
Whatever I ſhall think.
Macd. Bleed, bleed, poor Country,
Great Tyranny, lay thou thy Baſis ſure,
For goodneſs dares not check thee: wear thou thy wrongs,
The Title is afeard. Fare thee well, Lord,
I would not be the Villain that thou think'ſt,
For the whole ſpace that's in the Tyrants Graſp,
And the rich Eaſt to boot.
Mal. Be not offended:
I ſpeak not as in abſolute fear of you:
I think our Country ſinks beneath the yoke,
It weeps, it bleeds, and each new day a gaſh
Is added to her wounds. I think withal,
There would be hands up-lifted in my right:
And here from gracious *England* have I offer
Of goodly thouſands. But for all this,
When I ſhall tread upon the Tyrant's head,
Or wear it on my Sword; yet my poor Country
Shall have more vices than it had before,
More ſuffer, and more ſundry ways than ever,
By him that ſhall ſucceed.

Macd. What ſhould he be?
Mal. It is my ſelf I mean, in whom I know
All the particulars of Vice ſo grafted,
That when they ſhall be open'd black *Macbeth*
Will ſeem as pure as Snow, and the poor State
Eſteem him as a Lamb, being compar'd
With my confineleſs harms.
Macd. Not in the Legions
Of horrid Hell, can come a Devil more damn'd
In evils, to top *Macbeth.*
Macb. I grant him Bloudy,
Luxurious, Avaricious, Falſe, Deceitful,
Sudden, Malicious, ſmoaking of every ſin
That has a name. But there's no bottom, none
In my Voluptuouſneſs: Your Wives, your Daughters,
Your Matrons, and your Maids, could not fill up
The Ciſtern of my Luſt, and my Deſire
All continent Impediments would o're-bear
That did oppoſe my will. Better *Macbeth*,
Than ſuch an one to reign.
Macd. Boundleſs intemperance
In Nature is a Tyranny: It hath been
Th' untimely emptying of the happy Throne,
And fall of many Kings. But fear not yet
To take upon you what is yours: you may
Convey your pleaſures in a ſpacious plenty,
And yet ſeem cold. The time you may ſo Hoodwink:
We have willing Dames enough: there cannot be
That Vulture in you, to devour ſo many
As will to Greatneſs dedicate themſelves,
Finding it ſo inclin'd.
Mal. With this, there grows
In my moſt ill-compos'd Affection, ſuch
A ſtanchleſs Avarice, that were I King,
I ſhould cut off the Nobles for their Lands,
Deſire his Jewels, and this others Houſe,
And my more-having would be as a Sawce
To make me hunger more, that I ſhould forge
Quarrels unjuſt againſt the Good and Loyal,
Deſtroying them for wealth.
Macd. This Avarice
Sticks deeper: grows with more pernicious root
Than Summer-ſeeming Luſt: and it hath been
The Sword of our ſlain Kings: yet do not fear,
Scotland hath Poiſons to fill up your will
Of your mere Own. All theſe are portable,
With other Graces weigh'd.
Mal. But I have none, The King-becoming Graces,
As Juſtice, Verity, Temp'rance, Stableneſs,
Bounty, Perſeverance, Mercy, Lowlineſs,
Devotion, Patience, Courage, Fortitude;
I have no reliſh of them, but abound
In the diviſion of each ſeveral Crime,
Acting it many ways. Nay had I power I ſhould
Pour the ſweet Milk of Concord, into Hell,
Uproar the univerſal peace, confound
All unity on earth.
Macd. O *Scotland, Scotland!*
Mal. If ſuch a one be fit to govern, ſpeak:
I am as I have ſpoken.
*Macd.*Fit to govern? No not to live.O Nation miſerable!
With an untitled Tyrant, bloudy Sceptred,
When ſhalt thou ſee thy wholeſome days again?
Since that the trueſt Iſſue of thy Throne
By his own Interdiction ſtands accurſt,
And do's blaſpheme his breed? thy Royal Father
Was a moſt Sainted King: the Queen that bore thee,
Oftner upon her Knees, than on her feet,
Dy'd every day ſhe liv'd. Fare thee well,
Theſe Evils thou repeat'ſt upon thy ſelf,
Hath baniſht me from *Scotland.* O my Breaſt,
Thy hope ends here.
Mal. Macduff, this Noble paſſion
Child of Integrity, hath from my Soul
Wip'd the black Scruples, reconcil'd my thoughts
To thy good truth, and honour. Devilliſh *Macbeth*,
By many of theſe trains, hath ſought to win me
Into his power: and modeſt Wiſdom plucks me
From over-credulous haſte: but God above
Deal between thee and me; For even now
I put my ſelf to thy direction, and
Unſpeak mine own detraction. Here abjure
The taints, and blames I laid upon my ſelf,
For ſtrangers to my Nature, I am yet
Unknown to Women, never was forſwore,
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own,
At no time broke my Faith, would not betray
The Devil to his Fellow, and delight
No leſs in truth than life. My firſt falſe ſpeaking
Was this upon my ſelf, what I am truly
Is thine, and my poor Countries to command:
Whether indeed, before thy here approach,
Old *Seyward* with ten thouſand warlike men
Already at a point, was ſetting forth?
Now we'll together, and the chance of goodneſs
Be like our warranted Quarrel. Why are you ſilent?
Macd. Such welcome, and unwelcome things at once
'Tis hard to reconcile.

Enter a Doctor.

Mal. Well, more anon. Comes the King forth
I pray you?
Doct. I Sir: there are a crew of wretched Souls
That ſtay his Cure: their malady convinces
The great aſſay of Art. But at his touch,
Such ſanctity hath Heaven given his hand,
They preſently amend. [*Exit.*
Mal. I thank you, Doctor.
Macd. What's the Diſeaſe he means?
Mal. 'Tis call'd the Evil,
A moſt miraculous work in this good King,
Which often ſince my here remain in *England*,
I have ſeen him do: How he ſolicits Heaven,
Himſelf beſt knows: but ſtrangely viſited people,
All ſwoln and Ulcerous, pitiful to the Eye,
The mere deſpair of Surgery, he cures,
Hanging a golden ſtamp about their Necks,
Put on with holy Prayers, and 'tis ſpoken
To the ſucceeding Royalty he leaves
The healing Benediction: with this ſtrange virtue,
He hath a Heavenly Gift of Prophecy,
And ſundry Bleſſings hang about his Throne,
That ſpeak him full of Grace.

Enter Roſſe.

Macd. See, who comes here.
Malc. My Countreyman: but yet I know him not.
Macd. My ever gentle Couſin, welcome hither.
Malc. I know him now. Good God betimes remove
The means, the means that makes us ſtrangers.
Roſſe. Sir, *Amen.*
Macd. Stands *Scotland* where it did?
Roſſe. Alas poor Countrey,
Almoſt afraid to know it ſelf. It cannot
Be call'd our Mother, but our Grave; where nothing
But who knows nothing is once ſeen to ſmile:
Where ſighs and groans, and ſhrieks that rent the air
Are made, not mark'd: Where violent ſorrow ſeems
A Modern ecſtaſie: the Dead-man's Knell,
Is there ſcarce ask'd for who, and good men's lives
Expire before the Flowers in their Caps,
Dying, or e're they ſicken.
Macd. Oh relation; too nice, and yet too true.
Malc. What's the neweſt grief?
Roſſe. That of an hours age, doth hiſs the ſpeaker,
Each minute teems a new one.

Macd. How does my Wife?
Roſſe. Why, well.
Macd. And all my Children?
Roſſe. Well too.
Macd. The Tyrant has not batter'd at their peace?
Roſſe. No, they were well at peace when I did leave 'em.
Macd. Be not a niggard of your ſpeech: how go's it?
Roſſe. When I came hither to tranſport the Tidings
Which I have heavily born, there ran a Rumour
Of many worthy Fellows, that were out,
Which was to my belief witneſt the rather,
For that I ſaw the Tyrant's Power a-foot,
Now is the time of help: your Eye in *Scotland*
Would create Souldiers, make our Women fight,
To doff their dire diſtreſſes.
Malc. Be't their comfort
We are coming thither: Gracious *England* hath
Lent us good *Seyward*, and ten thouſand men,
An older, and a better Souldier, none
That Chriſtendom gives out.
Roſſe. Would I could anſwer
This comfort with the like. But I have words
That would be howl'd out in the deſert air,
Where hearing ſhould not latch them.
Macd. What concern they,
The general cauſe, or is it a Fee grief
Due to ſome ſingle Breaſt?
Roſſe. No mind that's honeſt
But in it ſhares ſome woe, though the main part
Pertains to you alone.
Macd. If it be mine
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.
Roſſe. Let not your Ears deſpiſe my tongue for ever,
Which ſhall poſſeſs them with the heavieſt ſound
That ever yet they heard.
Macd. Humh: I gueſs at it.
Roſſe. Your Caſtle is ſurpriz'd: your Wife, and Babes
Savagely ſlaughter'd: to relate the manner
Were on the Quarry of theſe murther'd Deer
To add the Death of you.
Malc. Merciful Heaven:
What man, ne're pull your Hat upon your brows:
Give ſorrow words; the grief that do's not ſpeak,
Whiſpers the o're-fraught heart, and bids it break.
Macd. My Children too?
Roſſe. Wife, Children, Servants, all that could be found.
Macd. And I muſt be from thence? My Wife kill'd too?
Roſſe. I have ſaid.
Malc. Be comforted.
Let's make us Med'cines of our great Revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.
Macd. He has no Children. All my pretty ones?
Did you ſay All? O Hell Kite! All?
What, All my pretty Chickens, and their Damm
At one fell ſwoop?
Malc. Diſpute it like a man.
Macd. I ſhall do ſo.
But I muſt alſo feel it as a man;
I cannot but remember ſuch things were
That were moſt precious to me: Did Heaven look on,
And would not take their part? Sinful *Macduff*,
They were all ſtrook for thee: Naught that I am,
Not for their own demerits, but for mine
Fell ſlaughter on their Souls: Heaven reſt them now.
Mal. Be this the Whetſtone of your Sword, let grief
Convert to anger: blunt not the heart, enrage it.
Macd. O I could play the Woman with mine Eyes,
And Braggart with my tongue. But gentle Heavens,
Cut ſhort all intermiſſion: Front to Front,
Bring thou this Fiend of *Scotland*, and my ſelf
Within my Swords length ſet him, if he ſcape,
Heaven forgive him too.
Mal. This time goes manly:
Come go we to the King, our Power is ready,
Our lack is nothing but our leave. *Macbeth*
Is ripe for ſhaking, and the Powers above
Put on their Inſtruments: Receive what cheer you may,
The Night is long that never finds the Day. [*Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scæna Prima.

Enter a Doctor *of Phyſick, and a waiting* Gentlewoman.

Doct. I Have two Nights watch'd with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it ſhe laſt walk'd?

Gent. Since his Majeſty went into the Field, I have ſeen her riſe from her Bed, throw her Night-Gown upon her, unlock her Cloſet, take forth Paper, fold it, write upon't, read it, afterwards Seal it, and again return to Bed; yet all this while in a moſt faſt ſleep.

Doct. A great perturbation in Nature, to receive at once the benefit of ſleep and do the effects of watching. In this ſlumbry agitation, beſides her walking, and other actual performances, what (at any time) have you heard her ſay?

Gent. That Sir, which I will not report after her.

Doct. You may to me, and 'tis moſt meet you ſhould.

Gent. Neither to you, nor any one, having no witneſs to confirm my ſpeech. *Enter* Lady *with a Taper.* Lo you, here ſhe comes: This is her very guiſe, and upon my life faſt aſleep; obſerve her, ſtand cloſe.

Doct. How came ſhe by that light?

Gent. Why, it ſtood by her: ſhe has light by her continually, 'tis her command.

Doct. You ſee her Eyes are open.

Gent. I but their ſenſe are ſhut.

Doct. What is it ſhe do's now? Look how ſhe rubs her hands.

Gent. It is an accuſtom'd action with her, to ſeem thus waſhing her hands: I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lad. Yet here's a ſpot.

Doct. Hark, ſhe ſpeaks, I will ſet down what comes from her, to ſatisfie my remembrance the more ſtrongly.

La. Out damned ſpot: out I ſay. One: Two: Why then 'tis time to do't: Hell is murky. Fie, my Lord, Fie, a Souldier, and afear'd? what need we fear? who knows it, when none can call our power to account: yet who would have thought the old man to have had ſo much bloud in him.

Doct. Do you mark that?

Lad. The *Thane* of *Fife*, had a Wife: where is ſhe now? What will theſe hands ne're be clean? No more o' that, my Lord, no more o' that: you marr all with ſtarting.

Doct. Go to, go to:
You have known what you ſhould not.

Gent. She has ſpoke what ſhe ſhould not, I am ſure of that: Heaven knows what ſhe has known.

La. Here's the ſmell of bloud ſtill: all the perfumes of *Arabia* will not ſweeten this little hand.
Oh, oh, oh.

Doct. What a ſigh is there? The heart is ſorely charg'd.

Gent. I would not have ſuch a heart in my boſome, for dignity of the whole body.

Doct. Well, well, well.

Gent. Pray God it be, Sir.

Doct. This Diſeaſe is beyond my practice: yet I have known thoſe which have walkt in their ſleep, who have died holily in their Beds.

Lad. Waſh your hands, put on your Night-Gown, look not ſo pale: I tell you yet again, *Banquo*'s buried; he cannot come out on's Grave.

Doct. Even ſo?

Lady. To Bed, to Bed: there's knocking at the Gate:

Come, come, come, come, give me your hand: What's done, cannot be undone. To bed, to bed, to bed.
[*Exit* Lady.

Doct. Will ſhe go now to bed?
Gent. Directly.
Doct. Foul whiſperings are abroad: unnatural deeds
Do breed unnatural troubles: Infected minds
To their deaf pillows will diſcharge their ſecrets:
More needs ſhe the Divine than the Phyſician:
God, God forgive us all. Look after her,
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,
And ſtill keep eyes upon her: So good night:
My mind ſhe has mated, and amaz'd my ſight. checkt i. e twisted
I think, but dare not ſpeak.
Gent. Good night, good Doctor. [*Exeunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

Drum and Colours. Enter Menteth, Cathnes,
Angus, Lenox, Souldiers.

Ment. The *Engliſh* power is near, led on by *Malcolm,*
His Uncle *Seyward,* and the good *Macduff.*
Revenges burn in them: For their dear cauſes
Excite the mortified man.
Ang. Near *Birnam* wood
Shall we meet them, that way are they coming.
Cath. Who knows if *Donalbaine* be with his Brother?
Lenox. For certain, Sir, he is not: I have a File
Of all the Gentry; there is *Seyward*'s Son,
And many unruff Youths, that even now
Proteſt their firſt of Manhood.
Ment. What do's the Tyrant?
Cath. Great *Dunſinane* he ſtrongly fortifies,
Some ſay he's mad: Others, that leſſer hates him,
Do call it valiant Fury, but, for certain,
He cannot buckle his diſtemper'd cauſe
Within the belt of Rule.
Ang. Now do's he feel
His ſecret Murthers ſticking on his hands,
Now minutely Revolts upraid his faith-breach:
Thoſe he commands move only in command,
Nothing in love: Now does he feel his Title
Hang looſe about him, like a Giants Robe
Upon a Dwarfiſh Thief.
Ment. Who then ſhall blame
His peſter'd Senſes to recoyl, and ſtart,
When all that is within him do's condemn
It ſelf for being there.
Cath. Well, march we on,
To give obedience where 'tis truly ow'd:
Meet we the Med'cine of the ſickly Weal,
And with him pour we in our Countries purge,
Each drop of us.
Lenox. Or ſo much as it needs,
To dew the Sovereign Flower, and drown the Weeds.
Make we our March towards *Birnam.*
[*Exeunt Marching.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Macbeth, Doctour, *and Attendants.*

Mac. Bring me no more Reports, let them fly all:
Till *Birnam* Wood remove to *Dunſinane,*
I cannot taint with fear. What's the Boy, *Malcolme?*
Was he not born of Woman? The Spirits that know
All mortal Conſequences, have pronounc'd me thus:
Fear not, *Macbeth,* no man that's born of woman
Shall e're have power upon thee. Then fly falſe *Thanes,*
And mingle with the *Engliſh* Epicures,
The mind I ſway by, and the heart I bear,
Shall never ſag with doubt, nor ſhake with fear.
i. e Sway or hang forward

Enter a Servant.

The Devil damn thee black, thou cream-fac'd Lown:
Where got'ſt thou that Gooſe-Look?
Ser. There is ten thouſand.
Macb. Geeſe, Villain?
Ser. Souldiers, Sir.
Macd. Go, prick thy face, and over-red thy fear,
Thou Lilly-liver'd Boy. What Souldiers, Patch?
Death of thy Soul, thoſe linnen cheeks of thine
Are Counſellours to fear. VVhat, Souldiers, Whay-face?
Ser. The *Engliſh* Force, ſo pleaſe you.
Macb. Take thy face hence, *Seyton,* I am ſick at heart,
When I behold: *Seyton,* I ſay, this puſh
Will cheer me ever, or diſeaſe me now.
I have liv'd long enough: My way of life
Is faln into the Sear, the yellow leaf,
And that which ſhould acompany Old Age,
As Honour, Love, Obedience, troops of Friends,
I muſt not look to have: But in their ſtead,
Curſes, not loud but deep, Mouth-honour breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.
Seyton?

Enter Seyton.

Sey. What's your Gracious pleaſure?
Macb. What news more?
Sey. All is confirm'd, my Lord, which was reported.
Macb. I'll fight, till from my bones my fleſh is hackt.
Give me my Armour.
Sey. 'Tis not needed yet.
Macb. I'll put it on:
Send out more horſes, skir the Country round,
Hang thoſe that ſtand in fear. Give me mine Armour:
How do's your Patient, Doctor?
Doct. Not ſo ſick, my Lord,
As ſhe is troubled with thick-coming Fancies,
That keep her from her reſt.
Macb. Cure her from that:
Canſt thou not miniſter to a mind diſeas'd,
Pluck from the memory a rooted Sorrow,
Raſe out the written troubles of the Brain,
And with ſome ſweet oblivious Antidote,
Cleanſe the ſtuft boſome of that perillous ſtuff,
Which weighs upon the heart?
Doct. Therein the Patient
Muſt miniſter unto himſelf.
Macb. Throw Phyſick to the Dogs, I'll none of it.
Come, put my Armour on, give me my Staffe:
Seyton, Send out: Doctor, the *Thanes* fly from me:
Come, Sir, diſpatch. If thou could'ſt, Doctor, caſt
The water of my Land, find her diſeaſe,
And purge it to a ſound and priſtine Health,
I would applaud thee to the very Echo,
That ſhould applaud again. Pull't of, I ſay,
What Rubarb, Senna, or what Purgative Drug,
Would ſcour theſe *Engliſh* hence: Hear'ſt thou of them?
Doct. I, my good Lord: Your Royal preparation
Makes us hear ſomething.
Macb. Bring it after me:
I will not be afraid of Death and Bane,
Till *Birnam* Foreſt come to *Dunſinane.*
Doct. Were I from *Dunſinane* away, and clear,
Profit again ſhould hardly draw me here. [*Exeunt.*

Scæna Quarta.

Drum and Colours. Enter Malcolme, Seyward, Macduffe,
Seyward'*s* Son, Menteth, Cathnes, Angus,
and Souldiers *Marching.*

Mal. Couſin, I hope the days are near at hand,
That Chambers will be ſafe.

Ment. We doubt it nothing.
Seyw. What Wood is this before us?
Ment. The Wood of *Birnam.*
Malc. Let every Souldier hew him down a Bough,
And bear't before him, thereby ſhall we ſhadow
The numbers of our Hoaſt, and make diſcovery
Erre in report of us.
Sould. It ſhall be done.
Seyw. We learn no other, but the confident Tyrant,
Keeps ſtill in *Dunſinane*, and will endure
Our ſetting down befor't.
Malc. 'Tis his main hope:
For where there is advantage to be given,
Both more and leſs have given him the Revolt,
And none ſerve with him, but conſtrained things,
Whoſe hearts are abſent too.
Macd. Let our beſt Cenſures
Before the true event, and put we on
Induſtrious Souldierſhip.
Sey. The time approaches,
That will with due deciſion make us know
What we ſhall ſay we have, and what we owe:
Thoughts ſpeculative, their unſure hopes relate,
But certain iſſue, ſtrokes muſt arbitrate,
Towards which, advance the War. [*Exeunt marching.*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Macbeth, Seyton, *and* Souldiers, *with Drums and Colours.*

Macb. Hang out our Banners on the outward Walls,
The Cry is ſtill, they come: Our Caſtles ſtrength
Will laugh a Siege to ſcorn: Here let them lie,
Till Famine and the Ague eat them up:
Were they not forc'd with thoſe that ſhould be ours, i.e. reinforc'd
We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,
And beat them backward home. What is that noiſe?
[*A cry within of Women.*
Sey. It is the cry of Women, my good Lord.
Macb. I have almoſt forgot the taſte of Fears:
The time has been, my ſenſes would have cool'd
To hear a Night-ſhriek, and my Fell of hair
Would at a diſmal Treatiſe rouze, and ſtir
As life were in't. I have ſupt full with horrors,
Direneſs familiar to my ſlaughterous thoughts
Cannot once ſtart me. Wherefore was that cry?
Sey. The Queen (my Lord) is dead.
Macb. She ſhould have dy'd hereafter;
There would have been a time for ſuch a word:
To morrow, and to morrow, and to morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the laſt Syllable of Recorded time:
And all our yeſterdays have lighted Fools
The way to ſtudy death. Out, out, brief Candle,
Life's but a walking Shadow, a poor Player,
That ſtruts and frets his hour upon the Stage,
And then is heard no more. It is a tale
Told by an Ideot, full of ſound and fury
Signifying nothing.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Thou com'ſt to uſe thy tongue: thy ſtory quickly.
Meſ. My Gracious Lord,
I ſhould report that which I ſay I ſaw,
But know not how to do't.
Macb. Well, ſay, Sir.
Meſ. As I did ſtand my Watch upon the Hill,
I look'd toward *Birnam*, and anon me thought
The Wood began to move.
Macb. Lyar, and Slave.
Meſ. Let me endure your wrath, if't be not ſo:
Within this three mile you may ſee it coming.
I ſay, a moving Grove.
Macb. If thou ſpeak'ſt falſe,
Upon the next Tree ſhalt thou hang alive
Till Famine cling thee: If thy ſpeech be ſooth,
I care not if thou do'ſt for me as much.
I pull in Reſolution, and begin
To doubt the Equivocation of the Fiend,
That lies like truth. Fear not, till *Birnam* Wood
Do come to *Dunſinane*, and now a Wood
Comes toward *Dunſinane*. Arm, arm, and out,
If this which he avouches do's appear,
There is no flying hence, nor tarrying here,
I'gin to be a weary of the Sun,
And wiſh th' eſtate o' th' World were now undone.
Ring the alarum Bell, blow Wind, come wrack,
At leaſt we'll die with Harneſs on our back. [*Exeunt.*

Scena Sexta.

Drums and Colours.
Enter Malcolme, Seyward, Macduffe, *and their Army, with Boughs.*

Mal. Now near enough:
Your Leavy Screens throw down,
And ſhew like thoſe you are: You (worthy Uncle)
Shall with my Couſin, your right Noble Son,
Lead our firſt Battel. Worthy *Macduffe*, and we
Shall take upon's what elſe remains to do
According to our order.
Seyw. Fare you well:
Do we but find the Tyrants power to night,
Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.
Macd. Make all our Trumpets ſpeak, give them all (breath,
Thoſe clamorous Harbingers of bloud and death. [*Exeunt.*
[*Alarums continued.*

Scena Septima.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. They have ty'd me to a ſtake, I cannot fly,
But Bear-like I muſt fight the courſe. What's he
That was not born of Woman? Such a one
Am I to fear, or none.

Enter Young Seyward.

Y. Sey. What is thy name?
Macb. Thou'lt be afraid to hear it.
Y. Sey. No: though thou call'ſt thy ſelf a hotter name
Than any is in Hell.
Macb. My name's *Macbeth.*
Y. Sey. The Devil himſelf could not pronounce a Title
More hateful to mine Ear.
Macb. No: nor more fearful.
Y. Sey. Thou lieſt thou abhorred Tyrant, with my Sword
I'll prove the lye thou ſpeak'ſt.
Fight, and young Seyward'*s ſlain.*
Macb. Thou waſt born of Woman;
But Swords I ſmile at, Weapons laugh to ſcorn,
Brandiſh'd by man that's of a Woman born. [*Exit.*

Alarums. Enter Macduffe.

Macd. That way the noiſe is: Tyrant, ſhew thy face,
If thou beeſt ſlain, and with no ſtroke of mine,
My Wife and Childrens Ghoſts will haunt me ſtill:
I cannot ſtrike at wretched *Kernes*, whoſe arms
Are hir'd to bear their Staves; either thou, *Macbeth*,
Or elſe my Sword with an unbattered edge

I ſheath again undeeded. There thou ſhould'ſt be
By this great clatter, one of greateſt note
Seems bruited. Let me find him Fortune,
And more I beg not. [*Exit. Alarums.*

Enter Malcolme *and* Seyward.

Seyw. This way, my Lord, the Caſtles gently rendred:
The Tyrants people, on both ſides do fight,
The Noble *Thanes* do bravely in the War,
The day almoſt it ſelf profeſſes yours,
And little is to do.
Malc. We have met with Foes
That ſtrike beſide us.
Seyw. Enter, Sir, the Caſtle. [*Exeunt. Alarum.*

Enter Macbeth.

Mac. Why ſhould I play the Roman Fool, and die
On mine own Sword? whiles I ſee lives, the gaſhes
Do better upon them.

Enter Macduffe.

Macd. Turn Hell-hound, turn.
Macb. Of all men elſe I have avoided thee:
But get thee back, my Soul is too much charg'd
With bloud of thine already.
Macd. I have no words,
My Voice is in my Sword, thou bloudier Villain
Than terms can give thee out. [*Fight. Alarum.*
Macb. Thou loſeſt labour,
As eaſie may'ſt thou the intrenchant Air
With thy keen Sword impreſs, as make me bleed:
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable Creſts,
I bear a charmed life, which muſt not yield
To one of Woman born.
Macd. Deſpair thy Charm,
And let the Angel whom thou ſtill haſt ſerv'd
Tell thee, *Macduffe* was from his Mothers Womb
Untimely ript.
Macb. Accurſed be that tongue that tells me ſo;
For it hath Cow'd my better part of man:
And be theſe Jugling Fiends no more believ'd,
That palter with us in a double ſenſe,
That keep the word of promiſe to our Ear,
And break it to our hope. I'll not fight with thee.
Macd. Then yield thee Coward,
And live to be the ſhew, and gaze o' th' time.
We'll have thee, as our Rarer Monſters are
Painted upon a Pole, and under-writ,
Here may you ſee the Tyrant.
Macb. I will not yield
To kiſs the ground before young *Malcolms* feet,
And to be baited with the Rabbles Curſe,
Though *Birnam* Wood be come to *Dunſinane*,
And thou oppos'd, being of no Woman born,
Yet I will try the laſt. Before my Body,
I throw my Warlike Shield: Lay on *Macduffe*,
And damn'd be him, that firſt cries hold, enough.
[*Exeunt fighting. Alarums.*

Enter fighting, and Macbeth *ſlain.*
Retreat and Flouriſh. Enter with Drum and Colours.
Malcolme, Seyward, Roſſe, Thanes, *and Souldiers.*

Mal. I would the Friends we miſs, were ſafe arriv'd.
Sey. Some muſt go off: and yet by theſe I ſee,
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.
Mal. *Macduffe* is miſſing, and your noble Son.
Roſſ. Your Son, my Lord, ha's paid a Souldiers Debt,
He only liv'd but till he was a man,
The which no ſooner had his prow eſs confirm'd
In the unſhrinking ſtation where he fought,
But like a man he dy'd.
Sey. Then he is dead?
Roſſe. I, and brought off the Field: your cauſe of ſorrow
Muſt not be meaſur'd by his worth, for then
It hath no end.
Sey. Had he his hurts before.
Roſſ. I, on the Front.
Sey. Why then, Gods Souldier be he:
Had I as many Sons as I have hairs,
I would not wiſh them to a fairer death:
And ſo his Knell is knoll'd.
Mal. He's worth more ſorrow,
And that I'll ſpend for him.
Sey. He's worth no more,
They ſay he parted well, and paid his ſcore,
And ſo God be with him. Here comes newer comfort.

Enter Macduffe, *with* Macbeths *Head.*

Macd. Hail, King, for ſo thou art.
Behold where ſtands
Th' Uſurpers Curſed Head; the time is free:
I ſee thee compaſt with thy Kingdoms Pearl,
That ſpeak my ſalutation in their minds:
Whoſe Voices I deſire aloud with mine.
Hail King of *Scotland.*
All. Hail, King of *Scotland.* [*Flouriſh.*
Mal. We ſhall not ſpend a large expence of time,
Before you reckon with your ſeveral loves,
And make us even with you. My *Thanes* and Kinſmen
Henceforth be Earls, the firſt that ever *Scotland*
In ſuch an honour nam'd: What's more to do
Which would be planted newly with the time,
As calling home our exil'd Friends abroad,
That fled the Snares of watchful Tyranny,
Producing forth the cruel Miniſters
Of this dead Butcher, and his Fiend-like Queen;
Who (as 'tis thought) by ſelf and violent hands,
Took off her life. This, and what needful elſe
That calls upon us, by the Grace of Grace,
We will perform in meaſure, time and place:
So thanks to all at once, and to each one,
Whom we invite, to ſee us Crown'd at *Scone.*
[*Flouriſh. Exeunt omnes.*

THE
TRAGEDY
OF
HAMLET
RPINCE of DENMARK.

Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Barnardo *and* Franciſco, *two* Centinels.

Bar. WHo's there?
Fran. Nay anſwer me: Stand and unfold your ſelf.
Bar. Long live the King.
Fran. Barnardo.
Bar. He.
Fran. You come moſt chearfully upon your hour.
Bar. 'Tis now ſtruck twelve, get thee to Bed, *Franciſco.*
Fran. For this relief much thanks: 'tis bitter cold,
And I am ſick at heart.
Bar. Have you had quiet Guard.
Fran. Not a Mouſe ſtirring.
Bar. Well, good Night. If you do meet *Horatio* and *Marcellus*, the Rivals of my Watch, bid them make haſt.

Enter Horatio *and* Marcellus.

Fran. I think I hear them. Stand, who's there?
Hor. Friends to this ground.
Mar. And Liege-men to the *Dane.*
Fran. Give you good Night.
Mar. O farewel, honeſt Souldier, who hath reliev'd you?
Fran. Barnardo has my place: give you good Night.
[*Exit* Franciſco.
Mar. Holla, *Barnardo.*
Bar. Say, what is *Horatio* there?
Hor. A piece of him.
Bar. Welcome, *Horatio*, welcome, good *Marcellus.*
Mar. What, has this thing appear'd again to Night.
Bar. I have ſeen nothing.
Mar. Horatio ſays, 'tis but our phantaſie,
And will not let belief take hold of him
Touching this dreaded ſight, twice ſeen of us,
Therefore I have intreated him along
With us, to watch the minutes of this Night,
That if again this Apparition come,
He may approve our Eyes, and ſpeak to it.
Hor. Tuſh, tuſh, 'twill not appear.
Bar. Sit down a while,
And let us once again aſſail your Ears,
That are ſo fortified againſt our ſtory,
What we two Nights have ſeen.
Hor. Well, ſit we down,
And let us hear *Barnardo* ſpeak of this.
Bar. Laſt night of all,
When yon ſame Star, that's weſtward from the Pole
Had made his courſe t'illume that part of Heaven.
Where now it burns, *Marcellus* and my ſelf,
The Bell then beating one.
Mar. Peace, break thee off:

Enter the Ghoſt.

Look where it comes again.
Bar. In the ſame figure like the King that's dead.
Mar. Thou art a Scholar, ſpeak to it, *Horatio.*
Bar. Looks it not like the King? Mark it, *Horatio.*
Hor. Moſt like: It harrows me with fear and wonder.
Bar. It would be ſpoke to.
Mar. Queſtion it, *Horatio.*
Hor. What art thou that uſurp'ſt this time of Night,
Together with that fair and warlike form
In which the Majeſty of buried *Denmark*
Did ſometimes march: By Heaven I charge thee ſpeak.
Mar. It is offended.
Bar. See, it ſtalks away.
Hor. Stay: ſpeak; ſpeak: I charge thee, ſpeak.
[*Exit* Ghoſt.
Mar. 'Tis gone, and will not anſwer.
Bar. How now, *Horatio*? You tremble and look pale:
Is not this ſomething more than fantaſie?
What think you on't?
Hor. Before my God I might not this believe
Without the ſenſible and true avouch
Of mine own Eyes.
Mar. Is it not like the King.
Hor. As thou art to thy ſelf,
Such was the Armour he had on,
When th'ambitious *Norway* combated:
So frown'd he once, when in an angry parle
He ſmote the ſledded Poleaxe on the Ice.
Tis ſtrange.
Mar. Thus 'twice before, and juſt at this ſame hour,
With Martial ſtalk, hath he gone by our Watch.
Hor. In what particular thought to work, I know not:
But in the groſs and ſcope of my opinion,

This boads ſome ſtrange eruption to our State.
Mar. Good now ſit down, and tell me he that knows
Why this ſame ſtrict and moſt obſervant watch,
So nightly toils the ſubject of the Land,
And why ſuch daily caſt of Brazen Cannon
And foreign Mart for Implements of War:
Why ſuch impreſſe of Shipwrights, whoſe ſore Task
Dos't not divide the Sunday from the week,
What might be toward, that this ſweaty haſte
Doth make the night joynt-labourer with the day:
Who is't that can informe me?
Hor. That can I,
At leaſt the whiſper goes ſo, Our laſt King,
Whoſe Image even but now appear'd to us,
Was (as you know) by *Fortinbras* of *Norway*,
(Thereto prick'd on by a moſt emulate pride)
Dar'd to the combate. In which, our valiant *Hamlet*,
(For ſo this ſide of our known world eſteem'd him)
Did ſlay this *Fortinbras*: who by a ſeal'd Compact,
Well ratified by Law, and Heraldry,
Did forfeit (with his life) all thoſe his Lands
Which he ſtood ſeiz'd on, to the Conqueror:
Againſt the which, a Moity competent
Was gaged by our King: which had return'd
To the Inheritance of *Fortinbras*,
Had he bin Vanquiſher, as by the ſame Cov'nant
And carriage of the Article deſign'd,
His fell to *Hamlet*. Now ſir, young *Fortinbras*,
Of unimproved mettle, hot and full,
Hath in the skirts of *Norway*, here and there,
Shark'd up a Liſt of Landleſs Reſolutes,
For food and Dyet, to ſome enterprize
That hath a ſtomach in't: which is no other
(And it doth well appear unto our State)
But to recover of us by ſtrong hand
And terms compulſative, thoſe foreſaid Lands
So by his father loſt: and this (I take it)
Is the main motive of our Preparations,
The ſource of this our watch, and the chief head
Of this poſt-haſte, and Romage in the Land.

Enter Ghoſt *again.*

But ſoft, behold: Lo, where it comes again:
I'le croſs it, though it blaſt me. Stay, Illuſion:
If thou haſt any ſound, or uſe of voice,
Speak to me. If there be any good thing to be done,
That may to thee do eaſe, and grace to me; ſpeak to me.
If thou art privy to thy Countries Fate
(Which happily foreknowing may avoid) Oh ſpeak.
Or, if thou haſt uphorded in thy life
Extorted Treaſure in the womb of Earth,
(For which, they ſay, you ſpirits oft walk in death)
Speak of it. Stay, and ſpeak. Stop it, *Marcellus*.
Mar. Shall I ſtrike at it with my Partizan?
Hor. Do if it will not ſtand.
Barn. 'Tis here.
Hor. 'Tis here.
Mar. 'Tis gone. [*Exit* Ghoſt.
We do it wrong, being ſo Majeſtical
To offer it the ſhew of Violence,
For it is as the air, invulnerable,
And our vain blows, malicious mockery.
Barn. It was about to ſpeak, when the Cock crew.
Hor. And then it ſtarted, like a guilty thing
Upon a fearful Summons. I have heard,
The Cock that is the Trumpet to the day,
Doth with his lofty and ſhrill-ſounding throat
Awake the God of Day: and at his warning,
Whether in Sea, or Fire, in Earth, or Air,
Th'extravagant and erring ſpirit hyes
To his Confine. And of the truth herein,
This preſent Object made probation.
Mar. It faded on the crowing of the Cock.
Some ſayes, that ever 'gainſt that ſeaſon comes
Wherein our Saviours Birth is celebrated,
The Bird of Dawning ſingeth all night long:
And (they ſay) no ſpirit can walk abroad,
The nights are wholſome, then no Planets ſtrike,
No Fairy talks, no Witch hath power to charm,
So hallow'd, and ſo gracious is the time.
Hor. So have I heard, and do in part believe it,
But look, the Morn in Ruſſet Mantle clad,
Walks o're the Dew of yon high Eaſtern hill,
Break we our VVatch up, and by my advice
Let us impart what we have ſeen to night
Unto young *Hamlet*. For upon my life,
This ſpirit dumb to us, will ſpeak to him:
Do you conſent we ſhall acquaint him with it,
As needful in our Loves, fitting our duty?
Mar. Let's do't, I pray, and I this morning know
VVhere we ſhall find him moſt conveniently. [*Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Clandius, King *of* Denmark, Gertrude *the* Queen, Hamlet, Polonius, Laertes, *and his Siſter* Ophelia, Lords, Attendants.

King. Though yet of *Hamlet* our dear Brothers death,
The Memory be green: and that it us befitted
To bear our hearts in grief, and our whole Kingdom
To be contracted in one brow of woe:
Yet ſo far hath Diſcretion fought with Nature,
That we with wiſeſt ſorrow think on him,
Together with remembrance of our ſelves.
Therefore our ſometimes Siſter, now our Queen,
Th' Imperial Joyntreſſe of this warlike State,
Have we, as 'twere, with a defeated joy,
VVith one Auſpicious, and one Dropping eye,
VVith mirth in Funeral, and with Dirge in Marriage,
In equal Scale weighing delight and Dole
Taken to wife; nor have we herein barr'd
Your better wiſdoms, which have freely gone
VVith this affair along, for all our thanks.
Now follows, that you know young *Fortinbras*,
Holding a weak ſuppoſal of our worth;
Or thinking by our late dear Brothers death,
Our State to be disjoynt, and out of Frame,
Colleagued with the dream of his Advantage;
He hath not fail'd to peſter us with Meſſage,
Importing the ſurrender of thoſe lands
Loſt by his Father, with all Bonds of Law
To our moſt valiant Brother. So much for him.

Enter Voltimand *and* Cornelius.

Now for our ſelf, and for this time of meeting:
Thus much the buſineſs is. VVe have here writ
To *Norway*, Uncle of young *Fortinbras*,
VVho impotent and bedrid, ſcarcely hears
Of this his Nephews purpoſe, to ſuppreſs
His further gate herein. In that the levies,
The Liſts, and full proportions are all made
Out of his ſubjects: and we here diſpatch
You, good *Cornelius*, and you *Voltimand*,
For bearing of this greeting to old *Norway*,
Giving to you no further perſonal power
To buſineſs with the King, more than the ſcope
Of theſe dilated Articles allow:
Farewell, and let your haſte commend your duty.
Volt. In that, and all things, will we ſhew our duty.
King. VVe doubt in nothing, heartily farewell.
[*Exeunt* Voltimand *and* Cornelius.
And now *Laertes*, what's the news with you?
You told us of ſome ſuit. VVhat is't, *Laertes*,
You cannot ſpeak of Reaſon to the *Dane*,

And loſe your voice. What wouldſt thou beg, *Laertes*,
That ſhall not be my Offer, not thy Asking?
The head is not more native to the heart,
The hand more inſtrumental to the mouth,
Than is the Throne of *Denmark* to thy father.
What wouldſt thou have, *Laertes*?
Laer. Dread my Lord,
Your leave and favour to return to *France*:
From whence, though willingly I came to *Denmark*,
To ſhew my duty in your Coronation,
Yet now I muſt confeſs, that duty done,
My thoughts and wiſhes bend again towards *France*,
And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.
King. Have you your Fathers leave?
What ſays *Polonius*?
Pol. He hath, my Lord:
I do beſeech you give him leave to go.
King. Take thy fair hour, *Laertes*, time be thine,
And thy beſt graces ſpend it at thy will:
But now, my Couſin *Hamlet*, and my Son?
Ham. A little more than kin, and leſs then kind.
King. How is it that the Clouds ſtill hang on you?
Ham. Not ſo, my Lord, I am too much i'th' Sun.
Queen. Good *Hamlet* caſt thy nightly colour off,
And let thine eye look like a Friend on *Denmark*.
Do not for ever with thy veiled lids
Seek for thy Noble Father in the duſt;
Thou know'ſt 'tis common, all that live muſt dye,
Paſſing through Nature to Eternity.
Ham. I, Madam, it is common.
Queen If it be;
Why ſeems it ſo particular with thee?
Ham. Seems, Madam? Nay, it is: I know not Seems:
'Tis not alone my Inky Cloak (good Mother)
Nor Cuſtomary ſuits of ſolemn Black,
Nor windy ſuſpiration of forc'd breath,
No, nor the fruitful River in the Eye,
Nor the dejected haviour of the Viſage,
Together with all Forms, Moods, ſhews of Grief,
That can denote me truly. Theſe indeed Seem,
For they are actions that a man might play:
But I have that within, which paſſeth ſhow:
Theſe, but the Trappings, and the Suits of woe.
King. 'Tis ſweet and commendable
In your Nature, *Hamlet*,
To give theſe mourning duties to your Father:
But you muſt know, your Father loſt a Father,
The Father loſt, loſt his, and the ſurviver bound
In filial Obligation, for ſome term
To do obſequious Sorrow. But to perſevere
In obſtinate condolement, is a courſe
Of impious ſtubbornneſs. 'Tis unmanly grief,
It ſhews a will moſt incorrect to Heaven,
A heart unfortified, a mind impatient,
An Underſtanding ſimple, and unſchool'd:
For what we know muſt be, and is as common
As any the moſt vulgar thing to ſence,
Why ſhould we in our peeviſh Oppoſition
Take it to heart? Fie, 'tis a fault to Heaven,
A fault againſt the Dead, a fault to Nature,
To Reaſon moſt abſurd, whoſe common theam
Is death of Fathers, and who ſtill hath cry'd,
From the firſt Coarſe, till he that dyed to day,
This muſt be ſo. We pray you throw to earth
This unprevailing woe, and think of us,
As of a Father: For let the world take note,
You are the moſt immediate to our Throne,
And with no leſs Nobility of Love,
Than that which deareſt Father bears his Son,
Do I impart towards you. For your intent
In going back to School in *Wittenberg*,
It is moſt retrograde to our deſire:
And we beſeech you, bend you to remain
Here in the cheer and comfort of our Eye,
Our chiefeſt Courtier, Couſin, and our Son.
Queen. Let not thy Mother loſe her Prayers, *Hamlet*:
I prithee ſtay with us, go not to *Wittenberg*.
Ham. I ſhall in all my beſt
Obey you, Madam.
King. Why 'tis a loving, and a fair Reply,
Be as our ſelf in *Denmark*. Madam, come,
This gentle and unforc'd accord of *Hamlet*
Sits ſmiling to my heart, in grace whereof,
No jocund Health that *Denmark* drinks to day,
But the great Cannon to the Clouds ſhall tell,
And the Kings Rouce, the Heaven ſhall bruit again,
Re-ſpeaking earthly Thunder. Come away. [*Exeunt.*

Manet Hamlet.

Ham. O that this too too ſolid Fleſh would melt,
Thaw, and reſolve it ſelf into a Dew:
Or that the Everlaſting had not fixt
His Cannon 'gainſt ſelf-ſlaughter. O God, O God!
How weary, ſtale, flat, and unprofitable
Seems to me all the uſes of this World?
Fie on't! O fie! 'tis an unweeded Garden
That grows to Seed: things rank, and groſs in Nature
Poſſeſs it meerly. That it ſhould come to this:
But two Months dead: Nay, not ſo much; not two,
So excellent a King, that was to this
Hyperion to a Satyr: ſo loving to my Mother,
That he might not between the winds of Heaven
~~lete'en~~
let e'en
Viſit her face too roughly. Heaven and Earth!
Muſt I remember: why ſhe would hang on him,
As if increaſe of Appetite had grown
By what it fed on; and yet within a Month?
Let me not think on't: Frailty, thy name is woman:
A little Month, or e're thoſe ſhooes were old,
With which ſhe followed my poor Fathers Body,
Like *Niobe*, all tears. Why ſhe, even ſhe,
(O Heaven! A Beaſt that wants diſcourſe of Reaſon
Would have mourn'd longer) married with mine Uncle,
My Fathers Brother: but no more like my Father,
Than I to *Hercules*. Within a Month?
E're yet the ſalt of moſt unrighteous tears
Had left the fluſhing of her gauled eyes,
She married. O moſt wicked ſpeed, to poſt
With ſuch dexterity to inceſtuous ſheets:
It is not, nor it cannot come to good.
But break, my heart, for I muſt hold my tongue.

Enter Horatio, Barnard, *and* Marcellus.

Hor. Hail to your Lordſhip.
Ham. I am glad to ſee you well,
Horatio, or I do forget my ſelf.
Hor. The ſame, my Lord,
And your poor ſervant ever.
Ham. Sir, my good friend,
I'll change that name with you:
And what make you from *Wittenberg*, *Horatio*?
Marcellus.
Mar. My good Lord.
Ham. I am very glad to ſee you: good even, ſir.
But, in faith, make you from *Wittenberg*.
Hor. A Truant diſpoſition, good my Lord.
Ham. I would have your Enemy ſay ſo;
Nor ſhall you do mine ear that violence,
To take it truſter of your own report
Againſt your ſelf. I know you are no Truant:
But what is your affair in *Elſenoore*?
We'll teach you to drink deep e're you depart.
Hor. My Lord, I came to ſee your Father's Funeral.
Ham. I prithee do not mock me (fellow Student)
I think it was to ſee my Mothers Wedding.
Hor. Indeed, my Lord, it followeth hard upon.
Ham. Thrift, thrift, *Horatio*: the Funeral bak'd Meats

Did coldly furniſh forth the Marriage Tables;
Would I had met my deareſt Foe in Heaven,
E're I had ever ſeen that day, *Horatio*.
My Father, methinks I ſee my Father.
Hor. O where, my Lord?
Ham. In my minds eye (*Horatio*)
Hor. I ſaw him once, he was a goodly King.
Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all:
I ſhould not look upon his like again.
Hor. My Lord, I think I ſaw him yeſternight.
Ham. Saw? Who?
Hor. My Lord, the King your Father.
Ham. The King my Father!
Hor. Seaſon your admiration for a while
With an attentive Ear; till I may deliver
Upon the witneſs of theſe Gentlemen,
This marvel to you.
Ham. For Heavens love, let me hear.
Hor. Two nights together, had theſe Gentlemen
(*Marcellus* and *Barnardo*) on their Watch
In the dead waſte and middle of the night
Been thus encountred. A figure like your Father,
Arm'd at all points exactly, *Cap a Pe*,
Appears before them, and with ſolemn March
Goes ſlow and ſtately: By them thrice he walk'd,
By their oppreſt and fear-ſurprized Eyes,
Within his Truncheons length; whilſt they ~~be~~ di ſtill'd
Almoſt to Jelly with the Act of fear,
Stand dumb and ſpeak not to him. This to me
In dreadful ſecrecy impart they did,
And I with them the third night kept the Watch,
Whereas they had deliver'd both in time,
Form of the thing; each word made true and good,
The Apparition comes. I knew your Father:
Theſe hands are not more like.
Ham. But where was this?
Mar. My Lord, upon the platform where we watcht.
Ham. Did you not ſpeak to it?
Hor. My Lord, I did;
But anſwer made it none: yet once methought
It lifted up its head, and did addreſs
It ſelf to motion, like as it would ſpeak:
But even then, the Morning Cock crew loud;
And at the ſound it ſhrunk in haſte away,
And vaniſht from our ſight.
Ham. 'Tis very ſtrange.
Hor. As I do live, my honourable Lord, 'tis true;
And we did think it writ down in our duty
To let you know of it.
Ham. Indeed, indeed, Sirs, but this troubles me.
Hold you the Watch to night?
Both. We do, my Lord?
Ham. Arm'd, ſay you?
Both. Arm'd, my Lord.
Ham. From top to toe?
Both. My Lord, from head to foot.
Ham. Then ſaw you not his face?
Hor. O yes, my Lord, he wore his *Beaver* up.
Ham. What, lookt he frowningly?
Hor. A countenance more in ſorrow than in anger.
Ham. Pale, or red?
Hor. Nay, very pale.
Ham. And fixt his Eyes upon you?
Hor. Moſt conſtantly.
Ham. I would I had been there.
Hor. It would have much amaz'd you.
Ham. Very like, very like: ſtaid it long?
Hor. While one with moderate haſte might tell a hundred.
All. Longer, longer.
Hor. Not when I ſaw't.
Ham. His Beard was griſly?
Hor. It was, I have ſeen it in his life,
A Sable Silver'd.
Ham. I'll watch to night; perchance 'twill walk again.
Hor. I warrant you it will.
Ham. If it aſſume my noble Fathers perſon,
I'll ſpeak to it, though Hell it ſelf ſhould gape
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,
If you have hitherto concealed this ſight;
Let it be treble in your ſilence ſtill:
And whatſoever elſe ſhall hap to night,
Give it an underſtanding but no tongue;
I will require your loves; ſo, fare ye well:
Upon the Platform 'twixt eleven and twelve,
I'll viſit you.
All. Our duty to your Honour. [*Exeunt.*
Ham. Your love, as mine to you: farewel.
My Fathers ſpirit in Arms! All is not well:
I doubt ſome foul play: would the night were come;
Till then ſit ſtill, my Soul; foul deeds will riſe,
Though all the Earth o'rewhelm them to mens Eyes. [*Exit.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Laertes *and* Ophelia.

Laer. My neceſſaries are imbark'd, farewel:
And Siſter, as the Winds give benefit,
And Convoy is aſſiſtant; do not ſleep,
But let me hear from you.
Ophe. Do you doubt that?
Laer. For *Hamlet*, and the trifling of his favours,
Hold it a faſhion and a toy in Bloud;
A Violet in the youth of Primy Nature;
Forward, not permanent; ſweet, not laſting
The ſuppliance of a minute; No more.
Ophe. No more but ſo.
Laer. Think it no more:
For nature creſcent does not grow alone,
In thews and Bulk: but as his Temple waxes,
The inward ſervice of the mind and ſoul
Grows wide withal. Perhaps he loves you now,
And now no foil nor cautel doth beſmerch
The vertue of his fear: but you muſt fear,
His greatneſs weigh'd, his will is not his own:
For he himſelf is ſubject to his Birth:
He may not, as unvalued perſons do,
Carve for himſelf; for, on his choice depends
The ſanctity and health of the whole State.
And therefore muſt his choice be circumſcrib'd
Unto the voice and yielding of that body,
Whereof he is the head. Then if he ſays he loves you,
It fits your wiſdom ſo far to believe it;
As he in his peculiar Sect and force
May give his ſaying deed: which is no further,
Than the main Voice of *Denmark* goes withal.
Then weigh that loſs your honour may ſuſtain,
If with too credent Ear you liſt his Songs;
Or looſe your heart; or your chaſte treaſure open
To his unmaſtered importunity.
Fear it, *Ophelia*, fear it, my dear Siſter,
And keep within the rear of your affection;
Out of the ſhot and danger of deſire.
The chorieſt maid is prodigal enough,
If ſhe unmask her beauty to the Moon:
Vertue it ſelf ſcapes not calumnious ſtrokes,
The Canker galls the infant of the ſpring
Too oft before the Buttons be diſclos'd,
And in the morn and liquid dew of Youth,
Contagious blaſtments are moſt imminent.
Be wary then, beſt ſafety lies in fear;
Youth to it ſelf rebels, though none elſe near.
Ophe. I ſhall th' effect of this good Leſſon keep,
As Watchmen to my heart: but good my Brother,
Do not as ſome ungracious Paſtors do,
Shew me the ſteep and thorny way to Heaven;
Whilſt like a puft and reckleſs Libertine

Himſelf, the Primroſe path of dalliance treads,
And reaks not his own read.
Laer. Oh, fear me not.

Enter Polonius.

I ſtay too long ; but here my Father comes :
A double bleſſing is a double grace ;
Occaſion ſmiles upon a ſecond leave.
Polon. Yet here, *Laertes ?* Aboard, aboard for ſhame,
The wind ſits in the ſhoulder of your ſail,
And you are ſtaid for there : my bleſſing with you :
And theſe few Precepts in thy memory,
See thou Character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thought his Act :
Be thou familiar ; but by no means vulgar :
The friends thou haſt, and their adoption try'd,
Grapple them to thy Soul, with hoops of ſteel :
But do not dull thy palm, with entertainment
Of each unhatch'd, unfledg'd Comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel : but being in
Bear't that th'oppoſed may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear ; but few thy voice :
Take each mans cenſure : but reſerve thy judgment :
Coſtly thy habit as thy purſe can buy ;
But not expreſt in fancy ; rich, not gaudy :
For the apparel oft proclaims the man.
And they in *France* of the beſt rank and ſtation,
Are of a moſt ſelect and generous cheſſ in that. Q. ſort
Neither a borrower, nor a lender be : diſtinguiſh'd by the Meaſure
For Loan oft loſes both it ſelf and friend :
A borrowing dulls the edge of Husbandry.
This above all ; to thine own ſelf be true :
And it muſt follow, as the night the Day,
Thou canſt not then be falſe to any man.
Farewel : my bleſſing ſeaſon this in thee.
Laer. Moſt humbly do I take my leave, my Lord.
Polon. The time invites you, go, your ſervants tend.
Laer. Farewel, *Ophelia*, and remember well
What I have ſaid to you.
Ophe. 'Tis in my memory lockt,
And you your ſelf ſhall keep the key of it.
Laer. Farewel. [*Exit* Laer.
Polon. What is't, *Ophelia*, he ſaid to you ?
Ophe. So pleaſe you, ſomething touching the Lord *Hamlet.*
Polon. Marry, well bethought :
'Tis told me he hath very oft of late
Given private time to you ; and you your ſelf
Have of your audience been moſt free and bounteous,
If it be ſo, as ſo it is, put on me ;
And that in way of caution : I muſt tell you,
You do not underſtand your ſelf ſo clearly,
As it behooves my Daughter, and your honour.
What is between you, give me up the truth ?
Ophe. He hath my Lord of late, made many tenders
Of his affection to me.
Polon. Affection, puh. You ſpeak like a green Girle,
Unſifted in ſuch perillous circumſtance.
Do you believe his tenders as you call them ?
Ophe. I do not know, my Lord, what I ſhould think.
Pol. Marry I'le teach you ; think your ſelf a Baby,
That you have tane his tenders for true pay,
Which are not ſtarling. Tender your ſelf more dearly ;
Or not to crack the wind of the poor phraſe,
Roaming it thus, you'll render me a fool.
Ophe. My Lord, he hath importun'd me with love,
In honourable faſhion.
Polon. I, faſhion you may call it, go to, go to.
Ophe. And hath given countenance to his ſpeech,
My Lord, with all the vows of heaven.
Polon. I, Springs to catch VVoodcocks. I do know
When the bloud burns, how prodigal the Soul
Gives the tongue vows : theſe blazes, daughter,
Giving more light than heat ; extinct in both,
Even in their promiſe, as it is a making ;
You muſt not take for fire. For this time, Daughter,
Be ſomewhat ſcanter of your Maiden preſence,
Set your entreatments at a higher rate,
Than a command to parley. For Lord *Hamlet*,
Believe ſo much in him, that he is young,
And with a larger tether may he walk,
Than may be given you. In few, *Ophelia*,
Do not believe his Vows ; for they are Brokers,
Not of the eye, which their inveſtments ſhew :
But meer implorators of unholy Suits,
Breathing like ſanctified and pious bonds,
The better to beguile. This is for all :
I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth,
Have you ſo ſlander any moment leiſure,
As to give words or talk with the Lord *Hamlet* :
Look to't, I charge you ; come your way.
Ophe. I ſhall obey my Lord. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet, Horatio, Marcellus.

Ham. The air bites ſhrew'dly : it is very cold ?
Hor. It is a nipping and eager air.
Ham. What hour now ?
Hor. I think it lacks of twelve.
Mar. No, it ha's ſtruck.
Hor. Indeed I heard it not : then it draws near the ſeaſon,
Wherein the Spirit held his wont to walk.
What do's this mean, my Lord ?
Ham. The King doth wake to night, and takes his rouſe,
Keeps waſſels, and the ſwaggering upſpring reels,
And as he drains his draughts of Rheniſh down,
The Kettle Drum and Trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.
Hor. Is it a cuſtom ?
Ham. I marry is't :
And to my mind, though I am native here,
And to the manner born : It is a cuſtom
More honour'd in the breach, than the obſervance.

Enter Ghoſt.

Hor. Look, my Lord, it comes.
Ham. Angels and Miniſters of grace defend us :
Be thou a Spirit of health, or Goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blaſts from hell,
Be thy events wicked or charitable,
Thou com'ſt in ſuch a queſtionable ſhape,
That I will ſpeak to thee. I'le call thee *Hamlet*,
King, Father, Royal *Dane* : Oh, oh, anſwer me,
Let me not burſt in ignorance : but tell
Why thy Canoniz'd bones hearſed in death,
Have burſt their Cearments, why the Sepulcher
Wherein we ſaw thee quietly Inurn'd,
Hath op'd his ponderous and Marble jaws,
To caſt thee up again ? What may this mean ?
That thou dead Coarſe again in compleat ſteel,
Reviſit'ſt thus the glimpſes of the Moon,
Making night hideous ? and we fools of Nature,
So horridly to ſhake our diſpoſition,
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our Souls,
Say, why is this, wherefore ? what ſhould we do ?
[Ghoſt *beckens* Hamlet.
Hor. It beckens you to go away with it,
As if it ſome impartment did deſire
To you alone.
Mar. Look with what courteous action
It wafts you to a more removed ground :
But do not go with it.
Hor. No, by no means,
Ham. It will not ſpeak : then will I follow it.
Hor. Do not, my Lord.
Ham. Why, what ſhould be the fear ?
I do not ſet my life at a Pins fee ?

And for my Soul what can it do to that?
Being a thing immortal as it ſelf:
It waves me forth again; I'le follow it.
Hor. What if it tempt you toward the Floud, my Lord?
Or to the dreadful Sonnet of the Cliff, Summit
That beetles o're his baſe into the Sea,
And there aſſumes ſome other horrible form,
Which might deprive your Soveraignty of Reaſon,
And draw you into madneſs? think of it.
Ham. It wafts me ſtill: go on, I'le follow thee.
Mar. You ſhall not go, my Lord.
Ham. Hold off your hand.
Hor. Be rul'd, you ſhall not go.
Ham. My fate cries out,
x artery
And makes each petty Attire in this body, this
As hardy as the Nemean Lions Nerve:
Still am I call'd? Unhand me, Gentlemen:
By heav'n, I'le make a Ghoſt of him that letts me:
I ſay away, go on, I'le follow thee.
[*Exeunt.* Ghoſt, *and* Hamlet.

Hor. He waxes deſperate with imagination.
Mar. Let's follow; 'tis not fit thus to obey him.
Hor. Have after, to what iſſue will this come?
Mar. Something is rotten in the State of *Denmark.*
Hor. Heaven will direct it.
Mar. Nay, let's follow him. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Ghoſt *and* Hamlet.

Ham. Where wilt thou lead me? ſpeak; I'le go no further.
Ghoſt. Mark me. *Ham.* I will.
Ghoſt. My hour is almoſt come,
When I to ſulphurous and tormenting Flames
Muſt render up my ſelf.
Ham. Alas poor Ghoſt.
Ghoſt. Pitty me not, but lend thy ſerious hearing
To what I ſhall unfold.
Ham. Speak, I am bound to hear.
Ghoſt. So art thou to revenge, when thou ſhalt hear.
Ham. What?
Ghoſt. I am thy fathers ſpirit,
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night;
And for the day confin'd, too, faſt in fires, moreover
Till the foul crimes done in my dayes of Nature,
Are burnt and purg'd away: But that I am forbid
To tell the ſecrets of my Priſon-houſe;
I could a Tale unfold, whoſe lighteſt word
Would harrow up thy ſoul, freez thy young bloud,
Make thy two eyes, like Stars, ſtart from their Spheres,
Thy knotty and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to ſtand an end
Like Quills upon the fretful Porpentine:
But this eternal blazon muſt not be
To ears of fleſh and bloud; liſt *Hamlet*, oh liſt,
If thou didſt ever thy dear father love.
Ham. Oh heaven!
Ghoſt. Revenge his foul and moſt unnatural Murther.
Ham. Murther?
Ghoſt. Murther moſt foul, as in the beſt it is;
But this moſt foul, ſtrange, and unnatural.
Ham. Haſte, haſte me to know it,
That I with wings as ſwift
As Meditation, or the thoughts of Love
May ſweep to my Revenge.
Ghoſt. I find thee apt,
And duller ſhould'ſt thou be than the fat weed
That rots it ſelf in eaſe on Lethe Wharf,
Would'ſt thou not ſtir in this. Now, *Hamlet*, hear:
It's given out, that ſleeping in mine Orchard,
A Serpent ſtung me: ſo the whole ear of *Denmark*,
Is by a forged proceſs of my death
Rankly abus'd: But know, thou noble youth,
The Serpent that did ſting thy fathers life,
Now wears his Crown.
Ham. O my Prophetick Soul: mine Uncle?
Ghoſt. I, that inceſtuous, that adulterate Beaſt
With witchcraft of his wits, and traiterous gifts
(Oh wicked wit, and gifts, that have the power
So to ſeduce)! won to his ſhameful luſt
The will of my moſt ſeeming vertuous Queen:
Oh *Hamlet*, what a falling off was there,
From me, whoſe love was of that dignity,
That it went hand in hand, even with the Vow
I made to her in Marriage; and to decline
Upon a Wretch, whoſe natural gifts were poor
To thoſe of mine. But vertue, as it never will be moved,
Though Lewdneſs court it in a ſhape of heaven:
So luſt, though to a radiant Angel link'd,
Will ſeat it ſelf in a Celeſtial bed, and prey in Garbage.
But ſoft, methinks I ſcent the mornings Air:
Brief let me be: ſleeping within mine Orchard,
My cuſtom always in the afternoon;
Upon my ſecure hour thy Uncle ſtole
With juyce of curſed Hebenon in a Viol,
And in the Porches of mine ears did pour
The leprous Diſtilment; whoſe effect
Holds ſuch an enmity with bloud of man,
That ſwift as Quick-ſilver it courſes through
The natural Gates and Allies of the body;
And with a ſudden vigour it doth poſſet
And curd, like Aygre droppings into Milk,
The thin and wholſom bloud: ſo did it mine
And a moſt inſtant Tetter bak'd about,
Moſt Lazar-like, with vile and loathſome cruſt,
All my ſmooth body.
Thus was I, ſleeping, by a Brothers hand,
Of Life, of Crown, and Queen at once diſpatcht:
Cut off even in the bloſſoms of my Sin,
Unhouzzled, diſappointed, unnaneld,
No reckoning made, but ſent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head,
Oh horrible, Oh horrible, moſt horrible!
If thou haſt nature in thee, bear it not;
Let not the Royal Bed of *Denmark* be
A Couch for Luxury and damned Inceſt,
But howſoever thou purſueſt this Act,
Taint not thy mind; nor let thy Soul contrive
Againſt thy Mother ought; leave her to heaven,
And to thoſe thorns that in her boſom lodge,
To prick and ſting her. Fare thee well at once,
The Glow-worm ſhews the Matine to be near,
And 'gins to pale his uneffectual Fire:
Adieu, adieu, *Hamlet*: remember me. [*Exit.*
Ham. Oh all you hoſt of heaven! Oh Earth; what elſe?
And ſhall I couple hell? Oh fie: hold my heart;
And you my ſinews, grow not inſtant Old;
But bear me ſtiffly up: remember thee?
I, thou poor Ghoſt, while memory holds a ſeat
In this diſtracted Globe: Remember thee?
Yea, from the table of my memory,
I'le wipe away all trivial fond Records,
All ſaws of books, all forms, all preſſures paſt,
That youth and obſervation copied there:
And thy Commandment all alone ſhall live
Within the book and Volume of my brain,
Unmixt with baſer matter; yes, yes, by heaven:
Oh moſt pernicious woman!
Oh Villain, Villain ſmiling damned Villain!
My Tables, my Tables: meet it is I ſet it down,
That one may ſmile, and ſmile, and be a Villain;
At leaſt I'm ſure it may be ſo in *Denmark*;
So Uncle, there you are: now to my word;
It is; adieu, adieu, Remember me: I have ſworn't.
Hor. & Mar. within. My Lord, my Lord.

Enter Horatio *and* Marcellus.

Mar. Lord *Hamlet*. *Hor.* Heaven ſecure him.

Mar. So be it.
Hor. Illo, ho, ho, my Lord.
Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy; come bird, come.
Mar. How is't, my Noble Lord?
Hor. What news, my Lord?
Ham. Oh wonderful!
Hor. Good my Lord, tell it.
Ham. No, you'll reveal it.
Hor. Not I, my Lord, by heaven.
Mar. Nor I, my Lord.
Ham. How ſay you then, would heart of man once think
But you'll be ſecret? (it?
Both. I, by heav'n, my Lord.
Ham. There's ne're a villain dwelling in all *Denmark*,
But he's an arrant Knave.
Hor. There needs no Ghoſt, my Lord, come from the
Grave to tell us this.
Ham. Why, right, you are i'th'right;
And ſo without more circumſtance at all,
I hold it fit that we ſhake hands, and part:
You as your buſineſs and deſires ſhall point you:
For every man has buſineſs and deſire,
Such as it is: and for mine own poor part,
Look you, I'le go pray.
Hor. Theſe are but wild and hurling words, my Lord.
Ham. I'm ſorry they offended you, heartily:
Yes faith, heartily:
Hor. There's no offence, my Lord.
Ham. Yes, by Saint *Patrick*, but there is my Lord,
And much offence too, touching this Viſion here:
It is an honeſt Ghoſt, that let me tell you:
For your deſire to know what is between us,
O're-maſter't as you may. And now, good friends,
As you are Friends, Scholars, and Souldiers,
Give me one poor requeſt.
Hor. What is't, my Lord? we will.
Ham. Never make known what you have ſeen to night.
Both. My Lord, we will not.
Ham. Nay, but ſwear't.
Hor. In faith, my Lord, not I.
Mar. Nor I, my Lord, in faith.
Ham. Upon my Sword.
Mar. We have ſworn, my Lord, already.
Ham. Indeed, upon my ſword, indeed.
Gho. Swear. [Ghoſt *cries under the Stage*.
Ham. Ah, ha boy, ſay'ſt thou ſo! Art thou there true-
penny? Come on, you hear this fellow in the Celleridge.
Conſent to ſwear.
Hor. Propoſe my oath, my Lord.
Ham. Never to ſpeak of this that you have ſeen.
Swear by my Sword.
Gho. Swear.
Ham. *Hic & ubique?* Then we'll ſhift for ground,
Come hither Gentlemen.
And lay your hands again upon my ſword.
Never to ſpeak of this that you have heard:
Swear by my Sword.
Gho. Swear. (faſt?
Ham. Well ſaid, old Mole, can'ſt work i'th' ground ſo
A worthy Pioneer, once more remove, good friend.
Hor. Oh day and night, but this is wondrous ſtrange.
Ham. And thereſore as a ſtranger bid it welcom.
There are more things in heaven and earth, *Horatio*,
Than are dream't of in our Philoſophy. But come,
Here as before, never ſo help you mercy,
How ſtrange or odde ſo ere I bear my ſelf;
(As I perchance hereafter ſhall think meet
To put an antick diſpoſition on:)
That you at ſuch time ſeeing me, never ſhall
With armes encumbred thus, or thus, head ſhake;
Or by pronouncing of ſome doubtful phraſe;
As well, we know, or we could, and if we would,
Or if we liſt to ſpeak; or there be and if there might,
Or ſuch ambiguous giving out to note,
That you know ought of me; this not to do:
So grace and mercy at your moſt need help you:
Swear.
Ghoſt. Swear.
Ham. Reſt, reſt perturbed Spirit: ſo, Gentlemen,
With all my love commend me to you;
And what ſo poor a man as *Hamlet* is,
May do t'expreſs his love and friending to you,
God willing ſhall not lack: let us go in together,
And ſtill your fingers on your lips I pray,
The time is out of joynt: Oh curſed ſpight,
That ever I was born to ſee it right.
Nay, come, let's go together. [*Exeunt*.

Actus Secundus.

Enter Polonius, *and* Reynoldo.

Pol. Give him his mony, and thoſe notes, *Reynoldo*.
Reynol. I will my Lord.
Pol. You ſhall do marvels ou wiſely, good *Reynoldo*.
Before you viſit him, you make inquiry
Of his behaviour.
Reyn. My Lord, I did intend it.
Polon. Marry, well ſaid:
Very well ſaid. Look you, ſir,
Enquire me firſt what Danskers are in *Paris*;
And how, and who; what means; and where they keep:
What company, what expence: and finding
By this encompaſſement and drift of queſtion,
That they do know my ſon: Come you more near,
Then your particular demands will touch it,
Take you as 'twere ſome diſtant knowledge of him,
And thus, I know his father and his friends,
And in part him. Do you mark this, *Reynoldo?*
Reynol. I, very well, my Lord,
Polon. And in part him, but you may ſay not well;
But if't be he I mean, he's very wild;
Addicted ſo and ſo; and there put on him
What forgeries you pleaſe: marry, none ſo rank,
As may diſhonour him: take heed of that:
But, ſir, ſuch wanton, wild, and uſual ſlips,
As are companions noted and moſt known
To youth and liberty.
Reyno. As gaming, my Lord.
Polon. I, or drinking, fencing, ſwearing,
Quarrelling, Drabbing. You may go ſo far.
Rey. My Lord, that would diſhonour him.
Polon. Faith no, as you may ſeaſon it in the charge;
You muſt not put another ſcandal on him,
That he is open to Incontinency,
That's not my meaning; but breath his faults ſo quaintly,
That they may ſeem the taints of liberty;
The flaſh and out-break of a fiery mind,
A ſavageneſs in unreclaim'd bloud of general aſſault.
Reynol. But, my good Lord.
Polon. Wherefore ſhould you do this?
Reynol. I, my Lord, I would know that
Polon. Marry, ſir, here's my drift,
And I believe it is a fetch of warrant:
You laying theſe ſlight ſullies on my Son,
As 'twere a thing a little ſoil'd i'th'working:
Mark you your party in converſe; him you would ſound,
Having ever ſeen, In the prenominate crimes,
The youth you breath of guilty, be aſſur'd
He cloſes with you in this conſequence:
Good ſir, or ſo, or friend, or Gentleman.
According to the Phraſe and the addition,
Of man and Country.
Reynol. Very good, my Lord.
Polon. And then, ſir, do's he this?
He do's: what was I about to ſay?
I was about to ſay nothing: where did I leave?

Reynol. At cloſes in the conſequence:
At friend, or ſo, and Gentleman.
Polon. At cloſes in the conſequence, I marry,
He cloſes with you thus. I know the Gentleman,
I ſaw him yeſterday, or 'tother day;
Or then, or then, with ſuch and ſuch, and as you ſay,
There was he gaming, there o'retook in's Rouſe,
There falling out at Tennis; or perchance,
I ſaw him enter ſuch a houſe of ſail,
Videlicet, a Brothel, or ſo forth. See you now;
Your bait of ſalſhood, takes this Cape of truth;
And thus do we of wiſdom and of reach
VVith windlaces, and with aſſayes of Byas,
By indirections find directions out:
So by my former Lecture and advice
Shall you my ſon; you have me, have you not?
Reynol. My Lord, I have.
Polon. God b'w' you; fare you well.
Reynol. Good my Lord.
Polon. Obſerve his inclination in your ſelf.
Reynol. I ſhall, my Lord.
Polon. And let him ply his Muſick.
Reynol. VVell, my Lord. [*Exit.*

Enter Ophelia.

Polon. Farewell:
How now, *Ophelia*, what's the matter?
Ophe. Alas, my Lord, I have been ſo affrighted.
Polon. VVith what, in the Name of Heaven?
Ophe. My Lord, as I was ſowing in my Chamber,
Lord *Hamlet* with his doublet all unbrac'd,
No Hat upon his head, his ſtockings foul'd,
Ungarter'd, and down-gyved to his Ancle,
Pale as his ſhirt, his knees knocking each other,
And with a look ſo pitious in purport,
As if he had been looſed out of Hell,
To ſpeak of horrors: he comes before me.
Polon. Mad for thy love?
Ophe. My Lord, I do not know: but truly I do fear it.
Polon. VVhat ſaid he?
Ophe. He took me by the wriſt.
Then goes he to the length of all his Arme;
And with his other hand, thus o're his brow,
He falls to ſuch peruſal of my face,
As he would draw it. Long ſtaid he ſo,
At laſt, a little ſhaking of my arme,
And thrice his head thus waving up and down,
He rais'd a ſigh, ſo hideous and profound,
That it did ſeem to ſhatter all his bulk,
And end his being. That done, he lets go,
And with his head over his ſhoulders turn'd,
He ſeem'd to find his way without his eyes,
For out adoors he went without their help;
And to the laſt, bended their light on me.
Polon. Go with me, I will go ſeek the King,
This is the very ecſtaſie of Love,
VVhoſe violent property foredoes it ſelf,
And leads the will to deſperate Undertakings,
As oft as any paſſion under heaven,
That do's afflict our Natures. I am ſorry,
VVhat have you given him any hard words of late?
Ophe. No, my good Lord: but as you did command,
I did repell his Letters, and deny'd
His acceſs to me.
Polon. That hath made him mad.
I am ſorry that with better ſpeed and judgment
I had not quoted him. I fear he did but trifle,
And meant to wrack thee: but beſhrew my jealouſie:
It ſeems it is as proper to our Age,
To caſt beyond our ſelves in our opinions,
As it is common for the younger ſort
To lack diſcretion. Come, go we to the King.
This muſt be known, which being kept cloſe might move
More grief to hide, than hate to utter love. [*Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter King, Queen, Roſincroſs, *and* Guildenſtare *cum aliis.*

King. VVelcome dear *Roſincroſs* and *Guildenſtare*,
Moreover, that we much did long to ſee you,
The need we have to uſe you, did provoke
Our haſty ſending. Something have you heard
Of *Hamlet*'s transformation: ſo I call it,
Since not th'exterior, nor the inward man
Reſembles that it was. VVhat it ſhould be
More than his fathers death, that thus hath put him
So much from th'underſtanding of himſelf,
I cannot deem of. I intreat you both,
That being of ſo young dayes brought up with him:
And ſince ſo Neighbour'd to his youth, and humour,
That you vouchſafe your reſt here in our Court
Some little time, ſo by your Companies
To draw him on to pleaſures, and to gather
So much as from Occaſions you may glean,
That open'd lies within our remedy,
Qu. Good Gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of you,
And ſure I am, two men there are not living,
To whom he more adheres. If it will pleaſe you
To ſhew us ſo much gentry and good will,
As to expend your time with us a while,
For the ſupply and profit of our hope,
Your Viſitation ſhall receive ſuch thanks,
As fits a Kings remembrance.
Roſin. Both your Majeſties
Might by the Soveragin power you have of us,
Put your dread pleaſures, more into command
Than to Entreaty.
Guil. VVe both obey,
And here give up our ſelves, in the full bent,
To lay our ſervices freely at your feet,
To be commanded.
King. Thanks, *Roſincroſs*, and gentle *Guildenſtare*,
Que. Thanks, *Guildenſtare*, and gentle *Roſincroſs*,
And I beſeech you inſtantly to viſit
My too much changed ſon.
Go ſome of ye,
And bring the Gentlemen where *Hamlet* is.
Guil. Heavens make our preſence and our practices
Pleaſant and helpful to him. [*Exeunt.*
Queen. Amen.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. The Ambaſſadors from *Norway*, my good Lord,
Are joyfully return'd.
King. Thou ſtill haſt been the father of good news.
Pol. Have I, my Lord? Aſſure you, my good Liege,
I hold my duty, as I hold my Soul,
Both to my God, one to my gracious King:
And I do think, or elſe this brain of mine
Hunts not the trail of Policy, ſo be ſure
As I have us'd to do, that I have found
The very cauſe of *Hamlet*'s Lunacy.
King. O ſpeak of that, that I do long to hear.
Pol. Give firſt admittance to th'Ambaſſadors,
My News ſhall be the News to that great Feaſt.
King. Thy ſelf do grace to them, and bring them in.
He tells me, my ſweet Queen, that he hath found
The head and ſource of all your ſons diſtemper.
Queen. I doubt it is no other, but the main,
His fathers death, and our o're-haſty Marriage.

Enter Polonius, Voltimand, *and* Cornelius.

King. Well, we ſhall ſiſt him. VVelcom, good Friends:
Say *Voltimand*, what from our Brother *Norway?*
Volt. Moſt fair return of Greetings, and deſires.
Upon our firſt, he ſent out to ſuppreſs
His Nephews Levies, which to him appear'd
To be a preparation 'gainſt the Polak:
But better look'd into, he truly found
It was againſt your Highneſs, whereat grieved,
That ſo his Sickneſs, Age, and Impotence
VVas falſely born in hand, ſends out Arreſts
On *Fortinbras*, which he (in brief) obeys,
Receives rebuke from *Norway:* and in fine,
Makes Vow before his Uncle, never more
To give th'aſſay of armes againſt your Majeſty.
VVhereon old *Norway*, overcome with joy,
Gives him three thouſand Crowns in annual Fee,
And his commiſſion to imploy thoſe Souldiers
So levied as before, againſt the Polak:
VVith an intreaty herein further ſhewn,
That it might pleaſe you to give quiet paſs
Through your Dominions for his enterprize.
On ſuch regards of ſafety and allowance,
As therein are ſet down.
King. It likes us well:
And at our more conſider'd time we'll read,
Anſwer, and think upon this buſineſs.
Mean time we thank you, for your well-look't labor.
Go to your reſt, at night we'll Feaſt together.
Moſt welcom home. [*Exit* Ambaſ.
Pol. This buſineſs is very well ended.
My Liege and Madam, to expoſtulate
What Majeſty ſhould be, what duty is,
Why day is day; night, night; and time is time,
Were nothing but to waſte Night, day, and time.
Therefore, ſince Brevity is the Soul of wit,
And tediouſneſs, the limbs and outward flouriſhes,
I will be brief. Your noble Son is mad:
Mad call I it; for to define true Madneſs,
What is't, but to be nothing elſe but mad.
But let that go.
Queen. More matter, with leſs Art.
Pol. Madam, I ſwear I uſe no Art at all:
That he is mad 'tis true: 'Tis true, 'tis pity,
And pity it is true: A fooliſh figure,
But farewell it: for I will uſe no art.
Mad let us grant him then: and now remains
That we find out the cauſe of this effect,
Or rather ſay, the cauſe of this defect;
For this effect defective, comes by cauſe,
Thus it remains, and the remainder thus. Perpend.
I have a Daughter: have, whil'ſt ſhe is mine,
Who in her duty and Obedience, mark,
Hath given me this: now gather, and ſurmiſe.

The Letter.

To the Celeſtiall, and my Souls Idol, the moſt beautified Ophelia.

That's an ill Phraſe, a vile Phraſe, beautified is a vile Phraſe: but you ſhall hear theſe in her excellent white boſome, theſe.

Queen. Came this from *Hamlet* to her.
Pol. Good Madam ſtay a while, I will be faithfull.
Doubt thou, the Stars are fire,
Doubt, that the Sun doth move:
Doubt Truth to be a Lyar,
But never Doubt, I love.

O dear Ophelia, *I am ill at theſe Numbers: I have not Art to reckon my groans; but that I love thee beſt, oh moſt Beſt, believe it. Adieu.*

Thine evermore, moſt dear Lady, whilſt this Machine is to him, Hamlet.

This in Obedience hath my Daughter ſhew'd me:
And more above hath his ſoliciting,
As they fell out by time, by means, and place,
All given to mine ear.
King. But how hath ſhe receiv'd his Love?
Pol. What do you think of me?
King. As of a man, faithfull and honourable.
Pol. I would fain prove ſo. But what might you think?
When I had ſeen his hot love on the wing,
As I perceived it, I muſt tell you that
Before my Daughter told me, what might you
Or my dear Majeſty your Queen here, think,
If I had play'd the Desk or Table-book,
Or given my heart a winking, mute and dumb,
Or look'd upon this love, with idle ſight,
What might you think? No, I went round to work,
And my young Miſtris thus I did beſpeak;
Lord *Hamlet* is a Prince out of thy Sphere,
This muſt not be: and then, I precepts gave her,
That ſhe ſhould lock her ſelf from his Reſort,
Admit no Meſſengers, receive no Tokens:
Which done, ſhe took the fruits of my advice,
And he repulſed, a ſhort Tale to make,
Fell into a Sadneſs, then into a Faſt,
Thence to a Watch, thence into a weakneſs,
Thence to a Lightneſs, and by this declenſion
Into the Madneſs whereon now he raves,
And all we wail for.
King. Do you think 'tis this?
Queen. It may be very likely.
Pol. Hath there been ſuch a time, I'de fain know that,
That I have poſitively ſaid, 'tis ſo,
When it prov'd otherwiſe?
King. Not that I know.
Pol. Take this from this, if this be otherwiſe,
If Circumſtances lead me, I will find
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
Within the Center.
King. How may we try it further?
Pol. You know ſometimes
He walks four hours together, here
In the Lobby.
Queen. So he has indeed.
Pol. At ſuch a time I'le looſe my Daughter to him,
Be you and I behind an Arras then,
Mark the encounter: If he love her not,
And be not from his reaſon faln thereon;
Let me be no Aſſiſtant for a State,
And keep a Farm and Carters,
King. We will try it.

Enter Hamlet *reading on a Book.*

Queen. But look where ſadly the poor wretch
Comes reading.
Pol. Away, I do beſeech you, both away,
I'le board him preſently. [*Exit* King *and* Queen.
Oh give me leave. How does, my good Lord *Hamlet?*
Ham. Well, god-a-mercy.
Pol. Do you know me, my Lord?
Ham. Excellent, excellent well: y'are a *Fiſhmonger?*
Pol. Not I, my Lord?
Ham. Then I would you were ſo honeſt a man.
Pol. Honeſt, my Lord?
Ham. I, Sir, to be honeſt as this world goes, is to be one pick'd out of two thouſand.
Pol. That's very true, my Lord.
Ham. For if the Sun breed Maggots in a dead Dog, being a good kiſſing Carrion—— God
Have you a Daughter?
Pol. I have, my Lord.
Ham. Let her not walk ith' Sun: Conception is a bleſſing, but not as your Daughter may conceive. Friend look to't.

Pol. How ſay you by that? Still harping on my Daughter: yet he knew me not at firſt; he ſaid I was a *Fiſhmonger:* he is far gone, far gone: and truly in my youth, I ſuffered much extremity for love; very near this. I'le ſpeak to him again. What do you read, my Lord?

Ham. Words, words, words.

Pol. What is the matter, my Lord?

Ham. Between whom?

Pol. I mean the matter you mean, my Lord.

Ham. Slanders, Sir: for the Satyrical ſlave ſayes here, that old men have gray Beards; that their faces are wrinkled; their eyes purging thick Amber, or Plum Tree-Gum: and that they have a plentifull lack of Wit, together with weak Hams. All which, Sir, though I moſt powerfully, and potently believe, yet I hold it not Honeſty to have it thus ſet down: For you your ſelf, Sir, ſhould be old as I am, if like a Crab you could go backward.

Pol. Though this be madneſs,
Yet there is Method in't: will you walk
Out of the air, my Lord?

Ham. Into my Grave?

Pol. Indeed that is out oth' air:
How pregnant (ſometimes) his replies are?
A happineſs,
That often Madneſs hits on,
Which Reaſon and Sanity could not
So proſperouſly be deliver'd of.
I will leave him,
And ſuddenly contrive the means of meeting
Between him and my Daughter.
My honourable Lord, I will moſt humbly
Take my leave of you.

Ham. You cannot, Sir, take from me any thing, that I will more willingly part withall, except my life, my life.

Polon. Fare you well, my Lord.

Ham. Theſe tedious old fools.

Polon. You go to ſeek my Lord *Hamlet*; there he is.

Enter Roſincros *and* Guildenſtare.

Roſin. God ſave you, Sir.

Guild. Mine honour'd Lord?

Roſin. My moſt dear Lord?

Ham. My excellent good friends? How doſt thou *Guildenſtare?* Oh, *Roſincros*, good Lads: How do ye both?

Roſin. As the indifferent Children of the earth.

Guild. Happy, in that we are not over-happy: on Fortunes Cap, we are not the very Button.

Ham. Nor the Soals of her Shooe?

Roſin. Neither, my Lord.

Ham. Then you live about her waſte, or in the middle of her favour?

Guild. Faith, her privates we.

Ham. In the ſecret parts of Fortune? Oh, moſt true: ſhe is a Strumpet. Whats the news.

Roſin. None, my Lord, but that the World's grown honeſt.

Ham. Then is Dooms day near: but your News is not true. Let me queſtion more in particular: what have you, my good friends, deſerved at the hands of fortune, that ſhe ſends you to priſon hither?

Guild. Priſon, my Lord?

Ham. *Denmark*'s a Priſon.

Roſin. Then is the World one.

Ham. A goodly one, in which there are many Confines, Wards, and Dungeons; *Denmark* being one o' th' worſt.

Roſin. We think not ſo, my Lord.

Ham. Why then, 'tis none to you; for there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it ſo: to me it is a priſon.

Roſin. Why then your Ambition makes it one: 'tis too narrow for your mind.

Ham. O God, I could be bounded in a Nut-ſhell, and count my ſelf a King of infinite ſpace; were it not that I have bad dreams.

Guild. Which dreams indeed are Ambition: for the very ſubſtance of the Ambitious, is meerly the ſhadow of a Dream.

Ham. A dream it ſelf is but a ſhadow.

Roſin. Truly, and I hold Ambition of ſo airy and light a quality, that it is but a ſhadows ſhadow.

Ham. Then are our Beggars bodies; and our Monarchs, and out-ſtretcht Heroes, the Beggars ſhadows: ſhall we to th' Court: for, by my fey I cannot reaſon?

Both. We'll wait upon you.

Ham. No ſuch matter. I will not ſort you with the reſt of my ſervants: for to ſpeak to you like an honeſt man: I am moſt dreadfully attended; but in the beaten way of friendſhip, What make you at *Elſinoore?*

Roſin. To viſit you, my Lord, no other occaſion.

Ham. Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks; but I thank you: and ſure, dear friends, my thanks are too dear a half-penny; were you not ſent for? Is it your own inclining? Is it a free viſitation? Come, deal juſtly with me: come, come; nay, ſpeak.

Guild. What ſhould we ſay, my Lord?

Ham. Why, any thing. But to the purpoſe; you were ſent for; and there is a kind of confeſſion in your looks: which your modeſties have not craft enough to colour, I know the good King and Queen have ſent for you.

Roſin. To what end, my Lord?

Ham. That you muſt teach me: but let me conjure you by the rights of your fellowſhip, by the conſonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our ever-preſerved love, and by what more dear, a better propoſer could charge you withall; be even and direct with me, whether you were ſent for or no.

Roſin. What ſay you?

Ham. Nay then I have an eye of you: if you love me, hold not off.

Guild. My Lord, we were ſent for.

Ham. I will tell you why; ſo ſhall my anticipation prevent your diſcovery of your ſecrecy to the King and Queen: moult no feather, I have of late, but wherefore I know not, loſt all my mirth, forgone all cuſtom of exerciſe; and indeed, it goes ſo heavenly with my diſpoſition; that this goodly frame, the earth, ſeems to me a ſteril Promontory; this moſt excellent Canopy the air, look you this brave o're-hanging, this Majeſtical Roof, fretted with golden fire: why, it appeared no other thing to me, than a foul and peſtilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is a man! How Noble in Reaſon? how infinite in faculty? in form and moving how expreſs and admirable? in action, how like an Angel? in apprehenſion how like a god? the beauty of the world, the Parragon of Animals; and yet to me, what is this quinteſſence of Duſt? Man delights not me; no, nor Woman neither, though by your ſmiling you ſeem to ſay ſo.

Roſin. My Lord, there was no ſuch ſtuff in my thoughts.

Ham. Why did you laugh, when I ſaid, Man delights not me?

Roſin. To think, my Lord, if you delight not in Man, what Lenton entertainment the Players ſhall receive from you: we quoted coated them on the way, and hither are they coming to offer you Service.

Ham. He that playes the King ſhall be welcome; his Majeſty ſhall have Tribute of me: the adventurous Knight ſhall uſe his Foyle and Target: The Lover ſhall not ſigh *gratis*, the humorous man ſhall end his part in peace: the Clown ſhall make thoſe laugh, whoſe lungs are tickl'd ath' ſere: and the Lady ſhall ſay her mind freely; or the blank Verſe ſhall halt for't, what Players are they?

Roſin. Even thoſe you were wont to take delight in, the Tragedians of the City.

Ham. How chances it they travell? their reſidence both in reputation and profit was better both wayes.

Roſin. I think their Inhibition comes by the means of the late innovation?

Ham: Do they hold the ſame eſtimation they did when I was in the City? Are they ſo follow'd?

Roſin. No indeed, they are not.

Ham. How comes it? do they grow ruſty?

Roſin. Nay, their endeavour keeps in the wonted pace; But there is, Sir, an Airy of Children, little Yaſes, Eyases that cry out on the top of queſtion; and are moſt tyrannically clapt for't: theſe are now the faſhion, and ſo be-rattle the common Stages rs (ſo they call them) that many wearing Rapiers, are afraid of Gooſe Quills, and dare ſcarce come thither.

Ham. What are they Children? Who maintains 'em? How are they eſcoted? Will they purſue the Quality no longer than they can ſing? Will they not ſay afterwards if they ſhould grow themſelves to common Players (as it is like moſt if their means are no better) their Writers do them wrong to make them exclaim againſt their own Succeſſion.

Roſin. Faith there has been much to do on both ſides: and the Nation holds it no ſin, to tarre them to controverſie. There was for a while, no money bid for argument, unleſs the Poet and the Player went to Cuffs in the Queſtion.

Ham. Is't poſſible?

Guild. Oh there has been much throwing about of brains.

Ham. Do the Boyes carry it away?

Roſin. I that they do, my Lord, *Hercules* and his load too.

Ham. It is not ſtrange, for mine Unkle is King of *Denmark*, and thoſe that would make mowes at him while my Father lived, give twenty, forty, an hundred Ducates a piece, for his picture in little. There is ſomething in this more than Natural, if Philoſophy could find it out.

[*Flouriſh for the Players.*

Guild. There are the Players.

Ham. Gentlemen, you are welcome to *Elſinoore*: your hands, come: The appurtenance of Welcome, is Faſhion and Ceremony. Let me comply with you in the Garbe, leſt my extent to the Players (which I tell you muſt ſhew fairly outward) ſhould more appear like entertainment than yours. You are welcome: but my Unkle Father, and Aunt Mother are deceiv'd.

Guild. In what, my dear Lord?

Ham. I am but mad North, North-Weſt: when the Wind is Southerly, I know a Hawk from a Handſaw.

Enter Polonius.

Polo. Well be with you, Gentlemen.

Ham. Hark you, *Guildenſtare*, and you too, at each ear a hearer: that great Baby you ſee there, is not yet out of his ſwathing clouts.

Roſin. Haply he's the ſecond time come to them: for they ſay, an old man is twice a Child.

Ham. I will Propheſie, He comes to tell me of the Players. Mark it, you ſay right, Sir: for on Munday morning 'twas ſo indeed.

Pol. My Lord, I have news to tell you.

Ham. My Lord, I have news to tell you,
When *Roſcius* an Actor in *Rome*——

Pol. The Actors are come hither, my Lord.

Ham. Buzze, buzze.

Pol. Upon mine honour.

Ham. Then can each Actor on his Aſs——

Pol. The beſt Actors in the world, either for Tragedy, Comedy, Hiſtory, Paſtoral: Paſtorical-Comical-Hiſtorical-Paſtoral: Tragical-Hiſtorical; Tragical-Comical-Hiſtorical-Paſtoral: Scene indivible, or Poem unlimited. *Seneca* cannot be too heavy, nor *Plautus* too light, for the law of Writ, and the liberty. Theſe are the onlymen.

Ham. O *Jephta*, Judge of *Iſrael*, what a Treaſure hadſt thou?

Pol. What a Treaſure had he, my Lord?

Ham. Why one fair Daughter, and no more,
The which he loved paſſing well.

Pol. Still on my Daughter.

Ham. Am I not ith' right, old *Jephta*?

Pol. If you call me *Jephta*, my Lord, I have a Daughter that I love paſſing well.

Ham. Nay that follows not.

Pol. What follows then, my Lord?

Ham. Why, as by lot, God wot? and then you know, it came to paſs, as moſt like it was: the firſt row of the *Pans Chanſon* will ſhew you more. For look where my Abridgements come.

Enter four or five Players.

Y'are welcome Maſters, welcome all. I am glad to ſee thee well; welcome good friends. Oh my old friend! Thy face is valiant ſince I ſaw thee laſt: Com'ſt thou to beard me in *Denmark*? what my young Lady and Miſtris? Berlady your Lordſhip is nearer heaven, than when I ſaw you laſt, by the altitude of a Choppine. Pray God your voyce, like a piece of uncurrant gold, be not crack'd within the Ring. Maſters, you are all welcome: we'll e'ne to't like *French* Faulconers, flye at any thing we ſee: we'll have a ſpeech ſtraight. Come, give us a taſte of your quality: come, a paſſionate ſpeech.

1. *Play.* What ſpeech, my Lord?

Ham. I heard thee ſpeak me a ſpeech once, but it was never Acted: or if it was, not above once, for the Play I remember pleas'd not the Million, 'twas *Cautary* to the General: but it was (as I received it, and others, whoſe judgment in ſuch matters, cryed in the top of mine) an excellent Play; well digeſted in the Scenes, ſet down with as much modeſty, as cunning. I remember one ſaid, there was no Sallets in the lines, to make the matter ſavoury; nor no matter in the phraſe, that might indite the Author of affectation, but call'd it an honeſt method. One chief ſpeech in it, I chiefly lov'd, 'twas *Æneas* Tale to *Dido*, and thereabout of it eſpecially, where he ſpeaks of *Priams* ſlaughter. If it live in your memory, begin at this Line, let me ſee, let me ſee: The rugged *Pyrrhus*, like the *Hyrcanian* Beaſt. It is not ſo: it begins with *Pyrrhus*.

Cavary

The rugged *Pyrrhus*, he whoſe Sable Armes
Black as his purpoſe, did the night reſemble
When he lay couched in the Ominous Horſe,
Hath now this dread and black Complexion ſmear'd
With Heraldry more diſmal: head to foot
Now is he to take Geules, horridly Trickt
With blood of Fathers, Mothers, Daughters, Sons,
Ba'k and impaſted, with the parching ſtreets,
That lend a tyrannous, and damned light
To their vile Murthers, roaſted in wrath and fire,
And thus o'reſized with coagulate gore,
With eyes like Carbuncles, the helliſh *Pyrrhus*
Old Grandſire *Priam* ſeeks.

Pol. 'Fore God, my Lord, well ſpoken, with good accent, and good diſcretion.

1. *Play.* Anon he finds him,
Striking too ſhort at Greeks. His antick Sword,
Rebellious to his Arm, lies where it falls
Repugnant to command: unequal match,
Pyrrhus at *Priam* drives, in rage ſtrikes wide:
But with the whiff and wind of his fell Sword,
Th'unnerved father falls. Then ſenſeleſs *Ilium*,
Seeming to feel his blow, with flaming top
Stoops to his Baſe ſ, and with a hideous craſh
Takes Priſoner *Pyrrhus* ear. For lo, his Sword
Which was declining on the Milky head
Of Reverend *Priam*, ſeem'd ith' Air to ſtick:
So as a Tyrant ru *Pyrrhus* ſtood,
And like a Neutral to his will and matter, did nothing.

But as we often ſee againſt ſome ſtorm,
A ſilence in the heavens, the Rack ſtand ſtill,
The bold winds ſpeechleſs, and the Orbe below
As huſh as death: Anon the dreadful Thunder
Doth rend the Region. So after *Pyrrhus* pawſe,
A rowſed Vengeance ſets him new a work,
And never did the Cyclops hammers fall
On *Mars* his Armours, forg'd for proof Eterne,
With leſs remorſe than *Pyrrhus* bleeding Sword
Now falls on *Priam*;
Out, out, thou Strumpet-Fortune, all you gods,
In general Synod take away her power:
Break all the Spokes and Fellies from her wheel,
And bowl the round Nave down the hill of heaven,
As low as to the fiends.

Pol. This is too long.

Ham. It ſhall to th' Barbers with your Beard. Prethee ſay on: He's for a Jigge, or a tale of Bawdry, or he ſleeps. Say on; come to *Hecuba*.

1. *Play.* But who, O who, had ſeen the Mobled Queen?

Ham. The Mobled Queen?

Pol. That's good: Mobled Queen is good.

1. *Play.* Run bare foot up and down,
Threatning the flame
With Biſſon Rheum: a clout about that head,
Where late the Diadem ſtood, and for a Robe
About her lank and all o're teamed Loyns,
A Blanket in th'alarum of fear caught up.
Who this had ſeen, with tongue in Venome ſteep'd,
Gainſt fortunes State, would treaſon have pronounc'd?
But if the gods themſelves did ſee her then,
When ſhe ſaw *Pyrrhus* make malicious ſport
In mincing with his Sword her Husbands limbs.
The inſtant Burſt of Clamour that ſhe made
(Unleſs things mortal meant them not all)
Would have made milch the burning eyes of heaven,
And paſſion in the Gods.

Pol. Look where he has not turn'd his colour, and has tears in's Eyes. Pray you no more.

Ham. 'Tis well, I'le have thee ſpeak out the reſt ſoon.
Good my Lord, will you ſee the Players well beſtow'd.
Do ye hear, let them be well us'd: for they are the abſtracts, and brief Chronicles of the time. After your death, you were better have a bad Epitaph, than their ill report while you lived.

Pol. My Lord, I will uſe them according to their deſert.

Ham. Gods bodikins man, better. Uſe every man after his deſert, and who ſhould ſcape whipping: uſe them after your own Honour and Dignity. The leſs they deſerve, the more merit is in your bounty. Take them in.

Pol. Come, Sirs. [*Exit* Polonius.

Ham. Follow him, Friends: We'll hear a Play to morrow. Doſt thou hear me, old Friend, can you Play the murther of *Gonzago*?

Play. I, my Lord.

Ham. We'll ha't to morrow night. You could for a need ſtudy a ſpeech of ſome dozen or ſixteen lines, which I would ſet down, and inſert in't? Could ye not?

Play. I, my Lord.

Ham. Very well. Follow that Lord, and look you mock him not. My good friends, I'le leave you till night, you are welcom to *Elſinoore*.

Roſin. Good my Lord. [*Exeunt.*

Manet Hamlet.

Ham. I ſo, god b'w'ye: Now I am alone.
O what a Rogue and Pezant ſlave am I?
Is it not monſtrous that this Player here,
But in a Fiction, in a dream of Paſſion,
Could force his Soul ſo to his whole conceit,
That from her working, all his viſage warm'd;
Tears in his eyes, diſtraction in's aſpect,
A broken voyce, and his whole Function ſuiting
With forms, to his conceit? and all for nothing?
For *Hecuba*?
What's *Hecuba* to him, or he to *Hecuba*,
That he ſhould weep for her? what would he do,
Had he the motive and the Cue for paſſion
That I have, he would drown the Stage with tears,
And cleave the general ear with horrid ſpeech:
Make mad the guilty, and apale the free:
Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed,
The very faculty of Eyes and Ears. Yet I,
A dull and muddy metled Raſcal, peak
Like *John-a-dreames*, unpregnant of my cauſe,
And can ſay nothing: No, not for a King,
Upon whoſe property, and moſt dear life,
A damn'd defeat was made. Am I a Coward?
Who calls me Villain? breaks my pate a-croſs,
Plucks off my Beard, and blows it in my face?
Tweaks me by th'Noſe, gives me the Lye ith' Throat,
As deep as to the Lungs. Who does me this?
Ha? Why ſhould I take it? for it cannot be,
But I am Pigeon-Liver'd, and lack Gall
To make Oppreſſion bitter, or ere this,
I ſhould have fatted all the Region Kites
With this Slaves Offall, bloody, Bawdy villain,
Remorſeleſs, Treacherous, Lecherous, kindleſs villain!
Oh Vengeance!
Who? what an Aſs am I? I ſure, this is moſt brave,
That I, the Son of the dear murthered,
Prompted to my revenge by heaven, and hell,
Muſt (like a Whore) unpack my heart with words,
And fall a curſing like a very Drab,
A Scullion? Fye upon't. Foh. About my Brain.
I have heard, that guilty Creatures ſitting at a Play,
Have by the very cunning of the Scene,
Been ſtruck ſo to the Soul, that preſently
They have proclaim'd their Malefactions.
For Murther, though it have no tongue, will ſpeak
With moſt miraculous Organ. I'le have theſe Players,
Play ſomething like the murder of my Father,
Before mine Unkle. I'le obſerve his looks,
I'le tent him to the quick: if he but blench,
I know my courſe. The Spirit that I have ſeen,
May be the Devil, and the Devil hath power
T'aſſume a pleaſing ſhape, yea, and perhaps
Out of my weakneſs, and my melancholy,
As he is very potent with ſuch Spirits,
Abuſes me to damn me. I'le have grounds
More relative than this: The Play's the thing,
Wherein I'le catch the Conſcience of the King. [*Exit.*

Enter King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, Roſincros,
Guildenſtare, *and* Lords.

King. And can you by no drift of circumſtance
Get from him why he puts on this Confuſion,
Grating ſo harſhly all his dayes of quiet
With turbulent and dangerous Lunacy.

Roſin. He does confeſs he feels himſelf diſtracted,
But from what cauſe he will by no means ſpeak.

Guil. Nor do we find him forward to be ſounded,
But with a crafty Madneſs keeps aloof:
When we would bring him on to ſome Confeſſion
Of his true ſtate,.

Queen. Did he receive you well?

Roſin. Moſt like a Gentleman.

Guild. But with much forcing of his diſpoſition.

Roſin. Niggard of queſtion, but of our demands
Moſt free in his reply.

Queen. Did you aſſay him to any paſtime?

Roſin. Madam, it ſo fell out, that certain Players
We o're-took on the way: of theſe we told him,
And there did ſeem in him a kind of Joy
To hear of it: They are about the Court,
And (as I think) they have already order
This night to play before him.

Pol. 'Tis moſt true:
And he beſeech'd me to intreat your Majeſties
To hear and ſee the matter.
King. With all my heart, and it doth much content me
To hear him ſo inclin'd. Good Gentlemen,
Give him a further edge, and drive his purpoſe on
To theſe delights.
Roſin. We ſhall, my Lord. [*Exeunt.*
King. Sweet *Gertrude*, leave us too,
For we have cloſely ſent for *Hamlet* hither,
That he, as 'twere by accident, may there
Affront *Ophelia.* Her Father, and my ſelf (lawful eſpials)
Will ſo beſtow our ſelves, that ſeeing unſeen
We may of their encounter frankly judge,
And gather by him, as he is behaved,
If 't be th'affliction of his love, or no,
That thus he ſuffers for.
Queen. I ſhall obey you:
And for your part, *Ophelia*, I do wiſh
That your good beauties be the happy cauſe
Of *Hamlet*'s wildneſs: ſo ſhall I hope your Virtues
Will bring him to his wonted way again,
To both your Honours.
Ophe. Madam, I wiſh it may.
Pol. Ophelia, walk you here. Gracious, ſo pleaſe ye,
We will beſtow our ſelves: Read on this Book,
That ſhew of ſuch an exerciſe may colour
Your lonelineſs. We are oft to blame in this,
'Tis too much prov'd, that with Devotions viſage,
And pious Action, we do ſurge o're i.e. plaiſter o'er
The Devil himſelf.
King. Oh 'tis true:
How ſmart a laſh that ſpeech doth give my Conſcience?
The Harlots Cheek beautied with plaſtiring Art
Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it,
Than is my deed to my moſt painted word.
Oh heavy burthen!
Pol. I hear him coming, let's withdraw, my Lord.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. To be, or not to be, that is the Queſtion:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to ſuffer
The Slings and Arrows of outragious Fortune,
Or to take Arms againſt a Sea of troubles,
And by oppoſing end them: to dye, to ſleep
No more: and by a ſleep, to ſay we end
The heart-ache, and the thouſand natural ſhocks
That fleſh is heir to. 'Tis a conſummation
Devoutly to be wiſh'd. To die to ſleep,
To ſleep, perchance to dream; I, there's the rub,
For in that ſleep of death, what dreams may come,
VVhen he hath ſhuffled off this mortal coyle,
Muſt give us pawſe. There's the reſpect
That makes Calamity of ſo long life:
For who would bear the whips and ſcorns of time,
The oppreſſors wrong, the poor mans Contumely,
The pangs of diſpriz'd Love, the Laws delay,
The inſolence of office, and the ſpurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himſelf might his *Quietus* make
With a bare Bodkin? VVho would theſe Fardles bear
To gr~~unt~~oan and ſweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of ſomething after death,
The undiſcovered Country, from whoſe Born Bourn
No Traveller returns, puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear thoſe ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of.
Thus Conſcience does make Cowards of us all,
And thus the Native hue of Reſolution
Is ſicklied o're, with the pale caſt of thought,
And enterprizes of great pith and moment,
VVith this regard their Currents turn away,
And loſe the name of action. Soft you now,
The fair *Ophelia?* Nymph, in thy ~~Horizons~~ Oraiſons
Be all my ſins remembred.
Ophe. Good my Lord,
How does your honour for this many a day?
Ham. I humbly thank you: well, well, well.
Ophe. My Lord, I have remembrances of yours,
That I have longed long to re-deliver.
I pray you now receive them.
Ham. No, no, I never gave you ought.
Ophe. My honour'd Lord, I know right well you did,
And with them words of ſo ſweet breath compos'd,
As made the things more rich, than perfume left:
Take theſe again, for to the noble mind
Rich gifts wax poor, when givers prove unkind.
There, my Lord.
Ham. Ha, ha: are you honeſt?
Ophe. My Lord.
Ham. Are you fair?
Ophe. What means your Lordſhip?

Ham. That if you be honeſt and fair, your honeſty ſhould admit no diſcourſe to your beauty.

Ophe. Could beauty, my Lord, have better Commerce than your honeſty?

Ham. I truly: for the power of beauty, will ſooner transform honeſty from what it is, to a bawd, than the force of honeſty can tranſlate beauty into his likeneſs. This was ſometimes a Paradox, but now the time gives it proof. I did love you once.

Ophe. Indeed, my Lord, you made me believe ſo.

Ham. You ſhould not have believed me. For virtue cannot ſo inocualte our old ſtock, but we ſhall relliſh of it. I loved you not.

Oph. I was the more deceived.

Ham. Get thee to a Nunnery. Why would'ſt thou be a breeder of Sinners? I am my ſelf indifferent honeſt, but yet I could accuſe me of ſuch things, that it were better, my Mother had not born me. I am very proud, revengeful, Ambitious, with more offences at my beck, than I have thoughts to put them in, imagination, to give them ſhape, or time to act them in. VVhat ſhould ſuch Fellows as I do crawling between Heaven and Earth. We are arrant Knaves all, believe none of us. Go thy ways to a Nunnery. Where's your Father?

Ophe. At home, my Lord.

Ham. Let the doors be ſhut upon him, that he may play the Fool no way, but in's own houſe. Farewel.

Ophe. O help him, you ſweet heavens.

Ham. If thou do'ſt Marry, I'le give thee this Plague for thy Dowry. Be thou as chaſte as Ice, as pure as Snow, thou ſhalt not eſcape Calumny. Get thee to a Nunnery. Go, farewel. Or if thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool: for wiſe men know well enough, what monſters you make of them. To a Nunnery go, and quickly too. Farewel.

Ophe. O heavenly Powers, reſtore him.

Ham. I have heard of your pratling too, well enough. God has given you one pace, and you make your ſelf another: you gigge, you amble, and you liſp, and nick-name Gods Creatures, and make your wantonneſs, your ignorance. Go I'le no more on't, it hath made me mad. I ſay, we will have no more Marriages. Thoſe that are married already, all but one ſhall, the reſt ſhall keep as they are. To a Nunnery, go. [*Exit* Hamlet.

Gigg

Ophe. O what a Noble mind is here o're-thrown?
The Courtiers, Souldiers, Scholars! Eye, tongue, Sword,
Th'expectancy and Roſe of the fair State,
The glaſs of faſhion, and the mould of form,
Th'obſerv'd of all obſervers, quite, quite down.
I am of Ladies moſt deject and wretched,
That ſuck'd the Hony of his Muſick Vows:
Now ſee that Noble, and moſt Soveraign Reaſon,
Like ſweet Bells jangled out of tune, and harſh,
That unmatch'd fortune and feature of blown youth,

Blaſted with ecſtaſie. Oh woe is me,
T'have ſeen what I have ſeen: ſee what I ſee.

Enter King *and* Polonius.

King. Love? his affections do not that way tend,
Nor what he ſpake, though it lack'd form a little,
Was not like Madneſs. There's ſomething in his Soul,
O're which his Melancholy ſits on brood,
And I do doubt the hatch, and the diſcloſe
Will be ſome danger, which how to prevent,
I have in quick determination.
Thus ſet it down. He ſhall with ſpeed to *England*
For the demand of our neglected tribute:
Haply the Seas and Countreys different
VVith variable objects, ſhall expel
This ſomething ſetled matter in his heart:
Whereon his brains ſtill beating, puts him thus
From faſhion of himſelf. What think you on't?
Pol. It ſhall do well. But yet do I believe
The Origin and Commencement of this grief
Sprung from neglected love. How now, *Ophelia?*
You need not tell us, what Lord *Hamlet* ſaid,
We heard it all. My Lord, do as you pleaſe,
But if you hold it fit after the Play,
Let his Queen Mother all alone intreat him
To ſhew his griefs: let her be round with him:
And I'le be plac'd, ſo pleaſe you, in the ear
Of all their conference. If ſhe find him not,
To *England* ſend him: or confine him where
Your wiſdom beſt ſhall think.
King. It ſhall be ſo:
Madneſs in great Ones muſt not unwatch'd go.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet, *and two or three of the Players.*

Ham. Speak the Speech I pray you, as I pronounc'd it to you trippingly on the Tongue. But if you mouth it, as many of your Players do, I had as lieve the Town-Cryer had ſpoke my Lines: Nor do not ſaw the air too much with your hand thus, but uſe all gently; for in the very torrent, tempeſt, and (as I may ſay) the whirl-wind of paſſion, you muſt acquire and beget a temperance that may give it ſmoothneſs. O it offends me to the Soul, to ſee a robuſtous Perriwig-pated fellow, tear a Paſſion to tatters, to very rags, to ſplit the ears of the Groundlings: who (for the moſt part) are capable of nothing, but inexplicable dumb ſhews, and noiſe: I could have ſuch a fellow whipt for o're-doing Termagant: it out-*Herods Herod.* Pray you avoid it.

Player. I warrant your Honour.

Ham. Be not too tame neither: but let your own Diſcretion be your Tutor. Sute the Action to the word, the word to the action. with this ſpecial obſervance: that you obrtop o're-ſtop not the modeſty of nature; for any thing ſo over-done, is from the purpoſe of Playing, whoſe end both at the firſt and now, was and is, to hold as 'twere the Mirrour up to nature; to ſhew Virtue her own Feature, ſcorn her own Image, and the very Age and Body of the time, his form and preſſure. Now, this over-done, or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve: the cenſure of the which one, muſt in your allowance o're-ſway a whole Theatre of others. Oh, there be Players that I have ſeen Play, and heard others praiſe, and that highly (not to ſpeak it prophanely) that neither having the accent of Chriſtians, nor the gate of Chriſtian, Pagan, or Norman, have ſo ſtrutted and bellowed, that I have thought ſome of natures Journey-men had made men, and not made them well, they imitated Humanity ſo abominably.

Play. I hope we have reform'd that indifferently with us, Sir.

Ham. O reform it altogether. And let thoſe that play your Clowns, ſpeak no more than is ſet down for them. For there be of them, that will of themſelves laugh, to ſet on ſome quantity of barren Spectators to laugh too, though in the mean time, ſome neceſſary queſtion of the Play be then to be conſidered: that's Villanous, and ſhews a moſt pitiful Ambition in the Fool that uſes it. Go make you ready. [*Exeunt Players.*

Enter Polonius, Roſincros, *and* Guildenſtare.

How now, my Lord?
Will the King hear this piece of work?
Pol. And the Queen too, and that preſently.
Ham. Bid the Players make haſte. [*Exit* Polonius.
Will you two help to haſten them?
Both. We will, my Lord. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Horatio.

Ham. What ho, *Horatio?*
Hora. Here, ſweet Lord, at your ſervice.
Ham. *Horatio*, thou art e'ne as juſt a man
As e're my Converſation coap'd withal.
Hora. O my dear Lord.
Ham. Nay, do not think I flatter:
for what advancement may I hope from thee,
That no Revenue haſt, but thy good Spirits
To feed and cloathe thee. Why ſhould the poor be flatter'd?
No, let the Candied tongue, like abſurd pomp, lick
And crook the pregnant Hindges of the knee,
Where thrift may follow feigning? Doſt thou hear,
Since my dear Soul was Miſtris of my choice,
And could of men diſtinguiſh, her election
Hath ſeal'd thee for her ſelf. For thou haſt been
As one in ſuffering all, that ſuffers nothing.
A man that fortune buffets, and rewards
Hath tane with equal thanks. And bleſt are thoſe,
Whoſe blood and Judgement are ſo well co-mingled,
That they are not a Pipe for fortunes finger,
To ſound what ſtop ſhe pleaſe. Give me that man,
That is not Paſſions Slave, and I will wear him
In my hearts Core: I, in my heart of heart,
As I do thee. Something too much of this.
There is a Play to-night before the King,
One Scene of it comes near the Circumſtance
Which I have told thee, of my Fathers death.
I prethee, when thou ſeeſt that Act a foot,
Even with the Comment of my Soul
Obſerve mine Unkle: if his occulted guilt
Do not it ſelf unkennel in one ſpeech,
It is a damned Ghoſt that we have ſeen:
And my imaginations are as foul
As *Vulcan*'s Styth. Give him heedful note,
For I mine eyes will rivet to his face,
And after we will both our judgements joyn,
To cenſure of his ſeeming.
Hora. Well, my Lord.
If he ſteal ought the whil'ſt this Play is playing,
And ſcape detecting, I will pay the Theft.

Enter King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, Roſincros, Guildenſtare, *and other* Lords Attendant, *with his Guard carrying Torches. Daniſh March. Sound a Flouriſh.*

Ham. They are coming to the Play: I muſt be idle. Get you a place.

King. How fares my Couſin *Hamlet?*

Ham. Excellent ifaith, of the *Chamelion*'s diſh: I eat the Air promiſe-cramm'd, you cannot feed *Capons* ſo.

King. I have nothing with this anſwer, *Hamlet*, theſe words are not mine.

Ham. No, nor mine. Now my Lord, you plaid once ith' Univerſity, you ſay?

Polon. That I did, my Lord, and was accounted a good Actor.

Ham. And what did you enact?

Polon. I did enact *Julius Cæſar*, I was kill'd ith' Capitol: *Brutus* kill'd me.

Ham. It was a bruit part of him, to kill ſo Captial a Calf there. Be the Players ready?

Roſin. I my Lord, they ſtay upon your patience.

Queen. Come hither, my good *Hamlet*, ſit by me.

Ham. No, good Mother, here's mettle more attractive.

Polo. Oh ho, do you mark that?

Ham. Lady, ſhall I lye in your Lap?

Ophe. No, my Lord.

Ham. I mean, my head upon your Lap?

Ophe. I, my Lord.

Ham. Do you think I meant Country matters?

Ophe. I think nothing, my Lord.

Ham. That's a fair thought to lie between Maids Legs.

Ophe. What is my Lord? *Ham.* Nothing.

Ophe. You are merry, my Lord?

Ham. Who I? *Ophe.* I, my Lord.

Ham. Oh God, your only Jigge-maker: what ſhould a man do, but be merry. For look you how cheerfully my Mother looks, and my Father di'd within's two hours.

Ophe. Nay, 'tis twice two months, My Lord.

Ham. So long? Nay then let the Devil wear black, for I'le have a Suit of Sables. Oh heavens! dye two months ago, and not forgotten yet? then there's hope, a great mans Memory may out-live his life half a year: But by'r-lady he muſt build Churches then: or elſe ſhall he ſuffer not thinking on, with the Hobby-horſe, whoſe Epitaph is, for o, for o, the Hobby-horſe is forgot.

Hoboyes Play. The dumb ſhew enters.

Enter a King and Queen, very lovingly; the Queen embracing him. She kneels; and makes ſhew of Proteſtation unto him. He takes her up, and declines his head upon her neck. Layes him down upon a Bank of Flowers. She ſeeing him a-ſleep, leaves him. Anon comes in a Fellow, takes off his Crown, kiſſes it, and pours poyſon in the Kings ears, and Exits. The Queen returns, finds the King dead, and makes paſſionate Action. The poyſoner, with ſome two or three Mutes come in again, ſeeming to lament with her. The dead Body is carried away: The Poyſoner wooes the Queen with Gifts, ſhe ſeems loth and unwilling a while, but in the end accepts his love. [*Exeunt.*

Ophe. What means this, my Lord?

Ham. Marry this is Miching *Malicho*, that means miſchief.

Oph. Belike this ſhew imports the Argument of the Play?

Ham. We ſhall know by theſe fellows: the Players cannot keep counſel, they'll tell all.

Ophe. Will they tell us what this ſhew meant?

Ham. I, or any ſhew that you'll ſhew him. Be not you aſham'd to ſhew, he'll not ſhame to tell you what it means.

Ophe. You are naught, you are naught, I'le make the Play.

Enter Prologue.

For us, and for our Tregedy,
Here ſtooping to your Clemency;
We beg your hearing patiently.

Ham. Is this a Prologue, or the Poſie of a Ring?

Ophe. 'Tis brief, my Lord.

Ham. As Womans love.

Enter King, *and* Queen.

King. Full thirty times hath *Phœbus* Cart gon round,
Neptunes ſalt Waſh, and *Tellus'* Orbed ground:
And thirty dozen Moons with borrowed ſheen,
About the world have times twelve thirties been,
Since Love our hearts, and *Hymen* did our hands
Unite co-mutual, in moſt ſacred Bands.

Queen. So many Journeys may the Sun and Moon
Make us again count o're, ere love be done.
But woe is me, you are ſo ſick of late,
So far from cheer, and from your former ſtate,
That I diſtruſt you: yet though I diſtruſt,
Diſcomfort you (my Lord) it nothing muſt:
For womens Fear and Love, holds quantity,
In neither ought, or in extremity:
Now what my love is, proof hath made you know,
And as my love is fixt, my fear is ſo.

King. Faith I muſt leave thee, Love, and ſhortly too:
My operant Powers my functions leave to do,
And thou ſhalt live in this fair world behind,
Honour'd, belov'd, and haply, one as kind.
For Husband ſhalt thou——

Queen. Oh counfound the reſt:
Such Love muſt needs be Treaſon in my breſt:
In ſecond Husband let me be accurſt,
None wed the ſecond, but who kill'd the firſt.

Ham. Wormwood, Wormwood.

Queen. The inſtances that ſecond Marriage move,
Are baſe reſpects of Thrift, but none of Love.
A ſecond time, I kill my Husband dead,
When ſecond Husband kiſſes me in Bed.

King. I do believe you. Think what now you ſpeak:
But what we do determine, oft we break:
Purpoſe is but the ſlave to Memory,
Of violent Birth, but poor validity:
Which now like fruit unripe ſticks on the Tree,
But fall unſhaken, when they mellow be.
Moſt neceſſary 'tis that we forget
To pay our ſelves, what to our ſelves is debt:
What to our ſelves in paſſion we propoſe,
The paſſion ending, doth the purpoſe loſe.
The violence of other Grief or Joy,
Their own enactors with themſelves deſtroy:
Where Joy moſt revels, Grief doth moſt lament;
Grief joys, Joy grieves on ſlender accident.
This world is not for aye, nor 'tis not ſtrange
That even our Loves ſhould with our Fortunes change.
For 'tis a queſtion left us yet to prove,
Whether Love lead Fortune, or elſe Fortune Love.
The great man down, you mark his favourite flyes,
The poor advanc'd makes friends of Enemies:
And hitherto doth Love on Fortune tend,
For who not needs, ſhall never lack a friend?
And who in want a hollow friend doth try,
Directly ſeaſons him his Enemy.
But orderly to end where I begun,
Our Wills and Fates do ſo contrary run,
That our Devices ſtill are overthrown,
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own.
So think thou wilt no ſecond husband wed,
But dye thy thoughts, when thy firſt Lord is dead.

Queen. Nor Earth to give me food, nor heaven light,
Sport and repoſe lock from me day and night:
Each oppoſite that blanks the face of joy,
Meet what I would have well, and it deſtroy:
Both here, and hence, purſue me laſting ſtriſe,
If once a Widow, ever I be Wife.

Ham. If ſhe ſhould break it now.

King. 'Tis deeply ſworn:
Sweet, leave me here a while,
My Spirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile
The tedious day with ſleep.

Queen. Sleep rock thy brain, [*Sleeps.*
And never come miſchance between us twain. [*Exit.*

Ham. Madam, how like you the Play?

Queen. The Lady proteſts too much methinks.

Ham. Oh but ſhe'll keep her word.

King. Have you heard the Argument, is there no Offence in't?

Ham. No, no, they do but jeſt, poyſon in jeſt, no Offence ith' world.

King. What do you call the Play?

Ham. The Mouſe-trap: Marry how? Tropically: This Play is the image of a murder done in *Vienna*: *Gonzago* is the Dukes name, his Wife *Baptiſta*: you ſhall ſee anon: 'tis a knaviſh piece of work; but what o' that? Your Majeſty, and we that have free ſouls, it touches us not: let the gall'd jade winch: our withers are unwrung,

Enter Lucianus.

This is one *Lucianus*, nephew to the King.

Ophe. You are a good Chorus, my Lord.

Ham. I could interpret between you and your love: if I could ſee the Puppets dallying.

Ophe. You are keen, my Lord, you are keen.

Ham. It would coſt you a groaning, to take off my edge.

Ophe. Still better and worſe.

Ham. So you ~~miſtake~~ Husbands. must take your
Begin Murther. Pox, leave thy damnable Faces, and begin.
Come, the croaking Raven doth bellow for Revenge.

Lucian. Thoughts black, hands apt,
Drugs fit, and Time agreeing:
Confederate ſeaſon, elſe no Creature ſeeing:
Thou mixture rank, of Midnight-Weeds collected,
With *Hecates* Bane, thrice blaſted, thrice infected,
The natural Magick, and dire property,
On wholſome life, uſurp immediately.

[*Pours the poyſon in his ears.*

Ham. He poyſons him ith' Garden for's eſtate: His names *Gonzago*: the Story is extant, and writ in choice *Italian*. You ſhall ſee anon how the Murtherer gets the love of *Gonzago*'s Wife.

Ophe. The King riſes.

Ham. What, frighted with falſe fire.

Queen. How fares my Lord?

Pol. Give o're the Play.

King. Give me ſome Light. Away,

All. Lights, Lights, Lights. [*Exeunt.*

Manent Hamlet *and* Horatio.

Ham. Why let the ſtrucken Deer go weep,
The Hart ungalled play:
For ſome muſt watch, while ſome muſt ſleep?
So runs the world away.
Would not this, Sir, and a Foreſt of Fathers, if the reſt of my fortunes turn Turk with me, with two Provinical Roſes on my rac'd Shooes, get me a Fellowſhip in a cry of Players, Sir. *Hor.* Half a ſhare.

Ham. A whole one I.
For thou doſt know: Oh *Damon* dear,
This Realm diſmantled was of *Jove* himſelf,
And now reigns here,
A very very Pajock.

Hora. You might have Rim'd.

Ham. Oh good *Horatio*, I'le take the Ghoſts word for a thouſand pounds. Didſt perceive?

Hora. Very well, my Lord.

Ham. Upon the talk of the poyſoning?

Hora. I did very well note him.

Enter Roſincros *and* Guildenſtare.

Ham. Oh, ha! come ſome Muſick. Come the Recorders,
For if the King like not the Comedy:
Why then belike he likes it not perdy.
Come, ſome Muſick.

Guild. Good my Lord, vouchſafe me a word with you.

Ham. Sir, a whole Hiſtory.

Guild. The King, Sir.

Ham. I, Sir, what of him.

Guild. Is in his retirement, marvellous diſtemper'd.

Ham. With drink, Sir?

Guild. No, my Lord, rather with choler.

Ham. Your wiſdom ſhould ſhew it ſelf more rich to ſignifie this to this Doctor; for me to put him to his Purgation, would perhaps plunge him into far more Choler.

Guild. Good my Lord, put your diſcourſe into ſome frame, and ſtart not ſo wildly from my affair.

Ham. I am tame, Sir, pronounce.

Guild. The Queen your Mother, in moſt great affliction of Spirit, hath ſent me to you.

Ham. You are welcom.

Guild. Nay, good my Lord, this courteſie is not of the right breed. If it ſhall pleaſe you to make me a wholſom anſwer, I will do your Mothers commandment: if not, your pardon, and my return ſhall be the end of my buſineſs. *Ham.* Sir, I cannot.

Guild. What my Lord?

Ham. Make you a wholſom anſwer: my wit's diſeas'd. But Sir, ſuch anſwers as I can make, you ſhall command: or rather you ſay, my mother: therefore no more but to the matter. My mother you ſay.

Roſin. Then thus ſhe ſays: your behaviour hath ſtruck her into amazement, and admiration.

Ham. Oh wonderful Son, that can ſo aſtoniſh a Mother. But is there no ſequel at the heels of this Mother-admiration?

Roſin. She deſires to ſpeak with you in her Cloſet ere you go to bed.

Ham. We ſhall obey, were ſhe ten times our Mother. Have you any further Trade with us?

Roſin. My Lord, you once did love me.

Ham. So I do ſtill, by theſe pickers and ſtealers.

Roſin. Good my Lord, what is your cauſe of diſtemper? You do freely bar the door of your own liberty, if you deny your griefs to your friend.

Ham. Sir, I lack advancement.

Roſin. How can that be, when you have the voice of the King himſelf, for your ſucceſſion in *Denmark*?

Ham. I, but while the graſs grows, the Proverb is ſomething muſty.

Enter one with a Recorder.

O the Recorder. Let me ſee to withdraw with you, why do you go about to recover the wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toil?

Guild. O my Lord, if my Duty be too bold, my love is too unmannerly.

Ham. I do not well underſtand that. Will you play upon this Pipe?

Guild. My Lord, I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guild. Believe me, I cannot.

Ham. I do beſeech you.

Guild. I know no touch of it, my Lord.

Ham. 'Tis as eaſie as lying: govern theſe Ventiges with your finger and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will diſcourſe moſt excellent Muſick.
Look you, theſe are the ſtops.

Guild. But theſe cannot I command to any utterance of harmony, I have not the skill.

Ham. Why look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me: you would play upon me: you would ſeem to know my ſtops: you would pluck out the heart of my Myſtery: you would ſound me from my loweſt note, to the top of my compaſs: and there is much Muſick, excellent Voice, in this little Organ, yet cannot you make it. Why do you think, that I am eaſier to be plaid on than a Pipe? Call me what Inſtrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me. God bleſs you, Sir.

Enter Polonius.

Polon. My Lord, the Queen would ſpeak with you, and preſently.

Ham. Do you ſee that Cloud, thats almoſt in ſhape like a *Camel?*
Polon. By th' Maſs, and it's like a *Camel* indeed.
Ham. Methinks it is like a *Weazel.*
Polon. It is back'd like a *Weazel.*
Ham. Or like a *Whale?*
Polon. Very like a *Whale.*
Ham. Then will I come to my Mother by and by:
They fool me to the top of my bent.
I will come by and by.
Polon. I will ſay ſo. [*Exit.*
Ham. By and by is eaſily ſaid. Leave me, friends:
'Tis now the very witching time of night,
When Church-yards yawn, and Hell it ſelf breathes out
Contagion to this world. Now could I drink hot blood,
And do ſuch bitter buſineſs as the day
Would quake to look on. Soft now, to my Mother:
Oh heart, looſe not thy nature; let not ever
The Soul of *Nero* enter this firm boſom:
Let me be cruel, not unnatural,
I will ſpeak Daggers to her, but uſe none:
My tongue and Soul in this be Hypocrites.
How in my words ſomever ſhe be ſhent,
To give them ſeals, never my Soul conſent.

Enter King, Roſincros, *and* Guildenſtare.

King. I like him not, nor ſtands it ſafe with us,
To let his madneſs range. Therefore prepare you,
I your Commiſſion will forthwith diſpatch,
And he to *England* ſhall along with you,
The terms of our eſtate may not endure
Hazard ſo dangerous as doth hourly grow
Out of his Lunacies.
Guild. We will our ſelves provide:
Moſt holy and Religious fear it is
To keep thoſe many bodies ſafe
That live and feed upon your Majeſty.
Roſin. The ſingle
And peculiar life is bound
With all the ſtrength and Armour of the mind,
To keep it ſelf from noyance: but much more;
That Spirit, upon whoſe Spirit depends and reſts
The lives of many, the ceaſe of Majeſty
Dies not alone: but like a Gulf doth draw
What's near it, with it, It is a maſſie wheel
Fixt on the ~~Sommet~~ summit of the higheſt Mount,
To whoſe huge Spoaks, ten thouſand leſſer things
Are mortiz'd and adjoin'd: which when it falls,
Each ſmall annexment, petty conſequence
Attends the boyſtrous Ruine. Never alone
Did the King ſigh, but with a general groan.
King. Arme you, I pray you to this ſpeedy Voyage;
For we will Fetters put upon this fear,
Which now goes too free-footed.
Both. We will haſt us. [*Exeunt* Gent.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My Lord, he's going to his mothers Cloſet:
Behind the Arras I'le convey my ſelf
To hear the Proceſs. I'le warrant ſhe'll tax him home.
And as you ſaid, and wiſely was it ſaid,
'Tis meet that ſome more audience than a Mother,
Since Nature makes them partial, ſhould o're-hear
The ſpeech of vantage. Fare you well my Liege,
I'le call upon you e're you go to bed,
And tell you what I know. [*Exit.*
King. Thanks, dear my Lord.
Oh my offence is rank, it ſmells to heaven,
It hath the primal eldeſt curſe upon 't.
A Brothers murther. Pray can I not,
Though inclination be as ſharp as will? twill
My ſtronger guilt defeats my ſtrong intent,
And like a man to double buſineſs bound,
I ſtand in pawſe where I ſhall firſt begin,
And both neglect; what if this curſed hand
Were thicker than it ſelf with Brothers blood,
Is there not Rain enough in the ſweet heavens
To waſh it white as Snow? whereto ſerves mercy,?
But to confront the viſage of Offence?
And whats in Prayer, but this two-fold force,
To be fore-ſtalled ere we come to fall,
Or pardon'd being down? Then I'le look up,
My fault is paſt. But oh, what form of Prayer
Can ſerve my turn? Forgive me my foul ~~Mother~~: Murther
That cannot be, ſince I am ſtill poſſeſt
Of thoſe effects for which I did the Murther,
My Crown, mine own Ambition, and my Queen.
May one be pardon'd, and retain th'offence?
In the corrupted currants of this world,
Offences gilded hand may ſhove by Juſtice,
And oft 'tis ſeen, the wicked prize it ſelf
Buys out the Law; but 'tis not ſo above,
There is no ſhuffling, there the Action lies
In his true Nature, and we our ſelves compell'd
Even to the teeth and fore-head of our faults,
To give in evidence. What then? what reſts?
Try what Repentance can. What can it not?
Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?
Oh wretched ſtate? oh boſom, black as death!
Oh limed Soul, that ſtrugling to be free,
Art more ingag'd: Help Angels, make aſſay:
Bow ſtubborn kees, and heart with ſtrings of Steel,
Be ſoft as ſinews of the new-born Babe,
All may be well.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now might I do it pat, now he is praying,
And now I'le do't, and ſo he goes to heaven,
And ſo am I revenged: that would be ſcann'd,
A Villain kills my Father, and for that
I his foul Son, do this ſame Villain ſend i.e. Base
To heaven. O this is hire and Sallery, not Revenge.
He took my Father groſſely, full of bread,
With all his Crimes broad blown, as freſh as May,
And how his Audit ſtands, who knows, ſave heaven:
But in our circumſtance and courſe of thought,
'Tis heavy with him: and am I then reveng'd,
To take him in the purging of his Soul,
When he is fit and ſeaſon'd for his paſſage? No.
Up Sword, and know thou a more horrid bent
When he is drunk aſleep: or in his Rage,
Or in th'inceſtuous pleaſure of his bed,
At gaming, ſwearing, or about ſome act
That has no relliſh of Salvation in 't,
Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heaven,
And that his Soul may be as damn'd and black
As hell, whereto it goes. My Mother ſtays,
This Phyſick but prolongs thy ſickly dayes. [*Exit.*
King. My words fly up, my thoughts remain below,
Words without thoughts never to heaven go. [*Exit.*

Enter Queen *and* Polonius.

Polo. He will come ſtraight:
Look you lay home to him,
Tell him his pranks have been too broad to bear with,
And that your Grace hath ſcreen'd, and ſtood between
Much heat and him. I'le ſilence me e'ne here:
Pray you be round with him.
Ham. within. Mother, mother, mother.
Queen. I'le warrant you, fear me not.
Withdraw, I hear him coming.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now, Mother, what's the matter?
Que. Hamlet, thou haſt thy Father much offended.
Ham. Mother, you have my Father much offended.
Que. Come, come, you anſwer with an idle tongue.
Ham. Come, go, you queſtion with an idle tongue.
Que. Why how now, *Hamlet?*
Ham. What's the matter now?
Que. Have you forgot me?
Ham. No, by the Rood, not ſo:
You are the Queen, your Husbands Brothers Wife,
But would you were not ſo. You are my Mother.
Que. Nay, then I'll ſet thoſe to you that can ſpeak.
Ham. Come, come, and ſit you down, you ſhall not budge:
You go not till I ſet up a Glaſs.
Where you may ſee the inmoſt part of you?
Que. What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murther me? Help, help, ho.
Pol. What ho, help, help, help.
Ham. How now, a Rat? dead for a Ducate, dead.
Pol. Oh I am ſlain. [*Kills* Polonius.
Que. Oh me, what haſt thou done?
Ham. Nay I know not, is it the King?
Que. Oh what a raſh and bloody deed is this?
Ham. A bloody deed, almoſt as bad, good Mother,
As kill a King, and marry with his Brother.
Que. As kill'[illegible]a King?
Ham. I, Lady, 'twas my word.
Thou wretched, raſh, intruding Fool, farewel,
I took thee for thy Betters, take thy fortune,
Thou find'ſt to be too buſie, is ſome danger.
Leave wringing of your hands, peace, ſit you down,
And let me wring your heart, for ſo I ſhall
If it be made of penetrable ſtuff;
If damned Cuſtom have not braz'd it ſo,
That it is proof and bulwark againſt Senſe.
Qu. What have I done, that thou dar'ſt wag thy tongue,
In noiſe ſo rude againſt me?
Ham. Such an Act
That blurs the grace and bluſh of Modeſty,
Calls Virtue Hypocrite, takes off the Roſe
From the fair Fore-head of an innocent love,
And makes a bliſter there. Makes marriage vows
As falſe as Dicers Oaths. O ſuch a Deed,
As from the body of contraction plucks
The very Soul, and ſweet Religion makes
A rhapſody of words. Heavens face doth glow,
Yea this ſolidity and compound maſs,
With triſtful viſage as againſt the doom,
Is thought-ſick at the act.
Que. Aye me, what act, that roars ſo loud, and thunders in the Index.
Ham. Look here upon this Picture, and on this,
The counterfeit preſentment of two Brothers:
See what a grace ſeated on his Brow,
Hyperions Curls, the front of *Jove* himſelf,
An Eye like *Mars*, to threaten or command
A Station like the Herald *Mercury*,
Now lighted on a Heaven kiſſing Hill:
A Combination, and a form indeed,
Where every god did ſeem to ſet his Seal,
To give the World aſſurance of a man.
This was your Husband. Look you now what follows.
Here is your Husband, like a Mildew'd Deer
Blaſting his wholſome breath. Have you Eyes?
Could you on this fair Mountain leave to feed,
And batten on this Moore? Ha? have you Eyes?
You cannot call it Love: For at your Age,
The hey day in the blood is tame, it's humble,
And waits upon the judgment: and what judgment
Would ſtep from this to this? What Devil was't,
That thus hath cozen'd you at Hoodman-blind?
O Shame! where is thy bluſh? Rebellious Hell,
If thou canſt mutine in a Matrons bones,
To flaming youth, let Virtue be as Wax.
And melt in her own fire. Proclaim no ſhame,
When the compulſive Ardure gives the charge,
Since Froſt it ſelf, as actively doth burn,
As Reaſon panders Will.
Que. O *Hamlet*, ſpeak no more.
Thou turnſt mine Eyes into my very Soul,
And there I ſee ſuch black and grained ſpots,
As will not leave their Tinct.
Ham. Nay, but to live
In the rank ſweat of an enſeamed Bed,
Stew'd in Corruption; honying and making love
Over the naſty Sty.
Que. Oh ſpeak to me, no more,
Theſe words like Daggers enter in mine Ears.
No more, ſweet *Hamlet.*
Ham. A Murderer, and a Villain:
A Slave, that is not twentieth part, the tythe
Of your precedent Lord. A vice of Kings,
A Cutpurſe of the Empire and the Rule.
That from a ſhelf, the precious Diadem ſtole,
And put it in his Pocket.
Que. No more.

Enter Ghoſt.

Ham. A King of ſhreds and patches.
Save me: and hover o're me with your Wings
You Heavenly Guards. What would you gracious figure?
Que. Alaſs he's mad.
Ham. Do you not come your tardy Son to chide,
That laps'd in Time and Paſſion, let's go by
Th' important acting of your dread command? Oh ſay.
Ghoſt. Do not forget: this Viſitation
Is but to whet thy almoſt blunted purpoſe.
But look Amazement on thy Mother fits;
O ſtep between her, and her fighting Soul,
Conceit in weakeſt bodies, ſtrongeſt works.
Speak to her, *Hamlet.*
Ham. How is it with you, Lady?
Que. Alas, how is't with you?
That thus you bend your Eye on vacancy,
And with the Corporal air do hold diſcourſe.
Forth at your Eyes, your ſpirits wildly peep,
And as the ſleeping Souldiers in th' Alarm,
Your bedded hair, like life in Extrements,
Start up, and ſtand an end. O gentle Son,
Upon the heat and flame of thy diſtemper
Sprinkle cool patience. Whereon do you look?
Ham. On him, on him, look you how pale he glares,
His form and cauſe conjoin'd, preaching to ſtones,
Would make them capable. Do not look upon me,
Leſt with this pitious action you convert
My ſtern effects: then what have I to do,
Will want true colour; tears perchance for blood.
Que. To whom do you ſpeak this?
Ham. Do you ſee nothing there?
Que. Nothing at all, yet all that is I ſee.
Ham. Nor did you nothing hear?
Que. No, nothing but our ſelves.
Ham. Why look you there: look how it ſteals away;
My Father in his habit, as he lived.
Look where he goes even now out at the Portal. [*Exit.*
Que. This is the very Coinage of your brain,
This bodileſs Creation ecſtaſie is very cunning in.
Ham. Ecſtaſie?
My Pulſe, as yours, doth temperately keep time,
And makes as healthful Muſick. It is not madneſs
That I have uttered; bring me to the Teſt
And I the matter will re-word: which madneſs
Would gamboll from. Mother, for love of Grace,

Lay not a flattering Unction to your Soul,
That not your treſpaſs, but my madneſs ſpeaks:
It will but skin and film the Ulcerous place,
Whilſt rank Corruption running all within,
Infects unſeen. Confeſs your ſelf to Heaven,
Repent whats paſt, avoid what is to come,
And do not ſpread the Compoſt on the Weeds,
To make them rank. Forgive me this my Virtue,
For in the fatneſs of theſe purſy times,
Virtue it ſelf, of Vice muſt pardon beg,
Yea curb ve, and wooe, for leave to do him good. i.e. curvare
Que. Oh, *Hamlet*, ſeſe
Thou haſt cleft my heart in twain.
Ham. O throw away the worſer part of it,
And live the purer with the other half.
Good night, but go not to mine Unkle's Bed,
Aſſume a Virtue, if you have it not, refrain to night,
And that ſhall lend a kind of eaſineſs
To the next abſtinence. Once more good night,
And when you are deſirous to be bleſt,
I'll bleſſing beg of you. For this ſame Lord,
I do repent: but Heaven hath pleas'd it ſo.
To puniſh me with this, and this with me,
That I muſt be their Scourge and Miniſter.
I will beſtow him, and will anſwer well
The death I gave him: ſo again, good night.
I muſt be cruel, only to be kind;
Thus bad begins, and worſe remains behind.
Que. What ſhall I do?
Ham. Not this by no means that I bid you do:
Let the blunt King tempt you again to Bed,
Pinch Wanton on your cheek, call you his Mouſe,
And let him for a pair of reechy kiſſes,
Or padling in your neck with his damn'd fingers,
Make you to ravel all this matter out, t'unravel
That I eſſentially am not in madneſs,
But mad in craft. 'Twere good you let him know,
For who thats but a Queen, fair, ſober, wiſe,
Would from a Paddock, from a Bat, a Gibbe,
Such dear concernings hide? Who would do ſo?
No, in deſpight of Senſe and Secrecy,
Unpeg the Basket on the Houſes top:
Let the Birds fly, and like the famous Ape,
To try Concluſions, in the Basket creep,
And break your own neck down.
Que. Be thou aſſur'd, if words be made of breath,
And breath of life: I have no life to breathe
What thou haſt ſaid to me.
Ham. I muſt to *England*, you know that?
Que. Alack, I had forgot: 'Tis ſo concluded on.
Ham. This man ſhall ſet me packing:
I'll lug the Guts into the Neighbour room;
Mother, good night. Indeed this Counſellor
Is now moſt ſtill, moſt ſecret, and moſt grave,
Who was in life a Fooliſh prating Knave.
Come, Sir, to draw toward an end with you.
Good night, Mother.
[*Exit* Hamlet *tugging in* Polonius.

Enter King.

King. There's matters in theſe ſighs.
Theſe profound heaves
You muſt tranſlate: 'tis fit we underſtand them.
Where is your Son?
Que. Ah, my good Lord, what have I ſeen to night?
King. What, *Gertrude?* How does *Hamlet?*
Que. Mad as the Seas, and Wind, when both contend
Which is the Mightier, in his lawleſs fit
Behind the Arras, hearing ſomething ſtir,
He whips his Rapier out, and cries a Rat, a Rat,
And in his brainiſh apprehenſion kills
The unſeen good old man.
King. Oh heavy deed.
It had been ſo with us had we been there:
His Liberty is full of threats to all,
To you your ſelf, to us, to every one.
Alas, how ſhall this bloody deed be anſwered?
It will be laid to us, whoſe providence
Should have kept ſhort, reſtrain'd, and out of haunt,
This mad young man. But ſo much was our love,
We would not underſtand what was moſt fit,
But like the Owner of a foul Diſeaſe,
To keep it from divulging, let's it feed
Even on the pith of life. Where is he gone?
Que. To draw apart the body he hath kill'd,
O're whom his very madneſs like ſome Ore
Among a Mineral of Mettals baſe
Shews it ſelf pure. He weeps for what is done.
King. Oh *Gertrude*, come away:
The Sun no ſooner ſhall the Mountains touch,
But we will ſhip him hence, and this vile deed,
We muſt with all our Majeſty and Skill
Both countenance, and excuſe.

Enter Roſincros, *and* Guildenſtare.

Ho *Guildenſtare:*
Friends both, go join you with ſome further aid:
Hamlet in madneſs hath *Polonius* ſlain,
And from his Mothers Cloſet hath he dragg'd him.
Go ſeek him out, ſpeak fair, and bring the body
Into the Chappel. I pray you haſte in this. [*Exit. Gent.*
Come, *Gertrude*, we'll call up our wiſeſt Friends,
To let them know both what we mean to do,
And what's untimely done. Oh come away,
My Soul is full of diſcord and diſmay. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Safely ſtowed.
Gentlemen within. *Hamlet*, Lord *Hamlet.*
Ham. What noiſe? who calls on *Hamlet?*
Oh here they come.

Enter Roſincros, *and* Guildenſtare.

Roſ. What have you done, my Lord, with the dead body?
Ham. Compounded it with duſt, whereto 'tis kin.
Roſin. Tell us where 'tis, that we may take it thence,
And bear it to the Chappel.
Ham. Do not believe it.
Roſin. Believe what?
Ham. That I can keep your Counſel, and not mine own. Beſides, to be demanded of a Spunge, what replication ſhould be made by the Son of a King.
Roſin. Take you me for a Spunge, my Lord?
Ham. I, Sir, that ſokes up the Kings Countenance, his Rewards, his Authorities (but ſuch Officers do the King beſt ſervice in the end.) He keeps them like an Ape in the corner of his Jaw, firſt mouth'd to be laſt ſwallowed, when he needs what you have glean'd, it is but ſqueezing you, and Spunge you ſhall be dry again.
Roſin. I underſtand you not, my Lord.
Ham. I am glad of it: a Knaviſh ſpeech ſleeps in a Fooliſh Ear.
Roſin. My Lord, you muſt tell us where the body is, and go with us to the King.
Ham. The Body is with the King, but the King is not with the Body. The King, is a thing ——
Guild. A thing, my Lord?
Ham. Of nothing? bring me to him, hide Fox, and all after. [*Exeunt.*

Enter King.

King. I have ſent to ſeek him, and to find the Body:
How dangerous is it that this man goes looſe:

Yet muſt not we put the ſtrong Law on him:
He's lov'd of the diſtracted multitude,
Who like not in their judgment, but their Eyes:
And where 'tis ſo, th' Offenders ſcourge is weigh'd
But nearer the offence: to bear all ſmooth, and even,
This ſudden ſending him away, muſt ſeem
Deliberate pawſe, diſeaſes deſperate grown,
By deſperate appliance are relieved,
Or not at all.

Enter Roſincros.

How now? what hath befaln?
Roſin. Where the dead body is beſtow'd, my Lord,
We cannot get from him.
King. But where is he?
Roſin. Without, my Lord, guarded to know your pleaſure.
King. Bring him before us.
Roſin. Ho, *Guildenſtare?* bring in my Lord.

Enter Hamlet, *and* Guildenſtare.

King. Now, *Hamlet*, where's *Polonius?*
Ham. At Supper.
King. At Supper? Where?
Ham. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten, a certain Convocation of Worms are e'ne at him. Your Worm is your only Emperour for diet. We fat all Creatures elſe to fat us, and we fat our ſelves for Maggots. Your fat King and your lean Beggar is but variable ſervice, two Diſhes, but to one Table, that's the end.
King. What doſt thou mean by this?
Ham. Nothing but to ſhew you how a King may go a Progreſs through the gut of a Beggar.
King. Where is *Polonius?*
Ham. In Heaven, ſend thither to ſee. If your Meſſenger find him not there, ſeek him i' th' other place your ſelf: but indeed, if you find him not this month, you ſhall noſe him as you go up the ſtairs into the Lobbey.
King. Go ſeek him there.
Ham. He will ſtay 'till ye come.
Ki. Hamlet, this deed of thine, for thine eſpecial ſafety
Which we do tender, as we dearly grieve
For that which thou haſt done, muſt ſend thee hence
With fiery quickneſs: therefore prepare thy ſelf,
The Bark is ready, and the wind at help,
Th' Aſſociates tend, and every thing at bent
For *England.*
Ham. For *England?*
King. I, *Hamlet.*
Ham. Good.
King. So is it, if thou knew'ſt our purpoſes.
Ham. I ſee a Cherub that ſees him: but come, for *England.* Farewel, dear Mother.
King. Thy loving Father, *Hamlet.*
Hamlet. My Mother: Father and Mother is Man and Wife: Man and Wife is one fleſh, and ſo my Mother. Come, for *England.* [*Exit.*
King. Follow him at foot,
Tempt him with ſpeed aboard:
Delay it not, I'll have him hence to night.
Away, for every thing is ſeal'd and done
That elſe leans on th' Affair, pray you make haſte.
And *England*, if my love thou hold'ſt at ought, aught
As my great power thereof may give thee ſenſe,
Since yet thy Cicatrice looks raw and red
After the *Daniſh* Sword, and thy free awe
Payes homage to us; thou may'ſt not coldly ſet
Our Sovereign Proceſs, which imports at full
By Letters conjuring to that effect
The preſent Death of *Hamlet.* Do it in *England*,
For like the Hectick in my bloud he rages,
And thou muſt cure me: 'till I know 'tis done,
2 How-e're my haps, my joyes were ne're begun. [*Exit.*
Whate're my hopes, will ne're begin

Enter Fortinbras *with an Army.*

For. Go, Captain, from me to the *Daniſh* King,
Tell him that by his Licence, *Fortinbras*
Claims the conveyance of a promis'd March
Over his Kingdom. You know the Rendevouz:
If that his Majeſty would ought with us, aught
We ſhall expreſs our duty in his Eye,
And let him know ſo.
Cap. I will do't, my Lord.
For. Go ſafely on. [*Exit.*

Enter Queen *and* Horatio.

Qu. I will not ſpeak with her.
Hor. She is importunate, indeed diſtract, her mood will needs be pitied.
Qu. What would ſhe have?
Hor. She ſpeaks much of her Father; ſayes ſhe hears
There's tricks i' th' World, and hems, and beats her heart,
Spurns enviouſly at Straws, ſpeaks things in doubt,
That carry but half ſenſe: Her ſpeech is nothing,
Yet the unſhaped uſe of it doth move
The hearers to Collection; they aim at it,
And both the words up fit to their own thoughts,
Which at her winks, and nods, and geſtures yield them,
Indeed would make one think there would be thoughts
Though nothing ſure, yet much unhappily.
Qu. 'Twere good ſhe were ſpoken with,
For ſhe may ſtrow dangerous conjectures
In ill breeding minds. Let her come in
To my ſick Soul (as ſin's true nature is)
Each toy ſeems Prologue to ſome great amiſs,
So full of Artleſs jealouſie is guilt,
It ſpills it ſelf in fearing to be ſpilt.

Enter Ophelia *diſtracted.*

Oph. Where is the beauteous Majeſty of *Denmark?*
Qu. How now, *Ophelia.*
Oph. How ſhould I your true love know from another one?
By his cockle hat and ſtaff, and his ſandal ſhoon.
Qu. Alas, ſweet Lady: what imports this Song?
Oph. Say you? Nay, pray you mark.
He is dead and gone, Lady, he is dead and gone,
At his head a graſs-green Turf, at his heels a ſtone.

Enter King.

Qu. Nay, but *Ophelia.*
Oph. Pray you mark.
White his Shrowd as the Mountain-Snow.
Qu. Alas, look here, my Lord.
Oph. Larded with ſweet flowers:
Which bewept to the grave did not go,
With True-love flowers.
King. How do ye, pretty Lady?
Oph. Well, God dil'd you. They ſay the Owle was a Baker's Daughter. Lord, we know what we are, but know not what we may be. God be at your Table.
King. Conceit upon her Father.
Oph. Pray you let us have no words of this: but when they aſk you what it means, ſay you this:
To morrow is S. Valentine'*s day, all in the morn betime,*
And I a Maid at your window, to be your Valentine.
Then up he roſe, and don'd his cloths, and dupt the chamber door:
Let in a Maid, that out a Maid never departed more.
King. Pretty *Ophelia.*
Oph. Indeed la? without an Oath, I'll make an end on't.
By Gis, and by S. Charity:
Alack, an fie for ſhame.
Young men will do't, if they come to't,
By Cock they are to blame.

Quoth ſhe, before you tumbled me,
You promis'd me to wed:
So would I ha done, by yonder Sun,
And thou hadſt not come to my Bed.

King. How long hath ſhe been thus?

Oph. I hope all will be well. We muſt be patient, but I cannot chuſe but weep, to think they ſhould lay him i'th' cold ground: My Brother ſhall know of it, and ſo I thank you for your good counſel. Come, my Coach: Goodnight, Ladies: Goodnight, ſweet Ladies: Goodnight, goodnight. [*Exit.*

King. Follow her cloſe,
Give her good watch I pray you:
Oh this is the poiſon of deep grief, it ſprings
All from her Father's death. Oh *Gertrude*, *Gertrude*,
When Sorrows come, they come not ſingle ſpies,
But in Battels. Firſt, her Father ſlain,
Next your Son gone, and he moſt violent author
Of his own juſt remove: the people muddied,
Thick and unwholſome in their thoughts and whiſpers,
For good *Polonius* death; and we have done but greenly,
in hugger mugger to interr him. Poor *Ophelia*
Divided from her ſelf, and her fair judgment,
Without the which we are Pictures, or mere Beaſts,
Laſt, and as much containing as all theſe,
Her Brother is in ſecret come from *France*,
Keeps on his wonder, keeps himſelf in clouds,
And wants not Buzzers to infect his ear
With peſtilent ſpeeches of his Fathers death,
Where in neceſſity of matter beggar'd,
Will nothing ſtick our perſons to arraign
In ear and ear. O my dear *Gertrude*, this,
Like to a murdering Piece in many places,
Gives me ſuperfluous death. [*A Noiſe within.*

Enter a Meſſenger.

Queen. Alack, what noiſe is this?

King. Where are my *Switzers*?
Let them guard the door. What is the matter?

Meſſ. Save your ſelf, my Lord.
The Ocean (over peering of his Liſt)
Eats not the Flats with more impetuous haſte
Than young *Laertes*, in a riotous head,
O're-bears your Officers, the rabble call him Lord,
And as the World were now but to begin,
Antiquity forgot, Cuſtome not known,
The Ratifiers and props of every word,
They cry, chooſe we *Laertes* ſhall be King. for our
Caps, hands, and tongues, applaud it to the Clouds,
Laertes ſhall be King, *Laertes* King.

Queen. How chearfully on the falſe Trail they cry,
Oh this is the Counter, you falſe *Daniſh* Doggs.
[*Noiſe within.*

Enter Laertes.

King. The doors are broke.

Laer. Where is the King, Sirs? Stand you all without.

All. No, let's come in.

Laer. I pray you give me leave.

All We will, we will.

Laer. I thank you: Keep the door.
O thou vile King, give me my Father.

Queen. Calmly, good *Laertes*,

Laer. That drop of blood that calms,
Proclaims me Baſtard:
Crys Cuckold to my Father, brands the Harlot
Even here between the chaſte unſmitched brow
Of my true Mother.

King. What is the cauſe, *Laertes*,
That thy Rebellion looks ſo Gyant-like?
Let him go, *Gertrude*: Do not fear our Perſon:
There's ſuch Divinity doth hedge a King,
That treaſon can but peep to what it would,
Acts little of his will. Tell me, *Laertes*,
Why art thou thus incenſt? Let him go, *Gertrude*,
Speak man.

Laer. Where's my Father?

King. Dead.

Queen. But not by him.

King. Let him demand his fill.

Laer. How came he dead? I'll not be juggl'd with
To Hell Allegiance: Vows to the blackeſt Devil:
Conſcience and Grace, to the profoundeſt Pit.
I dare Damnation: to this point I ſtand,
That both the Worlds I give to negligence,
Let come what comes: only I'll be reveng'd
Moſt throughly for my Father.

King. Who ſhall ſtay you?

Laer. My Will, not all the World.
And for my means, I'll husband them ſo well,
They ſhall go far with little.

King. Good *Laertes*:
If you deſire to know the certainty
Of your dear Father's death, if writ in your revenge,
That Soop-ſtake you will draw both friend and foe, Sweepstake
Winner and Loſer.

Laer. None but his Enemies.

King. Will you know them then?

Laer. To his good Friends thus wide I'll ope my Arms,
And like the kind life-rendring Pelican,
Repaſt them with my blood.

King. Why now? what noiſe is that?
Like a good Child, and a true Gentleman.
That I am guiltleſs of your Father's death,
And am moſt ſenſible in grief for it,
It ſhall as level to your Judgment pierce,
As day do's to your eye.
[*A Noiſe within. Let her come in.*

Enter Ophelia.

Laer. How now? what noiſe is that?
O heat dry up my brains, tears even times ſalt, seven
Burn out the ſenſe and virtue of mine Eye.
By Heaven thy madneſs ſhall be paid by weight,
'Till our Scale turns the Beam. O Roſe of *May*,
Dear Maid, kind Siſter, ſweet *Ophelia*:
O Heavens, is't poſſible, a young Maid's wits,
Should be as mortal as an old Man's life?
Nature is fine in love, and where 'tis fine,
It ſends ſome precious inſtance of it ſelf
After the thing it loves.

Oph. *They bore him bare-fac'd on the Beer.*
Hey non noney, noney, hey noney:
And on his grave rains many a tear,
Fare you well, my Dove.

Laer. Had'ſt thou thy wits, and did'ſt perſwade Revenge, it could not move thus.

Oph. You muſt ſing down a-down, and you call him a down-a. O how the wheels become? It is the falſe Steward that ſtole his Maſter's daughter.

Laer. This nothing's more than matter. i.e. has more in it

Oph. There's Roſemary, that's for remembrance. Pray Love remember: and there's Pancies, that's for Thoughts.

Laer. A document in madneſs, thoughts and remembrance fitted.

Oph. There's Fennel for you, and Columbines: there's Rue for you, and here's ſome for me. We may call it Herb-Grace a Sundays: O you muſt wear your Rue with a difference. There's a Daſie, I would give you ſome Violets, but they withered all when my Father dyed: They ſay, he made a good end;
For bonny ſweet Robin *is all my joy.*

Laer. Thought, and Affliction, Paſſion, Hell it ſelf:
She turns to favour; and to prettineſs.

Oph. And will he not come again?
And will he not come again?
No, no, he is dead, go to thy Death-bed,
He never will come again.
His Beard as white as Snow.
All Flaxen was his Pole:
He is gone, he is gone, and we caſt away mone,
Gramercy on his Soul.
And of all Chriſtian Souls, I pray God.
God b'w'ye. [*Exit* Ophelia.

Laer. Do you ſee this, you gods?

King. Laertes, I muſt commune with your grief,
Or you deny me right: Go but a-part,
Make choice of whom your wiſeſt friends you will,
And they ſhall hear and judge 'twixt you and me;
If by direct or by Collateral hand
They find us touch'd, we will our Kingdom give,
Our Crown, our Life, and all that we call Ours,
To you in ſatisfaction. But if not,
Be you content to lend your patience to us,
And we ſhall joyntly labour with your ſoul,
To give it due content.

Laer. Let this be ſo:
His means of death, his obſcure burial:
No Trophee, Sword, nor Hatchment o'er his bones,
No Noble Rite, nor Formal Oſtentation,
Cry to be heard, as 'twere from Heaven to Earth,
That I muſt call in queſtion.

King. So you ſhall:
And where th'offence is, let the great Axe fall.
I pray you go with me. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Horatio, *with an* Attendant.

Hora. What are they that would ſpeak with me?

Ser. Sailors, Sir, they ſay they have letters for you.

Hora. Let them come in,
I do not know from what part of the world
I ſhould be greeted, if not from Lord *Hamlet.*

Enter Sailor.

Sail. God bleſs you, Sir.

Hora. Let him bleſs thee too.

Sail. He ſhall, Sir, an't pleaſe him. There's a Letter for you, Sir: It comes from th'Ambaſſadour that was bound for *England,* if your name be *Horatio;* as I am let to know it is.

Reads the Letter.

Horatio, *when thou ſhalt have overlook'd this, give theſe fellows ſome means to the King: They have Letters for him. E're we were two days old at Sea, a Pirate of very Warlike appointment, gave us Chace. Finding our ſelves too ſlow of Sail, we put on a compelled Valour. In the Grapple, I boarded them: On the inſtant they got clear of our Ship, So I alone became their Priſoner. They have dealt with me, like Thieves of Mercy, but they knew what they did. I am to do a good turn for them. Let the King have the Letters I have ſent, and repair thou to me with as much haſte as thou wouldſt flie Death. I have words to ſpeak in your ear, will make thee dumb, yet are they much too light for the bore of the Matter. Theſe good fellows will bring thee where I am.* Roſincroſs *and* Guildenſtare *hold their courſe for* England. *Of them I have as much to tell thee, Farewell.*

He that thou knoweſt thine,

Hamlet.

Come, I will give you way for theſe your Letters,
And do't the ſpeedier, that you may direct me
To him, from whom you brought them. [*Exit.*

Enter King *and* Laertes.

King. Now muſt your Conſcience my Acquitance ſeal,
And you muſt put me in your heart, for friend,
Sith you have heard, and with a knowing ear,
That he which hath your Noble Father ſlain,
Purſued my life.

Laer. It well appears. But tell me,
Why you proceeded not againſt theſe feats,
So Crimeful and ſo Capital in Nature,
As by your Safety, Wiſdom, all things elſe,
You mainly were ſtirr'd up?

King. O for two ſpecial Reaſons,
Which may to you (perhaps) ſeem much unſinewed,
And yet to me they are ſtrong. The Queen, his Mother,
Lives almoſt by his looks: and for my ſelf,
My Virtue or my Plague, be it either which,
She's ſo conjunctive to my Life and Soul;
That as the Star moves not but in his Sphere,
I could not but by her. The other Motive,
Why to a publick count I might not go,
Is the great love the general gender bear him,
Who dipping all his faults in their affection,
Would like the Spring that turneth Wood to Stone,
Convert his Gives to Graces. So that my Arrows
Too ſlightly Timbred for ſo loud a wind,
Would have reverted to my Bow again,
And not where I had aim'd them.

Laer. And ſo have I a Noble Father loſt,
A Siſter driven into deſperate terms,
Who was (if praiſes may go back again)
Stood Challenger on mount of all the Age
For her perfections. But my revenge will come.

King. Break not your ſleeps for that,
You muſt not think
That we are made of ſtuff ſo flat and dull,
That we can let our Beard be ſhook with danger,
And think it paſtime. You ſhortly ſhall hear more,
I lov'd your Father, and we love your ſelf,
And that I hope will teach you to imagine ——

Enter Meſſenger.

How now? What News?

Meſ. Letters, my Lord, from *Hamlet.* This to your Majeſty: This to the Queen.

King. From *Hamlet?* Who brought them?

Meſ. Sailors, my Lord, they ſay, I ſaw them not:
They were given me by *Claudio,* he receiv'd them.

King. Laertes, you ſhall read them:
Leave us. [*Exit* Meſſenger.

High and Mighty, you ſhall know I am ſet naked on your Kingdom. To Morrow ſhall I beg leave to ſee your Kingly Eyes. When I ſhall (firſt asking you ~~Pardon~~ thereunto) recount th' Occaſions of my ſudden, and ~~more~~ ſtrange return.

Hamlet.

What ſhould this mean? Are all the reſt come back?
Or is it ſome abuſe? Or no ſuch thing?

Laer. Know you the hand?

King. 'Tis *Hamlet*'s Character, naked, and in a Poſtſcript here he ſays alone: Can you adviſe me?

Laer. I'm loſt in it, my Lord, but let him come,
It warms the very ſickneſs in my heart,
That I ſhall live and tell him to his teeth:
Thus diddeſt thou.

King. If it be ſo, *Laertes,* as how ſhould it be ſo?
How otherwiſe? will you be rul'd by me.

Laer. If ſo, you'll not o'er-rule me to a peace.

King. To thine own peace: If he be now return'd,
As checking at his Voyage, and that he means
No more to undertake it; I will work him

To an exploit now ripe in my Device,
Under the which he ſhall not chooſe but fall:
And for his death no wind of blame ſhall breathe,
But even his Mother ſhall uncharge the practice,
And call it accident: Some two Months hence
Here was a Gentleman of *Normandy*.
I've ſeen my ſelf and ſerv'd againſt the *French*.
And they ran well on horſe-back; but this Gallant
Had witchcraft in't; he grew into his Seat,
And to ſuch wondrous doing brought his Horſe,
As had he been encorps't and demy-Natur'd
With the brave Beaſt, ſo far he paſt my thought,
That I in forgery of Shapes and Tricks,
Come ſhort of what he did.
Laer. A *Norman* was't?
King. A *Norman*.
Laer. Upon my life, *Lamound*.
King. The Very ſame.
Laer. I know him well, he is the brooch indeed,
And Gemm of all our Nation.
King. He made confeſſion of you,
And gave you ſuch a maſterly report,
For art and exerciſe in your defence;
An for your Rapier moſt eſpecially,
That he cry'd out, 'twould be a ſight indeed,
If one could match you, Sir. This Report of his
Did *Hamlet* ſo envenom with his Envy,
That he could nothing do but wiſh and beg,
Your ſudden coming over to play with him;
Now out of this——
Laer. Why out of this, my Lord?
King. *Laertes*, was your Father dear to you?
Or are you like the painting of a Sorrow,
A face without a heart?
Laer. Why ask you this?
King. Not that I think you did not love your Father,
But that I know Love is begun by Time:
And that I ſee in paſſages of proof,
Time qualifies the ſpark and fire of it:
Hamlet, come back, what would you undertake,
To ſhew your ſelf your Father's Son in deed,
More than in words?
Laer. To cut his Throat i'th' Church.
King. No place indeed ſhould murther ſanctuarize;
Revenge ſhould have no bounds: but, good *Laertes*,
Will you do this, keep cloſe within your Chamber?
Hamlet return'd, ſhall know you are come home:
We'll put on thoſe ſhall praiſe your excellence,
And ſet a double varniſh on the ſame
The *Frenchman* gave you, bring you in fine together,
And wager on your heads, he being remiſs,
Moſt generous, and free from all contriving,
Will not peruſe the Foils? So that with eaſe,
Or with a little ſhuffling, you may chooſe
A Sword un-baited, bated and in a paſs of practice,
Requite him for your Father.
Laer. I will do't,
And for that purpoſe I'll anoint my Sword:
I bought an Unction of a Mountebank,
So mortal, I but dipt a Knife in it,
Where it draws blood, no Cataplaſm ſo rare,
Collected from all Simples that have Virtue
Under the Moon, can ſave the thing from death,
That is but ſcratcht withal: I'll touch my point,
With this contagion, that if I gall him ſlightly,
It may be death.
King. Let's further think of this,
Weigh what convenience both of time and means
May fit us to our ſhape if this ſhould fail;
And that our drift lookt through our bad performance,
'Twere better not aſſay'd; therefore this Project
Should have a back, or ſecond, that might hold,
If this ſhould blaſt in proof: Soft, let me ſee,
We'll make a ſolemn wager on your comings,
I ha't: When in your motion you are hot and dry,
As make your bouts more violent to the end,
And that he calls for drink; I'll have prepar'd him
A Chalice for the nonce; whereon but ſipping,
If he by chance eſcape your venom'd ſtuck,
Our purpoſe may hold there; how now, ſweet Queen.

Enter Queen.

Queen. One woe doth tread upon another's heel,
So faſt they'll follow: Your Siſter's drown'd, *Laertes*.
Laer. Drown'd! O where?
Queen. There is a Willow grows aſlant a Brook,
That ſhews his hoar leaves in the glaſſie ſtream:
There with fantaſtick Garlands did ſhe come,
Of Crow-flowers, Nettles, Daiſies, and long Purples,
That liberal Shepherds gave a groſſer name;
But our cold Maids do dead men's Fingers call them:
There on the pendant boughs, her Coronet weeds
Clambring to hang; an envious ſliver broke,
When down the weedy Trophies, and her ſelf,
Fell in the weeping Brook, her cloaths ſpread wide,
And Maremaid-like, a while they bear her up,
Which time ſhe chaunted ſnatches of old Tunes,
As one incapable of her own diſtreſs,
Or like a Creature Native, and deduced
Unto that element: But long it could not be,
'Till that her Garments heavy with their drink,
Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious ~~by~~ Lay
To muddy death.
Laer. Alas then, is ſhe drown'd?
Queen. Drown'd, drown'd.
Laer. Too much of water haſt thou, poor *Ophelia*,
And therefore I forbid my tears: But yet
It is our trick, Nature her cuſtom holds,
Let ſhame ſay what it will; when theſe are gone,
The woman will be out: Adieu, my Lord,
I have a ſpeech of fire that fain would blaze,
But that this folly drowns it. [*Exit*.
King. Let's follow, *Gertrude*:
How much I had to do to calm his Rage?
Now fear I this will give it ſtart again,
Therefore let's follow. [*Exeunt*.

Enter two Clowns.

Clown. Is ſhe to be buried in Chriſtian burial, that wilfully ſeeks her own ſalvation?

Other. I tell thee, ſhe is, and therefore make her Grave ſtraight, the Crowner hath ſate on her, and finds it Chriſtian burial.

Clown. How can that be, unleſs ſhe drowned her ſelf in her own defence?

Other. Why 'tis found ſo.

Clown. It muſt be *Se offendendo*, it cannot be elſe: For here lies the point: If I drown my ſelf wittingly, it argues an Act: And an Act hath three branches. It is an Act to do, and to perform; argall ſhe drown'd her ſelf wittingly.

Other. Nay, but hear you Goodman *Delver*.

Clown. Give me leave; here lies the water, good: here ſtands the man, good: If the man go to this Water, and drown himſelf: it is will he, nill he, he goes; mark you that: But if the water come to him, and drown him; he drowns not himſelf. Argall, he that is not guilty of his own death, ſhortens not his own life.

Other. But is this Law?

Clown. I marry is't, Crowner's Queſt Law.

Other. Will you ha' the truth on't: if this had not been a Gentlewoman, ſhe ſhould have been buried out of Chriſtian Burial.

Clown. Why there thou ſay'ſt. And the more pity that great Folk ſhould have countenance in this World to drown or hang themſelves, more than their even Chriſtian.

ſtian. Come, my Spade; there is no ancient Gentlemen but Gardiners, Ditchers and Grave-makers; they hold up *Adam*'s profeſſion.

Other. Was he a Gentleman?

Clo. He was the firſt that ever bore Armes,

Other. Why, he had none.

Clo. What, art a Heathen? how doſt thou underſtand the Scripture? the Scripture ſayes *Adam* digg'd; could be dig without Armes? I'le put another queſtion to thee; if thou anſwereſt me not to the purpoſe, confeſs thy ſelf——

Other. Go to.

Clo. What is he that builds ſtronger than either the Maſon, the Ship-wright, or the Carpenter?

Other. The Gallows-maker, for that Frame out-lives a thouſand Tenants.

Clo. I like thy wit well in good faith, the Gallows does well; but how does it well? it does well to thoſe that do ill: now thou do'ſt ill to ſay the Gallows is built ſtronger than the Church: Argal, the Gallows may do well to thee. To't again, Come.

Other. Who builds ſtronger than a Maſon, a Ship-wright, or a Carpenter?

Clo. I, tell me that, and unyoke.

Other. Marry, now I can tell.

Clo. To't.

Other. Maſs, I cannot tell.

Enter Hamlet *and* Horatio *afar off.*

Clo. Cudgel thy brains no more about it; for your dull Aſs will not mend his pace with beating; and when you are askt this queſtion next, ſay a Grave-maker: the houſes that he makes, laſt till Dooms-day: go, get thee to *Yaughan*, fetch me a ſtoup of Liquor.

Sings.

In youth when I did love, did love,
me thought it was very ſweet,
To contract O the for a my behove,
O me thought there was nothing meet.

Ham. Has this fellow no feeling of his buſineſs, that he ſings at Grave-making.

Hor. Cuſtom hath made it in him a property of eaſineſs.

Ham. 'Tis e'en ſo; the hand of little imployment hath the daintier ſenſe.

Clown *ſings.*

But Age with his ſtealing ſteps
hath caught me in his clutch:
And hath ſhipped me intill the Land,
as if I never had bin ſuch.

Ham. That Scull had a tongue in it, and could ſing once: how the Knave jowles it to th'ground, as if it were *Cain*'s Jaw-bone, that did the firſt murther: It might be the pate of a Politician which this Aſs o're-offices: one that could circumvent God, might it not?

Hor. It might, my Lord.

Ham. Or of a Courtier, which could ſay, Good Morrow, ſweet Lord: how doſt thou, good Lord? this might be my Lord ſuch a one, that prais'd my Lord ſuch a ones horſe, when he meant to beg it; might it not?

Hor. I, my Lord.

Ham. Why e'en ſo: and now my Lady Worm's, Chapleſs, and knockt about the Mazzard with a Sexton's Spade, here's fine Revolution, if we had the trick to ſee't. Did theſe bones coſt no more the breeding, but to play at Loggets with 'em? mine ake to think on't.

Clown *ſings.*

A Pick-axe and a Spade, a Spade,
for and a ſhrowding-ſheet:
O a Pit of Clay for to be made,
for ſuch a Gueſt is meet.

Ham. There's another: why might not that be the Scull of a Lawyer? where be his Quiddits now? his Quillets? his Caſes? his Tenures, and his Tricks? why does he ſuffer this rude knave now to knock him about the Sconce with a dirty Shovel, and will not tell him of his Action of Battery? hum. This fellow might be in's time a great buyer of Land, with his Statutes, his Recognizances, his Fines, his double Vouchers, his Recoveries: Is this the fine of his Fines, and the recovery of his Recoveries, to have his fine Pate full of fine Dirt? will his Vouchers vouch him no more of his Purchaces, and double ones too, than the length and breadth of a pair of Indentures? the very Conveyances of his Lands will hardly lye in this Box; and muſt the Inheritor himſelf have no more? ha?

Hor. Not a jot more, my Lord.

Ham. Is not Parchment made of Sheep skins?

Hor. I my Lord, and of Calve-skins too.

Ham. They are Sheep and Calves that ſeek out aſſurance in that. I will ſpeak to this fellow: whoſe Grave's this, Sir?

Clo. Mine, Sir:
O a pit of Clay for to be made,
for ſuch a Gueſt is meet.

Ham. I think it be thine indeed: for thou lieſt in't.

Clo. You lye out on't, Sir, and therefore it is not yours: for my part I do not lie in't, and yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou doſt lye in't, to be in't, and ſay 'tis thine, 'tis for the dead, not for the quick, therefore thou lyeſt.

Clo. 'Tis a quick lye, Sir, 'twill away again from me to you.

Ham. What man doſt thou dig it for?

Clo. For no man, Sir.

Ham. What woman then?

Clo. For none neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in't?

Clo. One that was a Woman, Sir; but reſt her Soul, ſhe's dead.

Ham. How abſolute the Knave is? we muſt ſpeak by the Card, or equivocation will follow us: by the Lord, *Horatio*, theſe three years I have taken note of it, the Age is grown ſo picked, and the toe of the Peſant comes ſo near the heel of our Courtier, he galls his Kibe. How long haſt thou been a Grave-maker?

Clo. Of all the dayes i'th'year, I came to't that day that our laſt King *Hamlet* o'recame *Fortinbras*.

Ham. How long is that ſince?

Clo. Cannot you tell that? every fool can tell that: It was the very day that young *Hamlet* was born, he that was mad and ſent into *England*.

Ham. I marry, why was he ſent into *England*?

Clo. Why, becauſe he was mad; he ſhall recover his wits there; or if he do not, it's no great matter there.

Ham. Why?

Clown. 'Twill not be ſeen in him, there the men are as mad as he.

Ham. How came he mad?

Clo. Very ſtrangely they ſay.

Ham. How ſtrangely?

Clo. Faith e'en with loſing his wits.

Ham. Upon what ground?

Clo. Why here in *Denmark*: I have been Sexton here, Man and Boy thirty years.

Ham. How long will a man lie i'th'earth 'ere he rot?

Clo. Ifaith, if he be rotten before he dye (as we have many pocky Coarſes now adays, that will ſcarce hold the laying in) he will laſt you ſome eight year, or nine year. A Tanner will laſt you nine years.

Ham. Why he, more than another?

Clo. Why Sir, his hide is tann'd with his Trade, that he will keep out water a great while. And your water is a ſore Decayer of your whoreſon dead body, here's a

Scull now: this Scull has lain in the Earth three and twenty years.

Ham. Whoſe was it?

Clo. A whoreſon mad Fellow's it was;
Whoſe do you think it was?

Ham. Nay, I know not.

Clo. A peſtilence on him for a mad Rogue, a pour'd a Flagon of Rheniſh on my head once. This ſame Scull, Sir, this ſame Scull, Sir, was *Yorick*'s Scull, the Kings Jeſter.

Ham. This?

Clo. E'en that.

Ham. Let me ſee. Alas poor *Yorick*, I knew him, *Horatio*, a fellow of infinite Jeſt; of moſt excellent fancy, he hath born me on his back a thouſand times: And how abhorred my imagination is, my gorge riſes at it. Here hung thoſe lips, that I have kiſt I know not how oft. Where be your Jibes now? Your Gambals? Your Songs? Your flaſhes of Merriment that were wont to ſet the Table on a Roar? No one now to mock your own Jeering? Quite chop fall'n? Now get you to my Ladies Chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour ſhe muſt come. Make her laugh at that: prethee, *Horatio*, tell me one thing.

Hor. What's that, my Lord?

Ham. Do'ſt thou think *Alexander* lookt o'this faſhion i'th'earth?

Hor. E'en ſo.

Ham. And ſmelt ſo? Puh.

Hor. E'en ſo, my Lord.

Ham. To what baſe uſes we may return, *Horatio*. Why may not imagination trace the Noble duſt of *Alexander*, 'till he find it ſtopping a bung-hole?

Hor. 'Twere to conſider: too curiouſly to conſider ſo.

Ham. No faith, not a jot. But to follow him thither with modeſty enough, and likelyhood to lead it; as thus, *Alexander* died: *Alexander* was buried: *Alexander* returneth into duſt; the duſt is earth; of earth we make Lome, and why of that Lome (whereto he was converted) might they not ſtop a Beer-barrel?
Imperial *Cæſar*, dead and turn'd to clay,
Might ſtop a hole to keep the wind away.
Oh, that that earth, which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a Wall, t'expell the Winter's flaw.
But ſoft, but ſoft, aſide: here comes the King.

Enter King, Queen, Laerts, *and a* Coffin, *with* Lords *attendant.*

The Queen, the Courtiers. What is't that they follow,
And with ſuch maimed rights? This doth betoken, rites
The Coarſe they follow, did with deſperate hand,
Foredo it's own life; 'twas ſome Eſtate.
Couch we a while, and mark.

Laer. What Ceremony elſe?

Ham. That is *Laertes*, a very Noble youth: Mark.

Laer. What Ceremony elſe?

Prieſt. Her Obſequies have been as far enlarg'd,
As we have warrantie, her death was doubtful,
And but that great command o'reſways the order,
She ſhould in ground unſanctified have lodg'd,
'Till the laſt Trumpet. For charitable prayer,
Shards, Flints, and Pebbles, ſhould be thrown on her:
Yet here ſhe is allowed her Virgin Rites,
Her Maiden ſtrewments, and the bringing home
Of Bell and Burial.

Laer. Muſt there no more be done?

Prieſt. No more be done:
We ſhould prophane the ſervice of the dead,
To ſing ſage *Requiem*, and ſuch reſt to her
As to peace-departed Souls.

Laer. Lay her i'th'earth,
And from her fair and unpolluted fleſh,
May Violets ſpring. I tell thee (churliſh Prieſt)
A Miniſtring Angel ſhall my Siſter be,
When thou lieſt howling.

Ham. What, the fair *Ophelia*?

Queen. Sweets, to thee ſweet farewell,
I hop'd thou would'ſt have been my *Hamlet*'s wife:
I thought thy Bride-bed to have deckt (ſweet Maid)
And not t'have ſtrew'd thy Grave.

Laer. Oh terrible wooer, Oh Treble Woes
Fall ten times treble on that curſed head,
Whoſe wicked deed, thy moſt ingenious ſenſe
Depriv'd theeof. Hold off the earth a while,
'Till I have caught her once more in mine arms:
[*Leaps into the Grave.*
Now pile your duſt upon the quick and dead,
'Till of this flat a mountain you have made,
To o're-top old *Pelion*, or the skyiſh head
Of blue *Olympus*.

Ham. What is he, whoſe griefs
Bear ſuch an Emphaſis? whoſe phraſe of ſorrow
Conjures the wandring Stars, and makes them ſtand
Like wonder-wounded hearers? This is I,
Hamlet the Dane.

Laer. The Devil take thy Soul.

Ham. Thou pray'ſt not well,
I prithee take thy fingers from my throat:
Sir, though I am not ſpleenative and raſh,
Yet have I ſomething in me dangerous,
VVhich let thy wiſeneſs fear. Away thy hand.

King. Pluck them aſunder.

Queen. *Hamlet*, *Hamlet*.

Gen. Good my Lord be quiet.

Ham. VVhy I will fight with him upon this Theme,
Until my eye-lids will no longer wag.

Queen. Oh my Son, what Theme?

Ham. I lov'd *Ophelia*; forty thouſand brothers
Could not (with all their quantity of love)
Make up my ſumm. VVhat wilt thou do for her?

King. Oh he is mad, *Laertes*.

Queen. For love of God forbear him.

Ham. Come ſhew me what thou'lt do.
VVoo't weep? woo't fight? woo't tear thy ſelf?
VVoo't drink up *Eſile*, eat a Crocodile?
I'le do't. Do'ſt thou come hither to whine;
To out-face me with leaping in to her Grave?
Be buried quick with her, and ſo will I,
And if thou prate of Mountains; let them throw
Millions of Acres on us, 'till our ground
Singeing his pate againſt the burning Zone,
Make *Oſſa* like a wart. Nay, and thou'lt mouth,
I'le rant as well as thou.

King. This is mere madneſs:
And thus a while the fit will work on him:
Anon as patient as the female Dove,
VVhen that her golden Cuplets are diſclos'd;
His ſilence will ſit drooping.

Ham. Hear you Sir:
VVhat is the reaſon that you uſe me thus?
I lov'd you ever; but it is no matter:
Let *Hercules* himſelf do what he may,
The Cat will mew, and Dog will have his day. [*Exit.*

King. I pray you good *Horatio*, wait upon him,
Strengthen your patience in our laſt nights ſpeech,
VVe'll put the matter to the preſent puſh.
Good *Gertrude* ſet ſome watch over your Son,
This Grave ſhall have a living Monument:
An hour of quiet ſhortly ſhall we ſee;
'Till then in patience our proceeding be. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet *and* Horatio.

Ham. So much for this, Sir; now let me ſee the other,
You do remember all the circumſtance.

Hor. Remember it, my Lord.

Ham. Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fighting,
That would not let me ſleep; me thought I lay

Worſe than the mutines in the Bilboes, raſhly,
(And praiſe be raſhneſs for it) let us know
Our indiſcretion ſometimes ſerves us well,
When our dear Plots do pall, and that ſhould teach us,
There's a Divinity that ſhapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.
Hor. That is moſt certain.
Ham. Up from my Cabin.
My Sea-Gown ſcarſt about me in the dark,
Grop'd I to find out them; had my deſire,
Finger'd their Packet, and in fine withdrew
To mine own Room again, making ſo bold,
(My fears forgetting manners) to unſeal
Their grand Commiſſion, where I found, *Horatio*,
Oh royal knavery: An exact command,
Larded with many ſeveral ſorts of reaſon:
Importing *Denmark*'s health, and *England*'s too,
With hoo, ſuch Buggs and Goblins in my life,
That on the ſupervize no leiſure bated,
No not to ſtay the grinding of the Axe,
My head ſhould be ſtruck off.
Hor. Is't poſſible?
Ham. Here's the Commiſſion, read it at more leiſure:
But wilt thou hear how I did proceed?
Hor. I beſeech you.
Ham. Being thus benetted round with Villains,
E're I could make a Prologue to my Brains
They had begun the Play. I ſate me down,
Deviſ'd a new Commiſſion, wrote it fair,
I once did hold it as our Statiſts do,
A baſeneſs to write fair; and labour'd much
How to forget that learning: But, Sir, now,
It did me yeoman's ſervice: wilt thou know
The effects of what I wrote?
Hor. I, good my Lord.
Ham. An earneſt Conjuration from the King,
As *England* was his faithful Tributary,
As love between them, as the Palm ſhould flouriſh,
As Peace ſhould ſtill her wheaten Garland wear,
And ſtand a Comma 'tween their amities,
And many ſuch like Aſſis of great charge,
That on the view and know of theſe contents,
VVithout debatement further, more or leſs,
He ſhould the bearers put to ſudden death,
No ſhriving time allowed.
Hor. How was this ſeal'd?
Ham. Why even in that was heaven ordinate;
I had my Father's Signet in my Purſe,
Which was the model of that *Daniſh* Seal:
Folded the Writ up in form of the other,
Subſcrib'd it, gav'th'Impreſſion, plac'd it ſafely,
The Changling never known: Now, the next day
Was our Sea-fight, and what to this was ſement, ſequent
Thou know'ſt already.
Hor. So, *Guildenſtare* and *Roſincroß*, go to't.
Ham. Why man, they did make love to this imployment,
They are not near my conſcience; their debate
Doth by their own inſinuation grow:
'Tis dangerous when baſer nature comes
Between the paſs, and fell incenſed points
Of mighty oppoſites.
Hor. Why, what a King is this?
Ham. Does it not, think'ſt thee, ſtand me now upon,
He that hath kill'd my King, and whor'd my Mother,
Popt in between th'election and my hopes,
Thrown out his Angle for my proper life,
And with ſuch cozenage; is't not perfect conſcience,
To quit him with his arm? And is't not to be damn'd
To let this Canker of our Nature come
In further evil.
Hor. It muſt be ſhortly known to him from *England*,
What is the iſſue of the buſineſs there.
Ham. It will be ſhort.
The *Interim*'s mine, and a man's life's no more
Than to ſay one: But I am very ſorry, good *Horatio*,
That to *Laertes* I forgot my ſelf;
For by the Image of my cauſe I ſee
The Pourtraiture of his; I'll count his favours:
But ſure the bravery of his grief did put me
Into a Towring paſſion.
Hor. Peace, who comes here?

Enter Oſrick.

Oſr. Your Lordſhip is right welcome back to *Denmark*.

Ham. I humbly thank you, Sir; doſt know this water-fly?

Hor. No, my good Lord.

Ham. Thy ſtate is the more gracious; for 'tis a Vice to know him: he hath much Land, and fertile; let a Beaſt be Lord of Beaſts, and his Crib ſhall ſtand at the King's Meſſe; 'tis a Chough; but as I ſay, ſpacious in the poſſeſſion of dirt.

Oſr. Sweet Lord, if your friendſhip were at leiſure, I ſhould impart a thing to you from his Majeſty.

Ham. I will receive it with all diligence of ſpirit; put your Bonnet to his right uſe, 'tis for the head.

Oſr. I thank your Lordſhip, 'tis very hot.

Ham. No, believe me, 'tis very cold, the wind is Northerly.

Oſr. It is indifferent cold, my Lord, indeed.

Ham. Methinks it is very ſoultry, and hot for my Complexion.

Oſr. Exceedingly, my Lord, it is very ſoultry, as 'twere I cannot tell how: but, my Lord, his Majeſty bid me ſignifie to you, that he has laid a great wager on your head: Sir, this is the matter.

Ham. I beſeech you rememher.

Oſr. Nay in good faith, for mine eaſe in good faith: Sir, you are not ignorant of what excellence *Laertes* is at his weapon.

Ham. What's his weapon?

Oſr. Rapier and Dagger.

Ham. That's two of his weapons; but well.

Oſr. The King, Sir, has wag'd with him ſix *Barbary* Horſes, againſt the which he impon'd, as I take it, ſix *French* Rapiers and Poinards, with their aſſigns, as Girdle Hangers, or ſo: Three of the carriages in faith are very dear to fancie, very reſponſive to the hilts, moſt delicate carriages, and of very liberal conceit.

Ham. What call you the carriages?

Oſr. The carriages, Sir, are the Hangers.

Ham. The Phraſe would be more germane to the matter: If we could carry Cannon by our ſides; I would it might be Hangers 'till then; but on, ſix *Barbary* Horſes, againſt ſix *French* Swords: their Aſſigns and three liberal conceited carriages, that's the *French*, but againſt the *Daniſh*; why, is this impon'd as you call it?

Oſr. The King, Sir, hath laid that in a dozen paſſes between you and him, he ſhall not exceed you three hits; He hath one twelve for mine, and that would come to immediate tryal, if your Lordſhip would vouchſafe the Anſwer.

Ham. How if I anſwer no?

Oſr. I mean, my Lord, the oppoſition of your perſon in tryal.

Ham. Sir, I will walk here in the Hall; if it pleaſe his Majeſty, 'tis the breathing time of day with me; let the Foyles be brought, the Gentleman willing, and the King hold his purpoſe; I will win for him if I can: if not, I'll gain nothing but my ſhame, and the odd hitts.

Oſr. Shall I redeliver you e'en ſo?

Ham. To this effect, Sir, after what flouriſh your nature will.

Oſr. I commend my duty to your Lordſhip. [*Exit.*

Ham. Yours, yours; he does well to commend it himſelf, there are no tongues elſe for's tongue.

Hor. This Lapwing runs away with the ſhell on his head.

Ham. He did comply with his Dug before he ſuck't it: thus had he and nine more of the ſame Beavy that I know the droſſie Age doats on; only got the tune of the time, and outward habit of encounter, a kind of yeſty Collection, which carries them through and through the moſt fond aud winnowed opinions; and do but blow them to their Tryals, the Bubbles are out.

Hor. You will loſe this Wager, my Lord.

Ham. I do not think ſo, ſince he went into *France*, I have been in continual practice; I ſhall win at the odds; but thou wouldeſt not think how all here about my heart: but it is no matter.

Hor. Nay, good my Lord.

Ham. It is but foolery; but it is ſuch a kind of gain-giving as would perhaps trouble a Woman.

Hor. If your mind diſlike any thing, obey. I will foreſtal their repair hither, and ſay you are not fit.

Ham. Not a whit, we defie Augury; there's a ſpecial Providence in the fall of a Sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come: if it be not come, it will be now: if it be not now; yet it will come; the readineſs is all, ſince no man has ought of what he leaves. What is't to leave betimes?

Enter King, Queen, Laertes *and* Lords, *with other Attendants with Foyles, and Gantlets, a Table and Flaggons of Wine on it.*

Kin. Come, *Hamlet*, come, and take this hand from me.
Ham. Give me your pardon, Sir, I've done you wrong,
But pardon't as you are a Gentleman.
This preſence knows,
And you muſt needs have heard how I am puniſh'd
With ſore diſtraction? What have I done
That might your natures honour, and exception
Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madneſs:
Was't *Hamlet* wrong'd *Laertes?* Never *Hamlet:*
If *Hamlet* from himſelf be tane away:
And when he's not himſelf, do's wrong *Laertes*,
Then *Hamlet* does it not, *Hamlet* denies it:
Who does it then? His madneſs? If't be ſo,
Hamlet is of the Faction that is wrong'd,
His Madneſs is poor *Hamlet*'s Enemy.
Sir, in this Audience,
Let my diſclaiming from a purpos'd evil,
Free me ſo far in your moſt generous thoughts,
That I have ſhot mine Arrow o're the Houſe,
And hurt my Mother.
Laer. I am ſatisfied in Nature,
Whoſe Motive in this caſe ſhould ſtir me moſt
To my Revenge. But in my terms of honour
I ſtand aloof, and will no reconcilement,
'Till by ſome elder Maſters of known honour,
I have a voice, and preſident of peace
To keep my name ungorg'd. But 'till that time,
I do receive your offer'd love like love,
And will not wrong it.
Ham. I do embrace it freely,
And will this Brother's Wager frankly play.
Gives us the Foyles: Come on.
Laer. Come on for me.
Ham. I'll be your Foyle, *Laertes*, in mine ignorance,
Your skill ſhall like a Star i' th' brighteſt night,
Stick fiery off indeed.
Laer. You mock me, Sir.
Ham. No, by this hand.
King. Give the Foyles young *Oſrick*,
Couſin *Hamlet*, you know the Wager.
Ham. Very well, my Lord,
Your Grace hath laid the odds o' th' weaker ſide.
King. I do not fear it,
I have ſeen you both:
But ſince he is better'd, we have therefore odds.
Laer. This is too heavy,
Let me ſee another.
Ham. This likes me well,
Theſe Foyles have all a length. [*Prepare to Play.*
Oſr. I, my good Lord.
King. Set me the Stopes of Wine upon that Table:
If *Hamlet* give the firſt, or ſecond hit,
Or quit in anſwer of a third exchange,
Let all the Battlements their Ordnance fire,
The King ſhall drink to *Hamlet*'s better breath,
And in the Cup an Union ſhall he throw
Richer than that, which four ſucceſſive Kings
In *Denmark*'s Crown have worn.
Give me the Cups,
And let the Kettle to the Trumpets ſpeak,
The Trumpets to the Canoneer without,
The Canons to the Heavens, the Heaven to Earth,
Now the King drinks to *Hamlet*. Come, begin,
And you the Judges bear a wary Eye.
Ham. Come on, Sir.
Laer. Come on, Sir. [*They play.*
Ham. One.
Laer. No.
Ham. Judgment.
Oſr. A hit, a very palpable hit.
Laer. Well: again.
King. Stay, give me drink.
Hamlet, this Pearl is thine,
Here's to thy health. Give him the Cup.
[*Trumpet ſound, ſhot goes off.*
Ham. I'll play this bout firſt, ſet by a while.
Come: another hit; what ſay you?
Laer. A touch, a touch, I do confeſs.
King. Our Son ſhall win.
Qu. He's fat, and ſcant of breath.
Heres a Napkin, rub thy brows,
The Queen carouſes to thy fortune, *Hamlet.*
Ham. Good Madam.
King. *Gertrude*, do not drink.
Qu. I will, my Lord;
I pray you pardon me.
King. It is the poiſon'd Cup, it is too late.
Ham. I dare not drink yet, Madam,
By and by.
Qu. Come, let me wipe thy face.
Laer. My Lord, I'll hit him now.
King. I do not think't.
Laer. And yet 'tis almoſt 'gainſt my Conſcience.
Ham. Come, for the third.
Laertes, you but dally,
I pray you paſs with your beſt violence,
I am afeard you make a wanton of me.
Laer. Say you ſo? Come on. [*Play.*
Oſr. Nothing neither way.
Laer. Have at you now.
[*In ſcuffling they change Rapiers.*
King. Part them, they are incen'ſd.
Ham. Nay, come again.
Oſr. Look to the Queen there, ho.
Hor. They bleed on both ſides. How is't, my Lord?
Oſr. How is't, *Laertes?*
Laer. Why as a Woodcock
To my Sprindge, *Oſrick*,
I am juſtly kill'd with mine own treachery.
Ham. How does the Queen?
King. She ſwounds to ſee them bleed.
Qu. No, no, the drink, the drink,
Oh my dear *Hamlet*, the drink, the drink,
I am poiſon'd.
Ham. Oh Villany! How? Let the door be lock'd:
Treachery, ſeek it out.
Laer. It is here, *Hamlet.*
Hamlet, thou art ſlain,
No Medicine in the World can do thee good.
In thee there is not half an hour of life;

The treacherous Inſtrument is in thy hand,
Unbated and envenom'd : the foul practice
Hath turn'd it ſelf on me. Lo, here I lye,
Never to riſe again : thy Mother's poiſon'd :
I can no more, the King, the King's to blame.
Ham. The point envenom'd too,
Then venom to thy work.
[*Hurts the King.*

All. Treaſon, Treaſon.
King. O yet defend me Friends, I am but hurt.
Ham. Here thou inceſtuous, murd'rous
Damned *Dane*,
Drink off this Potion: Is thy Union here ?
Follow my Mother. [*King dies.*
Laer. He is juſtly ſerv'd.
It is a poiſon temp'red by himſelf:
Exchange forgiveneſs with me, Noble *Hamlet*;
Mine and my Father's Death come not upon thee,
Nor thine on me. [*Dies.*
Ham. Heaven make thee free of it, I follow thee.
I am dead, *Horatio*, wretched Queen, adieu,
You that look pale and tremble at this chance,
That are but Mutes or audience at this act:
Had I but time (as this fell Serjeant Death
Is ſtrict in this Arreſt) oh I could tell you,
But let it be: *Horatio*, I am dead,
Thou liv'ſt, report me and my cauſes right
To be unſatisfied.
Hor. Never believe it.
I am more an Antick *Roman* than a *Dane*:
Here's yet ſome Liquor left.
Ham. As th'art a man, give me the Cup,
Let go, by Heaven I'll hav't.
Oh, good *Horatio*, what a wounded name,
(Things ſtanding thus unknown) ſhall live behind me.
If thou did'ſt ever hold me in thy heart,
Abſent thee from felicity a while,
And in this harſh World draw thy breath in pain,
To tell my Story.
[*March a far off, and ſhout within.*
What Warlike noiſe is this?

Enter Oſrick.

Oſr. Young *Fortinbras*, with conqueſt come from *Poland*,
To th' Ambaſſadors of *England* gives this Warlike Volley.
Ham. O, I die, *Horatio*:
The potent poiſon quite o're-crows my ſpirit,
I cannot live to hear the News from *England*.
But I do propheſie th' election lights
On *Fortinbras*, he has my dying Voice,
So tell him with the occurrents more or leſs,
Which have ſolicited. The reſt is ſilence, O, o, o. [*Dies.*
Hora. Now cracks a Noble heart:
Goodnight, ſweet Prince,
And flights of Angels ſing thee to thy reſt,
Why do's the Drum come hither?

Enter Fortinbras *and Engliſh* Ambaſſador, *with Drum, Colours, and Attendants.*

Fort. Where is the ſight?
Hor. What is it you would ſee;
If ought of woe or wonder, ceaſe your ſearch.
Fort. His quarry cryes on Havock. Oh proud death,
What Feaſt is toward in thine eternal Cell,
That thou ſo many Princes at a ſhoot,
So bloudily haſt ſtrook.
Amb. The ſight is diſmal,
And our affairs from *England* come too late,
The Ears are ſenſeleſs that ſhould give us hearing.
To tell him his Command'ment is fulfill'd,
That *Roſincroſs* and *Guildenſtare* are dead:
Where ſhould we have our thanks?
Hor. Not from his mouth,
Had it th' ability of life to thank you:
He never gave Command'ment for their Death.
But ſince ſo jump upon this bloudy queſtion,
You from the *Polack* Wars, and you from *England*
Are here arrived: Give order that theſe bodies
High on a Stage be placed to the view,
And let me ſpeak to th' yet unknowing World,
How theſe things came about. So ſhall you hear
Of carnal, bloudy, and unnatural acts,
Of accidental judgments, caſual ſlaughters,
Of Deaths put on by cunning, and forc'd cauſe,
And in this upſhot, purpoſes miſtook,
Fal'n on the Inventor's heads. All this can I
Truly deliver.
Fort. Let us haſte to hear it,
And call the Nobleſt to the Audience.
For me, with ſorrow, I embrace my Fortune,
I have ſome Rites of memory in this Kingdom,
Which are to claim, my vantage doth
Invite me.
Hor. Of that I ſhall always cauſe to ſpeak,
And from his mouth
Whoſe Voice will draw on more:
But let this ſame be preſently perform'd,
Even whiles men's minds are wild,
Leſt more miſchance
On plots, and errours happen.
Fort. Let four Captains
Bear *Hamlet* like a Souldier off the Stage,
For he was likely, had he been put on
To have prov'd moſt royally:
And for his paſſage,
The Souldiers Muſick, and the rites of War
Speak loudly for him.
Take up the Body; Such a ſight as this,
Becomes the Field, but here ſhews much amiſs.
Go, bid the Souldiers ſhoot.
[*Exeunt Marching: after which, a Peal of Ordnance are ſhot off.*

THE

THE TRAGEDY OF KING LEAR.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Kent, Gloſter, *and* Edmund.

Kent. I Thought the King had more affected the Duke of *Albany*, than *Cornwall.*

Glo. It did always ſeem to us: But now in the diviſion of the Kingdom, it appears not which of the Dukes he values moſt, for qualities are ſo weigh'd, that curioſity in neither, can make choice of eithers moiety.

Kent. Is not this your Son, my Lord?

Glo. His breeding, Sir, hath been at my charge. I have ſo often bluſh'd to acknowledge him, that now I am braz'd to't.

Kent. I cannot conceive you.

Glo. Sir, this young Fellows Mother could; whereupon ſhe grew round womb'd, and had indeed (Sir) a Son for her Cradle, e're ſhe had a Husband for her Bed. Do you ſmell a fault?

Kent. I cannot wiſh the fault undone, the iſſue of it being ſo proper.

Glo. But I have a Son, Sir, by order of Law, ſome Year elder than this; who, yet is no dearer in my account, though this Knave came ſomewhat ſawcily to the World before he was ſent for: yet was his Mother fair, there was good ſport at his making, and the whorſon muſt be acknowledged. Do you know this Nobleman, *Edmond?*

Edm. No, my Lord.

Glo. My Lord of *Kent:*
Remember him hereafter, as my honourable Friend.

Edm. My ſervices to your Lordſhip.

Kent. I muſt love you, and ſue to know you better.

Edm. Sir, I ſhall ſtudy deſerving.

Glo. He hath been out nine years, and away he ſhall again. The King is coming.

Sennet. Enter King Lear, Cornwall, Albany, Gonerill, Regan, Cordelia, *and* Attendants.

Lear. Attend the Lords of *France* and *Burgundy*, *Gloſter.*

Glo. I ſhall, my Lord. [*Exit.*

Lear. Mean time we ſhall expreſs our darker purpoſe.
Give me the Map here. Know, that we have divided
Into three, our Kingdom: and 'tis our faſt intent,
To ſhake all cares and buſineſs from our Age,
Conferring them on younger ſtrengths, while we
Unburthen'd crawl toward Death. Our Son of *Cornwall*,
And you our no leſs loving Son of *Albany*,
We have this hour a conſtant will to publiſh
Our Daughter's ſeveral Dowers, that future ſtrife
May be prevented now. The Prince, *France* and *Burgundy*,
Great Rivals in our younger Daughter's Love,
Long in our Court, have made their amorous ſojourn,
And here are to be anſwer'd. Tell my Daughters
(Since now we will diveſt us both of Rule,
Intereſt of Terrority, Cares of State)
Which of you ſhall we ſay doth love us moſt,
That we, our largeſt bounty may extend
Where nature doth with merit challenge. *Gonerill*,
Our eldeſt born, ſpeak firſt.

Gon. Sir, I love you more than word can wield the matter,
Dearer than Eye-ſight, ſpace, and liberty,
Beyond what can be valued, rich or rare,
No leſs than life, with grace, health, beauty, honour:
As much as Child e're lov'd, or Father found.
A love that makes breath poor, and ſpeech unable,
Beyond all manner of ſo much I love you.

Cor. What ſhall *Cordelia* ſpeak? Love, and be ſilent.

Lear. Of all theſe bounds, even from this Line, to this,
With ſhadowy Foreſts, and with Champions rich'd
With plenteous Rivers, and wide-skirted Meads
We make thee Lady. To thine and *Albany*'s Iſſues
Be this perpetual. What ſayes our ſecond Daughter,
Our deareſt *Regan*, Wife of *Cornwall?*

Reg. I am made of that ſelf-metal as my Siſter,
And prize me at her worth. In my true heart,
I find ſhe names my very deed of love:
Only ſhe comes too ſhort, that I profeſs
My ſelf an Enemy to all other joyes,
Which the moſt precious ſquare of ſenſe profeſſes,
And find I am alone felicitate
In your dear Highneſs love.

Cor. Then, poor *Cordelia*,
And yet not ſo, ſince I am ſure my love's
More ponderous than my tongue.

Lear. To thee, and thine hereditary ever:
Remain this ample third of our fair Kingdom,
No leſs in ſpace, validity, and pleaſure
Than that confer'd on *Gonerill.* Now our Joy,
Although our laſt and leaſt; to whoſe young love,
The Vines of *France*, and Milk of *Burgundy*,
Strive to be intereſt. What can you ſay, to draw
A third, more opulent than your Siſters? ſpeak.

Cor. Nothing, my Lord.

Lear. Nothing?

Cor. Nothing.

Lear. Nothing will come of nothing, ſpeak again.

Cord. Unhappy that I am, I cannot have
My heart into my mouth: I love your Majeſty
According to my bond, no more nor leſs.

Lear. How, how, *Cordelia?* Mend your ſpeech a little,

Leſt you may marr your fortunes.
Cor. Good, my Lord,
You have begot me, bred me, lov'd me.
I return thoſe duties back as are right fit,
Obey you, love you, and moſt honour you.
Why have my Siſters husbands, if they ſay
They love you all? Happily when I ſhall wed,
That Lord, whoſe hand muſt take my plight, ſhall carry
Half my Love with him, half my Care, and Duty,
Sure I ſhall never marry like my Siſters.
Lear. But goes thy heart with this?
Cor. I my good Lord.
Lear. So young, and ſo untender?
Cor. So young, my Lord, and true?
Lear. Let it be ſo, the truth then be thy dowre:
For by the ſacred radiance of the Sun,
The myſteries of *Hecate*, and the night:
By all the operations of the Orbs,
From whom we do exiſt, and ceaſe to be,
Here I diſclaim all my Paternal care,
Propinquity and property of blood,
And as a ſtranger to my heart and me,
Hold thee from this for ever. The Barbarous *Scythian*,
Or he that makes his Generation Meſſes
To gorge his appetite, ſhall to my boſom
Be as well neighbour'd, pitied, and reliev'd,
As thou my ſometime Daughter.
Kent. Good my Liege. *Lear.* Peace, *Kent*;
Come not between the Dragon and his wrath,
I lov'd her moſt, and thought to ſet my reſt
On her kind nurſery. Hence, and avoid my ſight;
So be my grave my peace, as here I give
Her Father's heart from her; call *France*, who ſtirs?
Call *Burgundy*, *Cornwall*, and *Albany*,
With my two Daughters Dowres, digeſt the third,
Let pride, which ſhe calls plainneſs, marry her:
I do inveſt you joyntly with my power,
Preheminence, and all the large effects
That troop with Majeſty. Our ſelf by monthly courſe
With reſervation of an hundred Knights,
By you to be ſuſtain'd, ſhall our abode
Make with you by due turn, only we ſhall retain
The name, and all th'addition to a King: the Sway,
Revenue, Execution of the reſt,
Beloved Sons be yours, which to confirm,
This Coronet part between you.
Kent. Royal *Lear*,
Whom I have ever honour'd as a King,
Lov'd as my Father, as my Maſter follow'd,
As my Patron, thought on in my Prayers.
Lear. The bow is bent and drawn, make from the ſhaft.
Kent. Let it fall rather, though the fork invade
The region of my heart, be *Kent* unmannerly,
When *Lear* is mad, what wouldſt thou do, old man?
Think'ſt thou that Duty ſhall have dread to ſpeak,
When Power to Flattery bows?
To plainneſs honour's bound,
When Majeſty falls to folly, reſerve thy ſtate,
And thy beſt conſideration, check
This hideous raſhneſs, anſwer my life, my judgment:
Thy youngeſt Daughter do's not love thee leaſt,
Nor are thoſe empty hearted, whoſe low ſounds
Reverb no hollowneſs.
Lear. *Kent*, on my life no more.
Kent. My life I never held but as a pawn
To wage againſt thine enemies, ne'er fear to loſe it,
Thy ſafety being motive. *Lear.* Out of my ſight.
Kent. See better, *Lear*, and let me ſtill remain
The true blank of thine eye. *Lear.* Now by *Apollo*.
Kent. Now by *Apollo*, King,
Thou ſwear'ſt thy gods in vain.
Lear. O Vaſſal! Miſcreant.
Alb. Corn. Dear Sir, forbear.
Kent. Kill thy Phyſician, and thy Fee beſtow
Upon the foul diſeaſe, revoke the gift,
Or whil'ſt I can vent clamour from my throat,
I'll tell thee thou do'ſt evil.
Lear. Hear me Recreant, on thine allegiance hear me;
That thou haſt ſought to make us break our vows,
Which we durſt never yet; and with ſtrain'd pride,
To come betwixt our ſentence and our power.
Which, nor our nature, nor our place can bear;
Our Potency made good, take thy reward.
Five days we do allot thee for proviſion,
To ſhield thee from diſaſters of the world,
And on the ſixth to turn thy hated back
Upon our Kingdom; if the tenth day following,
Thy baniſht Trunk be found in our Dominions,
The moment is thy death, away. By *Jupiter*,
This ſhall not be revok'd.
Kent. Fare thee well, King, ſith thus thou wilt appear,
Freedom lives hence, and baniſhment is here;
The gods to their dear ſhelter take thee, Maid,
That juſtly thinks, and haſt moſt rightly ſaid:
And your large ſpeeches may your deeds approve,
That good effects may ſpring from words of love:
Thus *Kent*, O Princes, bids you all adieu,
He'll ſhape his old courſe in a Countrey new. [*Exit.*
Enter Gloſter, *with* France *and* Burgundy *Attendants.*
Cor. Here's *France* and *Burgundy*, my Noble Lord.
Lear. My Lord of *Burgundy*,
We firſt addreſs toward you, who, with this King,
Hath rivall'd for our Daughter; what in the leaſt
Will you require in preſent Dowre with her,
Or ceaſe your Queſt of Love?
Bur. Moſt Royal Majeſty,
I crave no more than what your Highneſs offer'd,
Nor will you tender leſs.
Lear. Right Noble *Burgundy*,
When ſhe was dear to us we held her ſo,
But now her price is fall'n: Sir, there ſhe ſtands,
If ought within that little ſeeming ſubſtance,
Or all of it with our diſpleaſure piec'd,
And nothing more may fitly like your Grace,
She's there, and ſhe is yours.
Bur. I know no anſwer.
Lear. Will you with thoſe infirmities ſhe owes,
Unfriended, new adopted to our hate,
Dowr'd with our curſe, and ſtranger'd with our oath,
Take leave, or leave her.
Bur. Pardon me, Royal Sir,
Election makes not up in ſuch conditions.
Lear. Then leave her, Sir, for by the power that made me,
I tell you all her wealth. For you, great King,
I would not from your love make ſuch a ſtray,
To match you where I hate, therefore beſeech you
T'avert your liking a more worthier way,
Than on a wretch whom nature is aſham'd
Almoſt t'acknowledge hers.
Fra. This is moſt ſtrange,
That ſhe, who even but now, was your beſt object,
The argument of your praiſe, balm of your age,
The beſt, the deareſt, ſhould in this trice of time
Commit a thing ſo monſtrous, to diſmantle
So many folds of favour: ſure her offence
Muſt be of ſuch unnatural degree,
That monſters it: Or your fore-voucht affection
Fall into Taint; which to believe of her
Muſt be a faith, that reaſon without miracle
Should never plant in me.
Cor. I yet beſeech your Majeſty,
If for I want that glib and oylie Art,
To ſpeak and purpoſe not, ſince what I will intend,
I'll do't before I ſpeak, that you make known
It is no vicious blot, murther, or foulneſs,
No unchaſte action, or diſhonoured ſtep,
That hath depriv'd me of your Grace and Favour,
But even for want of that, for which I am richer,

A ſtill ſoliciting eye, and ſuch a tongue,
That I am glad I have not, though not to have it,
Hath loſt me in your liking.
Lear. Better thou had'ſt
Not been born, than not t'have pleas'd me better.
Fra. Is it but this? A tardineſs in nature,
Which often leaves the Hiſtory unſpoke
That it intends to do; my Lord of *Burgundy*,
What ſay you to the Lady? Love's not love
When it is mingled with regards, that ſtands
Aloof from th'intire point, will you have her?
She is her ſelf a Dowry.
Bur. Royal King,
Give but that portion which your ſelf propos'd,
And here I take *Cordelia* by the hand,
Dutcheſs of *Burgundy*.
Lear. Nothing, I have ſworn, I am firm.
Bur. I am ſorry then you have ſo loſt a Father,
That you muſt loſe a Husband.
Cor. Peace be with *Burgundy*,
Since that reſpect and fortunes are his love,
I ſhall not be his wiſe.
Fra. Faireſt *Cordelia*, that art moſt rich being poor,
Moſt choice forſaken, and moſt lov'd deſpis'd,
Thee and thy Virtues here I ſeize upon,
Be it lawful I take up what's caſt away,
Gods, gods! 'Tis ſtrange, that from their cold'ſt neglect
My love ſhould kindle to enflam'd reſpect.
Thy dowreleſs Daughter, King, thrown to my chance,
Is Queen of us, of ours, and our fair *France*:
Not all the Dukes of watriſh *Burgundy*,
Can buy this unpriz'd precious Maid of me.
Bid them farewel, *Cordelia*, though unkind,
Thou loſeſt here a better where to find.
Lear. Thou haſt her *France*, let her be thine, for we
Have no ſuch Daughter, nor ſhall ever ſee
That face of her's again, therefore be gone,
Without our Grace, our Love, our Benizon:
Come Noble *Burgundy*. *Flouriſh.* [*Exeunt.*
Fra. Bid farewel to your Siſters.
Cor. The Jewels of our Father, with waſh'd eyes
Cordelia leaves you, I know you what you are,
And like a Siſter am moſt loth to call
Your faults as they are named. Love well our Father:
To your profeſſed boſoms I commit him,
But yet alas, ſtood I within his Grace,
I would prefer him to a better place,
So farewel to you both.
Reg. Preſcribe not us our duty.
Gon. Let your ſtudy
Be to content your Lord, who hath receiv'd you,
At fortunes alms, you have obedience ſcanted,
And well are worth the want that you have wanted.
Cor. Time ſhall unfold what plighted cunning hides,
Who covers faults, at laſt with ſhame derides.
Well may you proſper.
Fra. Come, my fair *Cordelia.* [*Exeunt* France *and* Cor.
Gon. Siſter, it is not little I have to ſay,
Of what moſt nearly appertains to us both,
I think our Father will hence to night. (with us.
Reg. That's moſt certain, and with you: next month

Gon. You ſee how full of changes his age is, the obſervation we have made of it hath been little: he always lov'd our Siſter moſt, and with what poor judgement he hath now caſt her off, appears too too groſſely.

Reg. 'Tis the infirmity of his Age, yet he hath ever but ſlenderly known himſelf.

Gon. The beſt and ſoundeſt of his time hath been but raſh, then muſt we look from his Age, to receive not alone the imperfections of long engraffed condition, but therewithal the unruly waywardneſs, that infirm and cholerick years bring with them.

Reg. Such unconſtant ſtarts are we like to have from him, as this of *Kent*'s baniſhment.

Gon. There is further complement of leave taking, between *France* and him, pray you let us ſit together, if our Father carry Authority with ſuch diſpoſition as he bears, this laſt ſurrender of his will but offend us.

Reg. We ſhall further think of it.

Gon. We muſt do ſomething, and i'th'heat. [*Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Baſtard.

Baſt. Thou Nature art my Goddeſs, to thy Law
My ſervices are bound, wherefore ſhould I
Stand in the plague of cuſtom, and permit
The curioſity of Nations to deprive me?
For that I am ſome twelve, or fourteen Moonſhines
Lag of a Brother? Why Baſtard? wherefore baſe?
When my Dimenſions are as well compact,
My mind as generous, and my ſhape as true
As honeſt Madam's iſſue? why brand they us
With Baſe? with baſeneſs Baſtardy? Baſe, Baſe?
Who in the luſty ſtealth of nature, take
More compoſition, and fierce quality,
Than doth within a dull ſtale tyred bed
Go the creating a whole Tribe of Fops
Got 'tween a ſleep, and wake? Well then,
Legitimate *Edgar*, I muſt have your land,
Our Father's love is to the Baſtard *Edmund*,
As to th'legitimate: fine word: legitimate.
Well, my Legitimate, if this Letter ſpeed,
And my invention thrive, *Edmund* the baſe
Shall to th'Legitimate: I grow, I proſper:
Now gods, ſtand up for Baſtards,

Enter Glouceſter.

Glo. *Kent* baniſh'd thus? and *France* in choler parted?
And the King gone to night? Preſcrib'd his power,
Confin'd to exhibition? All this gone
Upon the gad? *Edmund*, how now? what news?
Baſt. So pleaſe your Lordſhip, none.
Glo. Why ſo earneſtly ſeek you to put up that letter?
Baſt. I know no news, my Lord.
Glo. What Paper were you reading?
Baſt. Nothing my Lord.

Glo. No? what needed then that terrible diſpatch of it into your Pocket? the quality of nothing, hath not ſuch need to hide it ſelf. Let's ſee: come, if it be nothing, I ſhall not need Spectacles.

Baſt. I beſeech you, Sir, pardon me; it is a letter from my Brother, that I have not all o're-read; and for ſo much as I have perus'd, I find it not fit for your o're-looking.

Glo. Give me the Letter, Sir.
Baſt. I ſhall offend, either to detain, or give it:
The Contents, as in part I underſtand them,
Are to blame.
Glo. Let's ſee, let's ſee.

Baſt. I hope for my brother's juſtification, he wrote this but as an eſſay, or taſte of my Virtue.

Glou. *reads. This policy, and reverence of Age, makes the World bitter to beſt of our times keeps our Fortunes from us, 'till our oldneſs cannot relliſh them. I begin to find an idle and fond bondage, in the oppreſſion of aged tyranny, who ſwayes not as it hath power, but as it is ſuffer'd. Come to me, that of this I may ſpeak more. If our Father would ſleep till I wak'd him, you ſhould enjoy half his Revenue for ever, and live the beloved of your Brother.* Edgar. Hum? Conſpiracy? Sleep 'till I wake him, you ſhould enjoy half his Revenue: my Son *Edgar*, had he a hand to write this? A heart and brain to breed it in? When came this to you? who brought it?

Baſt. It was not brought me, my Lord; there's the cunning of it. I found it thrown in at the Caſement of my Cloſſet.

Glo. You know the character to be your Brother's?

Baſt. If the matter were good, my Lord, I durſt ſwear it were his: but in reſpect of that, I would fain think it were not.

Glo. It is his.

Baſt. It is his hand, my Lord: I hope his heart is not in the Contents.

Glo. Has he never before ſounded you in this buſineſs?

Baſt. Never, my Lord. But I have heard him oft maintain it to be fit, that Sons at perfect age, and Fathers declin'd, the Father ſhould be as Ward to the Son, and the Son manage his Revenue.

Glo. O Villain, villain: his very opinion in the Letter. Abhorred Villain, unnatural, deteſted, bruitiſh Villain; worſe than bruitiſh: Go, ſirrah, ſeek him: I'le apprehend him. Abominable Villain, where is he?

Baſt. I do not well know, my Lord; if it ſhall pleaſe you to ſuſpend your indignation againſt my Brother, 'till you can derive from him better Teſtimony of his intent, you ſhould run a certain courſe: where, if you violently proceed againſt him, miſtaking his purpoſe, it would make a great gap in your honour, and ſhake in pieces the heart of his obedieuce. I dare pawn down my life for him, that he hath writ this to feel my affection to your honour, and to no other pretence of danger.

Glo. Think you ſo?

Baſt. If your honour judge it meet, I will place you where you ſhall hear us confer this, and by an Auricular aſſurance have your ſatisfaction, and that without any further delay, than this very Evening.

Glo. He cannot be ſuch a Monſter. *Edmund*, ſeek him out: wind me into him, I pray you: frame the Buſineſs after your own wiſdom. I would unſtate my ſelf, to be in a due reſolution.

Baſt. I will ſeek him, Sir, preſently: convey the buſineſs as I ſhall find means, and acquaint you withal.

Glo. Theſe late Eclipſes in the Sun and Moon portend no good to us: though the wiſdom of Nature can reaſon it thus, and thus, yet Nature finds it ſelf ſcourg'd by the ſequent effects. Love cools, Friendſhip falls off, Brothers divide. In Cities, mutinies; in Countries, diſcord; in Palaces, Treaſon; and the Bond crack'd, 'twixt Son and Father. This Villain of mine comes under the prediction: there's Son againſt Father, the King falls from biaſs of nature, there's Father againſt Child. We have ſeen the beſt of our time. Machinations, hollowneſs, treachery, and all ruinous diſorders follow us diſquietly to our Graves. Find out this Villain, *Edmund*, it ſhall loſe thee nothing, do it carefully: and the Noble and true-hearted *Kent* baniſh'd; his offence, honeſty. 'Tis ſtrange. [*Exit.*

Baſt. This is the excellent foppery of the world, that when we are ſick in fortune, often the ſurfeits of our own behaviour, we make guilty of our diſaſters, the Sun, the Moon, and Stars, as if we were Villains on neceſſity, Fools by heavenly compulſion, Knaves, Thieves, and Treachers by Spherical predominance, Drunkards, Lyars, and Adulterers by an inforc'd obedience of Planetary influence; and all that we are evil in, by a divine thruſting on. An admirable evaſion of Whore-maſter man, to lay his Goatiſh diſpoſition on the charge of a Star: My Father compounded with my Mother under the Dragon's tail, and my Nativity was under *Urſa major*, ſo that it follows, I am rough and Lecherous. I ſhould have been that I am, had the Maidenlieſt Star in the Firmament twinkled on my Baſtardizing.

Enter Edgar.

Pat: he comes like the Cataſtrophe of the old Comedy: my Cue is villanous Melancholy, with a ſigh like *Tom* o' *Bedlam* —— O theſe Eclipſes do portend theſe diviſions: Fa, Sol, La, Me.

Edg. How now, Brother *Edmund*, what ſerious contemplation are you in?

Baſt. I am thinking, Brother, of a Prediction I read this other day, what ſhould follow theſe Eclipſes.

Edg. Do you buſie your ſelf with that?

Baſt. I promiſe, the effects he writes of, ſucceed unhappily.
When ſaw you my Father laſt?

Edg. The night gone by.

Baſt. Spake you with him?

Edg. I, two hours together.

Baſt. Parted you in good terms? Found you no diſpleaſure in him, by word, nor countenance?

Edg. None at all.

Baſt. Bethink your ſelf wherein you have offended him: and at my entreaty forbear his preſence, until ſome little time hath qualified the heat of his diſpleaſure, which at this inſtant ſo rageth in him, that with the miſchief of your perſon, it would ſcarcely allay.

Edg. Some Villain hath done me wrong.

Edm. That's my fear, I pray you have a continent forbearance till the ſpeed of his rage goes ſlower: and as I ſay, retire with me to my lodging, from whence I will fitly bring you to hear my Lord ſpeak: pray ye go, there's my key: if you do ſtir abroad, go arm'd.

Edg. Arm'd, Brother?

Edm. Brother, I adviſe you to the beſt, I am no honeſt man, if there be any good meaning toward you: I have told you what I have ſeen, and heard: But faintly. Nothing like the image, and horrour of it, pray you away.

Edg. Shall I hear from you anon? [*Exit.*

Edm. I do ſerve you in this buſineſs:
A Credulous Father, and a Brother Noble,
Whoſe nature is ſo far from doing harms,
That he ſuſpects none: on whoſe fooliſh honeſty
My practices ride eaſie: I ſee the buſineſs.
Let me, if not by birth, have lands by wit,
All with me's meet, that I can faſhion fit. [*Exit.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Goneril, *and* Steward.

Gon. Did my Father ſtrike my Gentleman for chiding of his fool?

Stew. I, Madam.

Gon. By day and night, he wrongs me; every hour.
He flaſhes into one groſs crime, or other,
That ſets us all at odds: I'le not endure it;
His Knights grow riotous, and himſelf upbraids us
On every trifle. When he returns from hunting,
I will not ſpeak with him, ſay I am ſick,
If you come ſlack of former ſervices,
You ſhall do well, the fault of it I'le anſwer.

Stew. He's coming, Madam, I hear him.

Gon. Put on what weary negligence you pleaſe.
You and your Fellows: I'd have it come to queſtion;
If he diſtaſte it, let him to my Siſter,
Whoſe mind and mine I know in that are one,
Remember what I have ſaid.

Stew. Well, Madam.

Gon. And let his Knights have colder looks among you: what grows of it no matter, adviſe your fellows ſo, I'le write ſtraight to my Siſter to hold my courſe: prepare for dinner. [*Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Kent.

Kent. If but as well I other accents borrow,
That can my ſpeech diffuſe, my good intent
May carry through it ſelf to that full iſſue
For which I rais'd my likeneſs. Now, baniſht *Kent*,

If thou canſt ſerve where thou doſt ſtand condemn'd,
So may it come, thy Maſter whom thou lov'ſt,
Shall find thee full of labours.

Horns within. *Enter* Lear *and* Attendants.

Lear. Let me not ſtay a jot for dinner, go get it ready: how now, what art thou?

Kent. A man, Sir.

Lear. What doſt thou profeſs? what would'ſt thou with us?

Kent. I do profeſs to be no leſs than I ſeem; to ſerve him truly that will put me in truſt, to love him that is honeſt, to converſe with him that is wiſe, and ſays little, to fear judgment, to fight when I cannot chuſe, and to eat no fiſh.

Lear. What art thou?

Kent. A very honeſt hearted Fellow, and as poor as the King.

Lear. If thou be'ſt as poor for a Subject, as he's for a King, thou art poor enough. What would'ſt thou?

Kent. Service.

Lear. Whom would'ſt thou ſerve?

Kent. You.

Lear. Do'ſt thou know me, fellow?

Kent. No, Sir, but you have that in your countenance, which I would fain call Maſter.

Lear. What's that?

Kent. Authority.

Lear. What ſervices canſt thou do?

Kent. I can keep honeſt counſels, ride, run, marr a curious tale in telling it, and deliver a plain meſſage bluntly: that which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualified in, and the beſt of me, is diligence.

Lear. How old art thou?

Kent. Not ſo young, Sir, to love a woman for ſinging, nor ſo old to doat on her for any thing. I have years on my back forty eight.

Lear. Follow me, thou ſhalt ſerve me, if I like thee no worſe after Dinner, I will not part from thee yet. Dinner ho, Dinner, where's my Knave? my Fool? go you and call my Fool hither. You, you, Sirrah, where's my Daughter?

Enter Steward.

Stew. So pleaſe you—— [*Exit.*

Lear. What ſays the fellow there? Call the Clotpole back: where's my Fool? Ho, I think the World's aſleep, how now? where's that Mungrel?

Knight. He ſays, my Lord, your Daughter is not well.

Lear. Why came not the ſlave back to me when I call'd him?

Knight. Sir, he anſwered in the roundeſt manner, he would not.

Lear. He would not?

Knight. My Lord, I know not what the matter is, but to my judgment, your Highneſs is not entertain'd with that Ceremonious Affection as you were wont, there's a great abatement of kindneſs appears as well in the general dependents, as in the Duke himſelf alſo, and your Daughter.

Lear. Ha! ſay'ſt thou ſo?

Knight. I beſeech you, pardon me, my Lord, if I be miſtaken, for my duty cannot be ſilent, when I think your Highneſs is wrong'd.

Lear. Thou but remembreſt me of my own Conception, I have perceiv'd a moſt faint neglect of late, which I have rather blamed as my own jealous curioſity, than as a very pretence and purpoſe of unkindneſs; I will look further into't: but where's my Fool? I have not ſeen him this two days.

Knight. Since my young Ladies going into *France*, Sir, the Fool hath much pined away.

Lear. No more of that, I have noted it well; go you and tell my Daughter, I would ſpeak with her. Go you call hither my Fool; O you Sir, come you hither, Sir, who am I Sir?

Enter Steward.

Stew. My Ladies Father.

Lear. My Ladies Father? my Lords Knave, you whorſon Dog, you Slave, you Cur.

Stew. I am none of theſe, my Lord;
I beſeech your pardon.

Lear. Do you bandy looks with me, you Raſcal?

Stew. I'll not be ſtrucken, my Lord.

Kent. Nor tript neither, you baſe Foot-ball Player.

Lear. I thank thee, fellow.
Thou ſerv'ſt me, and I'll love thee.

Kent. Come, Sir, ariſe, away, I'll teach you differences: away, away, if you will meaſure your lubbers length again, tarry, but away, go to, have you wiſdom, ſo.

Lear. Now my friendly Knave I thank thee, there's earneſt of thy ſervice.

Enter Fool.

Fool. Let me hire him too, here's my Coxcomb.

Lear. How now my pretty Knave? how doſt thou?

Fool. Sirrah, you were beſt take my Coxcomb.

Kent. Why, my Boy?

Fool. Why? for taking one's part that is out of favour; nay, and thou can'ſt not ſmile as the wind ſits, thou'lt catch cold ſhortly, there take my Coxcomb; why this fellow has baniſh'd two on's Daughters, and did the third a bleſſing againſt his will; if thou follow him, thou muſt needs wear my Coxcomb. How now Nunkle? would I had two Coxcombs, and two Daughters.

Lear. Why, my Boy?

Fool. If I give them all my living, I'ld keep my Coxcomb my ſelf, there's mine, beg another of thy Daughters.

Lear. Take heed, Sirrah, the whip.

Fool. Truth's a Dog muſt to kennel, he muſt be whip'd out, when the Lady Brach may ſtand by th'fire and ſtink.

Lear. A peſtilent gall to me.

Fool. Sirrah, I'll teach thee a ſpeech.

Lear. Do.

Fool. Mark it Nunkle;
Have more than thou ſhoweſt,
Speak leſs than thou knoweſt,
Lend leſs than thou oweſt,
Ride more than thou goeſt,
Learn more than thou troweſt,
Set leſs than thou throweſt:
Leave thy Drink and thy Whore,
And keep in Door,
And thou ſhalt have more,
Than two tens to a ſcore.

Kent. This is nothing, Fool.

Fool. Then it is like the breath of an unfee'd Lawyer, you give me nothing for't, can you make no uſe of nothing, Nunkle?

Lear. Why no, Boy,
Nothing can be made out of nothing.

Fool. Prithee tell him, ſo much the rent of his Land comes to, he will not believe a Fool.

Lear. A bitter Fool.

Fool. Do'ſt thou know the difference, my Boy, between a bitter Fool, and a ſweet one?

Lear. No Lad; teach me.

Fool. Nunkle, give me an egg, and I'll give thee two Crowns.

Lear. What two Crowns ſhall they be?

Fool. Why? after I have cut the egg i'th' middle, and eat up the meat, the two Crowns of the egg: when thou cloveſt thy Crown i'th'middle, and gav'ſt away both parts, thou bor'ſt thine Aſs on thy back o're the dirt, thou had'ſt little wit in thy bald crown, when thou gav'ſt thy golden one away: if I ſpeak like my ſelf in this, let him be whipt that firſt finds it ſo.

Fools had ne're leſs grace in a year,
For wiſemen are grown foppiſh,
And know not how their wits to wear,
Their manners are ſo apiſh.

Lear. When were you wont to be ſo full of Songs, Sirrah?

Fool. I have uſed it Nuncle, e're ſince thou mad'ſt thy Daughters thy Mothers, for when thou gav'ſt them the rod, and put'ſt down thine own breechs, then they

For ſudden joy did weep,
And I for ſorrow ſung,
That ſuch a King ſhould play bo peep,
And go the Fools among.

Prythee Nuncle keep a School-Maſter that can teach thy Fool to lye, I would fain learn to lye.

Lear. And you lye, Sirrah, we'll have you whipt.

Fool. I marvel what kin thou and thy Daughters are: thy'll have me whipt for ſpeaking true: thou'lt have me whipt for lying, and ſometimes I am whipt, for holding my peace. I had rather be any kind o'thing than a fool, and yet I would not be thee, Nuncle; thou haſt pared thy wit o'both ſides, and left nothing i'th'middle; here comes one o'the parings.

Enter Goneril.

Lear. How now, Daughter? what makes that Frontlet on? You are too much of late i'th' frown.

Fool. Thou waſt a pretty fellow when thou had'ſt no need to care for her frowning; now thou art an O without a figure, I am better than thou art now, I am a fool, thou art nothing. Yes forſooth I will hold my tongue, ſo your face bids me, though you ſay nothing.
Mum, Mum, he that keeps nor cruſt, nor crum,
Weary of all, ſhall want ſome. That's a ſheal'd Peſcod.

Gon. Not only, Sir, this, your all-licenc'd Fool,
But other of your inſolent retinue
Do hourly Carp and Quarrel, breaking forth
In rank, (and not to be endured) riots, Sir.
I had thought by making this well know unto you,
To have found a ſafe redreſs, but now grow fearful
By what your ſelf too late have ſpoke and done,
That you protect this courſe, and put it on
By your allowance, which if you ſhould, the fault
Would not ſcape cenſure, nor the redreſſes ſleep,
Which in the tender of a wholeſome weal,
Might in their working do you that offence,
Which elſe were ſhame, that then neceſſity
Will call diſcreet proceeding.

Fool. For you know, Nuncle, the Hedge-ſparrow fed the Cuckooe ſo long, that it had it's head bit off by it's young, ſo out went the Candle, and we were left darkling.

Lear. Are you our Daughter?

Gon. I would you would make uſe of your good wiſdom,
(Whereof I know you are fraught) and put away
Theſe diſpoſitions, which of late tranſport you
From what you rightly are.

Fool. May not an Aſs know, when the Cart draws the Horſe?
Whoop Jug I love thee.

Lear. Do's any here know me?
This is not *Lear:*
Do's *Lear* walk thus? Speak thus? Where are his eyes?
Either his Notion weakens, his Diſcernings
Are Lethargied. Ha? Waking? 'Tis not ſo;
Who is it that can tell me who I am?

Fool. Lear's ſhadow.

Lear. Your name, ſair Gentlewoman?

Gon. This admiration, Sir, is much o'th'ſavour
Of other your new pranks. I do beſeech you
To underſtand my purpoſes aright:
As you are Old, and Reverend, ſhould be Wiſe.
Here do you keep a hundred Knights and Squires,
Men ſo diſorder'd, ſo deboſh'd, and bold,
That this our Court infected, with their manners,
Shews like a riotous Inn; Epicuriſm and Luſt
Makes it more like a Tavern, or a Brothell,
Than a grac'd Palace. The ſhame it ſelf doth ſpeak
For inſtant remedy. Be then deſir'd,
By her that elſe will take the thing ſhe begs,
A little to diſquantity your Train,
And the remainders that ſhall ſtill depend,
To be ſuch men as may beſort your Age,
Which know themſelves, and you.

Lear. Darkneſs, and Devils,
Saddle my Horſes: call my Train together.
Degenerate Baſtard, I'le not trouble thee;
Yet have I left a Daughter.

Gon. You ſtrike my people, and your diſorder'd rabble make Servants of their Betters.

Enter Albany.

Lear. Woe, that too late repents:
Is it your will, ſpeak, Sir? Prepare my Horſes.
Ingratitude! thou Marble-hearted Fiend,
More hideous when thou ſhew'ſt thee in a Child,
Than the Sea-monſter.

Alb. Pray, Sir, be patient.

Lear. Deteſted Kite, thou lyeſt.
My Train are men of choice, and rareſt parts,
That all particulars of duty know,
And in the moſt exact regard, ſupport
Their worſhips of their name. O moſt ſmall fault,
How ugly did'ſt thou in *Cordelia* ſhew?
Which like an Engine, wrencht my frame of Nature
From the fixt place: drew from my heart all love,
And added to the gall. O *Lear, Lear, Lear!*
Beat at this gate that let thy Folly in,
And thy dear Judgement out. Go, go, my people.

Alb. My Lord, I am guiltleſs, as I am ignorant
Of what hath moved you.

Lear. It may be ſo, my Lord,
Hear Nature, hear, dear Goddeſs, hear:
Suſpend thy purpoſe, if thou did'ſt intend
To make this Creature fruitful:
Into her Womb convey ſterility,
Dry up in her the Organs of increaſe,
And from her derogate body, never ſpring
A Babe to honour her. If ſhe muſt teem,
Create her Child of Spleen, that it may live
And be a thwart, diſnatur'd torment to her.
Let it ſtamp wrinkles in her brow of youth,
With cadent Tears fret Chanels in her Cheeks,
Turn all her Mother's pains, and benefits
To laughter, and contempt: That ſhe may feel,
How ſharper than a Serpent's tooth it is,
To have a thankleſs Child. Away, away. [*Exit.*

Alb. Now gods that we adore.
Whereof comes this?

Gon. Never afflict your ſelf to know of it:
But let his diſpoſition have that ſcope
As dotage gives it.

Enter Lear.

Lear. What fifty of my followers at a clap?
Within a fortnight?

Alb. What's the matter, Sir?

Lear. I'll tell thee:
Life and Death, I am aſham'd
That thou haſt power to ſhake my manhood thus,
That theſe hot tears, which break from me perforce,
Should make thee worth them,
Blaſts and Fogs upon thee:
Th' untented woundings of a Father's Curſe
Pierce every ſenſe about thee. Old fond Eyes,
Beweep thee once again, I'll pluck ye out,
And caſt you with the Waters that you loſe
To temper Clay. Ha? Let it be ſo.
I have another Daughter,
Who I am ſure is kind and comfortable:
When ſhe ſhall hear this of thee, with her nails
Shee'll flea thy Wolviſh viſage. Thou ſhalt find,
That I'll reſume the ſhape which thou doſt think
I have caſt off for ever.
Gon. Do you mark that?
Alb. I cannot be ſo partial, *Gonerill*,
To the great love I bear you.
Gon. Pray you content. What, *Oſwald*, ho?
You, Sir, more Knave than Fool, after your Maſter.
Fool. Nuncle *Lear*, Nuncle *Lear*,
Tarry, take the Fool with thee:
A Fox, when one has caught her,
And ſuch a Daughter,
Should ſure to the ſlaughter,
If my Cap would buy a Halter,
So the Fool follows after. [*Exit*.
Gon. This man hath had good counſel,
A hundred Knights?
'Tis politick, and ſafe to let him keep
At point a hundred Knights: yes, that on every Dream,
Each buz, each fancy, each complaint, diſlike,
He may enguard his dotage with their powers,
And hold our lives in mercy. *Oſwald*, I ſay.
Alb. Well, you may fear too far;
Gon. Safer than truſt too far;
Let me ſtill take away the harms I fear,
Not fear ſtill to be taken. I know his heart,
What he hath utter'd, I have writ my Siſter:
If ſhe'll ſuſtain him, and his hundred Knights
When I have ſhew'd th' unfitneſs.

Enter Steward.

How now, *Oſwald*?
What have you writ that Letter to my Siſter?
Stew. I, Madam.
Gon. Take you ſome Company, and away to Horſe,
Inform her full of my particular fear,
And thereto add ſuch reaſons of your own,
As may compact it more. Get you gone,
And haſten your return; no, no, my Lord,
This milky gentleneſs, and courſe of yours
Though I condemn not, yet under pardon
You are much more at task for want of wiſdom,
Than prais'd for harmful mildneſs.
Alb. How far your Eyes may pierce I cannot tell;
Striving to better, oft we mar what's well.
Gon. Nay then ——
Alb. Well, well, the 'vent. [*Exeunt*.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Lear, Kent, Gentleman, *and* Fool.

Lear. Go you before to *Gloſter* with theſe Letters; acquaint my Daughter no further with any thing you know, than comes from her demand out of the Letter, if your diligence be not ſpeedy, I ſhall be there afore you.

Kent. I will not ſleep, my Lord, till I have delivered your Letter. [*Exit*.

Fool. If a man's brains were in his heels, wert not in danger of kibes?

Lear. I, Boy.

Fool. Then I prythee be merry, thy Wit ſhall not go ſlip-ſhod.

Lear. Ha, ha, ha.

Fool. Shalt ſee thy other Daughter will uſe thee kindly, for though ſhe's as like this, as a Crab's like an Apple, yet I can tell what I can tell.

Lear. What canſt tell, Boy?

Fool. She will taſte as like this, as a Crab do's to a Crab: canſt thou tell why ones Noſe ſtands i' th' middle on's face?

Lear. No.

Fool. Why to keep ones Eyes of either ſide's noſe, that what a man cannot ſmell out, he may ſpy into.

Lear. I did her wrong.

Fool. Canſt tell how an Oyſter makes his ſhell?

Lear. No.

Fool. Nor I neither; but I can tell why a Snail has a Houſe.

Lear. Why?

Fool. Why to put's head in, not to give it away to his Daughters, and leave his Horns without a Caſe.

Lear. I will forget my Nature, ſo kind a Father? Be my Horſes ready?

Fool. Thy Aſſes are gone about 'em; the reaſon why the ſeven Stars are no more than ſeven, is a pretty reaſon.

Lear. Becauſe they are not eight.

Fool. Yes indeed, thou would'ſt make a good Fool.

Lear. To tak't again perforce? Monſter ingratitude!

Fool. If you were my Fool, Nuncle, Il'd have thee beaten for being old before thy time.

Lear. How's that?

Fool. Thou ſhould'ſt not have bin old, till thou had'ſt bin wiſe.

Lear. O let me not be mad, not mad, ſweet Heaven: keep me in temper, I would not be mad. How now, are the Horſes ready?

Gent. Ready, my Lord.

Lear. Come, Boy.

Fool. She that's a Maid now, and laughs at my departure,
Shall not be a Maid long, unleſs things be cut ſhorter.
[*Exeunt*.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Baſtard, *and* Curan, *ſeverally*.

Baſt. SAve thee, *Curan*.
Cur. And you, Sir, I have bin
With your Father, and given him notice
That the Duke of *Cornwal*, and *Regan* his Dutcheſs
Will be here with him this night.
Baſt. How comes that?
Cur. Nay I know not, you have heard of the news abroad, I mean the whiſper'd ones, for they are yet but Ear-kiſſing Arguments.
Baſt. Not I: pray you what are they?
Cur. Have you heard of no likely Wars toward,
'Twixt the Dukes of *Cornwall* and *Albany*?
Baſt. Not a word.
Cur. You may do then in time,
Fare you well, Sir. [*Exit*.
Baſt. The Duke be here to night? the better beſt,
This weaves it ſelf perforce into my buſineſs,
My Father hath ſet guard to take my Brother,
And I have one thing of a queazy queſtion
Which I muſt act, briefneſs, and fortune work.

Enter Edgar.

Brother, a word, deſcend, brother I ſay,
My Father watches ; O Sir, fly this place,
Intelligence is given where you are hid ;
You have now the good advantage of the night,
Have you not ſpoken 'gainſt the Duke of *Cornwall?*
He's coming hither, now i'th' night, i'th'haſte,
And *Regan* with him, have you nothing ſaid
Upon his party 'gainſt the Duke of *Albany?*
Adviſe your ſelf.

Edg. I am ſure on't, not a word.

Baſt. I hear my Father coming, pardon me:
In cunning, I muſt draw my Sword upon you:
Draw, ſeem to defend your ſelf,
Now quit you well.
Yield, come before my father, light hoa, here,
Fly, Brother, Torches, ſo farewel, [*Exit* Edgar.
Some bloud drawn on me would beget opinion
Of my more fierce endeavour. I have ſeen drunkards
Do more than this in ſport ; Father, father,
Stop, ſtop, no help?

Enter Gloſter, *and* Servants *with Torches.*

Glo. Now, *Edmund,* where's the villain?

Baſt. Here ſtood he in the dark, his ſharp Sword out,
Mumbling of wicked Charms, conjuring the Moon
To ſtand his auſpicious Miſtreſs.

Glo. But where is he?

Baſt. Look, Sir, I bleed.

Glo. Where is the villain, *Edmund?*

Baſt. Fled this way, Sir, when by no means he could——

Glo. Purſue him, ho: go after. By no means, what?

Baſt. Perſwade me to murther of your Lordſhip,
But that I told him the revenging gods,
'Gainſt Parricides did all the thunder bend,
Spoke with how manifold, and ſtrong a Bond
The Child was bound to th' Father. Sir, in fine,
Seeing how lothly oppoſite I ſtood
To his unnatural purpoſe, in fell motion
With his prepared Sword, he charges home
My unprovided body, latch'd mine Arm:
And when he ſaw my beſt alarm'd Spirits
Bold in the quarrels right, rouz'd to th'encounter,
Or whether gaſted by the noiſe I made,
Full ſuddenly he fled.

Glo. Let him flye far:
Not in this land ſhall he remain uncaught
And found ; diſpatch, the Noble Duke my Maſter,
My worthy Arch and Patron comes to night, My Worthy and
By his Authority I will proclaim it, Arch Patron
That he which finds him ſhall deſerve our thanks,
Bringing the murderous Coward to the ſtake:
He that conceals him, death.

Baſt. When I diſſwaded him from his intent,
And found him pight to do it, with curſt ſpeech angry
I threatned to diſcover him ; he replied,
Thou unpoſſeſſing Baſtard, doſt thou think,
If I would ſtand againſt thee, would the repoſal
Of any truſt, virtue, or worth in thee
Make thy words faith'd? No, what ſhould I deny,
(As this I would, though thou did'ſt produce
My very Character) I'll turn it all
To thy ſuggeſtion, plot, and damned practice:
And thou muſt make a dullard of the world,
If they not thought the profits of my death
Were very pregnant and potential Spirits
To make thee ſeek it. [*Tucket within.*

Glo. O ſtrange and faſtned Villain!
Would he deny his Letter, ſaid he?
Heark, the Duke's trumpets, I know not where he comes,
All Ports I'le bar, the villain ſhall not ſcape,
The Duke muſt grant me that: beſides, his picture
I will ſend far and near, that all the Kingdom
My have due note of him, and of my land,
(Loyal and natural Boy) I'le work the means
To make thee capable.

Enter Cornwall, Regan, *and* Attendants.

Corn. How now, my noble friend, ſince I came hither
(Which I can call but now) I have heard ſtrangeneſs.

Reg. If it be true, all vengeance comes too ſhort
Which can purſue th'offender: how does my Lord?

Glo. O Madam, my old heart is crack'd, it's crack'd.

Reg. What, did my Father's Godſon ſeek your life?
He whom my father nam'd, your *Edgar:*

Glo. O Lady, Lady, ſhame would have it hid.

Reg. Was he not compainon with the riotous Knights
That tended upon my father?

Glo. I know not, Madam, 'tis too bad, too bad.

Baſt. Yes, Madam, he was of that conſort.

Reg. No marvel then, though he were ill-affected,
'Tis they have put him on the old man's death,
To have th'expence and waſt of Revenues ;
I have this preſent evening from my Siſter
Been well inform'd of them, and with ſuch cautions,
That if they come to ſojourn at my Houſe,
I'le not be there.

Cor. Nor I, aſſure thee, *Regan* ;
Edmund, I hear that you have ſhewn your Father
A Child-like Office.

Baſt. It is my duty, Sir.

Glo. He did bewray his practice, and receiv'd
This hurt you ſee, ſtriving to apprehend him.

Cor. Is he purſued?

Glo. I, my good Lord.

Cor. If he be taken, he ſhall never more
Be fear'd of doing harm, make your own purpoſe,
How in my ſtrength you pleaſe: as for you, *Edmund,*
Whoſe virtue and obedience doth this inſtant
So much commend it ſelf, you ſhall be ours,
Natures of ſuch deep truſt, we ſhall much need:
You we firſt ſeize on.

Baſt. I ſhall ſerve you, Sir, truly, how ever elſe.

Glo. For him I thank your Grace.

Cor. You know not why we came to viſit you.

Reg. Thus out of ſeaſon, thredding dark-ey'd night,
Occaſions Noble *Gloſter* of ſome prize.
Wherein we muſt have uſe of your advice.
Our Father he hath writ, ſo hath our Siſter,
Of differences, which I beſt thought it fit
To anſwer from our home: the ſeveral Meſſengers
From hence attend diſpatch, our good old friend
Lay comforts to your boſome, and beſtow
Your needful counſel to our buſineſſes,
Which craves the inſtant uſe.

Glo. I ſerve you, Madam,
Your Graces are right welcom. [*Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Kent, *and* Steward, *ſeverally.*

Stew. Good dawning to thee, friend, art of this houſe?

Kent. I.

Stew. Where may we ſet our horſes?

Kent. I th'mire.

Stew. Prythee if thou lov'ſt me, tell me.

Kent. I love thee not.

Stew. Why then I care not for thee.

Kent. If I had thee in *Lipsbury* Pinfold, I would make thee care for me.

Stew. Why doſt thou uſe me thus? I know thee not.

Kent. Fellow, I know thee.

Stew. What doſt thou know me for?

Kent. A Knave, a Raſcal, and eater of broken meats, a baſe,proud,ſhallow, beggarly, three-ſuited,hundred pound, filthy wooſted ſtocking Knave, a Lilly-livered, Action-taking, whorſon glaſs-gazing, ſuper-ſerviceable finical Rogue, one-Trunk-inheriting ſlave, one that would'ſt be a Bawd in way of good ſervice, and art nothing but the compoſition of a Knave, Beggar, Coward, Pander, and the Son and Heir of a Mungril Bitch, one whom I will beat into clamorous whining, if thou deny'ſt the leaſt ſyllable of thy addition.

Stew. Why, what a monſtrous fellow art thou, thus to rail on one, that is neither known of thee, nor knows thee?

Kent. What a brazen fac'd Varlet art thou, to deny thou knoweſt me? Is it two days ſince I tript up thy heels, and beat thee before the King? Draw you Rogue, for though it be night, yet the Moon ſhines, I'le make a ſop o'th'Moonſhine of you, you whorſon Culleinly Barbarmonger, draw.

Stew. Away, I have nothing to do with thee.

Kent. Draw, you Raſcal, you come with letters againſt the King, and take Vanity the puppet's part, againſt the Royalty of her father: draw,you rogue,or I'le ſo carbonado your ſhanks, draw you Raſcal, come your ways.

Stew. Help, ho, murther, help.

Kent. Strike you ſlave: ſtand, Rogue, ſtand you neat ſlave, ſtrike.

Stew. Help ho, murrher, murther.

Enter Baſtard, Cornwal, Regan, Gloſter, *Servant.*

Baſt. How now, what's the matter? Part.

Kent. With you, goodman boy, if you pleaſe, come,
I'le fleſh ye, come on young Maſter.

Glo. Weapons? Arms? what's the matter here?

Cor. Keep peace upon your lives, he dyes that ſtrikes again, what is the matter?

Reg. The Meſſengers from our Siſter, and the King?

Cor. What is your difference, ſpeak?

Stew. I am ſcarce in breath, my Lord.

Kent. No marvel, you have ſo beſtir'd your Valour, you cowardly Raſcal, nature diſclaims in thee: a Taylor made thee.

Corn. Thou art a ſtrange fellow, a Taylor make a man?

Kent. A Taylor, Sir; a Stone-cutter, or a Painter, could not have made him ſo ill, though they had been but two years o'th'trade.

Cor. Speak yet, how grew your quarrel?

Stew. The ancient Ruffian, Sir, whoſe life I have ſpar'd at ſute of his gray beard.

Kent. Thou whoreſon Zed, thou unneceſſary letter, my Lord, if you will give me leave, I will tread this unboulted villain into mortar,and daub the wall of a Jakes with him, Spare my gray-beard, you wag-tail?

Cor. Peace, Sirrah,
You beaſtly knave, know you no reverence?

Kent. Yes, Sir, but anger hath a priviledge.

Cor. Why art thou angry?

Kent. That ſuch a ſlave as this ſhould wear a Sword,
Who wears no honeſty: ſuch ſmiling rogues as theſe,
Like Rats oft bite the holy cords a-twain,
Which art t'intrince, t'unlooſe: ſmooth every paſſion
That in the natures of their Lords rebel,
Being oil to fire,ſnow to the colder moods,
Renege, affirm, and turn their Halcyon beaks,
With every gale, and vary of their Maſters,
Knowing nought (like dogs) but following:
A plague upon your Epileptick viſage,
Smile you my ſpeeches, as I were a fool?
Gooſe, if I had you upon *Sarum* plain
I'le drive ye cackling home to *Camelot.*

Corn. What art thou mad, old fellow?

Gloſt. How fell you out, ſay that?

Kent. No contraries hold more antipathy,
Than I, and ſuch a Knave.

Corn. Why doſt thou call him Knave?
What is his fault?

Kent. His countenance likes me not.

Cor. No more perchance do's mine,nor his,nor hers.

Kent. Sir, 'tis my occupation to be plain,
I have ſeen better faces in my time,
Than ſtands on any ſhoulder that I ſee
Before me, at this inſtant.

Corn. This is ſome fellow,
Who having been prais'd for bluntneſs, doth affect
A ſawcy roughneſs,and conſtrains the garb
Quite from his Nature. He cannot flatter, he,
An honeſt mind and plain, he muſt ſpeak truth,
And they will take it ſo, if not, he's plain.
Theſe kind of Knaves I know, which in this plainneſs.
Harbour more craft, and more corrupter ends,
Then twenty ſilly-ducking obſervants,
That ſtretch their duties nicely.

Kent. Sir, in good faith, in ſincere verity,
Under th'allowance of your great aſpect,
Whoſe influence like the wreath of radiant fire
On flicking *Phœbus* front.

Corn. What mean'ſt by this?

Kent. To go out of my dialect: which you diſcommend ſo much; I know, Sir, I am no flatterer, he that beguil'd you in a plain accent, was a plain Knave, which for my part I will not be, though I ſhould win your diſpleaſure to intreat me to't.

Corn. What was th'offence you gave him?

Stew. I never gave him any:
It pleas'd the King his Maſter very late
To ſtrike at me upon his miſconſtruction,
When he compact, and flattering his diſpleaſure
Tript me behind: being down, inſulted, rail'd,
And put upon him ſuch a deal of Man,
That worthied him, got praiſes of the King,
For him attempting, who was ſelf-ſubdued,
And in the fleſhment of this dead exploit,
Drew on me here again.

Kent. None of theſe Rogues, and Cowards,
But *Ajax* is their fool. foil

Corn. Fetch forth the Stocks?
You ſtubborn ancient Knave, you reverent Braggart,
We'll teach you.

Kent. Sir, I am too old to learn:
Call not your Stocks for me, I ſerve the King;
On whoſe imployment I was ſent to you,
You ſhall do ſmall reſpects, ſhew too bold malice
Againſt the Grace, and Perſon of my Maſter,
Stocking his Meſſenger.

Corn. Fetch forth the Stocks;
As I have life and honour, there ſhall he ſit 'till Noon.

Reg. 'Till noon? 'till night my Lord, and all night too.

Kent. Why Madam, if I were your Father's dog,
You ſhould not uſe me ſo.

Reg. Sir, being his Knave, I will. [*Stocks brought out.*

Corn. This is a fellow of the ſelf-ſame colour,
Our Siſter ſpeaks of. Come, bring away the Stocks.

Glo. Let me beſeech your Grace, not to do ſo,
The King his Maſter needs muſt take it ill
That he's ſo ſlightly valued in his Meſſenger,
Should have him thus reſtrained.

Corn. I'le anſwer that.

Reg. My Siſter may receive it much more worſe,
To have her Gentleman abus'd, aſſaulted.

Corn. Come, my Lord, away. [*Exit.*

Glo. I am ſorry for thee, friend, 'tis the Dukes pleaſure,
Whoſe diſpoſition all the world well knows
Will not be rubb'd nor ſtopt, I'le intreat for thee.

Ken. Pray do not, ſir, I have watch'd and travel'd hard,
Some time I ſhall ſleep out, the reſt I'le whiſtle:
A good man's fortune may grow out at heels:

Give you Good morrow.
Glo. The Duke's to blame in this,
'Twill be ill taken. [*Exit.*
Kent. Good King, that muſt approve the common ſaw,
Thou out of Heaven's benediction com'ſt
To the warm Sun.
Approach thou Beacon to this under Globe,
That by thy comfortable Beams I may
Peruſe this Letter. Nothing almoſt ſees miracles
But miſery. I know 'tis from *Cordelia*,
Who hath moſt fortunately been inform'd
Of my obſcured courſe. And ſhall find time
From this enormous State, ſeeking to give
Loſſes their remedies. All weary and o're-watch'd,
Take vantage heavy eyes, not to behold
This ſhameful lodging. Fortune, good night,
Smile once more, turn thy wheel.

Enter Edgar.

Edg. I have heard my ſelf proclaim'd,
And by the happy hollow of a Tree,
Eſcap'd the hunt. No Port is free, no place
That guard, and moſt unuſual vigilance
Do's not attend my taking. Whiles I may ſcape
I will preſerve my ſelf: and am bethought
To take the baſeſt and moſt pooreſt ſhape
That ever penury in contempt of man,
Brought near to Beaſt: My face I'll grime with filth,
Blanket my loins, put all my hair in knots,
And with preſented nakedneſs out-face
The winds, and perſecutions of the Sky:
The Country gives me proof and preſident
Of Bedlam beggars, who with roaring voices
Strike in their numm'd and mortifi'd Arms,
Pins, Wooden pricks, Nails, Sprigs of Roſemary:
And with this horrible object, from low Farms,
Poor pelting Villages, Sheeps-Coats, and Mills,
Sometimes with Lunatick Bans, ſometimes with Prayers,
Inforce their charity: poor *Turlygod*, poor *Tom*.
That's ſomething yet: *Edgar* I nothing am. [*Exit.*

Enter Lear, Fool, *and* Gentleman.

Lear. 'Tis ſtrange that they ſhould ſo depart from home,
And not ſend back my Meſſenger.
Gent. As I learn'd,
The night before, there was no purpoſe in them
Of this remove.
Kent. Hail to thee, Noble Maſter.
Lear. Ha, mak'ſt thou this ſhame thy paſtime?
Kent. No, my Lord.
Fool. Ha, ha, he wears Crewel Garters; Horſes are ty'd by the heads, Dogs and Bears by th' neck, Monkies by th' loins, and men by th' legs; when a man is overluſty at legs, then he wears wooden nether ſtocks.
Lear. What's he,
That hath ſo much thy place miſtook
To ſet thee here?
Kent. It is both he and ſhe,
Your Son and Daughter.
Lear. No.
Kent. Yes.
Lear. No, I ſay.
Kent. I ſay, yea.
Lear. By *Jupiter*, I ſwear no.
Kent. By *Juno*, I ſwear I.
Lear. They durſt not do't:
They could not, would not do't: 'tis worſe than murther
To do upon reſpect ſuch violent outrage:
Reſolve me with all modeſt haſt, which way
Thou might'ſt deſerve, or they impoſe this uſage,
Coming from us.
Kent. My Lord, when at their home
I did commend your Highneſs Letters to them,
E're I was riſen from the place, that ſhewed
My duty kneeling, came there a reeking Poſt,
Stew'd in his haſt, half breathleſs, panting forth
From *Gonerill* his Miſtreſs, ſalutation;
Deliver'd Letters ſpight of intermiſſion,
Which preſently they read; on thoſe contents
They ſummon'd up their meiny, ſtraight took horſe,
Commanded me to follow and attend
The leiſure of their anſwer, gave me cold looks,
And meeting here the other Meſſenger,
Whoſe welcome I perceiv'd had poyſon'd mine,
Being the very fellow which of late
Diſplay'd ſo ſawcily againſt your Highneſs,
Having more man than wit about me, drew;
He rais'd the houſe, with loud and coward cries,
Your Son and Daughter found this treſpaſs worth
The ſhame which here it ſuffers.
Fool. Winter's not gone yet, if the wild Geeſe fly that (way,
Fathers that wear Rags do make their Children blind.
But Fathers that bear Bags, ſhall ſee their Children kind.
Fortune, that arrant whore, ne'er turns the key to th' poor.
But for all this thou ſhalt have as many dolours for thy dear Daughters, as thou canſt tell in a year.
Lear. Oh how this Mother ſwells up toward my heart!
Hyſterica paſſio, down thou climing ſorrow,
Thy Element's below; where is this Daughter?
Kent. With the Earl, Sir, here within.
Lear. Follow me not, ſtay here. [*Exit.*
Gen. Made you more offence,
But what you ſpeak of.
Kent. None;
How chance the King comes with ſo ſmall a number?
Fool. And thou hadſt been ſet i'th' Stocks for that queſtion, thoud'ſt well deſerv'd it..
Kent. Why, Fool?
Fool. We'll ſet thee to ſchool to an *Ant*, to teach thee there's no labouring i'th' winter. All that follow their noſes, are led by their eyes, but blind men; and there's not a noſe among twenty, but can ſmell him that's ſtinking! let go thy hold, when a great wheel runs down a hill, leſt it break thy neck with following. But the great one that goes upward, let him draw thee after: When a wiſe man gives thee better counſel, give me mine again, I would have none but Knaves follow it, ſince a fool gives it.
That, Sir, which ſerves and ſeeks for gain,
And follows but for form;
Will pack when it begins to rain,
And leave thee in a ſtorm,
And I will tarry, the fool will ſtay,
And let the wiſe man fly:
The Knave turns fool that runs away,
The fool no Knave perdy.

Enter Lear, *and* Gloſter.

Kent. Where learn'd you this, fool?
Fool. Not i'th' Stocks, fool.
Lear. Deny to ſpeak with me?
They are ſick, they are weary,
They have travell'd all the night? meer fetches,
The Images of revolt and flying off.
Fet me a better anſwer.
Glo. My dear Lord,
You know the fiery quality of the Duke,
How unremoveable and fixt he is
In his own courſe.
Lear. Vengeance, Plague, Death, Confuſion:
Fiery? What quality? Why, *Gloſter*, *Gloſter*,
I'ld ſpeak with the Duke of *Cornwall*, and his wife.
Glo. Well, my good Lord, I have inform'd them ſo.
Le. Inform'd them? Doſt thou underſtand me, man?
Glo. I, my good Lord.
Lear. The King would ſpeak with *Cornwall*,

The dear Father
Would with his Daughter ſpeak, commands, tends, ſervice,
Are they inform'd of this? My breath and blood:
Fiery? The fiery Duke, tell the hot Duke that——
No, but not yet, may be he is not well,
Infirmity doth ſtill neglect all office,
Whereto our health is bound, we are not our ſelves,
When Nature being oppreſt, commands the mind
To ſuffer with the body; I'll forbear,
And am fall'n out with my more headier will,
To take the indiſpos'd and ſickly fit,
For the ſound man. Death on my ſtate: wherefore
Should he ſit here? This act perſwades me,
That this remotion of the Duke and her
Is practice only, give me my ſervant forth;
Go, tell the Duke and's Wife, I'ld ſpeak with them:
Now preſently: Bid them come forth and hear me,
Or at their Chamber door I'll beat the Drum,
'Till it cry ſleep to death.
Glo. I would have all well betwixt you. [*Exit.*
Lear. Oh me, my heart! My riſing heart! But down.
Fool. Cry to it, Nuncle, as the Cockney did to the Eels, when he put them i'th' Paſte alive, ſhe knapt'em o'th' Coxcombs with a ſtick, and cryed down wantons, down; 'twas his Brother, that in pure kindneſs to his Horſe buttered his Hay.

Enter Cornwall, Regan, Gloſter, Servants.

Lear. Good morrow to you both,
Corn. Hail to your Grace. [Kent *here ſet at liberty.*
Reg. I am glad to ſee your Highneſs.
Lear. *Regan*, I think you are, I know what reaſon,
I have to think ſo, if thou ſhould'ſt not be glad,
I would divorce me from thy Mother's Tomb,
Sepulchring an Adultereſs. O, are you free?
Some other time for that. Beloved *Regan*,
Thy Siſter's naught: Oh *Regan*, ſhe hath tyed
Sharp-tooth'd unkindneſs, like a Vulture here,
I can ſcarce ſpeak to thee, thou'lt not believe
With how deprav'd a quality. Oh *Regan*.
Reg. I pray you, Sir, take patience, I have hope
You leſs know how to value her deſert,
Than ſhe to ſcant her duty.
Lear. Say? How is that?
Reg. I cannot think my Siſter in the leaſt
Would fail her Obligation. If, Sir, perchance
She have reſtrain'd the Riots of your Followers,
'Tis on ſuch ground, and to ſuch wholeſome end,
As clears her from all blame.
Lear. My curſes on her.
Reg. O Sir, you are old,
Nature in you ſtands on the very Verge
Of her confine: You ſhould be rul'd and led
By ſome diſcretion, that diſcerns your ſtate
Better than you your ſelf: Therefore I pray you,
That to our Siſter you do make return,
Say you have wrong'd her.
Lear. Ask her forgiveneſs?
Do you but mark how this becomes the houſe?
Dear Daughter, I confeſs that I am old;
Age is unneceſſary: On my my knees I beg,
That you'll vouchſafe me Rayment, Bed, and Food.
Reg. Good Sir, no more: theſe are unſightly tricks:
Return you to my Siſter.
Lear. Never, *Regan*:
She hath abated me of half my Train:
Look'd black upon me, ſtrook me with her Tongue
Moſt Serpent-like, upon the very heart.
All the ſtor'd vengeances of heaven fall
On her ingrateful top: Strike her young bones,
You taking Airs, with Lameneſs.
Corn. Fie, Sir, fie.
Lear. You nimble Lightnings, dart your blinding flames
Into her ſcornful eyes: Infect her Beauty,
You Fen-ſuck'd Fogs, drawn by the powerful Sun
To fall, and bliſter.
Reg. O the bleſt gods!
So will you wiſh on me, when the raſh mood is on.
Lear. No, *Regan*, thou ſhalt never have my curſe:
Thy tender hefted nature ſhall not give
Thee o'er to harſhneſs: Her eyes are fierce, but thine
Do comfort, and not burn. 'Tis not in thee
To grudge my pleaſures, to cut off my Train,
To bandy haſty words, to ſcant my ſizes,
And in concluſion, to oppoſe the bolt
Againſt my coming in. Thou better know'ſt
The Offices of Nature, Bond of Child-hood,
Effects of Courteſie, Dues of Gratitude:
Thy half o'th' Kingdom haſt thou not forgot,
Wherein I thee endow'd.
Reg. Good Sir, to th'purpoſe. [*Tucket within.*
Lear. Who put my man i'th' Stocks?

Enter Steward.

Corn. What Trumpet's that?
Reg. I know't, my Siſter's: This approves her Letter,
That ſhe would ſoon be here. Is your Lady come?
Lear. This is a Slave, whoſe eaſie borrowed pride
Dwells in the ſickly grace of her he follows.
Out Varlet, from my ſight.
Corn. What means your Grace?

Enter Gonerill.

Lear. Who ſtockt my Servant? *Regan*, I have good hope
Thou didſt not know on't.
Who comes here? O Heavens!
If you do love old men; if your ſweet ſway
Allow Obedience; if you your ſelves are old,
Make it your cauſe: Send down and take my part.
Art not aſham'd to look upon this Beard?
O *Regan*, will you take her by the hand?
Gon. Why not by th' hand, Sir? How have I offended?
All's not offence that indiſcretion finds
And dotage terms ſo.
Lear. O ſides, you are too tough!
Will you yet hold?
How came my man i'th' Stocks?
Corn. I ſet him there, Sir: But his own Diſorders
Deſerv'd much leſs advancement.
Lear. You? Did you?
Reg. I pray you, Father, being weak, ſeem ſo.
If, 'till the expiration of your Month,
You will return and ſojourn with my Siſter,
Diſmiſſing half your train, come then to me,
I am now from home, and out of that proviſion,
Which ſhall be needful for your entertainment.
Lear. Return to her? and fifty men diſmiſs'd?
No, rather I abjure all roofs, and chuſe
To wage againſt the enmity o'th'air,
To be a Comerade with the Wolf and Owl,
Neceſſities ſharp pinch. Return with her?
Why? The hot-bloodied *France*, that Dowerleſs took
Our youngeſt born, I could as well be brought
To knee his Throne, and Squire-like penſion beg,
To keep baſe life a-foot; return with her?
Perſwade me rather to be ſlave and ſumpter
To this deteſted Groom.
Gon. At your choice, Sir.
Lear. I prithee, Daughter, do not make me mad,
I will not trouble thee, my Child: Farewell:
We'll no more meet, no more ſee one another,
But yet thou art my fleſh, my blood, my daughter,
Or rather a diſeaſe that's in my fleſh,
Which I muſt needs call mine. Thou art a Bile,
A plague-ſore, or imboſſed Carbuncle

In my corrupted blood. But I'll not chide thee.
Let ſhame come when it will, I do not call it,
I do not bid the Thunder-Bearer ſhoot,
Nor tell tales of thee to high judging *Jove*,
Mend when thou canſt, be better at thy leiſure,
I can be patient, I can ſtay with *Regan*,
I and my hundred Knights.
Reg. Not altogether ſo,
I look'd not for you yet, nor am provided
For your fit welcome, give ear, Sir, to my Siſter,
For thoſe that mingle reaſon with your paſſion,
Muſt be content to think you old, and ſo,
But ſhe knows what ſhe does.
Lear. Is this well ſpoken?
Reg. I dare avouch it, Sir, what fifty followers?
Is it not well? What ſhould you need of more?
Yea, or ſo many? Sith that both charge and danger,
Speak 'gainſt ſo great a number: How in one houſe
Should many people, under two commands
Hold amity? 'Tis hard, almoſt impoſſible.
Gon. Why might not you, my Lord, receive attendance
From thoſe that ſhe calls ſervants, or from mine?
Reg. Why not, my Lord?
If then they chanc'd to ſlack ye,
We could controll them; if you will come to me,
(For now I ſpy a danger) I intreat you
To bring five and twenty, to no more
Will I give place or notice.
Lear. I gave you all.
Reg. And in good time you gave it.
Lear. Made you my Guardians my Depoſitaries,
But keep a reſervation to be followed
With ſuch a number? What muſt I come to you
With five and twenty? *Regan*, ſaid you ſo?
Reg. And ſpeak't again, my Lord, no more with me.
Lear. Thoſe wicked Creatures yet do look well favor'd
When others are more wicked, not being the worſt
Stands in ſome rank of praiſe; I'll go with thee,
Thy fifty yet doth double five and twenty.
And thou art twice her Love.
Gon. Hear me, my Lord;
What need you five and twenty? Ten? Or five?
To follow in a houſe, where twice ſo many.
Have a command to tend you?
Reg. What need one?
Lear. O reaſon not the need: Our baſeſt Beggars
Are in the pooreſt thing ſuperfluous,
Allow not Nature, more than nature needs:
Man's life is cheap as Beaſts. Thou art a Lady;
If only to go warm were gorgeous:
Why Nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'ſt,
Which ſcarcely keeps thee warm, but for true need,
You Heavens, give me that patience, patience I need,
You ſee me here (you gods) a poor old man,
As full of grief as age, wretched in both,
If it be you that ſtirs theſe Daughters hearts
Againſt their Father, fool me not ſo much:
To bear it tamely: Touch me with Noble anger,
And let not Women's weapons, water drops,
Stain my man's cheeks. No, you unnatural Hags,
I will have ſuch revenges on you both,
That all the world ſhall —— I will do ſuch things,
What they are yet, I know not, but they ſhall be
The terrors of the Earth, you think I'll weep,
No, I'll not weep, I have full cauſe of weeping.
[*Storm and Tempeſt.*
But this heart ſhall break into a hundred thouſand flaws,
Or e'er I weep. O fool, I ſhall go mad. [*Exeunt.*
Corn. Let us withdraw, 'twill be a ſtorm.
Reg. This houſe is little, the old man and's people
Cannot be well beſtow'd.
Gon. 'Tis his own blame hath put himſelf from reſt,
And muſt needs taſte his folly.
Reg. For his particular I'll receive him gladly,
But not one follower.
Gon. So am I purpos'd,
Where is my Lord of *Gloſter*?

Enter Gloſter.

Corn. Followed the old man forth, he is return'd.
Glo. The King is in high rage.
Corn. Whither is he going?
Glo. He calls to horſe, but will I know not whither.
Corn. 'Tis beſt to give him way, he leads himſelf.
Gon. My Lord, intreat him by no means to ſtay.
Glo. Alack the night comes on: and the high winds
Do ſorely ruffle, for many Miles about
There's ſcarce a Buſh.
Reg. O Sir, to wilful men,
The injuries that they themſelves procure,
Muſt be their School-Maſters: Shut up your doors,
He is attended with a deſperate train,
And what they may incenſe him to, being apt,
To have his ear abus'd, wiſdom bids fear.
Corn. Shut up your doors, my Lord, 'tis a wild night,
My *Regan* Counſels well: Come out o'th' ſtorm.
[*Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Storm ſtill. Enter Kent, *and a* Gentleman, *ſeverally.*

Kent. WHo's there beſides foul weather?
Gent. One minded like the weather, moſt unquietly.
Kent. I know you: Where's the King?
Gent. Contending with the fretful Elements.
Bids the wind blow the earth into the Sea,
Or ſwell the curled Waters 'bove the Main,
That things might change, or ceaſe.
Kent. But who is with him?
Gent. None but the Fool, who labours to out-jeſt
His heart-ſtrook injuries.
Kent. Sir, I do know you,
And dare upon the warrant of my note
Commend a dear thing to you. There is diviſion
(Although as yet the face of it is cover'd
With mutual cunning) 'twixt *Albany* and *Cornwall*:
Who have (as who have not, that their great Stars
Thron'd and ſet high) Servants who ſeem no leſs,
Which are to *France* the Spies and Speculations
Intelligent of our State. What hath bin ſeen,
Either in ſnuffs and packings of the Dukes,
Or the hard Rein which both of them have born
Againſt the old kind King; or ſomething deeper,
Whereof (perchance) theſe are but furniſhings.
Gent. I will talk further with you.
Kent. No, do not:
For confirmation that I am much more
Than my out-wall; open this purſe and take
What it contains. If you ſhall ſee *Cordelia*,
(As fear not but you ſhall) ſhew her this Ring,
And ſhe will tell you who that fellow is,
That yet you do not know. Fie on this ſtorm,
I will go ſeek the King.
Gent. Give me your hand,
Have you no more to ſay?
Kent. Few words, but to effect more than all yet;
That when we have found the King, in which your pain
That way, I'll this: He that firſt lights on him,
Hollow the other.
[*Exeunt.*

Scena

Scena Secunda.

Storm ſtill. *Enter* Lear, *and* Fool.

Lear. Blow winds,and crack your cheeks; Rage,blow
You Cataracts, and Hurricano's ſpout,
'Till you have drench'd our Steeples, drown the Cocks.
You Sulph'rous and thought-excuting fires,
Vaunt-curriors of Oak-cleaving Thunder-bolts,
Sindge my white head. And thou all-ſhaking Thunder,
Strike flat the thick Rotundity o'th'world,
Crack nature's moulds, all germanes ſpill at once
That makes ingrateful Man.

Fool. O Nuncle, Court holy-water in a dry Houſe, is better than the Rain-water out o'door. Good Nunkle,in,ask thy Daughters bleſſing, here's a night pities neither wiſe-men, nor Fools.

Lear. Rumble thy belly full: ſpit Fire, ſpout Rain;
Nor Rain, Wind, Thunder, Fire are my Daughters,
I tax not you, you Elements with unkindneſs.
I never gave you Kingdom, call'd you Children:
You owe me no ſubſcription. Then let fall
Your horrible pleaſure. Here I ſtand your Slave,
A poor, infirm, weak, and deſpis'd old man:
But yet I call you ſervile Miniſters,
That will with two pernicious Daughters join
Your high-engender'd Battles, 'gainſt a head
So old and white as this. O, ho! 'tis foul.

Fool. He that has a Houſe to put's head in, has a good Head-piece:
The Codpiece that will houſe, before the head has any:
The head, and he ſhall Lowſe: ſo beggars marry many.
That man that makes his toe, what he his heart ſhould make,
Shall of a Corn cry woe, and turn his ſleep to wake.
For there was never yet fair woman, but ſhe made mouths in a glaſs. *Enter Kent.*

Lear. No, I will be the patience of all patience.
I will ſay nothing.

Kent. Who's there?

Fool. Marry here's Grace, and a Codpiece, that's a Wiſe-man, and a Fool.

Kent. Alas Sir, are you here? things that love night,
Love not ſuch nights as theſe: the wrathful Skies
Gallow the very wanderers of the dark,
And makes them keep their Caves: Since I was man,
Such ſheets of fire, ſuch burſts of horrid thunder,
Such groans of roaring Wind, and Rain, I never
Remember to have heard. Man's nature cannot carry
Th'affliction, nor the fear.

Lear. Let the great gods
That keep this dreadful pudder o're our heads,
Find out their enemies now. Tremble thou Wretch,
That haſt within thee undivulged Crimes
Unwhipt of Juſtice. Hide thee, thou bloudy hand;
Thou Perjur'd, and thou Simular of Virtue
That art inceſtuous. Caitiff, to pieces ſhake
That under covert and convenient ſeeming
Has practis'd on man's life. Cloſe pent up guilts,
Rive your concealing Continents, and cry
Theſe dreadful Summoners grace. I am a man,
More ſinn'd againſt, than ſinning.

Kent. Alack, bare-headed?
Gracious my Lord, hard by here is a Hovel,
Some friendſhip will it lend you 'gainſt the tempeſt:
Repoſe you there, while I to this hard houſe
(More harder than the Stones whereof 'tis rais'd,
Which even but now, demanding after you,
Deny'd me to come in) return, and force
Their ſcanted courteſie.

Lear. My wits begin to turn.
Come on my boy. How doſt my boy? Art cold?
I am cold my ſelf. Where is this ſtraw, my fellow?
The art of our Neceſſities is ſtrange,
And can make vild things precious. Come, your hovel;
Poor Fool, and Knave, I have one part in my heart
That's ſorry yet for thee.

Fool. He that has and a little-tyne wit,
With height ho, the Wind and the Rain,
Muſt make content with his fortunes fit,
Though the Rain it raineth every day.

Lear. True boy: come bring us to this Hovel. [*Exit.*

Fool. This is a brave night to cool a Curtizan:
I'le ſpeak a prophecy e're I go:
When Prieſts are more in words, than matter:
When Brewers marre their Malt with water;
When Nobles are their taylor's tutors,
No Hereticks burn'd but wenches Suitors,
When every Caſe in Law is right:
No Squire in debt, nor no poor Knight:
When Slanders do not live in tongues;
Nor Cut-purſes come not to throngs;
When Uſurers tell their Gold ith' field,
And Bawds and Whores, do Churches build.
Then ſhall the Realm of *Albion* come to great confuſion,
Then comes the time, who lives to ſee't,
That going ſhall be us'd with feet.
This prophecy *Merlin* ſhall make,
For I do live before his time. [*Exit.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Gloſter *and* Edmund.

Glo. Alack, alack, *Edmund*, I like not this unnatural dealing; when I deſired their leave that I might pitty him, they took from me the uſe of mine own houſe, charg'd me on pain of perpetual diſpleaſure, neither to ſpeak of him, entreat for him, or any way ſuſtain him.

Baſt. Moſt ſavage and unnatural.

Glo. Go too; ſay you nothing. There is diviſion between the Dukes, and a worſe matter than that: I have received a Letter this night, 'tis dangerous to be ſpoken I have lock'd the Letter in my Cloſſet, theſe injuries the King now bears, will be revenged home; there is part of a Power already footed, we muſt incline to the King, I will look him, and privily relieve him; go you and maintain talk with the Duke, that my charity be not of him perceived; if he ask for me, I am ill, and gone to bed, if I die for it, (as no leſs is threatned me) the King my old Maſter muſt he relieved. There is ſtrange things toward, *Edmund*, pray you be careful. [*Exit.*

Baſt. This Courteſie forbid thee, ſhall the Duke
Inſtantly know, and of that Letter too;
This ſeems a fair deſerving, and muſt draw me
That which my Father loſes: no leſs than all,
The younger riſes, when the old doth fall. [*Exit.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Lear, Kent, *and* Fool.

Kent. Here is the place, my Lord, good my Lord, enter,
The tyranny of the open night's too rough
For Nature to endure. [*Storm ſtill.*

Lear. Let me alone.

Kent. Good my Lord, enter here.

Lear. Wilt break my heart?

Kent. I had rather break mine own,
Good my Lord enter.

Lear. Thou think'ſt 'tis much that this contentious
Invades us to the skin ſo: 'tis to thee,— (ſtorm
But where the greater malady is fixt,
The leſſer is ſcarce felt. Thou'dſt ſhun a Bear;

But if thy flight light toward the roaring Sea,
Thou'dſt meet the Bear ith'mouth;when the mind's free,
The bodies delicate; the tempeſt in my mind,
Doth from my ſenſes take all feeling elſe,
Save what beats there. Filial ingratitude,
Is it not as this mouth ſhould tear his hand
For lifting food to't: But I will puniſh home;
No, I will weep no more. In ſuch a night,
To ſhut me out? Pour on, I will endure:
In ſuch a night as this? O *Regan*,*Gonerill*!
Your old kind Father, whoſe frank heart gave all,
O that way madneſs lies, let me ſhun that:
No more of that.

Kent. Good my Lord, enter here.

Lear. Prithee go in thy ſelf, ſeek thine own eaſe,
This tempeſt will not give me leave to ponder
On things would hurt me more, but I'le go in,
In boy, go firſt, You houſeleſs poverty; [*Exit.*
Nay, get thee in; I'le pray, and then I'le ſleep.
Poor naked wretches, where ſo ere you are
That bide the pelting of this pittileſs ſtorm,
How ſhall your houſeleſs heads, and unfed ſides,
Your lop'd, and window'd raggedneſs defend you
From ſeaſons ſuch as theſe? O I have tane
Too little care of this: take Phyſick, Pomp,
Expoſe thy ſelf to feel, what wretches feel,
That thou may'ſt ſhake the ſuperflux to them,
And ſhew the heavens more juſt.

Enter Edgar, *and* Fool.

Edg. Fathom and half, Fathom and half? poor *Tom.*

Fool. Come not in here Nuncle, heres a Spirit, help me, help me.

Kent. Give me thy hand, who's there?

Fool. A Spirit, a Spirit, he ſays his name's poor *Tom.*

Ken. What art thou that do'ſt grumble there i'th'ſtraw? Come forth.

Edg. Away, the foul Fiend follows me, through the ſharp Hawthorn blow the winds. Humh, go to thy bed and warm thee.

Lear. Didſt thou give all to thy Daugthers? And art thou come to this?

Edg. Who gives any thing to poor *Tom*? whom the foul Fiend hath led through Fire, and through Flame, through Sword, and whirlepool, ore Bog, and Quagmire, that hath laid Knives under his Pillow, and Halters in his Pue, ſet Rats bane by his Porredge: made him Proud of heart, to ride on a Bay trotting Horſe, over four arch'd Bridges, to courſe his own ſhadow for a traitor, Bliſs thy five VVits, *Tom*'s a cold. O do, de, do, de, do, de, bliſs thee from Whirle-winds, Star-blaſting, and taking, do poor *Tom* ſome charity, whom the foul fiend vexes. There could I have him now, and there, and here again, and there. [*Storm ſtill.*

Lear. Have his Daughters brought him to this aſſe?
Could'ſt thou ſave nothing? would'ſt thou give'em all?

Fool. Nay, he reſerv'd a Blanket, elſe we had been all ſham'd,

Lear. Now all the plagues that in the pendulous air
Hang fated o're mens faults, light on thy daughters.

Kent. He hath no Daughters, Sir,

Lear. Death,traitor, nothing could have ſubdu'd nature
To ſuch a lowneſs, but his unkind daughters.
Is it the faſhion, that diſcarded Fathers,
Should have thus little mercy on their fleſh:
Judicious puniſhment, 'twas this fleſh begot
Thoſe Pelican Daughters.

Edg. Pillicock ſat on Pillicock hill, alow: alow,loo, loo.

Fool. This cold night will turn us all to fools, and Madmen.

Edgar. Take heed oth' foul fiend, obey thy Parents, keep thy word, juſtice, ſwear not, commit not, with mans ſworn Spouſe; ſet on thy Sweet-heart on proud array. *Tom*'s a cold.

Lear. What haſt thou been?

Edg. A ſervingman. Proud in heart, and mind: that curl'd my hair; wore Gloves in my cap; ſerv'd the Luſt of my Miſtris heart, and did the act of darkneſs with her. Swore as many Oaths, as I ſpake words, and broke them in the ſweet face of Heaven. One, that ſlept in the contriving of Luſt, and wak'd to do it. VVine lov'd I dearly; Dice dearly; and in woman, out-Paramour'd the Turk. Falſe of heart, light of ear, bloudy handed. Hog in ſloth, Fox in ſtealth, VVolf in greedineſs, Dog in madneſs, Lion in prey. Let not the creaking of ſhooes, Nor the ruſtling of Silks, betray thy poor heart to woman. Keep thy foot out of brothels, thy hand out of Plackets, thy Pen from Lenders Books, and defie the foul fiend. Still through thy Hawthorn blows the cold wind: Says ſuum, mun, nonny, Dolphin my Boy, Boy *Seſſey*: let him trot my. [*Storm ſtill,*

Lear. Thou wert better in a Grave, than to anſwer with thy uncover'd body, this extremity of the Skies. Is man no more than this? Conſider him well. Thou ow'ſt the VVorm no Silk: the Beaſt, no Hide: the Sheep, no VVool: the Cat no perfume. Ha? Here's three on's are ſophiſticated. Thou art the thing it ſelf, unaccommodated man, is no more but ſuch a poor, bare, forked Animal as thou art. Off, off you Lendings: Come, unbutton here.

Enter Glouceſter *with a Torch.*

Fool. Prethee Nuncle be contented, 'tis a naughty night to ſwim in. Now a little fire in a wild field, were like an old Letchers heart, a ſmall ſpark, all the reſt on's body, cold: look, here comes a walking fire.

Edgar. This is the foul Flibbertigibbet; he begins at Curfew, and walks at firſt Cock; He gives the VVeb And the Pin, ſquints the eye, and makes the Hair-lip; Mildews the white VVheat, and hurts the poor Creature of the Earth.

Swithold footed thrice the old.
He met the Night-Mare, and her ninefold,
Bid her a-light, and her troth-plight,
And aroynt thee VVitch, aroynt thee.

Kent. How fares your grace?

Lear. VVhat's he?

Kent. VVho's there? what is't you ſeek?

Glou. VVhat are you there? Your Names?

Edgar. Poor *Tom*, that Eats the ſwimming Frog, the Toad, the Tod-pool, the wall-Neut, and the water: that in the fury of his heart, when the foul fiends rages, Eats Cow-dung for Sallets; ſwallows the old Rat, and the ditch-Dog: drinks the green Mantle of the ſtanding Pool: who is whipt from Tything to Tything, and ſtockt, puniſh'd, and impriſon'd: who hath three Suits to his back, ſix ſhirts to his Body:

Horſe to ride, and weapon to wear:
But Mice, and Rats, and ſuch ſmall Dear,
Have been *Tom*'s food for ſeven long year;

Beware my follower. Peace Smulkin, peace thou fiend.

Glou. VVhat, hath your Grace no better company?

Edg. The Prince of Darkneſs is a Gentleman. *Modo* he's call'd, and *Mahu.*

Glou. Our fleſh and bloud, my Lord, is grown ſo vile, that it doth hate what it gets.

Edg. Poor *Tom*'s a cold.

Glou. Go in with me; my duty cannot ſuffer
T'obey in all your daughters hard commands:
Though all their injunction be to bar my doors,
And let this tyrannous night take hold upon you,
Yet have I ventured to come to ſeek you out,
And bring you where both fire and food is ready.

Lear. Firſt let me talk with this Philoſopher,
VVhat is the cauſe of Thunder?

Kent. Good, my Lord, take his offer,
Go into th' houſe.
Lear. I'll take a word with this ſame learned *Theban:*
What is your ſtudy?
Edg. How to prevent the Fiend and to kill Vermin.
Lear. Let us ask you one word in private.
Kent. Importune him once more to go, my Lord,
His wits begin t'unſettle.
Glou. Canſt thou blame him? [*Storm ſtill.*
His Daughters ſeek his death: Ah, that good *Kent*,
He ſaid it would be thus: Poor baniſh'd man:
Thou ſayeſt the King grows mad, I'll tell thee, friend,
I am almoſt mad my ſelf, I had a Son,
Now out-law'd from my blood: He ſought my life
But lately: Very late: I lov'd him (friend)
No Father his Son dearer: True to tell thee,
The grief hath craz'd my wits. What a night's this?
I do beſeech your grace.
Lear. O cry you mercy, Sir:
Noble Philoſopher, your company.
Edg. *Tom*'s a cold.
Glou. In, fellow, there, into th' Hovel; keep thee warm.
Lear. Come, let's in all.
Kent. This way, my Lord.
Lear. With him;
I will keep ſtill with my Philoſopher.
Kent. Good, my Lord, ſooth him:
Let him take the fellow.
Glou. Take him you on.
Kent. Sirrah, come on: Go along with us.
Lear. Come, good *Athenian.*
Glou. No words, no words, huſh.
Edg. Child *Rowland* to the dark Tower came,
His word was ſtill, fie, foh, and fum,
I ſmell the blood of a *Brittiſh* man. [*Exeunt.*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Cornwall *and* Edmund.

Corn. I will have revenge, e're I depart his houſe

Baſt. How, my Lord, I may be cenſured, that Nature thus gives way to Loyalty, ſomething fears me to think of.

Corn. I now perceive, it was not altogether your Brothers evil diſpoſition made him ſeek his death: But a provoking merit ſet a work by a reprovable badneſs in himſelf.

Baſt. How malicious is my fortune, that I muſt repent to be juſt? This is the Letter which he ſpoke of; which approves him an intelligent party to the advantages of *France.* O Heavens! That this Treaſon were not; or not I the Detector.

Corn. Go with me to the Dutcheſs.

Baſt. If the matter of this Paper be certain, you have mighty buſineſs in hand.

Corn. True or falſe, it hath made thee Earl of *Glouceſter:* Seek out where thy Father is, that he may be ready for our apprehenſion.

Baſt. If I find him comforting the King, it will ſtuff his ſuſpition more fully. I will perſevere in my courſe of Loyalty, though the conflict be ſore between that and my blood.

Corn. I will lay truſt upon thee; and thou ſhalt find a dear father in my Love. [*Exeunt.*

Scena Sexta.

Enter Kent *and* Glouceſter.

Glou. Here is better than the open air, take it thankfully: I will piece out the comfort with what addition I can: I will not be long from you. [*Exit.*

Kent. All the power of his wits, have given way to his impatience: The gods reward your kindneſs.

Enter Lear, Edgar, *and* Fool.

Edg. Fraterreto calls me, and tells me *Nero* is an Angler in the Lake of Darkneſs: Pray innocent, and beware the foul fiend.

Fool. Prithe, Nuncle, tell me, whether a madman be a Gentleman, or a Yeoman.

Lear. A King, a King.

Fool. No, he's a Yeoman, that has a Gentleman to his Son: For he's a Yeoman that ſees his Son a Gentleman before him.

Lear. To have a thouſand with red burning ſpits
Come hizzing in upon 'em.
Edg. Bleſs thy five wits.
Kent. O pity: Sir, where is the patience now,
That you ſo oft have boaſted to remain?
Edg. My tears begin to take his part ſo much,
They marr my counterfeiting.
Lear. The little dogs and all;
Tray, *Blanch*, and *Sweet-heart:* See, they bark at me,
Edg. *Tom* will throw his head at them: Avaunt, you
Curs, be thy mouth or black or white:
Tooth that poiſons if it bite:
Maſtiff, Grey-hound, Mungril, Grim,
Hound or Spaniel, Brache, or Hym:
Or Bobtail tike, or Troudle tail,
Tom will make him weep and wail,
For with throwing thus my head;
Dogs leapt the hatch, and all are fled.
Do, de, de, de: Seſe; Come, march to Wakes and Fairs,
And Market Towns: poor *Tom*, thy horn is dry. [*Exit.*

Lear. Then let them Anatomize *Regan:* See what breeds about her heart. Is there any cauſe in Nature that make theſe hard hearts. You, Sir, I entertain for one of my hundred; only, I do not like the faſhion of your garments. You will ſay they are *Perſian*; but let them be chang'd.

Enter Gloſter.

Kent. Now, good my Lord, lie here, and reſt a while.

Lear. Make no noiſe, make no noiſe, draw the Curtains: So, ſo, we'll go to ſupper i'th' Morning.

Fool. And I'll go to bed at noon.

Glou. Come hither, friend;
Where is the King, my Maſter?
Kent. Here, Sir, but trouble him not, his wits are gone.
Glou. Good friend, I prithee take him in thy arms;
I have o'reheard a plot of death upon him:
There is a Litter ready, lay him in't,
And drive toward *Dover*, friend, where thou ſhalt meet
Both welcome aud protection. Take up thy Maſter,
If thou ſhould'ſt dally half an hour, his life
With thine, and all that offer to defend him,
Stand in aſſured loſs. Take up, take up,
And follow me, that will to ſome proviſion
Give thee quick conduct. Come, come, away. [*Exeunt.*

Scena Septima.

Enter Cornwall, Gonerill, Baſtard,
and Servants.

Corn. Poſt ſpeedily to my Lord your Husband, ſhew him this Letter, the Army of *France* is landed: ſeek out the Traytor *Gloſter.*

Reg. Hang him inſtantly.

Gon. Pluck out his Eyes.

Corn. Leave him to my diſpleaſure. *Edmund,* keep you our Siſter Company: the revenges we are bound to take upon your traiterous Father, are not fit for your beholding. Adviſe the Duke where you are going, to a moſt feſtinate preparation: we are bound to the like. Our Poſts ſhall be ſwift, and intelligent betwixt us. Farewel dear Siſter, farewel my Lord of *Gloſter.*

Enter Steward.

How now? Where's the King?
Stew. My Lord of *Gloſter* had convey'd him hence.
Some five or ſix and thirty of his Knights
Hot Queſtriſts after him, met him at gate,
Who, with ſome other of the Lords dependants,
Are gone with him toward *Dover*; where they boaſt
To have well armed Friends.
Corn. Get Horſes for your Miſtreſs.
Gon. Farewel, ſweet Lord, and Siſter. [*Exit.*
Corn. Edmund farewel: go ſeek the Traitor *Gloſter,*
Pinnion him like a Thief, bring him before us:
Though well we may not paſs upon his life
Without the form of Juſtice: yet our power
Shall do a curt'ſie to our wrath, which men
May blame, but not controul.

Enter Gloſter, *and Servants.*

Who's there? the Traitor?
Reg. Ingrateful Fox, 'tis he.
Corn. Bind faſt his Corky Arms.
Glo. What mean your Graces?
Good my Friends conſider you are my Gueſts:
Do me no foul play, Friends,
Corn. Bind him I ſay.
Reg. Hard, hard: O filthy Traitor.
Glo. Unmerciful Lady, as you are, I'm none.
Corn. To this Chair bind him,
Villain, thou ſhalt find.
Glo. By the kind gods, 'tis moſt ignobly done
To pluck me by the Beard.
Reg. So white, and ſuch a Traytor?
Glo. Naughty Lady,
Theſe hairs which thou do'ſt raviſh from my Chin
Will quicken and accuſe thee. I am your Hoſt,
With Robbers hands, my hoſpitable favours
You ſhould not ruffle thus. What will you do?
Corn. Come, Sir.
What Letters had you late from *France?*
Reg. Be ſimple anſwer'd, for we know the truth.
Corn. And what Confederacy have you with the Traytors, late footed in the Kingdom?
Reg. To whoſe hands
You have ſent the Lunatick King: ſpeak.
Glo. I have a Letter gueſſingly ſet down
Which came from one that's of a neutral heart,
And not from one oppos'd.
Corn. Cunning.
Reg. And falſe.
Cor. Where haſt thou ſent the King?
Glo. To *Dover.*
Reg. Wherefore to *Dover?*
Was't thou not charg'd at peril?
Corn. Wherefore to *Dover?* Let him anſwer that.
Glo. I am tyed to th' Stake,
And I muſt ſtand the Courſe.
Reg. Wherefore to *Dover?*
Glo. Becauſe I would not ſee thy cruel Nails
Pluck out his poor old Eyes: nor thy fierce Siſter,
In his Anointed fleſh, ſtick boariſh phangs.
The Sea, with ſuch a ſtorm as his bare head,
In Hell-black-night indur'd, would have buoy'd up
And quench'd the Steeled fires:
Yet poor old heart, he holp the Heavens to rain.
If Wolves had at thy Gate howl'd that ſtern time,
Thou ſhould'ſt have ſaid, good Porter turn the Key:
All Cruels elſe ſubſcribe: but I ſhall ſee
The winged Vengeance overtake ſuch Children.
Corn. See't ſhalt thou never. Fellows hold the Chair.
Upon theſe Eyes of thine, I'll ſet my foot.
Glo. He that will think to live, till he be old,
Give me ſome help, — O cruel! O you gods.
Reg. One ſide will mock another: th' other too.
Corn. If you ſee vengeance.
Serv. Hold your hand, my Lord?
I have ſerv'd you ever ſince I was a Child:
But better ſervice have I never done you,
Than now to bid you hold.
Reg. How now, you Dog?
Ser. If you did wear a Beard upon your Chin,
Il'd ſhake it on this quarrel. What do you mean?
Corn. My Villain?
Ser. Nay then come on, and take the chance of anger.
Reg. Give me thy Sword. A pezant ſtand up thus?
[*Kills him.*
Ser. Oh, I am ſlain: my Lord, you have one Eye left
To ſee ſome miſchief on him. Oh.
Corn. Leſt it ſee more, prevent it; Out vild gelly:
Where is thy luſter now?
Glo. All dark and comfortleſs? Where's my Son *Edmund?*
Edmund, enkindle all the ſparks of Nature
To quit this horrid act.
Reg. Out treacherous Villain,
Thou call'ſt on him, that hates thee, It was he
That made the overture of thy Treaſons to us:
Who is too good to pitty thee.
Glo. O my follies! then *Edgar* was abus'd.
Kind gods, forgive me that, and proſper him.
Reg. Go thruſt him out at Gates, and let him ſmell
His way to *Dover.* [*Exit with* Gloſter.
How is't, my Lord? How look you?
Corn. I have receiv'd a hurt: follow me Lady:
Turn out that Eyeleſs Villain: throw this Slave
Upon the Dunghill: *Regan,* I bleed apace,
Untimely comes this hurt. Give me your arm. [*Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Edgar.

Edg. YET better thus, and known to be contemn'd,
Than ſtill contemn'd and flatter'd, to be worſt:
The loweſt, and moſt deject thing of Fortune,
Stands ſtill in eſperance, lives not in fear.
The lamentable change is from the beſt,
The worſt returns to laughter. Welcome then,
Thou unſubſtantial air that I embrace:
The wretch that thou haſt blown unto the worſt,
Owes nothing to thy blaſts.

Enter Gloſter *led by an old man.*

But who comes here? My Father poorly led?
World, World, O World!
But that thy ſtrange mutations make us hate thee,
Life would not yield to age.
Old Man. O my good Lord, I have been your Tenant,
And your Fathers Tenant, theſe fourſcore years.
Glo. Away, get thee away: good Friend be gone,
Thy comforts can do me no good at all,
Thee they may hurt.
Old Man. You cannot ſee your way.
Glo. I have no way, and therefore want no Eyes:
I ſtumbled when I ſaw. Full oft 'tis ſeen,
Our means ſecure us, and our meer defects
Prove our Commodities. Oh dear Son *Edgar,*
The food of thy abuſed Fathers wrath:
Might I but live to ſee thee in my touch,
Il'd ſay I had Eyes again.
Old Man. How now? who's there?
Edg. O gods! Who is't can ſay I am at the worſt?
I am worſe than ere I was.
Old Man. 'Tis poor mad *Tom.*
Edg. And worſe I may be yet: the worſt is not,
So long as we can ſay this is the worſt.
Old Man. Fellow, where goeſt?
Glo. Is it a Beggar-man?
Old Man. Madman, and Beggar too.
Glo. He has ſome reaſon, elſe he could not beg.
I' th' laſt nights ſtorm, I ſuch a Fellow ſaw;
Which made me think a Man, a Worm. My Son
Came then into my mind, and yet my mind
Was then ſcarce Friends with him.
I have heard more ſince:
As Flies to th' wanton Boyes, are we to th' gods,
They kill us for their ſport.
Edg. How ſhould this be?
Bad is the Trade that muſt play the Fool to ſorrow,
Ang'ring it ſelf, and others. Bleſs the Maſter.
Glo. Is that the naked Fellow?
Old Man. I, my Lord.
Glo. Get thee away: if for my ſake
Thou wilt o're-take us hence a mile or twain
I' th' way toward *Dover,* do it for ancient love,
And bring ſome covering for this naked Soul,
Which I'll intreat to lead me.
Old Man. Alack Sir, he is mad.
Glo. 'Tis the times plague,
When Madmen lead the blind:
Do as I bid thee, or rather do thy pleaſure:
Above the reſt, be gone.
Old Man. I'll bring him the beſt Parrel that I have,
Come on't, what will. [*Exit.*
Glo. Sirrah, naked Fellow.
Edg. Poor *Tom*'s a cold. I cannot daub it further.
Glo. Come hither Fellow.
Edg. And yet I muſt:
Bleſs thy ſweet Eyes, they bleed.
Glo. Know'ſt thou the way to *Dover?*
Edg. Both Stile, and Gate, Horſe way, and foot path: poor *Tom* hath been ſcar'd out of his good wits. Bleſs thee good mans Son, from the foul Fiend. (plagues
Glo. Here take this Purſe, thou whom the Heav'ns
Have humbled to all ſtrokes: that I am wretched
Makes thee the happier: Heavens deal ſo ſtill:
Let the ſuperfluous, and Luſt-dieted man,
That ſlaves your Ordinance, that will not ſee
Becauſe he do's not feel, feel your power quickly:
So diſtribution ſhould undo exceſs,
And each man have enough. Do'ſt thou know *Dover?*
Edg. I Maſter.
Glo. There is a Cliff, whoſe high and bending head
Looks fearfully in the confined Deep:
Bring me but to the very brim of it,
And I'll repair the miſery thou do'ſt bear
With ſomething rich about me: from that place,
I ſhall no leading need.
Edg. Give me thy arm;
Poor *Tom* ſhall lead thee. [*Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Gonerill, Baſtard, *and* Steward.

Gon. VVelcome my Lord, I marvel our mild Husband
Not met us on the way. Now, where's your Maſter?
Stew. Madam within, but never man ſo chang'd:
I told him of the Army that was Landed:
He ſmil'd at it. I told him you were coming,
His anſwer was the worſe. Of *Gloſters* Treachery,
And of the loyal ſervice of his Son
VVhen I inform'd him, then he call'd me Sot,
And told me I had turn'd the wrong ſide out:
What moſt he ſhould diſlike, ſeems pleaſant to him;
What like, offenſive.
Gon. Then ſhall you go no further.
It is the Cowiſh terror of his ſpirit
That dares not undertake: he'll not feel wrongs
Which tye him to an anſwer; our wiſhes on the way
May prove effects. Back *Edmund* to my Brother,
Haſten his Muſters, and conduct his powers.
I muſt change names at home, and give the Diſtaff
Into my Husbands hands. This truſty Servant
Shall paſs between us: ere long you are like to hear
(If you dare venture in your own behalf)
A Miſtreſſes command. Wear this; ſpare ſpeech,
Decline your head. This kiſs, if it durſt ſpeak,
Would ſtretch thy Spirits up into the air:
Conceive, and fare thee well.
Baſt. Yours in the ranks of Death.
Gon. My moſt dear *Gloſter.*
Oh, the difference of man, and man,
To thee a Womans ſervices are due,
My Fool uſurps my Body.
Stew. Madam, here comes my Lord.

Enter Albany.

Gon. I have been worth the whiſtle.
Alb. Oh *Gonerill,*
You are not worth the duſt which the rude wind
Blows in your Face.
Gon. Milk-liver'd man,
That bear'ſt a cheek for blows, a head of wrongs,
Who haſt not in thy brows an Eye-diſcerning
Thine honour, from thy ſuffering.
Alb. See thy ſelf Devil:
Proper deformity ſeems not in the fiend
So horrid as in Woman.
Gon. Oh vain Fool.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Oh my good Lord, the Duke of *Cornwalls* dead,
Slain by his Servant, going to put out
The other Eye of *Gloſter.*
Alba. *Gloſters* Eyes?
Meſ. A Servant that he bred, thrill'd with remorſe,
Oppos'd againſt the act: bending his Sword
To his great Maſter, who, thereat enrag'd
Flew on him, and amongſt them fell'd him dead,
But not without that harmful ſtroke, which ſince
Hath pluck'd him after.
Alba. This ſhews you are above
You Juſtices, that theſe our nether crimes
So ſpeedily can venge. But (O poor *Gloſter*)

Loſt he his other Eye?
Meſ. Both, both, my Lord.
This Letter Madam, craves a ſpeedy Anſwer:
'Tis from your Siſter.
Gon. One way I like this well,
But being Widow, and my *Gloſter* with her,
May all the building in my fancy pluck
Upon my hateful life. Another way
The News is not ſo tart. I'll read, and anſwer.
Alba. Where was his Son,
When they did take his Eyes?
Meſ. Come with my Lady hither.
Alba. He is not here.
Meſ. No, my good Lord, I met him back again.
Alba. Knows he the wickedneſs?
Meſ. I, my good Lord: 'twas he inform'd againſt him,
And quit the Houſe of purpoſe, that their puniſhment
Might have the freer courſe.
Alb. Gloſter, I live
To thank thee for the love thou ſhewd'ſt the King,
And to revenge thine Eyes. Come hither Friend,
Tell me what more thou know'ſt. [*Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter with Drum and Colours, Cordelia, Gentlemen, *and* Souldiers.

Cor. Alack, 'tis he: why he was met even now
As made the vext Sea, ſinging aloud,
Crown'd with rank Fenitar, and furrow weeds,
With Hardocks, Hemlock, Nettles, Cuckow Flowers,
Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow
In our ſuſtaining Corn. A Century ſend forth;
Search every Acre in the high-grown Field,
And bring him to our Eye. What can mans wiſdom
In the reſtoring his bereaved Senſe: he that helps him,
Take all my outward worth.
Gent. There is means, Madam:
Our foſter Nurſe of Nature, is repoſe,
The which he lacks: that to provoke in him,
Are many Simples operative, whoſe power
Will cloſe the Eye of Anguiſh.
Cord. All bleſt Secrets,
All you unpubliſh'd Vertues of the Earth
Spring with my tears; be aidant, and remediate
In the good mans deſire: ſeek, ſeek for him,
Leſt his ungovern'd rage, diſſolve the life
That wants the means to lead it.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. News, Madam,
The Brittiſh Powers are marching hitherward.
Cord. 'Tis known before. Our preparation ſtands
In expectation of them. O dear Father,
It is thy buſineſs that I go about: thereſore great *France*
My mourning, and importun'd tears hath pittied: importunate
Now blown Ambition doth our Arms incite,
But love, dear love, and our ag'd Fathers Right:
Soon may I hear, and ſee him. [*Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Regan, *and* Steward.

Reg. But are my Brothers Powers ſet forth?
Stew. I, Madam.
Reg. Himſelf in perſon there?
Stew. Madam, with much adoe
Your Siſter is the better Souldier.
Reg. Lord *Edmund* ſpake not with your Lord at home;
Stew. No, Madam.
Reg. What might import my Siſters Letter to him?
Stew. I know not, Lady.
Reg. Faith he is poſted hence on ſerious matter:
It was great ignorance, *Gloſters* Eyes being out
To let him live. Where he arrives, he moves
All hearts againſt us: *Edmund*, I think, is gone
In pitty of his miſery, to diſpatch
His nighted life: Moreover to deſcry
The ſtrength oth' Enemy.
Stew. I muſt needs after him, Madam, with my Letter.
Reg. Our Troops ſet forth to morrow, ſtay with us:
The wayes are dangerous.
Stew. I may not, Madam:
My Lady charg'd my duty in his buſineſs.
Reg. VVhy ſhould ſhe write to *Edmund?*
Might not you tranſport her purpoſes by word? Belike,
Some things, I know not what. I'll love thee much
Let me unſeal the Letter.
Stew. Madam, I had rather ——
Reg. I know your Lady do's not love her Husband,
I am ſure of that: and at her late being here,
She gave ſtrange Iliads, and moſt ſpeaking looks
To Noble *Edmund*. I know you are of her boſome.
Stew. I, Madam?
Reg. I ſpeak in underſtanding: Y'are: I know't,
Therefore I do adviſe you take this note:
My Lord is dead: *Edmund*, and I have talk'd,
And more convenient is he for my hand
Than for your Ladies: You may gather more:
If you do find him, pray you give him this;
And when your Miſtriſs hears thus much from you,
I pray deſire her call her wiſdom to her.
So fare you well:
If you do chance to hear of that blind Traytor,
Preferment falls on him, that cuts him off.
Stew. VVould I could meet him, Madam, I ſhould ſhew
VVhat party I do follow.
Reg. Fare thee well. [*Exeunt.*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Gloſter, *and* Edgar.

Glo. VVhen ſhall I come to th' top of that ſame Hill?
Edg. You do climb up it now. Look how we labour.
Glo. Me thinks the ground is even.
Edg. Horrible ſteep.
Hark, do you hear the Sea?
Glo. No truly.
Edg. VVhy then your other Senſes grow imperfect
By your Eyes anguiſh,
Glo. So may it be indeed.
Me thinks thy Voice is alter'd, and thou ſpeak'ſt
In better phraſe, and matter than thou didſt.
Edg. Y'are much deceiv'd: in nothing am I chang'd
But in my Garments.
Glo. Me thinks y'are better ſpoken.
Edg. Come on Sir,
Heres the place: ſtand ſtill: how fearful
And dizzy 'tis, to caſt ones Eyes ſo low,
The Crows and Choughs, that wing the midway air
Shew ſcarce ſo groſs as Beetles. Half way down
Hangs one that gathers Sampire: dreadful trade:
Me thinks he ſeems no bigger than his head.
The Fiſhermen that walk'd upon the beach
Appear like Mice: and yond tall Anchoring Bark,
Diminiſh'd to her Cock: her Cock, a Buoy
Almoſt too ſmall for ſight. The murmuring Surge,
That on th' unnumbred idle Pebble chaſes
Cannot be heard ſo high. I'll look no more,
Leſt my brain turn, and the deficient ſight
Topple down headlong.

Glo.

Glou. Set me where you ſtand.
Edg. Give me your hand:
You are now within a foot of th'extrean Verge:
For all beneath the Moon would I not leap upright.
Glou. Let go my hand:
Here friends, another purſe, in it, a Jewell
Well worth a poor mans taking. Fairies, and gods
Proſper it with thee. Go thou further off,
Bid me farewel, and let me hear thee going.
Edg. Now fare ye well, good Sir.
Glou. With all my heart.
Edg. Why do I trifle thus with his deſpair,
'Tis done to cure it.
Glou. O you mighty gods!
This world I do renounce, and in your ſights
Shake patiently my great affliction off:
If I could bear it longer, and not fall
To quarrel with your great oppoſeleſs wills,
My ſnuff, and loathed part of nature ſhould
Burn it ſelf out. If *Edgar* live, O bleſs him.
Now fellow, fare the well.
Edg. Good Sir, Farewel.
And yet I know not how conciet may rob
The Treaſure of life, when life it ſelf
Yields to the Theft. Had he been where he thought,
By this had thought been paſt. Alive, or dead?
Hoa, you Sir: friend, here you Sir, ſpeak:
Thus might he paſs indeed: yet he revives.
What are you Sir?
Glou. Away, and let me die.
Edg. Had'ſt thou been ought
But Gozemore, Feathers and air,
(So many fathom down precipitating)
Thoud'ſt ſhiver'd like an Egg: but thou do'ſt breath:
Haſt heavy ſubſtance, bleed'ſt not, ſpeak, art ſound?
Ten Maſts at each, make not the altitude
Which thou haſt perpendicularly fell,
The life's a miracle. Speak yet again.
Glou. But have I faln, or no?
Edg. From the dread Summet of this Chalky Bourn
Look up a height, the ſhrill gor'd Lark ſo far
Cannot be ſeen or heard: Do but look up.
Glou. Alack, I have no eyes:
Is wretchedneſs depriv'd that benefit
To end it ſelf by death? 'Twas yet ſome comfort,
When miſery could beguile the tyrants rage,
And fruſtrate his proud will.
Edg. Give me your arm.
Up, ſo: How is't? Feel you your Legs? You ſtand.
Glou. Too well, too well.
Edg. This is above all ſtrangeneſs,
Upon the Crown oth'Cliffe. What thing was that
Which parted from you?
Glou. A poor unfortunate Beggar.
Edg. As I ſtood here below, me thought his eyes
Were two full Moons: he had a thouſand Noſes,
Horns walk'd, and wav'd like the enraged Sea:
It was ſome fiend: therefore thou happy Father,
Think that the cleareſt gods, who make them honors
Of mens impoſſibilities, have preſerved thee.
Glou. I do remember now: henceforth I'le bear
Affliction, till it do cry out it ſelf
Enough, enough, and die. That thing you ſpeak of,
I took it for a man: often 'twould ſay
The fiend, the fiend, he led me to that place.
Edg. Bear free and patient thoughts.

Enter Lear.

But who comes here?
The ſafer ſenſe will ne're accomodate
His Maſter thus.
Lear. No, they cannot touch me for crying. I am the King himſelf.
Edgar. O thou ſide-piercing ſight!
Lear. Natures above Art, in that reſpect. There's your Preſs-mony. That fellow handles his Bow like a Crow-keeper: draw me a Cloathiers yard. Look, look, a Mouſe. Peace, Peace, this piece of toaſted Cheeſe will doo't, There's my Gauntlet, I'le prove it on a Gyant. Bring up the brown Bills. O well flown ~~Bird~~ barb ith'clout, ith'clout: Hewgh. Give the word.
Edg. Sweet Marjoram.
Lear. Paſs.
Glou. I know that voice.
Lear. Ha! *Gonerill* with a white beard? They flatter'd me like a Dog, and told me I had the white hairs in my Beard, ere the black ones were there. To ſay I, and no, to every thing that I ſaid: I, and no too, was no good Divinity. When the rain came to wet me once, and wind to make me chatter: when the Thunder would not peace at my bidding, there I found 'em, there I ſmelt'em out. Go to, they are not men o'their words; they told me, I was every thing: 'Tis a Lie, I am not Ague-proof.
Glou. The trick of that voice, I do well remember: Is't not the King?
Lear. I, every inch a king.
When I do ſtare, ſee how the ſubject quakes.
I pardon that mans life. What was thy cauſe?
Adultery? thou ſhalt not die: die for Adultery?
No, the wren goes too't, and the ſmall gilded Flie
Do's letcher in my ſight. Let Copulation thrive:
For *Gloſters* Baſtard Son was kinder to his Father,
Than my Daughters got 'tween the lawful ſheets.
Too't Luxury pell-mell, for I lack Souldiers.
Behold you ſimpring Dame, whoſe face between her Forks preſages Snow; that minces Vertue, and do's ſhake the head to hear of pleaſures name. The Fitchew, nor the ſoyled Horſe goes too't with a more riotous appetite: down from the waſte they are Centaures, though women all above: but to the Girdle do the gods inherit, beneath is all the fiends. There's hell, there's darkneſs, there is the ſulphurous pit, burning, ſcalding, ſtench, conſumption: Fie, fie, fie; pah, pah: Give me an Ounce Of Civet; good Apothecary ſweeten my imagination: There's money for thee.
Glou. O let me kiſs that hand.
Lear. Let me wipe it firſt,
It ſmells of Mortality.
Glou. O ruin'd piece of nature, this great world
Shall ſo wear out to naught.
Do'ſt thou know me?
Lear. I remember thine eyes well enough: do'ſt thou ſquiny at me? No, do thy worſt blind Cupid, I'le not love. Read thou this challenge, mark but the penning of it.
Glou. Were all thy Letters Suns, I could not ſee one.
Edg. I would not take this from report,
It is, and my heart breaks at it.
Lear. Read.
Glou. What with the Caſe of eyes?
Lear. Oh ho, are you there with me? No eyes in your head, nor no money in your purſe? Your eyes are in heavy caſe, your purſe in a light, yet you ſee how this world goes.
Glou. I ſee it feelingly.
Lear. What, art mad? A man may ſee how this world goes, with no eyes. Look with thine ears: See how yond Juſtice rails upon yond ſimple thief. Heark in thine ear: Change places, and handy-dandy, which is the Juſtice, which is the thief: Thou haſt ſeen a Farmers dog bark at a Beggar?
Glou. Sir.
Lear. And the Creature run from the Cur: there thou might'ſt behold the great image of Authority, a Dog's obey'd in Office. Thou, Raſcal Beadle, hold thy bloudy hand: why do'ſt thou laſh that VVhore? Strip thy own back, thou hotly luſts to uſe her in that kind, for which thou whip'ſt her. The Uſurer hangs the Cozener. Thorough

rough and tatter'd cloaths, great Vices do appear: Robes, and ſurr'd gowns hide all. Place ſins with gold, and the ſtronge Lance of juſtice, hurtleſs breaks: Arme it in rags, a Pigmy's ſtraw doth pierce it. None does offend, none, I ſay none, I'le able 'em; take that of me my friend, who have the power to ſeal th'accuſers lips. Get thee glaſs eyes, and like a ſcurvy Politician, ſeem to ſee the things thou do'ſt not. Now, now, now, now. Pull off my Boots: harder, harder, ſo.

Edg. O matter, and impertinency mixt,
Reaſon in Madneſs.

Lear. If thou wilt weep my fortunes, take my eyes.
I know thee well enough, thy name is *Gloſter*:
Thou muſt be patient; we came crying hither:
Thou know'ſt, the firſt time that we ſmell the air
We wawle, and cry. I will preach to thee: Mark.

Glou. Alack, alack, the day.

Lear. When we are born, we cry that we are come
To this great ſtage of fools. This a good block:
It were a delicate ſtratagem to ſhooe
A Troop of Horſe with felt: I'le put't in proof,
And when I have ſtoln upon theſe Sons-in-Laws:
Then kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. O here he is: lay hand upon him, Sir.
Your moſt dear Daughter ——

Lear. No reſcue? what, a Priſoner? I am even
The Natural Fool of fortune. Uſe me well,
You ſhall have ranſom. Let me have Surgeons,
I am cut to th'Brains.

Gent. You ſhall have any thing.

Lear. No Seconds? All my ſelf?
Why, this would make a man, a man of Salt;
To uſe his eyes for Garden water-pots. I will die bravely,
Like a ſmug Bridegroom. What? I will be Jovial:
Come, come, I am a King. Maſters, know you that?

Gent. You are a Royal one, and we obey you.

Lear. Then there's life in't. Come, and you get it,
You ſhall get it by running: Sa, ſa, ſa, ſa. [*Exit.*

Gent. A ſight moſt pittiful in the meaneſt wretch,
Paſt ſpeaking of in a King. Thou haſt a Daughter
Who redeems nature from the general curſe
Which twain have brought her to.

Edg. Hail, gentle Sir.

Gent. Sir, ſpeed you: what's your will?

Edg. Do you hear ought (Sir) of a Battel toward.

Gent. Moſt ſure, and vulgar:
Every one hears that, which can diſtinguiſh ſound.

Edg. But by your favour:
How near's the other Army?

Gent. Near, and on ſpeedy foot: the main diſcry
Stands on the hourly thought.

Edg. I thank you, Sir, that's all.

Gent. Though that the Queen on ſpecial cauſe is here,
Her Army is mov'd on. [*Exit.*

Edg. I thank you, Sir.

Glou. You ever gentle gods, take my breath from me,
Let not my worſer Spirit tempt me again
To die before you pleaſe,

Edg. Well, pray you Father.

Glou. Now good Sir, what are you?

Edg. A moſt poor man, made tame to fortunes blows
Who, by the Art of known, and feeling ſorrows,
Am pregnant to good pitty. Give me your hand,
I'le lead you to ſome biding.

Glou. Hearty thanks:
The bounty, and the benizon of Heaven
To boot, and boot.

Enter Steward.

Stew. A proclaim'd prize: moſt happy:
That eyeleſs head of thine, was firſt fram'd fleſh
To raiſe my fortunes. Thou old, unhappy traitor,
Briefly thy ſelf remember: the Sword is out
That muſt deſtroy thee.

Glou. Now let thy friendly hand
Put ſtrength enough to't.

Stew. Wherefore, bold Peazant,
Darſt thou ſupport a publiſh'd traitor? hence,
Leſt that th'infection of his fortune take
Like hold on thee. Let go his Arm.

Edg. Chill not let go Zir,
Without vurther caſion.

Stew. Let go, Slave, or thou dy'ſt.

Edg. Good Gentleman go your gate, and let poor volk paſs: and'chud ha'been zwagged out of my life, 'twould ha'been zo long as 'tis, by a vortnight. Nay, come not near th'old man: keep out che vor'ye, or ice try whither your Coſtard, or my Ballow be the harder; chill be plain with you.

Stew. Out Dunghil.

Edg. Child pick your teeth Zir: come, no matter vor your foyns.

Stew. Slave thou haſt ſlain me: villain, take my purſe;
If ever thou wilt thrive, bury my body,
And give the Letters which thou find'ſt about me,
To *Edmud* Earl of *Gloſter*: ſeek him out
Upon the Engliſh party. Oh untimely death, death.

Edg. I know thee well. A ſerviceable Villain,
As duteous to the vices of thy Miſtris,
As badneſs would deſire.

Glou. What, is he dead?

Edg. Sit you down Father: reſt you.
Let's ſee theſe Pockets; the Letters that he ſpeaks of
May be my friends: he's dead; I am only ſorry
He had no other Deathſman. Let us ſee:
Leave gentle wax, and manners: blame us not
To know our enemies minds, we rip their hearts,
Their Papers are more lawful.

Reads the Letter.

Let our reciprocal vows be remembred. You have many opportunities to cut him off: if your will want not, time and place will be fruitfully offer'd. There is nothing done. If he return the Conqueror, then am I the Priſoner, and his bed, my Gaol, from the loathed warmth whereof, deliver me, and ſupply the place of our Labour.

Your (Wife, ſo I would ſay) affectionate Servant, Goneril.

Of indiſtinguiſh'd ſpace of Womans will,
A plot upon her vertuous Husbands life,
And the exchange my brother: here, in the ſands
Thee I'le rake up, the poſt unſanctified
Of murtherous Letchers: and in the mature time,
With this ungracious paper ſtrike the ſight
Of the death-practis'd Duke: for him 'tis well,
That of thy death, and buſineſs, I can tell.

Glou. The King is mad:
How ſtiffe is my vile ſenſe
That I ſtand up, and have ingenious feeling
Of my huge ſorrows? Better I were diſtract,
So ſhould my thoughts be ſever'd from my griefs,
[*Drum afar off.*
And woes, by wrong imaginations loſe
The knowledg of themſelves.

Edg. Give me your hand:
Far off methinks I hear the beaten Drum.
Come, Father, I'le beſtow you with a friend. [*Exeunt.*

Scene

Scena Septima.

Enter Cordelia, Kent *and* Gentleman.

Cor. O thou good *Kent*,
How ſhall I live and work
To match thy goodneſs?
My life will be too ſhort,
And every meaſure fail me.
Kent. To be acknowledg'd Madam is o're-paid,
All my reports go with the modeſt truth,
Nor more, nor clipt, but ſo.
Cor. Be better ſuited,
Theſe weeds are memories of thoſe worſer hours:
I prethee put them off.
Kent. Pardon, dear Madam,
Yet to be known ſhortens my made intent,
My boon I make it, that you know me not,
Till time, and I think meet.
Cor. Then be't ſo my good Lord:
How do's the King?
Gent. Madam, ſleeps ſtill.
Cor. O you kind gods!
Cure this great breach in his abuſed Nature,
Th'untun'd and jarring ſenſes, O wind up,
Of this child changed Father,
Gent. So pleaſe your Majeſty.
That we may wake the King, he hath ſlept long?
Cor. Be govern'd by your knowledge, and proceed
I'th' ſway of your own will: is he array'd?

Enter Lear *in a Chair, carried by Servants.*

Gent. I Madam: in the heavineſs of ſleep,
We put freſh garments on him.
Be by, good Madam, when we do awake him,
I doubt not of his Temperance.
Cor. O my dear Father, reſtauration hang
Thy medicine on my lips, and let this kiſs
Repair thoſe violent harms, that my two Siſters
Have in thy Reverence made.
Kent. Kind and dear Princeſs.
Cor. Had you not been their Father, theſe white flakes
Did challenge pity of them. Was this face
To be oppos'd againſt the jarring winds?
Mine Enemies dog, though he had bit me,
Should have ſtood that night againſt my fire,
And was't thou fain (poor Father)
To hovell thee with Swine and Rogues forlorn,
In ſhort, and muſty ſtraw? alack, alack,
'Tis wonder that my life and wits, at once
Had not concluded all. He wakes, ſpeak to him.
Gent. Madam, do you, 'tis fitteſt.
Cor. How does my Royal Lord?
How fares your Majeſty?
Lear. You do me wrong to take me out oth'grave;
Thou art a Soul in bliſs, but I am bound
Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears
Do ſcald, like molten Lead.
Cor. Sir, do you know me?
Lear. You are a Spirit I know, when did you die?
Cor. Still, ſtill, far wide.
Gent. He's ſcarce awake,
Let him alone a while.
Lear. Where have I been?
Where am I? fair day light?
I am mightily abus'd; I ſhould even die with pity
To ſee another thus. I know not what to ſay:
I will not ſwear theſe are my hands: let's ſee,
I feel this pin prick, would I were aſſur'd
Of my condition,
Cor. O look upon me, Sir,
And hold your hand in benediction o're me,
You muſt not kneel.
Lear. Pray do not mock me;
I am a very fooliſh fond old man,
Fourſcore and upward,
Not an hour more, nor leſs:
And to deal plainly,
I fear I am not in my perfect mind.
Methinks I ſhould know you, and know this man,
Yet I am doubtfull: for I am mainly ignorant
What place this is and all the skill I have
Remembers not theſe garments: nor I know not
Where I did lodge laſt night. Do not laugh at me,
For (as I am a man) I think this Lady
To be my child *Cordelia.*
Cor. And ſo I am: I am,
Lear. Be your tears wet?
Yes faith: I pray weep not.
If you have poiſon for me, I will drink it:
I know you do not love me, for your Siſters
Have (as I do remember) done me wrong.
You have ſome cauſe, they have not.
Cor. No cauſe, no cauſe.
Lear. Am I in *France?*
Kent. In your own Kingdom, Sir,
Lear. Do not abuſe me.
Gent. Be comforted, good Madam, the great rage
You ſee is kill'd in him: deſire him to go in,
Trouble him no more till further ſetling.
Cor. Wilt pleaſe your highneſs walk?
Lear. You muſt bear with me:
Pray you now forget, and forgive,
I am old and fooliſh. [*Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter with Drum and Colours, Edmund, Regan, Gentlemen, *and Souldiers.*

Baſt. KNow of the Duke if his laſt purpoſe hold,
Or whether ſince he is adviſ'd by ought
To change the courſe, he's full of alteration,
And ſelf reproving, bring his conſtant pleaſure.
Reg. Our Siſters man is certainly miſcarried.
Baſt. 'Tis to be doubted, Madam.
Reg. Now ſweet Lord,
You know the goodneſs I intend upon you:
Tell me but truly, but then ſpeak the truth,
Do you not love my Siſter?
Baſt. In honour'd Love.
Reg. But have you never found my Brothers way,
To the fore-fended place?
Baſt. No by mine honour, Madam.
Reg. I never ſhall endure her, dear my Lord,
Be not familiar with her.
Baſt. Fear not, ſhe and the Duke her husband.

Enter with Drum and Colours, Albany, Goneril, *Souldiers.*

Alba. Our very loving Siſter, well be met:
Sir, this I heard, the King is come to his Daughter
With others, whom the rigour of our State
Forc'd to cry out.
Reg. Why is this reaſon'd?
Gon. Combine together 'gainſt the Enemy:
For theſe domeſtick, and particular broils,
Are not the queſtion here.
Alb. Let's then determine with th'ancient of war
On our proceeding.
Reg. Siſter, you'll go with us? *Gon.* No.
Reg. 'Tis moſt convenient, pray go with us.

Gon. Oh, ho, I know the Riddle, I will go.
[*Exeunt both the Armies.*

Enter Edgar.

Edg. If ere your Grace had ſpeech with man ſo poor,
Hear me one word.
Alb. I'le overtake you, ſpeak.
Edg. Before you fight the Battel, ope this Letter:
If you have victory, let the Trumpet ſound
For him that brought it: wretch though I ſeem,
I can produce a Champion, that will prove
What is avouched there. If you miſcarry,
Your buſineſs of the world hath ſo an end,
And machination ceaſes. Fortune loves you.
Alb. Stay till I have read the Letter.
Edg. I was forbid it.
When time ſhall ſerve, let but the Herald cry,
And I'le appear again. [*Exit.*
Alb. Why fare thee well, I will o're-look thy paper.

Enter Edmund.

Baſt. The Enemy's in view, draw up your powers,
Here is the gueſs of their true ſtrength and forces,
By diligent diſcovery, but your haſt
Is now urg'd on you.
Alb. We will greet the time. [*Exit.*
Baſt. To both theſe Siſters have I ſworn my love:
Each jealous of the other, as the ſtung
Are of the Adder. Which of them ſhall I take?
Both? One? Or neither? Neither can be enjoy'd,
If both remain alive: To take the Widow,
Exaſperates, makes mad her Siſter *Gonerill*,
And hardly ſhall I carry out my ſide,
Her Husband being alive. Now then, we'll uſe
His countenance for the Battel, which being done,
Let her who would be rid of him, deviſe
His ſpeedy taking off. As for the mercy
Which he intends to *Lear*, and to *Cordelia*,
The Battel done, and they within our power;
Shall never ſee his pardon: for my ſtate,
Stands on me to defend, not to debate. [*Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

Alarum within. Enter with Drum and Colours, Lear
Cordelia, *and Souldiers, over the Stage, & Exeunt.*

Enter Edgar, *and* Glouceſter.

Edg. Here Father, take the ſhadow of this tree
For your good hoaſt: pray that the right may thrive:
If ever I return to you again,
I'le bring you comfort.
Glo. Grace be with you Sir. [*Exit.*
[*Alarum and Retreat within.*

Enter Edgar.

Edg. Away old man, give me thy hand, away:
King *Lear* hath loſt, he and his Daughter tane,
Give me thy hand. Come on.
Glo. No further Sir, a man may rot even here.
Edg. What in ill thoughts again?
Men muſt endure
Their going hence, even as their coming hither,
Ripeneſs is all, come on.
Glo. And that's true too. [*Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter in conqueſt with Drum and Colours, Edmund, Lear,
and Cordelia, *as priſoners, Souldiers, Captain.*

Baſt. Some Officers take them away: good guard,
Until their greater pleaſures firſt be known
That are to cenſure them.
Cor. We are not the firſt,
Who with beſt meaning have incurr'd the worſt:
For thee, oppreſſed King, I am caſt down.
My ſelf could elſe out-frown falſe fortunes frown.
Shall we not ſee theſe Daughters, and theſe Siſters?
Lear. No, no, no, no: come lets away to priſon:
We two alone will Sing like Birds i'th'Cage:
When thou do'ſt ask me bleſſing, I'le kneel down
And ask of thee forgiveneſs: So we'll live,
And pray and Sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded Butterflies: and hear poor Rogues
Talk of Court news, and we'll talk with them too,
Who loſes, and who wins; who's in, who's out:
And take upon's the myſtery of things,
As if we were Gods ſpies: And we'll wear out
In a wall'd priſon, packs and ſects of great ones
That ebbe and flow by th'Moon.
Baſt. Take them away.
Lear. Upon ſuch ſacrifices, my *Cordelia*,
The gods themſelves throw incenſe.
Have I caught thee?
He that parts us, ſhall bring a Brand from heaven,
And fire us hence, like Foxes: wipe thine eye,
The good years ſhall devour them, fleſh and fell,
E're they ſhall make us weep?
We'll ſee'em ſtarv'd firſt: come. [*Exit.*
Baſt. Come hither Captain, hark.
Take thou this note, go follow them to priſon,
One ſtep I have advanc'd thee, if thou doſt
As this inſtructs thee, thou doſt make thy way
To Noble Fortunes: know thou this, that men
Are as the time is; to be tender minded
Do's not become a Sword, thy great imployment
Will not bear queſtion: either ſay thou'lt do't,
Or thrive by other means,
Capt. I'le do't my Lord.
Baſt. About it, and write happy, when th'aſt done,
Mark I ſay inſtantly, and carry it ſo
As I have ſet it down. [*Exit* Captain.

Enter Albany, Gonerill, Regan, *Souldiers.*

Alba. Sir, you have ſhew'd to day your valiant ſtrain
And fortune led you well: you have the Captives
Who were the oppoſites of this day's ſtrife:
I do require them of you ſo to uſe them,
As we ſhall find their merits, and our ſafety
May equally determine.
Baſt. Sir, I thought it fit,
To ſend the old and miſerable King to ſome retention,
Whoſe Age had Charms in it, whoſe Title more,
To pluck the common boſom on this ſide,
And turn our impreſt Launces in our eyes
Which do command them. With him I ſent the Queen
My reaſon all the ſame, and they are ready
To morrow, or at further ſpace, t'appear
Where you ſhall hold your Seſſion.
Alba. Sir, by your patience.
I hold you but a ſubject of this VVar,
Not as a Brother.
Reg. That's as we liſt to grace him.
Me thinks our pleaſure might have been demanded
Ere you had ſpoke ſo far. He led our Powers,
Bore the Commiſſion of my place and perſon,
The

The which immediacy may well ſtand up,
And call it ſelf your Brother.
Gon. Not ſo hot :
In his own grace he doth exalt himſelf,
More than in your addition.
Reg. In my rights,
By me inveſted, he compeers the beſt.
Alb. That were the moſt, if he ſhould Husband you.
Reg. Jeſters do oft prove Prophets.
Gon. Holla, holla,
That Eye that told you ſo, look'd but a ſquint.
Reg. Lady I am not well, elſe I ſhould anſwer
From a full flowing ſtomach. General,
Take thou my Souldiers, Priſoners, Patrimony,
Diſpoſe of them, of me, the Walls are thine :
Witneſs the World, that I create thee here,
My Lord, and Maſter.
Gon. Mean you to enjoy him ?
Alb. The lett alone lies not in your good will.
Baſt. Nor in thine, Lord.
Alb. Half-blouded Fellow, yes.
Reg. Let the Drum ſtrike, and prove my title thine.
Alb. Stay yet, hear reaſon : *Edmund*, I arreſt thee
On capital Treaſon ; and in thy arreſt,
This gilded Serpent : for your claim fair Siſters,
I bare it in the intereſt of my Wife,
'Tis ſhe is ſub-contracted to this Lord,
And I her Husband contradict your Banes.
If you will marry, make your loves to me,
My Lady is beſpoke.
Gon. An enterlude.
Alb. Thou art armed, *Gloſter*,
Let the Trumpet ſound :
If none appear to prove upon thy perſon,
Thy heinous, manifeſt, and many Treaſons,
There is my pledge : I'll make it on thy heart
Ere I taſte Bread, thou art in nothing leſs
Than I have here proclaim'd thee.
Reg. Sick, O ſick.
Gon. If not, I'll ne're truſt Medicine.
Baſt. There's my exchange, what in the World he is
That names me Traytor, Villain-like he lies,
Call by the Trumpet : he that dares approach ;
On him, on you, who not, I will maintain
My truth and honour firmly.

Enter a Herald.

Alb. A Herald, ho.
Truſt to thy ſingle vertues, for thy Souldiers
All levied in my name, have in my name
Took their diſcharge.
Reg. My ſickneſs grows upon me.
Alb. She is not well, convey her to my Tent,
Come hither, Herald, let the Trumpet ſound,
And read out this. [*A Trumpet ſounds.*

Herald reads.

IF *any man of quality or degree within the liſts of the Army, will maintain upon* Edmund *ſuppoſed Earl of* Gloſter, *that he is a manifold Traytor, let him appear by the third ſound of the Trumpet : he is bold in his defence.* 1 *Trumpet.*

Her. Again. 2 *Trumpet.*
Her. Again. 3 *Trumpet.*
[*Trumpet anſwers him within.*

Enter Edgar *armed.*

Alb. Ask him his purpoſes, why he appears
Upon this Call o' th' Trumpet.
Her. What are you?
Your name, your quality, and why you anſwer
This preſent Summons ?
Edg. Know my name is loſt
By Treaſons Tooth : bare-gnawn, and Canker-bit,
Yet am I Noble as the Adverſary
I come to cope.
Alb. Which is that Adverſary ?
Edg. What's he that ſpeaks for *Edmund* Earl of *Gloſter* ?
Baſt. Himſelf, what ſaiſt thou to him ?
Edg. Draw thy Sword.
That if my Speech offend a Noble heart,
Thy arm may do thee Juſtice, here is mine :
Behold it is my priviledge,
The priviledge of mine honours,
My Oath, and my profeſſion. I proteſt,
Maugre thy ſtrength, place, youth, and eminence,
Deſpiſe thy Victor-Sword, and fire new fortune,
Thy valour, and thy heart, thou art a Traytor :
Falſe to thy gods, thy Brother, and thy Father,
Conſpirant 'gainſt this high illuſtrious Prince,
And from th' extreameſt upward of thy head,
To the deſcent and duſt below thy foot,
A moſt Toad-ſpotted Traytor. Say thou no,
This Sword, this arm, and my beſt ſpirits are bent
To prove upon thy heart, whereto I ſpeak,
Thou lyeſt.
Baſt. In wiſdom I ſhould ask thy name,
But ſince thy out-ſide looks ſo fair and Warlike,
And that thy tongue (ſome ſay) of breeding breaths,
What ſafe, and nicely I might well delay,
By rule of Knight-hood, I diſdain and ſpurn :
Back do I toſs theſe Treaſons to thy head,
With the Hell-hated Lie, orewhelm thy heart,
Which for they yet glance by, and ſcarcely bruiſe,
This Sword of mine ſhall give them inſtant way,
Where they ſhall reſt for ever. Trumpets ſpeak.
Alb. Save him, ſave him. [*Alarums. Fights.*
Gon. This is practice, *Gloſter*,
By th' law of War, thou waſt not bound to anſwer
An unknown oppoſite : thou art not vanquiſh'd,
But cozen'd, and beguil'd.
Alb. Shut your mouth, Dame,
Or with this paper ſhall I ſtop it : hold, Sir,
Thou worſe than any name, read thine own evil :
No tearing Lady, I perceive you know it.
Gon. Say if I do, the Laws are mine not thine,
Who can arraign me for't ? [*Exit.*
Alb. Moſt monſtrous ! O, know'ſt thou this Paper ?
Baſt. Ask me not what I know.
Alb. Go after her, ſhe's deſperate, govern her.
Baſt. What you have charg'd me with,
That have I done,
And more, much more, the time will bring it out.
'Tis paſt, and ſo am I : But what art thou
That haſt this fortune on me ? If thou'rt Noble,
I do forgive thee.
Edg. Let's exchange charity :
I am no leſs in bloud than thou art, *Edmund.*
If more, the more th' haſt wrong'd me.
My name is *Edgar*, and thy Fathers Son,
The gods are juſt, and of our pleaſant Vices
Make inſtruments to plague us :
The dark and vitious place, where thee he got,
Coſt him his Eyes.
Baſt. Th' haſt ſpoken right, 'tis true,
The Wheel is come full Circle, I am here.
Alb. Me thought thy very gate did propheſie
A Royal Nobleneſs : I muſt embrace thee,
Let ſorrow ſplit my heart, if ever I
Did hate thee, or thy Father.
Edg. Worthy Prince, I know't.
Alb. Where have you hid your ſelf?
How have you known the miſeries of your Father ?
Edg. By nurſing them, my Lord. Liſt a brief tale,
And when 'tis told, O that my heart would burſt.
The bloody proclamation to eſcape

That follow'd me ſo near, (O our lives ſweetneſs!
That we the pain of Death would hourly die,
Rather than die at once) taught me to ſhift
Into a Mad-mans rags, t' aſſume a ſemblance
That very Dogs diſdain'd: and in this habit
Met I my Father with his bleeding Rings,
Their precious Stones new loſt: became his guide,
Led him, beg'd for him, ſav'd him from deſpair,
Never (O fault) reveal'd my ſelf unto him,
Until ſome half hour paſt, when I was arm'd,
Not ſure, though hoping of this good ſucceſs,
I ask'd his bleſſing, and from firſt to laſt
Told him our Pilgrimage. But this flaw'd heart
(Alack too weak the conflict to ſupport)
'Twixt two extreams of paſſion, joy and grief,
Burſt ſmilingly.
Baſt. This Speech of yours hath mov'd me,
And ſhall perchance do good, but ſpeak you on,
You look as you had ſomething more to ſay.
Alb. If there be more, more woful, hold it in,
For I am almoſt ready to diſſolve,
Hearing of this.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. Help, Help; O help.
Edg. What kind of help?
Alb. Speak man.
Edg. What means this bloudy Knife?
Gent. 'Tis hot, it ſmoaks, came even from the heart
of — O ſhe's dead.
Alb. Who's dead? Speak man.
Gent. Your Lady Sir, your Lady; and her Siſter
By her is poyſon'd: ſhe confeſſes it.
Baſt. I was contracted to them both, all three
Now marry in an inſtant.
Edg. Here comes *Kent.*

Enter Kent.

Alb. Produce the Bodies, be they live or dead.
[Gonerill *and* Regans *Bodies brought out.*
This judgment of the Heavens that makes us tremble.
Touches us not with pitty. O! is this ſhe?
The time will not allow the complement
Which very manners urge.
Kent. I am come
To bid my King and Maſter aye good night,
Is he not here?
Alb. Great thing of us forgot,
Speak *Edmund*, where's the King? and where's *Cordelia?*
Seeſt thou this object, *Kent.*
Kent. Alack, why thus?
Baſt. Yet *Edmund* was belov'd:
The one the other poiſon'd for my ſake,
And after, ſlew her ſelf.
Alb. Even ſo: cover their Faces.
Baſt. I pant for life: ſome good I mean to do
Deſpight of mine own Nature. Quickly ſend,
(Be brief in it) to th' Caſtle for my Writ
Is on the life of *Lear*, and *Cordelia:*
Nay, ſend in time.
Alb. Run, run, O run.
Edg. To whom my Lord? Who has the Office?
Send thy token of reprieve.
Baſt. Well thought on, take my Sword,
Give it the Captain.
Edg. Haſte thee for thy life.
Baſt. He hath Commiſſion from thy Wife and me,
To hang *Cordelia* in the Priſon, and
To lay the blame upon her own deſpair,
That ſhe fore-did her ſelf.
Alb. The gods defend her, bear him hence a while.

Enter Lear *with* Cordelia *in his arms.*

Lear. Howl, howl, howl: O you are men of ſtones,
Had I your Tongues and Eyes, I'ld uſe them ſo,
That Heavens Vault ſhould crack: ſhe's gone for ever.
I know when one is dead, and when one lives,
She's dead as Earth: Lend me a Looking-Glaſs,
If that her breath will miſt or ſtain the ſtone,
Why then ſhe lives.
Kent. Is this the promis'd end?
Edg. Or image of that horror.
Alb. Fall and ceaſe.
Lear. This Feather ſtirs, ſhe lives: if it be ſo,
It is a chance which do's redeem all ſorrows
That ever I have felt.
Kent. Oh my good Maſter.
Lear. Prethee away.
Edg. 'Tis noble *Kent* your Friend.
Lear. A plague upon you Murtherers, Traitors all,
I might have ſav'd her, now ſhe's gone for ever:
Cordelia, *Cordelia*, ſtay a little. Ha.
What is't thou ſaiſt? her Voice was ever ſoft,
Gentle, and low, an excellent thing in Woman.
I kill'd the ſlave that was a hanging thee.
Gent. 'Tis true (my Lords) he did.
Lear. Did I not, Fellow?
I have ſeen the day, with my good biting Faulchion
I would have made him skip: I am old now,
And theſe ſame croſſes ſpoil me. Who are you?
Mine Eyes are o' th' beſt, I'll tell you ſtraight.
Kent. If Fortune brag of two, ſhe lov'd and hated,
One of them we behold.
Lear. This is a dull ſight, are you not *Kent?*
Kent. The ſame: your Servant *Kent*,
Where is your Servant *Caius?*
Lear. He's a good Fellow, I can tell you that,
He'll ſtrike, and quickly too, he's dead and rotten.
Kent. No, my good Lord, I am the very man.
Lear. I'll ſee that ſtraight.
Kent. That from your firſt of difference and decay,
Have follow'd your ſad ſteps.
Lear. You are welcom hither.
Kent. Nor no man elſe:
Alls cheerleſs, dark, and deadly:
Your eldeſt Daughters have fore-done themſelves,
And deſperately are dead.
Lear. I, ſo I think.
Alb. He knows not what he ſayes, and vain is it
That we preſent us to him.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Edg. Very bootleſs.
Meſ. *Edmund* is dead, my Lord.
Alb. That's but a trifle here:
You Lords and noble Friends know our intent,
What comfort to this great decay may come,
Shall be appli'd. For us we will reſign,
During the life of this old Majeſty,
To him our abſolute power, you to your rights,
With boot, and ſuch addition as your Honours
Have more than merited. All Friends ſhall
Taſte the wages of their virtue, and all Foes
The Cup of their deſervings: O ſee, ſee.
Lear. And my poor Fool is hang'd: No, no, no life?
Why ſhould a Dog, a Horſe, a Rat have life,
And thou no breath at all? Thou'lt come no more,
Never, never, never, never, never.
Pray you undo this Button. Thank you, Sir,
Do you ſee this? look on her, look on her Lips,
Look there, look there. [*He dies.*
Edg. He faints, my Lord.
Kent. Break heart, I prethee break.

Edg. Look to my Lord.
Kent. Vex not his Ghoſt, O let him paſs, he hates him,
That would upon the rack of this tough World
Stretch him out longer.
Edg. He is gone indeed.
Kent. The wonder is, he hath endur'd ſo long,
He but uſurpt his life.
Alb. Bear them from hence, our preſent buſineſs
Is general woe: Friends of my Soul, you 'twain,
Rule in this Realm, and the gor'd ſtate ſuſtain.
Kent. I have a Journey, Sir, ſhortly to go,
My Maſter calls me, I muſt not ſay no. [*Dies.*
Edg. The weight of this ſad time we muſt obey,
Speak what we feel, not what we ought to ſay:
The oldeſt hath born moſt, we that are young,
Shall never ſee ſo much, nor live ſo long.

[*Exeunt with a dead march.*

THE
TRAGEDY
OF
OTHELLO,
THE
MOORE of VENICE.

The Actors Names.

Othello, *the Moore.*
Brabantio, *Father to* Deſdemona.
Caſſio, *an honourable Lieutenant.*
Jago, *a Villain.*
Rodorigo, *a gull'd Gentleman.*
Duke of Venice.
Senators.
Montano, *Governour of* Cyprus.
Gentlemen of Cyprus.
Lodovico, *and* Gratiano, *two Noble Venetians.*
Saylors.
Clown.

Deſdemona, *Wife to* Othello.
Æmilia, *Wife to* Jago.
Bianca, *a Curtezan.*

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Rodorigo, *and* Jago.

Rodo. NEver tell me, I take it very unkindly
That thou (*Jago*) who haſt had my Purſe,
As if the ſtrings were thine,
Should'ſt know of this.
Jago. But you'll not hear me.
If ever I did Dream
Of ſuch a matter, abhor me.
Rodo. Thou told'ſt me,
Thou didſt hold him in thy hate.
Jago. Deſpiſe me
If I do not. Three great ones of the City,
(In perſonal ſuit to make me his Lieutenant)
Off-capt to him: and by the faith of man
I know my price, I am worth no worſe a place.
But he (as loving his own pride and purpoſes)
Evades them, with a Bumbaſt Circumſtance,
Horribly ſtuft with Epithets of War,
Non-ſuits my Mediators. For certes, ſayes he,
I have already choſe my Officer. And what was he?
Forſooth, a great Arithmetician,
One *Michael Caſſio*, a *Florentine*,
(A Fellow almoſt damn'd in a fair Wife)
That never ſet a Squadron in the Field,

Nor the diviſion of a Battel knows
More than a Spinſter: Unleſs the Bookiſh Theorick:
Wherein the Tongued Conſuls can propoſe
As Maſterly as he, meer prattle (without practice)
In all his Souldierſhip. But he (Sir) had th'election
And I (of whom his eyes had ſeen the proof
At *Rhodes*, at *Cyprus*, and on others grounds
Chriſtian, and Heathen) muſt be be-lee'd, and calm'd
By Debitor, and Creditor. This Counter-Caſter,
He (in good time) muſt his Lieutenant be,
And I (bleſs the mark) his Moor-ſhip's Ancient.
Rod. By heaven, I rather would have been his hang-man.
Jago. Why there's no remedy,
'Tis the curſe of Service;
Preferment goes by Letter, and affection,
And not by old gradation, where each ſecond
Stood Heir to th' firſt. Now, Sir, be Judge your ſelf,
Whether I in any juſt term am Affin'd
To love the Moore?
Rod. I would not follow him then.
Jago. O, Sir, content you.
I follow him to ſerve my turn upon him.
We cannot all be Maſters, nor all Maſters
Cannot be truly follow'd. You ſhall mark
Many a dutious and knee-crooking Knave,
That (doting on his own obſequious bondage)
Wears out his time, much like his Maſters Aſs,
For nought but Provender, and when he's old Caſheer'd.
Whip me ſuch honeſt Knaves. Others there are
Who trimm'd in Forms, and Viſages of duty,
Keep yet their hearts attending on themſelves.
And throwing but ſhows of ſervice on their Lords,
Do well thrive by them.
And when they have lin'd in their Coats
Do themſelves Homage.
Theſe Fellows have ſome Soul,
And ſuch a one do I profeſs my ſelf. For (Sir)
It is as ſure as you are *Rodorigo*,
Were I the Moor, I would not be *Jago*:
In following him, I follow but my ſelf.
Heaven is my Judge, not I, for love and duty,
But ſeeming ſo, for my peculiar end:
For when my outward action doth demonſtrate
The native act, and figure of my heart
In complement extern, 'tis not long after
But I will wear my heart upon my ſleeve
For Dawes to peck at; I am not what I am.
Rod. What a fall Fortune do's the thick-lips owe
If he can carry't thus?
Jago. Call up her Father:
Rowſe him, make after him, poyſon his delight,
Proclaim him in the ſtreets, Incenſe her Kinſmen,
And though he in a fertile Climate dwell,
Plague him with Flyes: though that his joy be joy,
Yet throw ſuch chances of vexation on't,
As it may looſe ſome colour.
Rodo. Here is her Fathers Houſe, I'll call aloud.
Jago. Do, with like timorous accent, and dire yell,
As when (by night and negligence) the fire
Is ſpied in populous Cities.
Rodo. What ho: *Brabantio*, Signior *Brabantio*, ho.
Jago. Awake, what ho, *Brabantio*: Thieves, Thieves.
Look to your Houſe, your Daughter, and your Bags,
Thieves, Thieves.
Bra. Above. What is the reaſon of this terrible
Summons? what is the matter there?
Rodo. Signior, is all your Family within?
Jago. Are your Doors lock'd?
Bra. Why? wherefore ask you this?
Jago. Sir, y' are robb'd, for ſhame put on your Gown,
Your heart is burſt, you have loſt half your Soul
Even now, very now, an old black Ram
Is Tupping your white Ewe. Ariſe, ariſe,
Awake the ſnorting Citizens with the Bell,
Or elſe the Devil will make a Grand-ſire of you.
Ariſe I ſay.
Bra. What, have you loſt your Wits?
Rod. Moſt Reverend Signior, do you know my Voice?
Bra. Not I: what are you?
Rod. My name is *Rodorigo.*
Bra. The worſer welcome:
I have charg'd thee not to haunt about my Doors:
In honeſt plainneſs thou haſt heard me ſay,
My Daughter is not for thee. And now in madneſs
(Being full of Supper, and diſtempering draughts)
Upon malicious Knavery, doſt thou come
To ſtart my quiet.
Rod. Sir, Sir, Sir.
Bra. But thou muſt needs be ſure,
My Spirits and my place have in their power
To make this bitter to thee.
Rod. Patience, good Sir.
Bra. What tell'ſt thou me of Robbing?
This is *Venice*: my Houſe is not a Grange.
Rod. Moſt grave *Brabantio*,
In ſimple and pure Soul, I come to you.
Jag. Sir, you are one of thoſe that will not ſerve God, if the Devil bid you. Becauſe we come to do you ſervice, and you think we are Ruffians, you'll have your Daughter cover'd with a Barbary Horſe, you'll have your Nephews neigh to you, you'll have Courſers for Couſins, and Gennets for *Germans*.
Bra. What profane wretch art thou?
Jag. I am one, Sir, that comes to tell you, your Daughter and the Moore, are making the Beaſt with two backs.
Bra. Thou art a Villain.
Jago. You are a Senator.
Bra. This thou ſhalt anſwer. I know thee, *Rodorigo.*
Rod. Sir, I will anſwer any thing. But I beſeech you,
If't be your pleaſure, and moſt wiſe conſent,
(As partly I find it is) that your fair Daughter,
At this odd Even and dull Watch oth' Night
Tranſported with no worſe or better guard,
But with a Knave of common hire, a Gundelier,
To the groſs claſps of a Laſcivious Moore:
If this be known to you, and your Allowance,
We then have done you bold and ſawcy wrongs.
But if you know not this, my manners tell me,
We have your wrong rebuke. Do not believe
That from the ſenſe of all Civility,
I thus would play and trifle with your Reverence.
Your Daughter (if you have not given her leave)
I ſay again, hath made a groſs revolt,
Tying her Duty, Beauty, Wit, and Fortunes
In an extravagant, and wheeling Stranger,
Of here, and every where: ſtraight ſatisfie your ſelf.
If ſhe be in your Chamber, or your Houſe,
Let looſe on me the Juſtice of the ſtate
For thus deluding you.
Bra. Strike on the Tinder, ho:
Give me a Taper: call up all my people,
This Accident is not unlike my Dream,
Belief of it oppreſſes me already.
Light, I ſay, light.
Jago. Farewel: for I muſt leave you.
It ſeems not meet, nor wholſome to my place
To be producted, as if I ſtay, I ſhall,
Againſt the Moor. For I do know the ſtate,
(However this may gall him with ſome check)
Cannot with ſafety caſt him. For he's embark'd
With ſuch loud reaſon to the *Cyprus* Wars,
(Which even now ſtands in Act) that for their Souls
Another of his fadom, they have none,
To lead their buſineſs. In which regard,
Though I do hate him as I do Hell,
Yet, for neceſſity of preſent life,
I muſt ſhew out a Flag, and ſign of Love,
(Which is indeed but ſign) that you ſhall ſurely find him

Lead to the Sagittary the raiſed Search:
And there will I be with him. So farewel. [*Exit.*

Enter Brabantio, *with Servants and Torches.*

Bra. It is too true an evil. Gone ſhe is,
And whar's to come of my deſpiſed time,
Is naught but bitterneſs. Now, *Rodorigo*,
Where didſt thou ſee her? (Oh unhappy Girle)
With the Moore ſaiſt thou? (Who would be a Father?)
How didſt thou know 'twas ſhe? (Oh ſhe deceives me
Paſt thonght:) what ſaid ſhe to you? Get moe Tapers:
Raiſe all my Kindred. Are they married, think you?
Rod. Truly I think they are.
Bra. Oh heaven: how got ſhe out?
Oh treaſon of my blood.
Fathers, from hence truſt not your Daughters minds
By what you ſee them Act. Are there not charms,
By which the property of Youth and Maidhood
May be abus'd? Have you not read, *Rodorigo*,
Of ſome ſuch thing?
Rod. Yes, Sir: I have indeed.
Bra. Call up my brothers: oh would you had had her.
Some one way, ſome another. Do you know
Where we may apprehend her, and the Moore?
Rod. I think I can diſcover him, if you pleaſe
To get good Guard, and go along with me.
Bra. Pray you lead on. At every Houſe I'll call,
(I may command at moſt) get Weapons (hoa)
And raiſe ſome ſpecial Officers of might:
On, good *Rodorigo*, I will deſerve your pains. [*Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Othello, Jago, *Attendants, with Torches.*

Jago. Though in the trade of war I have ſlain men,
Yet do I hold it very ſtuff oth' Conſcience
To do no contriv'd murder: I take iniquity
Sometime to do me ſervice. Nine or ten times
I had thought to have yerk'd him here under the Rib.
Othel. 'Tis better as it is.
Jago. Nay, but he prated,
And ſpoke ſuch ſcurvy, and provoking terms
Againſt your honour, that with the little godlineſs I have,
I did full hard forbear him. But I pray you, Sir,
Are you faſt married? Be aſſur'd of this,
That the Magnifico is much belov'd,
And hath in his effect a voyce potential
As double as the Dukes: He will divorce you.
Or put upon you, what reſtraint or grievance,
The Law (with all his might, to enforce it on)
Will give him Cable.
Othe. Let him do his ſpight:
My ſervices, which I have done the Signory
Shall out-tongue his complaints. 'Tis yet to know,
Which when I know, that boaſting is an honour,
I ſhall promulgate. I fetch my life and being,
From men of Royal Siege. And my demerits
May ſpeak (unbonnetted) to as a proud a Fortune
As this that I have reach'd. For know, *Jago*,
But that I love the gentle *Deſdemona*,
I would not my unhouſed free condition
Put into Circumſcription, and Confine,
For the Seas worth. But look, what lights come yond?

Enter Caſſio *with Torches.*

Jago. Thoſe are the raiſed Father, and his friends:
You were beſt go in.
Othel. Not I: I muſt be found.
My parts, my title, and my perfect Soul
Shall manifeſt me rightly. Is it they?
Jago. By *Janus*, I think no.
Othel. The Servants of the Dukes?
And my Lieutenant?
The goodneſs of the night upon you (friends)
What is the News?
Caſſio. The Duke does greet you (General)
And he requires your haſte, Poſt-haſte appearance,
Even on the inſtant.
Othel. What is the matter think you?
Caſſio. Something from *Cyprus*, as I may divine:
It is a buſineſs of ſome heat. The Gallies
Have ſent a dozen ſequent meſſengers
This very night, at one anothers heels:
And many of the Conſuls (rais'd and met,)
Are at the Dukes already. You have been hotly call'd for,
When being not at your lodging to be found,
The Senate hath ſent about three ſeveral Queſts,
To ſearch you out.
Othel. 'Tis well I am found by you:
I will ſpend but a word here in the Houſe,
And go with you.
Caſſio. Aucient, what makes he here?
Jago. Faith, he to night hath boorded a Land Carrac,
If it prove lawful prize, he's made for ever.
Caſſio. I do not underſtand.
Jago. He's married.
Caſſio. To whom?
Jago. Marry to——Come, Captain, will you go?
Othel. Have with you.
Caſſio. Here comes another Troop to ſeek for you,

Enter Brabantio, Rodorigo, *with Officers and Torches.*

Jago. It is *Brabantio*: General be advis'd,
He comes to bad intent.
Othel. Holla, ſtand there.
Rod. Signior, it is the Moor.
Bra. Down with him, Thief.
Jago. You *Rodorigo?* Come, Sir, I am for you.
Othel. Keep up your bright Swords, for the dew will ruſt them. Good Signior, you ſhall more command with years, than with your Weapons.
Bra. Oh thou foul Thief,
Where haſt thou ſtow'd my Daughter?
Damn'd as thou art, thou haſt enchanted her,
For I'le refer me to all things of ſenſe,
(If ſhe in chains of Magick were not bound)
Whether a Maid, ſo tender, fair, and happy,
So oppoſite to Marriage, that ſhe ſhunn'd
The wealthy curled Darling of our Nation,
Would ever have (t'incurr a general mock)
Run from her Guardage to the ſooty boſom,
Of ſuch a thing as thou: to fear, not to delight?
Judge me the world, if 'tis not groſs in ſenſe,
That thou haſt practis'd on her with foul Charms,
Abus'd her delicate youth, with Drugs or Minerals,
That weakens motion. I'le hav't diſputed on,
'Tis probable, and palpable to thinking;
I therefore apprehend and do attach thee,
For an abuſer of the world, a practicer
Of Arts inhibited, and out of warrant;
Lay hold upon him, if he do reſiſt
Subdue him at his peril.
Othel. Hold your hand.
Both you of my inclining, and the reſt.
Were it my Cue to fight, I ſhould have known it
Without a Prompter. Whither will you that I go
To anſwer this your charge?
Bra. To priſon, till fit time
Of Law, and courſe of direct Seſſion
Call thee to anſwer.
Othel. What if I do obey?
How may the Duke be therewith ſatisfied,
Whoſe Meſſengers are here about my ſide,

Upon ſome preſent buſineſs of the State,
To bring me to him.
Officer. 'Tis true, moſt worthy Signior,
The Duke's in Council, and your Noble ſelf,
I am ſure is ſent for.
Bra. How? The Duke in Council?
In this time of the night? bring him away:
Mine's not an idle cauſe. The Duke himſelf,
Or any of my Brothers of the State,
Cannot but feel this wrong, as 'twere their own:
For if ſuch Actions may have paſſage free,
Bond ſlaves and Pagans ſhall our Stateſmen be.
[*Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Duke, Senators, *and Officers.*

Duke. There is no compoſition in this news,
That gives them credit.
1. *Sen.* Indeed, they are diſproportioned;
My Leters ſay, a hundred and ſeven Gallies.
Duke. And mine a hundred and forty.
2. *Sen.* And mine two hundred:
But though they jump not on a juſt account,
(As in theſe Caſes where the ayme reports,
'Tis oft with difference) yet do they all confirm
A *Turkiſh* Fleet, and bearing up to *Cyprus.*
Duke. Nay, it is poſſible enough to judgment:
I do not ſo ſecure me in the errour,
But the main Article I do approve
In fearfull ſenſe.
Saylor within. What hoa, what hoa, what hoa.

Enter Saylor.

Officer. A Meſſenger from the Gallies.
Duke. Now? What's the buſineſs?
Saylor. The *Turkiſh* preparation makes for *Rhodes,*
So was I bid report here to the State,
By Signior *Angelo.*
Duke. How ſay you by this change?
1. *Sen.* This cannot be
By no aſſay of Reaſon. 'Tis a Pageant
To keep us in falſe gaze, when we conſider
Th'importancy of *Cyprus* to the *Turk:*
And let our ſelves again but underſtand,
That as it more concerns the *Turk* than *Rhodes,*
So may he with more facile queſtion bear it,
For that it ſtands not in ſuch warlike brace,
But altogether lacks th'abilities
That *Rhodes* is dreſs'd in. If we make thought of this,
We muſt not think the *Turk* is ſo unskilfull,
To leave that lateſt, which concerns him firſt,
Neglecting an attempt of eaſe and gain,
To wake and wage a danger profitleſs.
Duke. Nay, in all confidence he's not for *Rhodes.*
Officer. Here is more News.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſen. The *Ottamittes,* reverend, and gracious,
Steering with due courſe toward the Iſle of *Rhodes,*
Have there injoynted them with an after Fleet.
1. *Sen.* I, ſo I thought: how many, as you gueſs?
Meſſ. Of thirty Sail: and now they do re-ſtem
This backward courſe, bearing with frank appearance
Their purpoſes toward *Cyprus.* Signior *Montano,*
Your truſty and moſt valiant Servitor,
With his free duty, recommends you thus,
And prays you to believe him.
Duke. 'Tis certain then for *Cyprus:*
Marcus Luccicos, is he not in Town?
1. *Sen.* He's now in *Florence.*
Duke. VVrite from us,
To him, Poſt, Poſt- haſte, diſpatch.
1. *Sen.* Here comes *Brabantio,* and the Moor.

Enter Brabantio, Othello, Caſſio, Jago, Rodorigo,
and Officers.

Duke. Valiant *Othello,* we muſt ſtraight employ you,
Againſt the general Enemy *Ottoman.*
I did not ſee you: welcom, gentle Signior,
VVe lack't your Counſel, and your help to night.
Bra. So did I yours: Good your Grace pardon me.
Neither my place, for ought I heard of buſineſs,
Hath rais'd me from my Bed; nor doth the general care
Take hold on me. For my particular grief
Is of ſo flood-gate, and o're-bearing Nature,
That it ingluts, and ſwallows other ſorrows,
And it is ſtill it ſelf.
Duke. VVhy? what's the matter?
Bra. My Daughter: oh my Daughter!
Sen. Dead!
Bra. I, to me.
She is abus'd, ſtolen from me, and corrupted
By Spells and Medicines, bought of Mountebanks;
For Nature ſo prepoſterouſly to erre,
(Being not deficient, blind, or lame of ſenſe,)
Sans witch-craft could not.
Duke. VVho e're he be, that in this foul proceeding
Hath thus beguil'd your Daughter of her ſelf,
And you of her; the bloody Book of Law,
You ſhall your ſelf read in the bitter Letter,
After your own ſenſe: yea, though our proper Son
Stood in your Action.
Bra. Humbly I thank your Grace,
Here is the man; this Moore, whom now it ſeems
Your ſpecial Mandate, for the State Affairs,
Hath hither brought.
All. VVe are very ſorry for't.
Duke. VVhat in your own part can you ſay to this?
Bra. Nothing, but this is ſo.
Othel. Moſt Potent, Grave, and Reverend Signiors,
My very Noble, and approv'd good Maſters;
That I have tane away this old mans Daughter,
It is moſt true: true I have married her:
The very head, and front of my offending,
Hath this extent; no more. Rude am I in my ſpeech,
And little bleſs'd with the ſoft phraſe of Peace;
For ſince theſe Arms of mine had ſeven years pith,
Till now, ſome nine Moons waſted, they have us'd
Their dearſt Action, in the tented field:
And little of this great world can I ſpeak,
More than pertains to Feats of Broyls, and Battel,
And therefore little ſhall I grace my cauſe,
In ſpeaking for my ſelf. Yet, (by your gracious patience)
I will a round un-varniſh'd tale deliver,
Of my whole courſe of love.
VVhat Drugs? what Charms?
VVhat Conjuration? and what mighty Magick,
(For ſuch proceeding I am charg'd withal)
I won his Daughter with.
Bra. A Maiden, never bold:
Of Spirit ſo ſtill and quiet, that her Motion
Bluſh'd at her ſelf, and ſhe in ſpight of Nature,
Of Years, of Country, Credit, every thing,
To fall in Love with what ſhe fear'd to look on;
It is a judgment maim'd, and moſt imperfect.
That will confeſs Perfection ſo could erre
Againſt all Rules of Nature, and muſt be driven
To find out practices of cunning hell
VVhy this ſhould be. I therefore vouch again,
That with ſome mixtures powerful o're the blood,
Or with ſome Dram (conjur'd to this effect)
He wrought upon her.
Duke. To vouch this, is no proof, VVithout

Without more wider, and more over-Teſt
Than theſe thin habits, and poor likelyhoods
Of modern ſeeming, do prefer againſt him.
Sen. But, *Othello*, ſpeak,
Did you, by indirect and forced courſes
Subdue, and poyſon this young Maids affections?
Or came it by requeſt, and ſuch fair queſtion,
As ſoul to ſoul affordeth?
Othel. I do beſeech you,
Send for the Lady to the Sagittary,
And let her ſpeak of me before her Father;
If you do find me foul in her report,
The truſt, the office, I do hold of you,
Not only take away, but let your ſentence
Even fall upon my life.
Duke. Fetch *Deſdemona* hither.
Othello. Ancient, conduct them:
You beſt know the place.
And 'till ſhe come as truly as to heaven,
I do confeſs the vices of my blood,
So juſtly to your Grave ears, I'll preſent
How I did thrive in this fair Ladies Love,
And ſhe in mine.
Duke. Say it, *Othello*.
Othello. Her Father lov'd me, oft invited me:
Still queſtion'd me the Story of my life,
From year to year: The Battells, Sieges, Fortune,
That I have paſt.
I ran it through, even from my Boyiſh days,
To th' very moment that he bad me tell it.
Wherein I ſpoke of moſt diſaſtrous Chances:
Of moving Accidents by Flood and Field,
Of hair breadth ſcapes i'th'imminent deadly Breach;
Of being taken by the inſolent foe,
And ſold to ſlavery. Of my redemption thence,
And portance in my Traveller's hiſtory.
Wherein of Antars vaſt, and deſarts wild,
Rough Quarries, Rocks and Hills, whoſe heads touch heaven,
It was my hint to ſpeak. Such was my Proceſs,
And of the Canibals that each other eat,
The *Anthropophagi*, and men whoſe heads
Grew beneath their Shoulders. Theſe things to hear,
Would *Deſdemona* ſeriouſly incline:
But ſtill the houſe affairs would draw her hence:
Which ever as ſhe could with haſte diſpatch,
She'ld come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my Diſcourſe, which I obſerving,
Took once a pliant hour, and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earneſt heart,
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels ſhe had ſomething heard,
But not diſtinctively: I did conſent,
And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did ſpeak of ſome diſtreſsful ſtroke,
That my youth ſuffer'd: My ſtory being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of kiſſes:
She ſwore in faith, 'twas ſtrange, 'twas paſſing ſtrange.
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful.
She wiſh'd ſhe had not heard it, yet ſhe wiſh'd
That heaven had made her ſuch a man. She thank'd me,
And bad me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,
I ſhould but teach him how to tell my ſtory,
And that would wooe her. Upon this hint I ſpake,
She lov'd me for the dangers I have paſt,
And I lov'd her, that ſhe did pity them.
This only is the witch-craft I have us'd.
Here comes the Lady, let her witneſs it.

Enter Deſdemona, Jago, Attendants.

Duke. I think this tale would win my Daughter too,
Good *Brabantio*, take up this mangled matter at the beſt:
Men do their broken weapons rather uſe,
Than their bare hands.
Bra. I pray you hear her ſpeak:
If ſhe confeſs that ſhe was half the wooer,
Deſtruction on my head, if my bad blame
Light on the man. Come hither, gentle Miſtreſs,
Do you perceive, in all this Noble Company,
Where moſt you owe obedience?
Deſ. My Noble Father;
I do perceive here a divided duty,
To you I am bound for life, and education:
My life and education both do learn me,
How to reſpect you. You are the Lord of duty,
I am hitherto your Daughter. But here's my husband;
And ſo much duty, as my Mother ſhew'd
To you, preferring you before her Father:
So much I challenge, that I may profeſs
Due to the *Moore*, my Lord.
Bra. God be with you: I have done.
Pleaſe it your Grace, on to the State affairs;
I had rather to adopt a child than get it.
Come hither, *Moore*,
I here do give thee that with all my heart,
Which, but thou haſt already, with all my heart,
I would keep from thee. For your ſake (Jewell)
I am glad at ſoul, I have no other child;
For thy eſcape would teach me tyranny
To hang clogs on them. I have done, my Lord.
Duke. Let me ſpeak like your ſelf:
And lay a Sentence,
Which, like a griſe, or ſtep, may help theſe Lovers.
When remedies are paſt, the griefs are ended
By ſeeing worſt, which late on hopes depended.
To mourn a miſchief that is paſt and gone,
Is the next way to draw new miſchief on.
What cannot be preſerv'd when Fortune takes:
Patience her injury a mockery makes.
The robb'd that ſmiles, ſteals ſomething from the Thief,
He robs himſelf that ſpends a bootleſs grief.
Bra. So let the *Turk* of *Cyprus* us beguile,
We loſe it not ſo long as we can ſmile:
He bears the ſentence well, that nothing bears,
But the free comfort which from thence he hears.
But he hears both the ſentence, and the ſorrow,
That to pay grief, muſt of poor patience borrow.
Theſe Sentences to Sugar, or to Gall,
Being ſtrong on both ſides are equivocall.
But words are words: I never yet did hear,
That the bruiz'd heart was pierced through the ear.
Humbly beſeech you to proceed to th'affairs of State.

Duke. The *Turk*, with a moſt mighty preparation, makes for *Cyprus*: *Othello*, the Fortitude of the place is beſt known to you. And though we have there a Subſtitute of moſt allowed ſufficiency; yet opinion, a more Sovereign Miſtreſs of Effects, throws a more ſafe voice on you: you muſt therefore be content to ſlubber the groſs of your new fortunes, with this more ſtubborn, and boyſterous expedition.

Othel. The Tyrant Cuſtome, moſt Grave Senators,
Hath made the flinty and Steel Coach of War
My thrice-driven bed of Down. I do agnize
A natural and prompt Alacrity,
I find in hardneſs: and do undertake
This preſent war againſt the *Ottomittes*.
Moſt humbly therefore bending to your State,
I crave fit diſpoſition for my Wife,
Due reverence of Place, and Exhibition,
With ſuch accommodation and beſort,
As levels with her breeding.
Duke. Why, at her Fathers.
Bra. I will not have it ſo.
Othel. Nor I.
Deſ. Nor would I there reſide,
To put my Father in impatient thoughts
By being in his Eye. Moſt gracious Duke,
To my unfolding, lend your proſperous Ear,

And let me find a Character in your voice
T'aſſiſt my ſimpleneſs.

Duke. What would you, *Deſdemona?*

Deſd. That I love the Moor, to live with him,
My down-right violence, and ſtorm of Fortunes,
May trumpet to the world. My heart's ſubdu'd
Even to the very quality of my Lord;
I ſaw *Othello*'s viſage in his mind,
And to his honours and his valiant parts,
Did I my ſoul and fortunes conſecrate.
So that (dear Lords) if I be left behind
A Moth of Peace, and he go to the War,
The Rites for why I love him, are bereft me:
And I a heavy interim ſhall ſupport
By his dear abſence. Let me go with him.

Othel. Let her have your voice.
Vouch with me heaven, I therefore beg it not
To pleaſe the palate of my Appetite:
Nor to comply with heat the young effects
In my defunct, and proper ſatisfaction.
But to be free, and bounteous to her mind:
And heaven defend your good ſouls, that you think
I will your ſerious and great buſineſs ſcant
When ſhe is with me. No, when light wing'd Toyes
Of feather'd *Cupid*, ſeel with wanton dulneſs
My ſpeculative and offic'd Inſtrument:
That my Diſports corrupt and taint my buſineſs:
Let Houſewives make a Skillet of my Helm,
And all indign and baſe adverſities,
Make head againſt my Eſtimation.

Duke. Be it as you ſhall privately determine,
Either for her ſtay or going: th'Affair cries haſte:
And ſpeed muſt anſwer it.

Sen. You muſt away to night.

Othel. With all my heart.

Duke. At nine ith' morning here we'll meet again.
Othello, leave ſome Officer behind,
And he ſhall our Commiſſion bring to you:
And ſuch things elſe of quality and reſpect
As doth import to you.

Othel. So pleaſe your Grace, my Ancient,
A man he is of honeſty and truſt:
To his conveyance I aſſign my wife.
With what elſe needful, your good Grace ſhall think
To be ſent after me.

Duke. Let it be ſo:
Good night to every one. And Noble Signior,
If Vertue no delighted beauty lack,
Your Son-in-law is far more fair than black.

Sen. Adieu, brave Moor, uſe *Deſdemona* well.

Bra. Look to her (Moor) if thou haſt eyes to ſee:
She has deceiv'd her Father, and may thee. [*Exit.*

Othel. My life upon her faith. Honeſt *Jago*,
My *Deſdemona* muſt I leave to thee:
I prethee let thy wife attend on her,
And bring them after in their beſt advantage.
Come, *Deſdemona*, I have but an hour
Of Love, of wordly matter, and direction
To ſpeak with thee. We muſt obey the time. [*Exit.*

Rod. *Jago.*

Jago. What ſayeſt thou, noble heart?

Rod. What will I do, thinkeſt thou?

Jago. Why, go to bed and ſleep.

Rod. I will incontinently drown my ſelf.

Jago. If thou doſt, I ſhall never love thee after. Why, thou ſilly Gentleman?

Rod. It is ſillineſs to live, when to live is torment: and then have we a preſcription to dye, when death is our Phyſician.

Jago. Oh villanous: I have look'd upon the world for four times ſeven years, and ſince I could diſtinguiſh betwixt a Benefit and an Injury, I never found man that knew how to love himſelf. Ere I would ſay, I would drown my ſelf for the love of a *Guinney*-Hen, I would change my humanity with a Baboon.

Rod. What ſhould I do, I confeſs it is my ſhame to be ſo fond, but it is not in my virtue to amend it.

Jago. Virtue? a Fig, 'tis in our ſelves that we are thus or thus. Our Bodies are our Gardens, to the which our Wills are Gardiners. So that if we will plant Nettles, or ſow Lettice: Set Hyſſop, and weed up Time: Supply it with one gender of Herbs, or diſtract it with many: either have it ſteril with idleneſs, or manured with induſtry, why the power and corrigible Authority of this lies in our wills. If the brain of our lives had not one ſcale of Reaſon to poiſe another of Senſuality, the blood and baſeneſs of our Natures would conduct us to moſt prepoſterous Concluſions. But we have reaſon to cool our raging Motions, or carnal Stings, or unbitted Luſts: whereof I take this, that you call Love, to be a Sect, or Seyen.

Rod. It cannot be.

Jago. It is meerly a Luſt of the Blood, and a permiſſion of the will. Come, be a man: drown thy ſelf? Drown Cats and blind Puppies. I have profeſt me thy Friend, and I confeſs me knit to thy deſerving, with Cables of perdurable toughneſs. I could never better ſteed thee than now. Put money in thy purſe: follow thou the Wars, defeat thy favour, with an uſurped Beard. I ſay, put money in thy purſe. It cannot be long that *Deſdemona* ſhould continue her love to the Moor. Put money in thy purſe: nor he his to her. It was a violent Commencement in her, and thou ſhalt ſee an anſwerable Sequeſtration, but put money in thy purſe. Theſe Moors are changeable in their wills: fill thy purſe with money. The food that to him now is as luſcious as Locuſts, ſhall to him ſhortly be as bitter as Coloquintida. She muſt change for youth: when ſhe is ſated with his body, ſhe will find the errours of her choice. Therefore put money in thy purſe. If thou wilt needs damn thy ſelf, do it a more delicate way than drowning. Make all the money thou canſt: If Sanctimony and a frail Vow betwixt an erring *Barbarian* and ſuper-ſubtle *Venetian* be not too hard for my wits, and all the tribe of hell, thou ſhalt enjoy her: therefore make money: a pox of drowning thy ſelf, it is clean out of the way. Seek thou rather to be hang'd in compaſſing thy joy, than to be drown'd, and go without her.

Rod. Wilt thou he faſt to my hopes, if I depend on the iſſue?

Jago. Thou art ſure of me: Go make money: I have told thee often, and I re-tell thee again and again, I hate the Moor. My cauſe is hearted; thine hath no leſs reaſon. Let us be conjunctive in our revenge againſt him. If thou canſt cuckold him, thou doſt thy ſelf a pleaſure, me a ſport. There are many Events in the womb of Time, which will be delivered. Traverſe, go, provide thy money. We will have more of this to morrow. Adieu.

Rod. Where ſhall we meet ith' morning?

Jago. At my Lodging.

Rod I'll be with thee betimes.

Jago Go to, farewel. Do you hear, *Rodorigo?*

Rod. I'll ſell all my Land. [*Exit.*

Jago. Thus do I ever make my Fool my purſe:
For I mine own gain'd knowledge ſhould profane,
If I would time expend with ſuch a Swain,
But for my ſport and profit: I hate the Moor,
And it is thought abroad, that 'twixt my ſheets
He has done my office. I know not if't be true,
But I, for meer ſuſpicion in that kind,
Will do, as if for Surety. He holds me well,
The better ſhall my purpoſe work on him:
Caſſio's a proper man: Let me ſee now,
To get this place, and plume up my will
In double Knavery. How? how? Let's ſee.
After ſome time, to abuſe *Othello*'s ears,
That he is too familiar with his wife:
He hath a perſon, and a ſmooth diſpoſe
To be ſuſpected: fram'd to make women falſe.
The Moor is of a free and open Nature,
That thinks men honeſt, that but ſeem to be ſo,

And will as tenderly be led by th' Noſe
As Aſſes are:
I have't: it is engendred: Hell and Night
Muſt bring this monſtrous Birth to the worlds light.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Montano, *and* Gentlemen.

Mont. WHat from the Cape, can you diſcern at Sea?
1. *Gent.* Nothing at all, it is a high-wrought Flood:
I cannot 'twixt the Heaven and the Main,
Deſcry a Sail.
Mont. Methinks the wind hath ſpoke aloud at Land,
A fuller blaſt ne're ſhook our Battlements:
If it hath ruffiand ſo upon the Sea,
What ribs of Oak, when Mountains melt on them,
Can hold the Morties. What ſhall we hear of this?
2. A Segregation of the *Turkiſh* Fleet:
For do but ſtand upon the foaming ſhore,
The chidden Billow ſeems to pelt the clouds,
The wind-ſhak'd Surge, with high and monſtrous Main,
Seems to caſt water on the burning Bear,
And quench the Guards of th'ever fixed Pole:
I never like moleſtation view
On the enchafed Flood.
Mont. If that be the *Turkiſh* Fleet,
Be not inſhelter'd and embay'd, they are drown'd,
It is impoſſible to bear it out.

Enter a Gentleman.

3. News, Lads: our Wars are done:
The deſperate Tempeſt hath ſo bang'd the *Turks*,
That their deſignment halts. A noble Ship of *Venice*
Hath ſeen a grievous wrack and ſufferance
On moſt part of their Fleet.
Mont. How? Is this true?
3. The Ship is put in: A *Veroneſſo*, *Michael Caſſio*
Lieutenant of the warlike Moor, *Othello*,
Is come on ſhore: the Moor himſelf at Sea,
And is in full Commiſſion here for *Cyprus*.
Mont. I am glad on't:
'Tis a worthy Governour.
3. But this ſame *Caſſio*, though he ſpeak of comfort,
Touching the *Turkiſh* loſs, yet he looks ſadly,
And prays the Moor be ſafe; for they were parted
With foul and violent Tempeſt.
Mont. Pray heavens he be:
For I have ſerv'd him, and the man commands
Like a full Souldier. Let's to the Sea-ſide (hoa)
As well to ſee the Veſſel that comes in,
As to throw out our eyes for brave *Othello*,
Even till we make the Main and th' Erial blue,
And indiſtinct regard.
Gent. Come, let's do ſo;
For every minute is expectancy
Of our Arrivancy.

Enter Caſſio.

Caſ. Thanks you, the valiant of the warlike Iſle,
That ſo approve the Moor: Oh let the Heavens
Give him defence from the Elements,
For I have loſt him on a dangerous Sea.
Mont. Is he well ſhipp'd?
Caſ. His Bark is ſtoutly timber'd, and his Pilot
Of very expert and approv'd Allowance;
Therefore my hopes (not ſurfeited to death)
Stand in bold Cure.
Within. A Sail, a Sail, a Sail.
Caſ. What noiſe?
Gent. The Town is empty; on the brow oth' Sea
Stand ranks of People, and they cry, a Sail.
Caſ. My hopes do ſhape him for the Governour.
Gent. They do diſcharge their ſhot of courteſie,
Our friends at leaſt.
Caſ. I pray you, Sir, go forth,
And give us truth who 'tis that is arrived.
Gent. I ſhall. [*Exit.*
Mont.. But, good Lieutenant, is your General wiv'd?
Caſ. Moſt fortunately, he hath atchiev'd a Maid
That Paragons deſcription, and wild Fame:
One that excels the quirks of blazoning Pens,
And in th' eſſential Veſture of Creation,
Do's tire the Ingeniver.

Enter Gentleman.

How now? who has put in?
Gent. 'Tis one *Jago*, Ancient to the General.
Caſ. Ha's had moſt favourable and happy ſpeed:
Tempeſts themſelves, high Seas, and howling winds,
The gutter'd Rocks and congregated Sands,
Traitors enſteep'd, to enclog the guiltleſs Keel,
As having ſenſe of Beauty do omit
Their mortal Natures, letting go ſafely by
The divine *Deſdemona*.
Mont. What is ſhe?
Caſ. She that I ſpake of:
Our great Captain's Captain,
Left in the Conduct of the bold *Jago*,
Whoſe footing here anticipates our thoughts,
A Sennights ſpeed. Great *Jove*, *Othello* guard,
And ſwell his Sail with thine own powerful breath,
That he may bleſs this Bay with his tall Ship,
Make loves quick pants in *Deſdemona*'s arms,
Give renew'd fire to our extincteſt Spirits.

Enter Deſdemona, Jago, Roderigo, *and* Æmilia.

Oh behold,
The riches of the Ship is come on ſhore:
You men of *Cyprus*, let her have your knees.
Hail to thee, Lady: and the grace of heaven,
Before, behind thee, and on every hand
Enwheel thee round.
Deſ. I thank you, valiant *Caſſio*,
What tidings can you tell me of my Lord?
Caſ. He is not arriv'd, nor know I ought
But that he's well, and will be ſhortly here.
Deſ. Oh but I fear:
How loſt you company?
Caſ. The great contention of the Sea and Skies
Parted our Fellowſhip. But hark, a Sail.
Within. A Sail, a Sail.
Gent. They give this greeting to the Cittadel:
This likewiſe is a friend.
Caſ. See for the News:
Good Ancient, you are welcome. Welcome, Miſtreſs.
Let it not gall your patience (good *Jago*)
That I extend my Manners. 'Tis my breeding
That gives me this bold ſhew of Courteſie.
Jago. Sir, would ſhe give you ſo much of her lips,
As of her tongue ſhe oft beſtows of me,
You would have enough.
Deſ. Alas: ſhe has no ſpeech.
Jago. In faith, too much:
I find it ſtill, when I have leave to ſleep,
Marry before your Ladiſhip, I grant,
She puts her tongue a little in her heart,
And chides with thinking.
Æmil. You have little cauſe to ſay ſo.
Jago. Come on, come on: you are Pictures out of doors:
Bells in your Parlors: Wild-Cats in your Kitchens:
Saints in your injuries: Devils being offended:

Players in your Huſwifery, and Huſwives in your Beds.

Deſ. Oh, fie npon thee, ſlanderer.

Jago. Nay, it is true: or elſe I am a *Turk*,
You riſe to play, and go to bed to work.

Æmil. You ſhall not write my praiſe.

Jago. No, let me not.

Deſ. What would'ſt write of me, if thou ſhould'ſt praiſe me?

Jago. Oh gentle Lady, do not put me to't,
For I am nothing, if not Critical.

Deſ. Come on, aſſay.
There's one gone to the Harbour.

Jago. I, Madam.

Deſ. I am not merry: but I do beguile
The thing I am, by ſeeming otherwiſe,
Come, how would'ſt thou praiſe me?

Jago. I am about it, but indeed my invention comes from my Pate, as Birdlime does from Freeze, it plucks out Brains and all. But my Muſe labours, and thus ſhe is delivered.

If ſhe be fair and wiſe: fairneſs and wit,
The one's for uſe, the other uſeth it.

Deſ. Well prais'd:
How if ſhe be black and witty?

Jago. If ſhe be black, and thereto have a wit,
She'll find a white that ſhall her blackneſs fit.

Deſ. Worſe and worſe.

Æmil. How if fair and fooliſh?

Jago. She never yet was fooliſh that was fair,
For even her folly helpt her to an heir.

Deſ. Theſe are old fond Paradoxes, to make Fools laugh ith' Alehouſe. What miſerable praiſe haſt thou for her that's foul and fooliſh?

Jago. There's none ſo foul and fooliſh thereunto,
But does foul pranks, which fair and wiſe ones do.

Deſ. Oh heavy ignorance: thou praiſeſt the worſt beſt. But what praiſe could'ſt thou beſtow on a deſerving woman indeed? One, that in the authority of her merit, did juſtly put on the vouch of very malice it ſelf.

Jago. She that was ever fair, and never proud,
Had tongue at will, and yet was never loud:
Never lackt gold, and yet went never gay,
Fled from her wiſh, and yet ſaid now I may.
She that being anger'd, her revenge being nigh,
Bad her wrong ſtay, and her diſpleaſure fly.
She that in wiſdom never was ſo frail
To change the Cod's Head for the Salmon's Tail:
She that could think, and ne're diſcloſe her mind,
See Suitors following, and not look behind:
She was a Wight, (if ever ſuch Wights were.)

Deſ. To do what?

Jago. To ſuckle Fools, and chronicle ſmall Beer.

Deſ. Oh moſt lame and impotent concluſion. Do not learn of him, *Æmilia*, though he be thy Husband. How ſay you *(Caſſio)* is he not a moſt profane and liberal Counſellor?

Caſ. He ſpeaks home (Madam) you may reliſh him more in the Souldier, than in the Scholar.

Jago. He takes her by the palm: I, well ſaid, whiſper. With as little a web as this, will I enſnare as great a Fly as *Caſſio*. I, ſmile upon her, do: I will give thee in thine own Courtſhip. You ſay true, 'tis ſo indeed. If ſuch tricks as theſe ſtrip you out of your Lieutenantry, it had been better you had not kiſs'd your three fingers ſo oft, which now again you are moſt apt to play the Sir in. Very good: well kiſs'd, and excellent Curteſie: 'tis ſo indeed. Yet again, your fingers to your lips? Would they were Clyſter-pipes for your ſake.
The Moore, I know his Trumpet.

Caſ. 'Tis truly ſo.

Deſ. Let's meet him, and receive him.

Caſ. Lo, where he come.

Enter Othello, *and* Attendants.

Othel. O my fair Warriour.

Deſ. My dear *Othello.*

Othel. It gives me wonder, great as my content
To ſee you here before me.
Oh my ſouls joy:
If after every Tempeſt come ſuch calms,
May the winds blow, till they have waken'd death:
And let the labouring Bark climb hills of Seas
Olympus high: and duck again as low
As hell's from heaven. If it were now to dye,
'Twere now to be moſt happy. For I fear
My ſoul hath her content ſo abſolute,
That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown Fate.

Deſ. The heavens forbid
But that our Loves
And Comforts ſhould increaſe
Even as our days do grow.

Othel. Amen to that (ſweet Powers)
I cannot ſpeak enough of this content,
It ſtops me here: it is too much of joy,
And this and this the greateſt diſcords be
That e're our hearts ſhall make.

Jago. Oh you are well tun'd now: But I'll ſet down the Pegs that make this Muſick, as honeſt as I am.

Othel. Come, let us to the Caſtle.
News, (Friends) our wars are done:
The *Turks* are drown'd.
How do's my old acquaintance of this Iſle?
(Honey) you ſhall be well deſir'd in *Cyprus*,
I have found great love amongſt them. O my Sweet,
I prattle out of faſhion, and I dote
In mine own comforts. I prethee, good *Jago*,
Go to the Bay, and diſembark thy Coffers:
Bring thou the Maſter to the Cittadel,
He is a good one, and his worthineſs
Do's challenge much reſpect. Come, *Deſdemona*,
Once more well met at *Cyprus*.

[*Exeunt* Othello *and* Deſdemona.

Jago. Do you meet me preſently at the harbour. Come thither, if thou be'ſt valiant, (as they ſay, baſe men being in love, have then a Nobility in their Natures, more than is native to them) liſt me; the Lieutenant to night watches on the Court of Guard. Firſt, I muſt tell thee this: *Deſdemona* is directly in love with him.

Rod. With him? why, 'tis not poſſible.

Jago. Lay thy fingers thus: and let thy ſoul be inſtructed. Mark me with what violence ſhe lov'd the Moore, but for bragging, and telling her fantaſtical lies. To love him ſtill for prating, let not thy diſcreet heart think it. Her eye muſt be fed. And what delight ſhall ſhe have to look on the Devil? When the blood is made dull with the Act of Sport, there ſhould be a game to inflame it, and to give ſatiety a freſh appetite. Lovelineſs in favour, Sympathy in years, Manners, and Beauties: all which the Moore is defective in. Now for want of theſe requir'd Conveniences, her delicate tenderneſs will find it ſelf abus'd, begin to heave the gorge, diſreliſh and abhor the Moore, very Nature will inſtruct her in it, and compel her to ſome ſecond choice. Now, Sir, this granted (as it is a moſt pregnant and unforc'd poſition) who ſtands ſo eminent in the degree of this Fortune, as *Caſſio* do's: a Knave very voluble: no further conſcionable, than in putting on the meer form of Civil and humane ſeeming, for the better compaſs of his Salt, and moſt hidden looſe affection? Why none, why none? A ſlippery and ſubtle Knave, a finder of occaſion: that has an eye can ſtamp and counterfeit advantages, though true advantage never preſent it ſelf. A Deviliſh Knave: beſides, the Knave is handſom, young: and hath all thoſe requiſites in him, that folly and green minds look after. A peſtilent compleat Knave, and the woman hath found him already.

Rod. I cannot believe that in her, ſhe's full of moſt bleſs'd condition.

Jago. Bleſs'd Figgs end. The Wine ſhe drinks is made of Grapes. If ſhe had been bleſs'd, ſhe would never have lov'd the *Moore*: Bleſs'd pudding. Didſt thou not ſee her paddle with the palm of his hand? Didſt not mark that?

Rod. Yes, that I did: But that was but courteſie.

Jago. Leachery by this hand: An Index, and obſcure Prologue to the Hiſtory of Luſt, and foul Thoughts. They met ſo near with their Lips, that their breaths embrac'd together. Villanous Thoughts, *Rodorigo*, when theſe mutabilities ſo marſhal the way, hard at hand comes the Maſter, and main exerciſe, th' incorporate concluſion: Piſh. But, Sir, be you rul'd by me. I have brought you from *Venice*. Watch you to night: For the command, I'll lay't upon you. *Caſſio* knows you not: I'll not be far from you. Do you find ſome occaſion to anger *Caſſio*, either by ſpeaking too loud, or tainting his diſcipline, or from what other courſe you pleaſe, which the time ſhall more favourably miniſter.

Rod. Well.

Jago. Sir, he's raſh, and very ſudden in Choler: and happily may ſtrike at you, provoke him that he may: For even out of that will I cauſe theſe of *Cyprus* to mutiny. Whoſe qualification ſhall come into no true taſte again, but by diſplanting of *Caſſio*. So ſhall you have a ſhorter journey to your deſires, by the means I ſhall then have to prefer them. And the impediment moſt profitably removed, without the which there were no expectation of our proſperity.

Rod. I will do this, if you can bring it to any opportunity.

Jago. I warrant thee. Meet me by and by at the Citadel. I muſt fetch his neceſſaries aſhore. Farewel.

Rod. Adieu. [*Exit.*

Jago. That *Caſſio* loves her, I do well believe't:
That ſhe loves him, 'tis apt, and of great credit.
The *Moore* (howbeit that I endure him not)
Is of a conſtant, loving, noble Nature,
And I dare think, he'll prove to *Deſdemona*,
A moſt dear Husband. Now I do love her too,
Not out of abſolute Luſt, (though peradventure
I ſtand accountant for as great a ſin)
But partly led to diet my Revenge,
For that I do ſuſpect the luſty *Moor*
Hath leapt into my ſeat. The thoughts whereof,
Doth (like a poyſonous Mineral) gnaw my Inwards:
And nothing can, or ſhall content my Soul
Till I am even'd with him, wife for wife:
Or failing ſo, yet that I put the *Moor*,
At leaſt into a Jealouſie ſo ſtrong,
That Judgment cannot cure. Which thing to doe,
If this poor Traſh of *Venice*, whom I trace
For his quick hunting, ſtand the putting on,
I'll have our *Michael Caſſio* on the hip,
Abuſe him to the *Moor* in the right garb
(For I fear *Caſſio* with my Night-Cap too)
Make the *Moor* thank me, love me and reward me,
For making him egregiouſly an Aſs,
And practiſing upon his peace and quiet,
Even to madneſs. 'Tis here: but yet confus'd,
Knaveries plain face, is never ſeen, 'till us'd. [*Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Othello's Herald, *with a Proclamation.*

Herald. It is *Othello*'s pleaſure, our Noble and Valiant General; That upon certain Tidings now arriv'd, importing the meer perdition of the *Turkiſh* Fleet, every man put himſelf into triumph. Some to dance, ſome to make Bone-fires, each man to what Sport and Revels his addition leads him. For Beſides theſe beneficial News, it is the celebration of his Nuptial. So much was his pleaſure ſhould be proclaimed. All Offices are open, and there is full liberty of Feaſting, from this preſent hour of five, 'till the Bell have toll'd eleven. Bleſs the Iſle of *Cyprus*, and our Noble General *Othello*. [*Exit.*

Enter Othello, Deſdemona, Caſſio, *and Attendants.*

Othel. Good *Michael*, look you to the Guard to night.
Let's teach our ſelves that honourable ſtop,
Not to out-ſport diſcretion.

Caſ. *Jago* hath direction what to do.
But notwithſtaning with my perſonal eye,
Will I look to't.

Othel. *Jago* is moſt honeſt:
Michael, good night. To morrow with your earlieſt,
Let me have ſpeech with you. Come, my dear Love,
The purchace made, the fruits are to enſue,
That profit's yet to come 'tween me and you.
Good night. [*Exit.*

Enter Jago.

Caſ. Welcome, *Jago*; we muſt to the Watch.

Jago. Not this hour, Lieutenant: 'tis not yet ten o'th' Clock. Our General caſt us thus early for the love of his *Deſdemona*: Whom let us not therefore blame; he hath not yet made wanton the night with her: and ſhe is ſport for *Jove*.

Caſ. She's a moſt exquiſite Lady.

Jago. And I'll warrant her full of Game.

Caſ. Indeed ſhe's a moſt freſh and delicate creature.

Jago. What an eye ſhe has?
Methinks it ſounds a parley to provocation.

Caſ. An inviting eye:
And yet methinks right modeſt.

Jago. And when ſhe ſpeaks,
Is it not an Alarum to Love?

Caſ. She is indeed perfection.

Jago. Well: Happineſs to their ſheets: Come, Lieutenant, I have a ſtope of wine, and here without are a brace of *Cyprus* Gallants, that would fain have a meaſure to the health of black *Othello*.

Caſ. Not to night, good *Jago*: I have very poor, and unhappy Brains for drinking. I could well wiſh courteſie would invent ſome other cuſtom of entertainment.

Jago. Oh, they are our Friends: But one Cup I'll drink for you.

Caſſio. I have drunk but one Cup to night, and that was craftily qualified too: and behold what innovation it makes here. I am infortunate in the infirmity, and dare not task my weakneſs with any more.

Jago. What, man? 'tis a night of Revels, the Gallants deſire it.

Caſ. Where are they?

Jago. Here, at the door: I pray you, call them in.

Caſ. I'll do't, but it diſlikes me.

Jago. If I can faſten but one Cup upon him,
With that which he hath drunk to night already,
He'll be as full of Quarrel, and Offence,
As my young Miſtriſs's Dog,
Now, my ſick Fool, *Rodorigo*,
Whom Love hath turn'd almoſt the wrong ſide out,
To *Deſdemona* hath to night Carouz'd,
Potations, pottle-deep; and he's to watch.
Three elſe of *Cyprus*, Noble ſwelling Spirits,
(That hold their honours in a wary diſtance,
The very Elements of this warlike Iſle)
Have I to night fluſter'd with flowing Cups,
And they watch too.
Now 'mongſt this flock of Drunkards,

And I to put our *Caſſio* in ſome Action
That may offend the Iſle. But here they come.

Enter Caſſio, Montano, *and* Gentlemen.

If conſequence do but approve my Dream,
My Boat ſails freely, both with wind and ſtream.
Caſ. 'Fore Heaven, they have given me a rowſe already.
Mon. Good Faith a little one: not paſt a Pint, as I am a Souldier.
Jago. Some Wine ho,

And let me the Cannakin clink, clink:
And let me the Cannakin clink.
A Souldier's a man: Oh, mans life's but a ſpan,
Why then let a Souldier drink.

Some Wine Boyes.
Caſ. 'Fore Heaven, an excellent Song.
Jago. I learn'd it in *England:* where indeed they are moſt potent in Potting. Your *Dane*, your *German*, and your ſwag-belly'd *Hollander*, (drink ho) are nothing to your *Engliſh*.
Caſſio. Is your *Engliſh*-man ſo exquiſite in his drinking?
Jago. Why, he drinks you with facility, your *Dane* dead Drunk. He ſwears not to overthrow your *Almain*. He gives your *Hollander* a vomit, ere the next Pottle can be fill'd.
Caſ. To the health of our General.
Mon. I am for it, Lieutenant: and I'll do you Juſtice.
Jago. Oh ſweet *England*.

King Stephen *was and-a worthy Peer,*
His Breeches coſt him but a Crown,
He held them ſix pence all too dear,
With that he call'd the Taylor Lown:
He was a Wight of high Renown,
And thou art but of low degree:
'Tis pride that pulls the Country down,
And take thy awl'd Cloak about thee.

Some Wine ho.
Caſſio. Why this is a more exquiſite Song than the other.
Jago. Will you hear't again?
Caſ. No: for I hold him to be unworthy of his place, that do's thoſe things. Well: Heaven's above all: and there be Souls muſt be ſaved, and there be Souls muſt not be ſaved.
Jago. It's true, good Lieutenant.
Caſ. For mine own part, no offence to the General, nor any man of quality: I hope to be ſaved.
Jago. And ſo do I too, Lieutenant.
Caſſio. I: (but by your leave) not before me. The Lieutenant is to be ſaved before the Ancient. Lets have no more of this: lets to our affairs. Forgive our ſins: Gentlemen, lets look to our buſineſs. Do not think, Gentlemen, I am Drunk: this is my Ancient, this is my right hand, and this is my left. I am not drunk now: I can ſtand well enough, and I ſpeak well enough.
Gent. Excellent well.
Caſ. Why very well then: you muſt not think then, that I am drunk.
Montan. To th' Platform (Maſters) come, lets ſet the Watch.
Jago. You ſee this Fellow that is gone before,
He is a Souldier, fit to ſtand by *Cæſar*,
And give direction. And do but ſee his Vice,
'Tis to his Virtues a juſt Equinox,
The one as long as th' other. 'Tis pity of him;
I fear the truſt *Othello* puts him in,
On ſome odd time of his infirmity
Will ſhake this Iſland.
Mont. But is he often thus.
Jago. 'Tis evermore his prologue to his ſleep,
He'll watch the Horologue a double Set,
If drink rock not his Cradle.
Mont. It were well
The General were put in mind of it:
Perhaps he ſees it not, or his good nature
Prizes the Virtue that appears in *Caſſio*,
And looks not on his evils: is not this true?

Enter Rodorigo.

Jago. How now, *Rodorigo?*
I pray you after the Lieutenant, go.
Mont. And 'tis great pity that the Noble Moore
Sould hazard ſuch a place, as his own Second,
With one ingraft Infirmity,
It were an honeſt Action, to ſay ſo
To the Moore.
Jago. Not I, for this fair Iſland,
I do love *Caſſio* well: and would do much
To cure him of this evil. But hark, what noiſe?

Enter Caſſio *purſuing* Rodorigo.

Caſ. You Rogue: you Raſcal.
Mon. What's the matter, Lieutenant?
Caſ. A Knave teach me my duty? I'll beat the Knave into a Twiggen Bottle.
Rod. Beat me.
Caſ. Doſt thou prate, Rogue?
Mon. Nay, good Lieutenant:
I pray you, Sir, hold your hand.
Caſ. Let me go (Sir)
Or I'll know you o're the Mazzard.
Mon. Come, come, you're Drunk.
Caſſio. Drunk?
Jago. Away I ſay: go out and cry a Mutiny,
Nay, good Lieutenant. Alas, Gentlemen:
Help ho, Lieutenant. Sir *Montano:*
Help Maſters. Here's a goodly Watch indeed.
VVho's that which rings the Bell: Diablo, ho.
The Town will riſe. Fie, fie, Lieutenant,
You'll be aſham'd for ever.

Enter Othello, *and* Attendants.

Oth. VVhat is the matter here?
Mon. I bleed ſtill, I am hurt, but not to th' Death.
Oth. Hold for your lives.
Jago. Hold ho: Lieutenant, Sir *Montano*, Gentlemen:
Have you forgot all place of ſenſe and duty?
Hold. The General ſpeaks to you: hold for ſhame.
Oth. VVhy how now ho? From whence ariſeth this?
Are we turn'd Turks? and to our ſelves do that
VVhich Heaven hath forbid the *Ottamites*.
For Chriſtian ſhame, put by this barbarous brawl:
He that ſtirs next to carve for his own rage,
Holds his Soul light: He dies upon his Motion.
Silence that dreadful Bell, it frights the Iſle
From her propriety. VVhat is the matter, Maſters.
Honeſt *Jago*, that looks dead with grieving,
Speak: who began this? On thy love I charge thee?
Jago. I do not know: Friends all, but now, even now
In Quarter, and in terms like Bride and Groom
Deveſting them for Bed: and then, but now:
(As if ſome Planet had unwitted men)
Sword out, and tilting one at others Breaſts,
In oppoſition bloody. I cannot ſpeak
Any beginning to this peeviſh odds.
And would in Action glorious, I had loſt
Thoſe legs that brought me to a part of it.
Oth. How comes it (*Michael*) you are thus forgot?
Caſ. I pray you pardon me, I cannot ſpeak.

Othel. Worthy *Montano*, you were wont to be civil:
The gravity and ſtilneſs of your youth,
The world hath noted. And your name is great
In mouths of wiſeſt cenſure. What's the matter,
That you unlace your reputation thus,
And ſpend your rich opinion, for the name
Of a Night-brawler? give me anſwer to it.
Mon. Worthy *Othello*, I am hurt to danger,
Your Officer, *Jago*, can inform you,
While I ſpare ſpeech, which ſomething now offends me.
Of all that I do know, nor know I ought
By me; that's ſaid or done amiſs this night,
Unleſs Self-charity be ſometimes a vice,
And to defend our ſelves it be a ſin,
When violence aſſails us.
Othel. Now, by Heaven,
My blood begins my ſafer Guides to rule,
And paſſion (having my beſt judgment collied)
Aſſays to lead the way. If I once ſtir,
Or do but lift this Arm, the beſt of you
Shall ſink in my Rebuke. Give me to know
How this foul Rout began: Who ſet it on,
And he that is approv'd in this offence,
Though he had twinn'd with me, both at a birth,
Shall looſe me. What in a Town of War,
Yet wild, the peoples hearts brim-full of fear,
To manage private, and domeſtick Quarrel?
In night, and on the Court and Guard of ſafety?
'Tis monſtrous: *Jago*, who began't?
Mon. If partially affin'd, or league in office,
Thou doſt deliver more, or leſs than truth,
Thou art no Souldier.
Jago. Touch me not ſo near,
I had rather have this tongue cut from my mouth,
Than it ſhould do offence to *Michael Caſſio*.
Yet I perſwade my ſelf, to ſpeak ſo the truth
Shall nothing wrong him. This it is, General:
Montano and my ſelf being in ſpeech,
There comes a Fellow, crying out for help,
And *Caſſio* following him with determin'd Sword,
To execute upon him. Sir, This Gentleman
Steps into *Caſſio*, and intreats his pauſe:
My ſelf the crying fellow did purſue,
Leſt by his clamour (as it ſo fell out)
The Town might fall in fright. He, (ſwift of foot)
Out-ran my purpoſe: and I return'd the rather
For that I heard the clink, and fall of Swords,
And *Caſſio*, high in oath: Which till to night
I ne'er might ſay before. When I came back
(For this was brief) I found them cloſe together
At blow, and thruſt, even as again they were
When you your ſelf did part them:
More of this matter cannot I report,
But men are men: The beſt ſometimes forget,
Though *Caſſio* did ſome little wrong to him,
As men in rage, ſtrike thoſe that wiſh them beſt,
Yet ſurely *Caſſio*, I believe, receiv'd
From him that fled, ſome ſtrange indignity,
Which Patience could not paſs.
Othel. I know, *Jago*,
Thy honeſty and love doth mince this matter,
Making it light to *Caſſio*: *Caſſio*, I love thee,
But never more be Officer of mine.

Enter Deſdemona *attended.*

Look if my gentle love be not rais'd up:
I'll make thee an example.
Deſ. What's the matter (Dear?)
Othel. All's well, Sweeting:
Come, away to bed. Sir, for your hurts,
My Self will be your Surgeon. Lead him off:
Jago, look with care about the Town,
And ſilence thoſe whom this vile brawl diſtracted.
Come, *Deſdemona*, 'tis the Souldiers life,
To have their Balmy ſlumbers wak'd with ſtrife. [*Exit.*
Jago. What, are you hurt, Lieutenant?
Caſ. I, paſt all Surgery.
Jago. Marry, Heaven forbid.

Caſ. Reputation, Reputation, Reputation: Oh I have loſt my Reputation! I have loſt the immortal part of my ſelf, and what remains is beſtial. My Reputation, *Jago*, my Reputation.

Jago. As I am an honeſt man, I had thought you had received ſome bodily wound; there is more ſence in that than in Reputation. Reputation is an idle, and moſt falſe impoſition; oft got without merit, and loſt without deſerving. You have loſt no Reputation at all, unleſs you repute your ſelf ſuch a looſer. What man--there are more ways to recover the General again. You are but now caſt in his mood, (a puniſhment more in policy, than in malice) even ſo as one would beat his offenceleſs dog to affright an imperious Lyon. Sue to him again, and he's yours.

Caſ. I will rather ſue to be deſpis'd, than to deceive ſo good a Commander, with ſo ſlight, ſo drunken, and ſo indiſcreet an Officer. Drunk? and ſpeak, Parrot? And ſquabble? Swagger? Swear? And diſcourſe Fuſtian with ones own ſhadow? O thou inviſible Spirit of Wine! if thou haſt no name to be known by, let us call thee Devil.

Jago. What was he that you follow'd with your Sword? what had he done to you?

Caſ. I know not.

Jago. Is't poſſible?

Caſ. I remember a Maſs of things, but nothing diſtinctly: A Quarrel, but nothing wherefore. Oh, that men ſhould put an Enemy in their mouths, to ſteal away their Brains? That we ſhould with Joy pleaſance, revel and applauſe, transform our ſelves into Beaſts.

Jago. Why, But you are now well enough: How came you thus recovered?

Caſ. It hath pleas'd the Devil, Drunkenneſs, to give place to the Devil, Wrath; one unperfectneſs ſhews me another, to make me frankly deſpiſe my ſelf.

Jago. Come, you are too ſevere a Moraller. As the Time, the Place, and the condition of this Countrey ſtands, I could heartily wiſh this had not befaln: But ſince it is, as it is, mend it for your own good.

Caſ. I will ask him for my place again, he ſhall tell me, I am a Drunkard: Had I as many mouths as *Hydra*, ſuch an anſwer would ſtop them all. To be now a ſenſible man, by and by a Fool, and preſently a Beaſt. Oh ſtrange! Every inordinate Cup is unbleſs'd, and the Ingredient is a Devil.

Jago. Come, come, good Wine is a good familiar Creature, if it be well us'd: Exclaim no more againſt it. And, good Lieutenant, I think, you think I love you.

Caſ. I have well approv'd it, Sir, I drunk?

Jago. You, or any man living, may be drunk at a time, man. I tell you what you ſhall do: Our General's Wife is now the General. I may ſay ſo, in this reſpect, for that he hath devoted, and given up himſelf to the contemplation, mark: and Devotement of her Parts and Graces. Confeſs your ſelf freely to her: Importune her, help, to put you in your place again. She is of ſo free, ſo kind, ſo apt, ſo bleſſed a diſpoſition, ſhe holds it a vice in her goodneſs, not to do more than ſhe is requeſted. This broken joint between you and her Husband, intreat her to ſplinter. And my Fortunes againſt any lay worth naming, this crack of your Love, ſhall grow ſtronger than it was before.

Caſ. You adviſe me well.

Jago. I proteſt in the ſincerity of Love, and honeſt kindneſs.

Caſſio. I think it freely: and betimes in the morning, I will beſeech the virtuous *Deſdemona* to undertake for me.

me: I am deſperate of my Fortunes if they check me.

Jago. You are in the right: Good night, Lieutenant, I muſt to the Watch.

Caſ. Good night, honeſt *Jago.* [*Exit* Caſſio.

Jago. And what's he then,
That ſays I play the Villain?
When this advice is free I give, and honeſt,
Probal to thinking, and indeed the courſe
To win the *Moor* again.
For 'tis moſt eaſie,
Th'inclining *Deſdemona* to ſubdue
In any honeſt Suit. She's fram'd as fruitful
As the free Elements. And then for her
To win the Moor, were to renounce his Baptiſm,
All ſeals and Symbols of redeemed ſin:
His Soul is ſo enfetter'd to her Love,
That ſhe may make, unmake, do what ſhe liſt:
Even as her appetite ſhall play the god
With his weak Function. How I am then a Villain,
To counſel *Caſsio* to this parallel courſe.
Directly to his good? Divinity of Hell,
When Devils will their blackeſt ſins put on,
They do ſuggeſt at firſt with heavenly ſhews,
As I do now. For while this honeſt Fool
Plies *Deſdemona,* to repair his Fortune,
And ſhe for him, pleads ſtrongly to the Moor,
I'll pour this Peſtilence into his ear:
That ſhe repeals him, for her bodies Luſt,
And by how much ſhe ſtrives to do him good,
She ſhall undoe her Credit with the Moor.
So will I turn her virtue into pitch,
And out of her own goodneſs make the Net,
That ſhall enmaſh them all.
How now, *Rodorigo?*

Enter Rodorigo.

Rodorigo. I do follow here in the Chace, not like a Hound that hunts, but one that fills up the Cry. My money is almoſt ſpent; I have been to night exceedingly well cudgell'd: and I think the iſſue will be, I ſhall have ſo much experience for my pains; and ſo with no money at all, and a little more wit, return again to *Venice.*

Jago. How poor are they that have not Patience?
What wound did ever heal but by degrees?
Thou know'ſt we work by wit, and not by witchcraft;
And wit depends on dilatory time:
Doſt not go well? *Caſsio* hath beaten thee,
And thou by that ſmall hurt haſt caſhier'd *Caſſio*:
Though other things grow fair againſt the Sun,
Yet fruits that bloſſome firſt, will firſt be ripe:
Content thy ſelf a while. In troth 'tis Morning;
Pleaſure and action make the hours ſeem ſhort.
Retire thee: Go where thou art Billeted:
Away, I ſay, thou ſhalt know more hereafter:
Nay, get thee gone. [*Exit.* Rodorigo.
Two things are to be done:
My Wife muſt move for *Caſsio* to her Miſtreſs:
I'll ſet her on my ſelf a while, to draw the Moor apart,
And bring him jump, when he may *Caſſio* find
Solliciting his Wife: I, t hat's the way:
Dull not Device, by coldneſs and delay. [*Exit.*

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Caſſio, Muſicians, *and* Clown.

Caſ. Maſters, play here, I will content your pains,
Something that's brief: and bid good morrow, General.

Clo. Why, Maſters, have your Inſtruments been in *Naples*, that they ſpeak i'th' noſe thus?

Muſ. How, Sir, how?

Clown. Are theſe, I pray you, wind Inſtruments?

Muſ. I, marry are they, Sir.

Clown. Oh, thereby hangs a Tale.

Muſ. Whereby hangs a Tale, Sir?

Clown. Marry, Sir, by many a wind Inſtrument that I know. But, Maſters, here's money for you: And the General ſo likes your Muſick, that he deſires you for loves ſake to make no noiſe with it.

Muſ. Well, Sir, we will not.

Clown. If you have any Muſick that may not be heard, too't again. But (as they ſay) to hear Muſick, the General does not greatly care.

Muſ. VVe have none ſuch, Sir.

Clown. Then put up your Pipes in your Bag, for I'll away. Go, vaniſh into air, away. [*Exit* Muſi.

Caſ. Doſt thou hear me, mine honeſt Friend?

Clown. No, I hear not your honeſt Friend:
I hear you.

Caſ. Prethee, keep up thy Quillets, there's a poor piece of Gold for thee: If the Gentlewoman that attends the General be ſtirring, tell her, there's one *Caſſio* entreats her a little favour of ſpeech. Wilt thou do this?

Clown. She is ſtirring, Sir, if ſhe will ſtir hither, I ſhall ſeem to notifie unto her. [*Exit* Clown.

Enter Jago.

In happy time, *Jago.*

Jago. You have not been a bed then?

Caſ. Why, no: The day had broke before we parted.
I have made bold (*Jago*) to ſend in to your wife:
My ſuit to her is, that ſhe will to virtuous *Deſdemona*
Procure me ſome acceſs.

Jago. I'll ſend her to you preſently:
And I'll deviſe a mean to draw the Moor
Out of the way, that your converſe and buſineſs
May be more free. [*Exit.*

Caſ. I humbly thank you for't. I never knew
A *Florentine* more kind and honeſt.

Enter Æmilia.

Æmil. Good morrow (good Lieutenant) I am ſorry
For your diſpleaſure; but all will ſure be well.
The General and his Wife are talking of it.
And ſhe ſpeaks for you ſtoutly. The Moor replies,
That he you hurt is of great fame in *Cyprus*,
And great Affinity: and that in wholſom wiſdom
He might not but refuſe you. But he proteſts he loves you,
And needs no other Suitor but his likings,
To bring you in again.

Caſ. Yet, I beſeech you,
If you think fit, or that it may be done,
Give me advantage of ſome brief Diſcourſe
With *Deſdemon* alone.

Æmil. Pray, come in:
I will beſtow you where you ſhall have time
To ſpeak your boſom freely.

Caſ. I am much bound to you. [*Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Othello, Jago, *and* Gentlemen.

Othel. Theſe Letters give (*Jago*) to the Pilot,
And by him do my Duties to the Senate:
That done, I will be walking on the Works,
Repair there to me.

Jago. Well, my good Lord, I'll do't.

Othel. This Fortification (Gentlemen) ſhall we ſee't?

Gent. We'll wait upon your Lordſhip. [*Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Deſdemona, Caſſio, *and* Æmilia.

Deſ. Be thou aſſur'd (good *Caſſio*) I will do
All my abilities in thy behalf.
Æmil. Good Madam, do:
I warrant it grieves my Husband,
As if the cauſe were his.
Deſ. Oh that's an honeſt Fellow: do not doubt, *Caſſio*,
But I will have my Lord and you again
As friendly as you were.
Caſſio. Bounteous Madam,
Whatever ſhall become of *Michael Caſſio*,
He's never any thing but your true Servant.
Deſ. I know't: I thank you: you do love my Lord:
You have known him long, and be you well aſſur'd,
He ſhall in ſtrangeneſs ſtand no farther off,
Than in a politick diſtance.
Caſſio. I, but Lady,
That policy may either laſt ſo long,
Or feed upon ſuch nice and wateriſh diet,
Or breed it ſelf ſo out of Circumſtances,
That I being abſent, and my place ſupply'd,
My General will forget my Love and Service.
Deſ. Do not doubt that: before *Æmilia* here,
I give thee warrant of thy place. Aſſure thee,
If I do vow a friendſhip, I'll perform it
To the laſt Article. My Lord ſhall never reſt,
I'll watch him tame, and talk him out of patience;
His Bed ſhall ſeem a School, his Boord a Shrift,
I'll intermingle every thing he do's
With *Caſſio*'s ſuit: Therefore be merry, *Caſſio*,
For thy Sollicitor ſhall rather die,
Than give thy Cauſe away.

Enter Othello *and* Jago.

Æmil. Madam, here comes my Lord.
Caſſio. Madam, I'll take my leave.
Deſ. Why ſtay, and hear me ſpeak.
Caſ. Madam, not now: I am very ill at eaſe.
Unfit for mine own purpoſes.
Deſ. Well, do your diſcretion. [*Exit* Caſſio.
Jago. Hah? I like not that.
Othel. What doſt thou ſay?
Jago. Nothing, my Lord; or if——I know not what.
Othel. Was not that *Caſſio* parted from my wife?
Jago. *Caſſio*, my Lord? No ſure, I cannot think it,
That he would ſteal away ſo guilty-like,
Seeing you coming.
Othel. I do believe 'twas he.
Deſ. How now, my Lord?
I have been talking with a Suitor here,
A man that languiſhes in your diſpleaſure.
Othel. Who is't you mean?
Deſ. Why your Lieutenant *Caſſio*. Good my Lord,
If I have any grace, or power to move you,
His preſent reconciliation take.
For if he be not one that truly loves you,
That errs in ignorance, and not in cunning,
I have no judgment in an honeſt face.
I prethee call him back.
Othel. Went he hence now?
Deſ. I, Sooth; ſo humbled,
That he hath left part of his grief with me
To ſuffer with him. Good Love, call him back.
Othel. Not now (ſweet *Deſdemona*) ſome other time.
Deſ. But ſhal't be ſhortly?
Othel. The ſooner (ſweet) for you.
Deſ. Shal't be to night, at Supper?
Othel. No, not to night.
Deſ. To morrow Dinner then?
Othel. I ſhall not dine at home:
I meet the Captains at the Cittadel.
Deſ. Why then to morrow night, on Tueſday morn,
On Tueſday noon, or night; on Wedneſday morn.
I prethee name the time, but let it not
Exceed three days. In faith he's penitent:
And yet his Treſpaſs, in our common reaſon
(Save that they ſay the wars muſt make example)
Out of her beſt, is not almoſt a fault
T'incur a private check. When ſhall he come?
Tell me, *Othello*. I wonder in my Soul
What you would ask me, that I would deny,
Or ſtand ſo mam'ring on? What? *Michael Caſsio*,
That came a wooing with you? and ſo many a time
(When I have ſpoke of you diſpraiſingly)
Hath tane your part, to have ſo much to do
To bring him in? Truſt me, I could do much.
Othel. Prethee no more: Let him come when he will:
I will deny thee nothing.
Deſ. Why, this is not a Boon:
'Tis as I ſhould entreat you wear your Gloves,
Or feed on nouriſhing Diſhes, or keep you warm,
Or ſue to you, to do a peculiar profit
To your perſon. Nay, when I have ſuit,
Wherein I mean to touch your Love indeed,
It ſhall be full of poize, and difficult weight,
And fearful to be granted.
Othel. I will deny thee nothing.
Whereon, I do beſeech thee, grant me this,
To leave me but a little to my ſelf.
Deſ. Shall I deny you? no: Farewel, my Lord.
Oth. Farewel, my *Deſdemona*, I'll come to thee ſtraight.
Deſ. *Æmilia*, come; be as your Fancies teach you:
Whate're you be, I am obedient. [*Exit*.
Othel. Excellent wretch: Perdition catch my Soul,
But I do love thee: and when I love thee not,
Chaos is come again.
Jago. My Noble Lord.
Othel. What doſt thou ſay, *Jago*?
Jago. Did *Michael Caſsio*
When you woo'd my Lady, know of your love?
Othel. He did, from firſt to laſt:
Why doſt thou ask?
Jago. But for a ſatisfaction of my Thought,
No further harm.
Othel. Why of thy thought, *Jago*?
Jago. I did not think he had been acquainted with it.
Othel. O yes, and went between us very oft.
Jago. Indeed?
Othel. Indeed? I indeed. Diſcern'ſt thou ought in that?
Is he not honeſt?
Jago. Honeſt, my Lord?
Othel. Honeſt? I, honeſt.
Jago. My Lord, for ought I know.
Othel. What doſt thou think?
Jago. Think, my Lord?
Othel. Think, my Lord? Alas, thou eccho'ſt me;
As if there ſome Monſter in thy thought
Too hideous to be ſhewn. Thou doſt mean ſomething:
I heard thee ſay even now, thou lik'ſt not that,
VVhen *Caſsio* left my wife. What did'ſt not like?
And when I told thee, he was of my Counſel,
Of my whole courſe of wooing; thou cried'ſt, Indeed?
And did'ſt contract and purſe thy brow together,
As if thou then hadſt ſhut up in thy brain
Some horrible conceit, if thou doſt love me
Shew me thy thought.
Jago. My Lord, you know I love you.
Othel. I think thou doſt:
For I know thour't full of Love and Honeſty,
And weigh'ſt thy words before thou giv'ſt them breath,
Therefore theſe ſtops of thine fright me the more:
For ſuch things in a falſe diſloyal Knave

Are tricks of Cuſtom: but in a man that's juſt,
They're cold dilations working from the heart,
That paſſion cannot rule.
Jago. For *Michael Caſſio*,
I dare be ſworn, I think that he is honeſt.
Othel. I think ſo too.
Jago. Men ſhould be what they ſeem,
Or thoſe that be not, would they might ſeem none.
Othel. Certain, men ſhould be what they ſeem.
Jago. Why, then I think *Caſſio*'s an honeſt man.
Othel. Nay, yet there's more in this?
I pray thee ſpeak to me as to thy thinkings,
As thou doſt ruminate, and give thy worſt of thoughts,
The worſt of words.
Jago. Good, my Lord, pardon me.
Though I am bound to every Act of duty,
I am not bound to that: All Slaves are free:
Utter my thoughts? Why ſay they are vild and falſe?
As, where's that Palace, whereinto foul things
Sometimes intrude not? Who has that breaſt ſo pure,
Wherein uncleanly apprehenſions
Keep Leets, and Law-days, and in Seſſions ſit
With meditations lawful?
Othel. Thou doſt conſpire againſt thy friend (*Jago*)
If thou but think'ſt him wrong'd, and mak'ſt his ear
A Stranger to thy thoughts.
Jago. I do beſeech you,
Though I perchance am vicious in my gueſs
(As I confeſs it is my natures plague
To ſpie into abuſes, and of my Jealouſie
Shapes faults that are not) that your wiſdom
From one, that ſo imperfectly conceits,
Would take no notice, nor build your ſelf a trouble
Out of his ſcattering, and unſure obſervance:
It were not for your quiet, nor your good,
Nor for my manhood, honeſty and wiſdom,
To let you know my thoughts.
Othel. What doſt thou mean?
Jago. Good name in man and woman (dear my Lord)
Is the immediate Jewel of their Souls;
Who ſteals my purſe ſteals traſh:
'Tis ſomething, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been ſlave to thouſands:
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that, which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.
Othel. I'll know thy thoughts.
Jago. You cannot, if my heart were in your hand,
Nor ſhall not, whil'ſt 'tis in my cuſtody.
Othel. Ha!
Jago. Oh, beware, my Lord, of Jealouſie,
It is the green-ey'd Monſter, which doth mock
The meat it feeds on. That Cuckold lives in bliſs,
Who, certain of his Fate, loves not his wronger:
But Oh, what damned minutes tells he o're,
Who dotes, yet doubts: ſuſpects, yet ſoundly loves?
Othel. O miſery!
Jago. Poor, and content, is rich, and rich enough,
But riches fineleſs, is as poor as VVinter,
To him that ever fears he ſhall be poor:
Good Heaven, the Souls of all my Tribe defend
From Jealouſie.
Othel. Why? VVhy is this?
Think'ſt thou I'ld make a Life of Jealouſie?
To follow ſtill the changes of the Moon,
With freſh ſuſpicions? No: To be once in doubt,
Is to be reſolv'd: Exchange me for a Goat,
When I ſhall turn the buſineſs of my Soul
To ſuch exufflicated, and blowed Surmiſes,
Matching the inference. 'Tis not to make me Jealous,
To ſay my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,
Is free of ſpeech, Sings, Plays, and Dances:
Where Virtue is, theſe are moſt virtuous.
Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw
The ſmalleſt fear, or doubt of her revolt,
For ſhe had eyes, and choſe me. No, *Jago*,
I'll ſee before I doubt; when I doubt, prove;
And on the proof there is no more but this,
Away at once with Love, or Jealouſie.
Jago. I am glad of this: for now I ſhall have reaſon
To ſhew the Love and Duty that I bear you
With franker Spirit. Therefore (as I am bound)
Receive it from me. I ſpeak not yet of proof:
Look to your Wife, obſerve her well with *Caſſio*,
Wear your eyes, thus: Not Jealous, nor Secure:
I would not have your free, and Noble Nature,
Out of Self-bounty be abus'd, look to't:
I know our Country diſpoſition well:
In *Venice*, they do let Heaven ſee the pranks
They dare not ſhew their Husbands.
Their beſt Conſcience
Is not to leave't undone, but kept unknown.
Othel. Doſt thou ſay ſo?
Jago. She did deceive her Father, marrying you,
And when ſhe ſeem'd to ſhake, and fear your looks,
She lov'd them moſt.
Othel. And ſo ſhe did.
Jago. Why, go to then:
She that ſo young could give out ſuch a Seeming
To ſeal her Father's Eyes up, cloſe as Oak,
He thought 'twas Witchcraft.
But I am much to blame:
I humbly do beſeech you of your pardon
For too much loving you.
Othel. I am bound to thee for ever.
Jago I ſee this hath a little daſh'd your Spirits:
Othel. Not a Jot, not a Jot.
Jago. Truſt me, I fear it has:
I hope you will conſider, what is ſpoke,
Comes from my Love.
But I do ſee y'are mov'd:
I am to pray you, not to ſtrain my ſpeech
To groſſer iſſues, nor to larger reach,
Than to Suſpicion.
Othel. I will not.
Jago. Should you do ſo (my Lord)
My ſpeech ſhould fall into ſuch vild ſucceſs,
Which my thoughts aim'd not.
Caſſio's my worthy friend:
My Lord, I ſee y'are mov'd:
Othel. No, not much mov'd:
I do not think but *Deſdemona*'s honeſt.
Jago. Long live ſhe ſo;
And long live you to think ſo.
Othel. And yet how Nature erring from it ſelf——
Jago. I, there's the point:
As (to be bold with you)
Not to affect many propoſed Matches
Of her own Clime, Complexion, and Degree,
Whereto we ſee in all things, Nature tends:
Foh, one may ſmell in ſuch, a will moſt rank,
Foul diſproportions, thoughts unnatural.
But (pardon me) I do not in poſition
Diſtinctly ſpeak of her, though I may fear
Her will, recoyling to her better Judgment,
May fall to match you with her Country Forms,
And happily repent.
Othel. Farewel, farewel:
If more thou doſt perceive, let me know more:
Set on thy wife to obſerve.
Leave me, *Jago*.
Jago. My Lord, I take my leave.
Othel. Why did I marry?
This honeſt Creature (doubtleſs)
Sees, and knows more, much more than he unfolds.
Jago. My Lord, I would I might intreat your Honour
To ſcan this thing no farther: Leave it to time,
Although 'tis fit that *Caſſio* have his place;

For ſure he fills it up with great ability;
Yet if you pleaſe to put him off a while,
You ſhall by that perceive him, and his means:
Note, if your Lady ſtrain his Entertainment
With any ſtrong, or vehement importunity,
Much will be ſeen in that: In the mean time,
Let me be thought too buſie in my fears,
(As worthy cauſe I have to fear I am)
And hold her free, I do beſeech your Honour:
Othel. Fear not my Government.
Jago. I once more take my leave.
Othel. This Fellow's of exceeding honeſty,
And knows all Quantities with a learn'd Spirit
Of humane dealings. If I do prove her Haggard,
Though that her Jeſſes were my dear heart-ſtrings,
I'ld whiſtle her off, and let her down the wind
To prey at Fortune. Haply, for I am black,
And have not thoſe ſoft parts of Converſation,
That Chamberers have: Or for I am declin'd
Into the vale of years (yet that's not much)
She's gone. I am abus'd, and my relief
Muſt be to loath her. Oh Curſe of Marriage!
That we can call theſe delicate Creatures ours,
And not their Appetites? I had rather be a Toad,
And live upon the Vapour of a Dungeon,
Than keep a corner in the thing I love,
For others uſes. Yet 'tis the plague to Great-ones,
Prerogativ'd are they leſs than the Baſe;
'Tis deſtiny unſhunnable like death:
Even then, this forked plague is fated to us,
VVhen we do quicken. Look where ſhe comes:

Enter Deſdemona *and* Æmilia.

If ſhe be falſe, Heav'n mock'd it ſelf:
I'll not believ't.
Deſ. How now, my dear *Othello*?
Your Dinner, and the generous Iſlanders,
By you invited, do attend your preſence.
Othel. I am to blame.
Deſ. Why do you ſpeak ſo faintly?
Are you not well?
Othel. I have a pain upon my Forehead here.
Deſ. VVhy that's with watching, 'twill away again.
Let me but bind it hard, within this hour
It will be well.
Othel. Your Napkin is too little:
Let it alone: Come, I'll go in with you. [*Exeunt.*
Deſ. I am very ſorry that you are not well.
Æmil. I am glad I have found this Napkin:
This was her firſt remembrance from the *Moor*,
My wayward Husband hath a hundred times
Woo'd me to ſteal it. But ſhe ſo loves the Token,
(For he conjur'd her, ſhe ſhould ever keep it)
That ſhe reſerves it ever more about her,
To kiſs and talk to. I'll have the work tane out,
And giv't *Jago*: what he will do with it,
Heaven knows, not I:
I nothing, but to pleaſe his Fantaſie.

Enter Jago.

Jago. How now? What do you here alone?
Æmil. Do not you chide: I have a thing for you.
Jago. You have a thing for me?
It is a common thing———
Æmil. Hah?
Jago. To have a fooliſh wife.
Æmil. Oh, is that all? what will you give me now
For that ſame Handkerchief?
Jago. What Handkerchief?
Æmil. What Handkerchief?
Why, that the *Moor* firſt gave to *Deſdemona*,
That which ſo often you did bid me ſteal.
Jago. Haſt ſtollen it from her?
Æmil. No: But ſhe let it drop by negligence,
And to th' advantage, I being here, took't up:
Look, here 'tis.
Jago. A good wench, give it me.
Æmil. VVhat will you do with't, you have been ſo earneſt to have me filtch it?
Jago. Why, what is that to you?
Æmil. If it be not for ſome purpoſe of import,
Giv't me again. Poor Lady, ſhe'll run mad,
VVhen ſhe ſhall lack it.
Jago. Be not acknown on't:
I have uſe for it. Go, leave me, [*Exit* Æmil.
I will in *Caſſio*'s Lodging looſe this Napkin,
And let him find it. Trifles light as air
Are to the jealous, confirmations ſtrong,
As proofs of holy VVrit. This may do ſomething.
The *Moor* already changes with my poyſons:
Dangerous conceits are in their natures poyſons,
VVhich at the firſt are ſcarce found to diſtaſte:
But with a little act upon the blood,
Burn like the Mines of Sulphur. I did ſay ſo.

Enter Othello.

Look, where he comes: Not Poppy, Mandragora,
Nor all the drowſie Syrups of the world,
Shall ever medicine thee to that ſweet ſleep,
Which thou ow'd'ſt yeſterday.
Othel. Ha, ha, falſe to me?
Jago. VVhy, how now, General? no more of that.
Othel. Avant, be gone: Thou haſt ſet me on the Rack:
I ſwear 'tis better to be much abus'd,
Than but to know a little.
Jago. How now, my Lord?
Othel. VVhat ſcent had I, in her ſtoln hours of Luſt?
I ſaw it not, thought it not: it harm'd not me:
I ſlept the next night well, fed well, was free, and merry.
I found not *Caſſio*'s kiſſes on her lips:
He that is robb'd, not wanting what is ſtoln,
Let him not know't, and he's not robb'd at all.
Jago. I am ſorry to hear this.
Othel. I had been happy if the general Camp,
Pioneers and all, had taſted her ſweet Body,
So I had nothing known. Oh now, for ever
Farewel the tranquill mind; Farewel, Content;
Farewel the plumed Troops, and the big VVars,
That make Ambition virtue! Oh farewel,
Farewel the neighing Steed, and the ſhrill Trump,
The Spirit-ſtirring Drum, th'Ear-piercing Fiſe,
The Royal Banner, and all Quality,
Pride, Pomp, and Circumſtance of glorious VVar:
And O you mortal Engines, whoſe rude throats
Th'immortal *Jove*'s dread Clamours counterfeit,
Farewel: *Othello*'s Occupation's gone.
Jago. Is't poſſible, my Lord?
Othel. Villain, be ſure thou prove my Love a VVhore;
Be ſure of it: Give me the Ocular Proof,
Or by the worth of mine eternal Soul,
Thou hadſt been better have been born a Dog,
Than anſwer my wak'd wrath.
Jago. Is't come to this?
Othel. Make me to ſee't, or (at the leaſt) ſo prove it,
That the probation bear no Hindge, nor Loop,
To hang a doubt on: Or woe upon thy Life.
Jago. My Noble Lord.
Othel. If thou doſt ſlander her, and torture me,
Never pray more: Abandon all remorſe
On horrors head, horrors accumulate,
Do deeds to make heaven weep, all earth amaz'd;
For nothing canſt thou to damnation add,
Greater than that.
Jago. O Grace! O Heaven forgive me!
Are you a man? Have you a Soul? Or Senſe?

God b'w' you: take mine Office. Oh wretched Fool,
That lov'ſt to make thine honeſty a Vice!
Oh monſtrous World! Take note, take note (O World)
To be direct and honeſt, is not ſafe.
I thank you for this profit, and from hence
I'll love no Friend, ſith love breeds ſuch offence.
Oth. Nay ſtay: thou ſhouldſt be honeſt.
Jago. I ſhould be wiſe, for honeſty's a Fool,
And loſes that it works for.
Oth By the World,
I think my Wiſe is honeſt, and think ſhe is not:
I think that thou art juſt, and think thou art not:
I'll have ſome proof. My name that was as freſh
As *Dians* Viſage, is now begrim'd and black
As mine own Face. If there be Cords or Knives,
Poyſon, or Fire, or ſuffocating ſtreams,
I'l not endure it. Would I were ſatisfied.
Jago. I ſee you are eaten up with paſſion:
I do repent me that I put it to you,
You would be ſatisfied?
Oth. Would, Nay, and I will.
Jago. And may: but now? how ſatisfied, my Lord?
Would you the ſuper-viſion groſly gape on?
Behold her topp'd?
Oth. Death, and Damnation. Oh!
Jago. It were a tedious difficulty I think,
To bring to that proſpect: Damn them then,
If ever mortal Eyes do ſee them boulſter
More than their own. What then? how then?
What ſhall I ſay? Where's Satisfaction?
It is impoſſible you ſhould ſee this,
Were they as prime as Goats, as hot as Monkies,
As ſalt as Wolves in pride, and Fools as groſs
As Ignorance, made drunk. But yet, I ſay,
If imputation and ſtrong circumſtances,
Which lead directly to the door of truth,
VVill give you ſatisfaction, you might hav't.
Oth. Give me a living reaſon ſhe's diſloyal.
Jago. I do not like the Office;
But ſith I am entred in this cauſe ſo far
(Prick'd to't by fooliſh Honeſty and Love)
I will go on. I lay with *Caſſio* lately,
And being troubled with a raging Tooth,
I could not ſleep. There are a kind of men,
So looſe of Soul, that in their ſleeps will mutter
Their Affairs: one of this kind is *Caſſio:*
In ſleep I heard him ſay, ſweet *Deſdemona,*
Let us be wary, let us hide our Loves,
And then (Sir) would he gripe, and wring my hand:
Cry, oh ſweet Creature: then kiſs me hard,
As if he pluckt up kiſſes by the roots,
That grew upon my Lips, laid his Leg o're my Thigh,
And ſigh and kiſs, and then cry curſed Fate,
That gave thee to the Moore.
Oth. O monſtrous! monſtrous!
Jago. Nay this was but his Dream.
Oth. But this denoted a fore-gone concluſion,
'Tis a ſhrewd doubt, though it be but a Dream.
Jago And this may help to thicken other proofs,
That do demonſtrate thinly.
Oth. I'll tear her all to pieces.
Jago. Nay yet be wiſe; yet we ſee nothing done,
She may be honeſt yet: Tell me but this,
Have you not ſometimes ſeen a Handkerchief
Spotted with Straw-berries, in your VVives hand?
Oth. I gave her ſuch a one: 'twas my firſt gift.
Jago. I know not that: but ſuch a Handkerchief
(I am ſure it was your VVives) did I to day
See *Caſſio* wipe his Beard with.
Oth. If it be that.
Jago. If it be that, or any, if 'twas hers,
It ſpeaks againſt her with the other proofs.
Oth. O that the ſlave had forty thouſand lives:
One is too poor, too weak for my revenge.
Now do I ſee 'tis true. Look here, *Jago,*
All my fond love thus do I blow to Heaven. 'Tis gone,
Ariſe black vengeance from the hollow Hell,
Yield up (O Love) thy Crown and hearted Throne
To tyrannous hate. Swell boſom with thy fraught,
For 'tis of Aſpicks tongues.
Jago. Yet be content.
Oth. Oh blood, blood, blood.
Jago. Patience I ſay: your mind may change.
Oth. Never, *Jago.* Like to the *Pontick* Sea,
VVhoſe Icy Current, and compulſive courſe,
Ne're keeps retiring ebbe, but keeps due on
To the *Propontick*, and the *Helleſpont:*
Even ſo my bloody thoughts, with violent pace
Shall ne're look back, ne're ebbe to humble Love,
Till that a capable, and wide Revenge
Swallow them up. Now by yond Marble Heaven,
In the due reverence of a Sacred Vow,
I here engage my words ——.
Jago. Do not riſe yet:
VVitneſs your ever-burning Lights above,
You Elements, that clip us round about.
VVitneſs that here *Jago* doth give up
The Execution of his wit, hands, heart,
To wrong'd *Othello*'s Service. Let him command,
And to obey ſhall be in me remorſe,
What bloody buſineſs ever.
Oth. I greet thy love,
Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance bounteous,
And will upon the inſtant put thee to't:
Within theſe three dayes let me hear thee ſay,
That *Caſſio*'s not alive.
Jago. My Friend is dead:
'Tis done at your requeſt.
But let her live.
Oth. Damn her lewd Minx:
O damn her, damn her.
Come go with me apart, I will withdraw
To furniſh me with ſome ſwift means of Death
For the fair Devil.
Now art thou my Lieutenant.
Jago. I am your own for ever. [*Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Deſdemona, Æmilia, *and* Clown.

Deſ. Do you know, Sirrah, where Lieutenant *Caſſio* lyes?

Clown. I dare not ſay he lies any where.

Deſ. Why man?

Clown. He's a Souldier, and for me to ſay a Souldier lyes, 'tis ſtabbing.

Deſ. Go to: where lodges he?

Clown. To tell you where he lodges, is to tell you where I lye.

Deſ. Can any thing be made of this?

Clown. I know not where he lodges, and for me to deviſe a lodging, and ſay he lies here, or he lies there, were to lye in mine own throat.

Deſ. Can you enquire him out? and be edified by report?

Clown. I will Catechize the World for him, that is, make Queſtions, and by them Anſwer.

Deſ. Seek him, bid him come hither: tell him, I have mov'd my Lord on his behalf, and hope all will be well.

Clown. To do this, is within the compaſs of mans Wit, and therefore I will attempt the doing it. [*Exit* Clown.

Deſ. Where ſhould I looſe the Handkerchief, *Æmilia?*

Æmil. I know not, Madam.

Deſ. Believe me, I had rather have loſt my purſe
Full of Cruzadoes. And but my Noble Moore

Is true of mind, and made of no ſuch baſeneſs,
As jealous Creatures are, it were enough
To put him to ill thinking.
Æmil. Is he not jealous?
Deſ. Who he? I think the Sun where he was born,
Drew all ſuch humours from him.
Æmilia. Look where he comes.
Deſ. I will not leave him now, till *Caſſio* be
Call'd to him. How is't with you, my Lord?

Enter Othello.

Oth. Well, my good Lady. Oh hardneſs to diſſemble!
How do you, *Deſdemona?*
Deſ. VVell, my good Lord.
Oth. Give me your hand,
This hand is moiſt, my Lady.
Deſ. It hath felt no age, nor known no ſorrow.
Oth. This argues fruitfulneſs, and liberal heart:
Hot, hot, and moiſt. This hand of yours requires
A ſequeſter from Liberty: Faſting, and Prayer,
Much Caſtigation, Exerciſe devout,
For here's a young and ſweating Devil here,
That commonly rebels: 'Tis a good hand.
A frank one.
Deſ. You may (indeed) ſay ſo:
For 'twas that hand that gave away my heart.
Oth. A liberal hand. The hearts of old, gave hands:
But our new Heraldry is hands, not hearts.
Deſ. I cannot ſpeak of this:
Come, now your promiſe.
Oth. VVhat promiſe, Chuck?
Deſ. I have ſent to bid *Caſſio* come ſpeak with you.
Oth. I have a ſalt and ſorry Rheum offends me:
Lend me thy Handkerchief.
Deſ. Here, my Lord.
Oth. That which I gave you.
Deſ. I have it not about me.
Oth. Not?
Deſ. No indeed, my Lord.
Oth. That's a fault: That Handkerchief
Did an *Ægyptian* to my Mother give:
She was a Charmer, and could almoſt read
The thoughts of people: She told her, while ſhe kept it,
'Twould make her amiable, ſubdue my Father
Intirely to her love: but if ſhe loſt it,
Or made a Gift of it, My Fathers Eye
Should hold her loathed, and his Spirits ſhould hunt
After new Fancies. She dying gave it me,
And bid me (when my Fate would have me VViv'd)
To give it her. I did ſo, and take heed on't,
Make it a Darling, like your precious Eye:
To loos't, or giv't away, were ſuch perdition,
As nothing elſe could match.
Deſ. Is't poſſible?
Oth. 'Tis true, there's Magick in the VVeb of it:
A *Sybill* that had numbred in the VVorld
The Sun to courſe two hundred compaſſes,
In her prophetick fury ſow'd the work:
The VVorms were hallowed, that did breed the Silk,
And it was di'd in Mummey, which the skilful
Conſerv'd of Maidens hearts.
Deſ. Indeed? is't true?
Oth. Moſt veritable, therefore look to't well.
Deſ. Then would the Heaven, that I had never ſeen't.
Oth. Ha? wherefore?
Deſ. VVhy do you ſpeak ſo ſtaringly, and raſh?
Oth. Is't loſt? is't gone? Speak, is't out o'th' way?
Deſ. Bleſs us.
Oth. Say you?
Deſ. It is not loſt: but what and if it were?
Oth. How?
Deſ. I ſay it is not loſt.
Oth. Fetch't, let me ſee't.
Deſ. VVhy ſo I can: but I will not now:
This is a trick to put me from my ſuit,
Pray you let *Caſſio* be receiv'd again.
Oth. Fetch me the Handkerchief,
My mind miſ-gives.
Deſ. Come, come: you'll never meet a more ſufficient man.
Oth. The Handkerchief.
Deſ. A man that all his time
Hath founded his good Fortunes on your love;
Shar'd dangers with you.
Oth. The Handkerchief.
Deſ. Inſooth, you are to blame,
Oth. Away. [*Exit* Othello.
Æmil. Is not this man jealous?
Deſ. I never ſaw this before.
Sure there's ſome wonder in this Handkerchief,
I am moſt unhappy in the loſs of it.
Æmil. 'Tis not a year or two ſhews us a man:
They are all but ſtomachs, and we all but Food,
They eat us hungerly, and when they are full
They belch us.

Enter Jago, *and* Caſſio.

Look you, *Caſſio*, and my Husband.
Jago. There is no other way: 'tis ſhe muſt do't:
And lo the happineſs: go and importune her.
Deſ. How now, (good *Caſſio*) what's the news with you?
Caſſio. Madam, my former ſuit. I do beſeech you,
That by your virtuous means, I may again
Exiſt, and be a member of his love,
Whom I, with all the Office of my heart
Intirely honour, I would not be delay'd.
If my offence be of ſuch mortal kind,
That not my Service paſt, nor preſent Sorrows,
Nor purpos'd merit in futurity,
Can ranſome me into his love again,
But to know ſo, muſt be my benefit:
So ſhall I cloath me in a forc'd content,
And ſhut my ſelf up in ſome other courſe
To Fortunes Almes.
Deſ. Alas (thrice-gentle *Caſſio*)
My Advocation is not now in tune;
My Lord, is not my Lord; nor ſhould I know him,
Were he in favour, as in humour alter'd.
So help me every ſpirit ſanctified,
As I have ſpoken for you all my beſt,
And ſtood within the blank of his diſpleaſure
For my free ſpeech. You muſt a while be patient:
VVhat I can do, I will: and more I will
Than for my ſelf I dare. Let that ſuffice you.
Jago. Is my Lord angry?
Æmil. He went hence but now:
And certainly in ſtrange unquietneſs.
Jago. Can he be angry? I have ſeen the Cannon,
VVhen it hath blown his Ranks into the air,
And like the Devil from his very Arm
Puſt his own Brother: And is he angry?
Something of moment then; I will go meet him,
There's matter in't indeed, if he be angry. [*Exit.*
Deſ. I prethee do ſo. Something ſure of State,
Either from *Venice*, or ſome unhatch'd practice,
Made demonſtrable here in *Cyprus*, to him,
Hath pudled his clear Spirit: and in ſuch caſes,
Mens Natures wrangle with inferiour things,
Though great ones are their object. 'Tis even ſo.
For let our Finger ake, and it endues
Our other healthful members, even to a ſenſe
Of pain. Nay, we muſt think men are not Gods,
Nor of them look for ſuch obſervance
As fits the Bridal. Beſhrew me much, *Æmilia*,
I was (unhandſome VVarriour as I am)

Arraigning his unkindneſs with my ſoul:
But now I find, I had ſuborn'd the Witneſs,
And he's indited falſely.
Æmil. Pray heaven it be
State-matters, as you think, and no Conception,
Nor no jealous toy concerning you.
Deſ. Alas-the-day, I never gave him cauſe.
Æmil. But jealous Souls will not be anſwer'd ſo;
They are not ever jealous for the cauſe,
But jealous, for they're jealous. It is a Monſter
Begot upon it ſelf, born on it ſelf.
Deſ. Heaven keep the Monſter from *Othello*'s mind.
Æmil. Lady, Amen.
Deſ. I will go ſeek him. *Caſſio*, walk hereabout:
If I do find him fit, I'll move your ſuit,
And ſeek to effect it to my uttermoſt. [*Exit.*
Caſ. I humbly thank your Ladiſhip.

Enter Bianca.

Bian. 'Save you (Friend *Caſſio.*)
Caſſio. What makes you from home?
How is't with you, my moſt fair *Bianca?*
Indeed (ſweet Love) I was coming to your houſe.
Bian. And I was going to your Lodging, *Caſſio.*
What? keep a week away? Seven days and nights?
Eight ſcore eight hours? And Loves abſent hours
More tedious than the Dial, eight ſcore times?
Oh weary reck'ning.
Caſſio. Pardon me, *Bianca:*
I have this while with leaden thoughts been preſt,
But I ſhall in a more continuate time
Strike off this ſcore of abſence. Sweet *Bianca,*
Take me this work out.
Bian. Oh *Caſſio*, whence came this?
This is ſome token from a newer Friend,
To the felt-abſence: now I feel a Cauſe:
Is't come to this? Well, well.
Caſſio. Go to, woman:
Throw your vild gueſſes in the Devils teeth,
From whence you have them. You are jealous now
That this is from ſome Miſtreſs, ſome remembrance;
No, in good troth, *Bianca.*
Bian. Why, whoſe is it?
Caſſio. I know not neither:
I found it in my Chamber,
I like the work well: E're it be demanded
(As like enough it will) I would have it copied:
Take it, and do't, and leave me for this time.
Bian. Leave you? wherefore?
Caſſio. I do attend here on the General,
And think it no addition, nor my wiſh
To have him ſee me woman'd.
Bian. Why, I pray you?
Caſſio. Not that I love you not.
Bian. But that you do not love me,
I pray you bring me on the way a little,
And ſay, if I ſhall ſee you ſoon at night?
Caſſio. 'Tis but a little way that I can bring you,
For I attend here. But I'll ſee you ſoon.
Bian. 'Tis very good: I muſt be circumſtanc'd.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Othello *and* Jago.

Jago. Will you think ſo?
Othel. Think ſo, *Jago?*
Jago. What, to kiſs in private?
Othel. An unauthorized kiſs?
Jago. Or to be naked with her Friends in bed,
An hour or more, not meaning any harm?
Othel. Naked in bed (*Jago*) and not mean harm?
It is hypocriſie againſt the Devil:
They that mean vertuouſly, and yet do ſo,
The Devil their vertue tempts, and they tempt Heaven.
Jago. If they do nothing, 'tis a Venial ſlip:
But I give my wife a Handkerchief.
Othel. What then?
Jago. Why then 'tis hers (my Lord) and being hers,
She may (I think) beſtow't on any man,
Othel. She is Protectreſs of her Honour too:
May ſhe give that?
Jago. Her Honour is an Eſſence that's not ſeen,
They have it very oft that have it not.
But for the Handkerchief.
Othel. By heaven I would moſt gladly have forgot it:
Thou ſaidſt (Oh, it comes o're my memory,
As doth the Raven o're the infectious houſe:
Boading to all) he had my Handkerchief.
Jago. I: what of that?
Othel. That's not ſo good now.
Jago. What if I had ſaid, I had ſeen him do you wrong?
Or hear him ſay, as Knaves be ſuch abroad,
Who having by their own importunate ſuit,
Or voluntary dotage of ſome Miſtreſs,
Convinced or ſuppli'd them, cannot chuſe
But they muſt blab.
Othel. Hath he ſaid any thing?
Jago. He hath (my Lord) but be you well aſſur'd,
No more than he'll unſwear.
Othel. What hath he ſaid?
Jago. Why, that he did: I know not what he did.
Othel. What? what?
Jago. Lye.
Othel. With her?
Jago. With her? on her: what you will.
Othel. Lye with her? lye on her? we ſay, lye on her, when they be-lye her. Lye with her? that's fulſom: Handkerchief: Confeſſions: Handkerchief. To confeſs, and be hang'd for his labour. Firſt, to be hang'd, and then to confeſs: I tremble at it. Nature would not inveſt her ſelf in ſuch ſhadowing paſſion, without ſome inſtruction. It is not words that ſhakes me thus, (piſh) Noſes, Ears and Lips: is't poſſible. Confeſs? Handkerchief? O Devil. [*Falls in a Trance.*
Jago. Work on,
My Medicine works. Thus credulous Fools are caught,
And many worthy, and chaſt Dames even thus
(All guiltleſs) meet reproach: what hoa? My Lord?
My Lord, I ſay, *Othello.*

Enter Caſſio.

How now, *Caſſio?*
Caſ. What's the matter?
Jago. My Lord is ſaln into an Epilepſie,
This is the ſecond Fit: he had one yeſterday.
Caſ. Rub him about the Temples.
Jago. The Lethargy muſt have his quiet courſe;
If not, he foams at mouth: and by and by
Breaks out to ſavage madneſs: Look, he ſtirs:
Do you withdraw your ſelf a little while,
He will recover ſtraight: when he is gone,
I would on great occaſion, ſpeak with you.
How is it, General? Have you not hurt your hand;
Othel. Doſt thou mock me?
Jago. I mock you not, by Heaven:
Would you would bear your Fortune like a Man.
Othel. A Horned man's a Monſter and a Beaſt.
Jago. There's many a Beaſt then in a populous City,
And many a civil Monſter.
Othel. Did he confeſs it?
Jago. Good Sir, be a man:

Think every bearded fellow that's but yoak'd
May draw with you. There's millions now alive,
That nightly lye in thoſe unproper beds,
Which they dare ſwear peculiar. Your cauſe is better.
Oh, 'tis the ſpight of Hell, the Fiends Arch-mock,
To lip a wanton in a ſecure Cowch ;
And to ſuppoſe her chaſt. No, let me know,
And knowing what I am, I know what ſhe ſhall be.

Oth. Oh, thou art wiſe: 'tis certain.

Jago. Stand you a while apart,
Confine your ſelf but in a patient Liſt,
Whil'ſt you were here, o're-whelmed with your grief
(A paſſion moſt reſulting ſuch a man)
Caſſio came hither. I ſhifted him away,
And laid good ſcuſes on your Ecſtaſie,
Bad him anon return, and here ſpeak with me,
The which he promis'd. Do but encave your ſelf,
And mark the Fleers, the Gybes and notable ſcorns,
That dwell in every Region of his face.
For I will make him tell the tale anew;
Where, how, how oſt, how long ago, and when
He hath, and is again to cope your wife.
I ſay, but mark his geſture, marry Patience,
Or I ſhall ſay y'are all in all in Spleen,
And nothing of a man.

Oth. Doſt thou hear, *Jago*,
I will be found moſt cunning in my patience:
But (doſt thou hear) moſt bloody.

Jago. That's not amiſs.
But yet keep time in all: will you withdraw?
Now will I queſtion *Caſſio* of *Bianca*,
A Huſwife, that by ſelling her deſires,
Buys her ſelf Bread and Cloth. It is a Creature
That dotes on *Caſſio*, (as 'tis the Strumpets plague
To beguile many, and be beguil'd by one)
He, when he hears of her, cannot reſtrain
From the exceſs of Laughter. Here he comes.

Enter Caſſio.

As he ſhall ſmile, *Othello* ſhall go mad:
And his unbookiſh Jealouſie muſt conſerve,
Poor *Caſſio* ſmiles, geſtures and light behaviours
Quite in the wrong. How do you, Lieutenant?

Caſ. The worſer, that you gave me the addition,
Whoſe want even kills me.

Jago. Ply *Deſdemona* well, and you are ſure on't:
Now, if this Sute lay in *Bianca*'s dowre,
How quickly ſhould you ſpeed?

Caſ. Alas, poor Caitiffe.

Oth. Look how he laughs already.

Jago. I never knew woman love man ſo.

Caſ. Alas, poor Rogue, I think indeed ſhe loves me.

Oth. Now he denies it faintly: and laughs it out.

Jago. Do you hear, *Caſſio*?

Oth. Now he importunes him
To tell it o're: go to, well ſaid, well ſaid.

Jago. She gives it out, that you ſhall marry her.
Do you intend it?

Caſ. Ha, ha, ha.

Oth. Do ye triumph, Roman? do you triumph?

Caſ. I marry. What? a cuſtomer; prithee bear
Some Charity to my wit, do not think it
So unwholſome. Ha, ha, ha.

Oth. So, ſo: they laugh that win.

Jago. Why, the cry goes, that you ſhall marry her.

Caſ. Prithee ſay true.

Jago. I am a very Villain elſe.

Oth. Have you ſcoar'd me; well.

Caſ. This is the Monkies own giving out:
She is perſwaded I will marry her
Out of her own love and flattery, not out of my promiſe.

Oth. *Jago* beckons me: now he begins the ſtory.

Caſ. She was here even now: ſhe haunts me in every place. I was the other day talking on the Sea bank with certain *Venetians*, and thither comes the Bauble, and falls me thus about my neck.

Othel. Crying, oh dear *Caſſio*, as it were: his geſture imports it.

Caſ. So hangs, and lolls, and weeps upon me:
So ſhakes, and pulls me. Ha, ha, ha.

Othel. Now he tells how ſhe pluckt him to my Chamber: Oh, I ſee that Noſe of yours, but now that Dog, I ſhall throw it to.

Caſ. Well, I muſt leave her company.

Jago. Before me: Look where ſhe comes.

Enter Bianca.

Caſ. 'Tis ſuch another Fitchew: marry, a perfum'd one:
What do yon mean by this haunting of me?

Bian. Let the Devil and his Damm haunt you: What did you mean by that ſame Handkerchief you gave me even now? I was a fine fool to take it: I muſt take out the work? A likely piece of work, that you ſhould find it in your Chamber, and know not who left it there. This is ſome Minxes token, and I muſt take out the work? There, give it your Hobbey-Horſe: Whereſoever you had it, I'll take out no work on't.

Caſ. How now, my ſweet *Bianca*?
How now? How now?

Othel. By Heaven, that ſhould be my Handkerchief.

Bian. If you'll come to ſupper to night, you may; if you will not, come when you are next prepar'd for. [*Exit.*

Jago. After her, after her.

Caſ. I muſt, ſhe'll rail in the ſtreets elſe.

Jago. Will you ſup there?

Caſ. Yes, I intend ſo.

Jago. Well, I may chance to ſee you: For I would very fain ſpeak with you.

Caſ. Prithee, come, will you?

Jago. Go to: Say no more. [*Exit.*

Othel. How ſhall I murther him, *Jago*?

Jago. Did you perceive how he laugh'd at his vice?

Othel. Oh, *Jago*.

Jago. And did you ſee the Handkerchief?

Othel. Was that mine?

Jago. Yours by this hand: and to ſee how he prizes the fooliſh woman your wife: She gave it him, and he hath given it his Whore.

Othel. I would have him nine years a killing:
A fine woman, a fair woman, a ſweet woman?

Jago. Nay, you muſt forget that.

Othel. I, let her rot and periſh, and be damn'd to night, for ſhe ſhall not live. No, my heart is turn'd to ſtone: I ſtrike it, and it hurts my hand. Oh, the world hath not a ſweeter Creature: She might lie by an Emperor's ſide, and command him Tasks.

Jago. Nay, that's not your way.

Othel. Hang her, I do but ſay what ſhe is: ſo delicate with her Needle: An admirable Muſician. Oh, ſhe will ſing the Savageneſs out of a Bear: Of ſo high a plenteous wit, and invention?

Jago. She's the worſe for all this.

Othel. Oh, a thouſand, a thouſand times:
And then of ſo gentle a condition?

Jago. I, too gentle.

Othel. Nay that's certain.
But yet the pity of it, *Jago*: Oh, *Jago*, the pity of it, *Jago*.

Jago. If you are ſo fond over her iniquity: Give her patent to offend, for if it touch not you, it comes near no body.

Othel. I will chop her into Meſſes: Cuckold me!

Jago. Oh, 'tis foul in her.

Othel. With mine Officer!

Jago. That's fouler.

Othel Get me ſome poyſon, *Jago*, this night. I'll not expoſtulate with her: Leſt her body and her beauty un-

provide my mind again: this night, *Jago.*
Jago. Do it not with poyſon, ſtrangle her in her bed, even the bed ſhe hath contaminated.
Othel. Good, good:
The juſtice of it pleaſes: very good.
Jago. And for *Caſſio*, let me be his undertaker:
You ſhall hear more by midnight.

Enter Lodovico, Deſdemona, *and* Attendants.

Othel. Excellent good: what Trumpet is that ſame?
Jago. I warrant ſomething from *Venice*,
'Tis *Lodovico*, this comes from the Duke.
See, your wife's with him.
Lodo. Save you, worthy General.
Othel. With all my heart, Sir.
Lod. The Duke, and the Senators of *Venice* greet you.
Othel. I kiſs the Inſtrument of their pleaſures.
Deſ. And what's the News, good Couſin *Lodovico?*
Jago. I am very glad to ſee you, Signior.
Welcome to *Cyprus.*
Lod. I thank you: how do's Lieutenant *Caſſio?*
Jago. Lives, Sir.
Deſ. Couſin, there's faln between him and my Lord
An unkind breach: but you ſhall make all well.
Othel. Are you ſure of that?
Deſ. My Lord?
Othel. This fail you not to do, as you will——
Lod. He did not call: he's buſie in the paper,
Is there diviſion 'twixt my Lord and *Caſſio?*
Deſ. A moſt unhappy one: I would do much
T'atone them for the love I bear to *Caſſio.*
Othel. Fire and Brimſtone.
Deſ. My Lord.
Othel. Are you wiſe?
Deſ. What, is he angry?
Lod. May be the Letter mov'd him.
For as I think they do command him home,
Deputing *Caſſio* in his Government.
Deſ. Truſt me, I am glad on't.
Othel. Indeed?
Deſ. My Lord?
Othel. I am glad to ſee you mad.
Deſ. Why, ſweet *Othello?*
Othel. Devil.
Deſ. I have not deſerv'd this.
Lod. My Lord, this would not be believ'd in *Venice*,
Though I ſhould ſwear I ſaw't. 'Tis very much,
Make her amends: ſhe weeps.
Othel. Oh Devil, Devil:
If that the Earth could teem with womans tears,
Each drop ſhe falls would prove a Crocodile:
Out of my ſight.
Deſ I will not ſtay to offend you:
Lod. Truly obedient Lady:
I do beſeech your Lordſhip call her back.
Othel. Miſtreſs.
Deſ. My Lord.
Othel. What would you with her, Sir?
Lod. Who I, my Lord?
Othel. I, you did wiſh that I would make her turn:
Sir, ſhe can turn and turn: and yet go on
And turn again. And ſhe can weep, Sir, weep.
And ſhe's obedient: as you ſay obedient.
Very obedient: proceed you in your tears-
Concerning this, Sir, (Oh well painted paſſion)
I am commanded home: get you away:
I'll ſend for you anon. Sir, I obey the Mandate.
And will return to *Venice.* Hence, avant:
Caſſio ſhall have my place. And, Sir, to night
I do entreat, that we may ſup together.
You are welcome, Sir, to *Cyprus.*
Goats and *Monkies.* [*Exit.*
Lod. Is this the Noble Moore, whom our full Senate
Call all in all ſufficient? Is this the Nature
Whom Paſſion could not ſhake? whoſe ſolid vertue
The ſhot of Accident, nor dart of Chance
Could neither graze, nor pierce?
Jago. He is much chang'd.
Lod. Are his wits ſafe? Is he not of light Brain?
Jago. He's that he is: I may not breathe my cenſure.
What he might be: if what he might, he is not,
I would to heaven he were.
Lod. What, ſtrike his wife?
Jago. 'Faith that was not ſo well; yet would I knew
That ſtroke would prove the worſt.
Lod. Is it his uſe?
Or did the Letters work upon his blood,
And new create his fault?
Jago. Alas, alas:
It is not honeſty in me to ſpeak
What I have ſeen and known. You ſhall obſerve him,
And his own courſes will denote him ſo,
That I may ſave my ſpeech: do but go after,
And mark how he continues.
Lod. I am ſorry that I am deceiv'd in him. [*Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Othello *and* Æmilia.

Othel. You have ſeen nothing then?
Æmil. Nor ever heard: nor ever did ſuſpect.
Othel. Yes, you have ſeen *Caſſio* and ſhe together.
Æmil. But then I ſaw no harm: and then I heard
Each ſyllable that breath made up between them.
Othel. What? Did they never whiſper?
Æmil. Never, my Lord.
Othel. Nor ſend you out oth' way?
Æmil. Never.
Oth. To fetch her Fan, her Gloves, her Mask, nor nothing?
Æmil. Never, my Lord.
Othel. That's ſtrange.
Æmil. I durſt (my Lord) to wager ſhe is honeſt,
Lay down my Soul at ſtake: If you think other,
Remove your thought. It doth abuſe your boſom,
If any wretch hath put this in your head,
Let heaven requite it with the Serpents curſe,
For if ſhe be not honeſt, chaſt, and true,
There's no man happy, the pureſt of their Wives
Is foul as Slander.
Othel. Bid her come hither: go, [*Exit* Æmilia.
She ſays enough: yet ſhe's a ſimple Bawd
That cannot ſay as much. This is a ſubtle Whore:
A Cloſſet-Lock and Key of villanous Secrets,
And yet ſhe'll kneel, and pray: I have ſeen her do't.

Enter Deſdemona *and* Æmilia.

Deſ. My Lord, what is your will?
Othel. Pray you, Chuck, come hither.
Deſ. What is your pleaſure?
Othel. Let me ſee your eyes: look in my face.
Deſ. What horrible Fancy's this?
Othel. Some of your Function, Miſtreſs,
Leave Procreants alone, and ſhut the door:
Cough, or cry hem, if any body come:
Your Myſtery, your Myſtery; nay diſpatch. [*Exit* Æmil.
Deſ. Upon my knee, what doth your ſpeech import?
I underſtand a Fury in your words.
Othel. Why? What art thou?
Deſ. Your wife, my Lord: your true and loyal wife.
Othel. Come ſwear it: damn thy ſelf, being like one of
Heaven, the Devils themſelves ſhould fear to ſeize thee.
Therefore be double damn'd: ſwear thou art honeſt.
Deſ. Heaven doth truly know it.
Othel. Heaven truly knows, that thou art falſe as Hell.

Deſ. To whom, my Lord?
With whom? How am I falſe?
Othel. Ah, *Deſdemon*, away, away, away.
Deſ. Alas the heavy day: Why do you weep?
Am I the motive of theſe tears, my Lord?
If happily you my Father do ſuſpect,
An Inſtrument of this your calling back,
Lay not your blame on me: if you have loſt him,
I have loſt him too.
Othel. Had it pleas'd Heaven,
To try me with Affliction, had they rain'd
All kind of ſores, and ſhames on my bare head:
Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips.
Given to Captivity me and my utmoſt hopes.
I ſhould have found in ſome place of my ſoul
A drop of patience. But alas, to make me
The fixed figure for the time of Scorn,
To point his ſlow and moving finger at.
Yet could I bear that too, well, very well:
But there where I have garner'd up my heart,
Where either I muſt live, or bear no life,
The fountain from the which my current runs,
Or elſe dries up: To be diſcarded thence,
Or keep it as a Ciſtern, for ſoul Toads
To knot and gender in. Turn thy complexion there;
Patience, thou young and roſe lipp'd Cherubin,
I here look grim as hell.
Deſ. I hope my Lord eſteems me honeſt.
Othel. O I, as Summer-flies are in the Shambles,
That quicken even with blowing. Oh thou weed:
Who art ſo lovely, fair, and ſmell'ſt ſo ſweet,
That the Sence asks at thee,
Would thou'dſt never been born.
Deſ. Alas, what ignorant ſin have I committed?
Othel. Was this fair Paper? This moſt goodly Book
Made to write Whore upon? What committed,
Committed? Oh, thou publick Commoner,
I ſhould make very Forges of my Cheeks,
That would to Cynders burn up Modeſty,
Did but I ſpeak thy deeds. VVhat, committed?
Heaven ſtops the Noſe at it, and the Moon winks;
The bawdy wind that kiſſes all it meets,
Is huſh'd within the hollow Mine of Earth
And will not hear't. What, committed?
Deſ. By Heaven, you do me wrong.
Othel. Are not you a Strumpet?
Deſ. No, as I am a Chriſtian.
If to preſerve this Veſſel for my Lord,
From any other foul unlawful touch,
Be not to be a Strumpet, I am none.
Othel. What, not a Whore?
Deſ. No, as I ſhall be ſav'd.
Othel. Is't poſſible?
Deſ. Oh Heaven forgive us.
Othel. I cry you mercy, then.
I took you for that cunning Whore of *Venice*,
That married with *Othello*. You, Miſtreſs,

Enter Æmilia.

That have the Office oppoſite to Saint *Peter*,
And keeps the gate of Hell. You, you: I, you.
We have done our courſe: there's money for your pains:
I pray you, turn the Key, and keep our counſel. [*Exit.*
Æmil. Alas, what does this Gentleman conceive?
How do you, Madam? How do you, my good Lady?
Deſ. Faith, half aſleep.
Æmil. Good Madam,
What's the matter with my Lord?
Deſ. VVith whom?
Æmil. Why, with my Lord, Madam?
Deſ. Who is thy Lord?
Æmil. He that is yours, ſweet Lady.
Deſ. I have none, do not talk to me, *Æmilia*,
I cannot weep: nor anſwers have I none,
But what ſhould go by Water. Prethee to night,
Lay on my Bed my VVedding Sheets, remember,
And call thy Husband hither.
Æmil. Here's a change indeed. [*Exit.*
Deſ. 'Tis meet I ſhould be uſ'd ſo: very meet.
How have I been behav'd, that he might ſtick
The ſmalleſt opinion on my leaſt miſuſe?

Enter Jago, *and* Æmilia.

Jago. What is your pleaſure, Madam?
How is't with you?
Deſ. I cannot tell: Thoſe that do teach your Babes,
Do it with gentle means, and eaſie tasks.
He might have chid me ſo: For in good faith,
I am a Child to chiding.
Jago. What's the matter, Lady?
Æmil. Alas (*Jago*) my Lord hath ſo bewhor'd her,
Thrown ſuch deſpight, and heavy terms upon her,
That true hearts cannot bear it.
Deſ. Am I that name, *Jago?*
Jago. What name (fair Lady?)
Deſ. Such as ſhe ſaid my Lord did ſay I was.
Æmil. He call'd her whore: A Beggar, in his drink,
Could not have laid ſuch terms upon his Callet.
Jago. Why did he ſo?
Deſ. I do not know: I am ſure I am none ſuch.
Jago. Do not weep: Do not weep: Alas-the-day.
Æmil. Hath ſhe forſook ſo many Noble Matches?
Her Father? And her Countrey? And her Friends?
To be call'd Whore? Would it not make one weep?
Deſ. It is my wretched Fortune.
Jago. Beſhrew him for't:
How comes this trick upon him?
Deſ. Nay, Heaven doth know.
Æmil. I will be hang'd if ſome eternal Villain,
Some buſie and inſinuating Rogue,
Some cogging, cozening ſlave, to get ſome Office,
Has not deviſ'd this ſlander: I will be hang'd elſe.
Jago. Fie, there is no ſuch man: It is impoſſible.
Deſ. If any ſuch there be, Heaven pardon him.
Æmil. A Halter pardon him:
And Hell gnaw his bones.
Why ſhould he call her Whore?
Who keeps her company?
What Place? What Time?
What Form? What Likelyhood?
The Moor's abus'd by ſome moſt villainous Knave,
Some baſe notorious Knave, ſome ſcurvy Fellow.
Oh Heavens, that ſuch companions thoud'ſt unfold,
And put in every honeſt hand a whip,
To laſh the Raſcal naked through the World,
Even from the Eaſt to th' VVeſt.
Jago. Speak within Door.
Æmil. Oh fie upon them: Some ſuch 'Squire he was,
That turn'd your Wit, the ſeamy ſide without,
And made you to ſuſpect me with the Moore.
Jago. You are a Fool: Go to.
Deſ. Alas, *Jago*,
What ſhall I do to win my Lord again?
Good Friend, go to him: For by this light of Heaven,
I know not how I loſt him. Here I kneel:
If e're my will did treſpaſs 'gainſt his Love,
Either in diſcourſe of thought, or actual deed,
Or that mine Eyes, mine Ears, or any Sence
Delighted them: Or any other Form:
Or that I do not yet, and ever did,
And ever will (though he do ſhake me off
To beggarly Divorcement) love him dearly,
Comfort forſwear me. Unkindneſs may do much,
And his Unkindneſs may defeat my Life,
But never taint my Love. I cannot ſay Whore,
It do's abhor me now I ſpeak the word,

To do the Act, that might the addition earn,
Not the worlds Maſſe of vanity could make me.

Jago. I pray you be content: 'tis but his humour:
The buſineſs of the State do's him offence.

Deſ. If 'twere no other.

Jago. It is but ſo, I warrant:
Heark how theſe Inſtruments ſummon to ſupper:
The Meſſenger of *Venice* ſtayes the Meat;
Go in, and weep not: all things ſhall be well.
[*Exeunt* Deſdemona *and* Æmilia.

Enter Rodorigo.

How now, *Rodorigo?*

Rod. I do not find
That thou deal'ſt juſtly with me.

Jago. What in the contrary?

Rodo. Every day thou dofts me with ſome device, *Jago*, and rather as it ſeems to me now, keep'ſt from me all conveniency, thou ſuppliest me with the leaſt advantage of hope: I will indeed no longer endure it. Nor am I yet perſwaded to put up in peace, what already I have fooliſhly ſuffer'd.

Jago. Will you hear me, *Rodorigo?*

Rodo. I have heard too much: and your words and performances are no kin together.

Jago. You charge me moſt unjuſtly.

Rodo. With naught but truth: I have waſted my ſelf out of my means. The Jewels you have had from me to deliver *Deſdemona*, would half have corrupted a Votariſt. You have told me ſhe hath receiv'd them, and return'd me expectations and comforts of ſudden reſpect, and acquaintance, but I find none.

Jago. Well, go to: very well.

Rodo. Very well, go to: I cannot go to, (man) nor 'tis not very well: nay, I think it is ſcurvy: and begin to find my ſelf fopt in it.

Jago. Very well.

Rodo, I tell you, 'tis not very well: I will make my ſelf known to *Deſdemona.* If ſhe will return me my Jewels, I will give over my Suit, and repent my unlawful ſolicitation. If not, aſſure your ſelf, I will ſeek ſatisfaction of you.

Jago. You have ſaid now.

Rodo. I, and ſaid nothing but what I proteſt intendment of doing.

Jago. Why, now I ſee there's mettle in thee: and even from this inſtant do build on thee a better opinion than ever before: give me thy hand, *Rodorigo.* Thou haſt taken againſt me a moſt juſt exception: but yet I proteſt I have dealt moſt directly in thy Affair.

Rodo. It hath not appear'd.

Jago. I grant indeed it hath not appear'd: and your ſuſpition is not without wit and judgement. But, *Rodorigo*, if thou haſt that in thee indeed, which I have greater reaſon to believe now than ever (I mean, purpoſe, Courage, and Valour) this night ſhew it. If thou the next night following enjoy not *Deſdemona*, take me from this world with Treachery, and deviſe Engines for my life.

Rodo. Well: what is it? Is it within reaſon and compaſs?

Jago. Sir, there is eſpecial Commiſſion come from *Venice* to depute *Caſſio* in *Othello*'s place.

Rodo. Is that true? Why then *Othello* and *Deſdemona* return again to *Venice.*

Jago. Oh no: he goes into *Mauritania*, and taketh away with him the fair *Deſdemona*, unleſs his abode be lingred here by ſome accident. Wherein none can be ſo determinate, as the removing of *Caſſio.*

Rodo. How do you mean removing him?

Jago. Why, by making him uncapable of *Othello*'s place: knocking out his brains.

Rodo. And that you would have me to do.

Jago. I: if you dare do your ſelf a profit, and a right. He ſups to night with a Harlotry: and thither will I go to him. He knows not yet of his honourable fortune, if you will watch his going thence (which I will faſhion to fall out between twelve and one) you may take him at your pleaſure. I will be near to ſecond your Attempt, and he ſhall fall between us. Come, ſtand not amaz'd at it, but go along with me: I will ſhew you ſuch a neceſſity in his death, that you ſhall think your ſelf bound to put it on him. It is now high ſupper time: and the night grows to waſt. About it.

Rodo. I will hear further reaſon for this.

Jago. And you ſhall be ſatisfied. [*Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Othello, Lodovico, Deſdemona, Æmilia
and Attendants.

Lod. I do beſeech you, Sir, trouble your ſelf no further.

Othe. Oh pardon: 'twill do me good to walk.

Lod. Madam, good night: I humbly thank your Ladi-

Deſ. Your honour is moſt welcom. (ſhip,

Othe. Will you walk, Sir? Oh *Deſdemona.*

Deſ. My Lord.

Othe. Get you to bed on th'inſtant, I will be return'd forthwith: diſmiſs your Attendant there: look't be done. [*Exit.*

Deſ. I will, my Lord.

Æmi. How goes it now? he looks gentler than he did.

Deſ. He ſayes he will return incontinent,
And hath commanded me to go to bed,
And bid me to diſmiſs you.

Æmi. Diſmiſs me?

Deſ. It was his bidding: therefore good *Æmilia*,
Give me my nightly wearing, and adieu.
We muſt not now diſpleaſe him.

Æmi. I would you had never ſeen him.

Deſ. So would not I: my love doth ſo approve him,
That even his ſtubbornneſs, his checks, his frowns,
(Prithee un-pin me) have grace and favour.

Æmi. I have laid thoſe ſheets you bad me on the bed.

Deſ. All's one: good Father, how fooliſh are our minds?
If I do die before thee, prithee ſhrowd me
In one of theſe ſame ſheets.

Æmi. Come, come: you talk.

Deſ. My Mother had a Maid call'd *Barbara*,
She was in love: and he ſhe lov'd prov'd mad.
And did forſake her. She had a Song of Willow,
An old thing 'twas: but it expreſs'd her Fortune.
And ſhe dy'd ſinging it. That Song to night,
Will not go from my mind: I have much to do,
But to go hang my head all at one ſide
And ſing it like poor *Barbara:* prithee diſpatch.

Æmi. Shall I go fetch your Night-gown?

Deſ. No, un-pin me here,
This *Lodovico* is a proper man.

Æmil. A very handſom man.

Deſ. He ſpeaks well.

Æmil. I know a Lady in *Venice* would have walk'd bare-foot to *Paleſtine* for a touch of his nether lip.

Deſ. *The poor Soul ſat ſinging, by a Sycamore tree;*
Sing all a green Willow:
Her hand on her boſome, her head on her knee,
Sing Willow, Willow, Willow.
The freſh ſtreams ran by her, and murmur'd her moans;
Sing Willow, &c.
Her ſalt tears fell from her, and ſoftned the ſtones;
Sing Willow, &c. (Lady by theſe)
Willow, Willow. (Prithee high thee, he'll come anon)
Sing all a green Willow muſt be my Garland.
Let no body blame him, his ſcorn I approve.
(Nay that's not next. Hark who is't that knocks?

Æmil.

Æmi. It's the wind.
Deſ. I call'd my Love falſe Love: but what ſaid he then?
Sing Willough, &c.
If I court no women, you'l couch with mo men.
So get thee gone, good night: mine eyes do itch:
Doth that boad weeping?
Æmil. 'Tis neither here, nor there,
Deſ. I have heard it ſaid ſo, O theſe men, theſe men!
Doſt thou in conſcience think (tell me *Æmilia*)
That there be women do abuſe their husbands
In ſuch groſs kind?
Æmil. There be ſome ſuch, no queſtion.
Deſ. Would'ſt thou do ſuch a deed for all the world:
Æmil. Why, would not you?
Deſ. No, by this heavenly light.
Æmil. Nor I neither, by this heavenly light.
I might do't as well ith'dark.
Deſ. Would'ſt thou do ſuch a deed for all the world?
Æmil. The world's a huge thing:
It is a great price, for a ſmall vice.
Deſ. In troth I think thou would'ſt not.
Æmil. In troth I think I ſhould, and undo't when I had done. Marry, I would not do ſuch a thing for a joynt Ring, nor for meaſures of Lawn, nor for Gowns, Petticoats, nor Caps, nor any petty exhibition. But for all the whole world: why, who would not make her husband a Cuckold, to make him a Monarch? I ſhould venture Purgatory for't.
Deſ. Beſhrew me, if I would do ſuch a wrong
For the whole world.
Æmil. Why, the wrong is but a wrong i'th'world; and having the world for your labour, 'tis a wrong in your own world, and you might quickly make it right.
Deſ. I do not think there is any ſuch woman.
Æmil. Yes, a dozen: and as many to th'vantage, as would ſtore the world they plaid for.
But I do think it is their husbands faults
If Wives do fall: (Say, that they ſlack their duties,
And pour our treaſures into foreign laps:
Or elſe break out in peeviſh Jealouſies,
Throwing reſtraint upon us: Or ſay they ſtrike us,
Or ſcant our former having in deſpight)
Why we have galls: and though we have ſome Grace,
Yet have we ſome Revenge. Let husbands know,
Their wives have ſenſe like them: they ſee and ſmell,
And have their Palats both for ſweet and ſowr,
As husbands have. What is it that they do
When they change us for others? Is it ſport?
I think it is: and doth affection breed it?
I think it doth: Is't frailty that thus erres?
It is ſo too. And have not we affections?
Deſires for ſport? and frailty as men have?
Then let them uſe us well: elſe let them know,
The ills we do, their ills inſtruct us to.
Deſ. Good night, good night:
Heaven me ſuch uſes ſend,
Not to pick bad, from bad; but by bad, mend. [*Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Jago, *and* Rodorigo.

Jago. Here, ſtand behind this Bark,
Straight will he come:
Wear thy good Rapier bare, and put it home:
Quick, quick, fear nothing; I'le be at thy Elbow,
It makes us, or it marrs us, think on that,
And fix moſt firm thy Reſolution;
Rod. Be near at hand, I may miſcarry in't.
Jago. Here, at thy hand: Behold, and take thy ſtand.
Rod. I have no great devotion to the deed,
And yet he hath given me ſatisfying Reaſons:
'Tis but a man gone. Forth my Sword: he dies.
Jago. I have rub'd this young Quat almoſt to the ſenſe,
And he grows angry. Now, whether he kill *Caſſio*,
Or *Caſſio* him, or each do kill the other,
Every way makes my gain. Live *Rodorigo*,
He calls me to a reſtitution large
Of Gold, and Jewels, that I bob'd from him,
As gifts to *Deſdemona*.
It muſt not be: if *Caſſio* do remain,
He hath a daily beauty in his life,
That makes me ugly: and beſides, the *Moor*
May unfold me to him: there ſtand I in much peril:
No, he muſt die. But ſo, I hear him coming.

Enter Caſſio.

Rod. I know his gate, 'tis he: Villain thou dyeſt.
Caſ. That thruſt had been mine enemy indeed,
But that my Coat is better than thou know'ſt:
I will make proof of thine.
Rod. Oh, I am ſlain.
Caſ. I am maim'd for ever:
Help hoa: Murther, murther.

Enter Othello.

Othe. The voice of *Caſſio*, *Jago* keeps his word
Rod. O Villain that I am.
Oth. It is even ſo.
Caſ. Oh help hoa: Light, a Surgeon.
Oth. 'Tis he: O brave *Jago*, honeſt and juſt,
That haſt ſuch Noble ſenſe of thy friends wrong,
Thou teacheſt me. Minion, your dear lies dead,
And your unbleſt Fate highes: Strumpet I come:
For off my heart, thoſe Charms thine Eyes, are blotted.
Thy Bed-leſt-ſtain'd, ſhall with Luſts bloud be ſpotted.
[*Exit.* Othello.

Enter Lodovico, *and* Gratiano.

Caſ. What hoa? no watch? no paſſage?
Murther, Murther.
Gra. 'Tis ſome miſchance, the voice is very direful.
Caſ. Oh help. *Lodo.* Hark.
Rod. Oh wretched Villain.
Lod. Two or three groan. 'Tis heavy night;
Theſe may be counterfeits: Let's think't unſafe
To come into the cry, without more help.
Rod. No body come: then ſhall I bleed to death.

Enter Jago.

Lod. Hark.
Gra. Here's one comes in his ſhirt, with Light, and Weapons.
Jago. Who's there?
Whoſe noiſe is this that cryes out murther?
Lodo. We do not know.
Jago. Do not you hear a cry?
Caſ. Here, here: for heaven ſake help me.
Jago. What's the matter?
Gra. This is *Othello*'s Ancient as I take it.
Lodo. The ſame indeed, a very valiant Fellow.
Jago. What are you here, that cry ſo grievouſly?
Caſ. *Jago*? Oh I am ſpoyl'd, undone by Villains:
Give me ſome help.
Jago. O me, Lieutenant!
What Villains have done this?
Caſ. I think that one of them is hereabout,
And cannot make away.
Jago. Oh treacherous Villains:
What are you there? Come in, and give ſome help.
Rod. O help me there.
Caſ. That's one of them.

Jago. Oh murd'rous Slave! O Villain!
Rod. O damn'd *Jago*! O inhumane Dog!
Jago. Kill men i'th'dark?
Where be theſe bloudy Thieves?
How ſilent is this Town? Ho, murther, murther.
What may you be? Are you of good or evil?
Lod. As you ſhall prove us, praiſe us.
Jago. Signior *Lodovico.*
Lod. He, Sir.
Jago. I cry you mercy: here's *Caſſio* hurt by Villains.
Gra. *Caſſio.*
Jago. How is't, Brother?
Caſ. My Leg is cut in two.
Jago. Marry heaven forbid:
Light Gentlemen, I'le bind it with my ſhirt.

Enter Bianca.

Bian. What is the matter hoa? who is't that cry'd?
Jago. Who is't that cry'd?
Bian. Oh my dear *Caſſio,*
My ſweet *Caſſio:* Oh *Caſſio, Caſſio, Caſſio.*
Jago. O notable Strumpet. *Caſſio,* may you ſuſpect
Who they ſhould be, that have thus mangled you?
Caſ. No.
Gra. I am ſorry to find you thus:
I have been to ſeek you.
Jago. Lend me a Garter. So: —— Oh for a Chair
To bear him eaſily hence.
Bian. Alas he faints. Oh *Caſſio, Caſsio, Caſsio.*
Jago. Gentlemen all, I do ſuſpect this Traſh
To be a party in this injury.
Patience a while, good *Caſsio.* Come, come;
Lend me a Light: know we this face, or no?
Alas my friend, and my dear Country-man
Rodorigo? No: Yes ſure: Yea, 'tis *Rodorigo.*
Gra. What, of *Venice?*
Jago. Even he, Sir: did you know him?
Gra. Know him? I.
Jago. Signior *Gratiano?* I cry your gentlep ardon:
Theſe bloudy accidents muſt excuſe my manners,
That ſo neglected you.
Gra. I am glad to ſee you.
Jago. How do you, *Caſsio?* Oh a Chair, a Chair.
Gra. *Rodorigo?*
Jago. He, he, 'tis he:
Oh that's well ſaid, the Chair.
Some good man bear him carefully from hence,
I'le fetch the General Surgeon. For you, Miſtris,
Save you your labour. He that lies ſlain here (*Caſsio*)
Was my dear friend. VVhat malice was between you?
Caſ. None in the world: nor do I know the man:
Jago. VVhat look you pale? Oh bear him out oth'Air.
Stay you good Gentlemen. Look you pale Miſtris?
Do you perceive the gaſtneſs of her eye?
Nay, if you ſtare, we ſhall hear more anon.
Behold her well: I pray you look upon her:
Do you ſee, Gentlemen? Nay, guiltineſs will ſpeak
Though tongues were out of uſe.
Æmil. Alas, what is the matter?
VVhat is the matter, husband.
Jago. *Caſſio* hath here been ſet on in the dark
By *Rodorigo,* and Fellows that are ſcap'd:
He's almoſt ſlain, and *Rodorigo* quite dead.
Æmil. Alas, good Gentleman: alas, good *Caſsio.*
Jago. That is the fruits of whoring, Prithee *Æmilia,*
Go know of *Caſsio* where he ſupt to night.
VVhat do you ſhake at that?
Bian. He ſupt at my houſe, but I therefore ſhake not.
Jago. O did he ſo? I charge you go with me.
Æmil. Oh fie upon thee, Strumpet.
Bian. I am no Strumpet, but of life as honeſt,
As you that thus abuſe me.
Æmil. As I? Fie upon thee.
Jago. Kind Gentlemen:
Let's go ſee poor *Caſſio* dreſt.
Come Miſtris, you muſt tell's another Tale.
Æmilia, run you to the Cittadel,
And tell my Lord and Lady, what hath hap'd:
Will you go on afore? This is the night
That either makes me, or foredoes me quite. [*Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Othello, *and* Deſdemona *in her bed.*

Othel. It is the Cauſe, it is the Cauſe (my Soul)
Let me not name it to you, you chaſte Stars,
It is the Cauſe. Yet I'le not ſhed her bloud,
Nor ſcar that whiter skin of hers than Snow,
And ſmooth as Monumental Alabaſter:
Yet ſhe muſt die, elſe ſhe'll betray more men:
Put out the Light, and then put out the Light:
If I queuch thee, thou flaming Miniſter,
I can again thy former light reſtore,
Should I repent me. But once put out thy light,
Thou cunning'ſt Pattern of excelling Nature,
I know not where is that *Promethean* heat
That can thy Light re-lume.
When I have pluck'd thy Roſe,
I cannot give it vital growth again,
It needs muſt wither. I'le ſmell thee on the tree:
Oh Balmy breath, that do'ſt almoſt perſwade
Juſtice to break her Sword. One more, one more;
Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
And love thee after. One more, and that's the laſt.
So ſweet, was ne're ſo fatal. I muſt weep,
But they are crul tears: this ſorrow's heavenly,
It ſtrikes, where it doth love. She wakes.
Deſ. Who's there? *Othello?*
Othel. I, *Deſdemona.*
Deſ. Will you come to bed, my Lord?
Othel. Have you pray'd to night, *Deſdemona,*
Deſ. I, my Lord.
Othel. If you bethink your ſelf of any Crime
Unreconcil'd as yet to heaven, and Grace,
Solicit for it ſtraight.
Deſ. Alack, my Lord,
What may you mean by that?
Othel. Well, do it, and be brief, I will walk by?
I would not kill thy unprepared Spirit,
No, (Heavens fore-fend) I would not kill thy Soul.
Deſ. Talk you of killing?
Othel. I, I do.
Deſ. Then heaven have mercy on me.
Othel. Amen, with all my heart.
Deſ. If you ſay ſo, I hope you will not kill me.
Othe. Humh.
Deſ. And yet I fear you: for you're fatal then.
When your eyes-rowl ſo.
Why I ſhould fear I know not,
Since guiltineſs I know not: But yet I feel I fear
Othel. Think on thy ſins.
Deſ. They are love I bear to you.
Othel. I, and for that thou dy'ſt.
Deſ. That death's unnatural, that kills for loving.
Alas, why gnaw you ſo your nether-lip?
Some bloudy paſſion ſhakes your very frame:
Theſe are portents: but yet I hope, I hope,
They do not point on me.
Othel. Peace, and be ſtill.
Deſ. I will ſo: what's the matter?
Othel. That Handkerchief
Which I ſo lov'd, and gave thee, thou gav'ſt *Caſſio.*
Deſ. No by my life, and Soul: ſend for the man,
And ask him.
Othel. Sweet Soul, take heed, take heed of Perjury,

Thou art on thy death-bed.
Deſ. I, but not yet to die.
Othe. Preſently.
Therefore confeſs thee freely of thy ſin:
For to deny each Article with Oath,
Cannot remove, nor choak the ſtrong Conception
That I do groan withal. Thou art to die.
Deſ. Oh heaven have mercy on me.
Othe. I ſay, Amen.
Deſ. And have you mercy too, I never did
Offend you in my life: never lov'd *Caſſio*,
But with ſuch general warranty of heaven,
As I might love. I never gave him Token.
Oth. By heaven I ſaw my Handkerchief in's hand,
O perjur'd woman, thou do'ſt ſtone my heart,
And makeſt me call, what I intend to do,
A Murther, which I thought a Sacrifice.
I ſaw the Handkerchief.
Deſ. He found it then:
I never gave it him: Send for him hither:
Let him confeſs a truth.
Othe. He hath confeſt:
Deſ. What, my Lord?
Oth. That he hath us'd thee.
Deſ. How? unlawfully?
Oth. I.
Deſ. He will not ſay ſo.
Oth. No: his mouth is ſtopp'd:
Honeſt *Jago* hath tane order for't.
Deſ. Oh, my fear interprets. What is he dead?
Oth. Had all his hairs been lives, my great Revenge
Had Stomach for them all.
Deſ. Alas, he is betray'd, and I undone.
Oth. Out Strumpet: weep'ſt thou for him to my face?
Deſ. O baniſh me, my Lord, but kill me not.
Oth. Down, Strumpet.
Deſ. Kill me to morrow, let me live to night.
Oth. Nay, if you ſtrive.
Deſ. But half an hour.
Oth. Being done, there is no pauſe.
Deſ. But while I ſay one prayer.
Oth. It is too late. [*Smothers her.*

Æmilia *at the door.*

Æmil. My Lord, my Lord? What hoa?
My Lord, my Lord.
Oth. What noiſe is this? not dead? not yet quite dead,
I that am cruel, am yet merciful,
I would not have thee linger in thy pain?
So, ſo.
Æmil. within. What hoa? my Lord, my Lord?
Oth. Who's there?
Æmil. Oh, my good Lord, I would ſpeak a word with you.
Oth. Yes: 'tis *Æmilia:* by and by. She's dead.
'Tis like ſhe comes to ſpeak of *Caſſio*'s death:
The noiſe was high. Hah, no more moving?
Still as the Grave. Shall ſhe come in? wer't good?
I think ſhe ſtirs again: No, what's beſt to do?
If ſhe come in, ſhe'll ſure ſpeak to my wife:
My wife, my wiſe, what wife? I have no wife.
Oh inſupportable! O heavy hour!
Methinks, it ſhould be now a huge Eclipſe
Of Sun and Moon: and that th'affrighted Globe
Did yawn at Alteration.
Æmil. I do beſeech you
That I may ſpeak with you. Oh, good my Lord.
Oth. I had forgot thee: Oh come in, *Æmilia.*
Soft, by and by, let me the Curtains draw,
Where art thou? what's the matter with thee now?

Enter Æmilia.

Æmil, Oh, my good Lord, yonders foul Murthers done.
Othe. What? now?
Æmil. But now, my Lord,
Othe. It is the very error of the Moon,
She comes more nearer Earth than ſhe was wont,
And makes men mad.
Æmil. *Caſſio,* my Lord, hath kill'd
A young *Venetian,* call'd *Rodorigo.*
Oth. *Rodorigo* kill'd? and *Caſſio* kill'd?
Æmil. No, *Caſſio* is not kill'd.
Oth. Not *Caſſio* kill'd? Then Murther's out of tune,
And ſweet Revenge grows harſh,
Deſ. O falſely, falſely murder'd.
Æmil. Alas! what cry is that?
Othe. That? what?
Æmil. Out, and alas, that was my Ladies voice,
Help, help hoa, help, Oh Lady ſpeak again,
Sweet *Deſdemona,* oh ſweet Miſtris, ſpeak.
Deſ. A guiltleſs death I die.
Æmil. Oh who hath done this deed?
Deſ. No body: I my ſelf, farewel:
Commend me to my kind Lord: oh farewel.
Oth. Why, how ſhould ſhe be murd'red?
Æmil. Alas: who knows?
Oth. You hear her ſay her ſelf, it was not I.
Æmil. She ſaid ſo: I muſt needs report the truth.
Oth. She's like a Lier gone to burning hell,
'Twas I that kill'd her.
Æmil. Oh the more Angel ſhe, and you the blacker Devil.
Oth. She turn'd to folly: and ſhe was a whore.
Æmil. Thou do'ſt bely her, and thou art a devil.
Oth. She was falſe as water.
Æmil. Thou art raſh as fire, to ſay
That ſhe was falſe. Oh ſhe was heavenly true.
Oth. *Caſſio* did top her: ask thy husband elſe.
O, I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell:
But that I did proceed upon juſt grounds
To this extremity. Thy husband knew it all.
Æmil. My Husband?
Oth. Thy Husband.
Æmil. That ſhe was falſe to Wedlock?
Oth. I, with *Caſſio:* had ſhe been true,
If Heaven would make me ſuch another world,
Of one entire and perfect Chryſolite,
Il'd not have ſold her for it.
Æmil. My Husband?
Oth. I, 'twas he that told me on her firſt,
An honeſt man he is, and hates the ſlime
That ſticks on filthy deeds.
Æmil. My Husband?
Oth. What needs this iterance, woman?
I ſay thy Husband.
Æmil. Oh Miſtris,
Villany had made mocks with love:
My Husband ſay ſhe was falſe?
Othe. He, woman;
I ſay thy husband: do'ſt underſtand the word?
My friend, thy husband; honeſt, honeſt *Jago.*
Æmil. If he ſay ſo, may his pernicious Soul
Rot half a grain a day: he lies to'th'heart,
She was too fond of her moſt filthy Bargain.
Oth. Hah?
Æmil. Do thy worſt:
This deed of thine is no more worthy Heaven,
Than thou waſt worthy her.
Oth. Peace, you were beſt.
Æmil. Thou haſt not half that power to do me harm
As I have to be hurt. Oh gull, oh dolt,
As ignorant as durt: thou haſt done a deed

(I care not for thy word) I'll make thee known,
Though I loſt twenty lives, Help, help, hoa, help:
The *Moor* hath kill'd my Miſtreſs. Murther, murther.

Enter Montano, Gratiano, *and* Jago.

Mon. What is the matter? How now, General?
Æmil. Oh, are you come, *Jago:* You have done well,
That men muſt lay their Murthers on your neck.
Gra. What is the matter?
Æmil. Diſprove this Villain, if thou be'ſt a man,
He ſays thou told'ſt him that his wife was falſe:
I know thou didſt not: Thou'rt not ſuch a Villain.
Speak, for my heart is full.
Jago. I told him what I thought,
And told no more
Than what he found himſelf was apt and true.
Ænil. But did you ever tell him,
She was falſe?
Jago. I did.
Ænil. You told a Lie, an odious damned Lie:
Upon my ſoul a Lie; a wicked Lie.
She falſe with *Caſſio?*
Did you ſay with *Caſſio?*
Jago. With *Caſſio*, Miſtreſs,
Go to, charm your tongue.
Æmil. I will not charm my tongue;
I am bound to ſpeak,
My Miſtreſs here lies murthered in her bed.
All. Oh heavens forefend.
Æmil. And your reports have ſet the Murther on.
Othel. Nay, ſtare not, Maſters,
It is true indeed.
Gra. 'Tis a ſtrange Truth.
Mont. Oh monſtrous Act.
Æmil. Villany, villany, villany:
I think upon't, I think: I ſmel't: O Villany:
I thought ſo then: I'll kill my ſelf for grief,
O villany, villany?
Jago. What, are you mad?
I charge you, get you home.
Æmil. Good Gentlemen, let me have leave to ſpeak:
'Tis proper I obey him; but not now:
Perchance, *Jago*, I will ne're go home.
Othel. Oh, oh, oh.
Æmil. Nay, lay thee down and roar:
For thou haſt kill'd the ſweeteſt innocent,
That e're did lift up eye.
Othel. Oh ſhe was foul!
I ſcarce did know you, Uncle, there lies your Niece,
Whoſe breath (indeed) theſe hands have newly ſtopp'd:
I know this Act ſhews horrible and grim.
Gra. Poor *Deſdemona:*
I am glad thy Father's dead,
Thy match was mortal to him; and pure grief
Shore his old thred in twain. Did he live now,
This ſight would make him do a deſperate turn:
Yea, curſe his better Angel from his ſide,
And fall to Reprobance.
Othel. 'Tis pitiful, but yet *Jago* knows,
That ſhe with *Caſſio* hath the act of ſhame
A thouſand times committed. *Caſſio* confeſt it,
And ſhe did gratifie his amorous works,
With that Recognizance and Pledge of Love,
Which I firſt gave her: I ſaw it in his hand:
It was a Handkerchief, an Antick Token
My Father gave my Mother.
Æmil. Oh heaven! Oh heavenly Powers!
Jago. Come, hold your peace.
Æmil. 'Twill out. 'Twill out, I peace?
No, I will ſpeak as liberal as the North,
Let Heaven, and Men, and Devils, let them all,
All, all, cry ſhame againſt me, yet I'll ſpeak.
Jago. Be wiſe and get you home.
Æmil. I will not.
Gra. Fie, your ſword upon a woman.
Æmil. Oh, thou dull *Moor*,
That Handkerchief thou ſpeak'ſt of
I found by fortune, and did give my husband,
For often, with a ſolemn earneſtneſs,
(More than indeed belong'd to ſuch a Trifle)
He begg'd of me, to ſteal it.
Jago. Villanous Whore.
Æmil. She give it *Caſſio*? Alas I found it,
And I did giv't my husband,
Jago. Filth, thou lieſt.
Æmil. By heaven I do not, I do not, Gentlemen:
Oh murd'rous Coxcomb, what ſhould ſuch a fool
Do with ſo good a wife?
Othel. Are there no ſtones in heaven,
But what ſerve for the Thunder?
Precious Villain.
Gra. The woman falls:
Sure he hath kill'd his Wife.
Æmil. I, I; Oh lay me by my Miſtreſs ſide.
Gra. He's gone, but his Wife's kill'd.
Mon. 'Tis a notorious Villain: take you this weapon,
Which I have recover'd from the *Moor*:
Come, guard the door without, let him not paſs,
But kill him rather: I'll after that ſame Villain,
For 'tis a damned Slave. [*Exit.*
Othel. I am not valiant neither:
But every Puny whipſter gets my Sword.
But why ſhould honour out-live honeſty?
Let it go all.
Æmil. What did thy Song boad, Lady?
Hark, canſt thou hear me? I will play the Swan,
And die in Muſick: *Willough, willough, willough.*
Moor, ſhe was chaſt: ſhe lov'd thee, cruel *Moor*:
So come my ſoul to bliſs, as I ſpeak true:
So ſpeaking as I think, alas, I die.
Othel. I have another weapon in this Chamber,
It was a Sword of *Spain*, the Ice brooks temper:
Oh here it is: Uncle, I muſt come forth.
Gra. If thou attempt it, it will coſt thee dear;
Thou haſt no weapon, and perforce muſt ſuffer.
Othel. Look in upon me then, and ſpeak with me,
Or naked as I am I will aſſault thee.
Gra. What is the matter?
Othel. Behold, I have a weapon:
A better never did it ſelf ſuſtain
Upon a Souldiers Thigh. I have ſeen the day,
That with this little Arm, and this good Sword,
I have made my way through more impediments,
Than twenty times you ſtop. But (oh vain boaſt)
Who can controul his fate? 'Tis not ſo now,
Be not afraid, though you do ſee me weapon'd:
Here is my Journeys end, here is my But,
And very Sea-mark of my utmoſt Sail.
Do you go back diſmaid? 'Tis a loſt fear,
Man but a Ruſh againſt *Othello*'s breaſt,
And he retires. Where ſhould *Othello* go?
Now: How doſt thou look now? Oh ill-Starr'd wench,
Pale as thy Smock: When we ſhall meet at compt,
This look of thine will hurl my Soul from Heaven,
And Fiends will ſnatch at it. Cold, cold, my Girl?
Even like thy Chaſtity. O curſed, curſed Slave!
Whip me, ye Devils,
From the poſſeſſion of this heavenly ſight:
Blow me about in winds, and roaſt me in Sulphur,
Waſh me in ſteep-down gulfs of liquid Fire.
Oh *Deſdemona*! Dead, *Deſdemona*: Dead, dead. Oh, oh!

Enter Lodovico, Caſſio, Montano, and Jago
with Officers.

Lod. Where is this raſh, and moſt unfortunate man?
Othel. That's he that was *Othello*: Here I am.

Lod. Where is that Viper?
Bring the Villain forth.
Oth. I look down towards his feet; but that's a Fable,
If that thou beeſt a Devil, I cannot kill thee.
Lod. Wrench his Sword from him.
Jago. I bleed, Sir, but not kill'd.
Oth. I am not ſorry neither, I'd have thee live:
For in my ſenſe, 'tis happineſs to die.
Lod. Oh thou, *Othello*, that was once ſo good,
Faln in the practice of a curſed Slave,
What ſhall be ſaid to thee?
Oth. Why any thing:
An honourable Murderer, if you will:
For nought I did hate, but all in Honour.
Lod. This wretch hath part confeſt his Villany:
Did you and he conſent in *Caſſio*'s Death?
Oth. I.
Caſ. Dear General, I never gave you cauſe,
Oth. I do believe it, and I ask your pardon:
Will you, I pray, demand that demy Devil,
Why he hath thus enſnar'd my Soul and Body.
Jag. Demand me nothing: what you know, you know:
From this time forth, I never will ſpeak word.
Lod. What? not to pray?
Gra. Torments will ope your lips.
Oth. Well, thou do'ſt beſt.
Lod. Sir,
You ſhall underſtand what hath befaln,
(Which as I think, you know not) here is a Letter
Found in the pocket of the ſlain *Roderigo*,
And here another, the one of them imports
The Death of *Caſſio*, to be undertook
By *Roderigo*.
Oth. O Villain!
Caſſio. Moſt heatheniſh, and moſt groſs.
Lod. Now, here's another diſcontented paper
Found in his pocket too: and this it ſeems
Roderigo meant t'have ſent this damned Villain:
But that (belike) *Jago* in the interim
Came in, and ſatisfi'd him.
Oth. Oh thou pernicious Caitiff;
How came you (*Caſſio*) by that Handkerchief
That was my Wives?
Caſ. I found it in my Chamber:
And he himſelf confeſt it but even now,
That there he dropt it for a ſpecial purpoſe,
Which wrought to his deſire.
Oth. O Fool, Fool, Fool!
Caſ. There is beſides, in *Roderigo*'s Letter,
How he upbraids *Jago*, that he made him
Brave me upon the Watch: whereon it came
That I was caſt: and even but now he ſpake
(After long ſeeming dead) *Jago* hurt him,
Jago ſet him on.
Lod. You muſt forſake this room, and go with us:
Your power, and your command is taken off,
And *Caſſio* rules in *Cyprus*. For this Slave,
If there be any cunning Cruelty,
That can torment him much, and hold him long,
It ſhall be his. You ſhall cloſe Priſoner reſt,
Till that the Nature of your fault be known
To the *Venetian* State. Come, bring away.
Oth. Soft you; a word or two before you go:
I have done the State ſome ſervice, and they know't:
No more of that. I pray you in your Letters,
When you ſhall theſe unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me, as I am. Nothing extenuate,
Nor ſet down ought in malice.
Then muſt you ſpeak,
Of one that lov'd not wiſely, but too well:
Of one, not eaſily Jealous, but being wrought,
Perplexed in the extream: Of one, whoſe hand
(Like the baſe *Indian*) threw a Pearl away
Richer than all his Tribe: Of one, whoſe ſubdu'd Eyes,
Albeit unuſed to the melting mood,
Drop tears as faſt as the *Arabian* Trees
Their Medicinable gum. Set you down this:
And ſay beſides, that in *Aleppo* once,
Where a malignant, and a Turbond-Turk
Beat a *Venetian*, and traduc'd the State,
I took by th' throat the circumciſed Dog,
And ſmote him, thus.
Lod. Oh bloudy period.
Gra. All that is ſpoke is marr'd.
Oth. I kiſt thee, ere I kill'd thee: No way but this,
Killing my ſelf, to die upon a kiſs. [*Dies.*
Caſ. This did I fear, but thought he had no Weapon:
For he was great of heart.
Lod. Oh Spartan Dog:
More fell than Anguiſh, Hunger, or the Sea:
Look on the Tragick Loading of this Bed:
This is thy work:
The Object poyſons ſight,
Let it be hid. *Gratiano*, keep the Houſe,
And ſeize upon the Fortunes of the *Moor*,
For they ſucceed on you. To you, Lord Governour,
Remains the Cenſure of this helliſh Villain:
The time, the place, the torture, oh inforce it.
My ſelf will ſtraight aboard, and to the State,
This heavy Act, with heavy heart, relate. [*Exeunt.*

THE
TRAGEDY
OF
ANTHONY and CLEOPATRA.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Demetrius, *and* Philo.

Philo. NAY, but this dotage of our General
O're-flows the meaſure:
Thoſe his goodly Eyes
That o're the Files and Muſters of the War,
Have glow'd like plated *Mars*,
Now bend, now turn
The Office and Devotion of their view
Upon a Tawny Front. His Captains heart,
Which in the ſcuffles of great fights hath burſt
The Buckles on his breſt, reneges all temper,
And is become the Bellows and the Fan
To cool a Gypſies Luſt.

Enter Anthony, *and* Cleopatra, *her Ladies; the Train, with Eunuchs fanning her.*

Look where they come:
Take but good note, and you ſhall ſee him
The tripple Pillar of the World transform'd
Into a Strumpets Fool. Behold and ſee.
Cleo. If it be Love indeed, tell me how much?
Ant. There's beggery in the love that can be reckon'd.
Cleo. I'll ſet a bourn how far to be belov'd.
Ant. Then muſt thou needs find out new Heaven, new Earth.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. News (my good Lord) from *Rome*,
Ant. Rate me, the ſumm.
Cleo. Nay hear them *Anthony*.
Fulvia perchance is angry: or who knows,
If the ſcarce-bearded *Cæſar* have not ſent
His powerful Mandate to you. Do this, or this;
Take in that Kingdom, and infranchiſe that:
Perform't, or elſe we damn thee.
Ant. How, my Love?
Cleo. Perchance? Nay, and moſt like;
You muſt not ſtay here longer, your diſmiſſion
Is come from *Cæſar*, therefore hear it *Anthony*.
Where's *Fulvia*'s Proceſs? (*Cæſars* I would ſay) both?
Call in the Meſſengers: as I am *Egypts* Queen,
Thou bluſheſt *Anthony*, and that bloud of thine
Is *Cæſars* Homager: elſe ſo thy Cheeks pay ſhame,
When ſhrill-tongu'd *Fulvia* ſcolds. The Meſſengers.
Ant. Let *Rome* in *Tyber* melt, and the wide Arch
Of the raign'd Empire fall: Here is my ſpace,
Kingdoms are Clay: Our dungy Earth alike
Feeds Beaſt as Man; the Nobleneſs of life
Is to do thus: when ſuch a mutual pair,
And ſuch a twain can do't, in which I bind,
On pain of puniſhment, the World to weet
We ſtand up Peerleſs.
Cleo. Excellent falſhood:
Why did he marry *Fulvia*, and not love her?
I'll ſeem the Fool I am not. *Anthony* will be himſelf.
Ant. But ſtirr'd by *Cleopatra*.
Now for the love of love, and her ſoft hours,
Let's not confound the time with Conference harſh;
There's not a minute of our lives ſhould ſtretch
Without ſome pleaſure now. What ſport to night?
Cleo. Hear the Ambaſſadors.
Ant. Fie wrangling Queen:
Whom every thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,
To weep: whoſe every paſſion fully ſtrives
To make it ſelf (in Thee) fair, and admir'd.
No Meſſenger but thine, and all alone, to night
We'll wander through the ſtreets, and note
The qualities of people. Come my Queen,
Laſt night you did deſire it. Speak not to us.
[*Exeunt with the Train.*
Dem. Is *Cæſar* with *Anthonius* priz'd ſo ſlight?
Philo. Sir, ſometimes when he is not *Anthony*,
He comes too ſhort of that great Property
Which ſtill ſhould go with *Anthony*.
Dem. I am full ſorry, that he approves the common Lyar, who thus ſpeaks of him at *Rome*: but I will hope of better deeds to morrow. Reſt you happy. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Enobarbus, Lamprius, *a* Soothſayer, Rannius, Lucillius, Charmian, Iras, Mardian, *the* Eunuch, *and* Alexas.

Char. L. *Alexas*, ſweet *Alexas*, moſt any thing *Alexas*, almoſt moſt abſolute *Alexas*, where's the Soothſayer that you prais'd to th' Queen? Oh! that I knew this Husband, which you ſay, muſt change his Horns with Garlands.
Alex. Soothſayer.
Sooth. Your will?
Char. Is this the Man? Is't you, Sir, that know things?
Sooth. In Natures infinite Book of Secrecy, a little I can read.
Alex. Shew him your hand.
Enob. Bring in the Banquet quickly: Wine enough, *Cleopatra*'s health to drink.
Char. Good Sir, give me good Fortune.

Sooth. I make not, but foreſee.
Char. Pray then, foreſee me one.
Sooth. You ſhall be yet far fairer than you are.
Char. He means in fleſh.
Iras. No, you ſhall paint when you are old.
Char. Wrinkles forbid.
Alex. Vex not his patience, be attentive.
Char. Huſh.
Sooth. You ſhall be more beloving, than beloved.
Char. I had rather heat my Liver with drinking.
Alex. Nay, hear him.
Char. Good now, ſome excellent Fortune. Let me be Married to three Kings in a Forenoon, and Widow them all: Let me have a Child at fifty, to whom *Herod* of *Jewry* may do Homage. Find me to marry me with *Octavius Cæſar*, and Companion me with my Miſtreſs.
Sooth. You ſhall out-live the Lady whom you ſerve.
Char. Oh excellent, I love long life better than Figs.
Sooth. You have ſeen and proved a fairer former Fortune, than that which is to approach.
Char. Then belike my Children ſhall have no names: Prithee how many Boyes and Wenches muſt I have?
Sooth. If every of your wiſhes had a Womb, and foretel every wiſh, a Million.
Char. Out Fool, I forgive thee for a Witch.
Alex. You think none but your ſheets are privy to your wiſhes.
Char. Nay come, tell *Iras* hers.
Alex. We'll know all our Fortunes.
Enob. Mine, and moſt of our Fortunes to night, ſhall be drunk to Bed.
Iras. There's a Palm preſages Chaſtity, if nothing elſe.
Char. E'ne as the o're-flowing *Nylus* preſageth Famine.
Iras. Go you wild Bedfellow, you cannot Soothſay.
Char. Nay, if an oily Palm be not a fruitful Prognoſtication, I cannot ſcratch mine Ear. Prithee tell her but a Workyday Fortune.
Sooth. Your Fortunes are alike.
Iras. But how, but how, give me particulars.
Sooth. I have ſaid.
Iras. Am I not an inch of Fortune better than ſhe?
Char. Well, if you were but an inch of Fortune better than I: where would you chooſe it?
Iras. Not in my Husbands Noſe.
Char. Our worſer thoughts Heavens mend.
Alexas. Come, his Fortune, his Fortune. Oh let him Marry a Woman that cannot go, ſweet *Iſis*, I beſeech thee, and let her die too, and give him a worſe, and let worſe follow worſe, till the worſt of all follow him laughing to his Grave, Fifty-fold a Cuckold. Good *Iſis*, hear me this Prayer, though thou deny me a matter of more weight: good *Iſis*, I beſeech thee.
Char. *Amen*, dear Goddeſs, hear that Prayer of the people. For, as it is a heart-breaking to ſee a handſome man looſe-wiv'd, ſo it is a deadly ſorrow, to behold a foul Knave Uncuckold'd: therefore, dear *Iſis*, keep *decorum*, and Fortune him accordingly.
Char. *Amen*.
Alex. Loe now, if it lay in their hands to make me a Cuckold, they would make themſelves Whores, but they'd do't.

Enter Cleopatra.

Enob. Huſh, Here comes *Anthony*.
Char. Not he, the Queen.
Cleo. Saw you my Lord?
Enob. No, Lady.
Cleo. Was he not here?
Char. No, Madam.
Cleo. He was diſpos'd to mirth, but on the ſudden
A Roman thought had ſtruck him.
Enobarbus.
Enob. Madam.
Cleo. Seek him, and bring him hither: where's *Alexas*?
Alex. Here at your ſervice.
My Lord approaches.

Enter Anthony *with a* Meſſenger.

Cleo. We will not look upon him:
Go with us. [*Exeunt*.
Meſſ. *Fulvia* thy Wife,
Firſt came into the Field.
Ant. Againſt my Brother *Lucius*.
Meſſ. I, but ſoon that VVar had end,
And the times ſtate
Made Friends of them, jointing their force 'gainſt *Cæſar*,
VVhoſe better iſſue in the VVar of *Italy*,
Upon the firſt encounter drave them.
Ant. VVell, what worſt.
Meſſ. The nature of bad news infects the Teller.
Ant. VVhen it concerns the Fool or Coward: On.
Things that are paſt, are done, with me. 'Tis thus,
VVho tells me true, though in his Tale lye Death,
I hear him as he flatter'd.
Meſſ. *Labienus* (this is ſtiff-news)
Hath with his Parthian Force
Extended *Aſia*: from *Euphrates* his conquering
Banner ſhook, from *Syria* to *Lydia*,
And to *Ionia*, whilſt———
Ant. *Anthony* thou would'ſt ſay.
Meſſ. Oh, my Lord.
Ant. Speak to me home,
Mince not the general tongue, name
Cleopatra as ſhe is call'd in *Rome*:
Rail thou in *Fulvia*'s phraſe, and taunt thy faults
With ſuch full Licenſe, as both Truth and Malice
Have power to utter. Oh then we bring forth Weeds,
When our quick Winds lye ſtill, and our ills told us
Is as our Ear-ring are: fare thee well a while.
Meſſ. At your Noble pleaſure. [*Exit* Meſſenger.

Enter another Meſſenger.

Ant. From *Scicion* how the news? ſpeak there.
1 *Meſſ*. The man from *Scicion*,
Is there ſuch an one?
2 *Meſſ*. He ſtayes upon you will.
Ant. Let him appear:
Theſe ſtrong *Egyptian* Fetters I muſt break,
Or loſe my ſelf in dotage.

Enter another Meſſenger *with a Letter*.

What are you?
3 *Meſſ*. *Fulvia* thy Wife is dead.
Ant. Where died ſhe?
Meſſ. In *Scicion*, her length of ſickneſs,
With what elſe more ſerious,
Import to thee to know, this bears.
Ant. Forbear me,
There's a great ſpirit gone, thus did I deſire it:
What our contempts do often hurl from us,
We wiſh it ours again, the preſent pleaſure,
By revolution lowring, does become
The oppoſite of it ſelf: ſhe's good being gone,
The hand could pluck her back, that ſhov'd her on.
I muſt from this Queen break off:
Ten thouſand harms, more than the ills I know
My idleneſs doth hatch.

Enter Enobarbus.

How now, *Enobarbus*.
Enob. What's your pleaſure, Sir?
Ant. I muſt with haſt from hence.

Eno. Why then we kill all our Women. We ſee how mortal an unkindneſs is to them, if they ſuffer our departure, death's the word.

Anth. I muſt be gone,

Eno. Under a compelling an occaſion, let women die. It were pitty to caſt them away for nothing, though between them and a great cauſe, they ſhould be eſteemed nothing. *Cleopatra* catching but the leaſt noiſe of this, dies inſtantly: I have ſeen her, die twenty times upon far poorer moment: I do think there is mettle in death, which commits ſome loving act upon her, ſhe hath ſuch a celerity in dying.

Ant. She is cunning paſt mans thought.

Eno. Alack, Sir, no, her paſſions are made of nothing but the fineſt part of pure love. We cannot call her winds and waters, ſighs and tears; they are greater ſtorms and Tempeſts than Almanacks can report. This cannot be cunning in her: if it be, ſhe makes a ſhowre of Rain as well as Jove.

Ant. Would I had never ſeen her.

Eno. Oh Sir, you had then left unſeen a wonderful piece of work, which not to have been bleſt withal, would have diſcredited your Travel.

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Sir!

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Fulvia?

Ant. Dead.

Eno. Why Sir, give the gods a thankful Sacrifice: when it pleaſeth their Deities to take the wife of a man from him, it ſhews to man the Tailors of the earth: comforting therein, that when old Robes are worn out, there are members to make new. If there were no more women but *Fulvia*, then had you indeed a cut, and the caſe to be lamented: this grief is crown'd with Conſolation, your old Smock brings forth a new Petticoat, and indeed the tears live in an Onion, that ſhould water this ſorrow.

Ant. The buſineſs ſhe hath broached in the State,
Cannot endure my abſence.

Eno. And the buſineſs you have broach'd here cannot be without you, eſpecially that of *Cleopatra's*, which wholly depends on your aboad.

Ant. No more like Anſwers:
Let our Officers
Have notice what we propoſe. I ſhall break
The cauſe of our Expedience to the Queen,
And get her love to part. For not alone
The death of *Fulvia*, with more urgent touches
Do ſtrongly ſpeak to us: but the letters too
Of many our contriving friends in *Rome*,
Petition us at home. *Sextus Pompeius*
Hath given thee dare to *Cæſar*, and commands
The Empire of the Sea. Our ſlippery people
Whoſe love is never link'd to the deſerver,
Till his deſerts are paſt, begin to throw
Pompey the great, and all his dignities
Upon his Son, who high in Name and Power,
Higher than both in bloud and life, ſtands up
For the main Souldier. Whoſe quality going on,
The ſides oth'world may danger. Much is breeding,
Which like the Courſers hare, hath yet but life,
And not a Serpents poyſon. Say our pleaſure,
To ſuch whoſe place is under us, requires
Our quick remove from hence.

Eno. I ſhall do't. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Alexas, *and* Iras.

Cleo. Where is he?

Char. I did not ſee him ſince.

Cleo. See where he is,
Who's with him, what he do's:
I did not ſend you. If you find him ſad,
Say I am dancing: if in mirth, report
That I am ſudden ſick. Quickly, and return.

Cha. Madam, methinks if you did love him dearly,
You do not hold the method, to enforce
The like from him.

Cleo. What ſhould I do, I do not?

Char. In each thing give him way, croſs him in nothing.

Cleo. Thou teacheſt like a fool: the way to loſe him.

Char. Tempt him not ſo too far. I wiſh forbear,
In time we hate that which we often fear.

Enter Anthony.

But here comes *Anthony.*

Cleo. I am Sick, and ſullen.

Ant. I am ſorry to give breathing to my purpoſe.

Cleo. Help me away, dear *Charmian*, I ſhall fall,
It cannot be thus long, the ſides of Nature
Will not ſuſtain it.

Ant. Now, my dereſt Queen.

Cleo. Pray you ſtand farther from me,

Ant. What's the marter?

Cleo. I know by that ſame eye there's ſome good news.
What! ſaies the married woman you may go?
Would ſhe had never given you leave to come,
Let her not ſay 'tis I that keep you here,
I have no power upon you: Hers you are.

Ant. The gods beſt know.

Cleo. Oh never was there Queen
So mightily betrayed: yet at the firſt
I ſaw the treaſons planted.

Ant. Cleopatra.

Cleo. Why ſhould I think you can be mine, and true
(Though you ſwearing ſhake the Throned gods)
Who have been falſe to *Fulvia?*
Riotous madneſs,
To be entangled with thoſe mouth-made vows,
Which break themſelves in ſwearing.

Ant. Moſt ſweet Queen.

Cleo. Nay pray you ſeek no colour for your going,
But bid farewel, and go:
When you ſued ſtaying,
Then was the time for words: No going then,
Eternity was in our Lips, and Eyes,
Bliſs in our brows bent: none our parts ſo poor,
But was a race of Heaven. They are ſo ſtill,
Or thou the greateſt Souldier of the world,
Art turn'd the greater Lyar.

Ant. How now, Lady?

Cleo. I would I had thy inches, thou ſhould'ſt know
There were a heart in *Egypt.*

Ant. Hear me, Queen:
The ſtrong neceſſity of time, commands
Our ſervices a while: but my full heart
Remains in uſe with you. Our *Italy*
Shines o're with civil Swords; *Sextus Pompeius*
Makes his approaches to the Port of *Rome*,
Equality of two Domeſtick powers,
Breed ſcrupulous faction: the hated grown to ſtrength
Are newly grown to Love: the condemn'd *Pompey*,
Rich in his Fathers honour, creeps a pace
Into the hearts of ſuch, as have not thrived
Upon the preſent ſtate, whoſe numbers threaten,
And quietneſs grown ſick of reſt, would purge
By any deſperate change: My more particular,
And that which moſt with you ſhould ſave my going,
Is *Fulvia's* death.

Cleo. Though age from folly could not give me freedom,
It does from childiſhneſs. Can *Fulvia* die?

Ant. She's dead, my Queen,
Look here, and at thy Soveraign leiſure read
The Garboyls ſhe awak'd: at the laſt, beſt,
See when, and where ſhe died.

Cleo. O moſt falſe love!
Where be the ſacred Viols thou ſhould'ſt fill

With ſorrowful water? now I ſee, I ſee,
In *Fulvia*'s death, how mine receiv'd ſhall be.
Ant. Quarrel no more, but be prepar'd to know
The purpoſes I bear: which are, or ceaſe,
As you ſhall give th'advice. By the fire
That quickens Nilus ſlime, I go from hence
Thy Souldier, Servant, making Peace or War,
As thou affect'ſt.
Cleo. Cut my Lace, *Charmian*, come,
But let it be, I am quickly ill, and well,
So *Anthony* loves.
Ant. My precious Queen forbear,
And give true evidence to his Love, which ſtands
An honourable Trial.
Cleo. So *Fulvia* told me.
I prithee turn aſide, and weep for her,
Then bid adieu to me, and ſay the tears
Belong to *Egypt*. Good now, play one Scene
Of excellent diſſembling, and let it look
Like perfect honour.
Ant. You'll heat my bloud no more?
Cleo. You can do better yet: but this is meetly.
Ant. Now by my Sword.
Cleo. And Target. Still he mends.
But this is not the beſt. Look prithee, *Charmian*,
How this *Herculean* Roman does become
The carriage of his chafe.
Ant. I'le leave you Lady.
Cleo. Courteous Lord, one word:
Sir, you and I muſt part, but that's not it:
Sir, you and I have lov'd, but there's not it:
That you know well, ſomething it is I would:
Oh, my oblivion is a very *Anthony*.
And I am all forgotten.
Ant. But that your Royalty
Holds idleneſs your ſubject, I ſhould take you
For Idleneſs it ſelf.
Cleo. 'Tis ſweating labour,
To bear ſuch idleneſs ſo near the heart
As *Cleopatra* this. But, Sir, forgive me,
Since my becomings kill me, when they do not
Eye well to you. Your honour calls you hence.
Therefore be deaf to my unpittied Folly,
And all the gods go with you. Upon your Sword
Sit Lawrell'd victory, and ſmooth ſucceſs
Be ſtrew'd before your feet.
Ant. Let us go.
Come: Our ſeparation ſo abides and flies,
That thou reſiding here, goeſt yet with me,
And I hence fleeting, here remain with thee.
Away. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Octavius *reading a Letter*, Lepidus,
and their Train.

Cæſ. You may ſee *Lepidus*, and henceforth know,
It is not *Cæſars* Natural voice, to hate
One great Competitor. From *Alexandria*
This is the news: he fiſhes, drinks, and waſtes
The Lamps of night in revells: Is not more manlike
Than *Cleopatra*: nor the Queen of *Ptolomy*
More Womanly than he. Hardly gave audience,
Or did vouchſafe to think he had Partners. You
Shall find there a man, who is th'abſtract of all faults;
That all men follow.
Lep. I muſt not think
There are evils enow to darken all his goodneſs,
His faults in him, ſeem as the ſpots of Heaven,
More fiery by nights blackneſs; Hereditary,
Rather than purchaſt: what he cannot change,
Than what he chooſes.
Cæſ. You are too indulgent. Let's grant it is
Amiſs to tumble on the bed of *Ptolomy*,
To give a Kingdom for a Mirth, to ſit
And keep the turn of Tipling with a Slave,
To reel the ſtreets at Noon, and ſtand the Buffet
With knaves that ſmell of ſweat: Say this becomes him
(As his compoſure muſt be rare indeed,
VVhom theſe things cannot blemiſh) yet muſt *Anthony*
No way excuſe his foyls, when we do bear
So great weight in his Lightneſs. If he fill'd
His vacancy with his Voluptuouſneſs,
Full ſurfeits, and the drineſs of his bones,
Call on him for't. But to confound ſuch time,
That drums him from his ſport, and ſpeaks as loud
As his own State, and ours, 'tis to he chid:
As we rare Boyes, who being mature in knowledge,
Pawn their experience to their preſent pleaſure,
And ſo rebel to judgement.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Lep. Here's more news.
Meſ. Thy biddings have been done, and every hour
Moſt Noble *Cæſar*, ſhalt thou have report
How 'tis abroad. *Pompey* is ſtrong at Sea,
And it appears, he is belov'd of thoſe
That only have fear'd *Cæſar*: to the ports
The diſcontents repair, and mens reports
Give him much wrong'd.
Cæſ. I ſhould have known no leſs,
It hath been taught us from the primal ſtate,
That he which is, was wiſht, until he were:
And the ebb'd man,
Ne're lov'd till ne're worth love,
Comes fear'd, by being lack'd. This common body
Like to a Vagabond Flag upon the ſtream,
Goes to, and back, lacking the varying tyde
To rot it ſelf with motion.
Meſ. *Cæſar*, I bring thee word,
Menecrates and *Menas*, famous Pyrates,
Make the Sea ſerve them, which they ear and wound
VVith knells of every kind. Many hot inrodes
They make in *Italy*, the borders Maritime
Lack bloud to think on't, and fleſh youth to revolt,
No Veſſel can peep forth, but 'tis as ſoon
Taken as ſeen: for *Pompeyes* name ſtrikes more
Than could his VVar reſiſted.
Cæſar. *Anthony.*
Leave thy laſcivious Vaſſals. VVhen thou once
VVert beaten from *Medena*, where thou ſlew'ſt
Hirtius and *Panſa* Conſuls, at thy heel
Did famine follow, whom thou fought'ſt againſt,
(Though daintily brought up) with patience more
Than Savages could ſuffer. Thou didſt drink
The ſtale of horſes, and the gilded Puddle
VVhich Beaſts would cough at. Thy pallat then did dain
The rougheſt Berry on the rudeſt Hedge.
Yea, like the Stag, when Snow the Paſture ſheets,
The barks of trees thou browſed'ſt. On the Alps,
It is reported thou did'ſt eat ſtrange fleſh,
VVhich ſome did die to look on: and all this
(It wounds thine honour that I ſpeak it now)
VVas born ſo like a Souldiers, that thy cheek
So much as I lank'd not.
Lep. 'Tis pitty of him.
Cæſ. Let his ſhames quickly
Drive him to *Rome*, 'tis time we twain
Did ſhew our ſelves ith'Field, and to that end
Aſſemble we immediatly councel, *Pompey*
Thrives in our Idleneſs.
Lep. To morrow, *Cæſar*,
I ſhall be furniſh'd to inform you rightly
Both what by Sea and Land I can be able
To front this preſent time. (wel.
Cæſ. Till which encounter, it is my buſineſs too. Fare-
Lep. Farewel my Lord, what you ſhall know mean time
Of ſtirs abroad, I ſhall beſeech you, Sir,

To let me be partaker.
Cæſ. Doubt not,ſir, I knew it for my bond. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, *and* Mardian.

Cleo. Charmian.
Char. Madam.
Cleo. Ha, ha, give me to drink *Mandragoras.*
Char. Why,Madam?
Cleo. That I might ſleep out this great gap of time:
My *Anthony* is away.
Char. You think of him too much.
Cleo. O 'tis treaſon.
Char. Madam, I truſt not ſo.
Cleo. Thou, Eunuch *Mardian?*
Mar. What's your highneſs pleaſure?
Cleo. Not now to hear thee ſing. I take no pleaſure
In ought an Eunuch has: 'Tis well for thee,
That being unſeminaried, thy freer thoughts
May not fly forth of *Egypt*, Haſt thou Affections?
Mar. Yes, gracious Madam.
Cleo. Indeed?
Mar. Not in deed,Madam, for I can do nothing
But what indeed is honeſt to be done:
Yet have I fierce Affections, and think,
What *Venus* did with *Mars.*.
Cleo. Oh *Charmian*;
Where think'ſt thou he is now? Stands, or ſits he?
Or does he walk? Or is he on his horſe?
Oh happy horſe to bear the weight of *Anthony!*
Do bravely, horſe, for wot'ſt thou whom thou mov'ſt,
The demy *Atlas* of this Earth, the Arme
And Burgonet of man. He's ſpeaking now.
Or murmuring, where's my Serpent of old Nile,
(For ſo he call's me:) Now I feed my ſelf
With moſt delicious poyſon. Think on me
That am with Phœbus amorous pinches black,
And wrinkled deep in time. Broad-fronted *Cæſar*,
When thou waſt here above the ground, I was
A morſel of a Monarch; and great *Pompey*
Would ſtand and make his eyes grow in my brow,
There would he anchor his aſpect, and die
With looking on his life.

Enter Alexas *from* Cæſar.

Alex. Soveraign of *Egypt*, hail.
Cleo. How much art thou like *Mark Anthony?*
Yet coming from him, that great Med'cine hath
With his Tinct gilded thee.
How goes it with my brave *Mark Anthony?*
Alex. Laſt thing he did (dear Queen)
He kiſt the laſt of many doubled kiſſes,
This Orient Pearl. His ſpeech ſticks in my heart.
Cleo. Mine ear muſt pluck it thence.
Alex. Good friend, quoth he:
Say the firm Roman to great *Egypt* ſends
This treaſure of an Oyſter: at whoſe foot
To mend the petty preſent, I will piece
Her opulent Throne, with Kingdoms. All the Eaſt,
(Say thou) ſhall call her Miſtris. So he nodded,
And ſoberly did mount an Arme-gaunt Steed,
Who neigh'd ſo high, that what I would have ſpoke,
Was beaſtly dumb by him.
Cleo. What was he ſad or merry?
Ale. Like to the time oth'year, between the extreams
Of hot and cold, he was not ſad nor merry.
Cleo. Oh well divided diſpoſition: Note him:
Note him good *Charmian*, 'tis the man; but note him.
He was not ſad, for he would ſhine on thoſe
That make their looks by his. He was not merry,
Which ſeem'd to tell them, his remembrance lay
In *Egypt* with his joy, but between both.
Oh heavenly mingle? Be'ſt thou ſad, or merry,
The violence of either thee becomes,
So do's it no man elſe. Met'ſt thou my Poſts?
Alex. I, Madam, twenty ſeveral Meſſengers,
Why do you ſend ſo thick?
Cleo. Who's born that day, when I forget to ſend to
Anthony, ſhall die a Begger. Ink and paper, *Charmian.*
VVelcom my good *Alexas.* Did I, *Charmian*, ever love
Cæſar ſo?
Char. Oh that brave *Cæſar.*
Cleo. Be choak'd with ſuch another Emphaſis,
Say the brave *Anthony.*
Char. The valiant *Cæſar.*
Cleo. By *Iſis*, I will give thee bloudy teeth,
If thou with *Cæſar* Paragon again
My man of men.
Char. By your moſt gracious pardon,
I Sing but after you.
Cleo. My Sallad dayes,
When I was green in judgement, cold in bloud,
To ſay, as I ſaid then. But come, away,
Get me Ink and Paper,
He ſhall have every day ſeveral greetings, or I'le unpeople
Ægypt. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Pompey, Menecrates, *and* Menas *in warlike manner.*

Pom. If the great gods be juſt, they ſhall aſſiſt
The deeds of juſteſt men.
Mene. Know worthy *Pompey*, that which they do delay,
they not deny.
Pom. While we are ſuitors to their Throne,decayes the
thing we ſue for.
Mene. We, ignorant of our ſelves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wiſe Powers
Deny us for our good: ſo find we profit
By loſing of our Prayers.
Pom. I ſhall do well:
The People love me, and the Sea is mine;
My powers are Creſcent, and my Auguring hope
Says it will come to th'full. *Mark Anthony*
In *Ægypt* ſits at dinner, and will make
No wars without doors. *Cæſar* gets mony where
He loſes hearts: *Lepidus* flatters both,
Of both is flatter'd: but he neither loves,
Nor either cares for him.
Mene. Cæſar and *Lepidus* are in the field,
A mighty ſtrength they carry.
Pom. Where have you this? 'Tis falſe.
Mene. From *Silvia*, Sir.
Pom. He dreams: I know they are in *Rome* together
Looking for *Anthony:* but all the charms of Love,
Salt *Cleopatra* ſoften thy wand lip,
Let withcraft join with beauty: Luſt with both,
Tie up the Libertine in a field of Feaſts,
Keep his Brain fuming. Epicurean Cooks,
Sharpen with cloyleſs ſawce his Appetite.
That ſleep and feeding may prorogue his Honour,
Even 'till a Lethied dulneſs ———

Enter Varrius.

How now *Varrius?*
Var. This is moſt certain, that I ſhall deliver:
Mark Anthony is every hour in *Rome*
Expected. Since he went from *Ægypt*, 'tis
A ſpace for farther travel.
Pom. I could have given leſs matter
A better ear. *Menas*, I did not think
This amorous Surfeiter would have donn'd his Helm
For ſuch a petty War: His Souldierſhip
Is twice the other twain: But let us rear
The higher our Opinion, that our ſtirring
Can from the lap of *Ægypt*'s Widow pluck

The near Luſt-wearied *Anthony*.
Mene. I cannot hope,
Cæſar and *Anthony* ſhall well greet together:
His Wife that's dead, did treſpaſſes to *Cæſar*,
His Brother warr'd upon him, although I think
Not mov'd by *Anthony*.
Pom. I know not, *Menas*,
How leſſer Enmities may give way to greater.
Were't not that we ſtand up againſt them all:
'Twere pregnant they ſhould ſquare between themſelves,
For they have entertained cauſe enough
To draw their Swords: but how the fear of us
May Cement their diviſions, and bind up
The petty difference, we yet not know:
Be't as our gods will have't; it only ſtands
Our lives upon, to uſe our ſtrongeſt hands:
Come, *Menas*. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Enobarbus *and* Lepidus.

Lep. Good *Enobarbus*, 'tis a worthy deed,
And ſhall become you well, to intreat your Captain
To ſoft and gentle ſpeech.
Enob. I ſhall intreat him
To anſwer like himſelf: if *Cæſar* move him,
Let *Anthony* look over *Cæſar*'s head,
And ſpeak as loud as *Mars*. By *Jupiter*,
Were I the wearer of *Anthonio*'s Beard,
I would not ſhave't to day.
Lep. 'Tis not a time for private ſtomaching.
Enob. Every time ſerves for the matter that is then born in't.
Lep. But ſmall to greater matters muſt give way.
Enob. Not if the ſmall come firſt.
Lep. Your ſpeech is paſſion: but pray you ſtir
No Embers up. Here comes the Noble *Anthony*.

Enter Anthony *and* Ventidius.

Enob. And yonder *Cæſar*.

Enter Cæſar, Mecænas, *and* Agrippa.

Ant. If we compoſe well here, to *Parthia*.
Hark, *Ventidius*.
Cæſ. I do not know, *Mecænas*, ask *Agrippa*.
Lep. Noble Friends,
That which combin'd us was moſt great, and let not
A leaner action rend us. What's amiſs,
May it be gently heard. When we debate
Our trivial difference loud, we do commit
Murther in healing wounds. Then noble Partners,
The rather, for I earneſtly beſeech,
Touch you the ſowreſt points with ſweeteſt terms,
Nor curſtneſs grow to th'matter.
Ant. 'Tis ſpoken well:
Were we before our Armies and to fight,
I ſhould do thus. [*Flouriſh.*
Cæſ. Welcom to *Rome*.
Ant. Thank you.
Cæſ. Sit.
Ant. Sit, Sir.
Cæſ. Nay then.
Ant. I learn you take things ill, which are not ſo:
Or being, concern you not.
Cæſ. I muſt be laught at, if, or for nothing, or a little,
Should ſay my ſelf offended, and with you
Chiefly i'th'world. More laught at, that I ſhould
Once name you derogately: when to ſound your name
It not concern'd me.
Ant. My being in *Ægypt*, *Cæſar*, what was't to you?
Cæſ. No more than my reſiding here at *Rome*
Might be to you in *Ægypt*: yet if you there
Did practiſe on my ſtate, your being in *Ægypt*
Might be my queſtion.
Ant. How intend you, practis'd?
Cæſ. You may be pleas'd to catch at mine intent,
By what did here befal me. Your Wife and Brother
Made wars upon me, and their conteſtation
Was Theam for you, you were the word of war.
Ant. You do miſtake your buſineſs, my brother never
Did urge me in his Act: I did inquire it,
And have my learning from ſome true reports
That drew their Swords with you. Did he not rather
Diſcredit my Authority with yours,
And make the wars alike againſt my Stomach,
Having alike your cauſe? Of this, my Letters
Before did ſatisfie you. If you patch a quarrel:
As matter whole you have to take it with,
It muſt not be with this.
Cæſ. You praiſe your ſelf, by laying defects of judgement to me: but you patch up your excuſes.
Ant. Not ſo, not ſo:
I know you could not lack, I am certain on't,
Very neceſſity of this thonght, that I
Your partner in the cauſe 'gainſt which he fought,
Could not with graecful eyes attend thoſe Wars
Which fronted mine own peace. As for my wife,
I would you had her Spirit, in ſuch another,
The third ot'h world is yours, which with a Snaffle,
You may pace eaſie, but not ſuch a wife.
Enob. Would we had all ſuch wives, that the men might go to wars with the women.
Ant. So much uncurbable, her Garboiles (*Cæſar*)
Made out of her impatience: which not wanted
Shrewdneſs of policy too: I grieving grant,
Did you too much diſquiet, for that you muſt,
But ſay I could not help it.
Cæſ. I wrote to you, when rioting in *Alexandria* you
Did pocket up my Letters: and with taunts
Did beg my Miſſive out of audience.
Ant. Sir, he fell upon me, ere admitted, then:
Three Kings I had newly feaſted, and did want
Of what I was i'th'morning: but next day
I told him of my ſelf, which was as much
As to have askt him pardon. Let this Fellow
Be nothing of our ſtrife: if we contend
Out of our queſtion wipe him.
Cæſ. You have broken the Article of your Oath, which you ſhall never have tongue to charge me with.
Lep. Soft, *Cæſar*.
Ant. No, *Lepidus*, let him ſpeak,
The Honour is Sacred which he talks on now,
Suppoſing that I lackt it: but on, *Cæſar*,
The Article of my Oath.
Cæſ. To lend me Arms, and aid when I requir'd them,
The which you both denied.
Ant. Neglected rather.
And then when poyſoned hours had bound me up
From mine own knowledge, as nearly as I may,
I'le play the penitent to you. But mine honeſty,
Shall not make poor my greatneſs, nor my power
Work without it. Truth is, that *Fulvia*,
To have me out of *Ægypt*, made Wars here,
For which my ſelf, the ignorant motive, do
So far ask pardon, as befits mine Honour
To ſtoop in ſuch a caſe.
Lep. 'Tis nobly ſpoken.
Mecæ. If it might pleaſe you, to enforce no further
The griefs between ye: to forget them quite.
Were to remember, that the preſent need,
Speaks to atone you.
Lep. Worthily ſpoken, *Mecænas*.
Eno. Or if you borrow one anothers love for the inſtant, you may when you hear no more words of *Pompey* return it again: you ſhall have time to wrangle in, when you have nothing elſe to do.
Ant. Thou art a Souldier, only ſpeak no more.

Enobar. That truth ſhould be ſilent, I had almoſt forgot.

Anth. You wrong this preſence, therefore ſpeak no more.

Enob. Go to then: your Conſiderate ſtone.

Cæſar. I do not much diſlike the matter, but
The manner of his ſpeech: for't cannot be,
We ſhall remain in friendſhip, our conditions
So differing in their acts. Yet if I knew,
What Hoop ſhould hold us ſtaunch from edge to edge
Ath' world, I would purſue it.

Agri. Give me leave, *Cæſar*.

Cæſ. Speak, *Agrippa*.

Agri. Thou haſt a Siſter by thy Mother's ſide, admir'd *Octavia*? Great *Mark Anthony* is now a Widower.

Cæſ. Say not, ſay *Agrippa*; if *Cleopatra* heard you, your proof were well deſerved of raſhneſs.

Ant. I am not married, *Cæſar*: let me hear *Agrippa* further ſpeak.

Agri. To hold you in perpetual amitie,
To make you Brothers, and to knit your hearts
With an unſlipping knot, take *Anthony*
Octavia to his wife: whoſe beauty claims
No worſe a huſband than the beſt of men:
Whoſe virtue, and whoſe general graces ſpeak
That which none elſe can utter. By this marriage,
All little Jealouſies which now ſeem great,
And all great fears, which now import their dangers,
Would then be nothing. Truths would be tales,
Where now half tales be truths: her love to both
Would each to other, and all loves to both
Draw after her. Pardon what I have ſpoke,
For 'tis a ſtudied, not a preſent thought,
By duty ruminated.

Anth. Will *Cæſar* ſpeak?

Cæſ. Not 'till he hears how *Anthony* is toucht
With what is ſpoken already.

Anth. What power is in *Agrippa*,
If I would ſay *Agrippa*, be it ſo,
To make this good?

Cæſ. The power of *Cæſar*,
And his power unto *Octavia*.

Anth. May I never
(To this good purpoſe, that ſo fairly ſhews)
Dream of impediment: let me have thy hand
Further this act of grace: and from this hour,
The heart of Brothers govern in our Loves,
And ſway our great Deſigns.

Cæſ. There's my hand:
A Siſter I bequeath you, whom no Brother
Did ever love ſo dearly. Let her live
To join our Kingdoms, and our hearts, and never
Fly off our Loves again.

Lep. Happily, Amen.

Ant. I did not think to draw my Sword againſt *Pompey*,
For he hath ſtrange courteſies, and great
Of late upon me. I muſt thank him only,
Leſt my remembrance ſuffer ill report:
At heel of that defie him.

Lepi. Time calls upon's,
Of us muſt *Pompey* preſently be ſought,
Or elſe he ſeeks out us.

Anth. Where lies he?

Cæſ. About the *Mount-Meſena*.

Anth. What is his ſtrength by land?

Cæſ. Great, and increaſing:
But by Sea he is an abſolute Maſter.

Anth. So is the Frame,
Would we had ſpoke together. Haſte we for it,
Yet e're we put our ſelves in Arms, diſpatch we
The buſineſs we have talkt of.

Cæſ. With moſt gladneſs.
And do invite you to my Siſters view,
Whither ſtraight I'le lead you.

Ant. Let us, *Lepidus*, not lack your company.

Lep. Noble *Anthony*, not ſickneſs ſhould detain me.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

Manent Enobarbus, Agrippa, Mecænas.

Mec. Welcom from *Ægypt*, Sir.

Eno. Half the heart of *Cæſar*, worthy *Mecænas*. My honourable Friend *Agrippa*.

Agri. Good *Enobarbus*.

Mecæ. We have cauſe to be glad, that matters are ſo well digeſted: you ſtay'd well by't in *Ægypt*.

Enob. I Sir, we did ſleep day out of countenance, and made the night light with drinking.

Mecæ. Eight wild-Boars roaſted whole at a breakfaſt: and but twelve perſons there. Is this true?

Enob. This was but as a Fly by an Eagle: we had much more monſtrous matter of Feaſt, which worthily deſerved noting.

Mecænas. She's a moſt triumphant Lady, if report be ſquare to her.

Enob. When ſhe firſt met *Mark Anthony*, ſhe purs'd up his heart upon the river of *Cydnus*.

Agrip. There ſhe appear'd indeed: or my reporter deviſ'd well for her.

Enob. I will tell you,
The Barge ſhe ſat in, like a burniſht Throne
Burnt on the water; the Poop was beaten Gold,
Purple the Sails: and ſo perfumed, that
The Winds were Love-ſick.
With them the Oars were Silver,
Which to the tune of Flutes kept ſtroke, and made
The water which they beat, to follow faſter:
As amorous of her ſtrokes. For her own perſon,
It beggar'd all deſcription, ſhe did lye
In her Pavillion, cloth of Gold, of Tiſſue,
O're-picturing that *Venus*, where we ſee
The fancie out-work nature. On each ſide her
Stood pretty Dimpled Boyes, like ſmiling Cupids,
With divers-colour'd Fans, whoſe wind did ſeem
To glove the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
And what they undid did.

Agrip. Oh rare for *Anthony*.

Eno. Her Gentlewomen, like the *Nereides*,
So many Mere-maids tended her i'th'eyes,
And made their bends adornings. At the Helm,
A ſeeming Mere-maid ſteers: the Silken Tackles
Swell with the touches of thoſe Flower-ſoft hands,
That yearly frame the office. From the Barge
A ſtrange inviſible perfume hits the ſenſe
Of the adjacent Wharfs. The City caſt
Her people out upon her: and *Anthony*
Enthron'd i'th' Market place, did ſit alone,
Whiſtling to th'air: which but for vacancy,
Had gone to gaze on *Cleopatra* too,
And made a gap in Nature.

Agrip. Rare *Ægyptian*.

Eno. Upon her landing, *Anthony* ſent to her,
Invited her to Supper: ſhe replyed,
It ſhould be better, he became her gueſt:
Which ſhe entreated; our Courteous *Anthony*,
Whom nere the word of no woman heard ſpeak,
Being barber'd ten times o're, goes to the Feaſt:
And for his ordinary, payes his heart,
For what his eyes eat only.

Agrip. Royal wench:
She made great *Cæſar* lay his Sword to bed,
He ploughed her, and ſhe cropt.

Eno. I ſaw her once
Hop forty Paces through the publick ſtreet,
And having loſt her breath, ſhe ſpoke, and panted,
That ſhe did make defect, perfection,
And breathleſs power breathe forth.

Mecæ. Now *Anthony* muſt leave her utterly

Eno. Never, he will not:
Age cannot wither her, nor cuſtom ſteal
Her infinite variety: other women cloy
The appetites they feed, but ſhe makes hungry,
Where moſt ſhe ſatisfies. For vileſt things
Become themſelves in her, that the holy Prieſts
Bleſs her, when ſhe is Riggiſh.
Mecæ. If Beauty, Wiſdom, Modeſty, can ſettle
The heart of *Anthony: Octavia*'s
A bleſſed Lottery to him.
Agrip. Let us go. Good *Enobarbus,* make your ſelf my gueſt, whil'ſt you abide here.
Eno. Humbly, Sir, I thank you. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Anthony, Cæſar, Octavia *between them.*

Anth. The world, and my great office, will
Sometimes divide me from your boſom.
Octa. All which time, before the gods my knee ſhall bow my prayers to them for you.
Anth. Good night Sir. My *Octavia,*
Read not my blemiſhes in the world's report:
I have not kept my ſquare, but that to come
Shall all be done by th' Rule: good night, dear Lady.
Octa. Good night, Sir.
Cæſar. Good night. [*Exit.*

Enter Soothſayer.

Ant. Now ſirrah: do you wiſh your ſelf in *Ægypt?*
Sooth. Would I had never come from thence, nor you thither.
Ant. If you can, your reaſon?
Sooth. I ſee it in my motion: have it not in my tongue,
But yet hie you to *Ægypt* again.
Antho. Say to me, whoſe Fortune ſhall riſe higher, *Cæſar*'s or mine?
Sooth. Cæſar's. Therefore (oh *Anthony*) ſtay not by his ſide.
Thy *Dæmon* (that's thy Spirit which keeps thee) is
Noble, Couragious, high, unmatchable,
Where *Cæſar*'s is not. But near him thy Angel
Becomes a fear: as being o're-powr'd, and therefore
Make ſpace enough between you.
Anth. Speak this no more.
Sooth. To none but thee no more, but when to thee,
If thou doſt play with him at any game,
Thou art ſure to loſe: And of that Natural luck
He beats thee 'gainſt the odds. Thy Luſter thickens,
When he ſhines by: I ſay again, thy Spirit
Is all afraid to govern thee near him:
But he alway is noble.
Anth. Get thee gone:
Say to *Ventidius* I would ſpeak with him. [*Exit.*
He ſhall to *Parthia,* be it art or hap,
He hath ſpoken true. The very Dice obey him,
And in our ſports my better cunning faints,
Under his chance, if we draw lots, he ſpeeds,
His Cocks do win the Battel, ſtill of mine,
VVhen it is all to naught: and his Quailes ever
Beat mine (in hoopt) at odd's. I will to *Ægypt*:
And though I make this marriage for my peace,
I'th'Eaſt my pleaſure lies. Oh come, *Ventidius.*

Enter Ventidius.

You muſt to *Parthia,* your Commiſſion's ready:
Follow me and receiv't. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Lepidus, Mecænas, *and* Agrippa.

Lepidus. Trouble your ſelf no farther: pray you haſten your Generals after.
Agr. Sir, *Mark Anthony* will e'en but kiſs *Octavia,* and we'll follow.
Lep. 'Till I ſhall ſee you in your Souldier's dreſs,
Which will become you both, Farewel.
Mecæ. We ſhall, as I conceive the Journey, be at the Mount before you *Lepidus.*
Lep. Your way is ſhorter, my purpoſes do draw me much about, you'll win two dayes upon me.
Both. Sir, good ſucceſs.
Lep. Farewel. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras *and* Alexas.

Cleo. Give me ſome Muſick: Muſick, moody food of us that trade in love.
Omnes. The Muſick, hoa.

Enter Mardian *the Eunuch.*

Cleo. Let it alone, let's to Billiards: come *Charmian.*
Char. My arm is ſore, beſt play with *Mardian.*
Cleo. As well a woman with an Enunch play'd, as with a woman. Come, you'll play with me, Sir?
Mardi. As well as I can, Madam.
Cleo. And when good will is ſhewed,.
Though't come too ſhort,
The Actor may plead pardon. I'le none now,
Give me mine Angle, we'll to the'River, there
My Muſick playing far off, I will betray
Tawny-fine fiſhes, my bended hook ſhall pierce
Their ſlimie jaws: and, as I draw them up,
I'le think them every one an *Anthony,*
And ſay, ah, ha; y'are caught.
Char. 'Twas merry when you wager'd on your Angling, when your diver did hang a ſalt fiſh on his hook, which he with fervencie drew up.
Cleo. That time? Oh times:
I laught him out of patience, and that night
I laught him into patience, and next morn,
E're the ninth hour I drunk him to his bed:
Then put my Tires and Mantles on him, whil'ſt
I wore his Sword *Philippan.* Oh from *Italie.*

Enter a Meſſenger.

Ramm thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears,
That long time have been barren.
Meſ. Madam, Madam.
Cleo. Anthony's dead,
If thou ſay ſo, Villain, thou kil'ſt thy Miſtreſs:
But well and free, if thou ſo yield him.
There is Gold, and here
My bleweſt veins to kiſs: a hand that Kings
Have lipt, and trembled kiſſing.
Meſ. Firſt, Madam, he is well.
Cleo. Why there's more Gold.
But, Sirrah, mark, we uſe
To ſay, the dead are well: bring me to that,
The Gold I give, will I melt and pour
Down thy ill-uttering throat.
Meſ. Good Madam, hear me.
Cleo. Well, go to, I will:
But there's no goodneſs in thy face, if *Anthony*
Be free and healthful; ſo tart a favour
To trumpet ſuch good tidings. If not well,
Thou ſhould'ſt come like a Fury crown'd with Snakes,
Not like a formal man.
Meſ. Wilt pleaſe you hear me?
Cleo. I have a mind to ſtrike thee e're thou ſpeak'ſt;
Yet if thou ſay, *Anthony* lives, 'tis well,
Or friends with *Cæſar,* or not Captain to him,
I'le ſee thee in a ſhowre of Gold, and hail
Rich Pearls upon thee.
Meſ. Madam, he's well.
Cleo. Well ſaid.
Meſ. And Friends with *Cæſar.*

Cleo. Th'art an honeſt man.
Meſ. *Cæſar*, and he, are greater Friends than ever.
Cleo. Mark thee a Fortune from me.
Meſ. But yet, Madam.
Cleo. I do not like but yet, it does allay
The good precedence, fie upon but yet,
But yet is as a Jaylor to bring forth
Some monſtrous Malefactor. Prithee, Friend,
Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear,
The good and bad together: he's friends with *Cæſar*,
In ſtate of health thou ſay'ſt, and thou ſayeſt, free.
Meſ. Free, Madam! no: I made no ſuch ſport,
He's bound unto *Octavia*.
Cleo. For what good turn?
Meſ. For the beſt turn i'th' bed.
Cleo. I am pale, *Charmian.*
Meſ. Madam, he's married to *Octavia.*
Cleo. The moſt infectious Peſtilence upon thee.
[*Strikes him down.*

Meſ. Good Madam, patience.
Cleo. What ſay you? [*Strikes him.*
Hence horrible Villain, or I'le ſpurn thine eyes
Like balls before me: I'le unhair thy head:
[*She hales him up and down.*
Thou ſhalt be whipt with Wyer, and ſtew'd in brine,
Smarting in lingring pickle.
Meſ. Gracious Madam,
I, that do bring the news, made not the match.
Cleo. Say 'tis not ſo, a Province I will give thee,
And make thy Fortunes proud: the blow thou had'ſt
Shall make thy peace, for moving me to rage,
And I will boot thee with what gift beſide
Thy modeſty can beg.
Meſ. He's married, Madam.
Cleo. Rogue, thou haſt liv'd too long. [*Draw a knife.*
Meſ. Nay then I'le run:
What mean you, Madam, I have made no fault. [*Exit.*
Char. Good Madam, keep your ſelf within your ſelf,
The man is innocent.
Cleo. Some Innocents ſcape not the thunderbolt:
Melt *Ægypt* into *Nile*; and kindled creatures
Turn all to Serpents. Call the ſlave again,
Though I am mad, I will not bite him: Call.
Char. He is afeard to come.
Cleo. I will not hurt him,
Theſe hands do lack Nobility, that they ſtrike
A meaner than my ſelf: ſince I my ſelf
Have given my ſelf the cauſe. Come hither, Sir.

Enter the Meſſenger *again.*

Though it be honeſt, it is never good
To bring bad news: give to a gracious Meſſage
An hoſt of tongues, but let ill tidings tell
Themſelves when they be felt.
Meſ. I have done my duty.
Cleo. Is he married?
I cannot hate thee worſer than I do,
If thou again ſay yes.
Meſ. He's married, Madam.
Cleo. The gods confound thee,
Doſt thou hold there ſtill?
Meſ. Should I lye, Madam?
Cleo. Oh, would thou did'ſt:
So half my *Ægypt* were ſubmerg'd and made
A Ciſtern for ſcal'd Snakes. Go get thee hence,
Had'ſt thou *Narciſſus* in thy face, to me
Thou would'ſt appear moſt ugly: He is married?
Meſ. I crave your highneſs pardon.
Cleo. He is married?
Meſ. Take no offence, that I would not offend you;
To puniſh me for what you make me do,
Seems much unequal: he's married to *Octavia.*
Cleo. Oh that his fault ſhould make a knave of thee,
That art not what thou art ſure of. Get thee hence,
The Merchandiſes which thou haſt brought from *Rome*,
Are all too dear for me:
Lie they upon thy hand, and be undone by'em.
Char. Good your Highneſs patience.
Cleo. In praiſing *Anthony*, I have diſprais'd *Cæſar*.
Char. Many times, Madam.
Cleo. I am paid for't now: lead me from hence,
I faint, oh *Iras*, *Charmian*: 'tis no matter.
Go to the fellow, good *Alexas*, bid him
Report the feature of *Octavia*, her years,
Her inclination, let him not leave out
The colour of her hair. Bring me word quickly.
Let him for ever go, let him not, *Charmian*,
Though he be painted one way like a *Gorgon*,
The other way's a *Mars*. Bid you *Alexas*
Bring me word, how tall ſhe is: pity me, *Charmian*,
But do not ſpeak to me. Lead me to my Chamber.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Pompy, *at one door with Drum and Trumpet: at another* Cæſar, Lepidus, Anthony, Enobarbus, Mecænas, Agrippa, Menas *with Souldiers marching.*

Pom. Your Hoſtages I have, ſo have you mine:
And we ſhall talk before we fight.
Cæſ. Moſt meet that firſt we come to words,
And therefore have we
Our written purpoſes before us ſent,
Which if thou haſt conſidered, let us know,
If it will tie up thy diſcontented Sword
And carry back to *Sicily* much tall youth,
That elſe muſt periſh here.
Pom. To you all three,
The Senators alone of this great world,
Chief Factors for the gods. I do not know,
Wherefore my Father ſhould revengers want,
Having a Son and Friends, ſince *Julius Cæſar*,
Who at *Philippi* the good *Brutus* ghoſted,
There ſaw you labouring for me. What was't
That mov'd pale *Caſſius* to conſpire? And what
Made the all-honour'd, honeſt Roman *Brutus*,
With the arm'd reſt, Courtiers of beauteous freedom,
To drench the Capitol, but that they would
Have one man but a man, and that is it
Hath made me rigge my Navie. At whoſe burthen,
The anger'd Ocean foams, with which I meant
To ſcourge th'ingratitude, that deſpightful *Rome*
Caſt on my Noble Father.
Cæſar. Take your time.
Ant. Thou canſt not fear us, *Pompey*, with thy ſails,
We'll ſpeak with thee at Sea. At land thou know'ſt
How much we do o're-count thee.
Pom. At Land indeed
Thou doſt o're-count me of my father's houſe.
But ſince the Cuckoo builds not for himſelf,
Remain in't as thou may'ſt.
Lepi. Be pleas'd to tell us,
(For this is frome the preſent now you talk)
The offers we have ſent you.
Cæſar. There's the point.
Ant. Which do not be intreated to,
But weigh what it is worth embrac'd.
Cæſ. And what may follow to try a larger Fortune.
Pom. You have made me offer
Of *Sicily*, *Sardinia*: and I muſt
Rid all the Sea of Pirats: then, to ſend
Meaſures of Wheat to *Rome*: this 'greed upon,
To part with unhackt edges, and bear back
Our targets undinted.
Omnes. That's our offer.
Pom. Know then I came before you here,
A man prepar'd
To take this offer. But, *Mark Anthony*,

Put me to ſome impatience: though I loſe
The praiſe of it by telling. You muſt know
When *Cæſar* and your Brother were at blowes,
Your Mother came to *Sicily*, and did find
Her welcom friendly.
Ant. I have heard it, *Pompey*,
And am well ſtudied for a liberal thanks,
Which I do owe you.
Pom. Let me have your hand:
I did not think, Sir, to have met you here.
Ant. The beds i'th'Eaſt are ſoft, and thanks to you,
That call'd me timelier than my purpoſe hither:
For I have gaind by't.
Cæſ. Since I ſaw you laſt, there's a change upon you.
Pom. Well, I know not,
What counts hard Fortune caſts upon my face,
But in my boſom ſhe ſhall never come,
To make my heart a vaſſal.
Lepi. Well met here.
Pom. I hope ſo, *Lepidus*, thus we are agreed:
I crave our compoſition my be written
And ſeal'd between us.
Cæſ. That's the next to do.
Pom. We'll feaſt each other, e're we part, and let's
Draw lots who ſhall begin.
Anth. That will I, *Pompey*.
Pompey. No, *Anthony*, take the lot: but firſt or laſt, your fine *Ægyptian* cookery ſhall have the fame, I have heard that *Julius Cæſar* grew fat with feaſting there.
Ant. You have heard much.
Pom. I have fair meaning, Sir.
Ant. And fair words to them.
Pom. Then ſo much have I heard.
And I have heard *Apollodorus* carried——
Eno. No more of that: he did ſo.
Pom. What, I pray you?
Eno. A certain Queen to *Cæſar* in a Materice.
Pom. I know thee now, how far'ſt thou, Souldier?
Eno. Well, and well am like to do, for I perceive
Four Feaſts are toward.
Pom. Let me ſhake thy hand,
I never hated thee: I have ſeen thee fight,
When I have envied thy behaviour.
Eno. Sir, I never lov'd you much, but I ha'prais'd ye,
When you have well deſerv'd ten times as much,
As I have ſaid you did.
Pom. Injoy thy plainneſs,
It nothing ill becomes thee:
A-board my Gally, I invite you all.
Will you lead, Lords?
All. Shew's the way, Sir.
Pom. Come. [*Exeunt.* Manent Enob. & Menas.
Men. Thy Father, *Pompey*, would ne're have made Treaty. You, and I have known, Sir.
Eno. At Sea, I think.
Men. We have, Sir.
Eno. You have done well by Water.
Men. And you by Land.
Eno. I will praiſe any man that will praiſe me, though it cannot be denied what I have done by Land.
Men. Nor what I have done by water.
Eno. Yes, ſomething you can deny for your own ſafety: you have been a good Thief by Sea.
Men. And you by Land.
Eno. There I deny my Land ſervice: but give me your hand, *Menas*, if your eyes had authority, here they might have two Thieves kiſſing.
Men. All mens faces are true, whatſoe're their hands are.
Enob. But there is ne're a fair VVoman, ha's a true Face.
Men. No ſlander, they ſteal hearts.
Eno. We came hither to fight with you.
Men. For my part, I am ſorry it is turn'd to a drinking. *Pompey* doth this day laugh away his Fortune.
Eno. If he do, ſure be cannot weep't back again.
Men. Y'have ſaid, Sir, we look'd not for *Mark Anthony* here, pray you, is he married to *Cleopatra?*
Eno. *Cæſar*'s Siſter is call'd *Octavia*.
Men. True, Sir, ſhe was the wife of *Caius Marcellus*.
Eno. But now ſhe is the wife of *Marcus Anthonius*.
Men. Pray ye, Sir.
Eno. 'Tis true.
Men. Then is *Cæſar* and he for ever knit together.
Eno. If I were bound to Divine of this unity, I would not Propheſie ſo.
Men. I think the policy of that purpoſe, made more in the Marriage than the Love of the parties.
Eno. I think ſo too. But you ſhall find the band that ſeems to tie their friendſhip together, will be the very ſtranger of their Amitie: *Octavia* is of a holy, cold, and ſtill converſation.
Men. Who would not have his wife ſo?
Eno. Not he that himſelf is not ſo: which is *Mark Anthony*: he will to his *Ægyptian* diſh again: then ſhall the ſighs of *Octavia* blow the fire up in *Cæſar*, and (as I ſaid before) that which is the ſtrength of their Amity, ſhall prove the immediate Author of their variance. *Anthony* will uſe his affection where it is. He married but his occaſion here.
Men. And thus it may be. Come, Sir, will you a-board? I have a health for you.
Eno. I ſhall take it, Sir: we have us'd our Throats in *Ægypt*.
Men. Come, let's away. [*Exeunt.*

Muſick playes.
Enter two or three Servants with a Banquet.

1. Here they'll be, man: ſome o'their Plants are ill rooted already, the leaſt wind i'th'world will blow them down.
2. *Lepidus* is high-colour'd.
1. They have made him drink Alms drink.
2. As they pinch one another by the diſpoſition he cries out, no more; reconciles them to his entreaty, and himſelf to th'drink.
1. But it raiſes the greater war between him and his diſcretion.
2. Why this it is to have a name in great men's Fellowſhip: I had as lieve have a Reed that will do me no ſervice, as a Partizan I could not heave.
1. To be call'd into a huge Sphere, and not to be ſeen to move in't, are the holes where eyes ſhould be, which pitifully diſaſter the cheeks.

A Sonnet ſounded.
Enter Cæſar, Anthony, Pompey, Lepidus, Agrippa, Mecænas, Enobarbus, Menas, *with other Captains.*

Ant. Thus do they, Sir: they take the flow o'th'*Nile*
By certain ſcale, i'th'Pyramid: they know
By th'height, the lowneſs, or the mean: If dearth
Or Foizon follow. The higher *Nilus* ſwells,
The more it promiſes as it ebbs, the Seedſman
Upon the ſlime and Ooze ſcatters his grain,
And ſhortly comes to Harveſt.
Lep. Y'have ſtrange Serpents there?
Ant. I, *Lepidus*.
Lep. Your Serpent of *Ægypt*, is bred now of your mud by the operation of the Sun: ſo is your Crocodile.
Ant. They are ſo.
Pom. Sir, and ſome Wine: A health to *Lepidus*.
Lep. I am not ſo well as I ſhould be:
But I'le ne're out.
Eno. Not 'till you have ſlept: I fear me you'll be in 'till then.
Lep. Nay certainly, I have heard the *Ptolemie*'s Py-

ramiſis are very goodly things: without contradiction I have heard that.

Men. *Pompey*, a word.

Pom. Say in mine ear, what is’t?

Men. Forſake thy ſeat, I do beſeech thee, Captain,
And hear me ſpeak a word.

Pom. For me ’till anon. [*Whiſper in’s Ear.*
This Wine for *Lepidus.*

Lep. What manner o’thing is your Crocodile?

Ant. It is ſhap’d, ſir, like it ſelf, and it is as broad as it hath breadth; It is juſt ſo high as it is, and moves with it’s own organs. It lives by that which nouriſheth it, and the Elements once out of it, it tranſmigrates.

Lep. What colour is it of!

Ant. Of it’s own colour too,

Lep. ’Tis a ſtrange Serpent.

Ant. ’Tis ſo, and the tears of it are wet.

Cæſ. Will this deſcription ſatisfie him?

Ant. With the Health that *Pompey* gives him, elſe he is a very Epicure.

Pom. Go hang, Sir, hang: tell me of that? Away:
Do as I bid you. Where’s the Cup I call’d for?

Men. If for the ſake of Merit thou wilt hear me, riſe from the ſtool.

Pom. I think th’art mad: the matter?

Men. I have ever held my cap off to thy Fortunes.

Pom. Thou haſt ſerv’d me with much faith: what’s elſe to ſay? Be jolly, Lords.

Anth. Theſe Quick-ſands, *Lepidus.*
Keep off them, for you ſink.

Men. Wilt thou be Lord of all the world?

Pom. What ſaiſt thou?

Men. Wilt thou be Lord of the whole world?
That’s twice.

Pom. How ſhould that be?

Men. But entertain it, and though thou think me poor,
I am the man will give thee all the world.

Pom. Haſt thou drunk well?

Men. No, *Pompey*, I have kept me from the cup,
That if thou darſt be, the earthly *Jove*:
What e’re the Ocean pales, or skie inclippes,
Is thine, if thou wilt ha’t.

Pom. Shew me which way.

Men. Theſe three world-ſharers, theſe Competitors
Are in thy veſſel. Let me cut the Cable.
And when we are put off, fall to their throats:
All there is thine.

Pom. Ah, this thou ſhould’ſt have done,
And not have ſpoken on’t. In me ’tis villanie,
In thee, ’t had been good ſervice: thou muſt know,
’Tis not my profit that does lead mine Honour:
Mine Honour is, Repent that e’re thy tongue,
Hath ſo betrai’d thine act. Being done unknown,
I ſhould have found it afterwards well done:
But muſt condemn it now: deſiſt, and drink.

Men, For this I’le never follow
Thy pall’d Fortunes more;
Who ſeeks and will not take, when once ’tis offer’d,
Shall never find it more.

Pom. This health to *Lepidus.*

Ant. Bear him a-ſhoar,
I’le pledge it for him, *Pompey.*

Eno. Here’s to thee, *Menas.*

Men. *Enobarbus*, welcom.

Pom. Fill ’till the cup be hid.

Eno. There’s a ſtrange Fellow, *Menas.*

Men. Why?

Eno. A bears the third part of the world, man: ſeeſt not?

Men. The third part, then he is drunk: would it were all, that it might go on wheels.

Eno. Drink thou, encreaſe the Reels.

Men. Come.

Pom. This is not yet an *Alexandrian* Feaſt.

Ant. It ripens towards it: ſtrike the Veſſels hoa.
Here’s to *Cæſar.*

Cæſar. I could well forbear’t, it’s monſtrous labour when I waſh my brain, and it grows fouler.

Ant. Be a Child o’th’time.

Cæſar. Poſſeſs it, I’le make anſwer: but I had rather faſt from all, four dayes, than drink ſo much in one.

Eno. Ha, my brave Emperour, ſhall we dance now the *Ægyptian* Bacchanals, and celebrate our drink?

Pom. Let’s ha’t, good Souldier.

Ant. Come, let’s all take hands,
’Till that the conquering Wine hath ſteept our ſenſe,
In ſoft and delicate *Lethe.*

Eno. All take hands:
Make battery to our ears with the loud Muſick,
The while, I’le place you, then the Boy ſhall ſing.
The holding every man ſhall beat as loud,
As his ſtrong ſides can volly.

Muſick Playes. Enobarbus *places them hand in hand.*

The Song.

Come thou Monarch of the Vine,
Plumpie Bacchus *with pink eyne:*
In thy Fattes our cares be-drown’d:
With thy Grapes our hairs be crown’d.
Cup us ’till the world go round,
Cup us ’till the world go round.

Cæſ. What would you more?
Pompey, good night. Good Brother
Let me requeſt you of our graver buſineſs
Frowns at this levity. Gentle Lords, let’s part,
You ſee we have burnt our cheek. Strong *Enobarbe*
Is weaker than the wind, and mine own tongue
Splits what it ſpeaks: the wild diſguiſe hath almoſt
Antickt us all. What needs more words? good night.
Good *Anthony*, your hand.

Pom. I’le try you on the ſhoar.

Ant. And ſhall, Sir, give’s your hand.

Pom. Oh, *Anthony*, you have my Father’s houſe.
But what, we are Friends?
Come down into the Boat.

Eno. Take heed you fall not, *Menas*; I’le not on ſhoar,
No, to my Cabin: theſe Drumms,
Theſe Trumpets, Flutes: what,
Let *Neptune* hear, we bid aloud farewel
To theſe great Fellows. Sound and be hang’d, ſound out.
[*Sound a Flouriſh with Drumms.*

Eno. Hoo ſaies a, there’s my Cap.

Men. Hoa, Noble Captain, come. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Ventidius *as it were in a triumph, the dead body of* Pacorus *born before him.*

Ven. Now darting *Parthia* art thou ſtruck, and now
Pleas’d Fortune does of *Marcus Craſſus* death
Make me revenger. Bear the King’s Son’s body,
Before our Army, thy *Pacorus Orades*,
Payes this for *Marcus Craſſus.*

Roman. Noble *Ventidius*,
Whilſt yet with *Parthian* bloud thy Sword is warm,
The Fugitive *Parthians* follow. Spurn through *Media*,
Meſapotamia, and the ſhelters, whither
The routed flie. So thy grand Captain *Anthony*
Shall ſet thee on triumphant Chariots, and
Put Garlands on thy head,

Ven. Oh *Silius*, *Silius*,
I have done enough. A lower place, note well
May make too great an act. For learn this, *Silius*,
Better to leave undone, than by our deed
Acquire too high a Fame, when him we ſerve’s away.
Cæſar and *Anthony* have ever won
More in their officer, than perſon. *Soſſius*,

One of my place in *Syria*, his Lieutenant,
For quick accumulation of renown,
Which atchiev'd by th'minute, loſt his favour.
Who does i'th'Wars more than his Captain can,
Becomes his Captain's Captain: and Ambition
(The Souldier's virtue) rather makes choice of loſs
Than gain, which darkens him.
I could do more to do *Anthonius* good,
But 'twould offend him. And in his offence,
Should my performance periſh.

Rom. Thou haſt, *Ventidius*, that, without the which a Souldier and his Sword grants ſcarce diſtinction: thou wilt write to *Anthony*.

Ven. I'le humbly ſignifie what in his name,
That magical word of War we have effected,
How with his Banners, and his well pai'd ranks,
The ne're-yet beaten Horſe of *Parthia*,
We have jaded out o'th'Field.

Rom. Where is he now?

Ven. He purpoſeth to *Athens*, whither with what haſt
The weight we muſt convey with's, will permit:
We ſhall appear before him. On there, paſs along.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Agrippa *at one door,* Enobarbus *at another.*

Agri. What are the Brothers parted?

Eno. They have diſpatcht with *Pompey*, he is gone,
The other three are Sealing. *Octavia* weeps
To part from *Rome*: *Cæſar* is ſad, and *Lepidus*
Since *Pompey*'s feaſt, as *Menas* ſayes, is troubled
With the Green-ſickneſs.

Agri. 'Tis a Noble *Lepidus*.

Eno. A very fine one: oh, how he loves *Cæſar*.

Agri. Nay but how dearly he adores *Mark Anthony*.

Eno. *Cæſar*? why he's the *Jupiter* of men.

Ant. VVhat's *Anthony*, the god of *Jupiter*?

Eno. Speak you of *Cæſar*? Oh? the non-pareil?

Agri. Oh *Anthony*, oh thou *Arabian* Bird!

Eno. VVould you praiſe *Cæſar*, ſay *Cæſar*, go no further.

Agri. Indeed he plied them both with excellent praiſes.

Eno. But he loves *Cæſar* beſt, yet he loves *Anthony*:
Ho, Hearts, Tongues, Figure,
Scribes, Bards, Poets, cannot
Think, ſpeak, caſt, write, ſing, number: ho,
His love to *Anthony*. But as for *Cæſar*,
Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder.

Agri. Both he loves.

Eno. They are his Shards, and he their Beetle, ſo:
This is to Horſe: Adieu, Noble *Agrippa*.

Agri. Good Fortune worthy Souldier, and farewel.

Enter Cæſar, Anthony, Lepidus, *and* Octavia.

Antho. No farther, Sir.

Cæſar. You take from me a great part of my ſelf:
Uſe me well in't. Siſter, prove ſuch a wife
As my thoughts make thee, and as my fartheſt Band
Shall paſs on thy approof: moſt noble *Anthony*,
Let not the piece of Virtue which is ſet
Betwixt us, as the Cement of our love
To keep it builded, be the Ram to batter
The Fortune of it: for better might we
Have lov'd without this mean, if on both parts
This be not cheriſht.

Ant. Make me not offended in your diſtruſt.

Cæſ. I have ſaid.

Ant. You ſhall not find,
Though you be therein curious, the leaſt cauſe
For what you ſeem to fear, ſo the gods keep you,
And make the hearts of *Romans* ſerve your ends:
VVe will here part.

Cæſ. Farewel, my deareſt Siſter, fare thee well,
The Elements be kind to thee, and make
Thy Spirits all of comfort: fare thee well.

Octa. My Noble Brother.

Ant. The *April*'s in her eyes, it is loves ſpring,
And theſe the ſhowers to bring it on: be chearful.

Octa. Sir, look well to my Husband's Houſe: and——

Cæſar. VVhat *Octavia*.

Octa. I'le tell you in your ear.

Ant. Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can
Her heart inform her tongue.
The Swan's doun feather
That ſtands upon the Swell at full of tide:
And neither way inclines.

Eno. VVill *Cæſar* weep?

Agri. He ha's a cloud in's face.

Eno. He were the worſe for that were he a Horſe, ſo is he being a man.

Agri. VVhy *Enobarbus*:
VVhen *Anthony* found *Julius Cæſar* dead,
He cryed almoſt to roaring: And he wept,
VVhen at *Philippi* he found *Brutus* ſlain.

Eno. That year indeed, he was troubled with a rheum,
VVhat willingly he did confound, he wail'd,
Believ't 'till I weep too.

Cæſ. No, ſweet *Octavia*,
You ſhall hear from me ſtill: the time ſhall not
Out-go my thinking on you.

Ant. Come Sir, come,
I'le wreſtle with you in my ſtrength of love:
Look here I have you: thus I let you go,
And give you to the gods.

Cæſ. Adieu, be happy.

Lep. Let all the number of the Stars give Light
To thy fair way.

Cæſ. Farewel, Farewel. [*Kiſſes* Octavia.

Ant. Farewel. *Trumpets ſound.* [*Exeunt.*

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, *and* Alexas.

Cleo. VVhere is the Fellow?

Alex. Half afeard to come.

Cleo. Go to, go to: Come hither, Sir.

Enter the Meſſenger *as before.*

Alex. Good Majeſtie, *Herod* of *Jewry* dare not look upon you, but when you are well pleas'd.

Cleo. That *Herod*'s head, I'le have: but how? VVhen *Anthony* is gone, through whom I might command it:
Come thou near.

Meſ. Moſt gracious Majeſty.

Cleo. Did'ſt thou behold *Octavia*?

Meſ. I, dread Queen.

Cleo. VVhere?

Meſ. Madam, in *Rome*, I lookt her in the face: and ſaw her led between her Brother, and *Mark Anthony*.

Cleo. Is ſhe as tall as me?

Meſ. She is not, Madam.

Cleo. Did'ſt hear her ſpeak?
Is ſhe ſhrill tongu'd or low?

Meſ. Madam, I heard her ſpeak, ſhe is low voic'd.

Cleo. That's not ſo good: he cannot like her long.

Char. Like her? Oh *Iſis*: 'tis impoſſible.

Cleo. I think ſo, *Charmian*: dull of tongue, and dwarfiſh.
VVhat Majeſty is in her gate, remember
If e're thou look'ſt on Majeſty.

Meſ. She creeps; her motion and her ſtation are as one:
She ſhews a body, rather than a life,
A Statue, than a Breather.

Meſ. Is this certain?

Cleo. Or I have no obſervance.

Cha. Three in *Ægypt* cannot make better note.

Cleo. He's very knowing, I do perceiv't,
There's nothing in her yet.
The Fellow has good judgement.

Char. Excellent.
Cleo. Gueſs at her Years, I prythee.
Meſ. Madam, ſhe was a Widow.
Cleo. Widow? *Charmian*, hark.
Meſ. And I do think ſhe's thirty.
Cleo. Bear'ſt thou her face in mind? is't long or round?
Meſ. Round even to faultineſs.
Cleo. For the moſt part too, they are fooliſh that are ſo.
Her hair what colour?
Meſ. Brown, Madam: and her Forehead.
As low as ſhe would wiſh it.
Cleo. There's Gold for thee,
Thou muſt not take my former ſharpneſs ill,
I will employ thee back again: I find thee
Moſt fit for buſineſs. Go, make thee ready,
Our Letters are prepar'd.
Char. A proper man.
Cleo. Indeed he is ſo: I repent me much
That ſo I harried him. Why methinks by him,
This Creature's no ſuch thing.
Char. Nothing, Madam.
Cleo. The man hath ſeen ſome Majeſty, and ſhould know.
Char. Hath he ſeen Majeſty? *Iſis* elſe defend: and ſerving you ſo long.
Cleo. I have one thing more to ask him yet, good *Charmian*: but 'tis no matter, thou ſhalt bring him to me where I will write; all may be well enough.
Char. I warrant you, Madam. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Anthony *and* Octavia.

Ant. Nay, nay *Octavia*, not only that,
That were excuſable, that and thouſands more
Of ſemblable import, but he hath wag'd
New Wars 'gainſt *Pompey*, Made his Will, and read it,
To publick Ear, ſpoke ſcantly of me,
VVhen perforce he could not
But pay me terms of Honour: cold and ſickly
He vented then moſt narrow meaſure: lent me,
VVhen the beſt hint was given him: he had lookt,
Or did it from his teeth.
Octa. Oh, my good Lord,
Believe not all, or if you muſt believe,
Stomach not all. A more unhappy Lady,
If this diviſion chance, ne're ſtood between
Praying for both parts:
The good gods will mock me preſently,
When I ſhall pray: oh bleſs my Lord and Husband,
Undo that Prayer: by crying out as loud,
Oh bleſs my Brother. Husband win, win Brother,
Prayes, and deſtroys the Prayer, no midway
'Twixt theſe extreams at all.
Ant. Gentle *Octavia*,
Let your beſt love draw to that point which ſeeks
Beſt to preſerve it: if I loſe mine Honour,
I loſe my ſelf: better I were not yours
Than yours ſo branchleſs. But as you requeſted,
Your ſelf ſhall go between's, the mean time, Lady,
I'll raiſe the preparation of a War
Shall ſtain your Brother, make your ſooneſt haſte
So your deſires are yours.
Octa. Thanks to my Lord,
The *Jove* of Power make me moſt weak, moſt weak,
Your reconciler: Wars 'twixt you twain would be,
As if the World ſhould cleave, and that ſlain men
Should ſodder up the Rift.
Anth. VVhen it appears to you where this begins,
Turn your diſpleaſure that way, for our faults
Can never be ſo equal, that your love
Can equally move with them. Provide your going,
Chooſe your own Company, and command what coſt
Your heart has mind to. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Enobarbus, *and* Eros.

Enob. How now, Friend *Eros*?
Eros. There's ſtrange News come, Sir.
Eno. VVhat man?
Eros. *Cæſar* and *Lepidus* have made VVar upon *Pompey*.
Eno. This is old, what is the ſucceſs?
Eros. *Cæſar* having made uſe of him in the VVars 'gainſt *Pompey*: preſently denied him rivality, would not let him partake of the glory of the action, and not reſting here, accuſes him of Letters he had formerly wrote to *Pompey*. Upon his own appeal ſeizes him, ſo the poor third is up, 'till death enlarge his Confine.
Eno. Then would thou hadſt a pair of Chaps no more, and throw between them all the food thou haſt, they'll grind the other. Where's *Anthony*?
Eros. He's walking in the Garden thus, and ſpurns
The ruſh that lies before him. Cries, Fool *Lepidus*,
And threats the throat of that his Officer,
That murdred *Pompey*.
Eno. Our great Navy's rigg'd.
Eros. For *Italy* and *Cæſar*, more *Domitius*,
My Lord deſires you preſently: my News
I might have told hereafter.
Eno. 'Twill be naught, but let it be: bring me to *Anthony*.
Eros. Come, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Agrippa, Mecenas, *and* Cæſar.

Cæſ. Contemning *Rome* he has done all this, and more
In *Alexandria*: here's the matter of it:
I' th' Market-place on a Tribunal ſilver'd,
Cleopatra and himſelf in Chairs of Gold
Were publickly enthron'd: at the feet ſat
Cæſarion whom they call my Father's Son,
And all the unlawful Iſſue, that their luſt
Since then hath made between them. Unto her,
He gave the ſtabliſhment of *Ægypt*, made her
Of lower *Syria*, *Cyprus*, *Lydia*, abſolute Queen.
Mec. This in the publick Eye?
Cæſ. I' th' common ſhew place where they exerciſe,
His Sons hither proclaim'd the King of Kings,
Great *Media*, *Parthia*, and *Armenia*
He gave to *Alexander*. To *Ptolemy* he aſſign'd,
Syria, *Sicilia*, and *Phœnicia*: ſhe
In th' abiliments of the Goddeſs *Iſis*
That day appear'd, and oft before gave audience,
As 'tis reported, ſo.
Mec. Let *Rome* be thus inform'd.
Agrip. Who queaſy with his inſolence already,
Will their good thoughts call from him.
Cæſ. The people know it,
And have now receiv'd his accuſations.
Agri. Whom do's he accuſe?
Cæſ. *Cæſar*, and that having in *Sicily*
Sextus Pompeius ſpoil'd, we had not rated him
His part o' th' Iſle. Then does he ſay, he lent me
Some ſhipping unreſtored. Laſtly he frets
That *Lepidus* of the Triumvirate, ſhould be depos'd,
And being that we detain all his Revenue.
Agri. Sir, this ſhould be anſwered.
Cæſ. 'Tis done already, and his Meſſenger gone:
I have told him *Lepidus* was grown too cruel,
That his high Authority abus'd,
And did deſerve his chance for what I have conquer'd,
I grant him part: but then in his *Armenia*,
And other of his conquer'd Kingdoms, I demand the like.
Mec. He'll never yield to that.
Cæſ. Nor muſt not then be yielded to in this.

Enter Octavia *with her Train.*

Oct. Hail *Cæſar*, and my Lord; hail, moſt dear *Cæſar*.
Cæſ. That ever I ſhould call thee Caſt-away.
Oct. You have not call'd me ſo, nor have you cauſe.
Cæſ. Why haſt thou ſtoln upon me thus? you came not
Like *Cæſar*'s Siſter; the Wife of *Anthony*
Should have an Army for an Uſher, and
The neighs of Horſe to tell of her approach,
Long e're ſhe did appear. The Trees by th' way
Should have born men, and expectation fainted
Longing for what it had not. Nay, the duſt
Should have aſcended to the Roof of Heaven,
Rais'd by your populous Troops: But you are come
A Market-maid to *Rome*, and have prevented
The oſtentation of our love; which left unſhewn,
Is often left unlov'd: we ſhould have met you
By Sea, and Land, ſupplying every ſtage
With an augmented greeting.
Oct. Good, my Lord,
To come thus was I not conſtrain'd, but did it
On my free-will. My Lord, *Mark Anthony*,
Hearing that you prepar'd for War, acquainted
My grieving Ear withal: whereon I begg'd
His pardon for return.
Cæſ. Which ſoon he granted,
Being an abſtract 'tween his Luſt, and him
Oct. Do not ſay ſo, my Lord.
Cæſ. I have Eyes upon him.
And his affairs come to me on the wind: where is he now?
Oct. My Lord, in *Athens*.
Cæſ. No, my moſt wronged Siſter, *Cleopatra*
Hath nodded him to her. He hath given his Empire
Up to a Whore, who now are levying
The Kings o' th' Earth for War. He hath diſſembled,
Bochus the King of *Lybia*, *Archilaus*
Of *Cappadocia*, *Philadelphos* King
Of *Paphlagonia*: the *Thracian* King *Adullas*,
King *Mauchus* of *Arabia*, King of *Pont*,
Herod of *Jewry*, *Mithridates* King
Of *Comageat*, *Polemen* and *Amintas*.
The King of *Mede*, and *Lycaonia*,
With a more larger Liſt of Scepters.
Oct. Aye me moſt wretched,
That have my heart parted betwixt two Friends,
That do afflict each other.
Cæſ. Welcome hither,
Your Letters did with-hold our breaking forth
'Till we perceiv'd both how you were wrong led,
And we in negligent danger: cheer your heart.
Be you not troubled with the time which drives
O're your content, theſe ſtrong neceſſities,
But let determin'd things to deſtiny
Hold unbewail'd their way. Welcome to *Rome*:
Nothing more dear to me. You are abus'd
Beyond the mark of thought: and the high gods
To do you Juſtice, make his Miniſters
Of us, and thoſe that love you. Beſt of comfort,
And ever welcome to us.
Agrip. Welcome Lady.
Mec. Welcome, Dear Madam,
Each heart in *Rome* does love and pity you,
Only th' adulterous *Anthony*, moſt large
In his abominations, turns you off,
And gives his potent Regiment to a Trull
That noiſes it againſt us.
Oct. Is it ſo, Sir?
Cæſ. Moſt certain: Siſter, welcome; pray you
Be ever known to patience. My dear'ſt Siſter. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Cleopatra, *and* Enobarbus.

Cleo. I will be even with thee: doubt it not.
Enob. But why, why, why?
Cleo. Thou haſt foreſpoke my being in theſe Wars;
And ſay'ſt it is not fit.
Enob. Well: is it, is it?
Cleo. If not, denounc'd againſt us, why ſhould not we be there in perſon?
Enob. Well, I could reply: if we ſhould ſerve with Horſe and Mares together, the Horſe were merely loſt: the Mares would bear a Souldier and his Horſe.
Cleo. What is't you ſay?
Enob. Your preſence needs muſt puzzle *Anthony*,
Take from his heart, take from his brain, take from's time,
What ſhould not then be ſpar'd. He is already
Traduc'd for Levity, and 'tis ſaid in *Rome*,
That *Photinus* an Eunuch, and your Maids
Mannage this War.
Cleo. Sink *Rome*, and their tongues rot
That ſpeak againſt us. A Charge we bear i' th' War,
And as the preſident of my Kingdom will
Appear there for a man. Speak not againſt it,
I will not ſtay behind.

Enter Anthony *and* Camidius.

Enob. Nay I have done, here comes the Emperour.
Ant. Is it not ſtrange, *Camidius*,
That from *Tarentum*, and *Brunduſium*,
He could ſo quickly cut the *Ionian* Sea,
And take in *Toryne*? You have heard on't (Sweet?)
Cleo. Celerity is never more admir'd
Than by the negligent.
Ant. A good rebuke,
Which might have well becom'd the beſt of men
To taunt at ſlackneſs. *Camidius*, we,
Will fight with him by Sea.
Cleo. By Sea, what elſe?
Cam. Why will my Lord do ſo?
Ant. For that he dares us to't.
Enob. So hath my Lord dar'd him to ſingle fight.
Cam. I, and to wage his Battel at *Pharſalia*,
Where *Cæſar* fought with *Pompey*. But theſe offers
VVhich ſerves not for his vantage, he ſhakes off,
And ſo ſhould you.
Enob. Your Ships are not well mann'd,
Your Mariners are Muliters, Reapers, People,
Ingroſt by ſwift Impreſs. In *Cæſar*'s Fleet
Are thoſe, that often have 'gainſt *Pompey* fought,
Their Ships are yare, yours heavy: no diſgrace
Shall fall you for refuſing him at Sea,
Being prepar'd for Land.
Ant. By Sea, by Sea.
Enob. Moſt worthy Sir, you therein throw away
The abſolute Souldierſhip you have by Land,
Diſtract your Army, which doth moſt conſiſt
Of War-markt-Footmen, leave unexecuted
Your own renowed knowledge, quite forgo
The way which promiſes aſſurance, and
Give up your ſelf merely to chance and hazard,
From firm Security.
Ant. I'll fight at Sea.
Cleo. I have ſixty Sails, *Cæſar* none better.
Ant. Our over-plus of ſhipping will we burn,
And with the reſt full-mann'd, from th' heart of *Actium*
Beat th' approaching *Cæſar*. But if we fail,
We then can do't at Land.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Thy buſineſs?
Meſ. The news is true, my Lord, he is deſcried,
Cæſar has taken *Toryne*.

Ant. Can he be there in perſon? 'Tis impoſſible
Strange, that his power ſhould be ſo, *Camidius*,
Our nineteen Legions thou ſhalt hold by Land,
And our twelve thouſand Horſe. VVe'll to our Ship,
Away my *Thetis*.

Enter a Souldier.

How now, worthy Souldier?
Sould. Oh Noble Emperour, do not fight by Sea,
Truſt not to rotten planks: Do you miſdoubt
This Sword, and theſe my Wounds; let th' *Egyptians*
And the *Phœnicians* go a Ducking: we
Have us'd to conquer ſtanding on the Earth,
And fighting foot to foot.
Ant. Well, well, away. [*Exeunt* Ant. Cleo. *and* Enob.
Sould. By *Hercules* I think I am i'th' right.
Cam. Souldier thou art: but the whole action grows
Not in the power on't: ſo our Leaders lead,
And we are Womens men.
Sould. You keep by Land the Legions and the Horſe whole, do you not?
Ven. Marcus Octavius, *Marcus Juſtius*,
Publicola, and *Celius*, are for Sea:
But we keep whole by Land. This ſpeed of *Cæſar*'s
Carries beyond belief.
Sould. While he was yet in *Rome*
His power went out in ſuch diſtractions,
As beguil'd all Spies.
Cam. Who's his Lieutenant, hear you?
Sould. They ſay, one *Towrus*.
Cam. Well, I know the man.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. The Emperour calls *Camidius*.
Cam. With News the time's with Labour,
And throws forth each minute, ſome. [*Exeunt*.

Enter Cæſar *with his Army, marching*.

Cæſ. Towrus?
Tow. My Lord.
Cæſ. Strike not by Land.
Keep whole, provoke not Battel
'Till we have done at Sea. Do not exceed
The Preſcript of this Scroul: Our Fortune lyes
Upon this jump. [*Exit*.

Enter Anthony, *and* Enobarbus.

Ant. Set we our Squadrons on yond ſide o' th' Hill,
In Eye of *Cæſar*'s Battel, from which place
We may the number of the Ships behold,
And ſo proceed accordingly. [*Exit*.

Camidius *marching with his Land Army one way over the Stage, and* Towrus *the Lieutenant of* Cæſar *the other way: after their going in, is heard the noiſe of a Sea-fight.*
Alarum. Enter Enobarbus *and* Scarus.

Enob. Naught, naught, all naught, I can behold no longer:
Thantoniad, the *Ægyptian* Admiral,
With all their ſixty flie, and turn the Rudder:
To ſee't, mine Eyes are blaſted.

Enter Scarus.

Scar. Gods, and Goddeſſes, all the whole Synod of them!
Enob. What's thy paſſion?
Scar. The greater Cantle of the World is loſt
With very ignorance, we have kiſt away
Kingdoms, and Provinces.
Enob. How appears the fight?
Scar. On our ſide like the Token'd Peſtilence,
Where Death is ſure. Your ribauldred Nag of *Ægypt*,
(VVhom Leproſie o're) i'th' mid'ſt o' th' fight,
VVhen vantage like a pair of Twinns appear'd
Both of the ſame, or rather ours the Elder;
(The Breeze upon her) like a Cow in *June*,
Hoiſts Sails, and flies.
Enob. That I beheld:
Mine Eyes did ſicken at the ſight, and could not
Indure a further view.
Scar. She once being looſt,
The Noble ruine of her Magick, *Anthony*,
Claps on his Sea-wing, and (like a doating Mallard)
Leaving the Fight in heighth, flies after her:
I never ſaw an action of ſuch ſhame;
Experience, Man-hood, Honour ne're before,
Did violate ſo it ſelf.
Enob. Alack, alack.

Enter Camidius.

Cam. Our Fortune on the Sea is out of breath,
And ſinks moſt lamentably. Had our General
Been what he knew himſelf, it had gone well:
Oh he has given example for our flight;
Moſt groſly by his own.
Enob. I, are you thereabouts? Why then goodnight indeed.
Cam. Toward *Peloponneſus* are they fled.
Scar. 'Tis eaſie to't.
And there I will attend what further comes.
Cam. To *Cæſar* will I render
My Legions and my Horſe, ſix Kings already
Shew me the way of yielding.
Enob. I'll yet follow
The wounded chance of *Anthony*, though my reaſon
Sits in the Wind againſt me.

Enter Anthony *with Attendants*.

Ant. Hark, the Land bids me tread no more upon't,
It is aſham'd to bear me. Friends, come hither,
I am ſo lated in the World, that I
Have loſt my way for ever. I have a Ship
Laden with Gold, take that, divide it: flie,
And make your peace with *Cæſar*.
Omnes. Fly? Not we.
Ant. I have fled my ſelf, and have inſtructed Cowards
To run, and ſhew their Shoulders. Friends, be gone,
I have my ſelf reſolv'd upon a courſe,
Which has no need of you. Be gone,
My Treaſure's in the Harbour. Take it: Oh,
I follow'd that I bluſh to look upon,
My very Hairs do mutiny: for the white
Reprove the brown for raſhneſs, and they them
For fear, and doating. Friends be gone, you ſhall
Have Letters from me to ſome Friends, that will
Sweep your way for you. Pray you look not ſad:
Nor make replies of lothneſs, take the hint
Which my deſpair proclaims. Let them be left
Which leaves it ſelf, to Sea-ſide ſtraightway;
I will poſſeſs you of that Ship and Treaſure.
Leave me, I pray, a little: pray you now,
Nay, do ſo: for indeed I have loſt command,
Therefore, I pray you, I'll ſee you by and by. [*Sits down*.

Enter Cleopatra, *led by* Charmian *and* Eros.

Eros. Nay, gentle Madam, to him, comfort him.
Iras. Do, moſt dear Queen.
Char. Do, why, what elſe?
Cleo. Let me ſit down: Oh *Juno*.
Ant. No, no, no, no, no.
Eros. See you here, Sir?

Ant. Oh fie, fie, fie.
Char. Madam.
Iras. Madam, Oh good Empreſs.
Eros. Sir, Sir.
Ant. Yes, my Lord, yes; he at *Philippi* kept
His Sword e'en like a Dancer, while I ſtrook
The lean and wrinkled *Caſſius*, and 'twas I
That the mad *Brutus* ended: he alone
Dealt on Lieutenantry, and no practice had
In the brave ſquares of War: yet now: no matter.
Cleo. Ah ſtand by.
Eros. The Queen, my Lord, the Queen.
Iras. Go to him, Madam, ſpeak to him,
He is unqualited with very ſhame.
Cleo. Well then, ſuſtain me: Oh.
Eros. Moſt Noble Sir, ariſe, the Queen approaches,
Her Head's declin'd, and Death will ſeize her, but
Your comfort makes the reſcue.
Ant. I have offended Reputation;
A moſt unnoble ſwerving.
Eros. Sir, the Queen.
Ant. O whither haſt thou led me, *Ægypt*, ſee
How I convey my ſhame, out of thine Eyes,
By looking back what I have left behind
Stroy'd in diſhonour.
Cleo. Oh, my Lord, my Lord;
Forgive my fearful Sails, I little thought
You would have followed.
Ant. *Ægypt*, thou knew'ſt too well,
My heart was to thy Rudder tyed by th' ſtrings,
And thou ſhould'ſt ſtowe me after. O're my ſpirit
The full ſupremacy thou knew'ſt, and that
Thy beck, might from the bidding of the gods
Command me.
Cleo. Oh, my pardon.
Ant. Now I muſt
To the young man ſend humble Treaties, dodge
And palter in the ſhifts of lowneſs, who,
With half the bulk o'th' World play'd as I pleas'd,
Making, and marring Fortunes. You did know
How much you were my Conquerour, and that
My Sword, made weak by my affection, would
Obey it on all cauſe.
Cleo. Pardon, pardon.
Ant. Fall not a tear, I ſay, one of them rates
All that is won and loſt: Give me a Kiſs,
Even this repays.
We ſent our Schoolmaſter, is he come back?
Love I am full of Lead: ſome Wine
VVithin there, and our Viands: Fortune knows,
VVe ſcorn her moſt, when moſt ſhe offers blows. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Cæſar, Agrippa, Dolabella, *with others.*

Cæſ. Let him appear that's come for *Anthony.*
Know you him?
Dol. *Cæſar*, 'tis his Schoolmaſter,
An argument that he is pluckt, when hither
He ſends ſo poor a Pinnion of his VVing,
VVhich had ſuperfluous Kings for Meſſengers,
Not many Moons gone by.

Enter Ambaſſador *from* Anthony.

Cæſ. Approach, and ſpeak.
Amb. Such as I am, I come from *Anthony:*
I was of late as petty to his ends,
As is the Morn dew on the Myrtle Leaf
To his grand Sea.
Cæſ. Be't ſo, declare thine Office.
Amb. Lord of his Fortunes he ſalutes thee, and
Requires to live in *Ægypt*, which not granted
He Leſſens his requeſts, and to thee ſues
To let him breathe between the Heavens and Earth
A private man in *Athens:* this for him.
Next, *Cleopatra* does confeſs thy greatneſs:
Submits her to thy might, and of thee craves
The Circle of the *Ptolomies* for her Heirs,
Now hazarded to thy Grace.
Cæſ. For *Anthony*,
I have no Ears to his requeſt. The Queen,
Of Audience, nor deſire ſhall fail, ſo ſhe
From *Ægypt* drive her all-diſgraced Friend.
Or take his life there. This if ſhe perform,
She ſhall not ſue unheard. So to them both.
Amb. Fortune purſue thee.
Cæſ. Bring him through the Bands:
To try thy Eloquence, now 'tis time, diſpatch,
From *Anthony* win *Cleopatra*, promiſe
And in our Name, when ſhe requires, add more
From thine invention, offers. Women are not
In their beſt Fortunes ſtrong; but want will perjure
The ne're touch'd Veſtal. Try thy cunning, *Thidias*,
Make thine own Edict for thy pains, which we
Will anſwer as a Law.
Thid. *Cæſar*, I go.
Cæſ. Obſerve how *Anthony* becomes his flaw,
And what thou thinkeſt his very Action ſpeaks
In every power that moves.
Thid. *Cæſar*, I ſhall. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian, *and* Iras.

Cleo. What ſhall we do, *Enobarbus?*
Enob. Think, and dye.
Cleo. Is *Anthony*, or we in fault for this?
Enob. *Anthony* only, that would make his will
Lord of his Reaſon. What though you fled,
From that great face of War, whoſe ſeveral ranges
Frighted each other? Why ſhould he follow?
The itch of his Affection ſhould not then
Have nickt his Captain-ſhip, at ſuch a point,
When half to half the World oppos'd, he being
The meered queſtion? 'Tis a ſhame no leſs
Than was his loſs, to courſe your flying Flags,
And leave his Navy gazing.
Cleo. Prythee peace.

Enter the Ambaſſador, *with* Anthony.

Ant. Is this his Anſwer?
Amb. I, my Lord.
Ant. The Queen ſhall then have courteſie,
So ſhe will yield us up.
Amb. He ſays ſo.
Ant. Let her know't. To the Boy *Cæſar* ſend this grizled Head, and he will fill thy wiſhes to the brim,
With Principalities.
Cleo. That Head, my Lord?
Ant. To him again, tell him he wears the Roſe
Of youth upon him: from which, the World ſhould note
Something particular: His Coyn, Ships, Legions,
May be a Cowards, whoſe Miniſters would prevail
Under the ſervice of a Child, as ſoon
As i'th' Command of *Cæſar*. I dare him therefore
To lay his gay compariſons apart,
And anſwer me declin'd, Sword againſt Sword,
Our ſelves alone; I'll write it, Follow me.
Enob. Yes, like enough: hye-battel'd *Cæſar* will
Unſtate his happineſs, and be Stag'd to th' ſhew
Againſt a Sworder. I ſee mens judgments are
A parcel of their Fortunes, and things outward
Do draw the inward quality after them
To ſuffer all alike, that he ſhould dream,
Knowing all meaſures, the full *Cæſar* will
Anſwer his emptineſs; *Cæſar* thou haſt ſubdu'd
His judgment too.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. A Meſſenger from *Cæſar.*
Cleo. What, no more Ceremony? See my Women,
Againſt the blown Roſe may they ſtop their Noſe,
That kneel'd unto the Buds. Admit him, Sir.
Enob. Mine honeſty, and I, begin to ſquare,
The Loyalty well held to Fools, does make
Our Faith meer Folly: yet he that can endure
To follow with Allegiance a faln Lord,
Do's conquer him that did his Maſter conquer,
And earns a place i' th' Story.

Enter Thidias.

Cleo. *Cæſar*'s Will.
Thid. Here it apart.
Cleo. None but Friends: ſay boldly.
Thid. So haply are they Friends to *Anthony.*
Enob. He needs as many (Sir) as *Cæſar* has.
Or needs not us. If *Cæſar* pleaſe, our Maſter
Will leap to be his Friend: For as you know,
Whoſe he is, we are, and that is *Cæſars.*
Thid. So. Thus then thou moſt renown'd, *Cæſar* intreats
Not to conſider in what caſe thou ſtand'ſt
Further than he is *Cæſar.*
Cleo. Go on, right Royal.
Thid. He knows that you embrace not *Anthony*
As you did love, but as you feared him.
Cleo. Oh.
Thid. The ſcars upon your honour, therefore he
Do's pitty, as conſtrained blemiſhes,
Not as deſerved.
Cleo. He is a god,
And knows what is moſt right. Mine honour
Was not yielded, but conquer'd meerly.
Enob. To be ſure of that, I will ask *Anthony.*
Sir, Sir, thou art ſo leaky
That we muſt leave thee thy ſinking, for
Thy deareſt quit thee. [*Exit* Enob.
Thid. Shall I ſay to *Cæſar,*
What you require of him: for he partly begs
To be deſir'd to give. It much would pleaſe him,
That of his fortunes you ſhould make a ſtaff
To lean upon. But it would warm his ſpirits
To hear from me you had left *Anthony,*
And put your ſelf under his ſhrowd, the univerſal Landlord.
Cleo. What's your name?
Thid. My name is *Thidias.*
Cleo. Moſt kind Meſſenger,
Say to great *Cæſar* this in diſputation,
I kiſs his conqu'ring hand: Tell him, I am prompt
To lay my Crown at's feet, and there to kneel.
Tell him from his all-obeying breath, I hear
The doom of *Ægypt.*
Thid. 'Tis your nobleſt courſe:
Wiſdom and Fortune combating together,
If that the former dare but what it can,
No chance may ſhake it. Give me grace to lay
My duty on your hand.
Cleo. Your *Cæſars* Father oft
(When he hath mus'd of taking Kingdoms in)
Beſtow'd his lips on that unworthy place,
As it rain'd kiſſes.

Enter Anthony, *and* Enobarbus.

Ant. Favours? By Jove that thunders.
What art thou Fellow?
Thid. One that but performs
The bidding of the fulleſt man, and worthieſt
To have command obey'd.
Enob. You will be whipt.
Ant. Approach there: ah you Kite.
Now gods and devils,
Authority melts from me of late. When I cry'd hoa,
Like Boyes unto a muſs, Kings would ſtart forth,
And cry your will. Have you no Ears?
I am *Anthony* yet. Take hence this Jack and whip him.

Enter a Servant.

Enob. 'Tis better playing with a Lyons Whelp,
Than with an old one dying.
Ant. Moon and Stars,
Whip him: were twenty of the greateſt Tributaries
That do acknowledge *Cæſar,* ſhould I find them
So ſawcy with the hand of ſhe here, what's her name
Since ſhe was *Cleopatra?* Whip him, Fellows,
Till like a Boy you ſee him crindge his Face,
And whine aloud for mercy. Take him hence.
Thid. *Mark Anthony.*
Ant. Tug him away: being whipt,
Bring him again, the Jack of *Cæſars* ſhall
Bear us an errand to him. [*Exeunt with* Thidias.
You were half blaſted ere I knew you: Ha?
Have I my Pillow left unpreſt in *Rome,*
Forborn the getting of a lawful Race,
And by a Jem of Women, to be abus'd
By one that looks on Feeders?
Cleo. Good, my Lord.
Ant. You have been a Boggeler ever,
But when we in our viciouſneſs grew hard
(Oh miſery on't) the wiſe gods ſeal our Eyes
In our own filth, drop our clear judgments, make us
Adore our errours, laugh at's while we ſtrut
To our confuſion.
Cleo. Oh, is't come to this?
Ant. I found you as a Morſel, cold upon
Dead *Cæſar*'s Trencher: Nay, you were a Fragment
Of *Cneius Pompey*'s, beſides what hotter hours
Unregiſtred in vulgar Fame, you have
Luxuriouſly pickt out. For I am ſure,
Though you can gueſs what Temperance ſhould be,
You know not what it is.
Cleo. Wherefore is this?
Ant. To let a Fellow that will take rewards,
And ſay, God quit you, be familiar with
My Play-Fellow, your hand; this Kingly Seal,
And plighter of high hearts. O that I were
Upon the Hill of *Baſan,* to out-roar
The horned Herd, for I have Savage cauſe,
And to proclaim it civilly, were like
A halter'd neck, which do's the Hangman thank,
For being yare about him. Is he whipt?

Enter a Servant *with* Thidias.

Ser. Soundly, my Lord.
Ant. Cryed he? and begg'd a pardon?
Ser. He did ask favour.
Ant. If that thy Father live, let him repent
Thou waſt not made his Daughter, and be thou ſorry
To follow *Cæſar* in his triumph, ſince
Thou haſt been whipt. For following him, henceforth
The white hand of a Lady Fever thee,
Shake to look on't. Get thee back to *Cæſar,*
Tell him thy entertainment: look thou ſay
He makes me angry with him. For he ſeems
Proud and diſdainful, harping on what I am,
Not what he knew I was. He makes me angry,
And at this time moſt eaſie 'tis to do't:
VVhen my good ſtars, that were my former guides
Have empty left their Orbes, and ſhut their Fires
Into the Abiſm of Hell. If he miſlike,
My ſpeech, and what is done, tell him he has
Hiparchus, my enfranched Bondman, whom

He may at pleaſure whip, or hang, or torture,
As he ſhall like to quit me. Urge it thou:
Hence with thy ſtripes, be gone. [*Exit* Thid.
Cleo. Have you done yet?
Ant. Alack, our Terrene Moon is now Eclipſt,
And it portends alone the fall of *Anthony.*
Cleo. I muſt ſtay his time.
Ant. To flatter *Cæſar*, would you mingle Eyes
With one that ties his points.
Cleo. Not know me yet?
Ant. Cold-hearted toward me?
Cleo. Ah (Dear) if I be ſo,
From my cold heart, let Heaven ingender Hail,
And poyſon it in the ſource, and the firſt ſtone
Drop in my neck: as it determines ſo
Diſſolve my life, the next Cæſarian ſmile,
Till by degrees the memory of my Womb,
Together with my brave *Ægyptians* all,
By the diſcandering of this pelletted ſtorm,
Lye graveleſs, till the Flies and Gnats of *Nyle*
Have buried them for prey.
Ant. I am ſatisfied:
Cæſar ſets down in *Alexandria*, where
I will oppoſe his Fate. Our force by Land,
Hath nobly held, and ſever'd Navy too
Have knit again, and Fleet, threatning moſt Sea-like.
Where haſt thou been my heart? Doſt thou hear, Lady?
If from the Field I ſhall return once more
To kiſs theſe Lips, I will appear in blood,
I, and my Sword, will earn my Chronicle,
There's hope in't yet.
Cleo. That's my brave Lord.
Ant. I will be treble-ſinewed, hearted, breath'd,
And fight maliciouſly: for when mine hours
Were nice and lucky, men did ranſome lives
Of me for jeſts: but now, I'll ſet my teeth,
And ſend to darkneſs all that ſtop me. Come,
Lets have one other gawdy night: Call to me
All my ſad Captains, fill our Bowls once more:
Let's mock the midnight Bell.
Cleo. It is my Birth-day,
I had thought t' have held it poor. But ſince my Lord
Is *Anthony* again, I will be *Cleopatra.*
Ant. We will yet do well.
Cleo. Call all his noble Captains to my Lord,
Ant. Do ſo, we'll ſpeak to them,
And to night I'll force
The Wine peep through their ſcars.
Come on (my Queen)
There's ſap in't yet. The next time I do fight
I'll make death love me: for I will contend
Even with his peſtilent Scythe. [*Exeunt.*
Enob. Now he'll out-ſtare the Lightning, to be furious
Is to be frighted out of fear, and in that mood
The Dove will peck the Eſtridge; and I ſee ſtill
A diminution in our Captains brain,
Reſtores his heart; when valour prays in reaſon,
It eats the Sword it fights with: I will ſeek
Some way to leave him. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Cæſar, Agrippa, *and* Mecænas *with his Army,*
Cæſar *reading a Letter.*

Cæſ. He calls me Boy, and chides as he had power
To beat me out of *Ægypt*. My Meſſenger
He hath whipt with Rods, dares me to perſonal Combat.
Cæſar to *Anthony:* let the old Ruffian know,
I have many other ways to die: mean time
Laugh at this Challenge.
Mec. Cæſar muſt think,
When one ſo great begins to rage, he's hunted
Even to falling. Give him no breath, but now
Make boot of his diſtraction: Never anger
Made good guard for it ſelf.
Cæſ. Let our beſt Heads know,
That to morrow, the laſt of many Battels
We mean to fight. Within our Files there are,
Of thoſe that ſerv'd *Mark Anthony* but late,
Enough to fetch him in. See it done,
And feaſt the Army, we have ſtore to do't,
And they have earn'd the waſte. Poor *Anthony.* [*Exeunt.*

Enter Anthony *and* Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian,
Iras, Alexas, *with others.*

Ant. He will not fight with me, *Domitian.*
Enob. No?
Ant. Why ſhould he not?
Enob. He thinks, being twenty times of better Fortune,
He is twenty men to one.
Ant. To morrow, Souldier,
By Sea and Land I'll fight: or I will live,
Or bathe my dying honour in the blood,
Shall make it live again. VVoo't thou fight well.
Enob. I'll ſtrike, and cry, take all.
Ant. VVell ſaid, come on:
Call forth my Houſhold Servants, let's to night.

Enter three or four Servitors.

Be bounteous at our Meal. Give me thy hand,
Thou haſt been rightly honeſt, ſo haſt thou,
Thou, and thou, and thou: you have ſerv'd me well,
And Kings have been your Fellows.
Cleo. VVhat means this?
Enob. 'Tis one of thoſe odd tricks which ſorrow ſhoots
Out of the mind.
Ant. And thou art honeſt too:
I wiſh I could be made ſo many men,
And all of you clapt up together, in
An *Anthony:* that I might do you ſervice,
So good as you have done.
Omnes. The gods forbid.
Ant. VVell, my good Fellows, wait on me to night:
Scant not my Cups, and make as much of me
As when mine Empire was your Fellow too,
And ſuffered my command.
Cleo. VVhat does he mean?
Enob. To make his Followers weep.
Ant. Tend me to night;
May be it is the period of your duty,
Haply you ſhall not ſee me more, or if,
A mangled ſhadow. Perchance to morrow,
You'll ſerve another Maſter. I look on you,
As one that takes his leave. Mine honeſt Friends,
I turn you not away, but like a Maſter
Married to your good ſervice, ſtay till death:
Tend me to night two hours, I ask no more,
And the gods yield you for't.
Enob. VVhat mean you (Sir)
To give them this diſcomfort? Look, you weep,
And I, an Aſs, am Onion-ey'd; for ſhame,
Transform us not to Women.
Ant. Ho, ho, ho:
Now the Witch take me, if I meant it thus.
Grace grow where thoſe drops fall (my hearty Friends)
You take me a too dolorous a ſence;
For I ſpake to you for your comfort, did deſire you
To burn this night with Torches: know (my hearts)
I hope well of to morrow, and will lead you,
Where rather I'll expect victorious Life,
Than Death, and Honour. Let's to Supper, come,
And drown conſideration. [*Exeunt.*

Enter a Company of Souldiers.

1 *Soul.* Brother, good night: to morrow is the day.
2 *Soul.* It will determine one way: Fare you well.

Heard you of nothing ſtrange about the ſtreets.
1. Nothing: what news?
2. Belike 'tis but a Rumour, good night to you.
1. Well, Sir, good night.
[*They meet with other Souldiers.*
2. Souldiers, have careful Watch.
1. And you: Good night, good night.
[*They place themſelves in every corner of the Stage.*
2. Here we, and if to morrow
Our Navy thrive, I have an abſolute hope
Our Landmen will ſtand up.
1. 'Tis a brave Army, and full of purpoſe.
[*Muſick of the Hoboyes is under the Stage.*
2. Peace, what noiſe?
1. Liſt, liſt.
2. Hark.
1. Muſick ith' Air.
3. Under the Earth.
It ſings well, do's it not?
3. No.
1. Peace I ſay: what ſhould this mean?
2. 'Tis the god *Hercules*, whom *Anthony* loved,
Now leaves him.
1. Walk, let's ſee if other Watchmen
Do hear what we do?
1. How now, Maſters? [*Speak together.*
Omnes. How now? how now? do you hear this?
1. Is't not ſtrange?
3. Do you hear, Maſters? Do you hear?
1. Follow the noiſe ſo far as we have quarter.
Let's ſee how it will give off.
Omnes. Content: 'Tis ſtrange. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Anthony, *and* Cleopatra, *with others.*

Ant. Eros, mine Armour, *Eros.*
Cleo. Sleep a little.
Ant. No, my Chuck: *Eros*, come, mine Armour, *Eros.*

Enter Eros.

Come good fellow, put thine Iron on,
If Fortune be not ours to day, it is
Becauſe we brave her. Come.
Cleo. Nay, I'le help too, *Anthony.*
What's this for? Ah, let be, let be, thou art
The Armourer of my heart: Falſe, falſe: This, this,
Sooth-law I'le help: Thus it muſt be.
Ant. Well, well, we ſhall thrive now.
Seeſt thou my good fellow. Go put on thy defences.
Eno. Briefly, Sir.
Cleo. Is not this buckled well?
Ant. Rarely, rarely:
He that unbuckles this, till we do pleaſe
To doff for our repoſe, ſhall hear a ſtorm.
Thou fumbleſt *Eros*, and my Queen's a Squire
More tight at this: Diſpatch. O Love,
That thou could'ſt ſee my wars to day, and knew'ſt
The Royal Occupation, thou ſhould'ſt ſee
A workman in't.

Enter an armed Souldier.

Good morrow to thee, welcom,
Thou look'ſt like him that knows a warlike charge:
To buſineſs that we love, we riſe betime,
And go to't with delight.
Soul. A thouſand, Sir, early though't be, have on their
Rivetted trim, and at the Port expect you. [*Shout.*
[*Trumpets flouriſh.*

Enter Captains *and* Souldiers.

Alex. The Morn is fair: Good morrow, General.
All. Good morrow, General.
Ant. 'Tis well blown, Lad.
This morning like the Spirit of a youth
That means to be of note, begins betimes.
So, ſo: Come give me that, what ere becomes of me,
Fare thee well, Dame, what ere becomes of me,
This is a Souldiers kiſs: rebukeable,
And worthy ſhameful check it were, to ſtand
On more Mechanick Complement, I'le leave thee.
Now like a man of Steel, you that will fight,
Follow me cloſe, I'le bring you to't: Adieu. [*Exeunt.*
Char. Pleaſe you retire to your Chamber?
Cleo. Lead me:
He goes forth gallantly: that he and *Cæſar* might
Determine this great War in ſingle fight;
Then *Anthony*; but now. Well on. [*Exeunt.*

Trumpets ſound. Enter Anthony, *and* Eros.

Eros. The gods make this a happy day to *Anthony.*
Ant. Would thou, and thoſe thy ſcars had once pre-
To make me fight at Land. (vail'd,
Eros. Hadſt thou done ſo,
The Kings that have revolted, and the Souldier
That has this morning left thee, would have ſtill
Followed thy heels.
Ant. Who's gone this morning?
Eros. Who? one ever near thee, call for *Enobarbus.*
He ſhall not hear thee, or from *Cæſar*'s Camp,
Say I am none of thine.
Ant. What ſayeſt thou?
Sold. Sir, he is with *Cæſar.*
Eros. Sir, his Cheſts and Treaſure he has not with him.
Ant. Is he gone?
Sold. Moſt certain.
Ant. Go, *Eros*, ſend his Treaſure after, do it,
Detain no jot, I charge thee: write to him,
(I will ſubſcribe) gentle adieus, and greetings:
Say, that I wiſh he never find more cauſe
To change a Maſter. Oh my Fortunes have
Corrupted honeſt men. Diſpatch, *Eros.* [*Exit.*

Enter Agrippa, Cæſar, *with* Enobarbus,
and Dolabella.

Cæſ. Go forth, *Agrippa*, and begin the fight:
Our will is *Anthony* be took alive:
Make it ſo known.
Agri. Cæſar, I ſhall.
Cæſar. The time of univerſal peace is near,
Prove this a proſp'rous day, the three-nook'd world
Shall bear the Olive freely.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Anthony is come into the field.
Cæſ. Go charge *Agrippa*,
Plant thoſe that have revolted in the Van,
That *Anthony* may ſeem to ſpend his Fury
Upon himſelf. [*Exeunt.*
Enob. Alexas did revolt, and went to *Jewry* on
Affairs of *Anthony*; there did diſſwade
Great *Herod* to incline himſelf to *Cæſar*,
And leave his Maſter *Anthony*. For this pains
Cæſar hath hang'd him: *Camidius* and the reſt
That fell away, have entertainment, but
No honourable truſt: I have done ill,
Of which I do accuſe my ſelf ſo ſorely,
That I will joy no more.

Enter a Souldier *of* Cæſars.

Soul. Enobarbus, *Anthony*
Hath after thee ſent all thy Treaſure, with

His bounty over-plus. The Meſſenger
Came on my guard, and at thy Tent is now
Unloading of his Mules.
Enob. I give it you.
Soul. Mock not, *Enobarbus*,
I tell you true: Beſt you ſaf't the bringer
Out of the hoaſt, I muſt attend mine Office,
Or would have done't my ſelf. Your Emperour
Continues ſtill a Jove. [*Exit.*
Enob. I am alone the Villain of the Earth,
And feel I am ſo moſt. Oh *Anthony*,
Thou Mine of bounty, how wouldſt thou have payed
My better ſervice, when my turpitude
Thou doſt ſo Crown with Gold. This blows my heart
If ſwift thought break it not: a ſwifted mean
Shall out-ſtrike thought, but thought will do't. I feel
I fight againſt thee: No, I will go ſeek
Some Ditch, where to die: the fou'ſt beſt fits
My latter part of life. [*Exit.*

Alarum. Drums and Trumpets.
Enter Agrippa.

Agrip. Retire, we have engag'd our ſelves too far:
Cæſar himſelf has work, and our oppreſſion
Exceeds what we expected. [*Exit.*

Alarums.
Enter Anthony, *and* Scarus *wounded.*

Scar. O my brave Emperour, this is fought indeed,
Had we done ſo at firſt, we had droven them home
With Clouts about their Head. [*Far off.*
Ant. Thou bleed'ſt apace.
Scar. I had a wound here that was like a T,
But now 'tis made an H.
Ant. They do retire.
Scar. We'll beat 'em into Bench-holes, I have yet
Room for ſix ſcotches more.

Enter Eros.

Eros. They are beaten, Sir, and our advantage ſerves
For a fair Victory.
Scar. Let us ſcore their backs,
And ſnatch 'em up, as we take Hares behind,
'Tis a ſport to maul a Runner.
Ant. I will reward thee
Once for thy ſprightly comfort, and ten-fold
For thy good valour. Come thee on.
Scar. I'll halt after. [*Exeunt*

Alarum. Enter Anthony *again in a march,*
Scarus, *with others.*

Ant. We have beat him to his Camp: Run one
Before, and let the Queen know of our Gueſts: to morrow
Before the Sun ſhall ſee's, we'll ſpill the blood
That has to day eſcap'd. I thank you all,
For doughty handed are you, and have fought
Not as you ſerv'd the Cauſe, but as't had been
Each mans like mine: you have ſhewn all *Hectors*,
Enter the City, clip your Wives, your Friends,
Tell them your feats, whil'ſt they with joyful tears
Waſh the congealment from your Wounds, and kiſs
The honour'd gaſhes whole.

Enter Cleopatra.

Give me thy hand,
To this great Faiery, I'll commend thy acts,
Make her thanks bleſs thee. O thou day o'th' World,
Chain mine arm'd neck, leap thou, Attire and all
Through proof of Harneſs to my part, and there
Heart

Paints 1.1 [illegible] Pulse or Motion
Ride on the paints triumphing.
Cleo. Lord of Lords,
Oh infinite Virtue, com'ſt thou ſmiling from
The Worlds great ſnare uncaught.
Ant. My Nightingale,
We have beat them to their Beds.
What, Girl, though gray
Do ſomething mingle with our younger brown, yet ha'we
A brain that nouriſhes our Nerves, and can
Get gole for gole of youth. Behold this man,
Commend unto his Lips thy ſavouring hand,
Kiſs it my Warriour: He hath fought to day,
As if a god in hate of Mankind, had
Deſtroyed in ſuch a ſhape.
Cleo. I'll give thee, Friend,
An Armour all of Gold: it was a Kings.
Ant. He has deſerv'd it, were it Carbunkled
Like holy *Phœbus* Car. Give me thy hand,
Through *Alexandria* make a jolly March,
Bear our hackt Targets, like the men that owe them.
Had our great Palace the capacity
To Camp this hoaſt, we all would ſup together,
And drink Carowſes to the next dayes Fate
Which promiſes Royal peril. Trumpeters
With brazen din blaſt you the Cities Ear,
Make mingle with our ratling Tabourines,
That Heaven and Earth may ſtrike their ſounds together,
Applauding our ~~re~~proach. [*Exeunt.*

Enter a Century, *and his Company*, Enobarbus *follows.*

Cent. If we be not reliev'd within this hour,
We muſt return to th' Court of Guard: the night
Is ſhiny, and they ſay, we ſhall embattle
By th' ſecond hour i'th' Morn.
1 *Watch.* This laſt day was a ſhrewd one to's.
Enob. Oh bear me witneſs night.
2. What man is this?
1. Stand cloſe, and liſt him.
Enob. Be witneſs to me (O thou bleſſed Moon)
When men revolted ſhall upon Record
Bear hateful memory: poor *Enobarbus* did
Before thy face repent.
Cent. Enobarbus?
3. Peace: hark further.
Enob. Oh Sovereign Miſtriſs of true Melancholy,
The poyſonous damp of night diſpunge upon me,
That life, a very Rebel to my will,
May hang no longer on me. Throw my heart
Againſt the flint and hardneſs of my fault,
Which being dried with grief, will break to Powder,
And finiſh all foul thoughts: Oh *Anthony*,
Nobler than my revolt is infamous,
Forgive me in thine own particular,
But let the World rank me in Regiſter
A Maſter-leaver, and a fugitive:
Oh *Anthony!* Oh *Anthony!*
1. Let's ſpeak to him.
Cent. Let's hear him, for the things he ſpeaks
May concern *Cæſar*.
2. Let's do ſo, but he ſleeps.
Cent. Swoonds rather, for ſo bad a Prayer as his
Was never yet for ſleep.
1. Go we to him.
2. Awake, Sir, awake, ſpeak to us.
1. Hear you, Sir?
Cent. The hand of death hath caught him.
[*Drums afar off.*
Hark how the Drums demurely wake the ſleepers:
Let us bear him to th' Court of Guard: he is of note:
Our hour is fully out.
2. Come on then, he may recover yet. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Anthony, *and* Scarus, *with their Army.*

Ant. Their preparation is to day by Sea,
We pleaſe them not by Land.
Scar. For both, my Lord.
Ant. I would they'ld fight ith' Fire, or ith' Air,
We'ld fight there too. But this it is, our Foot
Upon the hills adjoyning to the City
Shall ſtay with us. Order for Sea is given,
They have put forth the Haven:
Where their appointment we may beſt diſcover,
And look on their endeavour. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Cæſar, *and his Army.*

Cæſ. But being charg'd, we will be ſtill by Land.
Which as I tak't we ſhall; for his beſt force
Is forth to Man his Gallies. To the Vales,
And hold our beſt advantage. [*Exeunt.*
[*Alarum afar off, as at a Sea fight.*

Enter Anthony, *and* Scarus.

Ant. Yet they are not joyn'd:
Where yond Pine does ſtand, I ſhall diſcover all.
I'le bring thee word ſtraight, how 'tis like to go. [*Exit.*
Scar. Swallows have built
In *Cleopatra*'s Sailes their neſts. The Auguries
Say, they know not, they cannot tell, look grimly,
And dare not ſpeak their knowledge. *Anthony*
Is valiant, and dejected, and by ſtarts
His fretted Fortunes give him hope and fear
Of what he has, and has not.

Enter Anthony.

Ant. All is loſt:
This foul *Ægyptian* hath betrayed me:
My Fleet hath yielded to the Foe, and yonder,
They caſt their Caps up, and Carowſe together
Like friends long loſt. Triple-turn'd Whore, 'tis thou
Haſt ſold me to this Novice, and my heart
Makes only Wars on thee. Bid them all flye:
For when I am reveng'd upon my Charm,
I have done all. Bid them all flye, be gone.
Oh Sun, thy upriſe ſhall I ſee no more:
Fortune and *Anthony* part here, even here
Do we ſhake hands? All come to this? The hearts
Spanield
That pannelled me at heels, to whom I gave
Their wiſhes, do dis-Candy, melt their ſweets
On bloſſoming *Cæſar:* and this Pine is barkt,
That over-topt them all. Betray'd I am
On this falſe Soul of *Ægypt!* this grave Charm,
Whoſe eye beck'd forth my wars, and call'd them home:
Whoſe Boſom was my Crownet, my chief end,
Like a right Gypſie, hath at faſt and looſe
Beguil'd me, to the very heart of loſs.
What *Eros*, *Eros?*

Enter Cleopatra.

Ah, thou Spell! Avant.
Cleo. Why is my Lord enrag'd againſt his Love;
Ant. Vaniſh, or I ſhall give thee thy deſerving,
And blemiſh *Cæſars* Triumph. Let him take thee,
And hoiſt thee up to th' ſhouting *Plebeians*,
Follow his Chariot, like the greateſt ſpot
Of all thy Sex. Moſt Monſter like be ſhewn
For poor'ſt Diminutives, for Dolts, and let
Patient *Octavia* plough thy viſage up
With her prepared nails. [*Exit* Cleopatra.
'Tis well th'art gone,
If it be well to live. But better 'twere
Thou fell'ſt into my fury, for one death
Might have prevented many. *Eros*, hoa?
The ſhirt of *Neſſus* is upon me, teach me,
Alcides, thou mine Anceſtor, thy rage.
Let me lodge *Licas* on the horns oth' Moon,
And with thoſe hands that graſpt the heavieſt Club,
Subdue my worthieſt ſelf: the Witch ſhall dye:
To the young *Roman* Boy ſhe hath ſold me, and I fall
Under his plot: ſhe dyes for't. *Eros*, hoa? [*Exit.*

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, Mardian.

Cleo. Help me, my Woman: Oh he is more mad
Than *Telamon* for his Shield, the Boar of *Theſſaly*
Was never ſo imboſt.
Char. To th' Monument, there lock your ſelf,
And ſend him word you are dead:
The Soul and body rive not more in parting,
Than greatneſs going off.
Cleo. To th' Monument:
Mardian, go tell him I have ſlain my ſelf:
Say, that the laſt I ſpoke was *Anthony*,
And word it (prethee) pitiouſly. Hence, *Mardian*,
And bring me how he takes my death to th' Monument.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Anthony *and* Eros.

Ant. *Eros*, thou yet behold'ſt me?
Eros. I, Noble Lord.
Ant. Sometime we ſee a cloud that's Dragoniſh,
A vapour ſometime, like a Bear, or Lyon,
A toward Cittadel, a pendant Rock,
A forked Mountain, or blew Promontory
With Trees upon't, that nodd unto the world,
And mock our eyes with Air.
Thou haſt ſeen theſe ſigns,
They are black Veſper's Pageants.
Eros. I, my Lord.
Ant. That which is now a Horſe, even with a thought
The Rack diſlimes, and makes indiſtinct
As water is in water.
Eros. It do's, my Lord.
Ant. My good Knave, *Eros*, now thy Captain is
Even ſuch a body: here I am *Anthony*,
Yet cannot hold this viſible ſhape (my Knave)
I made theſe wars for *Ægypt*, and the Queen,
Whoſe heart I thought I had, for ſhe had mine:
Which whil'ſt it was mine, had annext unto't
A Million moe (now loſt:) ſhe, *Eros*, has
Packt Cards with *Cæſars*, and falſe plaid my Glory
Unto an Enemy's triumph. i. e. Trump
Nay, weep not, gentle *Eros*, there is left us
Our ſelves to end our ſelves.

Enter Mardian.

Oh the vile Lady, ſhe has robb'd me of my Sword.
Mar. No, *Anthony*,
My Miſtris lov'd thee, and her Fortunes mingled
With thine intirely.
Ant. Hence, ſawcy Eunuch, peace, ſhe hath betraid me,
And ſhall dye the death.
Mar. Death of one perſon can be paid but once,
And that ſhe has diſcharg'd. What thou would'ſt do
Is done unto thy hand: the laſt ſhe ſpake
Was *Anthony*, moſt Noble *Anthony:*
Then in the midſt a tearing groan did break
The name of *Anthony:* it was divided
Between her heart and lips: ſhe tendred life
Thy name ſo buried in her.
Ant. Dead then?
Mar. Dead.
Ant. Unarme, *Eros*, the long dayes task is done,

And we muſt ſleep: that thou depart'ſt hence ſafe
Does pay thy labour richly: go. [*Exit* Mardian.
Oh, pluck off,
The ſeven-fold ſhield of *Ajax* cannot keep
The battery from my heart. Oh cleave my ſides.
Heart, once be ſtronger than thy Continent,
Crack thy frail Caſe. Apace, *Eros*, apace:
No more a Souldier: bruiſed pieces go,
You have been nobly born. From me a while: [*Exit* Eros.
I will o're-take thee, *Cleopatra*, and
Weep for my pardon. So it muſt be, for now
All length is Torture: ſince the Torch is out,
Lye down and ſtray no farther. Now all labour
Marrs what it does: yea, very force entangles
It ſelf with ſtrength: Seal then and all is done.
Eros? I come, my Queen. *Eros?* Say for me,
Where Souls do couch on Flowers, we'll hand in hand,
And with our ſprightly Port make the Ghoſts gaze:
Dido, and her *Æneas* ſhall want Troops, Sichæus
And all the haunt be ours. Come, *Eros*, *Eros*.

Enter Eros.

Eros. What would my Lord?
Ant. Since *Cleopatra* died,
I have liv'd in ſuch diſhonour, that the gods
Deteſt my baſeneſs. I, that with my Sword,
Quarter'd the World, and o're green Neptunes back
With Ships, made Cities; condemn my ſelf, to lack
The Courage of a Woman, leſs Noble mind
Than ſhe which by her death, our *Cæſar* tells
I am Conqueror of my ſelf. Thou art ſworn *Eros*,
That when the exigent ſhould come, which now
Is come indeed: (when I ſhould ſee behind me
Th' inevitable proſecution of diſgrace and horrour,)
That on my command, thou then would'ſt kill me.
Do't, the time is come: thou ſtrik'ſt not me,
'~~Till~~ *Cæſar* thou defeat'ſt. Put colour in my cheek.
'Tis *Eros*. The gods with-hold me,
Shall I do that which all the *Parthian* Darts,
(Though Enemy) loſt aim, and could not.
Anthony. *Eros*.
Would'ſt thou be window'd in great *Rome*, and ſee
The Maſter thus with pleacht Armes, bending down
His corrigible neck, his face ſubdu'd
To penetrative ſhame; whil'ſt the wheel'd ſeat
Of fortunate *Cæſar* drawn before him, branded
His baſeneſs that enſued.
Eros. I would not ſee't.
Ant. Come then: for with a wound I muſt be cur'd.
Draw that thy honeſt Sword which thou haſt worn
Moſt uſeful for thy Country.
Eros. Oh, Sir, pardon me.
Ant. When I did make thee free, ſwor'ſt thou not then
To do this when I bad thee? Do it at once,
Or thy precedent Services are all
But accidents unpurpos'd. Draw, and come.
Eros. Turn from me then that noble countenance,
Wherein the worſhip of the whole world lies.
Ant. Lo thee.
Eros. My Sword is drawn.
Ant. Then let it do at once
The thing why thou haſt drawn it.
Eros. My dear Maſter,
My Captain, and my Emperour. Let me ſay
Before I ſtrike this bloody ſtroke, farewel.
Ant. 'Tis ſaid, man, and farewel.
Eros. Farwel, great Chief. Shall I ſtrike now?
Ant. Now, *Eros*. [*Kills himſelf.*
Eros. Why there then:
Thus I do eſcape the ſorrow of *Anthony*'s death.
Ant. Thrice nobler than my ſelf,
Thou teacheſt me: Oh valiant *Eros*, what
I ſhould, and could'ſt not, my Queen and *Eros*
Have by their brave inſtruction got upon me
A Nobleneſs in Record. But I will be
A Bride-groom in my death, and run into't
As to a Lovers bed. Come then, and *Eros*,
Thy Maſter dies thy Scholar: to do thus
I learnt of thee. How, not dead? not dead?
The Guard, how? oh diſpatch me.

Enter a Guard.

1. *Guard*. What's the noiſe?
Ant. I have done my work ill, Friends:
O make an end of what I have begun.
2. The Star is faln.
1. And time is at his Period.
All. Alas, and woe.
Ant. Let him that loves me, ſtrike me dead.
1. Not I.
2. Not I.
3. Nor any one. [*Exeunt.*
Decre. Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers flye.
This Sword but ſhewn to *Cæſar* with this tidings,
Shall enter me with him.

Enter Diomedes.

Dio. Where's *Anthony?*
Decre. There, *Diomed*, there.
Diom. Lives he? wilt thou not anſwer, man?
Ant. Art thou there, *Diomed?*
Draw thy Sword, and give me
Sufficing ſtrokes for death.
Dio. Moſt abſolute Lord,
My Miſtris *Cleopatra* ſent me to thee.
Ant. When did ſhe ſend thee?
Diom. Now, my Lord.
Ant. Where is ſhe?
Diom. Lockt in her Monument: ſhe had a Propheſying fear
Of what hath come to paſs: for when ſhe ſaw
(Which never ſhall be found) you did ſuſpect
She had diſpos'd with *Cæſar*, and that your rage
Would not be purg'd, ſhe ſent you word ſhe was dead:
But fearing ſince how it might work, hath ſent
Me to proclaim the truth, and I am come
I dread, too late.
Ant. Too late, good *Diomed*: call my Guard I prethee.
Dio. What hoo: the Emperours Guard.
The Guard, what hoa? Come, your Lord calls.

Enter four or five of the Guard of Anthony.

Ant. Bear me, good Friends, where *Cleopatra* bides,
'Tis the laſt ſervice that I ſhall command you.
1. Woe, woe are we, Sir, you may not live to wear
All your true Followers out.
All. Moſt heavy day.
Ant. Nay, good my fellows, do not pleaſe ſharp fate
To grace it with your ſorrows. Bid that welcom
Which comes to puniſh us, and we puniſh it
Seming to bear it lightly. Take me up,
I have led you oft, carry me now, good friends,
And have my thanks for all. [*Exeunt bearing* Anthony.

Enter Cleopatra, *and her Maids aloft, with*
Charmian, *and* Iras.

Cleo. Oh *Charmian*, I will never go from hence.
Char. Be comforted, dear Madam.
Cleo. No, I will not:
All ſtrange and terrible events are welcom,
But comforts we deſpiſe: our ſize of ſorrow
Proportion'd to our cauſe, muſt be as great
As that which makes it.

Enter Diomed.

How now? Is he dead?
Diomed. His Death's upon him, but not dead.
Look out o'th' other ſide your Monument,
His Guard have brought him hither.

Enter Anthony, *and the* Guard.

Cleo. O Sun,
Burn the great Sphere thou mov'ſt in, darkling ſtand
The varying Shore o'th' world. O *Antony*, *Antony*, *Antony*,
Help, *Charmian*, help, *Iras*, help: help, friends,
Below, let's draw him hither.
Ant. Peace,
Not *Cæſar*'s Valour hath o'er-thrown *Anthony*,
But *Anthony* hath triumpht on itſelf.
Cleo. So it ſhould be,
That none but *Anthony* ſhould conquer *Anthony*,
But woe 'tis ſo.
Ant. I am dying, *Ægypt*, dying: Only
I here importune Death awhile, until
Of many thouſand kiſſes the poor laſt
I lay upon thy lips.
Cleo. I dare not, Dear,
Dear my Lord, pardon: I dare not,
Leſt I be taken: Not th' imperious ſhew
Of the dull-fortun'd *Cæſar*, ever ſhall
Be broach'd with me, If Knife, Drugs, Serpents have,
Edge, Sting, or Operation, I am ſafe:
Your Wife *Octavia*, with her modeſt Eyes,
And ſtill concluſion, ſhall acquire honour,
Demuring upon me: But, come, come, *Antony*,
Help me, my Women, we muſt draw thee up:
Aſſiſt, good friends.
Ant. Oh quick, or I am gone.
Cleo. Here's ſport indeed:
How heavy weighs my Lord?
Our ſtrength is all gone into heavineſs,
That makes the weight. Had I great *Juno*'s power,
The ſtrong wing'd *Mercury* ſhould fetch thee up,
And ſet thee by *Jove*'s ſide. Yet come a little,
Wiſhers were ever Fools. Oh come, come, come.
[*They heave* Antony *aloft to* Cleopatra.
And welcome, welcome. Dye when thou haſt liv'd,
Quicken with kiſſing: Had my lips that power,
Thus would I wear them out.
All. A heavy ſight.
Ant. I am dying, *Ægypt*, dying.
Give me ſome Wine, and let me ſpeak a little.
Cleo. No, let me ſpeak, and let me rail ſo high,
That the falſe Huswife, Fortune, break her wheel,
Provok'd by my offence.
Ant. One word (ſweet Queen)
Of *Cæſar* ſeek your honour, with your ſafety. Oh.
Cleo. They do not go together.
Ant. Gentle, hear me,
None about *Cæſar* truſt, but *Proculeius*.
Cleo. My Reſolution, and my hands, I'll truſt,
None about *Cæſar*.
Ant. The miſerable change now at my end,
Lament nor ſorrow at: But pleaſe your thoughts
In feeding them with thoſe my former fortunes,
Wherein I liv'd. The greateſt Prince o'th' world,
The Nobleſt: and do not baſely die,
Not Cowardly, put off my Helmet to
My Countryman. A *Roman*, by a *Roman*
Valiantly vanquiſh'd. Now my ſpirit is going,
I can no more.
Cleo. Nobleſt of men, woo't die,
Haſt thou no care of me, ſhall I abide
In this dull world, which in thy abſence is
No better than a Stye? O ſee, my Women:
The Crown o'th' Earth doth melt. My Lord?
Oh wither'd is the Garland of the War.
The Souldiers Pole is faln: Young Boys and Girls
Are level now with men: The odds is gone,
And there is nothing left remarkable,
Beneath the viſiting moon.
Char. Oh quietneſs, Lady.
Iras. She's dead too, our Sovereign.
Char. Lady.
Iras. Madam.
Char. Oh Madam, Madam, Madam.
Iras. Royal *Ægypt*: Empreſs.
Char. Peace, peace, *Iras*.
Cleo. No more but in a Woman, and commanded
By ſuch poor paſſion, as the Maid that milks,
And does the meaneſt chares. It were for me
To throw my Scepter at the injurious gods,
To tell them that this world did equal theirs,
Till they had ſtoln our Jewel. All's but nought:
Patience is ſottiſh, and Impatience does
Become a Dog that's mad: Then is it ſin,
To ruſh into the ſecret houſe of death,
Ere death dare come to us? How do you, women?
What, what good cheer? why how now, *Charmian*?
My Noble Girls? Ah, women, women! Look,
Our Lamp is ſpent, it's out. Good Sirs, take heart,
We'll bury him: And then what's brave, what's Noble,
Let's do't after the high *Roman* faſhion,
And make Death proud to take us. Come, away,
This caſe of that huge Spirit now is cold.
Ah, women, women! Come, we have no friend,
But Reſolution, and the briefeſt end.
[*Exeunt, bearing of* Anthony'*s Body.*

Enter Cæſar, Agrippa, Dolabella, Menas, *with his Counſel of War.*

Cæſ. Go to him, *Dolabella*, bid him yield,
Being ſo fruſtrate, tell him,
He mocks the pawſes that he makes.
Dol. *Cæſar*, I ſhall.

Enter Decretas *with the Sword of* Anthony.

Cæſ. VVherefore is that? and what art thou that dar'ſt
Appear thus to us?
Dec. I am called *Decretas*,
Mark Anthony I ſerv'd, who beſt was worthy
Beſt to be ſerv'd: whil'ſt he ſtood up, and ſpoke,
He was my Maſter, and I wore my life
To ſpend upon his haters. If thou pleaſe
To take me to thee, as I was to him,
I'll be to *Cæſar*: If thou pleaſeſt not,
I yield thee up my life.
Cæſ. VVhat is't thou ſayeſt?
Dec. I ſay (Oh *Cæſar*) *Anthony* is dead.
Cæſ. The breaking of ſo great a thing, ſhould make
A greater crack. The round world
Should have ſhook Lyons into civil ſtreets,
And Citizens to their Dens. The Death of *Anthony*
Is not a ſingle Doom, in the name lay
A moiety of the world.
Dec. He is dead *Cæſar*,
Not by a publick miniſter of Juſtice,
Nor by a hired Knife, but that ſelf-hand
Which writ his honour in the Acts it did,
Hath with the Courage which the heart did lend it,
Splitted the heart. This is his Sword,
I robb'd his wound of it: Behold it ſtain'd
With his moſt noble Blood.
Cæſ. Look you, ſad friends,
The gods rebuke me, but it is a Tidings
To waſh the eyes of Kings.
Dol. And ſtrange it is,

That Nature muſt compel us to lament
Our moſt perſiſted deeds.
Men. His taints and honours may equal with him.
Dol. A Rarer Spirit never
Did ſteer humanity: but you gods will give us
Some faults to make us men. *Cæſar* is touch'd.
Men. When ſuch a ſpacious Mirror's ſet before him,
He needs muſt ſee himſelf.
Cæſar. Oh *Anthony*,
I have followed thee to this, but we do launc~~h~~e
Diſeaſes in our Bodies. I muſt perforce
Have ſhewn to thee ſuch a declining day,
Or look on thine: we could not ſtall together,
In the whole world. But yet let me lament
With tears as Soveragin as the blood of hearts,
That thou my Brother, my Competitor,
In top of all deſign; my Mate in Empire,
Friend and Companion in the front of War,
The Arm of mine own Body, and the heart
Where mine his thoughts did kindle; that our Stars
Unreconcileable, ſhould divide our equalneſs to this.
Hear me, good Friends,
But I will tell you at ſome meeter Seaſon,
The buſineſs of this man looks out of him,
We'll hear him what he ſayes.

Enter an Ægyptian.

Whence are you?
Ægyp. A poor *Ægyptian* yet, the Queen my Miſtris
Confin'd in all, ſhe has her Monument
Of thy intents, deſires, inſtruction,
That ſhe preparedly may frame her ſelf
To th' way ſhe's forc'd to.
Cæſ. Bid her have good heart,
She ſoon ſhall know of us, by ſome of ours,
How honourable, and how kindly we
Determine for her. For *Cæſar* cannot ~~leave~~ live to be ungentle
Ægyp. So the gods preſerve thee. [*Exit.*
Cæſ. Come hither *Proculeius*, go and ſay
We purpoſe her no ſhame: give her what comforts
The quality of her paſſion ſhall require;
Leſt in her greatneſs, by ſome mortal ſtroke
She do defeat us. For her life in *Rome*
Would be eternal in our triumph: go,
And with your ſpeedieſt bring us what ſhe ſayes,
And how you find of her.
Pro. Cæſar, I ſhall. [*Exit* Proculeius.
Cæſ Gallus, go you along: where's *Dolabella*, to ſecond *Proculeius*?
All. Dolabella.
Cæſ. Let him alone: for I remember now
How he's employ'd: he ſhall in time be ready.
Go with me to my Tent, where you ſhall ſee
How hardly I was drawn into this War,
How calm and gentle I proceeded ſtill
In all my Writings. Go with me, and ſee
What I can ſhew in this. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, *and* Mardian.

Cleo. My deſolation does begin to make
A better life: 'Tis paltry to be *Cæſar*:
Not being fortune, he's but fortunes knave,
A miniſter of her will: and it is great,
To do that thing that ends all other deeds,
Which ſhackles accidents, and bolts up change;
Which ſleeps, and never pallats more the dung,
The Beggar's Nurſe, and *Cæſars*.

Enter Proculeius.

Pro. Cæſar ſends greeting to the Queen of *Ægypt*,
And bids thee ſtudy on what fair demands
Thou mean'ſt to have him grant thee.
Cleo. What's thy name?
Pro. My name is *Proculeius.*
Cleo. Anthony
Did tell me of you, bad me truſt you, but
I do not greatly care to be deceiv'd
That have no uſe for truſting. If your Maſter
Would have a Queen his Beggar, you muſt tell him,
That Majeſty, to keep *decorum*, muſt
No leſs beg than a Kingdom: if he pleaſe
To give me conquer'd *Ægypt* for my Son,
He gives me ſo much of mine own, as I
Will kneel to him with thanks.
Pro. Be of good cheer:
Y'are faln into a Princely hand, fear nothing,
Make your full reference freely to my Lord,
Who is so full of Grace, that it flows over
On all that need. Let me report to him
Your ſweet dependency, and you ſhall find
A Conquerour that will pray in aid for kindneſs,
Where he for Grace is kneel'd to.
Cleo. Pray you tell him,
I am his Fortunes Vaſſal, and I ſend him
The greatneſs he has got. I hourly learn
A Doctrine of Obedience, and would gladly
Look him i'th' Face.
Pro. This I'le report (dear Lady)
Have comfort, for I know your plight is pitied
Of him that caus'd it.
Char. You ſee how eaſily ſhe may be ſurpris'd:
Guard her till *Cæſar* come.
Iras. Royal Queen.
Char. Oh *Cleopatra*, thou art taken, Queen.
Cleo. Quick, quick, good hands.
Pro. Hold, worthy Lady, hold:
Do not your ſelf ſuch wrong, who are in this
Reliev'd, but not betraid.
Cleo. What of death too that rids our dogs of languiſh?
Pro. Cleopatra, do not abuſe my Maſters bounty, by
Th' undoing of your ſelf: Let the world ſee
His Nobleneſs well acted, which your death
Will never let come forth.
Cleo. Where art thou, Death?
Come hither, come: Come, and take a Queen
Worth many Babes and Beggars.
Pro. Oh temperance, Lady.
Cleo. Sir, I will eat no meat, Il'e not drink, Sir:
If idle talk will once be neceſſary,
I'le not ſleep neither. This mortal houſe I'le ruine,
Do *Cæſar* what he can. Know, Sir, that I
Will not wait pinnion'd at your Maſter's Court,
Not once to be chaſtis'd with the ſober eye
Of dull *Octavia*. Shall they hoiſt me up,
And ſhew me to the ſhouting Varlotry
Of cenſuring *Rome*? rather a ditch, in *Ægypt*,
Be gentle, grave, unto me: rather on *Nilus* mud
Lay me ſtark nak'd, and let the water-Flies
Blow me into abhorring: rather make
My Countreys high Pyramids my Gibbet,
And hang me up in Chains.
Pro. You do extend
Theſe thoughts of horrour further than you ſhall
Find cauſe in *Cæſar*.

Enter Dolabella.

Dolabella. Proculeius,
What thou haſt done, my Maſter *Cæſar* knows,
And he hath ſent for thee: as for the Queen,
I'le take her to my Guard.
Proculeius. So, *Dolabella*,
It ſhall content me beſt: be gentle to her:
To *Cæſar* I will ſpeak what you ſhall pleaſe,
If you'll employ me to him. [*Exit* Proculeius.

Cleo. Say. I would die.
Dol. Moſt Noble Empreſs, you have heard of me.
Cleo. I cannot tell.
Dol. Aſſuredly you know me.
Cleo. No matter, Sir, what I have heard or known:
You laugh when Boyes or Women tell their Dreams,
Is't not your trick?
Dol. I underſtand not, Madam.
Cleo. I dreamt there was an Emperour *Anthony*.
Oh ſuch another ſleep, that I might ſee
But ſuch another man.
Dol. If it might pleaſe ye.
Cleo. His face was as the Heavens, and therein ſtuck
A Sun and Moon, which kept their courſe, and lighted
The little oth' Earth.
Dol. Moſt Sovereign Creature.
Cleo. His Legs beſtrid the Ocean, his rear'd Arm
Creſted the World: his Voice was propertied
As all the tuned Spheres, and that to Friends:
But when he meant to quail, and ſhake the Orb,
He was as ratling Thunder. For his bounty,
There was no Winter in't. An *Anthony* it was,
That grew the more by reaping: his delights
Were Dolphin-like, they ſhew'd his back above
The Element they liv'd in; In his Livery
Walk'd Crowns and Crownets: Realms and Iſlands
As plates dropt from his pocket.
Dol. *Cleopatra.*
Cleo. Think you there was, or might be ſuch a man
As this I dreamt of?
Dol. Gentle Madam, no.
Cleo. You Lye up to the hearing of the gods:
But if there be, or ever were one ſuch,
Its paſt the ſize of dreaming: Nature wants ſtuff
To vy ſtrange forms with fancy, yet t'imagine
An *Anthony* with Natures piece, 'gainſt Fancy,
Condemning ſhadows quite,
Dol. Hear me, good Madam:
Your loſs is as your ſelf, great; and you bear it
As anſwering to the weight, would I might never
O're-take purſu'd ſucceſs: but I do feel
By the rebound of yours, a grief that ſuits
My very heart at root.
Cleo. I thank you, Sir:
Know you what *Cæſar* means to do with me?
Dol. I am loth to tell you what, I would you knew.
Cleo. Nay, pray you, Sir.
Dol. Though he be honourable.
Cleo. He'll lead me then in triumph.
Dol. Madam, he will, I know't.

Enter Proculeius, Cæſar, Gallus, Mecænas, *and others of his Train.*

All. Make way there, *Cæſar*.
Cæſ. Which is the Queen of *Ægypt*.
Dol. It is the Emperour, Madam. [Cleo. *kneels.*
Cæſ. Ariſe, you ſhall not kneel:
I pray you riſe, riſe, *Ægypt*.
Cleo. Sir, the gods will have it thus,
My Maſter and my Lord I much obey.
Cæſ. Take to you no hard thoughts,
The Record of what injuries you did us,
Though written in our fleſh, we ſhall remember
As things but done by chance.
Cleo. Sole Sir oth' World,
I cannot project mine own cauſe ſo well
To make it clear, but do confeſs I have
Been laden with like frailties, which before
Have often ſham'd our Sex.
Cæſ. *Cleopatra*, know,
We will extenuate rather than inforce:
If you apply your ſelf to our intents,
Which towards you are moſt gentle, you ſhall find
A benefit in this change, but if you ſeek
To lay on me a Cruelty, by taking
Anthony's courſe, you ſhall bereave your ſelf
Of my good purpoſes, and put your Children
To that deſtruction which I'll guard them from,
If thereon you rely. I'll take my leave.
Cleo. And may through all the World:'tis yours, and we
Your Scutcheons, and your ſigns of Conqueſt ſhall
Hang in what place you pleaſe. Here, my good Lord.
Cæſ. You ſhall adviſe me in all for *Cleopatra*.
Cleo. This is the brief: of Money, Plate, and Jewels
I am poſſeſt of, 'tis exactly valued,
Not petty things admitted. Whereas *Seleucus*?
Sel. Here, Madam.
Cleo. This is my Treaſurer, let him ſpeak (my Lord)
Upon his peril, that I have reſerv'd
To my ſelf nothing. Speak the truth, *Seleucus*.
Sel. Madam, I had rather ſeal my Lips,
Than to my peril ſpeak that which is not.
Cleo. What have I kept back?
Sel. Enough to purchaſe what you have made known.
Cæſ. Nay, bluſh not, *Cleopatra*, I approve
Your wiſdom in the deed.
Cleo. See *Cæſar*: Oh behold,
How pomp is followed: mine will now be yours,
And ſhould we ſhift Eſtates, yours would be mine,
The ingratitude of this *Seleucus*, do's
Even make me wild. Oh Slave, of no more truſt
Than love that's hir'd? What, goeſt thou back, thou ſhalt
Go back I warrant thee: but I'll catch thine Eyes
Though they had Wings. Slave, Soul-leſs, Villain, Dog,
O rarely baſe!
Cæſ. Good Queen, let us entreat you.
Cleo. O *Cæſar*, what a wounding ſhame is this,
That thou vouchſafing here to viſit me,
Doing the honour of thy Lordlineſs
To one ſo meek, that mine own Servant ſhould
Parcel the ſumm of my diſgraces, by
Addition of his Envy! Say (good *Cæſar*)
That I ſome Lady-trifles have reſerv'd,
Immoment toyes, things of ſuch Dignity
As we greet modern Friends withal, and ſay
Some Nobler Token I have kept apart
For *Livia* and *Octavia*, to induce
Their meditation, muſt I be unfolded
With one that I have bred: the gods! it ſmites me
Beneath the fall I have. Prethee go hence,
Or I ſhall ſhew the Cynders of my ſpirits
Through th' aſhes of my chance: Wer't thou a man,
Thou would'ſt have mercy on me.
Cæſ. Forbear, *Seleucus*.
Cleo. Be it known, that we the greateſt are miſ-thought
For things that others do: and when we fall,
We anſwer others merits, in our names
Are therefore to be pittied.
Cæſ. *Cleopatra*,
Not what you have reſerv'd, nor what acknowledg'd
Put we i'th' Roll of Conqueſt: ſtill be't yours,
Beſtow it at your pleaſure, and believe
Cæſar's no Merchant to make prize with you
Of things that Merchants ſold. Therefore be cheer'd,
Make not your thoughts your Priſons: No, dear Queen,
For we intend ſo to diſpoſe you, as
Your ſelf ſhall give us counſel: Feed, and ſleep:
Our care and pitty is ſo much upon you,
That we remain your Friend, and ſo adieu.
Cleo. My Maſter, and my Lord.
Cæſ. Not ſo: Adieu.
[*Exeunt* Cæſar, *and his train.*
Cleo. He words me, Girls, he words me,
That I ſhould not be noble to my ſelf.
But hark thee, *Charmian.*
Iras. Finiſh, good Lady, the bright day is done,
And we are for the dark.

Cleo. Hye thee again.
I have ſpoke already, and it is provided,
Go put it to the haſte.
Char. Madam, I will.

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. Where's the Queen?
Char. Behold, Sir.
Cleo. *Dolabella.*
Dol. Madam, as thereto ſworn, by your command
(Which my love makes Religion to obey)
I tell you this: *Cæſar* through *Syria*
Intends his Journey, and within three dayes,
You with your Children will he ſend before,
Make your beſt uſe of this. I have perform'd
Your pleaſure, and my promiſe.
Cleo. *Dolabella*, I ſhall remain your Debtor.
Dol. I your Servant:
Adieu, good Queen, I muſt attend on *Cæſar.* [*Exit.*
Cleo. Farewel, and thanks.
Now, *Iras*, what think'ſt thou?
Thou, an *Ægyptian* Puppet, ſhalt be ſhewn
In *Rome* as well as I: Mechanick Slaves
With greaſie Aprons, Rules, and Hammers ſhall
Uplift us to the view. In their thick breaths,
Rank of groſs Diet, ſhall we be enclouded,
And forc'd to drink their vapour.
Iras. The gods forbid.
Cleo. Nay, 'tis moſt certain, *Iras:* ſawcy Lictors
Will catch at us like Strumpets, and ſcall'd Rhimers
Ballad us out a tune. The quick Comedians
Extemporally will ſtage us, and preſent
Our *Alexandria* Revels: *Anthony*
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I ſhall ſee
Some ſqeaking *Cleopatra* Boy my greatneſs
Ith' poſture of a Whore.
Iras. O the good gods!
Cleo. Nay that's certain.
Iras. I'll never ſee't; for I am ſure my Nails
Are ſtronger than mine Eyes.
Cleo. Why that's the way to fool their preparation,
And conquer their moſt abſurd intents.

Enter Charmian.

Now *Charmian.*
Shew me my Women like a Queen: Go fetch
My beſt Attires. I am again for *Cidnus*
To meet *Mark Anthony.* Sirrah *Iras*, go,
(Now, noble *Charmian*, we'll diſpatch indeed,)
And when thou haſt done this chare, I'll give thee leave
To play till Doomſ-day: bring our Crown, and all.
[*A noiſe within.*
Wherefore this noiſe?

Enter a Guardſman.

Guardſ. Here is a rural Fellow,
That will not be deny'd your Highneſs preſence,
He brings you Figs.
Cleo. Let him come in. [*Exit* Guardſman.
How poor an Inſtrument
May do a noble deed: he brings me liberty:
My reſolution's plac'd, and I have nothing
Of Woman in me: Now from head to foot
I am Marble conſtant: now the fleeting Moon
No Planet is of mine.

Enter Guardſman *and* Clown.

Guardſ. This is the Man.
Cleo. Avoid and leave him. [*Exit* Guardſman.
Haſt thou the pretty Worm of *Nilus* there,
That kills and pains not?

Clown. Truly I have him: but I would not be the party that ſhould deſire you to touch him, for his biting is immortal: thoſe that do die of it, do ſeldom or never recover.

Cleo. Remember'ſt thou any that have di'd on't?

Clown. Very many Men and Women too. I heard of one of them no longer than yeſterday, a very honeſt Woman, but ſomething given to lye, as a Woman ſhould not do, but in the way of honeſty, how ſhe died of the biting of it, what pain ſhe felt: Truly, ſhe makes a very good report oth' Worm: but he that will believe all that they ſay, ſhall never be ſaved by half that they do: but this is moſt fallible, the Worm's an odd Worm.

Cleo. Get thee hence, farewel.

Clown. I wiſh you all joy of the Worm.

Cleo. Farewel.

Clown. You muſt think this (look you) that the Worm will do his kind.

Cleo. I, I, farewel.

Clown. Look you, the Worm is not to be truſted, but in the keeping of wiſe people: for indeed, there is no goodneſs in the Worm.

Cleo. Take no care, it ſhall be heeded.

Clown. Very good: give it nothing I pray you, for it is not worth the feeding.

Cleo. Will it eat me?

Clown. You muſt not think I am ſo ſimple, but I know the Devil himſelf will not eat a Woman: I know, that a Woman is a diſh for the gods, if the Devil dreſs her not. But truly, theſe ſame whorſon Devils do the gods great harm in their Women: for in every ten that they make, the Devils mar five.

Cleo. Well, get the gone, farewel.

Clown. Yes forſooth, I wiſh you joy oth' Worm. [*Exit.*

Cleo. Give me my Robe, put on my Crown, I have
Immortal longings in me. Now no more
The juice of *Ægypts* Grape ſhall moiſt his Lip.
Yare, yare, good *Iras*, quick: me thinks I hear
Anthony call: I ſee him rowſe himſelf
To praiſe my Noble Act. I hear him mock
The luck of *Cæſar*, which the gods give men
To excuſe their after wrath. Husband, I come:
Now to that name, my courage prove my Title.
I am Fire, and Air; my other Elements
I give no baſer life. So, have you done?
Come then, and take the laſt warmth of my Lips.
Farewel kind *Charmian*, *Iras*, long farewel.
Have I the Aſpick in my Lips? Doſt fall?
If thou and Nature can ſo gently part,
The ſtroke of death is as a Lovers pinch,
Which hurts, and is deſir'd. Doſt thou lie ſtill?
If thus thou vaniſheſt, thou tell'ſt the World
It is not worth leave taking.
Char. Diſſolve thick Cloud and Rain, that I may ſay,
The gods themſelves do weep.
Cleo. This proves me baſe:
If ſhe proves the curſed *Anthony*,
He'll make demand of her, and ſpend that kiſs
Which is my Heaven to have. Come thou mortal wretch,
With thy ſharp teeth this knot intrinſicate,
Of life at once unty: Poor venemous Fool,
Be angry and diſpatch. Oh could'ſt thou ſpeak,
That I might hear thee call great *Cæſar* Aſs, unpolicied.
Char. Oh Eaſtern ſtar.
Cleo. Peace, peace:
Doſt thou not ſee my Baby at my Breaſt,
That ſucks the Nurſe aſleep.
Char. O break! O break!
Cleo. As ſweet as Balm, as ſoft as Air, as gentle.
O *Anthony!* Nay I will take thee too.
What ſhould I ſtay —— [*Dies.*
Char. In this wild World? So fare thee well:
Now boaſt thee Death, in thy poſſeſſion lies

A Laſs unparallel'd. Downy Windows cloſe,
And golden Phœbus never be beheld
Of Eyes again ſo Royal: your Crowns away,
I'll mend it, and then play ——

Enter the Guard *ruſtling in, and* Dolabella.

1 *Guard.* Where's the Queen?
Char. Speak ſoftly, wake her not.
1. *Cæſar* hath ſent.
Char. Too ſlow a Meſſenger.
Oh come apace, diſpatch, I partly feel thee.
1. Approach ho,
All's not well: *Cæſar*'s beguil'd.
2. There's *Dolabella* ſent from *Cæſar:* call him.
1. What work is here, *Charmian?*
Is this well done?
Char. It's well done, and fitting for a Princeſs
Deſcended of ſo many Royal Kings.
Ah Souldier! [Charmian *dyes.*

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. How goes it here?
2. *Guard.* All dead.
Dol. *Cæſar*, thy thoughts
Touch their effects in this: thy ſelf art coming
To ſee perform'd the dreaded Act which thou
So ſought'ſt to hinder.

Enter Cæſar *and all his Train, marching.*

All. Make way there, make way for *Cæſar.*
Dol. Oh, Sir, you are too ſure an Augurer:
That you did fear, is done.
Cæſar. Braveſt at the laſt,
She levell'd at our purpoſes, and being Royal
Took her own way: the manner of her Deaths?
I do not ſee them bleed.
Dol. Who was laſt with them?
1. *Guard.* A ſimple Countryman, that brought her Figs:
This was his Basket.
Cæſ. Poyſon'd then.
1 *Guard.* Oh *Cæſar:*
This *Charmian* liv'd but now, ſhe ſtood and ſpake:
I found her trimming up the Diadem,
On her dead Miſtriſs, tremblingly ſhe ſtood,
And on the ſudden dropt.
Cæſar. Oh noble weakneſs:
If they had ſwallowed poyſon, 'twould appear.
By external ſwelling: but ſhe looks like ſleep,
As ſhe would catch another *Anthony*
In her ſtrong toil of Grace.
Dol. Here on her Breaſt,
There is a vent of blood, and ſomething blown,
The like is on her Arm.
1 *Guard.* This an Aſpects trail
And theſe Fig-leaves have ſlime upon them ſuch
As th' Aſpick leaves upon the Caves of *Nile.*
Cæſ. Moſt probable
That ſo ſhe died: for her Phyſician tells me
She hath purſu'd Concluſions infinite
Of eaſie ways to dye. Take up her Bed,
And bear her Women from the Monument,
She ſhall be buried by her *Anthony.*
No Grave upon the Earth ſhall clip in it
A pair ſo famous: high events as theſe
Strike thoſe that make them: and their ſtory is
No leſs in pitty, than his glory which
Brought them to be lamented. Our Army ſhall,
In ſolemn ſhew, attend this Funeral,
And then to *Rome.* Come, *Dolabella*, ſee
High Order in this great Solemnity. [*Exeunt omnes.*

THE

THE TRAGEDY OF CYMBELINE.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* YOU do not meet a man but frowns.
Our blouds no more obey the Heavens
Than our Courtiers:
Still ſeem as do's the Kings.
2 *Gent.* But what's the matter?
1. His Daughter, and the Heir of's Kingdom (whom
He purpos'd to his Wives ſole Son, a Widow
That late he married) hath referr'd her ſelf
Unto a poor, but worthy Gentleman. She's wedded.
Her Husband baniſh'd; ſhe impriſon'd, all
Is outward ſorrow, though I think the King
Be touch'd at very heart.
2. None but the King?
1. He that hath loſt her too: ſo is the Queen,
That moſt deſir'd the Match. But not a Courtier,
Although they wear their faces to the bent
Of the Kings looks, hath a heart that is not
Glad at the thing they ſcoul at.
2. And why ſo?
1. He that hath miſs'd the Princeſs, is a thing
Too bad, for bad report: and he that hath her,
(I mean, that married her, alack good man,
And thereſore baniſh'd) is a Creature, ſuch,
As to ſeek through the Regions of the Earth
For one, he likes; there would be ſomething failing
In him, that ſhould compare. I do not think,
So fair an Outward, and ſuch ſtuff within
Endows a man, but he.
2. You ſpeak him fair.
1. I do x extend him (Sir) within which himſelf;
Cruſh him together, rather than unfold
His meaſure ~~dully.~~ duely
2. What's his name and Birth?
1. I cannot delve him to the root: his Father
Was call'd *Sicillius*, who did join his honour
Againſt the Romans, with *Caſſibelan*,
But had his Titles by *Tenantius*, whom
He ſerv'd with Glory and admir'd Succeſs:
So gain'd the Sur-addition, *Leonatus*.
And had (beſides this Gentleman in queſtion)
Two other Sons, who in the Wars o' th' time
Dy'd with their Swords in hand. For which their Father
Then old, and fond of iſſue, took ſuch ſorrow
That he quit Being; and his gentle Lady
Big of this Gentleman (our Theam deceaſt)
As he was born. The King he takes the Babe
To his protection, calls him *Poſthumus Leonatus*,
Breeds him, and makes him of his Bed-Chamber,
Puts to him all the Learnings that his time
Could make him the receiver of, which he took
As we do air, faſt as 'twas miniſtred,
And in's Spring, became a Harveſt: Liv'd in Court
(Which rare it is to do) moſt prais'd, moſt lov'd,
A ſample to the youngeſt: to th' more Mature,
A glaſs that feated them: and to the graver, x featured
A Child that guided Dotards. To his Miſtriſs,
(For whom he now is baniſh'd) her own price
Proclaims how ſhe eſteem'd him; and his Vertue
By her Election may be truly read, what kind of man he is.
2. I honour him, even out of your report.
But pray you tell me, is ſhe ſole Child to th' King?
1. His only Child?
He had two Sons (if this be worth your hearing,
Mark it) the eldeſt of them, at three years old
I' th' ſwathing Cloaths, the other from their Nurſery
Were ſtoln, and to this hour, no gueſs in knowledge
Which way they went.
2. How long is this ago?
1. Some twenty years.
2. That a Kings Children ſhould be ſo convey'd,
So ſlackly guarded, and the ſearch ſo ſlow
That could not trace them.
1. Howſoere 'tis ſtrange,
Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at:
Yet is it true, Sir.
2. I do well believe you.
1. We muſt forbear. Here comes the Gentleman,
The Queen, and Princeſs. [*Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter the Queen, Poſthumus, *and* Imogen.

Qu. No, be aſſur'd you ſhall not find me (Daughter)
After the ſlander of moſt Step-Mothers,
Evil-ey'd unto you. You're my Priſoner, but
Your Gaoler ſhall deliver you the Keys
That lock up your reſtraint. For you, *Poſthumus*,
So ſoon as I can win th' offended King,
I will be known your Advocate: marry yet
The fire of Rage is in him, and 'twere good
You lean'd unto his Sentence, with what patience

Your

1-x vid: Scen: 5ta are wonderfully to extend him

Your wiſdom may inform you.
Poſt. Pleaſe your Highneſs,
I will from hence to day.
Que. You know the peril:
I'le fetch a turn about the Garden, pitying
The pangs of barr'd affections, though the King
Hath charg'd you ſhould not ſpeak together. [*Exit.*
Imo. O diſſembling Curteſie! How fine this tyrant
Can tickle where ſhe wounds? My deareſt Husband,
I ſomething fear my Fathers wrath, but nothing
(Always reſerv'd my holy duty) what
His rage can do on me. You muſt be gone,
And I ſhall here abide the hourly ſhot
Of angry eyes: not comforted to live,
But that there is this Jewel in the world,
That I may ſee again.
Poſt. My Queen, my Miſtris:
O Lady, weep no more, leſt I give cauſe
To be ſuſpected of more tenderneſs
Than doth become a man. I will remain
The loyall'ſt husband, that did ere plight troth.
My reſidence in *Rome*, at one *Florio's*,
Who to my Father was a friend, to me
Known but by Letter; thither write (my Queen)
And with mine eyes, I'le drink the words you ſend,
Though Ink be made of Gall.

Enter Queen.

Que. Be brief, I pray you:
If the King come, I ſhall incur, I know not
How much of his diſpleaſure: yet I'le move him
To walk this way: I never do him wrong,
But he do's buy my injuries, to be friends,
Payes dear for my offences.
Poſt. Should we be taking leave
As long a term as yet we have to live,
The lothneſs to depart, would grow: Adieu.
Imo. Nay, ſtay a little:
Were you but riding forth to air your ſelf,
Such parting were too petty. Look here (Love)
This Diamond was my Mothers: take it (Heart)
But keep it till you wooe another Wife,
When *Imogen* is dead.
Poſt. How, how? Another?
You gentle gods, give me but this I have,
And ſear up my embracements from a next,
With bonds of death. Remain, remain thou here,
While ſenſe can keep it on: And ſweeteſt, faireſt,
As I (my poor ſelf) did exchange for you
To your ſo infinite loſs: ſo in our trifles
I ſtill win of you. For my ſake wear this,
It is a Manacle of Love, I'le place it
Upon this faireſt Priſoner.
Imo. O the gods!
When ſhall we ſee again?

Enter Cymbeline, *and* Lords.

Poſt. Alack, the King.
Cym. Thou baſeſt thing, avoid hence, from my ſight:
If after this command thou fraught the Court
With thy unworthineſs, thou dyeſt. Away,
Thou'rt poiſon to my bloud.
Poſt. The gods protect you,
And bleſs the good Remainders of the Court:
I am gone. [*Exit.*
Imo. There cannot be a pinch in death
More ſharp than this is.
Cym. O diſloyal thing,
That ſhould'ſt repair my youth, thou heap'ſt many
A years age on me.
Imo. I beſeech you, Sir,
Harm not your ſelf with your vexation,
I am ſenſeleſs of your wrath; a touch more rare
Subdues all pangs, all fears.
Cym. Paſt Grace? Obedience?
Imo. Paſt hope, and in diſpair, that way paſt Grace.
Cym. That might'ſt have had
The ſole Son of my Queen.
Imo. O bleſſed that I might not: I choſe an Eagle,
And did avoid a Puttock.
Cym. Thou took'ſt a Beggar, would'ſt have made my
Throne, a Seat for baſeneſs.
Imo. No, I rather added a luſtre to it.
Cym. O thou vile one!
Imo. Sir,
It is your fault that I have lov'd *Poſthumus:*
You bred him as my Play-fellow, and he is
A man, worth any woman: over-buys me
Almoſt the ſumm he payes.
Cym. What? art thou mad?
Imo. Almoſt, Sir: Heaven reſtore me: would I were
A Neat-herds Daughter, and my *Lecnatus*
Our Neighbour-Shepherds Son.

Enter Queen.

Cym. Thou fooliſh thing;
They were again together: you have done
Not after our command. Away with her,
And pen her up.
Que. Beſeech your patience: Peace,
Dear Lady Daughter, peace. Sweet Soveraign,
Leave us to our ſelves, and make your ſelf ſome comfort
Out of your beſt advice.
Cym. Nay let her languiſh
A drop of bloud aday, and being aged
Dye of this Folly. [*Exit.*

Enter Piſanio.

Que. Fie, you muſt give away:
Here is your Servant. How now, Sir? What news?
Piſ. My Lord your Son, drew on my Maſter.
Que. Hah!
No harm I truſt is done?
Piſa. There might have been,
But that my Maſter rather plaid, than fought,
And had no help of Anger: they were parted
By Gentlemen, at hand.
Que. I am very glad on't.
Imo. Your Son's my Fathers Friend, he takes his part
To draw upon an Exile, O brave Sir,
I would they were in *Africk* both together,
My ſelf by with a Needle, that I might prick
The goer back. Why came you from your Maſter?
Piſa. On his command: he would not ſuffer me
To bring him to the haven: left theſe notes
Of what commands I ſhould be ſubject to,
When't pleaſe you to employ me.
Que. This hath been
Your faithful Servant: I dare lay mine honour
He will remain ſo.
Piſa. I humbly thank your Highneſs.
Que. Pray walk a while.
Imo. About ſome half hour hence,
Pray you ſpeak with me;
You ſhall (at leaſt) go ſee my Lord aboard.
For this time leave me. [*Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Clotten, *and two* Lords.

1. Sir, I would adviſe you to ſhift a ſhirt; the Violence of Action hath made you reek as a Sacrifice: where

air comes out, air comes in: there's none abroad ſo wholſome as that you vent.

Clot. If my Shirt were bloudy, then to ſhift it.
Have I hurt him?

2. No faith: not ſo much as his patience.

1. Hurt him? His bodie's a paſſable Carkaſs if he be not hurt. It is a through-fare for Steel if it be not hurt.

2. His Steel was in debt, it went oth' Back-ſide the Town.

Clot. The Villain would not ſtand me.

2. No, but he fled forward ſtill, toward your face.

1. Stand you? you have Land enough of your own:
But he added to your having, gave you ſome ground.

2. As many Inches, as you have Oceans (Puppies)

Clot. I would they had not come between us.

2. So would I, till you had meaſur'd how long a fool you were upon the ground.

Clot. And that ſhe ſhould love this fellow, and refuſe me.

2. If it be a ſin to make a true election, ſhe is damn'd.

1. Sir, as I told you always: her Beauty and her Brain go not together. She's a good ſign, but I have ſeen ſmall reflection of her wit.

2. She ſhines not upon Fools, leſt the reflection
Should hurt her.

Clot. Come, I'le to my Chamber: would there had been ſome hurt done.

2. I wiſh not ſo, unleſs it had been the fall of an Aſs, which is no great hurt.

Clot. You'll go with us?

1. I'le attend your Lordſhip.

Clot. Nay come, let's go together.

2. Well, my Lord.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Imogen, *and* Piſanio.

Imo. I would thou grew'ſt unto the ſhores oth' haven,
And queſtioned'ſt every Sail: if he ſhould write,
And I not have it, 'twere a Paper loſt
As offer'd mercy is: what was the laſt
That he ſpake to thee?

Piſa. It was his Queen, his Queen.

Imo. Then wav'd his Handkerchief?

Piſa. And kiſt it, Madam.

Imo. Senſeleſs Linnen, happier therein than I:
And that was all?

Piſa. No, Madam: for ſo long
As he could make me with his eyes, or ear,
Diſtinguiſh him from others, he did keep
The Deck, with Glove, or Hat, or Handkerchief,
Still waving, as the fits and ſtirrs of 's mind
Could beſt expreſs how ſlow his Soul ſail'd on,
How ſwift his Ship.

Imo. Thou ſhould'ſt have made him
As little as a Crow, or leſs, ere left
To after-eye him.

Piſa. Madam, ſo I did

Imo. I would have broke mine eye-ſtrings;
Crack'd them, but to look upon him, till the diminution
Of ſpace, had pointed him ſharp as my Needle:
Nay, followed him, till he had melted from
The ſmallneſs of a Gnat, to air: and then
Have turn'd mine eye, and wept. But, good *Piſanio*,
When ſhall we hear from him.

Piſa. Be aſſur'd, Madam,
With his next vantage.

Imo. I did not take my leave of him, but had
Moſt pretty things to ſay: Ere I could tell him
How I would think on him at certain hours,
Such thoughts, and ſuch: Or I could make him ſwear,
The She's of *Italy* ſhould not betray
Mine Intereſt, and his Honour: or have charg'd him
At the ſixth hour of Morn, at Noon, at Midnight,
T'encounter me with Oriſons, for then
I am in Heaven for him: Or ere I could,
Give him that parting kiſs, which I had ſet
Betwixt two charming words, comes in my Father,
And like the tyrannous breathing of the North,
Shakes all our buds from growing.

Enter a Lady.

Lady. The Queen (Madam)
Deſires your highneſs Company.

Imo. Thoſe things I bid you do, get them diſpatch'd,
I will attend the Queen.

Piſa. Madam, I ſhall. [*Exeunt.*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Philario, Iachimo, Frenchman, Dutchman, *and a* Spaniard.

Iach. Believe it, Sir, I have ſeen him in *Britain*; he was then of a Creſcent, none expected to prove ſo worthy, as ſince he hath been allowed the name of. But I could then have look'd on him, without the help of Admiration, though the Catalogue of his endowments had been tabled by his ſide, and I to peruſe him by *Items.*

Phil. You ſpeak of him when he was leſs furniſh'd, than now he is, with that which makes him both without and within.

French. I have ſeen him in *France*: we had very many there, could behold the Sun, with as firm eyes as he.

Iach. This matter of marrying his Kings Daughter, wherein he muſt be weighed rather by her value, than his own, words him (I doubt not) a great deal from the matter.

French. And then his baniſhment.

Iach. I, and the approbation of thoſe that weep this lamentable divorce under her colours, are wonderfully to extend him, be it but to fortifie her judgement, which elſe an eaſie battery might lay flat, for taking a Beggar without leſs the least quality. But how comes it, he is to ſojourn with you? how creeps acquaintance?

Phil. His father and I were Souldiers together, to whom I have been often bound for no leſs than my life.

Enter Poſthumus.

Here comes the *Britain.* Let him be ſo entertained amongſt you, as ſuits with Gentlemen of your knowing, to a ſtranger of his quality. I beſeech you all be better known to this Gentleman, whom I commend to you, as a Noble friend of mine. How worthy he is, I will leave to appear hereafter, rather than ſtory him in his own hearing.

Fren. Sir, we have known together in *Orleance.*

Poſt. Since when I have been debter to you for courteſies, which I will be ever to pay, and yet pay ſtill.

Fren. Sir, you ore-rate my poor kindneſs, I was glad I did atone my Countryman and you; it had been pitty you ſhould have been put together, with ſo mortal a purpoſe, as then each bore, upon importance of ſo ſlight and trivial a nature.

Poſt. By your pardon, Sir, I was then a young Traveller, rather, ſhun'd to go even with what I heard, than in my very action to be guided by others experiences: but upon my mended judgement (if I offend to ſay it is mended) my Quarrel was not altogether ſlight.

French. Faith yes, to be put to the arbitrement of ſwords, and by ſuch two, that would by all likelihood have confounded one the other, or have faln both.

Iach. Can we with manners, ask what was the difference?

Fren. Safely, I think, 'twas a contention in publick, which may (without contradiction) ſuffer the report. It was much alike an agrument that fell out laſt night, where each of us fell in praiſe of our Country-Miſtreſſes. This Gentleman, at that time vouching (and upon warrant of bloudy affirmation) his to be more Fair, Vertuous, Wiſe, Chaſt, Conſtant, Qualified, and leſs attemptible than any, the rareſt of our Ladies in *France.*

Iach. That Lady is not now living: this Gentleman's opinion by this worn out.

Poſt. She holds her Vertue ſtill, and I my mind.

Iach. You muſt not ſo far preferr her, 'fore ours of *Italy.*

Poſt. Being ſo far provok'd as I was in *France:* I would abate her nothing, though I profeſs my ſelf her Adorer, not her Friend.

Iach. As fair, and as good: a kind of hand in hand compariſon, had been ſomething too fair, and too good for any Lady in *Britany:* if ſhe went before others. I have ſeen, as that Diamond of yours out-luſters many I have beheld. I could not believe ſhe excelled many: but I have not ſeen the moſt precious Diamond that is, nor you the Lady.

Poſt. I prais'd her, as I rated her: ſo do I my ſtone.

Iach. What do you eſteem it at?

Poſt. More than the world enjoys.

Iach. Either your unparagon'd Miſtris is dead, or ſhe's out-priz'd by a trifle.

Poſt. You are miſtaken: the one may be ſold or given, or if there were wealth enough for the purchaces, or merit for the gift. The other is not a thing for ſale, and only the gift of the gods.

Iach. Which the gods have given you?

Poſt. Which by their Graces I will keep.

Iach. You may wear her in title yours: but you know ſtrange Fowle light upon neighbouring Ponds. Your Ring may be ſtoln too, ſo your brace of unprizeable Eſtimations, the one is but frail, and the other Caſual. A cunning Thief, or a (that way) accompliſh'd Courtier, would hazzard the winning both of firſt and laſt.

Poſt. Your *Italy* contains none ſo accompliſh'd a Courtier to convince the honour of my Miſtris: if in the holding or loſs of that, you term her frail, I do nothing doubt you have ſtore of Thieves, notwithſtanding I fear not my Ring.

Phil. Let us leave here, Gentlemen.

Poſt. Sir, with all my heart. This worthy Signior I thank him, makes no ſtranger of me, we are familiar at firſt.

Iach. With five times ſo much converſation, I ſhould get ground of your fair Miſtris; make her go back, even to the yielding, had I admittance, and opportunity to Friend.

Poſt. No, no.

Iach. I dare thereupon pawn the moyety of my Eſtate, to your Ring, which in my opinion or-evalues it ſomething: but I make my wager rather againſt your Confidence, than her Reputation. And to bar your offence herein too, I durſt attempt it againſt any Lady in the world.

Poſt. You are a great deal abus'd in too bold a perſwaſion, and I doubt not you ſuſtain what y'are worthy of, by your Attempt.

Iach. What's that?

Poſt. A Repulſe, though your Attempt (as you call it) deſerves more; a puniſhment too.

Phil. Gentlemen, enough of this, it came in too ſuddenly, let it dye as it was born, and I pray you be better acquainted.

Iach. Would I had put my Eſtate, and my Neighbours on th' approbation of what I have ſpoke.

Poſt. What Lady would you chooſe to aſſail?

Iach. Yours, whom in conſtancy you think ſtands ſo ſafe. I will lay you ten thouſand Duckets to your Ring, that commend me to the Court where your Lady is, with no more advantage than the opportunity of a ſecond conference, and I will bring from thence, that honour of hers, which you imagine ſo reſerv'd.

Poſt. I will wage againſt your Gold, Gold to it: My Ring I hold dear as my finger, 'tis part of it.

Iach. You are a friend, and therein the wiſer: if you buy Ladies fleſh at a Million a Dram, you cannot preſerve it from tainting; but I ſee you have ſome Religion in you, that you fear.

Poſt. This is but a cuſtom in your tongue: you bear a graver purpoſe I hope.

Iach. I am the Maſter of my ſpeeches, and would undergo what's ſpoken, I ſwear.

Poſt. Will you? I ſhall but lend my Diamond till your return: let there be Covenants drawn between's. My Miſtris exceeds in goodneſs, the hugeneſs of your unworthy things. I dare you to this match: here's my Ring.

Phil. I will have it no lay.

Iach. By the gods it is one: if I bring you no ſufficient Teſtimony that I have enjoy'd the deareſt bodily part of your Miſtris: my ten thouſand Duckets are yours, ſo is your Diamond too: if I come off, and leave her in ſuch honour as you have truſt in: She your Jewel, this your Jewel, and my Gold are yours: provided I have your commendation, for my more entertainment.

Poſt. I embrace theſe Conditions, let us have Articles betwixt us: only thus far you ſhall anſwer, if you make your voyage upon her, and give me directly to underſtand, you have prevail'd, I am no further your Enemy, ſhe is not worth our debate. If ſhe remain unſeduc'd, you not making it appear otherwiſe: for your ill opinion, and th' aſſault you have made to her chaſtity, you ſhall anſwer me with your Sword.

Iach. Your hand, a Covenant: we will have theſe things ſet down by lawful Counſel, and ſtraight away for *Britain,* leſt the Bargain ſhould catch cold, and ſtarve: I will fetch my Gold, and have our two Wagers recorded.

Poſt. Agreed.

French. Will this hold, think you.

Phil. Signior *Iachimo* will not from it.
Pray let us follow 'em. [*Exeunt.*

Scena Sexta.

Enter Queen, Ladies, *and* Cornelius.

Que. Whiles yet the dew's on ground
Gather thoſe Flowers,
Make haſt. Who has the note of them?
Lad. I Madam.
Que. Diſpatch. [*Exeunt* Ladies.
Now Maſter Doctor, have you brought thoſe drugs:
Cor. Pleaſeth your higneſs, I: here they are, Madam:
But I beſeech your Grace, without offence
(My Conſcience bids me ask) wherefore you have
Commanded of me theſe moſt poiſonous Compounds,
Which are the movers of a languiſhing death:
But though ſlow, deadly.
Que. I wonder, Doctor,
Thou ask'ſt me ſuch a Queſtion; have I not been
Thy Pupill long? haſt thou not learn'd me how
To make Perfumes? Diſtil? Preſerve? Yea ſo,
That our great King himſelf doth wooe me oft
For my Confections? having thus far proceeded,
(Unleſs thou think'ſt me deviliſh) is it not meet
That I did amplifie my judgement in
Other Concluſions? I will try the forces
Of theſe thy Compounds, on ſuch Creatures as
We count not worth the hanging (but none humane)
To try the vigour of them, and apply
Allayments to their Act, and by them gather
Their ſeveral vertues, and effects.
Corn. Your highneſs
Shall from this practice, but make hard your heart:
Beſides, the ſeeing theſe effects will be

Both noyſome and infectious.
Qu. O content thee.

Enter Piſanio.

Here comes a flattering Raſcal, upon him
Will I firſt work: He's for his Maſter,
And Enemy to my Son. How now, *Piſanio?*
Doctor, your ſervice for this time is ended,
Take your own way.
Cor. I do ſuſpect you, Madam.
But you ſhall do no harm.
Qu. Hark thee a word.
Cor. I do not like her. She doth think ſhe has
Strange ling'ring poiſons: I do know her ſpirit,
And will not truſt one of her malice, with
A drug of ſuch damn'd Nature. Thoſe ſhe has,
Will ſtupefie and dull the Senſe a while,
Which firſt (perchance) ſhe'll prove on Cats and Dogs,
Then afterward up higher: but there is
No danger in what ſhew of death it makes,
More than the locking up the Spirits a time,
To be more freſh, reviving. She is fool'd
With a moſt falſe effect: and I the truer,
So to be falſe with her.
Qu. No further ſervice, Doctor,
Until I ſend for thee.
Cor. I humbly take my leave. [*Exit.*
Qu. Weeps ſhe ſtill (ſaiſt thou?)
Do'ſt thou think in time
She will not quench, and let inſtructions enter
Where folly now poſſeſſes? do thou work:
When thou ſhalt bring me word ſhe loves my Son,
I'll tell thee on the inſtant, thou art then
As great as is thy Maſter: Greater, for
His Fortunes all lie ſpeechleſs, and his name
Is at laſt gaſp. Retnrn he cannot, nor
Continue where he is: to ſhift his being,
Is to exchange one miſery with another,
And every day that comes, comes to decay
A dayes work in him. What ſhalt thou expect
To be depender of a thing that leans?
Who cannot be new built, nor has no Friends
So much, as but to prop him? Thou tak'ſt up
Thou know'ſt not what: But take it for thy labour,
It is a thing I make, which hath the King
Five times redeem'd from death. I do not know
What is more Cordial. Nay I prethee take it,
It is an earneſt of a farther good
That I mean to thee. Tell thy Miſtriſs how
The caſe ſtands with her: do't, as from thy ſelf:
Think what a chance thou changeſt on, but think
Thou haſt thy Miſtriſs ſtill, to boot, my Son,
Who ſhall take notice of thee. I'll move the King
To any ſhape of thy Preferment, ſuch
As thou'lt deſire: and then my ſelf, I chiefly,
That ſet thee on to this deſert, am bound
To load thy merit richly. Call my Women. [*Exit* Piſanio.
Think on my words. A ſlye, and conſtant Knave,
Not to be ſhak'd: the Agent for his Maſter,
And the Remembrancer of her, to hold
The hand faſt to her Lord. I have given him that,
Which if he take, ſhall quite unpeople her
Of Leidgers for her Sweet: and which ſhe after,
Except ſhe bend her humour, ſhall be aſſur'd
To taſte of too.

Enter Piſanio, *and* Ladies.

So, ſo: well done, well done:
The Violets, Cowſlips, and the Prime-Roſes
Bear to my Cloſſet: Fare thee well, *Piſanio,*
Think on my words. [*Exit* Queen, *and* Ladies.
Piſa. And ſhall do:
But when to my good Lord, I prove untrue,
I'll choak my ſelf: there's all I'll do for you. [*Exit.*

Scena Septima.

Enter Imogen *alone.*

Imo. A Father cruel, and a Stepdame falſe,
A Fooliſh Suiter to a Wedded Lady,
That hath her Husband baniſh'd: O, that Husband,
My ſupream Crown of grief, and thoſe repeated
Vexations of it. Had I been Thief-ſtoln,
As my two Brothers, happy: but moſt miſerable
Is the deſire that's glorious. Bleſſed be thoſe
How mean ſo ere, that have their honeſt wills,
Which ſeaſons comfort. Who may this be? Fie.

Enter Piſanio, *and* Jachimo.

Piſa. Madam, a Noble Gentleman of *Rome,*
Comes from my Lord with Letters.
Jach. Change you, Madam!
The Worthy *Leonatus* is in ſafety,
And greets your Highneſs dearly.
Imo. Thanks, good Sir,
You're kindly welcome.
Jach. All of her, that is out of door, moſt rich:
If ſhe be furniſh'd with a mind ſo rare,
She is alone th' Arabian-Bird; and I
Have loſt the wager. Boldneſs be my Friend:
Arm me Audacity from head to foot,
Or like the Parthian I ſhall flying fight,
Rather directly flye

Imogen *reads.*

He is one of the Nobleſt note, to whoſe kindneſſes I am moſt infinitely tyed. Reflect upon him accordingly, as you value your truſt.
Leonatus.

So far I read aloud.
But even the very middle of my heart
Is warm'd by th' reſt, and take it thankfully.
You are as welcome (worthy Sir) as I
Have words to bid you, and ſhall find it ſo
in all that I can do.
Jach. Thanks, faireſt Lady:
What are men mad? hath Nature given them Eyes
To ſee this vaulted Arch, and the rich Crop
Of Sea, and Land, which can diſtinguiſh 'twixt
The fiery Orbes above, and the twinn'd Stones
Upon the number'd Beach, and can we not
Partition make with Spectacles ſo pretious
'Twixt fair, and foul?
Imo. What makes your admiration?
Jach. It cannot be i' th' Eye: for Apes, and Monkeys
'Twixt two ſuch She's, would chatter this way, and
Contemn with mowes the other. Nor i' th' judgment:
For Ideots in this caſe of favour, would
Be wiſely definit: Nor in the Appetite.
Sluttery to ſuch neat Excellence, oppos'd
Should make deſire vomit emptineſs,
Not ſo allur'd to feed.
Imo. What is the matter trow?
Jach. The Cloyed will,
That ſatiate yet unſatisfi'd deſire, that Tub
Both fill'd and running: Ravening firſt the Lamb,
Longs after for the Garbage.
Imo. What, dear Sir,
Thus rap's you? Are you well?
Jach. Thanks, Madam, well: Beſeech you, Sir,
Deſire my Man's abode, where I did leave him:
He's ſtrange and peeviſh.
Piſa. I was going, Sir,

To give him welcome.
Imo. Continues well my Lord?
His health, beſeech you?
Jach. VVell, Madam.
Imo. Is he diſpos'd to mirth? I hope he is.
Jach. Exceeding pleaſant: none a ſtranger there,
So merry, and ſo gameſome: he is call'd
The *Britain* Reveller.
Imo. When he was here
He did incline to ſadneſs, and oft times
Not knowing why.
Jach. I never ſaw him ſad.
There is a *Frenchman* his Companion, one
An eminent Monſieur, that it ſeems much loves
A *Gallian*-Girl at home. He Furnaces
The thick ſides from him; whiles the jolly *Britain*,
(Your Lord I mean) laughs from's free Lungs: cries oh,
Can my ſides hold, to think that man who knows
By Hiſtory, Report, or his own proof
What Woman is, yea what ſhe cannot chooſe
But muſt be: will's free hours languiſh,
For aſſured Bondage?
Imo. Will my Lord ſay ſo?
Jach. I Madam, with his Eyes in flood with laughter,
It is a Recreation to be by
And hear him mock the *Frenchman*:
But Heavens know ſome men are much too blame.
Imo. Not he, I hope.
Jach. Not he.
But yet Heavens bounty towards him, might
Be us'd more thankfully. In himſelf 'tis much;
In you which I account his beyond all Talents,
Whilſt I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pitty too.
Imo. What do you pitty, Sir?
Jach. Two Creatures heartily.
Imo. Am I one, Sir?
You look on me: what wrack diſcern you in me
Deſerves your pitty?
Jach. Lamentable: what
To hide me from the radiant Sun, and ſolace
I'th' Dungeon by a Snuff?
Imo. I pray you, Sir,
Deliver with more openneſs your Anſwers
To my demands. Why do you pitty me?
Jach. That others do
(I was about to ſay) enjoy your —— but
It is an office of the gods to venge it,
Not mine to ſpeak on't.
Imo. You do ſeem to know
Something of me, or what concerns me; pray you
Since doubting things go ill, often hurts more,
Than to be ſure they do. For Certainties
Either are paſt remedies; or timely knowing,
The remedy, then born. Diſcover to me
What both you ſpur and ſtop.
Jach. Had I this Cheek
To bath my Lips upon: this Hand, whoſe touch,
(Whoſe very touch) would force the feelers Soul
To th' Oath of Loyalty; This object, which
Takes Priſoner, the wild motion of mine Eye,
Fixing it only here, ſhould I (damn'd then)
Slaver with Lips as common as the ſtairs
That mount the Capitol: join gripes, with hands
Made hard with hourly Falſhood (as
With labour:) than by peeping in an Eye
Baſe and illuſtrious as the ſmoaky light
That's fed with ſtinking Tallow: it were fit
That all the Plagues of Hell ſhould at one time
Encounter ſuch revolt.
Imo. My Lord, I fear
Has forgot *Britain*.
Jach. And himſelf, not I
Inclin'd to this intelligence, pronounce
The Beggery of his change: but 'tis your Graces
That from my muteſt Conſcience, to my tongue,
Charms this report out.
Imo. Let me hear no more.
Jach. O deareſt Soul: your Cauſe doth ſtrike my heart
With pitty, that doth make me ſick. A Lady
So fair, and faſtned to an Empery
Would make the great'ſt King double, to be partner'd
With Tomboys hir'd, with that ſelf exhibition
Which your own Coffers yield: with diſeas'd ventures
That play with all infirmities for Gold,
Which rottenneſs can lend Nature, Such boyl'd ſtuff
As well might poiſon Poiſon. Be reveng'd,
Or ſhe that bore you, was no Queen, and you
Recoil from your great Stock.
Imo. Reveng'd:
How ſhould I be reveng'd? if this be true,
(As I have ſuch a heart, that both mine Ears
Muſt not in haſte abuſe) if it be true,
How ſhall I be reveng'd?
Jach. Should he make me
Live like *Diana*'s Prieſt, betwixt cold ſheets;
Whiles he is vaulting variable Ramps
In your deſpight, upon your Purſe: revenge it.
I dedicate my ſelf to your ſweet pleaſure,
More Noble than that runnagate to your Bed,
And will continue faſt to your Affection,
Still cloſe, as ſure.
Imo. What ho, *Piſanio*?
Jach. Let my ſervice tender on your Lips.
Imo. Away, I do condemn mine Ears, that have
So long attended thee. If thou wert honourable
Thou wouldſt have told this tale for Vertue, not
For ſuch an end thou ſeek'ſt, as baſe, as ſtrange:
Thou wrong'ſt a Gentleman, who is as far
From thy report, as thou from honour: and
Solicit'ſt here a Lady, that diſdains
Thee, and the Devil alike. What ho, *Piſanio*?
The King my Father ſhall be made acquainted
Of thy Aſſault: if he ſhall think it fit,
A ſawcy Stranger in his Court, to Mart, i.e. to drive a
As is a Romiſh Stew, and to expound bargain —
His beaſtly mind to us; he hath a Court
He little cares for, and Daughter, whom
He not reſpects at all. What ho, *Piſanio*?
Jach. O happy *Leonatus*, I may ſay,
The credit that thy Lady hath of thee
Deſerves thy truſt, and thy moſt perfect goodneſs
Her aſſur'd credit, bleſſed live you long,
A Lady to the worthieſt Sir, that ever
Country call'd his: and you his Miſtriſs, only
For the moſt worthieſt fit. Give me your pardon.
I have ſpoke this to know if your Affiance
Were deeply rooted, and ſhall make your Lord,
That which he is, new ore; and he is one
The trueſt manner'd: ſuch a holy Witch,
That he inchants Societies into him:
Half all mens hearts are his.
Imo. You make amends.
Jach. He ſits amongſt men, like a deſcended god:
He hath a kind of honour ſets him off,
More than a mortal ſeeming. Be not angry
(Moſt mighty Princeſs) that I have adventur'd
To try your taking of a falſe report, which hath
Honour'd with confirmation your great judgment,
In the Election of a Sir, ſo rare,
Which you know, cannot erre. The Love I bear him,
Made me to fan you thus, but the gods made you
(Unlike all others) chaffleſs. Pray your Pardon. [redacted]
Imo. All's well, Sir: i.e. not susceptible of Revenge
Take my power i'th' Court for yours.
Jach. My humble thanks: I had almoſt forgot
T'intreat your Grace, but in a ſmall requeſt,
Aud yet of moment too, for it concerns

Your Lord, my ſelf, and other Noble Friends
Are Partners in the buſineſs.
Imo. Pray what is't?
Jach. Some dozen Romans of us, and your Lord
(The beſt Feather of our Wing) have mingled ſumms
To buy a Preſent for the Emperour:
Which I (the Factor for the reſt) have done
In *France:* 'tis Plate of rare device, and Jewels
Of rich and exquiſite form, their values great,
And I am ſomething curious, being ſtrange,
To have them in ſafe ſtowage: May it pleaſe you
To take them in protection.
Imo. Willingly:
And pawn mine honour for their ſafety, ſince
My Lord hath intereſt in them, I will keep them
In my Bed-Chamber.
Jach. They are in a Trunk
Attended by my men: I will make bold
To ſend them to you, only for this night:
I muſt aboard to morrow.
Imo. O no, no.
Jach. Yes, I beſeech you: or I ſhall ſhort my word
By length'ning my return. From *Gallia,*
I croſt the Seas on purpoſe, and on promiſe
To ſee your Grace.
Imo. I thank you for your pains:
But not away to morrow.
Jach. O, I muſt Madam.
Therefore I ſhall beſeech you, if you pleaſe
To greet your Lord with writing, do't to night,
I have out-ſtood my time, which is material
To th' tender of our Preſent.
Imo. I will write:
Send your Trunk to me, it ſhall be ſafe kept,
And truly yielded you: you're very welcome. [*Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Clotten, *and the two* Lords.

Clot. Was there ever man had ſuch luck? when I kiſt the Jack upon an up-caſt, to be hit away? I had an hundred pound on't; and then a whorſon Jack-an-Apes, muſt take me up for ſwearing, as if I borrowed mine Oaths of him, and might not ſpend them at my pleaſure.

1. What got he by that? you have broke his pate with your Bowl.

2. If his wit had been like him that broke it: it would have run all out.

Clot. When a Gentleman is diſpoſed to ſwear: it is not for any ſtanders by to curtail his Oaths. Ha?

2. No, my Lord; nor crop the Ears of them.

Clot. Whorſon Dog: I give him ſatisfaction? would he had been one of my Rank.

2. To have ſmelt like a Fool.

Clot. I am not vext more at any thing in the Earth: a Pox on't. I had rather not be ſo Noble as I am: they dare not fight with me, becauſe of the Queen my Mother: every Jack-ſlave hath his belly full of fighting, and I muſt go up and down like a Cock, that no body can match.

2. You are a Cock and a Capon too, and you crow Cock, with your comb on.

Clot. Sayeſt thou?

2. It is not fit your Lordſhip ſhould undertake every Companion, that you give offence to.

Clot. No, I know that: but it is fit I ſhould commit offence to my inferiours.

2. I, it is fit for your Lordſhip only.

Clot. Why ſo I ſay.

1. Did you hear of a Stranger that's come to Court to Night?

Clot. A Stranger, and I not know on't?

2. He's a ſtrange Fellow himſelf, and knows it not.

1. There's an *Italian* come, and 'tis thought one of *Leonatus* Friends.

Clot. Leonatus? A baniſh'd Raſcal; and he's another, whereſoever he be. Who told you of this Stranger?

1. One of your Lordſhips Pages.

Clot. It is fit I went to look upon him? Is there no derogation in't?

2. You cannot derogate, my Lord.

Clot. Not eaſily I think.

2. You are a Fool granted, therefore your Iſſues being Fooliſh, do not derogate.

Clot. Come, I'll go ſee this *Italian:* what I have loſt to day at Bowls, I'll win to night of him. Come: go.

2. I'll attend your Lordſhip. [*Exit.*
That ſuch a crafty Devil as is his Mother,
Should yield the World this Aſs: a Woman, that
Bears all down with her Brain, and this her Son,
Cannot take two from twenty for his heart,
And leave eighteen. Alas poor Princeſs,
Thou divine *Imogen,* what thou endur'ſt,
Betwixt a Father by thy Step-dame govern'd,
A Mother hourly coining Plots: A Wooer,
More hateful than the foul expulſion is
Of thy dear Husband, than that horrid Act
Of the divorce, he'ld make the Heavens hold firm
The Walls of thy dear honour. Keep unſhak'd
That Temple thy fair mind, that thou maiſt ſtand
T' enjoy thy baniſh'd Lord: and this great Land. [*Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Imogen, *in her Bed, and a* Lady.

Imo. Who's there? my VVoman *Helen?*
Lady. Pleaſe you, Madam.
Imo. VVhat hour is it?
Lady. Almoſt midnight, Madam.
Imo. I have read three hours then:
Mine Eyes are weak,
Fold down the Leaf where I have left: to Bed
Take not away the Taper, leave it burning:
And if thou canſt awake by four o' th' Clock,
I prithee call me: Sleep hath ſeiz'd me wholly.
To your protection I commend me, gods,
From Fairies, and the Tempters of the night,
Guard me, beſeech ye. [*Sleeps.*
[Jachimo *from the Trunk.*
Jach. The Crickets ſing, and mans ore-labour'd ſenſe,
Repairs it ſelf by reſt: Our *Tarquin* thus
Did ſoftly preſs the Ruſhes, ere he waken'd
The Chaſtity he wounded. *Cytherea,*
How bravely thou becom'ſt thy Bed; freſh Lilly,
And whiter than the Sheets: that I might touch,
But kiſs, one kiſs. Rubies unparagon'd,
How dearly they do't: 'Tis her breathing that
Perfumes the Chamber thus: the flame o' th' Taper
Bows toward her, and would under-peep her lids.
To ſee th' incloſed Lights, now Canopied
Under the VVindows, VVhite and Azure lac'd
VVith Blue of Heavens own tinct, but my deſign's
To note the Chamber, I will write all down,
Such, and ſuch Pictures: there the VVindow, ſuch
Th' adornment of her Bed; the Arras, Figures,
Why ſuch, and ſuch: and the Contents o' th' Story.
Ah, but ſome natural notes about her Body,
Above ten thouſand meaner Moveables
VVould teſtifie, t' enrich mine Inventory.
O ſleep, thou Ape of Death, lye dull upon her,
And be her ſenſe but as a Monument,
Thus in a Chappel lying. Come off, come off;
As ſlippery as the Gordian-Knot was hard.

'Tis mine, and this witneſs outwardly,
As ſtrongly as the Conſcience do's within:
To th' madding of her Lord. On her left breſt
A mole Cinque-ſpotted: Like the Crimſon drops
I' th' bottom of a Cowſlip. Heres a Voucher,
Stronger than ever Law could make: this Secret
Will force him think I have pick'd the lock, and t'ane
The treaſure of her honour. No more: to what end?
Why ſhould I write this down, that's rivetted,
Screw'd to my memory. She hath been reading late,
The Tale of *Terus*, here the leaf's turn'd down
Where *Philomele* gave up. I have enough,
To th' Trunk again, and ſhut the ſpring of it.
Swift, ſwift, you Dragons of the night, that dawning
May bear the Ravens Eye: I lodge in fear,
Though this a Heavenly Angel: Hell is here. [*Clock ſtrikes.*
One, two, three: time, time. [*Exit.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Clotten, *and* Lords.

1. Your Lordſhip is the moſt patient man in loſs, the moſt coldeſt that turn'd up Ace.

Clot. It would make any man cold to looſe.

1. But not every man patient, after the noble temper of your Lordſhip; You are moſt hot, and furious when you win.

Clot. Winning will put any man into Courage: if I could get this fooliſh *Imogen*, I ſhould have Gold enough: it's almoſt Morning, is't not?

1. Day, my Lord.

Clot. I would this Muſick would come: I am adviſed to give her Muſick a Mornings, they ſay it will penetrate.

Enter Muſicians.

Come on, tune: if you can penetrate here with your Fingering, ſo: we'll try with tongue too: if none will do, let her remain: but I'll never give o're. Firſt, a very excellent good conceited thing; after a wonderful ſweet air, with admirable rich words to it, and then let her conſider.

Song.

Hark, hark, the Lark at Heavens Gate ſings,
and Phœbus *'gins ariſe,*
His Steeds to water at thoſe Springs
on chalic'd Flowers that lies:
And winking Mary-buds begin to ope their Golden Eyes
With every thing that pretty is, my Lady ſweet ariſe:
Ariſe, ariſe.

So, get you gone: if this penetrate, I will conſider your Muſick the better: if it do not, it is a voice in her Ears which Horſe-hairs, and Calves-Guts, nor the voice of unpaved Eunuch to boot, can never amend.

Enter Queen *and* Cymbeline.

2. Here comes the King.

Clot. I am glad I was up ſo late, for that's the reaſon I was up ſo early: he cannot chooſe but take this Service I have done, Fatherly. Good morrow to your Majeſty, and gracious Mother.

Cym. Attend you here the door of our ſtern Daughter. Will ſhe not forth?

Clot. I have aſſail'd her with Muſicks, but ſhe vouchſafes no notice.

Cym. The Exile of her Minion is too new.
She hath not yet forgot him, ſome more time
Muſt wear the print of his remembrance on't, out
And then ſhe's yours.

Qu. You are moſt bound to th' King,
Who lets go by no vantages, that may
Prefer you to his Daughter: frame your ſelf
To orderly ſolicits, and be friended
With aptneſs of the ſeaſon: make denials
Encreaſe your ſervices: ſo ſeem, as if
You were inſpir'd to do thoſe duties which
You tender to her: that you in all obey her.
Save when command to your diſmiſſion tends,
And therein you are ſenſeleſs.

Clot. Senſeleſs? Not ſo.

Meſ. So like you (Sir) Ambaſſadors from *Rome*;
The one is *Caius Lucius.*

Cym. A worthy Fellow,
Albeit he comes on angry purpoſe now;
But that's no fault of his: we muſt receive him
According to the honour of his Sender,
And towards himſelf, his goodneſs fore-ſpent on us
We muſt extend our notice: Our dear Son,
When you have given good Morning to your Miſtriſs,
Attend the Queen, and us, we have need
T' employ you towards this Roman.
Come, our Queen. [*Exeunt.*

Clot. If ſhe be up, I'll ſpeak with her: if not,
Let her lye ſtill, and dream: by your leave ho,
I know her Women are about her: what
If I do line one of their hands: 'tis gold
Which buys admittance (oft it doth) yea and makes
Diana's Rangers falſe themſelves, yield up
Their Deer to' th' ſtand o' th' Stealer: and 'tis gold
Which makes the True-man kill'd, and ſaves the Thief:
Nay, ſometime hangs both Thief, and True-man: what
Can it not do, and undo: I will make
One of her Women Lawyer to me, for
I yet not underſtand the caſe my ſelf.
By your leave. [*Knocks.*

Enter a Lady.

Lady. Who's there that knocks?

Clot. A Gentleman.

Lady. No more.

Clot. Yes, and a Gentlewomans Son.

Lady. That's more
Than ſome whoſe Taylors are as dear as yours,
Can juſtly boaſt of: what's your Lordſhips pleaſure?

Clot. Your Ladies perſon, is ſhe ready?

Lady. I, to keep her Chamber.

Clot. There is gold for you,
Sell me your good report.

Lady. How, my good name? or to report of you
What I ſhall think is good. The Princeſs.

Enter Imogen.

Clot. Good morrow faireſt, Siſter your ſweet hand.

Imo. Good morrow, Sir, you lay out too much pains
For purchaſing but trouble: the thanks I give,
Is telling you that I am poor of thanks,
And ſcarce can ſpare them.

Clot. Still I ſwear I love you.

Imo. If you'd but ſaid ſo, 'twere as deep with me:
If you ſwear ſtill, your recompence is ſtill
That I regard it not.

Clot. This is no anſwer.

Imo. But that you ſhall not ſay, I yield being ſilent,
I would not ſpeak. I pray you ſpare me, Faith
I ſhall unfold equal diſcourteſie
To your beſt kindneſs: one of your great knowing
Should learn (being taught) forbearance.

Clot. To leave you in your madneſs, 'twere my ſin,
I will not.

Imo. Fools are not mad Folks.

Clot. Do you call me Fool?

Imo. As I am mad I do:
If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad,
That cures us both. I am much ſorry (Sir)
You put me to forget a Ladies manners
By being ſo verbal: and learn now, for all,
That I which know my heart, do here pronounce
By th' very truth of it, I care not for you,
And am ſo near the lack of Charity
To accuſe my ſelf, I hate you: which I had rather
You felt, than make't my boaſt.
Clot. You ſin againſt
Obedience, which you owe your Father, for
The Contract you pretend with that baſe Wretch,
One, bred of Alms, and foſter'd with cold Diſhes
With ſcraps oth' Court: It is no Contract, none;
And though it be allowed in meaner parties
(Yet who than he more mean) to knit their Souls
(On whom there is no more dependancy
But Brats and Beggery) in ſelf figur'd knot,
Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement, by
The conſequence o' th' Crown, and muſt not foil
The precious note of it; with a baſe Slave,
A Hilding for a Livory, a Squires Cloth,
A Pantler; not ſo eminent.
Imo. Prophane Fellow:
Wert thou the Son of *Jupiter*, and no more,
But what thou art beſides: thou wer't too baſe,
To be his Groom: thou wer't dignified enough
Even to the point of Envy, if 'twere made
Comparative for your Vertues, to be ſtil'd
The under Hangman of his Kingdom; and hated
For being preferr'd ſo well.
Clot. The South Fog rot him.
Imo. He never can meet more miſchance, than come
To be but nam'd of thee. His meaneſt Garment
That ever hath but clipt his body, is dearer
In my reſpect, than all the hairs above thee,
VVere they all made ſuch men: How now, *Piſanio?*

Enter Piſanio.

Clot. His Garment? Now the Devil.
Imo. To *Dorothy*, my Woman, hye thee preſently.
Clot. His Garment?
Imo. I am ſprighted with a Fool,
Frighted, and angred worſe: Go bid my Woman
Search for a Jewel, that too caſually
Hath left mine Arm: it was thy Maſters. Shrew me
If I would loſe it for a Revenue
Of any Kings in *Europe*. I do think,
I ſaw't this Morning: Confident I am,
Laſt night 'twas on my Arm: I kiſs'd it,
I hope it be not gone, to tell my Lord
That I kiſs ought but him.
Piſa. 'Twill not be loſt.
Imo. I hope ſo: go and ſearch.
Clot. You have abus'd me:
His meaneſt Garment?
Imo. I, I ſaid ſo, Sir,
If you will mak't an Action, call witneſs to't.
Clot. I will enform your Father.
Imo. Your Mother too:
She's my good Lady; and will conceive, I hope
But the worſt of me. So I leave you, Sir,
To th' worſt of diſcontent. [*Exit.*
Clot. I'll be reveng'd:
His meaneſt Garment? VVell. [*Exit.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Poſthumus, *and* Philario.

Poſt. Fear it not, Sir: I would I were ſo ſure
To win the Ring, as I am bold, her honour
VVill remain hers.
Phil. VVhat means do you make to him?
Poſt. Not any: but abide the change of Time,
Quake in the preſent VVinters ſtate, and wiſh
That warmer dayes would come: In theſe fear'd hopes
I barely gratify your love; they failing
I muſt die much your Debtor.
Phil. Your very goodneſs, and your Company,
O're payes all I can do. By this your King
Hath heard of Great *Auguſtus: Caius Lucius*,
VVill do's Commiſſion throughly. And I think
He'll grant the Tribute: ſend th' Arrearages,
Or look upon our Romans, whoſe remembrance or pro Ger –
Is yet freſh in their grief.
Poſt. I do believe
(Statiſt though I am none, nor like to be)
That this will prove a War; and you ſhall hear
The Legion now in *Gallia*, ſooner landed
In our not-fearing-*Britain*, than have tidings
Of any penny Tribute paid. Our Countrymen
Are men more order'd than when *Julius Cæſar*
Smil'd at their lack of skill, but found their courage
Worthy his frowning at. Their Diſcipline,
(Now mingled with their courages) will make known
To their Approvers, they are People, ſuch
That mend upon the World.

Enter Jachimo.

Phil. See *Jachimo.*
Poſt. The ſwifteſt hearts have poſted you by land;
And Winds of all the Corners kiſs'd your Sails.
To make your Veſſel nimble.
Phil. Welcome, Sir.
Poſt. I hope the briefneſs of your anſwer, made
The ſpeedineſs of your return.
Jach. Your Lady,
Is one of the faireſt that I have look'd upon.
Poſt. And therewithal the beſt, or let her beauty
Look thorough a Caſement to allure falſe hearts,
And be falſe with them.
Jach. Here are Letters for you.
Poſt. Their tenure good I truſt.
Jach. 'Tis very like.
Poſt. Was *Caius Lucius* in the *Britain* Court,
VVhen you were there?
Jach. He was expected then,
But not approach'd.
Poſt. All is well yet,
Sparkles this Stone as it was wont, or is't not
Too dull for your good wearing?
Jach. If I have loſt it,
I ſhould have loſt the worth of it in Gold,
I'll make a Journey twice as far, t' enjoy
A ſecond night of ſuch ſweet ſhortneſs, which
VVas mine in *Britain*, for the Ring is won.
Poſt. The Stones too hard to come by.
Jach. Not a whit,
Your Lady being ſo eaſie.
Poſt. Make not, Sir,
Your loſs, your Sport: I hope you know that we
Muſt not continue Friends.
Jach. Good Sir, we muſt
If you keep Covenant: had I not brought
The knowledge of your Miſtriſs home, I grant
VVe were to queſtion farther; but I now

Profeſs my ſelf the winner of her honour,
Together with your Ring; and not the wronger
Of her, or you, having proceeded but
By both your wills.
Poſt. If you can mak't apparent
That you have taſted her in Bed; my hand,
And Ring is yours. If not the foul opinion
You had of her poor honour, gains, or loſes
Your Sword or mine, or Maſterleſs leave both
To who ſhall find them.
Jach. Sir, my Circumſtances
Being ſo near the truth, as I will make them,
Muſt firſt induce you to believe: whoſe ſtrength
I will confirm with Oath, which I doubt not
You'll give me leave to ſpare, when you ſhall find
You need it not.
Poſt. Proceed.
Jach. Firſt, her Bed Chamber
(Where I confeſs I ſlept not, but profeſs
Had that was well worth watching) it was hang'd
With Tapiſtry of Silk, and Silver, the Story
Proud *Cleopatra*, when ſhe met her Roman,
And *Cidnus* ſwell'd above the Banks, or for
The preſs of Boats, or Pride: A piece of Work
So bravely done, ſo rich, that it did ſtrive
In Workmanſhip, and Value, which I wonder'd
Could be ſo rarely, and exactly wrought
Since the true life on't was ——
Poſt. This is true:
And this you might have heard of here, by me,
Or by ſome other.
Jach. More particulars
Muſt juſtify my knowledge.
Poſt. So they muſt,
Or do your Honour injury.
Jach. The Chimney
Is South the Chamber, and the Chimney-piece
Chaſt *Dian*, bathing: never ſaw I figures
So likely to report themſelves; the Cutter
Was as another Nature dumb, out-went her,
Motion, and Breath left out.
Poſt. This is a thing
Which you might from Relation likewiſe read,
Being, as it is, much ſpoke of.
Jach. The Roof o' th' Chamber,
With golden Cherubins is fretted. Her Andirons
(I had forgot them) were two winking Cupids
Of Silver, each on one foot ſtanding, nicely
Depending on their Brands.
Poſt. This is her honour: | is This her Honour?
Let it be granted you have ſeen all this (and praiſe
Be given to your remembrance) the deſcription
Of what is in her Chamber, nothing ſaves
The Wager you have laid.
Jach. Then if you can
Be pale, I beg but leave to air this Jewel: See,
And now 'tis up again: it muſt be married
To that your Diamond, I'll keep them.
Poſt. Jove —
Once more let me behold it: Is it that
Which I left with her?
Jach. Sir (I thank her) that
She ſtript it from her Arm: I ſee her yet
Her pretty Action, did out-ſell her gift,
And yet enrich'd it too: ſhe gave it me,
And ſaid ſhe priz'd it once.
Poſt. May be, ſhe pluck'd it off
To ſend it me.
Jach. She writes ſo to you? doth ſhe?
Poſt. O no, no, no, 'tis true. Here take this too,
It is a Baſilisk unto mine Eye,
Kills me to look on't: Let there be no Honour,
VVhere there is beauty: Truth, where ſemblance: Love,
VVhere there's another man. The Vows of VVomen,
Of no more bondage be, to where they are made,
Than they are to their Vertues, which is nothing:
O, above meaſure falſe.
Phil. Have patience, Sir.
And take your Ring again, 'tis not yet won;
It may be probable ſhe loſt it: or
VVho knows if one of her VVomen, being corrupted,
Hath ſtoln it from her.
Poſt. Very true,
And ſo I hope he came by't: back my Ring,
Render to me ſome corporrl ſign about her
More evident than this: for this was ſtole.
Jach. By Jupiter, I had it from her Arm.
Poſt. Hark you, he ſwears: by Jupiter he ſwears.
'Tis true, nay keep the Ring; 'tis true: I am ſure
She ſhould not loſe it: her Attendants are
All ſworn, and honourable: they induc'd to ſteal it?
And by a Stranger? No, he hath enjoy'd her,
The Cognizance of her incontinency
Is this: ſhe hath bought the name of Whore, thus dearly.
There, take thy hire, and all the Fiends of Hell
Divide themſelves between you.
Phil. Sir, be patient:
This is not ſtrong enough to be believ'd
Of one perſwaded well of.
Poſt. Never talk on't:
She hath been colted by him.
Jach. If you ſeek
For further ſatisfying; under her Breaſt
(Worthy her preſſing) lies a Mole, right proud
Of that moſt delicate Lodging. By my life
I kiſt it, and it gave me preſent hunger
To feed again, though full. You do remember
This ſtain upon her?
Poſt. I, and it doth confirm
Another ſtain, as big as Hell can hold,
Were there no more but it.
Jach. Will you hear more?
Poſt. Spare your Arithmetick,
Never count the Turns: Once, and a Million.
Jach. I'll be ſworn.
Poſt. No ſwearing:
If you will ſwear you have not don't, you lie,
And I will kill thee if thou do'ſt deny
Thou'ſt made me Cuckold.
Jach. I'll deny nothing.
Poſt. O that I had her here, to tear her Limb-meal;
I will go there and do't i' th' Court, before
Her Father. I'll do ſomething. [*Exit.*
Phil. Quite beſides.
The Government of Patience. You have won:
Let's follow him, and pervert the preſent wrath
He hath againſt himſelf.
Jach. With all my heart. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Poſthumus.

Poſt. Is there no way for Men to be, but Women
Muſt be half-workers? We are all Baſtards,
And that moſt venerable man, which I
Did call my Father, was, I know not where,
When I was ſtampt. Some Coyner with his Tools
Made me a counterfeit: yet my Mother ſeem'd
The *Dian* of that time: ſo doth my Wife
The Non pareill of this. Oh Vengeance, Vengeance!
Me of my lawful pleaſure ſhe reſtrain'd,
And pray'd me oft forbearance: did it with
A pudency ſo Roſie, the ſweet view on't
Might well have warm'd old Saturn:
That I thought her
As Chaſte, as un-Sunn'd Snow. Oh, all the Devils!
This yellow *Jachimo* in an hour, was't not?
Or leſs; at firſt? Perchance ſpoke not, but
Like a full Acorn'd Boar, a Jarmen on,
y German one

Cry'd oh, and mounted, found no oppoſition
But what he look'd for, ſhould oppoſe, and ſhe
Should from encounter guard. Could I find out
The Womans part in me, for there's no motion
That tends to vice in man, but I affirm
It is the Womans part: be it Lying, note it,
The Womans: Flattering, hers: deceiving, hers:
Luſt, and rank thoughts, hers, hers: Revenges hers:
Ambitions, Covetings, change of Prides, Diſdain,
Nice-longing, Slanders, Mutability:
All faults that may be named, nay, that Hell knows,
Why hers, in part, or all: but rather all. For even to Vice
They are not conſtant, but are changing ſtill;
One Vice, but of a minute old, for one
Not half ſo old as that. I'le write againſt them,
Deteſt them, curſe them: yet 'tis greater Skill
In a true Hate, to pray they have their will:
The very Devils cannot plague them better. [*Exit.*

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter in State, Cymbeline, Queen, Clotten, *and* Lords *at one door, and at another*, Caius, Lucius, *and* Attendants.

Cym. Now ſay, what would *Auguſtus Cæſar* with us?
Luc. When *Julius Cæſar* (whoſe remembrance yet
Lives in mens eyes, and will to Ears and Tongues
Be Theam, and hearing ever) was in this *Britain*,
And Conquer'd it, *Caſſibelan* thine Uncle
(Famous in *Cæſar*'s praiſes, no whit leſs
Than in his Feats deſerving it) for him,
And his ſucceſſion, granted *Rome* a Tribute,
Yearly three thouſand pounds; which (by thee) lately
Is left untender'd.
Que. And to kill the marvail,
Shall be ſo ever.
Clot. There be many *Cæſars*,
Ere ſuch another *Julius*: *Britain*'s a world
By it ſelf, and we will nothing pay
For wearing our own Noſes.
Queen. That opportunity
Which then they had to take from's, to reſume
We have again; Remember, Sir, my Liege,
The Kings your Anceſtors, together with
The Natural bravery of your Iſle, which ſtands
As *Neptune*'s Park ribb'd, and pal'd in empaled in
With Oaks unskaleable, and roaring Waters,
With Sand that will not bear your enemies Boats,
But ſuck them up to' th' Top-maſt. A kind of Conqueſt
Cæſar made here, but made not here his brag
Of, came, and Saw, and Overcame: with ſhame
(The firſt that ever touch'd him) he was carried
From off our Coaſt, twice beaten; and his ſhipping
(Poor ignorant Baubles) on our terrible Seas
Like Egg-ſheels, mov'd upon their Surges crack'd
As eaſily 'gainſt our Rocks. For joy whereof,
The fam'd *Caſſibelan*, who was once at point
(Oh giglet Fortune) to maſter *Cæſars* ſword,
Made *Lud's-Town* with rejoycing-Fires bright,
And *Britains* ſtrut with Courage.

Clot. Come, there's no more Tribute to be paid. Our Kingdom is ſtronger than it was at that time: and (as I ſaid) there is no more ſuch *Cæſars*, other of them may have crook'd Noſes, but to owe ſuch ſtrait Arms, none.

Cym. Son, let your Mother end.

Clot. We have yet many among us, can gripe as hard as *Caſſibelan*, I do not ſay I am one: but I have a hand. Why Tribute? Why ſhould we pay Tribute? If *Cæſar* can hide the Sun from us with a Blanket, or put the Moon in his pocket: we will pay him Tribute for Light: elſe, Sir, no more Tribute, pray you now.

Cym. You muſt know,
Till the injurious Romans did extort
This Tribute from us, we were free. *Cæſar*'s Ambition,
Which ſwell'd ſo much, that it did almoſt ſtretch
The ſides o' th' world, againſt all colour here,
Did put the yoak upon's: which to ſhake off
Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon
Our ſelves to be, we do. Say then to *Cæſar*,
Our Anceſtor was that *Mulmutius*, which
Ordain'd our Laws, whoſe uſe the ſword of *Cæſar*
Hath too much mangled: whoſe repair, and franchiſe,
Shall (by the power we hold) be our good deed,
Though *Rome* be therefore angry. *Mulmutius* made our laws,
Who was the firſt of *Britain*, which did put
His brows within a golden Crown, and call'd
Himſelf a King.
Luc. I am ſorry, *Cymbeline*,
That I am to pronounce *Auguſtus Cæſar*
(*Cæſar* that hath more Kings his Servants, than
Thy ſelf Domeſtick Officers) thine Enemy.
Receive it from me then. War, and Confuſion
In *Cæſars* name pronounce I 'gainſt thee: Look
For fury, not to be reſiſted. Thus defi'd,
I thank thee for my ſelf.
Cym. Thou are welcom, *Caius*,
Thy *Cæſar* Knighted me; my youth I ſpent
Much under him: of him, I gather'd Honour,
Which he, to ſeek of me again, perforce,
Behooves me keep at utterance. I am perfect,
That the Pannonians and Dalmatians, for
Their Liberties are now in Armes: a Precedent
Which not to read, would ſhew the *Britains* cold:
So *Cæſar* ſhall not find them.
Luc. Let proof ſpeak.

Clot. His Majeſty bids you welcom. Make paſtime with us a day, or two, or longer: if you ſeek us afterwards in other terms, you ſhall find us in our Salt-water-Girdle: if you beat us out of it, it is yours: if you fall in the adventure, our Crows ſhall fare the better for you: and there's an end.

Luc. So, Sir.
Cym. I know your Maſters pleaſure, and he mine:
All the Remain, is welcom. [*Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Piſanio *reading of a Letter.*

Piſ. How? of Adultery? Wherefore write you not
What Monſters her accuſe? *Leonatus*:
Oh Maſter, what a ſtrange infection
Is faln into thy ear? What falſe *Italian*,
(As poiſonous tongu'd, as handed) hath prevail'd
On thy too ready hearing? Diſloyal? No.
She's puniſh'd for her truth; and undergoes
More Goddeſs-like, than Wife-like; ſuch Aſſaults
As would take in ſome Virtue. Oh my Maſter,
Thy mind to her, is now as low, as were
Thy Fortunes. How? that I ſhould murther her,
Upon the Love, and truth, and vows: which I
Have made to thy command? I her? Her blood?
If it be ſo, to do good ſervice, never
Let me be counted ſerviceable. How look I,
That I ſhould ſeem to lack humanity,
So much as this Fact comes to? Do't: the Letter.
That I have ſent her, by her own command,
Shall give the opportunity. Oh damn'd paper,
Black as the Ink that's on thee: ſenſeleſs bauble,
Art thou a Fœdarie for this act; thou look'ſt
So Virgin-like without? Lo here ſhe comes.

Enter Imogen.

I am ignorant in what I am commanded.
Imo. How now, *Piſanio?*
Piſ. Madam, here is a Letter from my Lord.
Imo. Who! thy Lord? that is my Lord *Leonatus?*
Oh, learn'd indeed were that Aſtronomer
That knew the Stars, as I his Characters,
He'ld lay the Future open. You good gods,
Let what is here contain'd, reliſh of Love,
Of my Lord's health: of his content: yet not
That we two are a-ſunder, let that grieve him;
Some griefs are medicinable, that is one of them,
For it doth phyſick Love, of his content,
All but in that. Good Wax, thy leave: bleſt be
You Bees that make theſe Locks of counſel. Lovers,
And men in dangerous Bonds pray not alike.
Though Forfeitours you caſt in priſon, yet
You claſp young *Cupid*'s tables: good News, gods.

JVſtice, and your Father's wrath (ſhould he take me in his Dominion) could not be ſo cruel to me, as you, (oh the deareſt of Creatures) would even renew me with your eyes. Take notice that I am in Cambria *at* Milford-Haven: *what your own Love, will out of this adviſe you, follow. So he wiſhes you all happineſs, that remains loyal to his Vow, and your increaſing in Love,* Leonatus Poſthumus.

Oh for a Horſe with wings: Hear'ſt thou, *Piſanio?*
He is at *Milford-Haven:* Read, and tell me
How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs
May plod it in a week, why may not I
Glide thither in a day? then, true *Piſanio,*
Who long'ſt like me, to ſee thy Lord; who long'ſt
(Oh let me bate) but not like me: yet long'ſt
But in a fainter kind. Oh not like me:
For mine's beyond, beyond: ſay, and ſpeak thick
(Love's Counſellor ſhould fill the bores of hearing
To th' ſmothering of the Senſe) how far it is
To this ſame bleſſed *Milford.* And by th' way
Tell me how *Wales* was made ſo happy, as
T' inherit ſuch a Haven. But firſt of all,
How may we ſteal from hence: and for the gap
That we ſhall make in time, from our hence-going,
And our return, to excuſe: but firſt, how get hence.
Why ſhould excuſe be born or e're begot?
We'll talk of that hereafter. Prythee ſpeak,
How many ſcore of Miles may we well ride
'Twixt hour and hour?
Piſ. One ſcore 'twixt Sun, and Sun,
Madam's enough for you: and too much too.
Imo. Why, one that rode to's Execution, Man,
Could never go ſo ſlow: I have heard of Riding wagers,
Where Horſes have been nimbler than the Sands
That run i' th' Clocks behalf. But this is Foolrie,
Go, bid my Woman feign a ſickneſs, ſay
She'll home to her Father, and provide me preſently
A Riding Suit: No coſtlier than would fit
A Franklins Houſwife.
Piſ. Madam, you're beſt conſider.
Imo. I ſee before me!(Man) nor here, nor there here,
Nor what enſues, but have a Fog in them,
That I cannot look through. Away, I prithee,
Do as I bid thee: there's no more to ſay:
Acceſſible is none but *Milford* way. [*Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, *and* Arviragus.

Bel. A goodly day, not to keep houſe with ſuch,
Whoſe Roof's as low as ours: Sleep, Boys, this gate
Inſtructs you how't adore the Heavens; and bows you
To a mornings holy office. The Gates of Monarchs
Are Arch'd ſo high, that Giants may jet through
And keep their impious Turbands on, without
Good morrow to the Sun. Hail, thou fair Heaven,
We houſe i' th' Rock, yet uſe thee not ſo hardly,
As prouder livers do.
Guid. Hail, Heaven.
Arvir. Hail, Heaven.
Bela. Now for our Mountain ſport, up to yond hill,
Your legs are young: I'le tread theſe Flats. Conſider,
When you above perceive me like a Crow,
That it is Place, which leſſens and ſets off,
And you may then revolve what tales I have told you,
Of Courts of Princes: of the tricks in War.
This ſervice, is not Service; ſo being done,
But being ſo allowed. To apprehend thus,
Draws us profit from all things we ſee:
And often to our comfort, ſhall we find
The ſharded Beetle, in a ſafer hold
Than is the full-wing'd Eagle. Oh this life,
Is Nobler than attending for a check:
Richer, than doing nothing for a Babe:
Prouder, than ruſtling in un-paid-for Silk:
Such gain the Cap of him, that makes him fine,
Yet keeps his Book uncroſs'd, no life to ours.
Gui. Out of your proof you ſpeak: we poor unfledg'd,
Have never wing'd from view o' th' neſt; nor know not
What Air's from home. Hap'ly this life is beſt,
(If quiet life be beſt) ſweeter to you
That have a ſharper known; Well correſponding
With your ſtiff Age; but unto us, it is
A Cell of Ignorance: travailing a bed,
A Priſon for a Debtor, that not dares
To ſtride a limit.
Arvi. What ſhould we ſpeak of
When we are old as you? when we ſhall hear
The rain and wind beat dark *December?* How
In this our pinching Cave, ſhall we diſcourſe
The freezing hours away? We have ſeen nothing:
We are beaſtly; ſubtle as the Fox for prey,
Like warlike as the Wolf, for what we eat:
Our Valour is to chaſe what flies: our Cage
We make a Quire, as doth the priſon'd Bird,
And ſing our Bondage freely.
Bel. How you ſpeak?
Did you but know the Citie's Uſuries,
And felt them knowingly: the art o' th' Court,
As hard to leave, as keep: whoſe top to climb
Is certain falling: or ſo ſlipp'ry, that
The fear's as bad as falling. The toil o' th' VVar
A pain that only ſeems to ſeek our danger
I'th' name of Fame, and Honour, which dyes i'th' ſearch,
And hath as oft a ſland'rous Epitaph,
As Record of fair act. Nay, many times
Doth ill deſerve, by doing well: what's worſe
Muſt curt'ſie at the Cenſure. Oh Boyes, this Storie
The world may read in me: My bodie's mark'd
With *Roman* Swords; and my report was once
Firſt with the beſt of Note. *Cymbeline* lov'd me,
And when a Souldier was the Theme, my name
Was not far off: then was I as a Tree
Whoſe boughs did bend with fruit. But in one night,
A Storm, or Robbery (call it what you will)
Shook down my mellow hangings: nay my Leaves,
And left me bare to weather.
Gui. Uncertain favour.
Bel. My fault being nothing (as I have told you oft)
But that two Villains, whoſe falſe Oaths prevail'd
Before my perfect Honour, ſwore to *Cymbeline,*
I was Confederate with the *Romans:* ſo
Followed my Baniſhment, and this twenty years,
This Rock, and theſe Demeſnes, have been my VVorld,
VVhere I have liv'd at honeſt freedom, payed

More pious debts to Heaven, than in all
The fore-end of my time. But, up to th' Mountains,
This is not Hunter's Language; he that ſtrikes
The Veniſon firſt, ſhall be the Lord o'th' Feaſt,
To him the other two ſhall miniſter,
And we will fear no poiſon, which attends
In place of greater State:
I'le meet you in the Valleys. [*Exeunt*,
How hard it is to hide the ſparks of Nature?
Theſe Boyes know little they are Sons to th' King,
Nor *Cymbeline* dreams that they are alive.
They think they are mine,
And though train'd up thus meanly
I'th' Cave, whereon the Bow their thoughts do hit they
The Roofs of Palaces, and Nature prompts them bow,
In ſimple and low things, to Prince it, much
Beyond the trick of others. This *Paladour*,
The heir of *Cymbeline* and *Britain*, whom
The King his Father call'd *Guiderius*. *Jove*,
When on my three-foot ſtool I ſit, and tell
The warlike feats I have done, his Spirits fly out
Into my ſtory: ſay thus mine Enemy fell,
And thus I ſet my foot on's neck, even then
The Princely blood flows in his Cheek, he ſweats,
Strains his young Nerves, and puts himſelf in poſture
That acts my words. The younger Brother *Cadwall*,
Once *Arviragus*, in as like a figure
Strikes life into my ſpeech, and ſhews much more
His own conceiving. Hark, the Game is rouz'd,
Oh *Cymbeline*. Heaven and my Conſcience knows
Thou did'ſt unjuſtly baniſh me: whereon
At three, and two years old, I ſtole theſe Babes,
Thinking to bar thee of Succeſſion, as
Thou refts me of my Lands. *Euriphile*,
Thou waſt their Nurſe, they took thee for their Mother
And every day do honour to her Grave:
My ſelf *Belarius*, that am *Morgan* call'd,
They take for Natural Father. The Game is up. [*Exit*.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Piſanio *and* Imogen.

Imo. Thou told'ſt me when we came from horſe, the place
Was near at hand: Ne're long'd my Mother ſo
To ſeem firſt, as I have now: *Piſanio*, Man:
Where is *Poſthumus*? What is in thy mind
That makes thee ſtare thus? Wherefore breaks that ſigh
From th' inward of thee? One, One, but painted thus
Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd
Beyond ſelf-explication. Put thy ſelf
Into a haviour of leſs fear, e're wildneſs
Vanquiſh my ſtaieder Senſes. What's the matter?
Why tender'ſt thou that Paper to me, with
A look untender? If 't be Summer News,
Smile to't before: if Winterly, thou need'ſt
But keep that count'nance ſtill. My Husband's hand?
That Drug-damn'd *Italy*, hath out-craftied him,
And he's at ſome hard point. Speak, man, thy tongue
May take off ſome extremity, which to read
Would be even mortal to me.
Piſ. Pleaſe you read,
And you ſhall find me (wretched man) a thing
The moſt diſdain'd of Fortune.

Imogen *reads.*

T*HY Miſtreſs* (Piſanio) *hath play'd the Strumpet in my Bed: the Teſtimonies whereof, lyes bleeding in me. I ſpeak not out of weak Surmiſes, but from proof as ſtrong as my grief, and as certain as I expect my Revenge. That part, thou* (Piſanio) *muſt act for me, if thy Faith be not tainted with the breach of hers; let thine own hands take away her life: I ſhall give thee opportunity at* Milford Haven. *She hath my Letter for the purpoſe; where, if thou fear to ſtrike, and to make me certain it is done, thou art the Pander to her diſhonour, and equally to me diſloyal.*

Piſ. What ſhall I need to draw my Sword, the Paper
Hath cut her throat already. No, 'tis ſlander,
Whoſe edge is ſharper than the Sword, whoſe tongue
Out-venoms all the Worms of *Nile*, whoſe breath
Rides on the poſting winds, and doth belye
All corners of the VVorld. Kings, Queens, and States,
Maids, Matrons, nay the ſecrets of the Grave
This viperous ſlander enters. What chear, Madam?
Imo. Falſe to his Bed? VVhat is it to be falſe?
To lye in watch there, and to think on him?
To weep 'twixt clock and clock? If ſleep charge Nature,
To break it with a fearful dream of him,
And cry my ſelf awake? that's falſe to's bed? is it?
Piſa. Alas, good Lady.
Imo. I falſe? thy Conſcience witneſs: *Jachimo*,
Thou did'ſt accuſe him of Incontinency,
Thou then look'dſt like a Villain: now, methinks,
Thy favours good enough. Some Jay of *Italy*
(whoſe Mother was her painting) hath betraid him:
Poor I am ſtale, a Garment out of faſhion,
And for I am richer than to hang by th' walls,
I muſt be ript: To pieces with me: Oh!
Mens Vows are womens Traitors. All good ſeeming
By thy revolt (oh Husband) ſhall be thought
Put on for Villany: not born wher't grows,
But worn a bait for Ladies.
Piſa. Good Madam, hear me.
Imo. True honeſt men being heard, like falſe *Æneas*,
Were in his time thought falſe: and *Synons* weeping
Did ſcandal many a holy tear: took pitty
From moſt true wretchedneſs. So thou *Poſthumus*,
Wilt lay the leven to all proper men;
Goodly, and gallant, ſhall be falſe and perjur'd
From thy great fail: Come, Fellow, be thou honeſt,
Do thou thy Maſters bidding. When thou ſeeſt him,
A little witneſs my obedience. Look,
I draw the Sword my ſelf, take it, and hit
The innocent Manſion of my Love (my Heart:)
Fear not, 'tis empty of all things, but Grief:
Thy Maſter is not there, who was indeed
The riches of it. Do his bidding, ſtrike,
Thou may'ſt be valiant in a better cauſe:
But now thou ſeem'ſt a Coward.
Piſa. Hence, vile Inſtrument,
Thou ſhalt not damn my hand.
Imo. Why, I muſt dye,
And if I do not by thy hand, thou art
No Servant of thy Maſters. Againſt Self-ſlaughter,
There is a prohibition ſo Divine
That cravens my weak hand: Come, here's my heart:
Something's afoot: Soft, ſoft, we'll no defence,
Obedient as the Scabbard. What is here,
The Scriptures of the Loyal *Leonatus*,
All turn'd to Hereſie? Away, away,
Corrupters of my Faith, you ſhall no more
Be Stomachers to my heart: thus may poor Fools
Believe falſe Teachers: Though thoſe that art betraid
Do feel the Treaſon ſharply, yet the Traitor
Stands in worſe caſe of woe. And thou *Poſthumus*,
That did'ſt ſet up my diſobedience 'gainſt the King
My Father, and makes me put into contempt the ſuits
Of Princely Fellows, ſhalt hereafter find
It is no act of common paſſage, but
A ſtrain of Rareneſs: and I grieve my ſelf,
To think, when thou ſhalt be diſedg'd by her,
That now thou tireſt on, how thy memory
Will then be pang'd by me. Prethee diſpatch,
The Lamb entreats the Butcher. Where's the Knife?
Thou art too ſlow to do thy Maſters bidding,
When I deſire it too.

Piſa. Oh gracious Lady:
Since I receiv'd command to do this buſineſs,
I have not ſlept one wink.
Imo. Do't, and to bed then.
Piſa. I'le wake mine eye-balls firſt.
Imo. Wherefore then
Did'ſt undertake it? Why haſt thou abus'd
So many Miles, with a pretence? This place?
Mine action? and thine own? Our Horſes labour?
The time inviting thee? the perturb'd Court
For my being abſent; whereunto I never
Purpoſe return. Why haſt thou gone ſo far
To be un-bent? when thou haſt tane thy ſtand,
Th' elected Deer before thee?
Piſa. But to win time
To loſe ſo bad employment, in the which
I have conſider'd of a courſe: good Lady,
Hear me with patience.
Imo. Talk thy tongue weary, ſpeak:
I have heard I am a Strumpet, and mine ear
Therein falſe ſtrook, can take no greater wound,
Nor tent, to bottom that. But ſpeak.
Piſa. Then, Madam,
I thought you would not back again.
Imo. Moſt like,
Bringing me here to kill me.
Piſa. Not ſo neither:
But if I were as wiſe, as honeſt, then
My purpoſe would prove well: it cannot be,
But that my Maſter is abus'd. Some Villain,
I, and ſingular in his Art, hath done you both
This curſed injury.
Imo. Some *Roman* Curtezan?
Piſa. No, on my life:
I'le give him notice you are dead, and ſend him
Some bloody ſign of it. For 'tis commanded
I ſhould do ſo: you ſhall be miſt at Court,
And that will well confirm it.
Imo. Why, good Fellow,
What ſhall I do the while? Where bide? How live?
Or in my life, what comfort, when I am
Dead to my Husband?
Piſa. If you'll back to th' Court.
Imo. No Court, no Father: nor no more adoe
With that harſh, noble, ſimple nothing?
That *Clotten*, whoſe Love-ſuit hath been to me
As fearful as a Siege. *Piſa.* If not at Court,
Then not in *Britain* muſt you bide. Jmo ~~*Luc.*~~ Where then?
Hath *Britain* all the Sun that ſhines? Day? Night?
Are they not but in *Britain?* Ith' worlds Volum
Our *Britain* ſeems as of it, but not in't;
In a great Pool a Swans neſt; prethee think
There's livers out of *Britain.*
Piſa. I am moſt glad
You think of other Place: Th' Ambaſſador
Lucius the *Roman*, comes to *Milford-Haven*
To morrow. Now, if you could wear a mind
Dark as your Fortune is, and but diſguiſe
That which t'appear it ſelf, muſt not yet be,
But by ſelf-danger, you ſhould tread a courſe
Pretty, and full of view: yea, happily, near
The reſidence of *Poſthumus*; ſo nigh (at laſt)
That though his Actions were not viſible, yet
Report ſhould render him hourly to your ear,
As truly as he moves.
Imo. Oh for ſuch means,
Though peril to my modeſty, not death on't,
I would adventure.
Piſa. Well then, there's the point:
You muſt forget to be a Woman: change
Command into Obedience. Fear and Niceneſs
(The Handmaids of all Women, or more truly
VVoman it pretty ſelf) into a waggiſh courage,
Ready in gybes, quick-anſwer'd, ſawcy, and
As quarrellous as the VVeazel: Nay, you muſt
Forget that rareſt treaſure of your Cheek,
Expoſing it (but oh the harder heart,
Alack no remedy) to the greedy touch
Of common-kiſſing *Titan:* and forget
Your labourſome and dainty trimms, wherein
You made great *Juno* angry. *Imo.* Nay, be brief:
I ſee into thy end, and am almoſt
A man already.
Piſa. Firſt, make your ſelf but like one,
Fore-thinking this. I have already fit
('Tis in my Cloak-bagg) Doublet, Hat, Hoſe, all
That anſwer to them: VVould you in their ſerving,
(And with what imitation you can borrow
From youth of ſuch a ſeaſon) 'fore Noble *Lucius*
Preſent your ſelf, deſire his ſervice: tell him
VVherein you're happy, which will make him know,
If that his head have ear in Muſick, doubtleſs
VVith joy he will embrace you: for he's Honourable,
And doubling that, moſt holy. Your means abroad:
You have me rich, and I will never fail
Beginning, nor ſupplyment.
Imo. Thou art all the comfort
The Gods will diet me with. Prethee away,
There's more to be conſider'd: but we'll even
All that good time will give us. This attempt,
I am Souldier too, and will abide it with
A Princes Courage. Away, I prethee.
Piſa. VVell, Madam, we muſt take a ſhort farewel,
Leſt being miſt, I be ſuſpected of
Your carriage from the Court. My Noble Miſtris,
Here is a box, I had it from the Queen,
VVhat's in't is precious: If you are ſick at Sea,
Or Stomach-qualm'd at Land, a Dram of this
VVill drive away diſtemper. To ſome ſhade,
And fit you to your Manhood: may the Gods
Direct you to the beſt.
Imo. Amen: I thank thee. [*Exeunt.*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Cymbeline, Queen, Cloten, Lucius, *and* Lords.

Cym. Thus far, and ſo farewel.
Luc. Thanks, Royal Sir:
My Emperour hath wrote, I muſt from hence,
And am right ſorry, that I muſt report ye
My Maſters Enemy.
Cym. Our Subjects (Sir)
VVill not endure his yoak; and for our ſelf
To ſhew leſs Soveraignty than they, muſt needs
Appear un-King like.
Luc. So, Sir: I deſire of you
A Conduct over Land, to *Milford-Haven.*
Madam, all joy befal your Grace, and you.
Cym. My Lords, you are appointed for that Office:
The due of Honour in no point omit:
So farewel, Noble *Lucius.*
Luc. Your hand, my Lord.
Clot. Receive it friendly: but from this time forth
I wear it as your Enemy.
Luc. Sir, the Event
Is yet to name the winner. Fare you well.
Cym. Leave not the worthy *Lucius*, good my Lords,
Till he have croſt *Severn.* Happineſs. [*Exit* Lucius, *&c.*
Qu. He goes hence frowning: but it honours us,
That we have given him cauſe.
Clot. 'Tis all the better,
Your valiant *Britains* have their wiſhes in it.
Cym. *Lucius* hath wrote already to the Emperour,
How it goes here. It fits us therefore ripely,
Our Chariots, and our Horſemen be in readineſs:
The Powers that he already hath in *Gallia*

VVill

Will ſoon be drawn to head, from whence he moves
His war for *Britain.*
Que. 'Tis not ſleepy buſineſs,
But muſt be look'd to ſpeedily, and ſtrongly.
Cym. Our expectation that it ſhould be thus
Hath made us forward. But, my gentle Queen,
Where is our Daughter? She hath not appear'd
Before the *Roman,* nor to us hath tender'd
The Duty of the day. She looks as like
A thing more made of malice, than of Duty,
We have noted it. Call her before us, for
We have been too light in ſufferance.
Que. Royal Sir,
Since the exile of *Poſthumus,* moſt retir'd
Hath her life been: the Cure whereof, my Lord,
'Tis time muſt do. Beſeech your Majeſty,
Forbear ſharp ſpeeches to her. She's a Lady
So tender of rebukes, that words are ſtrokes,
And ſtrokes death to her.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Cym. Where is ſhe, Sir? How
Can her contempt be anſwer'd?
Meſ. Pleaſe you, Sir,
Her Chambers are all lock'd, and there's no anſwer
That will be given to th' loud of noiſe we make.
Que. My Lord, when laſt I went to viſit her,
She pray'd me to excuſe her keeping cloſe,
Whereto conſtrain'd by her infirmity,
She ſhould that duty leave unpaid to you
Which daily ſhe was bound to proffer: this
She wiſh'd me to make known: but our great Court
Made me to blame in memory.
Cym. Her doors lock'd?
Not ſeen of late? Grant Heavens, that which I
Fear, prove falſe. [*Exit.*
Que. Son, I ſay, follow the King.
Clot. That man of hers, *Piſanio,* her old Servant
I have not ſeen theſe two days. [*Exit.*
Que. Go, look after:
Piſanio, thou that ſtand'ſt ſo for *Poſthumus,*
He hath a Drugg of mine: I pray, his abſence
Proceed by ſwallowing that. For he believes
It is a thing moſt precious. But for her,
Where is ſhe gone? Haply deſpair hath ſeiz'd her:
Or wing'd with fervour of her love, ſhe's flown
To her deſired *Poſthumus:* gone ſhe is,
To death, or to diſhonour, and my end
Can make good uſe of either. She being down,
I have the placing of the *Brittiſh* Crown.

Enter Cloten.

How now, my Son?
Clot. 'Tis certain ſhe is fled.
Go in and cheer the King, he rages, none
Dare come about him.
Que. All the better: may
This night fore-ſtall him of the coming day. [*Exit* Qu.
Clot. I love and hate her: for ſhe's fair and Royal,
And that ſhe hath all courtly parts more exquiſite
Than Lady, Ladies Woman, from every one
The beſt ſhe hath, and ſhe of all compounded
Out-ſells them all. I love her therefore, but
Diſdaining me, and throwing Favours on
The low *Poſthumus,* ſlanders ſo her judgement,
That what's elſe rare, is choak'd: and in that point
I will conclude to hate her, nay indeed,
To be reveng'd upon her. For, when Fools——

Enter Piſanio.

Who is here? What, are you packing, Sirrah?
Come hither: Ah you precious Pander, Villain,
Where is thy Lady? In a word, or elſe
Thou art ſtraight way with the Fiends.
Piſa. Oh, good my Lord.
Clot. Where is thy Lady? Or, by *Jupiter,*
I will not ask again. Cloſe Villain,
I'le have this ſecret from thy heart, or rip
Thy heart to find it. Is ſhe with *Poſthumus?*
From whoſe ſo many weights of baſeneſs, cannot
A dram of worth be drawn.
Piſa. Alas, my Lord,
How can ſhe be with him? When was ſhe miſs'd?
He is in *Rome.*
Clot. Where is ſhe, Sir? Come nearer:
No farther halting: ſatisfie me home,
What is become of her:
Piſa. Oh, my all-worthy Lord,
Clot. All worthy Villain,
Diſcover where thy Miſtris is, at once,
At the next word: no more of worthy Lord:
Speak, or thy ſilence on the inſtant, is
Thy condemnation and thy death.
Piſa. Then, Sir,
This Paper is the hiſtory of my knowledge
Touching her flight.
Clot. Let's ſee't; I will purſue her
Even to *Auguſtus* Throne.
Piſa. Or this, or periſh.
She's far enough, and what he learns by this,
May prove his travel, not her danger.
Clot. Humh.
Piſa. I'le write to my Lord ſhe is dead: Oh, *Imogen,*
Safe may'ſt thou wander, ſafe return agen.
Clot. Sirrah, is this Letter true?
Piſa. Sir, as I think.

Clot. It is *Poſthumu*'s hand, I know't. Sirrah, if thou would'ſt not be a Villain, but do me true ſervice: undergo thoſe employments wherein I ſhould have cauſe to uſe thee with a ſerious induſtry, that is, what villainy ſoe're I bid thee do to perform it, directly and truly, I would think thee an honeſt man: thou ſhould'ſt neither want my means for thy relief, nor my voyce for thy preferment.

Piſa. Well, my good Lord.

Clot. Wilt thou ſerve me? For ſince patiently and conſtantly thou haſt ſtuck to the bare Fortune of that Beggar *Poſthumus,* thou canſt not in the courſe of gratitude, but be a diligent follower of mine. Wilt thou ſerve me?

Piſa. Sir, I will.

Clot. Give me thy hand, here's my Purſe. Haſt any of thy late Maſters Garments in thy poſſeſſion?

Piſa. I have (my Lord) at the Lodging, the ſame Suit he wore, when he took leave of my Lady and Miſtreſs.

Clot. The firſt ſervice thou do'ſt me, fetch that Suit hither; let it be thy firſt ſervice, go.

Piſa. I ſhall, my Lord. [*Exeunt.*

Clot. Meet thee at *Milford Haven*: (I forgot to ask him one thing, I'le remember't anon:) even there, thou villain, *Poſthumus,* will I kill thee. I would theſe Garments were come. She ſaid upon a time (the bitterneſs of it, I now belch from my heart) that ſhe held the very Garment of *Poſthumus,* in more reſpect, than my Noble and natural perſon; together with the adornment of my Qualities. With that Suit upon my back will I raviſh her: firſt kill him, and in her eyes: there ſhall ſhe ſee my valour, which will then be a torment to her contempt. He on the ground, my ſpeech of inſultment ended on his dead body, and when my luſt hath dined (which as I ſay, to vex her, I will execute in the Cloaths that ſhe ſo prais'd:) to the Court I'le knock her back, foot her home again. She hath deſpis'd me rejoycingly, and I'le be merry in my Revenge.

Enter Piſanio.

Be thoſe the Garments?
Piſ. I, my Noble Lord.
Clo. How long is't ſince ſhe went to *Milford-Haven?*
Piſ. She can ſcarce be there yet.

Clo. Bring this Apparel to my Chamber, that is the ſecond thing that I have commanded thee. The third is, that thou wilt be a voluntary Mute to my deſign. Be but dutious, and true preferment ſhall tender it ſelf to thee. My Revenge is now at *Milford*, would I had Wings to follow it. Come and be true. [*Exit.*

Piſ. Thou bidd'ſt me to my loſs: for true to thee,
VVere to prove falſe, which I will never be
To him that is moſt true. To *Milford* go,
And find not her, whom thou purſueſt. Flow, flow,
You Heavenly Bleſſings on her: This Fool's ſpeed
Be croſt with ſlowneſs; Labour be his meed. [*Exit.*

Scena Sexta.

Enter Imogen *alone.*

Imo. I ſee a man's life is a tedious one,
I have tired my ſelf: and for two nights together
Have made the ground my Bed. I ſhould be ſick,
But that my reſolution helps me: *Milſord,*
When from the Mountain top *Piſanio* ſhew'd thee,
Thou was't within a ken. Oh, *Jove*, I think
Foundations flie the wretched, ſuch I mean,
VVhere they ſhould be reliev'd. Two Beggars told me,
I could not miſs my way. VVill poor Folks lye
That have afflictions on them, knowing 'tis
A puniſhment, or trial? Yes; no wonder,
VVhen Rich-ones ſcarce tell true. To lapſe in Fulneſs
Is ſorer, than to lie for Need: and Falſhood
Is worſe in Kings, than Beggars. My dear Lord,
Thou art one o' th' falſe Ones: now I think on thee,
My hunger's gone; but even before, I was
At point to ſink for Food. But what is this?
Here is a path to't: 'tis ſome ſavage hold:
I were beſt not call; I dare not call: yet Famine
Ere it clean o're-throw Nature, make it valiant.
Plenty and peace breeds Cowards, Hardneſs ever
Of Hardineſs is Mother. Ho? who's here?
If any that's civil, ſpeak, if ſavage,
Take, or lend. Ho? no anſwer? then I'll enter,
Beſt draw my Sword; and if mine Enemy
But fear the Sword like me, he'll ſcarcely look on't.
Such a Foe, good Heavens. [*Exit.*

Scena Septima.

Enter Bellarius, Guiderius, *and* Arviragus.

Bel. You *Polidore* have prov'd beſt Woodman, and
Are Maſter of the Feaſt: *Cadwall* and I
Will play the Cook, and Servant, 'tis our match:
The ſweat of induſtry would dry, and die
But for the end it works to. Come, our ſtomachs
Will make what's homely, ſavoury; Wearineſs
Can ſnore upon the Flint, when reſty Sloth
Finds the Down-Pillow hard. No peace be here,
Poor Houſe, that keep'ſt thy ſelf.
Gui. I am throughly weary.
Arv. I am weak with toil, yet ſtrong in appetite.
Gui. There is cold meat i' th' Cave, we'll brouze on that
Whil'ſt what we have kill'd be Cook'd.
Bel. Stay, come not in:
But that it eats our Victuals, I ſhould think
Here were a Faiery.
Gui. What's the matter, Sir?
Bel. By *Jupiter* an Angel: or if not,
An Earthly Paragon. Behold Divineneſs
No elder than a Boy.

Enter Imogen.

Imo. Good Maſter, harm me not:
Before I enter'd here, I call'd, and thought
To have begg'd, or bought, what I have took: good troth
I have ſtoln nought, nor would not, though I had found
Gold ſtrew'd i' th' Floor. Here's money for my Meat,
I would have left it on the Board ſo ſoon
As I had made my Meal: and parted
With Prayers for the Provider.
Gui. Money? Youth.
Arv. All Gold and Silver rather turn do durt,
As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of thoſe
Who worſhip durty gods.
Imo. I ſee you're angry:
Know, if you kill me for my fault, I ſhould
Have died, had I not made it.
Bel. Whither bound?
Imo. To *Milſord Haven.*
Bel. What's your name?
Imo. Fidele, Sir; I have a Kinſman, who
Is bound for *Italy*: he embark'd at *Milford*,
To whom being going, almoſt ſpent with hunger,
I am faln in this offence.
Bel. Prethee (fair youth)
Think us no Churls: nor meaſure our good minds
By this rude place we live in. Well encounter'd,
'Tis almoſt night, you ſhall have better cheer
Ere you depart, and thanks to ſtay and eat it:
Boys, bid him welcome.
Gui. Were you a Woman, youth,
I ſhould woe hard, but be your Groom in honeſty;
I bid for you, as I do buy.
Arv. I'll make't my comfort
He is a man, I'll love him as my Brother:
And ſuch a welcome as I'ld give to him
(After long abſence) ſuch is yours. Moſt welcome:
Be ſprightly, for you fall 'mongſt Friends.
Imo. 'Mongſt Friends.
If Brothers: would it had been ſo, that they
Had been my Father's Sons, then had my prize
Been leſs, and ſo more equal ballaſting
To thee, *Poſthumus.*
Bel. He wrings at ſome diſtreſs.
Gui. Would I could free't.
Arv. Or I, what ere it be,
What pain it coſt, what danger: gods!
Bel. Hark, Boyes.
Imo. Great men
That had a Court no bigger than this Cave,
That did attend themſelves, and had the virtue
Which their own Conſcience ſeal'd them: laying by
That nothing-gift of differing Multitudes
Could not out-piece theſe twain. Pardon me gods,
I'ld change my Sex to be Companion with them,
Since *Leonatus* falſe.
Bel. It ſhall be ſo:
Boyes, we'll go dreſs our Hunt. Fair, you come in;
Diſcourſe is heavy, faſting: when we have ſupp'd
We'll mannerly demand thee of thy Story.
So far as thou wilt ſpeak it,
Gui. Pray draw near.
Arv. The night to th' Owl,
And Morn to th' Lark leſs welcome.
Imo. Thanks, Sir.
Arv. I pray draw near. [*Exeunt.*

Scena Octava.

Enter two Roman Senators, *and* Tribunes.

1 Sen. This is the tenour of the Emperours Writ;
That ſince the common men are now in Action
'Gainſt the *Pannonians*, and *Dalmatians*,
And that the Legions now in *Gallia*, are
Full weak to undertake our Wars againſt
The faln-off *Britains*, that we do incite
The Gentry to this buſineſs. He creates
Lucius Pro-Conſul: and to you the Tribunes
For this immediate Levy, he commands
His abſolute Commiſſion. Long live *Cæſar*.
Tri. Is *Lucius* General of the Forces?
2 Sen. I.
Tri. Remaining now in *Gallia*?
1 Sen. With thoſe Legions
Which I have ſpoke of, whereunto your Levy
Muſt be ſuppliant: the words of your Commiſſion
Will tye you to the Numbers and the time
Of their diſpatch
Tri. We will diſcharge our duty. [*Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Cloten *alone.*

Clot. I Am near to th' place where they ſhould meet, if *Piſanio* have map'd it truly. How fit his Garments ſerve me? Why ſhould his Miſtriſs, who was made by him, that made the Taylor not be fit too? The rather (ſaving reverence of the Word) for 'tis ſaid a Womans fitneſs comes by fits: therein I muſt play the Workman, I dare ſpeak it to my ſelf, for it is not Vain-glory for a man and his Glaſs, to confer in his own Chamber; I mean, the Lines of my Body are as well drawn as his; no leſs young, more ſtrong, not beneath him in Fortunes, beyond him in the advantage of the time, above him in Birth, alike converſant in general ſervices, and more remarkable in ſingle oppoſitions: yet this imperſeverant Thing loves him in my deſpight. What Mortality is? *Poſthumus*, thy Head (which now is growing upon thy ſhoulders) ſhall within this hour be off, thy Miſtriſs inforced, thy Garments cut to pieces before thy Face: and all this done, ſpurn her home to her Father, who may (happily) be a little angry for my ſo rough uſage: but my Mother having power of his teſtineſs, ſhall turn all into my commendations. My Horſe is tyed up ſafe, out Sword, and to a ſore purpoſe: Fortune put them into my hand: This is the very deſcription of their meeting place, and the Fellow dares not deceive me. [*Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Bellarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, *and*
Imogen *from the Cave.*

Bel. You are not well: Remain here in the Cave,
We'll come to you after Hunting.
Arv. Brother, ſtay here:
Are we not Brothers?
Imo. So man and man ſhould be,
But Clay and Clay differs in dignity,
Whoſe duſt is both alike. I am very ſick,
Gui. Go you to Hunting, I'll abide with him.
Imo. So ſick I am not, yet I am not well:
But not ſo Citizen a wanton, as
To ſeem to die, ere ſick: So pleaſe you, leave me,
Stick to your Journal courſe: the breach of Cuſtom,
Is breach of all. I am ill, but your being by me
Cannot amend me. Society is no comfort
To one not ſociable: I am not very ſick,
Since I can reaſon of it: pray you truſt me here,
I'll rob none but my ſelf, and let me die
Stealing ſo poorly.
Gui. I love thee: I have ſpoke it,
How much the quantity, the weight as much,
As I do love my Father.
Bel. What? how? how?
Arv. If it be ſin to ſay ſo (Sir) I yoak me
In my good Brothers fault: I know not why
I love this youth, and I have heard you ſay,
Love's reaſons without reaſon. The Beer at Door,
And a demand who is't ſhall die, I'd ſay
My Father, not this Youth.
Bel. Oh noble ſtrain!
O worthineſs of Nature, breed of greatneſs!
" Cowards, Father, Cowards, and baſe things, Sire, baſe:
" Nature hath Meal and Bran; Contempt and Grace.
I'm not their Father, yet who this ſhould be,
Doth miracle it ſelf, lov'd before me.
'Tis the ninth hour o' th' Morn.
Arv. Brother, farewel.
Imo. I wiſh ye ſport.
Arv. You health.——So pleaſe you, Sir.
Imo. Theſe are kind Creatures.
Gods, what lies I have heard:
Our Courtiers ſay, all's ſavage, but at Court:
Experience, oh thou diſprov'ſt Report.
Th' imperious Seas breed Monſters; for the Diſh,
Poor Tributary Rivers, as ſweet Fiſh:
I am ſick ſtill, heart-ſick: *Piſanio*,
I'll now taſt of thy Drugg.
Gui. I could not ſtir him:
He ſaid he was gentle, but unfortunate;
Diſhoneſtly afflicted, but yet honeſt.
Arv. Thus did he anſwer me: yet ſaid hereafter,
I might know more.
Bel. To th' Field, to th' Field:
We'll leave you for this time, go in, and reſt.
Arv. We'il not be long away.
Bel. Pray be not ſick,
For you muſt be our Huſwife.
Imo. Well or ill,
I am bound to you. [*Exit.*
Bel. And ſhalt be ever.
This youth, how e're diſtreſt, appears he hath had
Good Anceſtors.
Arv. How Angel-like he ſings?
Gui. But his neat Cookery?
Arv. He cut our Roots in Characters,
And ſawc't our Broths, as *Juno* had been ſick,
And he her Dieter.
Arv. Nobly he yoaks
A ſmiling with a ſigh: as if the ſigh
Was that it was, for not being ſuch a ſmile;
The ſmile mocking the ſigh, that it would fly
From ſo divine a Temple, to commix
With Winds that Sailors rail at.
Gui. I do note,
That grief and patience rooted in them both,
Mingle their ſpurs together,
Arv. Grow patient,
And let the ſtinking Elder (Grief) untwine
His periſhing root, with the encreaſing Vine.
Bel. It is great Morning. Come away: who's there?

Enter Cloten.

Clo. I cannot find thoſe Runagates, that Villain
Hath mock'd me. I am faint.
Bel. Thoſe Runagates?
Means he not us? I partly know him, 'tis
Cloten, the Son o' th' Queen. I fear ſome Ambuſh:
I ſaw him not theſe many years, and yet
I know 'tis he: we are held as Out laws; hence.
Gui. He is but one: you, and my Brother ſearch
What Companies are near: pray you away,
Let me alone with him.
Clot. Soft, what are you
That flie me thus? Some Villain Mountainers?
I have heard of ſuch. What Slave art thou?
Gui. A thing,
More ſlaviſh did I ne're, than anſwering
A Slave without a knock.
Clot. Thou art a Robber,
A Law-Breaker, a Villain: yield thee, Thief.
Gui. To whom? to thee? what art thou? Have not I
An Arm as big as thine? a Heart as big?
Thy words I grant are bigger: for I wear not
My Dagger in my mouth. Say what thou art,
Why I ſhould yield to thee?
Clo. Thou Villain baſe,
Know'ſt me not by my Cloths?
Gui. No, nor thy Taylor, Raſcal,
Who is thy Grandfather: He made thoſe Cloaths,
Which (as it ſeems) make thee.
Clo. Thou precious Varlet,
My Taylor made them not.
Gui. Hence then, and thank
The man that gave them thee. Thou art ſome Fool,
I am loth to beat thee.
Clo. Thou injurious Thief,
Hear but my name, and tremble.
Gui. What's thy Name?
Clo. *Cloten*, thou Villain.
Gui. *Cloten*, thou double Villain be thy name,
I cannot tremble at it, were it Toad, or Adder, Spider,
'Twould move ſooner.
Clot. To thy further fear,
Nay, to thy meer Confuſion, thou ſhalt know
I am Son to th' Queen.
Gui. I am ſorry for't: not ſeeming
So worthy as thy Birth.
Clo. Art not afeard?
Gui. Thoſe that I reverence, thoſe I fear, the Wiſe:
At Fools I laugh, not fear them.
Clo. Die the Death:
When I have ſlain thee with my proper hand,
I'll follow thoſe that even now fled hence:
And on the Gates of *Luds-Town* ſet your heads:
Yield Ruſtick Mountaineer. [*Fight and Exeunt.*

Enter Bellarius *and* Arviragus.

Bel. No Company's abroad?
Arv. None in the World: you did miſtake him ſure.
Bel. I cannot tell: long is it ſince I ſaw him,
But Time hath nothing blurr'd thoſe lines of Favour
Which then he wore: the ſnatches in his Voice,
And burſt of ſpeaking were as his: I am abſolute
'Twas very *Cloten.*
Arv. In this place we left them;
I wiſh my Brother make good time with him,
You ſay he is ſo fell.
Bel. Being ſcarce made up,
I mean to man; he had not apprehenſion
Of roaring terrors: For defect of judgment
Is oft the cauſe of Fear.

Enter Guiderius.

But ſee thy Brother.
Gui. This *Cloten* was a Fool, an empty Purſe,
There was no money in't: Not *Hercules*
Could have knock'd out his Brains, for he had none:
Yet I not doing this, the Fool had born
My Head, as I do his.
Bel. What haſt thou done?
Gui. I am perfect what; cut off one *Cloten*'s Head,
Son to the Queen (after his own report)
Who call'd me Traytor, Mountaineer, and ſwore
With his own hand he'd take us in,
Diſplace our heads, where (thanks to th' gods) they grow
And ſet them on *Luds-Town.*
Bel. We are all undone.
Gui. Why, worthy Father, what have we to loſe,
But that he ſwore to take our Lives? the Law
Protects not us, then why ſhou'd we be tender,
To let an arrogaut piece of fleſh threat us?
Play Judge, and Executioner, all himſelf?
For we do fear no Law. What Company
Diſcover you abroad?
Bel. No ſingle Soul
Can we ſet Eye on: but in all ſafe reaſon Humour
He muſt have ſome Attendants. Though his Honour
VVas nothing but mutation; I, and that
From one bad thing to worſe: Not Frenzy,
Not abſolute madneſs could ſo far have rav'd
To bring him here alone, although perhaps
It may be heard at Court, that ſuch as we
Cave here, haunt here, are Out-laws, and in time
May make ſome ſtronger head, the which he hearing,
(As it is like him) might break out, and ſwear
He'd fetch us in, yet is't not probable
To come alone, either ſo undertaking,
Or they ſo ſuffering: then on good ground we fear,
If we do fear this body hath a tail
More perilous than the head.
Arv. Let Ord'nance
Come, as the gods fore-ſay it, howſoe're
My Brother hath done well.
Bel. I had no mind
To hunt this day: The Boy *Fidele*'s ſickneſs
Did make my way long forth.
Gui. VVith his own Sword,
Which he did wave againſt my throat, I have ta'ne
His Head from him: I'll throw't into the Creek
Behind our Rock, and let it to the Sea,
And tell the Fiſhes, he's the Queens Son, *Cloten*,
That's all I reak. [*Exit.*
Bel. I fear 'twill be reveng'd:
Woul (*Polidore*) thou hadſt not done't: though valour
Becomes thee well enough.
Arv. Would I had done't,
So the Revenge alone purſu'd me: *Polidore*,
I love thee Brotherly, but envy much
Thou haſt robb'd me of this deed: I would Revenges
That poſſible ſtrength might meet, would ſeek us through,
And put us to our anſwer.
Bel. Well, 'tis done:
We'll hunt no more to day, nor ſeek for danger
Where there's no profit. I prethee to our Rock,
You and *Fidele* play the Cooks: I'll ſtay
Till haſty *Polidore* return, and bring him
To Dinner preſently.
Arv. Poor ſick *Fidele*.
I'll willingly to him, to gain his colour,
I'd let a Pariſh of ſuch *Clotens* blood,

And praiſe my ſelf for Charity, [*Exit.*
Bel. O thou Goddeſs,
Thou divine Nature; thy ſelf thou blazon'ſt
In theſe two Princely Boyes: they are as gentle
As Zephyres blowing below the Violet,
Not wagging his ſweet Head; and yet, as rough
(Their Royal blood enchaf'd) as the rud'ſt wind,
That by the top doth take the Mountain Pine,
And make him ſtoop to th' Vail. 'Tis wonder kale
That an inviſible inſtinct ſhould frame them
To Royalty unlearn'd, Honour untaught,
Civility not ſeen from other: Valour,
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop
As if it had been ſow'd: yet ſtill it's ſtrange
What *Clotens* being here to us portends,
Or what his death will bring us.

Enter Guiderius.

Gui. Where's my Brother?
I have ſent *Clotens* Clot-pole down the ſtream;
In Embaſſie to his Mother; his bodies hoſtage
For his return. [*Solemn Muſick.*
Bel. My ingenuous Inſtrument,
(Hark *Polidore*) it ſounds: but what occaſion
Hath *Cadwall* now to give it motion? Hark.
Gui. Is he at home?
Bel. He went hence even now.
Gui. What does he mean?
Since death of my dear'ſt Mother
It did not ſpeak before. All ſolemn things
Should anſwer ſolemn Accidents. The matter?
Triumphs for nothing, and lamenting toyes,
Is jollity for Apes, and grief for Boyes.
Is *Cadwall* mad?

Enter Arviragus, *with* Imogen *dead, bearing her in his Arms.*

Bel. Look, here he comes,
And brings the dire occaſion in his Arms,
Of what we blame him for.
Arv. The Bird is dead
That we have made ſo much on. I had rather
Have skipt from ſixteen years of Age, to ſixty:
To have turn'd my leaping time into a Crutch,
Than have ſeen this.
Gui. Oh ſweeteſt, faireſt Lilly:
My Brother wears thee not the one half ſo well,
As when thou grew'ſt thy ſelf.
Bel. Oh Melancholly,
Who ever yet could ſound thy bottom? Find
The Ooze, to ſhew that Coaſt thy ſluggiſh care
Might eaſilieſt harbour in. Thou bleſſed thing.
Jove knows what man thou might'ſt have made: but I,
Thou dyed'ſt a more rare Boy, of Melancholly.
How found you him?
Arv. Stark, as you ſee:
Thus ſmiling as ſome Fly had tickled ſlumber,
Not as deaths dart being laugh'd at: his right Cheek
Repoſing on a Cuſhion.
Gui. Where?
Arv. O' th' Floor:
His Arms thus leagu'd, I thought he ſlept, and put
My clouted Brogues from off my Feet, whoſe rudeneſs
Anſwer'd my ſteps too loud.
Gui. Why, he but ſleeps:
If he be gone he'll make his Grave a Bed:
With Female Faieries will his Tomb be haunted,
And Worms will not come to thee.
Arv. With faireſt Flowers
Whil'ſt Summer laſts, and I live here, *Fidele*,
I'll ſweeten thy ſad Grave: thou ſhalt not lack
The Flower that's like thy Face. Pale-*Primroſe*, nor
The azur'd *Hare-Bell*, like thy Veins: no nor
The Leaf of *Eglantine*, whom not to ſlander,
Out-ſweetned not thy breath: the Ruddock would
With Charitable bill (Oh bill ſore ſhaming
Thoſe rich-left-Heirs, that let their Fathers lie
Without a Monument) bring thee all this,
Yea, and furr'd Moſs beſides. When Flowers are none
To winter ground thy Coarſe—— to wind around
Gui. Prethee have done,
And do not play in Wench-like words with that
Which is ſo ſerious, Let us bury him,
And not protract with admiration, what
Is now due Debt. To th' Grave.
Arv. Say, where ſhall's lay him?
Gui. By good *Euriphile*, our Mother.
Arv. Be't ſo:
And let us (*Polidore*) though now our Voices
Have got the manniſh crack, ſing him to th' ground
As once to our Mother: uſe like note, and words,
Save that *Euriphile* muſt be *Fidele*.
Gui. *Cadwall*,
I cannot ſing: I'll weep, and word it with thee,
For Notes of ſorrow, out of tune, are worſe
Than Prieſts, and Vanes that lie.
Arv. We'll ſpeak it then.
Bel. Great griefs I ſee Med'cine the leſs. For *Cloten*
Is quite forgot. He was a Queens Son, Boyes,
And though he came our Enemy, remember
He was paid for that: thou mean, and mighty rotting
Together have one duſt, yet Reverence
(That Angel of the World) doth make diſtinction
Of place 'twixt high and low. Our Foe was Princely,
And though you took his life, as being our Foe,
Yet bury him, as a Prince.
Gui. Pray thee fetch him hither,
Therſites Body is as good as *Ajax*,
When neither are alive.
Arv. If you'll go fetch him,
We'll ſay our Song the whil'ſt: Brother begin.
Gui. Nay *Cadwall*, we muſt lay his Head to th' Eaſt,
My Father hath a reaſon for't.
Arv. 'Tis true.
Gui. Come on then, and remove him.
Arv. So, begin.

SONG.

Guid. *Fear no more the heat o' th' Sun,*
Nor the furious Winters rages,
Thou thy Worldly task haſt done,
Home art gone, and take thy wages.
Golden Lads and Girls all muſt,
As Chimney-Sweepers come to duſt.
Arv. *Fear no more the frown o' th' Great,*
Thou art paſt the Tyrants ſtroke,
Care no more to cloath and eat,
To thee the Reed is as the Oak:
The Scepter, Learning, Phyſick, muſt,
All follow this and come to duſt.
Gui. *Fear no more the Lightning flaſh.*
Arv. *Nor th' all dreaded Thunder-ſtone.*
Gui. *Fear no ſlander, Cenſure raſh.*
Arv. *Thou haſt finiſh'd Joy and Moan.*
Both. *All Lovers young, all Lovers muſt,*
Conſign to thee, and come to duſt.
Gui. *No Exorciſer harm thee,*
Arv. *Nor no Witchcraft charm thee.*
Gui. *Ghoſt unlaid forbear thee.*
Arv. *Nothing ill come near thee.*
Both. *Quiet conſummation have,*
And renowned be thy Grave.

Enter Bellarius *with the Body of* Cloten.

Gui. We have done our obſequies :
Come lay him down.
Bel. Here's few Flowers, but about midnight more :
The herbs that have on them cold dew oth' night
Are ſtrewings fitt'ſt for Graves : upon their Faces.
You were as Flowers, now wither'd : even ſo
Theſe Herbelets ſhall, which we upon you ſtrew.
Come on away, apart upon our Knees :
The ground that gave them firſt, has them again :
Their pleaſures here are paſt, ſo are their pain. [*Exeunt.*
[Imogen *awakes.*

Yes, Sir, to *Milford Haven*, which is the way ?
I thank you : by yond Buſh ? pray how far thither ?
'Ods pittikins : can it be ſix mile yet ?
I have gone all night : 'faith, I'le lye down and ſleep.
But ſoft : no Bedfellow ? Oh Gods, and Goddeſſes !
Theſe Flowers are like the pleaſures of the World ;
This bloody man the care on't. I hope I dream :
For ſo I thought I was a Cave-keeper,
And Cook to honeſt Creatures. But 'tis not ſo :
'Twas but a bolt of nothing, ſhot at nothing,
Which the Brain makes of Fumes. Our very eyes,
Are ſometimes like our Judgments, blind. Good Faith
I tremble ſtill with fear : but if there be
Yet left in Heaven, as ſmall a drop of pitty
As a Wrens Eye : fear'd Gods, a part of it.
The Dream's here ſtill : even when I wake it is
Without me, as within me : not imagin'd, felt.
A headleſs man ? The Garments of *Poſthumus ?*
I know the ſhape of 's Leg : this is his Hand :
His Foot Mercurial : his Martial Thigh,
The Brawns of *Hercules :* but his Jovial Face——
Murther in Heaven ? How ? 'tis gone. *Piſanio,*
All curſes madded *Hecuba* gave the *Greeks*,
And mine to boot, be darted on thee : thou
Conſpir'd with that irregulous Devil *Cloten*,
Hath here cut off my Lord. To write, and read,
Be henceforth treacherous. Damn'd *Piſanio*
Hath with his forg'd Letters (damn'd *Piſanio*)
From this moſt braveſt Veſſel of the World
Struck the main top ! Oh *Poſthumus*, alas,
Where is thy head ? where's that ? Aye me, I, where's that?
Piſanio might have kill'd thee at the heart,
And left his head on. How ſhould this be, *Piſanio ?*
Tis he and *Cloten*. Malice and Lucre in them
Have laid this woe here. Oh 'tis pregnant, pregnant !
The Drugg he gave me, which he ſaid was precious
And Cordial to me, have I not found it
Murdr'ous to th' Senſes ? that confirms it home :
This is *Piſanio*'s deed, and *Cloten :* Oh !
Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood,
That we the horrider may ſeem to thoſe
Which chace to find us, Oh, my Lord ! my Lord !

Enter Lucius, Captains, *and a* Soothſayer.

Cap To them, the Legions garriſon'd in *Gallia*
After your will, have croſt the Sea, attending
You here at *Milford Haven*, with your Ships :
They are in readineſs.
Luc. But what from *Rome ?*
Cap. The Senate hath ſtirr'd up the Confiners,
And Gentlemen of *Italy*, moſt willing Spirits,
That promiſe Noble Servcie : and they come
Under the Conduct of bold *Jachimo*,
Syenna's Brother.
Luc. When expect you them ?
Cap. With the next benefit oth' wind.
Luc. This forwardneſs
Make our hopes fair. Command our preſent numbers,
Be muſtered, bid the Captains look to't. Now, Sir,
What, have you dream'd of late of this Wars purpoſe.
Sooth. Laſt night the very gods ſhew'd me a Viſion
(I feaſt, and pray'd for their Intelligence) thus :
I ſaw *Joves* Bird, the *Roman* Eagle wing'd
From the Spungy South, to this part of the Weſt,
There vaniſh'd in the Sun-beams, which portends
(Unleſs my Sins abuſe my Divination)
Succeſs to th' *Roman* hoſt.
Luc. Dream often ſo,
And never falſe. Soft ho, what Trunk is here ?
Without his top ? the ruine ſpeaks, that ſometime
It was a worthy building. How ? a Page ?
Or dead, or ſleeping on him ? but dead rather :
For Nature doth abhor to make his bed
With the defunct, or ſleep upon the dead.
Let's ſee the Boys face.
Cap. He's alive, my Lord.
Luc. He'll then inſtruct us of his body. Young one,
Inform us of the Fortunes, for it ſeems
They crave to be demanded : who is this
Thou mak'ſt thy bloody Pillow ? Or who was he
That (otherwiſe the noble Nature did)
Hath alter'd that good Picture ? What's thy intereſt
In this ſad wrack ? How came't ? Who is't ?
What art thou ?
Imo. I am nothing : or if not,
Nothing to be were better : This was my Maſter,
A very valiant *Britain*, and a good,
That here by Mountainers lies ſlain : Alas,
There are no more ſuch Maſters : I may wander
From Eaſt to Occident, cry out for Service,
Try many, all good : ſerve truly : never
Find ſuch another Maſter.
Luc. 'Lack, good youth :
Thou mov'ſt no leſs with thy complaining, than
The Maſter in bleeding : ſay his name, good Friend,
Imo. Richard du Camp : If I do lye and do,
No harm by it, though the Gods hear, I hope
They'll pardon it. Say you, Sir ?
Luc. Thy name ?
Imo. Fidele, Sir.
Luc. Thou do'ſt approve thy ſelf the very ſame :
Thy name well fits thy Faith, thy Faith, thy Name :
Wilt take thy change with me ? I will not ſay
Thou ſhalt be ſo well maſter'd, but be ſure
No leſs belov'd. The *Roman* Emperours Letters
Sent by a Conſul to me, ſhould no ſooner
Than thine own worth prefer thee : Go with me.
Imo. I'le follow, Sir. But firſt an't pleaſe the gods,
I'le hide my Maſter from the Flyes as deep
As theſe poor Pickaxes can dig : and when
With wild wood-leaves and weeds I ha'ſtrew'd his grave,
And on it ſaid a Century of Prayers,
(Such as I can) twice o're, I'le weep, and ſigh,
And leaving ſo his ſervice, follow you,
So pleaſe you entertain me.
Luc. I, good youth,
And rather Father thee, than Maſter thee : My Friends,
The Boy hath taught us manly duties : Let us
Find out the pretties̃t Dazied-Plot we can,
And make him with our Pikes and Partizans
A Grave : Come, Arme him : Boy, he is preferr'd
By thee, to us, and he ſhall be interr'd
As Souldiers can. Be chearful, wipe thine Eyes,
Some falls are means the happier to ariſe. [*Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Cymbeline, Lords, *and* Piſanio.

Cym. Again : and bring we word how 'tis with her,
A Feaver with the abſence of her Son ;
A madneſs, of which her life's in danger : Heavens,

How deeply you at once do touch me. *Imogen*,
The great part of my comfort, gone: My Queen
Upon a deſperate bed, and in a time
When fearful Wars point at me: Her Son gone,
So needful for his preſent? It ſtrikes me, me, paſt
The hope of comfort. But for thee, Fellow,
Who needs muſt know of her departure, and
Doſt ſeem ſo ignorant, we'll inforce it from thee
By a ſharp torture.
Piſa. Sir, my life is yours,
I humbly ſet it at your will: But for my Miſtreſs,
I nothing know where ſhe remains: why gone,
Nor when ſhe purpoſes return. Beſeech your Highneſs,
Hold me your Loyal Servant.
Lord. Good my Liege,
The day that ſhe was miſſing, ſhe was here;
I dare be bound he's true, and ſhall perform
All parts of his ſubjection loyally. For *Cloten*,
There wants no diligence in ſeeking him,
And will no doubt be found.
Cym. The time is troubleſome:
We'll ſlip you for a ſeaſon, but with jealouſie
Do's yet depend.
Lord. So pleaſe your Majeſty,
The *Roman* Legions all from *Gallia* drawn,
Are landed on your coaſt, with ſupply
Of *Roman* Gentlemen, by the Senate ſent.
Cym. Now for the Counſel of my Son and Queen.
I am amaz'd with matter.
Lord. Good my Liege,
Your preparation can affront no leſs
Than what you hear of.
Come more, for more you're ready:
The want is, but to put theſe powers in motion,
That long to move.
Cym. I thank you: let's withdraw
And meet the time, as it ſeeks us. We fear not
What can from *Italy* annoy us, but
We grieve at chances here. Away. [*Exeunt.*
Piſa. I heard no Letter from my Maſter, ſince
I wrote him *Imogen* was ſlain. 'Tis ſtrange:
Nor hear I from my Miſtreſs. who did promiſe
To yield me often tidings. Neither know I
What is betide to *Cloten*, but remain
Perplext in all. The Heavens ſtill muſt work:
Wherein I am falſe, I am honeſt: not true, to be true.
Theſe preſent wars ſhall find I love my Country,
Even to the note o' th' King, or I'le fall in them:
All other doubts, by time let them be cleer'd,
Fortune brings in ſome Boats, that are not ſteer'd. [*Exit.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Bellarius, Guiderius, *and* Arviragus.

Gui. The noiſe is round about us.
Bel. Let us from it.
Arvi. What pleaſure, Sir, find we in life, to lock it
From Action, and Adventure?
Gui. Nay, what hope
Have we in hiding us? this way the *Romans*
Muſt, or for *Britains* ſlay us, or receive us
For barbarous and unnatural Revolts
During their uſe, and ſlay us after.
Bel. Sons,
We'll higher to the Mountains, there ſecure us.
To the King's party there's no going: newneſs
Of *Cloten*'s death (we being not known, not muſter'd
Among the Bands) may drive us to a render
VVhere we have liv'd; and ſo extort from's that
VVhich we have done, whoſe anſwer would be death
Drawn on his torture.
Gui. This is (Sir) a doubt
In ſuch a time, nothing becoming you,
Nor ſatisfying us
Arvi. It is not likely,
That when they hear their *Roman* horſes neigh,
Behold their quarter'd Fires; have both their eyes
And ears ſo cloyd importantly as now,
That they will waſt their time upon our note,
To know from whence we are.
Bel. Oh, I am known
Of many in the Army: Many years
(Though *Cloten* then but young) you ſee, not wore him
From my remembrance. And beſides, the King
Hath not deſerv'd my ſervice, nor your loves
Who find in my Exile, the want of Breeding;
The certainty of this hard life, aye hopeleſs
To have the courteſie your Cradle promis'd,
But to be ſtill hot Summer's tanlings, and
The ſhrinking Slaves of Winter.
Gui. Than be ſo,
Better to ceaſe to be. Pray, Sir, to th' Army:
I, and my Brother are not known; your ſelf
So out of thought, and thereto ſo o're-grown,
Cannot be queſtion'd.
Arvi. By this Sun that ſhines
I'le hither: what thing is it, that I never
Did ſee man dye, ſcarce ever look'd on blood,
But that of Coward Hares, hot Goats, and Veniſon?
Never beſtrid a Horſe ſave one, that had
A Rider like my ſelf, who ne're wore Rowel,
Nor Iron on his heel? I am aſham'd
To look upon the holy Sun, to have
The benefit of his bleſt Beams, remaining
So long a poor unknown.
Gui. By heavens I'le go,
If you will bleſs me, Sir, and give me leave,
I'le take the better care: but if you will not,
The hazard therefore due fall on me, by
The hands of *Romans*.
Arvi. So ſay I, Amen.
Bel. No reaſon I (ſince of your lives you ſet
So ſlight a valuation) ſhould reſerve
My crack'd one to more care. Have with you, Boys:
If in your Country wars you chance to dye,
That is my Bed too (Lads) and there I'le lye.
Lead, lead; the time ſeems long, their blood thinks ſcorn
Till it flie out, and ſhew them Princes born. [*Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Poſthumus *alone.*

Poſt. YEa bloody cloth, I'le keep thee: for I am wiſht
Thou ſhould'ſt be colour'd thus. You married ones,
If each of you would take this courſe, how many
Muſt murther Wives much better than themſelves
For wrying but a little? Oh *Piſanio*,
Every good Servants does not all Commands:
No Bond, but to do juſt ones. Gods, if you
Should have ta'ne vengeance on my faults, I never
Had liv'd to put on this: ſo had you ſaved
The noble *Imogen* to repent, and ſtrook
Me (wretch) more worth your Vengeance. But alack
You ſnatch from hence for little faults; that's love
To have them fall no more: you ſome permit
To ſecond ills with ills, each Elder worſe,
And make them dread it, to the doers thrift,
But *Imogen* is your own, do your beſt wills,
And make me bleſt to obey. I am brought hither
Among th' *Italian* Gentry, and to fight
Againſt my Ladies Kingdom: 'tis enough
That (*Britain*) I have kill'd thy Miſtreſs: Peace,

I'le give no wound to thee: therefore, good Heavens,
Hear patiently my purpoſe. I'le diſrobe me
Of theſe *Italian* weeds, and ſuit my ſelf
As do's a *Britain* Peazant: ſo I'le fight
Againſt the part I come with: ſo I'le die
For thee (O *Imogen*) even for whom my life
Is every breath, a death: and thus unknown,
Pitied, nor hated, to the face of peril
My ſelf I'le dedicate. Let me make men know
More valour in me, than my habits ſhow,
Gods, put the ſtrength o' th' *Leonati* in me:
To ſhame the guiſe o' th' world, I will begin,
The faſhion leſs without, and more within. [*Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Lucius, Jachimo, *and the Roman Army at one door: and the Britain Army at another:* Leonatus Poſthumus *following like a poor Souldier. They march over, and go out. Then enter again in Skirmiſh* Jachimo *and* Poſthumus: *he vanquiſheth and diſarmeth* Jachimo, *and then leaves him.*

Jac. The heavineſs and guilt within my boſom,
Takes off my manhood: I have belyed a Lady,
The Princeſs of this Country; and the air on't
Revengingly enfeebles me, or could this Carle,
A very drudge of Natures, have ſubdu'd me
In my profeſſion? Knighthoods, and Honours born
(As I wear mine) are titles but of ſcorn.
If that thy Gentry (*Britain*) go before
This Lowt, as he exceeds our Lords, the odds
Is, that we ſcarce are men, and you are gods. [*Exit.*

The Battel continues, the Britains *flye,* Cymbeline *is taken: then enter to his reſcue,* Bellarius, Guiderius, *and* Arviragus.

Bel. Sand, ſtand, we have the advantage of the ground,
The Lane is garded: Nothing routs us, but
The villany of our fears.
Gui. Arvi. Stand, ſtand and fight.

Enter Poſthumus, *and ſeconds the* Britains. *They reſcue* Cymbeline, *and exeunt.*

Then enter Lucius, Jachimo, *and* Imogen.

Luc. Away, boy, from the troops, and ſave thy ſelf:
For Friends kill Friends, and the diſorder's ſuch
As War were hood-wink'd.
Jac. 'Tis their freſh ſupplies.
Duc. It is a day turn'd ſtrangely: or betimes
Let's re-inforce, or fly. [*Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Poſthumus, *and a* Britain *Lord.*

Lor. Cam'ſt thou from where they made the ſtand?
Poſt. I did.
Though you it ſeems came from the Fliers.
Lor. I bid.
Poſt. No blame to you, Sir, for all was loſt,
But that the Heavens fought: the King himſelf
Of his wings deſtitute, the Army broken,
And but the backs of *Britains* ſeen; all flying
Through a ſtrait Lane, the Enemy full-hearted,
Lolling the tongue with ſlaught'ring: having work
More plentiful, than tools to do't: ſtrook down
Some mortally, ſome ſlightly touch'd, ſome falling
Merely through fear, that the ſtrait paſs was damm'd
With dead men, hurt behind, and Cowards living
To dye with length'ned ſhame.
Lor. Where was this Lane?
Poſt. Cloſe by the battel, ditch'd, and wall'd with turf,
Which gave advantage to an ancient Souldier
(An honeſt one I warrant) who deſerv'd
So long a breeding, as his white beard came to,
In doing this for's Country. Athwart the Lane,
He, with two ſtriplings (Lads more like to run
The Country baſe, than to commit ſuch ſlaughter,
With faces fit for Masks, or rather fairer
Than thoſe for preſervation cas'd, or ſhame)
Made good the paſſage, cryed to thoſe that fled,
Our *Britain*'s hearts die flying, not our men,
To darkneſs fleet Souls that fly backward; ſtand,
Or we are *Romans*, and will give you that
Like beaſts, which you ſhun beaſtly, and may ſave
But to look back in frown: Stand, ſtand. Theſe three,
Three thouſand confident, in act as many:
For three performers are the File, when all
The reſt do nothing. With this word ſtand, ſtand,
Accommodated by the Place; more Charming
With their own Nobleneſs, which could have turn'd
A Diſtaff to a Lance, gilded pale looks;
Part ſhame, part ſpirit renew'd, that ſome turn'd coward
But by example (Oh a ſin in War,
Damn'd in the firſt beginners) 'gan to look
The way that they did, and to grin like Lyons
Upon the Pikes o' th' Hunters. Then began
A ſtop i' th' Chaſer; a Retire: Anon
A Rout, confuſion thick: forthwith they flie
Chickens, the way which they ſtopt Eagles: Slaves
The ſtrides the Victors made: and now our cowards
Like Fragments in hard Voyages became
The life o' th' need: having found the back door open
Of the ungarded hearts: heavens, how they wound,
Some ſlain before, ſome dying; ſome their Friends
O're-born i' th' former wave, ten chac'd by one,
Are now each one the ſlaughter-man of twenty:
Thoſe that would dye, or e're reſiſt, are grown
The mortal bugs o' th' Field.
Lord. This was a ſtrange chance:
A narrow Lane, an old man, and two Boyes.
Poſt. Nay, do not wonder at it: you are made
Rather to wonder at the things you hear,
Than to work any. Will you Rime upon't.
And vent it for a Mock'ry? Here is one:
" *Two Boyes, an Old man (twice a Boy) a Lane,*
" *Preſerv'd the* Britains, *was the* Romans *bane.*
Lord. Nay, be not angry, Sir.
Poſt. Lack, to what end?
Who dares not ſtand his Foe, I'le be his Friend:
For if he'll do, as he is made to do,
I know he'll quickly flye my friendſhip too.
You have put me into Rime.
Lord. Farewel, you're angry. [*Exit.*
Poſt. Still going: this is a Lord: Oh noble miſery
To be i' th' field, and ask what news of me:
To day, how many would have given their Honours
To have ſav'd their Carkaſſes? took heel to do't,
And yet dyed too. I, in mine own woe charm'd,
Could not find death, where I did hear him groan,
Nor feel him where he ſtrook. Being an ugly Monſter,
'Tis ſtrange he hides him in freſh Cups, ſoft Beds,
Sweet words; or hath more miniſters than we
That draw his knives i'th' war. Well I will find him:
For being now a Favourer to the *Britain*,
No more a *Britain*, I have reſum'd again
The part I came in. Fight I will no more,
But yield me to the verieſt Hind, that ſhall
Once touch my ſhoulder. Great the ſlaughter is
Here made by th' *Roman*; great the anſwer be,
Britains muſt take. For me, my Ranſom's death,
On either ſide I come to ſpend my breath;
Which neither here I'le keep, not bear agen,
But end it by ſome means for *Imogen*.

Enter two Captains, *and* Souldiers.

1. Great *Jupiter* be prais'd, *Lucius* is taken,
'Tis thought the old man, and his Sons, were Angels.
2. There was a fourth man, in a ſilly habit,
That gave th' Affront with them.
1. So 'tis reported:
But none of 'em can be found. Stand, who's there?
Poſt. A *Roman*,
Who had not now been drooping here, if ſeconds
Had anſwer'd him.
2. Lay hands on him: a Dog,
A Leg of *Rome* ſhall not return to tell
What Crows have peckt them here; he brags his ſervice
As if he were of note: bring him to th' King.

Enter Cymbeline, Bellarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, Piſanio, *and Roman Captives. The Captains preſent* Poſthumus *to* Cymbeline, *who delivers him over to a Gaoler.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Poſthumus, *and* Gaoler.

Gao. You ſhall not now be ſtoln,
You have Locks upon you:
So graze, as you find Paſture.
2. *Gao.* I, or a ſtomach.
Poſt. Moſt welcome Bondage: for thou art a way
(I think) to liberty: yet am I better
Than one that's ſick o' th' Gout, ſince he had rather
Groan ſo in perpetuity, than be cur'd
By th' ſure Phyſician, Death; who is the Key
T' unbar theſe Locks. My Conſcience, thou art fetter'd
More than my ſhanks, and wriſts: you good gods give me
The penitent Inſtrument to pick that Bolt,
Then free for ever. Is't enough I am ſorry?
So Children temporal Fathers do appeaſe;
Gods are more full of mercy. Muſt I repent,
I cannot do it better than in Gyves,
Deſir'd, more than conſtrain'd, to ſatisfie
If of my freedom 'tis the main part, take
No ſtricter render of me, than my All.
I know you are more clement than vile men,
Who of their broken Debtors take a third,
A ſixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again
On their abatement; that's not my deſire.
For *Imogen*'s dear life, take mine, and though
'Tis not ſo dear, yet 'tis a life, you coin'd it,
'Tween man, and man, they weigh not every ſtamp:
Though light, take Pieces for the figure's ſake,
(You rather) mine being yours: and ſo great Powers,
If you will take this Audit, take this life,
And cancel thoſe cold Bonds. Oh *Imogen*,
I'll ſpeak to thee in ſilence.

Solemn Muſick. Enter (as in an Apparition) Sicilius Leonatus, *Father to* Poſthumus, *an old man, attired like a Warriour, leading in his hand an ancient Matron (his Wife, and Mother to* Poſthumus) *with Muſick before them. Then after other Muſick, follows the two young* Leonati *(Brothers to* Poſthumus) *with wounds as they died in the Wars, They circle* Poſthumus *round as he lies ſleeping.*

Sicil. No more thou thunder-Maſter
ſhew thy ſpite, on Mortal flyes:
With *Mars* fall out, with *Juno* chide, that thy Adulteries
Rates, and Revenges.
Hath my poor Boy done ought but well,
whoſe Face I never ſaw?
I dy'd whil'ſt in the VVomb he ſtay'd,
attending Natures Law.
Whoſe Father then (as men report,
thou Orphans Father art)
Thou ſhould'ſt have been, and ſhielded him
from this Earth-vexing ſmart.
Moth. Lucina lent not me her aid,
but took me in my throes,
That from me was *Poſthumus* ript,
came crying 'mongſt his Foes.
A thing of pity.
Sici. Great Nature like his Anceſtry,
moulded the ſtuff ſo fair:
That he deſerv'd the praiſe o' th' World,
as great *Sicilius* Heir.
1. *Bro.* When once he was mature for man,
in *Britain* where was he
That could ſtand up his parallel?
or fruitful object be?
In Eye of *Imogen*, that beſt
could deem his dignity.
Moth. With Marriage thereſore was he mockt
to be exil'd, and thrown
From *Leonati* Seat, and caſt
from her his deareſt one:
Sweet *Imogen!*
Sici. Why did you ſuffer *Jachimo*,
ſlight thing of *Italy*,
To taint his nobler heart and brain,
with needleſs jealouſie,
And to become the geek and ſcorn
o' th' others villany?
2. *Bro.* For this, from ſtiller ſeats we came,
our Parents, and us twain,
That ſtriking in our Countries cauſe,
fell bravely, and were ſlain,
Our Fealty, and *Tenantius* right,
with honour to maintain.
1. *Bro.* Like hardiment *Poſthumus* hath
to *Cymbeline* perform'd:
Then *Jupiter*, thou King of gods,
why haſt thou thus adjourn'd,
The Graces for her Merits due,
being all to dolours turn'd?
Sici. Thy Cryſtal Window ope; look out
no longer exerciſe
Upon a valiant Race, thy harſh,
and potent injuries:
Moth. Since (*Jupiter*) our Son is good,
take off his miſeries.
Sicil. Peep through thy Marble Manſion, help,
or we poor Ghoſts will cry
To th' ſhining Synod of the reſt,
againſt thy Deity.
Bre. Help (*Jupiter*) or we appeal,
and from thy juſtice flie.

[Jupiter *deſcends in Thunder and Lightning, ſitting upon an Eagle: he throws a Thunder-bolt. The Ghoſts fall on their knees.*

Jup. No more you petty Spirits of Region low
Offend our hearing: huſh. How dare you Ghoſts
Accuſe the Thunderer, whoſe Bolt (you know)
Sky-planted, batters all rebelling Coaſts.
Poor ſhadows of *Elizium*, hence, and reſt
Upon your never-withering Banks of Flowers.
Be not with mortal accidents oppreſt,
No care of yours it is, you know 'tis ours.
Whom beſt I love, I croſs: to make my gift
The more delay'd delighted. Be content,
Your low-laid Son, our Godhead will uplift:
His comforts thrive, his Tryals well are ſpent:
Our *Jovial* Star reign'd at his Birth, and in
Our Temple was he married: Riſe, and fade,
He ſhall be Lord of Lady *Imogen*,
And happier much by his Affliction made,

This tablet lay upon his breaſt, wherein
Our pleaſure, his full Fortune, doth confine,
And ſo away: no farther with your dinn
Expreſs Impatience, leſt you ſtir up mine:
Mount Eagle, to my Palace Cryſtalline. [*Aſcends.*
Sicil. He came in thunder, his Celeſtial breath
Was ſulphurous to ſmell: the holy Eagle
Stoop'd, as to foot us: his Aſcenſion is
More ſweet than our bleſt fields: his Royal Bird
Prunes the immortal wing, and cloyes his Beak,
As when his god is pleas'd.
All. Thanks, *Jupiter.*
Sici. The Marble Pavement cloſes, he is enter'd
His radiant Roof: Away, and to be bleſt
Let us with care perform his great beheſt. [*Vaniſh.*
Poſt. Sleep, thou haſt been a Grandſire, and begot
A Father to me: and thou haſt created
A Mother, and two Brothers. But (oh ſcorn)
Gone, they went from hence ſo ſoon as they were born;
And ſo I am awake. Poor Wretches, that depend
On Greatneſs, Favour; Dream as I have done,
Wake, and find nothing. But (alas) I ſwerve:
Many Dream not to find, neither deſerve,
And yet are ſteep'd in Favours; ſo am I
That have this Golden chance, and know not why:
What Fairies haunt this ground? a book? Oh rare one,
Be not, as is our fangled world, a Garment
Nobler than that it covers. Let thy effects
So follow, to be moſt unlike our Courtiers,
As good, as promiſe.

Reads.

WHen as a Lyon's whelp ſhall to himſelf unknown without ſeeking find, and be embrac'd by a piece of tender Air: And when from a ſtately Cedar ſhall be lopt branches, which being dead many years, ſhall after revive, be joynted to the old Stock, and freſhly grow, then ſhall Poſthumus *and his miſeries,* Britain *be Fortunate, and flouriſh in Peace and Plenty.*

'Tis ſtill a Dream: or elſe ſuch ſtuff as Mad-men
Tongue, and brain not: either both, or nothing,
Or ſenſeleſs ſpeaking, or a ſpeaking ſuch
As ſenſe cannot untie. But what it is,
The Action of my life is like it, which I'le keep
If but for ſympathy.

Enter Gaoler.

Gao. Come, Sir, are you ready for death?

Poſt. Over-roaſted rather: ready long agoe.

Gao. Hanging is the word, Sir, if you be ready for that, you are well Cook't.

Poſt. So if I prove a good repaſt to the Spectators, the diſh pays the ſhot.

Gao. A heavy reckoning for you, Sir: but the comfort is, you ſhall be called to no more payments, fear no more Tavern Bills, which are often the ſadneſs of parting, as the procuring of mirth: you came in faint for want of meat, depart reeling with too much drink: ſorry that you have payed too much, and ſorry that you are payed too much: Purſe and Brain, both empty: the brain the heavier, for being too light; the Purſe too light, being drawn of heavineſs. Oh, of this contradiction you ſhall now be quit: Oh the charity of a penny Cord, it ſumms up thouſands in a trice: you have no true Debtor, and Creditor, but it: of what's paſt, is, and to come, the diſcharge: your neck (Sir) is Pen, Book, and Counters: ſo the Acquittance follows.

Poſt. I am merrier to die, than thou art to live.

Gao. Indeed, Sir, he that ſleeps, feels not the Tooth-Ache: but a man that were to ſleep your ſleep, and a Hangman to help him to bed, I think he would change places with his Officer: for look you, Sir, you know not which way you ſhall go.

Poſt. Yes indeed do I, fellow.

Gao. Your death has eyes in's head then: I have not ſeen him ſo pictur'd: you muſt either be directed by ſome that take upon them to know, or to take upon your ſelf that which I am ſure you do not know: or lump the after-enquiry on your own peril: and how you ſhall ſpeed in your journies end, I think you'll return never to tell one.

Poſt. I tell thee, Fellow, there are none want eyes, to direct them the way I am going, but ſuch as wink, and will not uſe them.

Gao. What an infinite mock is this, that a man ſhould have the beſt uſe of eyes, to ſee the way of blindneſs: I am ſure ſuch hanging's the way of winking.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Knock off his Manacles, bring your Priſoner to the King.

Poſth. Thou bring'ſt good news, I am call'd to be made free.

Gao. I'le be hang'd then.

Poſt. Thou ſhalt be then freer than a Gaoler; no bolts for the dead. [*Exeunt.*

Gao. Unleſs a man would marry a Gallows, and beget young Gibbets, I never ſaw one ſo prone: yet on my conſcience, there are verier Knaves deſire to live, for all he be a Roman: and there be ſome of them too that die againſt their wills: ſo ſhould I, if I were one. I would we were all of one mind, and one mind good: O there were deſolation of Gaolers and Gallowſes: I ſpeak againſt my preſent profit, but my wiſh hath a preferment in't. [*Exit.*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Cymbeline, Bellarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, Piſanio, *and* Lords.

Cym. Stand by my ſide you, whom the gods have made
Preſervers of my Throne: wo is my heart,
That the poor Souldier that ſo richly fought,
Whoſe rags ſham'd gilded Arms, whoſe naked breaſt
Stept before Targets of proof, cannot be found:
He ſhall be happy that can find him, if
Our Grace can make him ſo.
Bel. I never ſaw
Such Noble fury in ſo poor a Thing;
Such precious deeds, in one that promis'd nought
But beggery and poor looks.
Cym. No tidings of him?
Piſ. He hath been ſearch'd among the dead, and living,
But no trace of him.
Cym. To my grief, I am
The heir of his reward, which I will add
To you (the Liver, Heart, Brain of *Britain*)
By whom (I grant) ſhe lives. 'Tis now the time
To ask of whence you are. Report it.
Bellarius. Sir,
In *Cambria* are we born, and Gentlemen:
Further to boaſt, were neither true, nor modeſt,
Unleſs I add, we are honeſt.
Cym. Bow your knees,
Ariſe my Knights oth' Battle, I create you
Companions to our perſon, and will fit you
With Dignities becoming your eſtates.

Enter Cornelius *and* Ladies.

There's buſineſs in theſe faces: why ſo ſadly
Greet you our Victory? you look like the Romans,
And not o' th' Court of *Britain.*
Corn. Hail, great King,

To ſoure your happineſs, I muſt report
The Queen is dead.
Cym. Whom worſe than a Phyſician
Would this report become; but I conſider,
My Med'cine Life may be prolong'd, yet Death
Will ſeize the Doctor too. How ended ſhe?
Cor. With horrour, madly dying, like her ſelf,
Which (being cruel to the World) concluded
Moſt cruel to her ſelf. What ſhe confeſt,
I will report ſo pleaſe you. Theſe her Women
Can trip me, if I err, who with wet Cheeks
Were preſent when ſhe finiſh'd.
Cym. Prithee ſay.
Cor. Firſt, ſhe confeſt ſhe never lov'd you: only
Affected Greatneſs got by you: not you:
Married your Royalty, was Wife to your place:
Abhorr'd your perſon.
Cym. She alone knew this:
And but ſhe ſpoke it dying, I would not
Believe her Lips in opening it. Proceed.
Corn. Your Daughter, whom ſhe bore in hand to love
With ſuch integrity, ſhe did confeſs
Was a Scorpion to her ſight, whoſe life
(But that her flight prevented it) ſhe had
Tane off by poiſon.
Cym. O moſt delicate Fiend!
Who is't can read a Woman? is there more?
Corn. More, Sir, and worſe. She did confeſs ſhe had
For you a mortal Mineral, which being took,
Should by the minute feed on life, and lingring,
By inches waſte you. In which time, ſhe purpos'd
By watching, weeping, tendance, kiſſing, to
O'recome you with her ſhew: yes and in time
(When ſhe had fitted you with her craft, to work
Her Son into th' adoption of the Crown:
But failing of her end by his ſtrange abſence,
Grew ſhameleſs deſperate, open'd (in deſpight
Of Heaven, and men) her purpoſes: repented
The evils ſhe hatch'd, were not effected: ſo
Deſpairing, died.
Cym. Heard you all this, her Women?
Lady. We did, ſo pleaſe your Highneſs.
Cym. Mine Eyes
Were not in fault, for ſhe was beautiful:
Mine Ears that heard her flattery, nor my heart,
That thought her like her ſeeming. It had been vitious
To have miſtruſted her: yet (Oh my Daughter)
That it was folly in me, thou maiſt ſay,
And prove it in thy feeling. Heaven mend all.

Enter Lucius, Jachimo, *and other Roman Priſoners,*
Leonatus *behind, and* Imogen.

Thou com'ſt not *Caius* now for Tribute, that
The *Britains* have rac'd out, though with the loſs
Of many a bold one: whoſe Kinſmen have made ſuit
That their good Souls may be appeas'd, with ſlaughter
Of you their Captives, which our ſelf have granted,
So think of your Eſtate.
Luc. Conſider, Sir, the chance of War the day
Was yours by accident: had it gone with us,
We ſhould not when the bloud was cool, have threatned
Our Priſoners with the Sword. But ſince the gods
Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives
May be call'd ranſome, let it come: ſufficeth,
A Roman, with a Romans heart can ſuffer:
Auguſtus lives to think on't: and ſo much
For my peculiar care. This one thing only
I will entreat, my Boy (a *Britain* born)
Let him be ranſom'd: never Maſter had
A Page ſo kind, ſo duteous, diligent,
So tender over his occaſions, true,
So feat, ſo Nurſe-like: let his vertue join
With my requeſt, which I'll make bold, your Highneſs
Cannot deny: he hath done no *Britain* harm,
Though he have ſerv'd a Roman. Save him (Sir)
And ſpare no bloud beſide.
Cym. I have ſurely ſeen him:
His favour is familiar to me: Boy,
Thou haſt look'd thy ſelf into my grace,
And art mine own. I know not why, wherefore,
To ſay, live Boy: nere thank thy Maſter, live;
And ask of *Cymbeline* what Boon thou wilt,
Fitting my bounty, and thy ſtate, I'll give it:
Yea, though thou do demand a Priſoner,
The Nobleſt tane.
Imo. I humbly thank your Highneſs.
Luc. I do not bid thee beg my life, good Lad,
And yet I know thou wilt.
Imo. No, no, alack,
There's other work in hand: I ſee a thing
Bitter to me as Death: your Life, good Maſter,
Muſt ſhuffle for it ſelf.
Luc. The Boy diſdains me,
He leaves me, ſcorns me: briefly die their joyes,
That place them on the truth of Girls, and Boyes.
VVhy ſtands he ſo perplext?
Cym. VVhat would'ſt thou Boy?
I love thee more, and more: think more and more
VVhat's beſt to ask. Know'ſt him thou look'ſt on? ſpeak,
VVilt have him live? Is he thy Kin? thy Friend?
Imo. He is a Roman, no more Kin to me,
Than I to your Highneſs, who being born your Vaſſal
Am ſomething nearer.
Cym. VVherefore ey'ſt thou him ſo?
Imo. I'll tell you (Sir) in private, if you pleaſe
To give me hearing.
Cym. I, with all my heart.
And lend my beſt attention. VVhat's thy name?
Imo. *Fidele*, Sir.
Cym. Thou'rt my good Youth, my Page,
I'll be thy Maſter: walk with me: ſpeak freely.
Bel. Is not this Boy reviv'd from Death?
Arv. One ſand another
Not more reſembles that ſweet Roſie Lad:
VVho dyed, and was *Fidele:* what think you?
Gui. The ſame dead thing alive.
Bel. Peace, peace, ſee further; he Eyes us not, forbear,
Creatures may be alike: wer't he, I am ſure
He would have ſpoke to us.
Gui. But we ſee him dead.
Bel. Be ſilent: let's ſee further.
Piſa. It is my Miſtriſs:
Since ſhe is living, let the time run on,
To good, or bad.
Cym. Come, ſtand thou by our ſide.
Make thy demand aloud. Sir, ſtep you forth,
Give anſwer to this Boy, and do it freely,
Or by your Greatneſs, and the grace of it
(VVhich is our honour) bitter torture ſhall
VVinnow the truth from falſhood. On, ſpeak to him.
Imo. My Boon is, that this Gentleman may tender
Of whom he had this Ring.
Poſt. VVhat's that to him:
Cym. That Diamond upon your Finger, ſay
How came it yours?
Jach. Thou'lt torture me to leave unſpoken, that
VVhich to be ſpoke wou'd torture thee.
Cym. How? me?
Jach. I am glad to be conſtrain'd to utter that
VVhich torments me to conceal. By Villany
I got this Ring: 'twas *Leonatus* Jewel,
VVhom thou did'ſt baniſh: and,
VVhich more may grieve thee,
As it doth me, a Nobler Sir ne're liv'd
'Twixt Sky and ground. VVilt thou hear more, my Lord?
Cym. All that belongs to this.
Jach. That Paragon, thy Daughter,

For whom my heart drops bloud, and my falſe ſpirits
Quail to remember. Give me leave, I faint.
Cym. My Daughter, what of her? Renew thy ſtrength,
I had rather thou ſhoul'ſt live, while Nature will,
Than die ere I hear more: ſtrive man, and ſpeak.
Jach. Upon a time, unhappy was the Clock
That ſtrook the hour: it was in *Rome*, accurſt
The Manſion where: 'twas at a Feaſt, oh would
Our Viands had been poiſon'd (or at leaſt
Thoſe which I heav'd to head:) the good *Poſthumus*,
(VVhat ſhould I ſay? he was too good to be
VVhere ill men were, and was the beſt of all
Among'ſt the rar'ſt of good ones) ſitting ſadly,
Hearing us praiſe our Loves of *Italy*
For Beauty, that made barren the ſwell'd boaſt
Of him that beſt could ſpeak: for Feature, laming
The Shrine of *Venus*, or ſtraight-pight *Minerva*,
Poſtures, beyond brief Nature. For Condition,
A ſhop of the qualities, that Man
Loves VVoman for, beſides that hook of VViving,
Fairneſs, which ſtrikes the Eye.
Cym. I ſtand on fire. Come to the matter.
Jach. All too ſoon I ſhall,
Unleſs thou would'ſt grieve quickly. This *Poſthumus*,
Moſt like a Noble Lord, in love, and one
That had a Royal Lover, took his hint,
And (not diſpraiſing whom we prais'd, therein
He was as calm as vertue) he began
His Miſtriſs Picture, which by his tongue, being made,
And then a mind put in't, either our brags
VVere crack'd of Kitchin-Trulls, or his Deſcription
Prov'd us unſpeaking Sots.
Cym. Nay, nay, to th' purpoſe.
Jach. Your Daughters Chaſtity, (there it begins)
He ſpake of her, as *Dian* had hot Dreams,
And ſhe alone were cold: VVhereat, I wretch
Made ſcruple of his praiſe, and wag'd with him
Pieces of Gold, 'gainſt this, which then he wore
Upon his honour'd Finger; to attain
In ſuit the place of's Bed, and win this Ring
By hers, and mine Adultery: he (true Knight)
No leſſer of her honour confident
Than I did truly find her, ſtakes this Ring,
And would ſo, had it been a Carbuncle
Of *Phœbus* VVheel; and might ſo ſafely, had it
Been all the worth of's Car. Away to *Britain*
Poſt I in this deſign: well may you (Sir)
Remember me at Court, where I was taught
Of your chaſt Daughter, the wide difference
'Twixt Amorous, and Villanous. Being thus quench'd
Of hope, not longing; mine *Italian* brain,
'Gan in your duller *Britain* operate
Moſt vilely: for my vantage excellent.
And to be brief, my practice ſo prevail'd
That I return'd with ſimular proof enough,
To make the Noble *Leonatus* mad,
By wounding his belief in her Renown,
With Tokens thus, and thus; averring notes
Of Chamber Hanging, Pictures, this her Bracelet
(Oh cunning how I got it) nay ſome marks
Of ſecret on her perſon, that he could not
But think her bond of Chaſtity quite crack'd,
I having tane the forfeit, whereupon,
Me thinks I ſee him now.
Poſt. I, ſo thou do'ſt,
Italian fiend. Aye me, moſt credulous Fool,
Egregious Murtherer, Thief, any thing
That's due to all the Villains paſt, in being
To come. Oh give me Cord, Knife, or Poiſon,
Some upright Juſticer. Thou King, ſend out
For tortures ingenious: it is I
That all th' abhorred things o' th' Earth amend
By being worſe than they. I am *Poſthumus*,
That kill'd thy Daughter: Villain-like, I lie,
That caus'd a leſſer Villain than my ſelf,
A ſacrilegious Thief to do't. The Temple
Of Vertue was ſhe: yea, and ſhe her ſelf.
Spit, and throw ſtones, caſt myre upon me, ſet
The Dogs o' th' ſtreet to bait me: every Villain
Be call'd *Poſthumus Leonatus*, and
Be Villany leſs than 'twas. Oh *Imogen!*
My Queen, my Life, my Wife: oh *Imogen*,
Imogen, *Imogen*.
Imo. Peace, my Lord, hear, hear.
Poſt. Shall's have a Play of this?
Thou ſcornful Page, there lie thy part,
Piſa. Oh Gentleman, help,
Mine and your Miſtriſs: Oh, my Lord *Poſthumus*,
You ne're kill'd *Imogen* till now: help, help,
Mine honour'd Lady.
Cym. Does the World go round?
Poſt. How comes theſe ſtaggers on me?
Piſa. Wake my Miſtriſs.
Cym. If this be ſo, the gods do mean to ſtrike me
To death with mortal joy.
Piſa. How fares my Miſtriſs.
Imo. Oh get thee from my ſight,
Thou gav'ſt me poiſon: dangerous Fellow hence,
Breath not where Princes are.
Cym. The tune of *Imogen*.
Piſa. Lady, the gods throw ſtones of ſulphur on me, if
That Box I gave you, was not thought by me
A pretious thing, I had it from the Queen.
Cym. New matter ſtill.
Imo. It poyſon'd me.
Corn. Oh gods!
I left out one thing which the Queen confeſt,
Which muſt approve thee honeſt. If *Piſanio*
Have (ſaid ſhe) given his Miſtriſs that Confection
Which I gave him for Cordial, ſhe is ſerv'd,
As I would ſerve a Rat.
Cym. What's this, *Cornelius?*
Corn. The Queen (Sir) very oft importun'd me
To temper poiſons for her, ſtill pretending
The ſatisfaction of her knowledge, only
In killing Creatures vile, as Cats and Dogs
Of no eſteem, I dreading, that her purpoſe
Was of more danger, did compound for her
A certain ſtuff, which being tane, would ſeize
The preſent power of life, but in ſhort time,
All Offices of Nature ſhould again
Do their due Functions. Have you tane of it?
Imo. Moſt like I did, for I was dead.
Bel. My Boyes, there was our errour.
Gui. This is ſure *Fidele*.
Imo. Why did you throw your wedded Lady fro you?
Think that you are upon a Rock, and now
Throw me again.
Poſt. Hang there like Fruit, my Soul,
Till the Tree die.
Cym. How now, my fleſh? my Child?
What, mak'ſt thou me a dullard in this Act?
Wilt thou not ſpeak to me?
Imo. Your bleſſing, Sir.
Bel. Though you did love this youth, I blame you not,
You had a motive for't.
Cym. My tears that fall
Prove Holy-water on thee; *Imogen*,
Thy Mother's dead.
Imo. I am ſorry for't, my Lord.
Cym. Oh, ſhe was naught; and long of her it was
That we meet here ſo ſtrangely: but her Son
Is gone, we know not how, nor where.
Piſa. My Lord,
Now fear is from me, I'll ſpeak truth. Lord *Cloten*,
Upon my Ladies miſſing, came to me
With his Sword drawn, foam'd at the mouth, and ſwore
If I diſcover'd not which way ſhe was gone,

It was my inſtant death. By accident
I had a feigned Letter of my Maſters
Then in my pocket, which directed him
To ſeek her on the Mountains near to *Milford*,
Where in a frenzy, in my Maſters Garments
(Which he inforc'd from me) away he poſts
VVith unchaſt purpoſe, and with Oath to violate
My Ladies honour, what became of him,
I further know not.
Gui. Let me end the Story: I ſlew him there.
Cym. Marry, the gods forefend.
I would not thy good deeds ſhould from my Lips
Pluck a hard ſentence: prithee valiant youth
Deny't again.
Gui. I have ſpoke it, and I did it.
Cym. He was a Prince.
Gui. A moſt incivil one. The wrongs he did me
VVere nothing Prince-like; for he did provoke me
VVith Language that would make me ſpurn the Sea,
If it could ſo roar to me. I cut off's Head,
And am right glad he is not ſtanding here
To tell this tale of mine.
Cym. I am ſorry for thee:
By thine own tongue thou art condemn'd, and muſt
Endure our Law: thou'rt dead.
Imo. That headleſs man I thought had been my Lord.
Cym. Bind the Offender,
And take him from our preſence.
Bel. Stay, Sir King.
This man is better than the man he ſlew,
As well deſcended as thy ſelf, and hath
More of thee merited, than a Band of *Clotens*
Had ever ſcar for. Let his Arms alone,
They were not born for bondage.
Cym. VVhy old Souldier,
VVilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for
By taſting of our wrath? how of deſcent
As good as we?
Arv. In that he ſpake too far.
Cym. And thou ſhalt die for't.
Bel. VVe will die all three,
But I will prove that two on's are as good
As I have given out him. My Sons, I muſt
For mine own part, unfold a dangerous Speech,
Though haply well for you.
Arv. Your danger's ours.
Gui And our good his.
Bel. Have at it then, by leave
Thou had'ſt (great King) a Subject, who
VVas call'd *Bellarius*.
Cym. VVhat of him? he is a baniſh'd Traytor.
Bel. He it is that hath
Aſſum'd this Age: indeed a baniſh'd man,
I know how, a Traytor.
Cym. Take him hence,
The whole VVorld ſhall not ſave him.
Bel. Not too hot;
Firſt pay me for the Nurſing of thy Sons,
And let it be confiſcate all, ſo ſoon
As I have receiv'd it.
Cym. Nurſing of my Sons?
Bel. I am too blunt, and ſawcy: here's my Knee:
Ere I ariſe, I will prefer my Sons,
Then ſpare not the old Father. Mighty Sir,
Theſe two young Gentlemen that call me Father,
And think they are my Sons, are none of mine,
They are the Iſſue of your Loyns, My Liege,
And bloud of your begetting.
Cym. How? my Iſſue.
Bel. So ſure as you, your Fathers: I (old *Morgan*)
Am that *Bellarius*, whom you ſometime baniſh'd:
Your pleaſure was my near offence, my puniſhment
It ſelf, and all my Treaſon that I ſuffer'd,
VVas all the harm I did. Theſe gentle Princes
(For ſuch, and ſo they are) theſe twenty years
Have I train'd up; thoſe Arts they have, as I
Could put into them. My breeding was (Sir)
As your Highneſs knows, their Nurſe *Euriphile*
(Whom for the Theſt I wedded) ſtole theſe Children
Upon my Baniſhment: I mov'd her to't,
Having receiv'd the puniſhment before
For that which I did then. Beaten for Loyalty,
Excited me to Treaſon. Their dear loſs,
The more of you 'twas felt, the more it ſhap'd
Unto my end of ſtealing them. But gracious Sir,
Here are your Sons again: and I muſt loſe
Two of the ſweet'ſt Companions in the World.
The benediction of theſe covering Heavens
Fall on their Heads like dew, for they are worthy
To in-lay Heavens with Stars.
Cym. Thou weep'ſt, and ſpeak'ſt:
The Service that you three have done, is more
Unlike, than this thou tell'ſt. I loſt my Children,
If theſe be they, I know not how to wiſh
A pair of worthier Sons.
Bel. Be pleas'd a while:
This Gentleman, whom I call *Polidore*,
Moſt worthy Prince, as yours, is true *Guiderius*:
This Gentleman, my *Cadwall Arviragus*.
Your younger Princely Son, he Sir, was lapt
In a moſt curious Mantle, wrought by th' hand
Of his Queen Mother, which for more probation
I can with eaſe produce.
Cym. *Guiderius* had
Upon his Neck a Mole, a ſanguine Star,
It was a mark of wonder.
Bel. This is he,
Who hath upon him ſtill that natural ſtamp:
It was wiſe Natures end, in the donation
To be his Evidence now.
Cym. Oh, what am I
A Mother to the birth of three? Ne're Mother
Rejoyc'd deliverance more; Bleſt, pray you be,
That after this ſtrange ſtarting from your Orbs,
You may reign in them now: Oh *Imogen*,
Thou haſt loſt by this a Kingdom.
Imo. No, my Lord:
I have got two Worlds by't. Oh my gentle Brothers,
Have we thus met? Oh never ſay hereafter
But I am trueſt Speaker. You call'd me Brother
When I was but your Siſter: I you Brother,
When we were ſo indeed.
Cym. Did you e're meet?
Arv. I, my good Lord.
Gui. And at firſt meeting lov'd,
Continu'd ſo, until we thought he died.
Corn. By the Queens Dram ſhe ſwallow'd.
Cym. O rare inſtinct!
When ſhall I hear all through? this fierce abridgment
Hath to it Circumſtantial branches, which
Diſtinction ſhould be rich in. Where? how liv'd you?
And when came you to ſerve our Roman Captive?
How parted with your Brother? How firſt met them?
Why fled you from the Court? And whether theſe?
And your three motives to the Battle; with
I know not how much more ſhould be demanded,
And all the other by dependances
From chance to chance? But not the time, nor place
Will ſerve our long Interrogatories. See,
Poſthumus Anchors upon *Imogen*;
And ſhe (like harmleſs lightning) throws her Eye
On him: her Brothers, Me: her Maſter hitting
Each object with a Joy: the Counter-change
Is ſeverally in all. Let's quit this ground,
And ſmoak the Temple with our Sacrifices.
Thou art my Brother, ſo we'll hold thee ever.
Imo. You are my Mother too, and did relieve me:
To ſee this gracious ſeaſon!

Cym. All ore joy'd
Save theſe in Bonds, let them be joyful too,
For they ſhall taſt our Comfort.
Imo. My good Maſter, I will yet do you ſervice.
Luc. Happy be you.
Cym. The forlorn Souldier that ſo nobly fought
He would have well becom'd this place, and grac'd
The thankings of a King,
Poſt. I am, Sir,
The Souldier that did Company theſe three
In poor beſeeming: 'twas a fitment for
The purpoſe I then follow'd. That I was he,
Speak, *Jachimo*, I had you down and might
Have made your finiſh.
Jach. I am down again:
But now my heavy Conſcience ſinks my knee,
As then your force did. Take that Life, beſeech you,
Which I ſo often owe: but your Ring firſt,
And here your Bracelet of the trueſt Princeſs
That ever ſwore her Faith.
Poſt. Kneel not to me:
The power that I have on you is to ſpare you:
The malice towards you, to forgive you. Live
And deal with others better.
Cym. Nobly doom'd:
We'll learn our Freeneſs of a Son in-Law:
Pardon's the word to all.
Arv. You holp us, Sir,
As you did mean indeed to be our Brother,
Joy'd are we, that you are.
Poſt. Your Servant, Princes. Good my Lord of *Rome*
Call forth your Sooth-ſayer: As I ſlept, me thought
Great *Jupiter* upon his Eagle back'd
Appear'd to me, with other ſprightly ſhews
Of mine own Kindred. When I wak'd, I found
This Label on my boſome: whoſe containing
Is ſo from ſenſe in hardneſs, that I can
Make no Collection of it. Let him ſhew
His skill in the conſtruction.
Luc. Philarmonus.
Sooth. Here, my good Lord.
Luc. Read, and declare the meaning.

Reads.

WHen as a Lyon's Whelp, ſhall to himſelf unknown, without ſeeking find, and be embrac'd by a piece of tender Air: and when from a Stately Cedar ſhall be lopt branches, which being dead many years, ſhall after revive, be jointed to the old Stock, and freſhly grow, then ſhall Poſthumus *end his miſeries,* Britain *be fortunate, and flouriſh in Peace, and Plenty.*

Thou, *Leonatus*, art the Lyon's Whelp,
The fit and apt Conſtruction of thy name
Being *Leonatus*, doth import ſo much:
The piece of tender Air, thy virtuous Daughter,
Which we call *Mollis Aer*, and *Mollis Aer*
We term it *Mulier*: which *Mulier* I divine
Is this moſt conſtant Wife, who even now
Anſwering the Letter of the Oracle,
Unknown to you unſought, were clipt about
With this moſt tender Air.
Cym. This hath ſome ſeeming.
Sooth. The lofty Cedar, Royal *Cymbeline*,
Perſonates thee: And thy lopt Branches, point
Thy two Sons forth: who by *Bellarius* ſtoln
For many years thought dead, are now reviv'd
To the Majeſtick Cedar join'd; whoſe iſſue
Promiſes *Britain*, Peace and Plenty.
Cym. Well,
My Peace we will begin: And *Caius Lucius*,
Although the Victor, we ſubmit to *Cæſar*,
And to the *Roman* Empire; promiſing
To pay our wonted Tribute, from the which
We were diſſwaded by our wicked Queen,
Whom Heavens in juſtice both on her, and hers,
Have laid moſt heavy hand.
Sooth. The Fingers of the Powers above, do tune
The Harmony of this Peace: the Viſion
Which I made known to *Lucius* e're the ſtroke
Of this yet ſcarce-cold-Battel, at this inſtant
Is full accompliſh'd. For the *Roman* Eagle
From South to Weſt, on Wing ſoaring aloft
Leſſen'd her ſelf, and in the Beams o' th' Sun
So vaniſh'd; which fore-ſhew'd our Princely Eagle
Th' Imperial *Cæſar*, ſhould again unite
His favour, with the Radiant *Cymbeline*,
Which ſhines here in the Weſt.
Cym. Laud we the gods,
And let our crooked Smoaks climb to their Noſtrils
From our bleſt Altars. Publiſh we this peace
To all our Subjects. Set we forward: let
A *Roman*, and a *Brittiſh* Enſign wave
Friendly together; ſo through *Lud*'s Town march,
And in the Temple of great *Jupiter*
Our Peace we'll ratifie. Seal it with Feaſts.
Set on there: Never was a War did ceaſe
(E're bloudy hands were waſh'd) with ſuch a Peace. [*Ex*

The much Admired
PLAY,
CALLED
PERICLES,
PRINCE of TYRE.
WITH
The true Relation of the whole HISTORY, Adventures, and Fortunes of the ſaid
PRINCE.

Written by *W. SHAKESPEARE*, and publiſhed
in his Life time.

The Actors Names.

ANtiochus *a Tyrant of* Greece.
Heſperides *Daughter to* Antiochus.
Pericles *Prince of* Tyre.
Hellicanus } *two Lords of* Tyre.
Eſcanes }
Thaliard *Servant to* Antiochus.
Cleon *Governour of* Tharſus.
Dionyſia *Wife to* Cleon.
Symonides *King of* Pentapolis.
Thaiſa *Daughter to* Symonides.
Marina *Daughter to* Pericles *and* Thaiſa.
Lychorida *Nurſe to* Marina.
Lyſimachus *Governour of* Metaline.
Cerimon *a Lord of* Epheſus.
Philoten *Daughter to* Cleon.
Leonine *a Murtherer, Servant to* Dionyſia.
Diana, *a Goddeſs appearing to* Pericles.
Gower.
Lords, &c.
Knights tilting in Honour of Thaiſa.
Saylors.
Pyrates.
Fiſhermen.
Meſſengers.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter *Gower*.

TO ſing a Song that old was ſung,
From aſhes ancient Gower *is come,*
Aſſuming mans infirmities,
To glad your Ear and pleaſe your Eyes;
It hath been ſung at Feſtivals,
On Ember Eves, and Holy-Dayes,
And Lords and Ladies in their lives,
Have read it for reſtoratives.
The purchace is to make men glorious.
Et bonum quo Antiquius, eo melius.
If you, born in theſe latter times,
When Wits more ripe, accept my Rhimes;
And that to hear an old man ſing,
May to your wiſhes pleaſure bring:
I life would wiſh, and that I might
Waſte it for you like Taper-light.
This Antioch, *then,* Antiochus *the great,*
Built up this City for his chiefeſt ſeat;
The faireſt in all Syria.
I tell you what mine Authors ſay:
This King unto him took a Peer,
Who died, and left a Female Heir,
So buckſome, blithe, and full of face,
As Heaven had lent her all his grace:
With whom the Father liking took,
And her to inceſt did provoke.
Bad Child, worſe Father, to entice his own.
To evil ſhould be done by none:
But cuſtom, what they did begin,
Was with long uſe, counted no ſin.
The beauty of this ſinful Dame,
Made many Princes thither frame,
To ſeek her as a Bed fellow,
In marriage pleaſures, Play fellow:
Which to prevent, he made a Law,
To keep her ſtill, and men in awe,
That who ſo askt her for his Wiſe,
His Riddle told not, loſt his life:
So for her many a wight did die,
As yon grim looks do teſtifie.
What enſues to the judgment of your Eye,
I give my cauſe, who beſt can teſtifie. [*Exit.*

Enter Antiochus, *Prince* Pericles, *and Followers.*

Ant. Young Prince of *Tyre*, you have at large receiv'd
The danger of the task you undertake.

Per. I have (*Antiochus*) and with a Soul emboldned
With the glory of her praiſe, think death no hazard,
In this enterprize.

Ant. Muſick bring in our Daughter, clothed like a Bride
For embracements, even of *Jove* himſelf;
At whoſe conception, till *Lucina* reign'd,
Nature this dowry gave, to glad her preſence,
The Senate Houſe of *Planets* all did ſit,
To knit in her their beſt perfections.

Enter Antiochus *Daughter.*

Per. See where ſhe comes, apparell'd like the Spring,
Graces her Subjects, and her thoughts the King,
Of every vertue gives renown to men:
Her Face the Book of praiſes, where is read.
Nothing but curious pleaſures as from thence,
Sorrow were ever rackt, and teſty wrath
Could never be her mild Companion.
You gods that made me man, and ſway in love,
That have inflam'd deſire within my Breſt,
To taſte the fruit of yon celeſtial Tree,
(Or die in the adventure) be my helps,
As I am Son and Servant to your will,
To compaſs ſuch a bondleſs happineſs.

Ant. Prince *Pericles.*

Per. That would be Son to great *Antiochus.*

Ant. Before thee ſtands this fair *Heſperides*,
With golden fruit, but dangerous to be toucht:
For Death like Dragons here affright thee hard?
Her Face like Heaven enticeth thee to view
Her countleſs glory, which deſert muſt gain:
And which without deſert, becauſe thine Eye
Preſumes to reach, all the whole heap muſt die,
Yon ſometimes famous Princes like thy ſelf
Drawn by report, adventurous by deſire,
Tell thee with ſpeechleſs tongues, and ſemblance pale,
That without covering ſave yon field of Stars,
Here they ſtand Martyrs ſlain in *Cupids* Wars:
And with dead Cheeks adviſe thee to deſiſt,
For going on Deaths Net, whom none reſiſt.

Per. *Antiochus* I thank thee, who hath taught
My frail mortality to know it ſelf,
And by thoſe fearful objects to prepare
This Body, like to them, to what I muſt:
For Death remembred, ſhould be like a Mirrour,
Who tells us, life's but breath, to truſt in errour:
I'll make my will then, and as ſick men do,
Who know the World, ſee Heaven, but feeling woe,
Gripe not at Earthly Joys, as erſt they did.
So I bequeath a happy peace to you
And all good men, as every Prince ſhould do,
My riches to the Earth from whence they came:
But my unſpotted fire of Love to you,
Thus ready for the way of Life or Death,
I wait the ſharpeſt blow (*Antiochus*)
Scorning advice. Read the concluſion then.

Ant. Which read and not expounded, 'tis decreed
As theſe before thou thy ſelf ſhalt bleed.

Daugh. Of all ſaid yet, thou prove proſperous,
Of all ſaid yet, I wiſh Thee happineſs.

Per. Like a bold Champion I aſſume the Liſts,
Nor ask advice of any other thought,
But faithfulneſs and courage.

The Riddle.

I am no Viper, yet I feed
On Mothers fleſh which did me breed:
I ſought a Husband, in which labour,
I found that kindneſs in a Father.
He's Father, Son, and Husband mild,
I Mother, Wife, and yet his Child.
How they may be, and yet in two,
As you will live, reſolve it you.

Sharp Phyſick is the laſt? but O you Powers!
That gives Heaven countleſs Eyes to view mens acts
Why could they not their ſights perpetually?
If this be true, which makes me pale to read it,
Fair glaſs of light, I loved you, and could ſtill,
Were not this glorious Casket ſtor'd with ill:
But I muſt tell you, now my thoughts revolt,
For he's no man on whom perfections wait;
That knowing ſin within, will touch the Gate:
You are a fair Viol, and your ſenſe the ſtrings,
Who finger'd to make man his lawful muſick,

Would draw Heaven down, and all the gods to hearken,
But being plaid upon before your time,
Hell only danceth at ſo harſh a chime:
Good ſooth I care not for you.
Ant. Prince *Pericles*, touch not upon thy Life,
For that's an Article within our Law,
As dangerous as the reſt: your times expir'd,
Either expound now, or receive your ſentence.
Per. Great King,
Few love to hear the ſins they love to act,
'Twould braid your ſelf too near for me to tell it:
Who hath a Book of all that Monarchs do,
He's more ſecure to keep it ſhut, than ſhewn:
For Vice repeated, is like the wandring Wind,
Blows duſt in others Eyes, to ſpread it ſelf;
And yet the end of all is bought thus dear,
The breath is gone, and the ſore Eyes ſee clear.
To ſtop the air would hurt them, the blind Mole caſt
Copt Hills toward Heaven, to tell the Earth is throng'd
By mans oppreſſion, and the poor Worm doth die for't.
King are Earths Gods: in Vice their Law's their will,
And if *Jove* ſtray, who dares ſay, *Jove* doth ill.
It is enough you know it, and 'tis fit;
What being more known, grows worſe to ſmother it.
All love the Womb that there being bred,
Then give my tongue like leave to love my Head.
Ant. Heaven that I had it; he has found the meaning,
But I will gloze with him. Young Prince of *Tyre*,
Though by the tenour of our ſtrict Edict,
Your Expoſition miſ-interpreting,
We might proceed to cancel off your days;
Yet hope, ſucceeding from ſo fair a Tree,
As your fair ſelf, doth tune us otherwiſe:
Forty days longer we do reſpite you,
If by which time our ſecret be undone,
This mercy ſhews, we'll joy in ſuch a Son:
And until then, your entertain ſhall be
As doth befit our honour, and your worth. [*Exit.*
Manet Pericles *ſolus.*
Per. How courteſie would ſeem to cover ſin,
When what is done is like an Hypocrite,
The which is good in nothing but in ſight,
If it be true that I interpret falſe,
Then were it certain you were not ſo bad,
As with the foul Inceſt to abuſe your Soul:
Where now you're both a Father and a Son,
By your untimely claſpings with your Child,
(Which pleaſures fits an Husband, not a Father)
And ſhe an eater of her Mothers fleſh,
By the defiling of her Parents Bed,
And both like Serpents are, who though they feed
On ſweeteſt Flowers, yet they poiſon breed.
Antioch farewel, for wiſdom ſees, thoſe men
Bluſh not in actions blacker than the night,
Will ſhew no courſe to keep them from the light:
One ſin (I know) another doth provoke;
Murder's as near to luſt, as flame to ſmoak.
Poyſon and Treaſon are the hands of ſin,
I, and the Targets to put off the ſhame;
Then leaſt my life be cropt to keep you clear,
By flight I'll ſhun the danger which I fear. [*Exit.*

Enter Antiochus.

Ant. He hath found the meaning,
For which we mean to have his Head,
He muſt not live to trumpet forth my infamy,
Nor tell the World *Antiochus* doth ſin
In ſuch a loathed manner.
And therefore inſtantly this Prince muſt die,
For by his fall my honour muſt keep high.
Who attends us here?

Enter Thaliard.

Thal. Doth your Highneſs call?
Ant. *Thaliard*, you are of our Chamber,
And our mind partakes her private actions
To your ſecreſy; and for your faithfulneſs
We will advance you, *Thaliard.*
Behold, here's poiſon and here's gold,
We hate the Prince of *Tyre*, and thou muſt kill him.
It fits thee not to ask the reaſon why:
Becauſe we bid it: ſay, is it done?
Thal. My Lord, 'tis done.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Ant. Enough. Let your breath cool your ſelf, telling your haſte.

Meſ. My Lord, Prince *Pericles* is fled.

Ant. As thou wilt live, flie after; and as an Arrow, ſhot from a well experient Archer, hits the mark his Eye doth level at: ſo do thou never return, unleſs thou ſay, Prince *Pericles* is dead.

Th. My Lord, if I can get him within my Piſtols length, I'll make him ſure enough: ſo farewel to your Highneſs.

Ant. *Thaliard* adieu, till *Pericles* be dead,
My heart can lend no ſuccour to my head. [*Exit.*

Enter Pericles, Hellicanus, *with other* Lords.

Per. Let none diſturb us:
Why ſhould this change of thoughts,
The ſad Companion dull-ey'd melancholy,
By me ſo us'd, a gueſt as not an hour,
In the days glorious walk or peaceful night,
The Tomb where grief ſhould ſleep, can breed me quiet,
Here pleaſures court mine Eyes, and mine Eyes ſhun them,
And danger which I fear'd, is at *Antioch*,
Whoſe arm ſeems far too ſhort to hit me here,
Yet neither pleaſures art can joy my ſpirits,
Nor yet the others diſtance comfort me:
Then it is thus, that paſſions of the mind,
That have their firſt conception by miſ-dread,
Have after nouriſhment and life by care;
And what was firſt but fear, what might be done,
Grows elder now, and cares it be not done.
And ſo 'tis with me, the great *Antiochus*,
'Gainſt whom I am too little to contend,
Since he's ſo great, can make his will his act,
Will think me ſpeaking, though I ſwear to ſilence,
Nor boots it me to ſay I honour,
If he ſuſpect I may diſhonour him.
And what may make him bluſh in being known,
He'll ſtop the courſe by which it might be known,
With hoſtile Forces he'll ore-ſpread the Land,
And with the ſtint of War will look ſo huge,
Amazement ſhall drive courage from the ſtate:
Our men be vanquiſh'd, ere they do reſiſt,
And ſubjects puniſht, that never thought offence,
Which care of them, not pitty of my ſelf,
Who once no more but as the tops of Trees,
Which fence the roots they grow by, and defend them,
Make both my body pine, and Soul to languiſh,
And puniſh that before that he would puniſh.
1 *Lord.* Joy and all comfort in your ſacred Breaſt.
2 *Lord.* And keep your mind till ye return to us peaceful and comfortable.
Hell. Peace, peace, and give experience tongue:
They do abuſe the King that flatter him,
For flattery is the Bellows blows up ſin,
The thing the which is flattered, but a ſpark,
To which that ſpark gives heart and ſtronger glowing;
Whereas reproof obedient and in order,
Fits Kings as they are men, for they may err,

When Signior Sooth here doth proclaim Peace,
He flatters you, makes War upon your Life.
Prince, pardon me, or ſtrike me if you pleaſe,
I cannot be much lower than my Knees.
Per. All leave us elſe : but let your cares ore-look
What ſhipping, and what ladings in our Haven,
And then return to us : *Hellicanus* thou haſt
Mov'd us : what ſeeſt thou in our looks :
Hell. An angry brow, dread Lord.
Per. If there be ſuch a Dart in Princes frowns,
How durſt thy tongue move anger to our Face ?
Hell. How dares the Planets look up unto Heaven,
From whence they have their nouriſhment ?
Per. Thou know'ſt I have power to take thy life from thee.
Hell. I have ground the Axe my ſelf,
Do you but ſtrike the blow.
Per. Riſe, prithee riſe, ſit down, thou art no flatterer,
I thank thee for it, and Heaven forbid,
That Kings ſhould let their Ears hear their faults hid.
Fit Councellor, and ſervant for a Prince,
Who by thy wiſdom makes a Prince thy Servant,
What would'ſt thou have me do :
Hell. To bear with patience ſuch griefs,
As you your ſelf do lay upon your ſelf.
Per. Thou ſpeak'ſt like a Phyſician, *Hellicanus*,
That miniſters a potion unto me,
That thou would'ſt tremble to receive thy ſelf.
Attend me then ; I went to *Antioch*,
Whereas thou know'ſt (againſt the Face of Death)
I ſought the purchace of a glorious Beauty,
From whence an Iſſue I might propagate,
Are Arms to Princes, and bring joys to Subjects.
Her Face was to mine Eye beyond all wonder,
The reſt (hark in thine Ear) as black as inceſt,
Which by my knowledge found, the ſinful Father,
Seem'd not to ſtrike, but ſmooth : But thou know'ſt this,
'Tis time to fear, when Tyrants ſeem to kiſs.
Which fear ſo grew in me, I hither fled,
Under the covering of a careful night,
VVho ſeem'd my good Protector : and being here,
Bethought what was paſt, what might ſucceed ;
I knew him tyrannous, and Tyrants fears
Decreaſe not, but grow faſter than the years :
And ſhould he think, as no doubt he doth,
That I ſhould open to the liſtening Air,
How many worthy Princes bloud were ſhed,
To keep his Bed of blackneſs unlaid ope,
To lop that doubt, he'll fill this Land with arms,
And make pretence of wrong that I have done him,
VVhen all for mine, if I may call offence,
Muſt feel VVars blow, who fears not innocence :
VVhich love to all, of which thy ſelf art one,
VVho now reproved'ſt me for it.
Hell. Alas, Sir.
Per. Drew ſleep out of my Eyes, loud from my Cheeks,
Muſings into my mind, with a thouſand doubts
How I might ſtop their tempeſt ere it came,
And finding little comfort to relieve them,
I thought it Princely Charity to grieve for them.
Hell. VVell, my Lord, ſince you have given me leave to
Freely will I ſpeak. *Antiochus* you fear, (ſpeak,
And juſtly too I think you fear the Tyrant,
VVho either by publick VVar or private Treaſon,
VVill take away your life : therefore, my Lord, go travel for a while, till that his rage and anger be forgot ; or till the Deſtinies do cut the thred of his life : your Rule direct to any, if unto me, day ſerves not light more faithful than I'll be.
Per. I do not doubt thy Faith,
But ſhould he wrong my liberties in my abſence ?
Hell. VVe'll mingle our blouds together in the Earth,
From whence we had our being, and our birth.
Per. *Tyre*, I now look from thee then, and to *Tharſus*
Intend my travel, where I'll hear from thee ;
And by whoſe Letters I'll diſpoſe my ſelf,
The care I had and have of Subjects good,
On thee I lay, whoſe wiſdoms ſtrength can bear it,
I'll take thy word for Faith, not ask thine Oath,
Who ſhuns not to break one, will ſure crack both :
But in our Orbs' we live ſo round and ſafe,
That time of both this truth ſhall ne're convince,
Thou ſheweſt a Subjects ſhine, I a true Prince.

Enter Thaliard *ſolus.*

Thal. So, this is *Tyre*, and this is the Court, here muſt I kill King *Pericles*, and if I do it not, I am ſure to be hang'd at home : it is dangerous.

Well, I perceive he was a wiſe Fellow, and had good diſcretion, that being bid to ask what he would of the King, deſired he might know none of his ſecrets. Now do I ſee he had ſome reaſon for it : for if a King bid a man be a Villain, he is bound by the Indenture of his Oath to be one.

Huſht, here come the Lords of *Tyre*.

Enter Hellicanus, Eſcanes, *with other*
Lords of Tyre.

Hell. You ſhall not need my Fellow Peers of *Tyre*, further to queſtion me of your Kings departure. His ſealed Commiſſion left in truſt with me, doth ſpeak ſufficiently, he's gone to travel.

Thal. How, the King gone ?

Hell. If further yet you will be ſatisfied, why (as it were unlicens'd of your loves) he would depart ? I'll give ſome light unto you : Being at *Antioch*.

Thal. What from *Antioch* ?

Hell. Royal *Antiochus* (on what cauſe I know not) took ſome diſpleaſure at him, at leaſt he judged ſo : and doubting that he had erred or ſinned, to ſhew his ſorrow, he would correct himſelf ; ſo puts himſelf unto the Shipmans toyl, with whom each minute threatens Life or Death.

Thal. Well, I perceive I ſhall not be hanged now, although I would ; but ſince he's gone, the Kings Seas muſt pleaſe : he ſcapt the Land, to periſh at the Sea : I'll preſent my ſelf, Peace to the Lords of *Tyre*.

Hell. Lord *Thaliard* from *Antiochus* is welcome.

Thal. From him I come with meſſage unto Princely *Pericles* ; but ſince my landing I have underſtood, your Lord hath betook himſelf to unknown Travels, my meſſage muſt return from whence it came.

Hell. We have no reaſon to deſire it, commended to our Maſter, not to us ; yet ere you ſhall depart, this we deſire as Friends to *Antioch*, we may Feaſt in *Tyre*. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Cleon *the Governour of* Tharſus, *with*
his Wiſe and others.

Cleon. My *Dionyſia*, ſhall we reſt us here,
And by relating tales of others griefs,
See if 'twill teach us to forget our own ?
Dion. That were to blow at fire in hope to quench it,
For who digs Hills becauſe they do aſpire,
Throws down one Mountain to caſt up a higher :
O my diſtreſſed Lord, even ſuch our griefs are,
Here they are but felt, and ſeen with miſchiefs Eyes,
But like to groves being topt, they higher riſe.
Cleon. O *Dionyſia*,
Who wanteth food, and will not ſay he wants it,
Or can conceal his hunger till he famiſh ?
Our tongues and ſorrows do ſound deep :
Our woes into the air, our Eyes to weep,
Till tongues fetch breath that may proclaim
Them louder, that if Heaven ſlumber, while
Their Creatures want, they may awake
Their helpers to comfort them.
I'll then diſcourſe our woes felt ſeveral years,

And wanting breath to ſpeak, help me with tears.
Dion. I'll do my beſt, Sir,
Cle. This *Tharſus*, ore which I have the Government,
A City, on whom plenty held full hand,
For riches ſtrew'd her ſelf even in the ſtreets,
Whoſe Towers bore heads ſo high, they kiſt the Clouds,
And ſtrangers ne're beheld, but wonder'd at,
Whoſe men and dames ſo jetted and adorn'd,
Like one anothers Glaſs to trim them by:
Their Tables were ſtor'd full, to glad the ſight,
And not ſo much to feed on, as delight,
All poverty was ſcorn'd, and pride ſo great,
The name of help grew odious to repeat.
Dion. Oh 'tis true.
Cleon. But ſee what Heaven can do by this our change:
Theſe mouths, who but of late, Earth, Sea, and Air,
Were all too little to content and pleaſe,
Although they gave their Creatures in abundance:
As Houſes are defil'd for want of uſe,
They are now ſtarv'd for want of exerciſe;
Thoſe pallats, who, not yet to ſavers younger,
Muſt have inventions to delight the taſte,
Would now be glad of Bread, and beg for it:
Theſe Mothers who to nouzle up their Babes,
Thought nought too curious, are ready now
To eat thoſe little darlings whom they loved,
So ſharp are hungers teeth, that Man and Wiſe,
Draw Lots who firſt ſhall die to lengthen Life.
Here ſtands a Lord, and there a Lady weeping,
Here many ſink, yet thoſe which ſee them fall,
Have ſcarce ſtrength left to give them burial.
Is not this true?
Dion. Our Cheeks and hollow Eyes do witneſs it.
Cleon. O let thoſe Cities that of plenties Cup,
And her proſperities ſo largely taſt,
With their ſuperfluous Riots hear theſe tears,
The miſery of *Tharſus* may be theirs.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. VVhere's the Lord Governour?
Cleon. Here, ſpeak out thy ſorrows, which thou bring'ſt in haſt, for comfort is too far for us to expect.
Lord. VVe have deſcried upon our neighbouring ſhore,
A portly ſail of Ships make hitherward.
Cleon. I thought as much.
One ſorrow never comes but brings an Heir,
That may ſucceed as his inheritour:
And ſo in ours; ſome neighbouring Nation,
Taking advantage of our miſery,
That ſtuft the hollow Veſſels with their power,
To beat us down, the which are down already,
And make a conqueſt of unhappy me,
VVhereas no glory is got to overcome.
Lord. That's the leaſt fear.
For by the ſemblance of their Flags diſplaid, they bring us Peace, and come to us as Favourers, not as Foes.
Cleon. Thou ſpeak'ſt like Hymns untutor'd to repeat,
Who makes the faireſt ſhew, means moſt deceit.
But bring they what they will, and what they can,
VVhat need we fear, the grounds the loweſt,
And we are half way there: Go tell their General we attend him here, to know for what he comes, and whence he comes, and what he craves.
Lord. I go, my Lord.
Cleon. Welcome is peace, if he on peace conſiſt;
If Wars, we are unable to reſiſt.

Enter Pericles *with Attendants.*

Per. Lord Governour, for ſo we hear you are,
Let not our Ships and number of our men,
Be like a Beacon fired, to amaze your Eyes,
We have heard your miſeries as far as *Tyre*,
And ſeen the deſolation of your ſtreets;
Nor come we to add ſorrow to your tears,
But to releaſe them of their heavy load,
And theſe our Ships, you happily may think
Are like the *Trojan* Horſe, was ſtuft within,
With bloudy Veins expecting overthrow,
Are ſtor'd with Corn, to make your needy Bread,
And give them life, whom hunger ſtarv'd half dead.
Omnes. The gods of *Greece* protect you,
And we'll pray for you.
Per. Ariſe, I pray you, ariſe; we do not look for reverence, but for love, and harbourage for our ſelf, our Ships, and men.
Cleon. The which when any ſhall not gratifie,
Or pay you with unthankfulneſs in thought,
Be it our VVives, our Children or our ſelves,
The Curſe of Heaven and Men ſucceed their evils:
Till when, the which (I hope) ſhall ne're be ſeen,
Your Grace is welcome to our Town and us.
Per. VVhich welcome we'll accept, Feaſt here a while,
Until our Stars that frown, lend us a ſmile. [*Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus.

Enter *Gower.*

Gower. *Here have you ſeen a mighty King,*
His Child, I wis, to inceſt bring:
A better Prince and benign Lord,
That will prove awful both in deed and word.
Be quiet then, as men ſhould be,
Till he hath paſt neceſſity:
I'll ſhew you thoſe in troubles reign,
Loſing a myte, a Mountain gain:
The good in converſation,
To whom I give my benizon.
Is ſtill at Tharſus, *where each man*
Thinks all is writ he ſpoken can:
And to remember what he does,
Build his Statue to make him glorious:
But tidings to the contrary,
Are brought t' your Eyes, what need ſpeak I.

Dumb ſhow.

Enter at one Door *Pericles* talking with *Cleon*, all the Train with them. Enter at another Door, a Gentleman with a Letter to *Pericles*; *Pericles* ſhews the Letter to *Cleon*, *Pericles* gives the Meſſenger a reward, and Knights him. [*Exit* Pericles *at one Door, and* Cleon *at another.*

Good Hellican *that ſtaid at home,*
Not to eat honey like a Drone,
From others labours; for though he ſtrive
To killen bad, keep good alive:
And to fulfil his Princes deſire,
Sav'd one of all that haps in Tyre:
How Thaliard *came full bent with ſin,*
And had intent to murder him;
And that in Tharſus *was not beſt,*
Longer for him to make his reſt:
He doing ſo, put forth to Seas,
Where when men bin, there's ſeldome eaſe,
For now the Wind begins to blow,
Thunder above, and deeps below,
Makes ſuch unquiet, that the ſhip
Should houſe him ſafe, is wrackt and ſplit,
And he (good Prince) having all loſt,
By Waves, from Coaſt to Coaſt is toſt:
All periſhen of man, of pelf,
Ne ought eſcapen'd but himſelf;
Till fortune tired with doing bad,

Threw him aſhore to give him glad :
And here he comes ; what ſhall be next,
Pardon old Gower, *thus long's the Text.*

Enter Pericles *wet.*

Per. Yet ceaſe your ire, you angry Stars of Heaven,
Wind, Rain, and Thunder : Remember earthly man
Is but a ſubſtance that muſt yield to you :
And I (as fits my nature) do obey you.
Alas, the Seas hath caſt me on the Rocks,
Waſht me from ſhore to ſhore, and left my breath
Nothing to think on, but enſuing Death :
Let it ſuffice the greatneſs of your powers,
To have bereft a Prince of all his fortunes,
And having thrown him from your watry grave,
Here to have Death in peace, is all he'll crave.

Enter three Fiſhermen.

1. What, to pelch?
2. Ha, come and bring away the Nets,
1. What patch breech, I ſay.
3. What ſay you, Maſter?
1. Look how thou ſtirreſt now.
Come away, or I'le fetch thee with a wannion.
3. Faith, Maſter, I am thinking of the poor men
That were caſt away before us, even now.
1. Alas, poor Souls, it grieved my heart to hear
What pittiful cries they made to us, to help them,
When (welladay) we could ſcarcely help our ſelves.
3. Nay, Maſter, ſaid not I as much,
VVhen I ſaw the Porpas how he bounc'd and tumbled?
They ſay, they are half fiſh, half fleſh :
A plague on them, they ne're come but I look to be waſht.
Maſter, I marvel how the fiſhes live in the Sea?
1. VVhy as men do a Land,
The great ones eat up the little ones :
I can compare our rich Miſers, to nothing ſo fitly
As to a VVhale ; he plaies and tumbles,
Driving the poor Fry before him,
And at laſt devours them all at a mouthful.
Such VVhales have I heard on a'th land,
VVho never leave gaping, till they ſwallowed
The whole Pariſh, Church, Steeple, Bells and all.
Per. A pretty Moral.
3. But, Maſter, if I had been the Sexton ;
I would have been that day in the Belfrey.
2. VVhy, man?
3. Becauſe he ſhould have ſwallowed me too,
And when I had been in his belly,
I would have kept ſuch a jangling of the bells,
That he ſhould never have left,
Till he caſt bells, Steeple, Church and Pariſh up again :
But if the good King *Symonides* were of my mind,
Per. Symonides?
3. VVe would purge the Land of theſe Drones,
That rob the Bee of her honney.
Per. How from the fenny ſubject of the Sea
Theſe fiſhers tell the infirmities of men,
And from their watry Empire recollect,
All that may men approve, or men detect.
Peace be at your labour, honeſt fiſhermen.
2. Honeſt, good fellow, what's that, if it be a day fits you,
Search out of the Kalender, and no body look after it?
Per. Y'may ſee the Sea hath caſt me upon your coaſt.
2. VVhat a drunken knave was the Sea,
To caſt thee in our way.
Per. A man whom both the waters and the wind,
In that vaſt Tennis-Court, hath made the Ball
For them to play upon, intreats you pitty him :
He asks of you, that never us'd to beg.
1. No, friend, cannot you beg?
Here's them in our Country of *Greece*,
Get more with begging, than we can do with working.
2. Canſt thou catch any Fiſhes then?
Per. I never practis'd it.

2. Nay then thou wilt ſtarve ſure ; for here's nothing to be got now-a daies, unleſs thou canſt fiſh for't.

Per. VVhat I have been, I have forgot to know ;
But what I am, want teaches me to think on :
A man throng'd up with cold, my veins are chill,
And have no more of life, than may ſuffice
To give my tongue that heat to ask your help :
VVhich if you ſhall refuſe, when I am dead,
For that I am a man, pray ſee me buried.

1. Die ke-tha, now gods forbid, I have a gown here, come put it on, keep thee warm : now afore me a handſome fellow : Come, thou ſhalt go home, and we'll have fleſh for all day, fiſh for faſting days and more ; or Puddings and Flap-jacks, and thou ſhalt be welcom.

Per. I thank you, Sir.
2. Hark you, my friend, You ſaid you could not beg.
Per. I did but crave.
2. But crave? then I'le turn craver too,
And ſo I ſhall ſcape whipping.
Per. VVhy, are all your beggers whipt then?

2. Oh not all, my friend, not all : for if all your beggers were whipt, I would wiſh no better office, than to be Beadle. But, Maſter, I'le go draw the Net.

Per. How well this honeſt mirth becomes their labour?
1. Hark you, Sir, do you know where ye are?
Per. Not well.
1. I tell you, this is called *Pantapolis*,
And our King, the good *Symonides*.
Per. The good King *Symonides*, do you call him?
1. I Sir, and he deſerves ſo to be call'd,
For his peaceable reign, and good government.
Per. He is a happy King, ſince he gains from
His Subjects, the name of good, by his government.
How far is his Court diſtant from this ſhore?

1. Marry, Sir, half a daies journey : and I'le tell you, he hath a fair daughter, and to morrow is her birth-day, and there are Princes and Knights come from all parts of the world, to Juſt and Turney for her love.

Per. VVere my fortunes equal to my deſires,
I could wiſh to make one there.

2. Oh Sir, things muſt be as they may : and what a man Cannot get, he may lawfully deal for his wives Soul.

Enter the two Fiſher-men, *drawing up a Net.*

2. Help, Maſter, help, here's a fiſh hangs in the Net, like a poor mans right in the law, 'twill hardly come out. Ha bots on't, 'tis come at laſt, and 'tis turned to a ruſty Armor.

Per. An Armor, friends, I pray you let me ſee it.
Thanks, Fortune, yet that after all croſſes,
Thou giveſt me ſomewhat to repair my ſelf :
And though it was mine own, part of mine heritage,
VVhich my dead father did bequeath to me,
VVith this ſtrict charge, even as he left his life :
Keep it, my *Pericles*, it hath been a ſhield
'Twixt me and Death ; and pointed to this Brayſe :
For that it ſaved me ; keep it in like neceſſity :
The which the gods protect thee, Fame may defend thee.
It kept where I kept, I ſo dearly loved it,
Till the rough Seas (that ſpares not any man)
Took it in rage, though calm'd hath given 't again :
I thank thee for't, my ſhipwrack now's no ill,
Since I have here my Fathers gift in's will.
1. VVat mean you, Sir?
Per. To beg of you (kind friends) this coat of worth,
For it was ſometime Target to a King,
I know it by this mark : he lov'd me dearly,
And for this ſake, I wiſh the having of it :
And that you'd guide me to your Soveraigns Court,
VVhere with it I may appear a Gentleman :
And if that ever my low fortune's better,

I'le pay your bounties; till then reſt your debter.
1. Why, wilt thou turney for the Lady?
Per. I'le ſhew the vertue I have born in Arms.
1. Why, take it, and the gods give thee good on't.

2. But hark you, my friend, 'twas we that made up this garment through the rough ſeams of the waters: there are certain condolements, certain vails; I hope, Sir, if you thrive, you'll remember from whence you had them.

Per. Believe it I will:
By your furtherance I am cloathed in Steel,
And ſpight of all the rupture of the Sea,
This Jewel holds his building on my Arm:
Unto thy value I will mount my ſelf.
Upon a Courſer, whoſe delightful ſteps,
Shall make the gazer joy to ſee him tread:
Only (my friend) I yet am unprovided of a pair of Baſes.
2. We'll ſure provide, thou ſhalt have
My beſt gown to make thee a pair;
And I'le bring thee to the Court my ſelf.
Per. Then honour be but a Goal to my will,
This day I'le riſe, or elſe add ill to ill.

Enter Symonides *with* Attendants, *and* Thaiſa.

Are the Knights ready to begin the Triumph?
1. *Lord.* They are, my Liege, and ſtay your coming,
To preſent themſelves.
King. Return them; we are ready, and our Daughter
In honour of whoſe birth, theſe triumphs are, (here,
Sits here like beauties child, whom Nature gat,
For men to ſee, and ſeeing wonder at.
Thai. It pleaſeth you (my royal father) to expreſs
My commendations great, whoſe merit's leſs.
King. It's fit it ſhould be ſo; for Princes are
A model which Heaven makes like it ſelf:
As Jewels loſe their glory, if neglected,
So Princes their Renowns, if not reſpected.
'Tis now your honour (Daughter) to entertain
The labour of each Knight, in his device.
Thai. Which to preſerve mine honour, I'le perform.
The firſt Knight paſſes by.
King. Who is the firſt that doth prefer himſelf?
Thai. A Knight of *Sparta* (my renowned Father)
And the device he bears upon his ſhield,
Is a black Æthiop reaching at the Sun;
The word, *Lux tua vita mihi.*
King. He loves you well, that holds his life of you.
The ſecond Knight.
Who is the ſecond, that preſents himſelf?
Thai. A Prince of *Macedon* (my royal Father)
And the device he bears upon his Shield,
Is an armed Knight, that's conquer'd by a Lady.
The Motto thus in Spaniſh, *Pue Per doleera kee per forſa.*
The third Knight.
King. And what's the third?
Thai. The third of *Antioch*; and his device
A wreath of Chivalry: the word, *Me Pompey provexit*
The fourth Knight. *(apex.*
King. What is the fourth?
Thai. A burning Torch that's turned upſide down;
The word, *Qui me alit me extinguit.*
King. Which ſhews that beauty hath his power and
Which can as well enflame, as it can kill. (will,
The fifth Knight.
Thai. The fifth, an hand environed with clouds,
Holding out gold, that's by the touch-ſtone tri'd:
The Motto thus, *Sic ſpectanda fides.*
The ſixth Knight.

King. And what's the ſixth and laſt, the which the Knight himſelf with ſuch a graceful courteſie deliver'd?

Thai. He ſeems to be a ſtranger: but his preſent is
A withered Branch, that's only green at top;
The Motto, *In hac ſpe vivo.*

King. A pretty moral; from the dejected ſtate wherein he is, he hopes by you his fortunes yet may flouriſh.

1. *Lord.* He had need mean better than his outward ſhew can any way ſpeak in his juſt commend: For by his ruſty outſide, he appears to have practiſed more the Whip-ſtock, than the Lance.

2. *Lord.* He well may be a ſtranger, for he comes to an honour'd triumph ſtrangely furniſht.

3. *Lord.* And on ſet purpoſe let his armour ruſt
Until this day, to ſcowre it in the duſt.
King. Opinion's but a fool, that makes us ſcan
The outward habit by the inward man.
But ſtay, the Knights are coming,
We will withdraw into the Gallery.
Great ſhouts, and all cry, The mean Knight.

Enter the King *and* Knights *from Tilting.*

King. Knights, to ſay you're welcom, were ſuperfluous.
To place upon the volum of your deeds,
As in a Title page, your worth in armes,
Were more than you expect, or more than's fit,
Since every worth in ſhew commends it ſelf:
Prepare for mirth, for mirth comes at a feaſt.
You are Princes, and my gueſts.
Thai. But you, my Knight and gueſt.
To whom this wreath of Victory I give,
And Crown you King of this days happineſs.
Per. 'Tis more by fortune (Lady) than by merit.
King. Call it by what you will, the day is yours,
And here, I hope, is none that envies it:
In framing an Artiſt, art hath thus decreed,
To make ſome good, but others to exceed,
And you her labour'd Scholar: come, Queen oth' Feaſt,
For (Daughter) ſo you are, here take your place:
Martial the reſt, as they deſerve their grace.
Knights. We are honoured much by good *Symonides.*
King. Your preſence glads our days, honour we love,
For who hates honour, hates the gods above.
Marſh. Sir, yonder is your place.
Per. Some other is more fit.
1. *Knight.* Contend not, Sir, for we are Gentlemen,
That neither in our hearts, nor outward Eyes,
Envy the great, nor do the low deſpiſe.
Per. You are right courteous Knights.
King. Sit, ſit, ſit.
By *Jove* (I wonder) that is King of thoughts,
Theſe Cates reſiſt me, he not thought upon.
Thai. By *Juno* (that is Queen of Marriage)
All Viands that I eat do ſeem unſavoury,
Wiſhing him my meat: ſure he's a gallant Gentleman.
King. He's but a country gentleman: has done no more
Than other Knights have done, has broken a ſtaff,
Or ſo; let it paſs.
Thai. To me he ſeems a Diamond to Glaſs.
Per. Yon King's to me, like to my Father's picture,
Which tells me in that glory once he was,
And Princes ſat like ſtars about his Throne,
And he the Sun, for them to reverence;
None that beheld him, but like leſſer lights,
Did vail their Crowns to his ſupremacy;
Where now his Son, like a Glo-worm in the Night,
The which hath fire in darkneſs, none in Light:
Whereby I ſee that Time's the King of men,
For he's their Parents, and he is their grave.
And gives them what he will, not what they crave.
King. What, are you merry, Knights?
Knights. Who can be other in this royal preſence?
King. Here, with a cup that's ſtirr'd unto the brim,
As you do love, fill to your Miſtreſs lips,
We drink this health to you.
Knights. We thank your Grace.
King. Yet pawſe a while,
Yon Knight doth ſit too melancholy,

As if the entertainment in our Court,
Had not a ſhew might counteravil his worth:
Note it not you, *Thaiſa*;
Thai. What is't to me, my Father?
King. O, attend, my Daughter,
Princes in this, ſhould live like gods above,
Who freely give to every one that come to honour them:
And Princes not doing ſo, are like to Gnats,
Which make a ſound, but kill'd are wondred at:
Therefore to make his entrance now more ſweet,
Here ſay we drink this ſtanding bowl of Wine to him.
Thai. Alas, my Father, it befits not me,
Unto a ſtranger Knight to be ſo bold,
He may my proffer take for an offence,
Since Men take Womens gifts for Impudence.
King. How? do as I bid you, or you'll move me elſe.
Thai. Now by the Gods, he could not pleaſe me better.
King. And furthermore tell him,
We deſire to know of him,
Of whence he is, his Name and Parentage.
Thai. The King my Father (Sir) hath drunk to you.
Per. I thank him.
Thai Wiſhing it ſo much bloud unto your life.
Per. I thank both him and you, and pledge him freely.
Thai. And further he deſires to know of you,
Of whence you are, your Name and Parentage.
Per. A Gentleman of *Tyre*, my name *Pericles*,
My education been in Arts and Armes,
Who looking for adventures in the world,
Was by the rough Seas reft of ſhips and men,
And after ſhip-wrack, driven upon this ſhore.
Thai. He thanks your Grace; names himſelf *Pericles*,
A Gentleman of *Tyre*, who only by misfortune of the ſeas,
Bereft of ſhips and men, caſt on the ſhore.
King. Now by the gods, I pitty his misfortune,
And will awake him from his Melancholy.
Come, Gentlemen, we ſit too long on trifles,
And waſte the time, which looks for other revels.
Even in your armours as you are addreſt,
Will very well become a Souldiers dance:
I will not have excuſe, with ſaying that
Loud Muſick is too harſh for Ladies heads,
Since they love men in Armes, as well as beds.
[*They Dance.*
So, this was well ask'd, 'twas well perform'd,
Come, Sir, here's a Lady that wants breathing too:
And I have heard, you Knights of *Tyre*,
Are excellent in making Ladies trip,
And that their meaſures are as excellent.
Per. In thoſe that practiſe them, they are (my Lord.)
King. Oh that's as much, as you would be deny'd
Of your fair courteſie, unclaſp, unclaſp.
[*They Dance.*
Thanks, Gentlemen, to all; all have done well,
But you the beſt: Pages and lights, to conduct
Theſe Knights unto their ſeveral Lodgings:
Yours, Sir, we have given order to be next our own.
Per. I am at your Graces pleaſure.
King. Princes, it is too late to talk of love,
And that's the mark I know you level at:
Therefore each one betake him to his reſt,
To morrow, all for ſpeeding do their beſt.

Enter Hellicanus, *and* Eſcanes.

Hell. No, *Eſcanes*, know this of me,
Antiochus from inceſt liv'd not free:
For which, the moſt high gods not minding
Longer to with-hold the vengeance that
They had in ſtore, due to his hainous
Capital offence; even in the height and pride
Of all his glory, when he was ſeated in
A Chariot of an ineſtimable value, and his Daughter
With him; a fire from Heaven came and ſhrivel'd
Up thoſe bodies, even to loathing, for they ſo ſtunk
That all thoſe eyes ador'd them, ere their fall,
Scorn now their hand ſhould give them burial.
Eſcanes. It was very ſtrange.
Hell. And yet but juſtice;
For though this King were great,
His greatneſs was no guard to bare Heavens ſhaft,
By ſin had his reward.
Eſcanes. 'Tis very true.

Enter two or three Lords.

1. *Lord.* See, not a man in private conference,
Or counſel, hath reſpect with him but he.
2. *Lord.* It ſhall no longer grieve without reproof.
3. *Lord.* And curſt be he that will not ſecond it.
1. *Lord.* Follow me then: Lord *Hellicane*, a word.
Hell. With me? and welcom, happy day, my Lords.
1. *Lord.* Know that our griefs are riſen to the top,
And now at length they over-flow their banks.
Hell. Your griefs, for what?
Wrong not your Prince you love.
1. *Lord.* Wrong not your ſelf then, noble *Hellican*,
But if the Prince do live, let us ſalute him,
Or know what ground's made happy by his breath:
If in the world he live, we'll ſeek him out:
If in his grave he reſt, we'll find him there,
And be reſolv'd, he lives to govern us:
Or dead, give's cauſe to mourn his Funeral,
And leave us to our free Election.
2. *Lor.* Whoſe death indeed, the ſtrongeſt in our cenſure,
And knowing this Kingdom is without a head,
Like goodly buildings left without a Roof,
Soon fall to ruine: your noble ſelf,
That beſt knows how to rule, and how to reign,
We thus ſubmit unto our Soveraign.
Omnes. Live, noble *Hellican*.
Hell. Try honours cauſe; forbear your ſuffrages:
If that you love Prince *Pericles*, forbear:
(Take I your wiſh, I leap into the Seas,
Where's hourly trouble, for a minutes eaſe)
A twelve month longer, let me entreat you
To forbear the abſence of your King;
If in which time expir'd, he not return,
I ſhall with aged patience bear your yoke.
But if I cannot win you to this love,
Go ſearch like Nobles, like noble Subjects,
And in your ſearch, ſpend your adventurous worth,
Whom if you find, and win unto return,
You ſhall like Diamonds ſit about his Crown.
1. *Lord.* To wiſdom, he's a fool that will not yield,
And ſince Lord *Hellican* enjoyneth us,
We with our travels will endeavor.
Hell. Then you love us, we you, and we'll claſp hands,
When Peers thus knit, a Kingdom ever ſtands. [*Exit.*

Enter the King *reading of a Letter, at one door,*
and the Knights *meet him.*

1. *Knight.* Good morrow to the good *Symonides*.
King. Knights, from my Daughter this I let you know,
That for this twelve-month, ſhe'll not undertake
A married life: her reaſon to her ſelf is only known,
Which yet from her by no means can I get.
2. *Knight.* May we not get acceſs to her (my Lord).
King. Faith, by no means, ſhe hath ſo ſtrictly
Ty'd her to her Chamber, that 'tis impoſſible:
One twelve Moons more ſhe'll wear *Diana's* livery:
This by the eye of *Cynthia* hath ſhe vowed,
And on her Virgin honour will not break.
3. *King.* Loth to bid farewel, we take our leaves. [*Exit.*
King. So, they are well diſpatcht,
Now to my daughters Letter; ſhe tells me here,
She'll wed the ſtranger Knight,

Or never more to view nor day nor light.
'Tis well, Miſtris, your choice agrees with mine,
I like that well: nay how abſolute ſhe's in't,
Not minding whether I diſlike or no.
Well, I do commend her choice, and will no longer
Have it be delayed: ſoft, here he comes,
I muſt diſſemble it.

Enter Pericles.

Per. All fortune to the good *Symonides.*
King. To you as much: Sir, I am beholding to you,
For your ſweet muſick this laſt night:
I do proteſt, my ears were never better fed
With ſuch delightful pleaſing harmony.
Per. It is your Grace's pleaſure to commend,
Not my deſert.
King. Sir, you are Muſicks maſter.
Per. The worſt of all her Scholars (my good Lord)
King. Let me ask you one thing.
What do you think of my Daughter, Sir?
Per. A moſt virtuous Princeſs.
King. And ſhe's fair too, is ſhe not?
Per. As a fair day in Summer; wondrous fair.
King. Sir, my Daughter thinks very well of you,
I, ſo well, that you muſt be her Maſter,
And ſhe will be your Scholar; therefore look to it.
Per. I am unworthy to be her Schoolmaſter.
King. She thinks not ſo, peruſe this writing elſe.
Per. What's here, a Letter,
That ſhe loves the Knight of *Tyre?*
'Tis the King's ſubtilty to have my life:
Oh ſeek not to intrap me, gracious Lord,
A ſtranger and diſtreſſed Gentleman,
That never aim'd ſo high to love your Daughter,
But bent all offices to honour her.
King. Thou haſt bewitcht my Daughter,
And thou art a Villain.
Per. By the gods I have not; never did thought
Of mine levy offence; nor never did my actions
Yet commence a deed might gain her love,
Or your diſpleaſure.
King. Traitor, thou lyeſt.
Per. Traitor!
King. I, Traitor.
Per. Even in his throat, unleſs it be a King,
That calls me Traitor, I return the lye.
King. Now by the gods I do applaud his courage.
Per. My actions are as noble as my thoughts,
That never reliſht of a baſe deſcent:
I came unto the Court for honours cauſe,
And not be a Rebel to her ſtate:
And he that otherwiſe accounts of me,
This Sword ſhall prove, he's honour's enemy.
King. No? here comes my Daughter, ſhe can witneſs it.

Enter Thaiſa.

Per. Then as you are as virtuous, as fair,
Reſolve your angry Father, if my tongue
Did e're ſolicite, or my hand ſubſcribe
To any ſyllable that made love to you?
Thai. Why, Sir, if you had, who takes offence,
At that would make me glad?
King. Yea, miſtris, are you ſo peremptory?
I am glad of it withal my heart, [*Aſide.*
I'le tame you, I'le bring you in ſubjection.
Will you, not having my conſent,
Beſtow your love and your affections
Upon a ſtranger? who, for ought I know, [*Aſide.*
May be (nor can I think the contrary)
As great in blood as I my ſelf.
Therefore hear you, Miſtreſs, either frame
Your will to mine; and you, Sir, hear you,
Either be rul'd by me, or I'le make you——
Man and Wife; nay, come, your hands
And lips muſt ſeal it too: and being joyn'd,
I'le thus your hopes deſtroy, and for further grief,
God give you joy; what, are you both pleaſed?
Thai. Yes, if you love me, Sir.
Per. Even as my life, or blood that foſters it.
King. What, are you both agreed?
Amb. Yes, if it pleaſe your Majeſty.
King. It pleaſeth me ſo well, that I will ſee you wed,
And then with what haſte you can, get you to bed.

Enter *Gower.*

Now yſleep ſlaked hath the rout,
No din but ſnores about the Houſe,
Made louder by the ore-fee beaſt,
Of this moſt pompous marriage feaſt:
The Cat with eyne of burning coal,
Now couches from the Mouſes hole;
And Cricket Sing at the Ovens mouth,
Are the blither for their drouth:
Hymen *hath brought the Bride to bed,*
Where by the loſs of Maidenhead,
*A Babe is moulded, by*ye *attent,*
And time that is ſo briefly ſpent,
With your fine fancies quaintly each,
What's dumb in ſhew, I'll plain with ſpeech.

Enter *Pericles* and *Symonides* at one door with Attendants, a Meſſenger meets them, kneels, and gives *Pericles* a Letter, *Pericles* ſhews is *Symonides*, the Lords kneel to him; then enter *Thaiſa* with child, with *Lychorida* a Nurſe, the King ſhews her the Letter, ſhe rejoyces: ſhe and *Pericles* take leave of her Father, and depart.

By many a dearn and painful pearch F. Percer, to pierce
Of Pericles, *the careful ſearch,* Cardines 4 Cardinal Points
By the four oppoſing Crignes, Lat. Crenæ Quarters or Divisions.
Which the World together joynes, East. W. N. & South.
Is made with all due diligence,
That horſe and ſail, and high expence,
Can ſteed the queſt at laſt from Tyre,
Fame anſwering the moſt ſtrange enquire,
To th' Court of King *Symonides,*
Are Letters brought, the tenour theſe:
Antiochus *and his Daughter's dead,*
The men of Tyrus, *on the head*
Of Hellicanus *would ſet on*
The Crown of Tyre, *but he will none:*
The mutiny he there haſtes t'oppreſs,
Sayes to them, if King Pericles
Come not home in twice ſix Moons,
He, obedient to their dooms,
Will take the Crown: the ſumm of this
Brought hither to Pentapolis,
Irony ſhed the Regions round, Irony fled i.e. Fame as
And every one with claps 'gan ſound, swift as an Eagle
Our heir apparent is a King:
Who dreamt? who thought of ſuch a thing?
Brief, he muſt hence depart to Tyre,
His Queen with child, makes her deſire,
Which who ſhall croſs along to go,
Omit we all their dole and woe:
Lychorida *her Nurſe ſhe takes,*
And ſo to Sea; then veſſel ſhakes
On Neptunes *billow, half the flood*
Hath their Keel cut: but fortune mov'd,
Varies again, the griſly North
Diſgorges ſuch a tempeſt forth,
That as a Duck for life that drives,
So up and down the poor ſhip dives:
The Lady ſhreeks, and well a-near,
Doth fall in travel with her fear:

And what enſues in this ſelf ſtorm,
Shall for it ſelf, it ſelf perform:
I nill relate, Action may
Conveniently the reſt convey;
Which might not? what by me is told,
In your imagination hold:
This Stage, the Ship, upon whoſe Deck
The Seas toſt Pericles *appears to ſpeak.*

Enter Pericles *on Shipboard.*

Per. The God of this great vaſt, rebuke theſe ſurges
Which waſh both Heaven and Hell, and thou that haſt
Upon the winds command, bind them in Braſs,
Having call'd them from the deep, O ſtill
Thy dearning dreadful thunders; daily quench
Thy nimble ſulphurous flaſhes: O how, *Lychorida?*
How does my Queen? then ſtorm venomouſly,
Wilt thou ſpit all thy ſelf? the Seamans whiſtle
Is a whiſper in the ears of Death,
Unheard *Lychorida? Lucina*, oh!
Divineſt Patroneſs, and my Wife, gentle
To thoſe that cry by night, convey thy Deity
Aboard our dancing Boat, make ſwift the pangs
Of my Queen travels. Now, *Lychorida.*

Enter Lychorida.

Lychor. Here is a thing too young for ſuch a place,
Who if it had conceit, would dye, as I am like to do:
Take in your arms this piece of your dead Quene.
Per. How? how, *Lychorida?*
Lychor. Patience, good Sir, do not aſſiſt the ſtorm,
Here's all that is left living of our Queen;
A little Daughter, for the ſake of it
Be manly, and take comfort.
Per. Oh you gods!
Why do you make us love your goodly gifts,
And ſnatch them ſtraight away?
We here below, recal not what we give,
And we therein may uſe honour with you.
Lychor. Patience, good Sir, even for this charge.
Per. Now mild may be thy life,
For a more bluſterous birth had never Babe:
Quiet and gentle thy conditions;
For thou art the rudelieſt welcom to this world,
That ever was Prince's Child: happy that follows,
Thou haſt as chiding a Nativity,
As Fire, Air, Water, Earth, and Heaven can make,
To harold thee from the womb:
Even at the firſt, thy loſs is more than can
Thy portage quit, with all thou canſt find here:
Now the good gods throw their beſt eyes upon it.

Enter two Saylors.

1. *Sayl.* What courage, Sir? God ſave you.
Per. Courage enough, I do not fear the flaw,
It hath done to me the worſt: yet for the love
Of this poor Infant, this freſh new Sea-farer,
I would it would be quiet.
1. *Sayl.* Slack the bolins there; thou wilt not, wilt thou blow and ſplit thy ſelf.
2. *Sayl.* But Sea-room, and the brine and cloudy billow kiſs the Moon, I care not.
1. *Sayl.* Sir, your Queen muſt over-board,
The Sea works high, the wind is loud,
And will not lie till the Ship be cleared of the dead.
Per. That's your ſuperſtition.
1. Pardon us, ſir, with us at Sea it ſtill hath been obſerved,
And we are ſtrong in Eaſtern, therefore briefly yield her.
Per. As you think meet,
For ſhe muſt o're-board ſtraight,
Moſt wretched Queen.
Lychorida. Here ſhe lies, Sir.
Per. A terrible Child-bed haſt thou had (my Dear)
No light, no fire, the unfriendly Elements
Forgot thee utterly, nor have I time
To bring thee hallowed to thy grave, but ſtraight
Muſt caſt thee ſcarcely Coffin'd, in oar,
Where for a Monument upon thy bones.
The air remaining lamps, the belching Whale,
And humming water muſt o'rewhelm thy Corps,
Lying with ſimple ſhells: Oh, *Lychorida,*
Bid *Neſtor* bring me Spices, Ink and Paper,
My Casket and my Jewels, and bid *Nicander*
Bring me the Sattin Coffin: lay the Babe
Upon the Pillow; hie thee, whiles I ſay
A Prieſtly farewel to her: ſuddenly, woman.
2. *Sayl.* Sir, we have a Cheſt beneath the hatches,
Caulkt and bitumed ready.
Per. I thank thee: Mariner, ſay, what Coaſt is this?
2. *Sayl.* We are near *Tharſus.*
Per. Thither, gentle Mariner,
Alter thy courſe for *Tyre*: when canſt thou reach it?
2. *Sayl.* By break of day, if the wind ceaſe.
Per. O make for *Tharſus,*
There will I viſit *Cleon*, for the Babe
Cannot hold out to *Tyrus*; there I'le leave it
At careful nurſing: go thy ways, good Mariner,
I'le bring the body preſently. [*Exit.*

Enter Lord Cerymon *with a Servant.*

Cer. Phylemon, hoa.

Enter Philemon.

Phil. Doth my Lord call?
Cer. Get fire and meat for theſe poor men,
It hath been a turbulent and ſtormy night.
Ser. I have been in many: but ſuch a night as this,
Till now, I ne're endured.
Cer. Your Maſter will be dead ere you return,
There's nothing can be miniſtred to nature,
That can recover him: give this to the Pothecary,
And tell me how it works.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1. *Gent.* Good morrow.
2. *Gent.* Good morrow to your Lordſhip.
Cer. Gentlemen, why do you ſtir ſo early?
1. *Gent.* Sir, our lodging ſtanding bleak upon the Sea,
Shook as if the Earth did quake:
The very principles did ſeem to rend and all to topple,
Pure ſurprize and fear made me to leave the Houſe.
2. *Gent.* That is the cauſe we trouble you ſo early,
'Tis not our Husbandry.
Cer. O you ſay well,
1. *Gent.* But I much marvel that your Lordſhip
Having rich attire about you, ſhould at theſe early hours
Shake off the golden ſlumber of repoſe; 'tis moſt ſtrange,
Nature ſhould be ſo converſant with pain,
Being thereto not compelled.
Cer. I hold it ever Virtue and Cunning.
Were endowments greater, than Nobleneſs and Riches;
Careleſs heirs may the two latter darken and expend;
But immortality attends the former,
Making a Man a God:
'Tis known, I ever have ſtudied Phyſick,
Through which ſecret Art, by turning o're Authority,
I have together with my practice, made familiar
To me and to my aid, the beſt infuſions that dwell
In vegetives, in Metals, Stones: and can ſpeak of the
Diſturbances that Nature works, and of her cures;
Which doth give me a more content
In courſe of true delight

Than to be thirſty after tottering Honour,
Or tye my pleaſure up in ſilken Bags,
To pleaſe the Fool and Death.
2. Gent. Your honour hath through *Epheſus*,
Poured forth your charity, and hundred call themſelves
Your Creatures; who by you have been reſtored,
And not your knowledge, your perſonal pain,
But even your purſe ſtill open, hath built Lord *Cerimon*
Such ſtrong renown, as never ſhall decay.

Enter two or three with a Cheſt.

Ser. So, lift there.
Cer. What's that?
Ser. Sir, even now did the Sea toſs up upon our ſhore
This Cheſt; 'tis of ſome wrack.
Cer. Set it down, let us look upon it.
2. Gent. 'Tis like a Coffin, Sir.
Cer. What e're it be, 'tis wondrous heavy;
Wrench it open ſtraight:
If the Seas ſtomach be o're-charg'd with gold,
'Tis a good conſtraint of Fortune it belches upon us.
2. Gent. 'Tis ſo, my Lord.
Cer. How cloſe 'tis caulkt and bottom'd, did the Sea caſt it up?
Ser. I never ſaw ſo huge a billow, Sir, as toſt it upon ſhore.
Cer. Wrench it open; it ſmells moſt ſwe ſence.
2. Gent. A delicate Odour.
Cer. As ever hit my noſtril: ſo, up with it.
Oh you moſt potent gods! what's here, a Coarſe?
1. Gent. Moſt ſtrange.
Cer. Shrowded in cloth of ſtate, balm'd and entreaſured
With full bags of Spices, a Paſs port to *Apollo*,
Perfect me in the Characters.

Here I give to underſtand,
If e're this Coffin drive a land;
I King Pericles *have loſt*
This Queen, worth all our mundane coſt:
Who finds her, give her burying,
She was the Daughter of a King.
Beſides this treaſure for a fee,
The gods requite his Charity.

If thou liveſt *Pericles*, thou haſt a heart
That even cracks for woe: this chanc'd to night.
2. Gent. Moſt likely, Sir.
Cer. Nay certainly to night.
For look how freſh ſhe looks,
They were too rough, that threw her in the Sea.
Make a fire within, fetch hither all my boxes in my Cloſet,
Death may uſurp on Nature many hours,
And yet the fire of life kindle again the o're-preſt Spirits.
I heard of an *Ægyptian* that had nine hours been dead,
Who was by good appliance recovered.

Enter one with Napkins and Fire.

VVell ſaid, well ſaid, the fire and cloaths,
The rough and woful Muſick that we have,
Cauſe it to ſound I beſeech you:
The Vial once more; how thou ſtirreſt, thou block?
The Muſick there: I pray you give her air;
Gentlemen, this Queen will live,
Nature awakes a warm breath out of her;
She hath not been entranc'd above five hours,
See how ſhe gins to blow into lifes flower again.
1. Gen. The heavens through you, encreaſe our wonder,
And ſets up your fame for ever.
Cer. She is alive, behold her eye-lids,
Caſes to thoſe heavenly Jewels which *Pericles* hath loſt,
Begin to part their fringes of bright gold,
The Diamonds of a moſt praiſed water doth appear,
To make the world twice rich, live, and make us weep,
To hear your fate, fair creature, rare as you ſeem to be.
[*She moves.*
Thai. O dear *Diana*, where am I? where's my Lord?
VVhat VVorld is this?
2. Gent. Is not this ſtrange?
1. Gent. Moſt rare.
Cer. Huſh (my gentle neighbour) lend me your hands,
To the next Chamber bear her, get linnen;
Now this matter muſt be lookt to, for the relapſe
Is mortal: come, come, and, *Eſculapius*, guide us.
They carry her away. [*Exeunt omnes.*

Actus Tertius.

Enter Pericles *at* Tharſus, *with* Cleon *and* Dionyſia.

Per. Moſt honoured *Cleon*, I muſt needs be gone,
My twelve months are expir'd, and *Tyre* ſtands
In a peace: you and your Lady take from my heart
All thankfulneſs. The gods make up the reſt upon you.
Cle. Your ſhakes of fortune, though they hate you
Mortally, yet glance full wondringly on us.
Dion. O your ſweet Queen!
That the ſtrict fates had pleaſed
You had brought her hither
To have bleſt mine eyes with her.
Per. We cannot but obey the powers above us;
Could I rage and roar as doth the Sea ſhe lies in,
Yet the end muſt be as 'tis: my gentle Babe *Marina*,
Whom (for ſhe was born at Sea) I have named ſo,
Here, I charge your Charity withal; leaving her
The infant of your care, beſeeching you to give her
Princely training, that ſhe may be manner'd as ſhe is born.
Cleon. Fear not (my Lady) but think your Grace,
That fed my Country with your Corn; for which,
The Peoples prayers daily fall upon you, muſt in your Child
Be thought on, if neglect ſhould therein make me vile,
The common body that's by you reliev'd,
Would force me to my Duty; but if to that,
My nature need a ſpur, the gods revenge it
Upon me and mine, to the end of generation.
Per. I believe you, your honour and your goodneſs,
Teach me toot without your vows, till ſhe be married,
Madam, by bright *Diana*, whom we honour,
All unſiſter'd ſhall this heir of mine remain,
Though I ſhew will in't: ſo I take my leave:
Good Madam, make me bleſſed, in your care
In bringing up my Child.
Dion. I have one my ſelf, who ſhall not be more dear to my reſpect than yours, my Lord.
Per. Madam, my thanks and prayers.
Cleon. We'll bring your Grace to the edge of the ſhore, then give you up to the masked *Neptune*, and the gentleſt winds of Heaven.
Per. I will embrace your offer, come, deareſt Madam: O no tears, *Lychorida*, no tears; look to your little Miſtris on whoſe Grace you may depend hereafter: come, my Lord.

Enter Cerymon, *and* Thaiſa.

Cer. Madam, this Letter, and ſome certain Jewels,
Lay with you in your Coffer,
Which are at your command:
Know you the Character?
Thai. It is my Lord's; that I was ſhipt at Sea, I well remember, even on my eaning time: but whether there delivered, by the holy gods, I cannot rightly ſay: but

ſince King *Pericles*, my wedded Lord, I ne're ſhall ſee again, a veſtal Livery will I take me to, and never more have joy.

Cer. Madam, if this you purpoſe as ye ſpeak,
Diana's Temple is not diſtant far,
Where you may abide till your date expire,
Moreover if you pleaſe, a Neece of mine,
Shall there attend you.

Tha. My recompence is thanks, that's all,
Yet my good will is great, though the gift ſmall. [*Exit.*

Enter *Gower.*

Gower. *Imagine* Pericles *arriv'd at* Tyre,
Welcom'd and ſetled to his own deſire ;
His woful Queen we leave at Epheſus,
Unto Diana, *there's a Votareſs.*
Now to Marina *bend your mind,*
Whom our faſt growing ſcene muſt find
At Tharſus, *and by* Cleon *train'd*
In Muſicks Letters, who hath gain'd
Of education all the grace,
Which makes high both the art and place
Of general wonder : but alack,
That monſter Envy oft the wrack
Of earned praiſe, Marina's *life*
Seek to take off by Treaſon's Knife,
And in this kind, our Cleon *hath*
One Daughter and a full grown Wench,
Even ripe for Marriage ſight : this Maid
Hight Philoten : *and it is ſaid*
For certain in our ſtory, ſhe
Would ever with Marina *be,*
Be't when they weav'd the ſledded ſilk,
With fingers long, ſmall, white as milk,
Or when ſhe would with ſharp Needle wound
The Cambrick, which ſhe made more ſound
By hurting it, or when to th' Lute
She ſung, and made the night Bed mute, Bird
That ſtill records within one, or when
She would with rich and conſtant Pen,
Vail to her Miſtreſs Dion *ſtill,*
This Philoten *contends in skill*
With abſolute Marina : *ſo*
The Dove of Paphos *might with the Crow*
Vy Feathers white. Marina *gets*
All praiſes, which are paid as Debts,
And not as given, this ſo darks
In Philoten *all graceful marks,*
That Cleon's *Wife with Envy rare,*
A preſent Murderer do's prepare
For good Marina, *that her Daughter*
Might ſtand Peerleſs by this ſlaughter.
The ſooner her vile thoughts to ſtead,
Lychorida *our Nurſe is dead,*
And curſed Dionyſia *hath*
The pregnant inſtrument of wrath
Preſt for this blow, the unborn event,
I do commend to your content,
Only I carried winged Time,
Poſt on the lame feet of my rhime,
Which never could I ſo convey,
Unleſs your thoughts went on my way.
Dionyſia *doth appear,*
With Leonine *a Murderer.* [Exit.

Enter Dionyſia, *and* Leonine.

Dion. Thy Oath remember, thou haſt ſworn to do it, 'tis but a blow, which never ſhall be known, thou canſt not do a thing in the World ſo ſoon, to yield thee ſo much profit, let not Conſcience which is but cold, inflaming thy love boſome, enflame too nicely ; nor let pitty, which even Women have caſt off, melt thee, but be a Souldier to thy purpoſe.

Leon. I will do't, but yet ſhe is a goodly Creature.

Dion. The fitter then the gods ſhould have her.
Here ſhe comes weeping for her only Miſtreſs Death :
Thou art reſolv'd ?

Leon. I am reſolv'd.

Enter Marina *with a Basket of Flowers.*

Mar. No : I will rob *Tellus* of her Weed, to ſtrew thy Grave with Flowers : the yellows, blews, the purple Violets and Marigolds, ſhall as a Carpet hang upon thy Grave, while Summer dayes doth laſt. Aye me, poor Maid, born in a tempeſt, when my Mother di'd : this World to me is like a laſting ſtorm, hurrying me from my Friends.

Dion. How now, *Marina ?* why de' ye weep alone ?
How chance my Daughter is not with you ?
Do not conſume your blood with ſorrowing,
You have a Nurſe of me. Lord ? how your favour's
Chang'd, with this unprofitable woe :
Come give me your Flowers, ere the Sea mar it,
Walk with *Leonine*, the air is quick there,
And it pierces and ſharpens the ſtomach ;
Come, *Leonine*, take her by the arm, walk with her.

Mar. No I pray you, I'll not bereave you of your Servant.

Dion. Come, come, I love the King your Father, and your Self, with more than Foreign heart ; we every day expect him here, when he ſhall come and find our Paragon, to all reports thus blaſted. He will repent the breadth of his great Voyage, blame both my Lord and me, that we have taken no care to your beſt courſes. Go I pray you, walk and be cheerful once again ; reſerve that excellent complexion, which did ſteal the Eyes of young and old. Care not for me, I can go home alone.

Mar. Well, I will go, but yet I have no deſire to it.

Dion. Come, come, I know 'tis good for you :
Walk half an hour, *Leonine*, at the leaſt.
Remember what I have ſaid.

Leon. I warrant you, Madam.

Dion. I'll leave you, my ſweet Lady, for a while : pray walk ſoftly, do not heat your blood : What, I muſt have a care of you.

Mar. My thanks, ſweet Madam. Is the Wind Weſterly that blows ?

Leon. South-Weſt.

Mar. When I was born, the Wind was North.

Leon. Was't ſo ?

Mar. My Father, as Nurſe ſaith, did never fear, but cryed good Seamen to the Sailers, galling his Kingly Hands, hailing Ropes, and claſping to the Maſt, endured a Sea that almoſt burſt the Deck.

Leon. When was this ?

Mar. When I was Born, never was Waves nor Wind more violent, and from the Ladder tackle, waſhes off a Canvas Climer, ha, ſaith one, wilt out ? and with a dropping induſtry they skip from ſtern to ſtern : the Boat-ſwain whiſtles, and the Maſter calls and trebbles their confuſion.

Leon. Come, ſay your Prayers.

Mar. What mean you ?

Leon. If you require a little ſpace for Prayer, I grant it, pray, but be not tedious, for the gods are quick of Ear, and I am ſworn to do my work with haſte.

Mar. Why, will you kill me ?

Leon. To ſatisfie my Lady.

Mar. Why would ſhe have me kill'd now ? as I can remember by my troth, I never did hurt her in all my Life, I never ſpake bad word, nor did ill turn to any living Creature : believe me now, I never kill'd a Mouſe, nor hurt a Fly. I trod upon a Worm once againſt my will, but I wept for it. How have I offended, wherein my Death might yield her any profit, or my Life imply her any danger?

Leon. My Commiſſion is not to reaſon of the deed, but do't.

Mar. You will not do't for all the world, I hope: you are well favoured, and your looks fore-ſhew you have a very gentle heart, I ſaw you lately when you caught hurt in parting two that fought: good ſooth, it ſhewed well in you, do ſo now, your Lady ſeeks my life, come you between, and ſave poor me the weaker.

Leon. I am ſworn, and will diſpatch.

Enter Pirates.

Pirat. 1. Hold, Villain.

Pirat. 2. A prize, a prize.

Pirat. 3. Half part, mates, half part. Come, let's have her aboard ſudainly. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Leonine.

Leon. Theſe roguing Thieves ſerve the great Pirate *Valdes*, and they have ſeized *Marina*, let her go, there's no hope ſhe will return: I'll ſwear ſhe's dead, and thrown into the Sea, but I'll ſee further, perhaps they will but pleaſe themſelves upon her,
Not carry her aboard, if ſhe remain,
Whom they have raviſht, muſt by me be ſlain.

Enter Pander, Boult *and* Bawd.

Pander. Boult.

Boult. Sir.

Pander. Search the Market narrowly, *Metalline* is full of Gallants, we loſt too much Money this Mart, by being too Wenchleſs.

Bawd. We were never ſo much out of Creatures, we have but poor three, and they can do no more than they can do, and they with continual action, are even as good as rotten.

Pander. Therefore let's have freſh ones what e'er we pay for them, if there be not a conſcience to be us'd in every trade, we ſhall never proſper.

Bawd. Thou ſay'ſt true, 'tis not our bringing up of poor baſtards, as I think, I brought ſome eleven.

Boult. I too eleven, and brought them down again,
But ſhall I ſearch the Market?

Bawd. What elſe, Man? The ſtuff we have, a ſtrong wind will blow it to pieces, they are ſo pitifully ſodden.

Pander. Thou ſay'ſt true, there's two unwholeſome in conſcience, the poor *Tranſilvanian* is dead that lay with the little Baggage.

Boult. I, ſhe quickly poupt him, ſhe made him roaſt-meat for worms, but I'll go ſearch the Market. [*Exit.*

Pander. Three or four thouſand Chickens were as pretty a proportion to live quietly, and ſo give over.

Bawd. Why, to give over, I pray you? Is it a ſhame to get when we are old?

Pand. Oh our credit comes not in like the commodity, nor the Commodity wages not with the danger: Therefore, if in our youths we could pick up ſome pretty eſtate, 'twere not amiſs to keep our door hatch'd; beſides the ſore terms we ſtand upon with the gods, will be ſtrong with us for giving o're.

Bawd. Come, other ſorts offend as well as we.

Pand. As well as we, I, and better too, we offend worſe neither is our profeſſion any Trade, it's no calling: But here comes *Boult.*

Enter Boult *with* Pirates, *and* Marina.

Boult. Come your ways, my Maſters,
You ſay ſhe's a Virgin?

Sayl. O Sir, we doubt it not.

Boult. Maſter, I have gone through for this piece you ſee, if you like her, ſo; if not, I have loſt my earneſt.

Bawd. Boult, has ſhe any qualities?

Boult. She has a good Face, ſpeaks well, and hath excellent good Cloaths: There's no farther neceſſity of qualities can make her be refuſed.

Bawd. What's her price, *Boult?*

Boult. I cannot be bated one doit of a thouſand pieces.

Pand. Well, follow me, my Maſters, you ſhall have your money preſently: Wife, take her in, inſtruct her what ſhe has to do, that ſhe may not be raw in her entertainment.

Bawd. Boult, take you the marks of her, the colour of her hair, complexion, height, age, with warrant of her Virginity, and cry: He that will give moſt ſhall have her firſt. Such a Maiden head were no cheap thing; if Men were as they have been: Get teis done as I command you.

Boult. Performance ſhall follow.

Mar. Alack, that *Leonine* was ſo ſlack, ſo ſlow:
He ſhould have ſtruck, not ſpoke;
Or that theſe Pirates, not enough barbarous,
Had not o're-board thrown me, for to ſeek my Mother.

Bawd. Why weep you, pretty one?

Mar. That I am pretty.

Bawd. Come, the gods have done their part in you.

Mar. I accuſe them not.

Bawd. You are light into my hands,
Where you are like to live.

Mar. The more's my fault to ſcape his hands,
Where I was like to dye.

Bawd. I, and you ſhall live in pleaſure.

Mar. No.

Bawd. Yes indeed ſhall you, and taſte Gentlemen of all faſhions. You ſhall fare well; you ſhall have the difference of all complexions: what de'ye ſtop your ears?

Mar. Are you a Woman?

Bawd. What would you have me to be, if I be not a Woman?

Mar. An honeſt Woman, or not a Woman.

Bawd. Marry whip thee, Goſling: I think I ſhall have ſomething to do with you. Come, y'are a young fooliſh Sapling, and muſt be bowed as I would have ye.

Mar. The gods defend me.

Bawd. If it pleaſe the gods to defend you by Men, then Men muſt comfort you, Men muſt feed you, Men muſt ſtir you up: *Boult*'s return'd.

Enter Boult.

Now, Sir, haſt thou cry'd her through the Market?

Boult. I have cry'd her almoſt to the number of her hairs, I have drawn her picture with my voice.

Bawd. And prithee tell me, how doſt thou find the inclination of the people, eſpecially of the younger ſort?

Boult. Faith they liſtned to me, as they would have hearkened to their Fathers Teſtament. There was a Spaniards mouth ſo watered, that he went to bed to her very deſcription.

Bawd. We ſhall have him here to morrow with his beſt Ruff on.

Boult. To night, to night, but, Miſtreſs, do you know the French Knight that cowres i'th' Hams?

Bawd. Who, *Monſieur Verollus?*

Boult. I, he offered to cut a Caper at the proclamation, but he made a groan at it, and ſwore he would ſee her to morrow.

Bawd. VVell, well, as for him, he brought his diſeaſe hither, here he doth but repair it, I know he will come in our ſhadow, to ſcatter his Crowns in the Sun.

Boult. VVell, if we had of every Nation a Traveller, we ſhould lodge them with this Sign.

Bawd. Pray you, come hither a while, you have Fortunes coming upon you, mark me, you muſt ſeem to do that fearfully, which you commit willingly, deſpiſe profit, where you have moſt gain, to weep that you live as you do, makes pitty in your lovers ſeldom, but that pitty begets you a good opinion, and that opinion a meer profit.

Mar. I underſtand you not.

Boult. O take her home, miſtris, take her home, theſe bluſhes of hers muſt be quencht with ſome preſent practice.

Bawd. Thou ſayeſt true i'ſaith, ſo they muſt, for your Bride goes to that with ſhame, which is her way to go with warrant.

Boult. Faith ſome do, and ſome do not, but Miſtris, if I have bargain'd for the joynt.

Bawd. Thou maiſt cut a morſel off the ſpit.

Boult. I may ſo.

Bawd. Who ſhould deny it?
Come young one, I like the manner of your garments well.

Boult. I by my faith, they ſhall not be changed yet.

Bawd. Boult. Spend thou that in the Town, report what a ſojourner we have, you'll loſe nothing by cuſtome. When nature framed this piece, ſhe meant thee a good turn, therefore ſay what a parragon ſhe is, and thou haſt the harveſt out of thine own report.

Boult. I warrant you miſtris, thunder ſhall not ſo awake the beds of Eels, as my giving out of her beauty ſtirs up the lewdly enclined, I'le bring home ſome to night.

Bawd. Come your ways, follow me.

Mar. If fires be hot, knives ſharp, or waters deep,
Unti'd I ſtill my Virgin knot will keep.
Diana aid my purpoſe.

Bawd. What have we to do with *Diana?* pray you go with us. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Cleon *and* Dionyſia.

Dion. Why are you fooliſh, can it be undone?

Cleon. O *Dionyſia*, ſuch a piece of ſlaughter,
The Sun and Moon ne're look'd upon.

Dion. I think you'll turn a Child again.

Cleon. Were I chief Lord of all this ſpacious world, I'd give it to undo the deed. O Lady, much leſs in blood than vertue, yet a Princeſs to equal any ſingle Crown of the Earth, in the juſtice of compare, O villain, *Leonine*, whom thou haſt poiſoned too, if thou had'ſt drunk to him, it had been a kindneſs becoming well thy face, what canſt thou ſay, when Noble *Pericles* ſhall demand his Child?

Dion. That ſhe is dead. Nurſes are not the fates to foſter it, nor ever to preſerve, ſhe di'd at night, I'le ſay ſo, who can croſs it, unleſs you play the Innocent, and for an honeſt attribute, cry out ſhe di'd by foul play.

Cleon. O go to, well, well, of all the faults beneath the Heavens, the gods do like this worſt.

Dion. Be one of thoſe that thinks the pretty wrens of *Tharſus* will fly hence, and open this to *Pericles*; I do ſhame to think of what a Noble ſtrain you are, and of how coward a Spirit.

Cleon. To ſuch proceeding, who ever but his approbation added, though not his whole conſent, he did not flow from honourable courſes.

Dion. Be it ſo then, yet none doth know but you how ſhe came dead, nor none can know, *Leonine* being gone. She did diſdain my Child, and ſtood between her and her fortunes: none would look on her, but caſt their gazes on *Marina*'s face, whilſt ours was blurred at, and held a Mawkin, not worth the time of day. It pierc'd me thorow, and though you call my courſe unnatural, you not your child well loving, yet I find it greets me as an enterprize of kindneſs perform'd to your ſole Daughter.

Cleon. Heavens forgive it.

Dion. And as for *Pericles*, what ſhould he ſay? we wept after her hearſe, and yet we mourn: her monument almoſt finiſhed, and her Epitaph in glittering golden characters, expreſs a general praiſe to her, and care in us, at whoſe expence 'tis done.

Cleon. Thou art like the Harpie,
Which to betray, doſt with thy Angels face,
Seize with thine Eagles talents.

Dion. You are like one, that ſuperſtitiouſly
Doth ſwear to th' gods, that Winter kills the flies,
But yet I know, you'll do as I adviſe. [*Exit.*

Actus Quartus.

Enter *Gower.*

Thus time we waſte, and longeſt leagues make ſhort,
Sail ſeas in Cockles, have and wiſh but for't
Making to take our imagination,
From bourn to bourn, Region to Region.
By you being Pard'ned, we commit no crime
To uſe one Language, in each ſeveral clime,
Where our ſcenes ſeem to live. I do beſeech you
To learn of me, who ſtands in gaps to teach you
The ſtages of our ſtory, Pericles
Is now again thwarting the wayward ſeas;
(Attended on by many a Lord and Knight)
To ſee his Daughter, all his lives delight.
Old Hellicanus *goes along behind,* [redacted]
Is left to govern it; (you bear in mind)
Old Eſcanes, *whom* Hellicanus *late*
Advanc'd in time to great and high eſtate.
Well ſailing ſhips, and bounteous winds have brought
This King to Tharſus, *think this Pilate thought,*
So with his ſteerage, ſhall your thoughts grone
To fetch his Daughter home, who firſt is gone;
Like motes and ſhadows ſee them move a while,
Your ears unto your Eyes I'le reconcile.

Enter *Pericles* at one door with all his train, *Cleon* and *Dionyſia* at the other, *Cleon* ſhewes *Pericles* the Tomb, whereat *Pericles* makes lamentation, puts on Sackcloth, and in a mighty paſſion departs.

Gower. *See how belief may ſuffer by foul ſhow,*
This borrowed paſſion ſtands for true old woe:
And Pericles *in ſorrow all devour'd,*
With ſighs ſhot through, and biggeſt tears o're-ſhowr'd,
Leaves Tharſus, *and again imbarks, he ſwears*
Never to waſh his face, nor cut his hairs,
He put on Sack cloth and to Sea he bears,
A tempeſt which his mortal Veſſel tears.
And yet he rides it out. Now take we our way
To the Epitaph for Marina, *writ by* Dionyſia.

The faireſt, ſweeteſt, and beſt lies here,
Who withered in her ſpring of year:
She was of *Tyrus* the King's Daughter,
On whom foul Death hath made this ſlaughter:
Marina was ſhe call'd, and at her birth,
That is, being proud, ſwallow'd ſome part of th'earth:
Therefore the Earth fearing to be o'reflow'd,
Hath *Thetis* birth-child on the Heavens beſtow'd.
Wherefore ſhe does and ſwears ſhe'll never ſtint,
Make raging Battry upon ſhores of flint.

No vizor does become black villany,
So well as ſoft and tender flattery.
Let Pericles *believe his Daughter's dead,*
And bear his courſes to be ordered
By Lady Fortune, *while our ſtear muſt play*
His Daughter woe and heavy well a-day,
In her unholy ſervice: Patience then,
And think you now are all in Metaline.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1. *Gent.* Did you ever hear the like?

2. *Gent.* No, nor never ſhall do in ſuch a place as this, ſhe being once gone.

1. *Gent.* But to have Divinity preacht there, did you ever dream of ſuch a thing?

2. *Gent.* No, no, come, I am for no more Bawdy houſes, ſhall we go hear the Veſtals ſing?

1. *Gent.* I'le do any thing now that is virtuous, but I am out of the road of rutting for ever. [*Exeunt.*

Enter the three Bawds.

Pand. Well, I had rather than twice the worth of her ſhe had ne're come here.

Bawd. Fie, fie upon her, ſhe is able to freeze the god *Priapus*, and undoe a whole generation, we muſt either get her raviſht, or be rid of her, when ſhe ſhould do for Clyents her fitment, and do me the kindneſs of our profeſſion, ſhe has me her quirks, her reaſons, her maſter-reaſons, her prayers, her knees, that ſhe would make a Puritane of the Devil, if he ſhould cheapen a kiſs of her.

Boult. Faith I muſt raviſh her, or ſhe'll disfurniſh us of all our Cavaliers, and make all our Swearers Prieſts.

Pand. Now the pox upon her green ſickneſs for me.

Bawd. Faith there's no way to be rid of it, but by the way to the pox. Here comes the Lord *Lyſimachus* diſguiſed.

Boul. We ſhould have both Lord and Lown, if the peeviſh Baggage would but give way to Cuſtomers.

Enter Lyſimachus.

Lyſ. How now, how a dozen of virginities?

Bawd. Now the gods bleſs your Honour.

Boul. I am glad to ſee your Honour in good health.

Lyſ. You may ſo, 'tis the better for you, that your reſorters ſtand upon ſound Legs, how now? wholſome impunity have you, that a man may deal withal, and defie the Surgeon?

Bawd. We have one here, Sir, if ſhe would——
But there never came her like in *Metaline*.

Lyſ. If ſhe'd do the deeds of darkneſs, thou would'ſt ſay.

Bawd. Your honour knows what 'tis to ſay well enough.

Lyſ. Well, call forth, call forth.

Boult. For Fleſh and Blood, Sir, white and red, you ſhall ſee a Roſe, and ſhe were a Roſe indeed, if ſhe had but——

Lyſ. What prethee?

Boult. O Sir, I can be modeſt.

Lyſ. That dignifies the renown of a Bawd, no leſs than it gives a good report to a number to be chaſte.

Enter Marina.

Bawd. Here comes that which grows to the ſtalk,
Never pluckt yet I can aſſure you.
Is ſhe not a fair creature?

Lyſ. Faith ſhe would ſerve after a long voyage at Sea,
Well, there's for you, leave us.

Bawd. I beſeech your honour give me leave a word,
And I'le have done preſently.

Lyſ. I beſeech you do.

Bawd. Firſt, I would have you note, this is an honourable man.

Mar. I deſire to find him ſo, that I may worthily note him.

Bawd. Next, he's the Governor of this Country, and a man whom I am bound to.

Mar. If he govern the Country, you are bound to him indeed, but how honourable he is in that, I know not.

Bawd. Pray you without any more virginal fencing will you uſe him kindly? he will line your Apron with Gold.

Mar. What he will do graciouſly, I will thankfully receive.

Lyſ. Have you done?

Bawd. My Lord, ſhe's not pac't yet, you muſt take ſome pains to work her to your mannage, come, we will leave his Honour and her together. [*Exit Bawd.*

Lyſ. Now, pretty one, how long have you been at this trade?

Mar. What trade, Sir?

Lyſ. Why, I cannot name't but I ſhall offend.

Mar. I cannot be offended with my trade, pleaſe you to name it.

Lyſ. How long have you been of this profeſſion?

Mar. E're ſince I can remember.

Lyſ. Did you go to't ſo young, were you a gameſter at five, or at ſeven?

Mar. Earlier too, Sir, if now I be one.

Lyſ. Why the houſe you dwell in, proclaims you to be a creature of ſale.

Mar. Do you know this houſe to be a place of ſuch reſort, and will come into it? I hear ſay you are of honourable parts, and the Governor of this place.

Lyſ. Why? hath your principal made known unto you, who I am?

Mar. Who is my principal?

Lyſ. Why your herb woman, ſhe that ſets ſeeds and roots of ſhame and iniquity. O you have heard ſome thing of my power, and ſo ſtand aloft for more ſerious wooing, but I proteſt to thee, pretty one, my Authority ſhall not ſee thee, or elſe look friendly upon thee; come bring me to ſome private place, come, come.

Mar. If you were born to honour, ſhew it now, if put upon you, make the judgement good, that thought you worthy of it.

Lyſ. How's this? how's this? ſome more, be ſage.

Mar. For me that am a maid, though moſt ungentle Fortune have plac'd me in this Stie, where ſince I came, diſeaſes have been ſold dearer than Phyſick, O that the gods would ſet me free from this unhallow'd place, though they did change me to the meaneſt bird that flies i'th' purer air.

Lyſ. I did not think thou could'ſt have ſpoke ſo well, I ne're dream'd thou could'ſt; had I brought hither a corrupted mind, thy ſpeech had altered it, hold, here's gold for thee, perſevere in that clear way thou goeſt, and the gods ſtrengthen thee.

Mar. The good gods perſerve you.

Lyſ. For my part, I came with no ill intent, for to me the very doors and windows ſavour vilely, fare thee well, thou art a piece of vertue, and I doubt not but thy training hath been Noble, hold, here's more gold for thee, a curſe upon him, die he like a thief that robs thee of thy goodneſs, if thou doſt hear from me, it ſhall be for thy good.

Boult. I beſeech your honour, one piece for me.

Lyſ. Avant thou damn'd door-keeper, your Houſe but for this Virgin that doth prop it, would ſink and overwhelm you. Away.

Boult. How's this? We muſt take another courſe with you? If your peeviſh chaſtity, which is not worth a breakfaſt in the cheapeſt Country under the coap, ſhall undo a whole houſehold, let me be gelded like a ſpaniel, come your ways.

Mar. Whither would you have me?

Boult. I muſt have your maidenhead taken off, or the common hangman ſhall execute it, come your way, we'll have no more Gentlemen driven away, come your wayes, I ſay.

Enter Bawds.

Bawd. How now, what's the matter?

Boult. Worſe and worſe, Miſtris, ſhe hath here ſpoken holy words to the Lord *Lyſimachus.*

Bawd. O abominable.

Boult. He makes our profeſſion as it were to ſtink before the face of the gods.

Bawd. Marry hang her up for ever.

Boult. The Nobleman would have dealt with her like a Nobleman, and ſhe ſent him away as cold as a Snow-ball, ſaying his prayers too.

Bawd. Boult. Take her away, uſe her at thy pleaſure, crack the glaſs of her virginity, and make the reſt malleable.

Boult. And if ſhe were a thornier piece of ground than ſhe is, ſhe ſhall be ploughed.

Mar. Hark, hark, you gods.

Bawd. She conjures, away with her, would ſhe had never come within my doors, Marry hang you, ſhe's born to undo us, will you not go the way of women-kind? Marry come up my diſh of chaſtity, with roſemary and bayſe. [*Exit.*

Boult. Come, miſtris, come your ways with me.

Mar. Whither would you have me?

Boult. To take from you the Jewel you hold ſo dear.

Mar. Prithee tell me one thing firſt.

Boult. Come now, your one thing?

Mar. What can'ſt thou wiſh thine Enemy to be?

Boult. Why I could wiſh him to be my Maſter, or rather my Miſtris.

Mar. Neither of theſe are ſo bad as thou art, ſince they do better thee in their command; thou hold'ſt a place, for which the painedſt fiend in Hell would not in Reputation change: thou art the damned door-keeper to every cuſherel that comes enquiring for his Tib; to the cholerick fiſting of every Rogue, thy Ear is liable, thy food is ſuch as hath been belch'd on by infectious lungs.

Boult. What would you have me do? go to the wars, would you, where a man may ſerve ſeven years for the loſs of a Leg, and have not money enough in the end to buy him a wooden one?

Mar. Do any thing but this thou doſt, empty old receptacles, or common-ſhores of filth; ſerve by Indenture to the common hangman, any of theſe ways are yet better than this: for what thou profeſſeſt, a Baboon, could he ſpeak, would own a name too dear: Oh, that the gods would ſafely deliver me from this place: here, here's gold for thee, if that thy Maſter would gain by me, proclaim that I can ſing, weave, ſow, and dance, with other vertues, which I'le keep from boaſt, and will undertake all theſe to teach. I doubt not but this populous City will yield many Scholars.

Boult. But can you teach all this you ſpeak of?

Mar. Prove that I cannot, take me home again, and proſtitute me to the baſeſt groom that doth frequent your Houſe.

Boult. Well, I will ſee what I can do for thee: If I can place thee, I will.

Mar. But amongſt honeſt women.

Boult. Faith my acquaintance lies little among them: but ſince my Maſter and Miſtris have bought you, there's no going but by their conſent: therefore I will make them acquainted with your purpoſe, and I doubt not but I ſhall find them tractable enough. Come, I'le do for thee what I can, come your ways. [*Exeunt.*

Enter *Gower.*

Marina *thus the Brothel ſcapes, and chances*
Into an honeſt houſe, our ſtory ſaies:
She ſings like one immortal, and ſhe dances
As goddeſs-like to her admired laies:
Deep Clerks ſhe dumbs, and with her needle compoſes
Natures own ſhape, of bud, bird, branch or berry,
That even her art, ſiſters the natural Roſes,
Her Incle, Silk, Twine, with the rubied Cherry,
That pupils lacks ſhe none of noble race,
Who pour their bounty on her, and her gain
She gives the curſed Bawd. Leave we her place,
And to her Father turn our thoughts again,
Where we left him at Sea, tumbled and toſt,
And driven before the wind, he is arriv'd
Here where his Daughter dwells, and on this Coaſt,
Suppoſe him now at Anchor: the City ſtriv'd
God Neptune's *annual feaſt to keep, from whence*
Lyſimachus *our* Tyrian *ſhip eſpies,*
His banners ſable, trim'd with rich expence,
And to him in his Barge with fervour hyes,
In your ſuppoſing, once more put your ſight
On heavy Pericles, *think this his Bark,*
Where what is done in action (more of might
Shall be diſcovered) pleaſe you ſit and hark. [*Exit.*

Enter Hellicanus, *to him two* Saylors.

1. *Sayl.* Where is the Lord *Hellicanus?* he can reſolve you. O here he is, Sir, there is a Barge put off from *Metaline*, and in it is *Lyſimachus* the Governor, who craves to come aboard, what is your will?

Hell. That he have his, call up ſome Gentlemen.

2. *Sayl.* Ho, Gentlemen, my Lord calls.

Enter two or three Gentlemen.

Hell. Gentlemen, there is ſome of worth would come aboard, I pray thee greet them fairly.

Enter Lyſimachus.

1. *Sayl.* Sir, this is the man that can in ought you would, reſolve you.

Lyſi. Hail, reverent Sir, the gods preſerve you.

Hell. And you to out-live the Age I am, and die as I would do.

Lyſi. You wiſh me well; being on ſhore, honouring of *Neptune*'s triumphs, ſeeing this goodly veſſel ride before us, I made to it, to know of whence you are.

Hell. Firſt, what is your place?

Lyſi. I am the Governor of this place you lie before.

Hell. Sir, our veſſel's of *Tyre*, in it the King, a man, who for this three months hath not ſpoken to any one, nor taken ſuſtenance, but to prolong his grief.

Lyſi. Upon what ground is his diſtemperance?

Hell. It would be too tedious to repeat, but the main grief ſprings from the loſs of a beloved Daughter, and a wife.

Lyſi. May we not ſee him?

Hell. You may, but bootleſs is your ſight, he will not ſpeak to any.

Lyſi. Let me obtain my wiſh.

Hell. Behold him, this was a goodly perſon, till the diſaſter that one mortal wight drove him to this.

Lyſi. Sir King, all hail, the gods preſerve you, hail, Royal Sir.

Hell. It is in vain, he will not ſpeak to you.

Lord. Sir, we have a maid in *Metaline*, I durſt wager would win ſome words from him.

Lyſi. 'Tis well bethought, ſhe queſtionleſs with her ſweet harmony, and other choſen attractions, would allure and make a battery through his defended parts, which now are mid way ſtopt, ſhe is all happy, as the faireſt of all, and her fellow maids, now upon the levie ſhelter that abutts againſt the Iſland ſide.

Hell. Sure all effectleſs, yet nothing wee'l omit that bears recoveries name. But ſince your kindneſs we have ſtretcht thus far, let us beſeech you, that for our gold we may have proviſion, wherein we are not deſtitute for want, but weary for the ſtaleneſs.

Lyſ. O, Sir, a courteſie, which if we ſhould deny, the moſt juſt God for every graff would ſend a Caterpillar, and ſo inflict our Province: yet once more let me entreat to know at large the cauſe of your Kings ſorrow.

Hell. Sir, Sir, I will recount it to you; but ſee, I am prevented.

Enter Marina.

Lyſ. O here's the Lady that I ſent for.
VVelcom, fair one: Is't not a goodly preſent?

Hell. She's a gallant Lady.

Lyſ. She's ſuch a one, that were I well aſſur'd,
Came of a gentle kind and noble ſtock,
I'd wiſh no better choice, and think me rarely wed.
Fair and all goodneſs that conſiſts in beauty,
Expect even here, where is a kingly patient,
If that thy proſperous and artificial fate
Can draw him but to anſwer thee in ought,
Thy ſacred Phyſick ſhall receive ſuch pay,
As thy deſires can wiſh.

Mar. Sir, I will uſe my uttermoſt skill in his recovery, provided that none but I and my companion maid be ſuffered to come near him.

Lyſ. Come, let us leave her, and the gods make her proſperous. [*The Song.*

Lyſ. Markt he your Muſick:

Mar. No, nor lookt on us.

Lyſ. See, ſhe will ſpeak to him.

Mar. Hail, Sir, my Lord, lend ear.

Per. Hum, ha.

Mar. I am a maid, my Lord, that nere before invited eyes, but have been gazed on like a Comet: ſhe ſpeaks, my Lord, that may be, hath endured a grief might equal yours, if both were juſtly weighed, though wayward fortune did maligne my ſtate, my derivation was from anceſtors who ſtood equivalent with mighty Kings, but time hath rooted out my parentage, and to the world and aukward caſualties, bound me in ſervitude, I will deſiſt, but there is ſomething glows upon my cheek, and whiſpers in mine ear, *Go not till he ſpeak.*

Per. My fortunes, parentage, good parentage to equal mine: was it not thus, what ſay you?

Mar. I ſaid, my Lord, if you did know my parentage, you would not do me violence.

Per. I do think ſo, pray you turn your Eyes upon me, y'are like ſome thing that, what Countrey-women hear of theſe ſhews?

Mar. No, nor of any ſhews, yet I was mortally brought forth, and am no other than I appear.

Per. I am great with woe, and ſhall deliver weeping: my deareſt wife was like this maid, and ſuch a one my Daughter might have been: my Queens ſquare brows, her ſtature to an Inch, as wand-like ſtraight, as Silver voyc'd, her Eyes as Jewel-like, and caſt as richly, in pace another *Juno.* VVho ſtarves the ears ſhe feeds, and makes them hungry, the more ſhe gives them ſpeech; where do you live?

Mar. VVhere I am but a ſtranger, from the deck you may diſcern the place.

Per. VVhere were you bred? And how atchiev'd you theſe endowments which you make more rich to owe?

Mar. If I ſhould tell my hiſtory, it would ſeem like lies diſdain'd in the reporting.

Per. Prithee ſpeak, falſeneſs cannot come from thee, for thou lookeſt modeſt as *Juſtice*, and thou ſeem'ſt a *Pallas* for the crowned truth to dwell in, I will believe thee, and make my ſenſes credit thy relation, to points that ſeem impoſſible, for thou look'ſt like one I loved indeed; what were thy Friends? Did'ſt thou not ſtay when I did puſh thee back: which was when I perceived thee that thou cam'ſt from good deſcent.

Mar. So indeed I did.

Per. Report thy parentage, I think thou ſaid'ſt thou had'ſt been toſt from wrong to injury, and that thou thought'ſt thy griefs might equal mine, if both were opened.

Mar. Some ſuch thing I ſaid; and ſaid no more, but what my thoughts did warrant me was likely.

Per. Tell thy ſtory, if thine conſidered prove the thouſand part of my endurance, thou art a man, and I have ſuffered like a girle, yet thou do'ſt look like patience, gazing on Kings graves, and ſmiling extremity out of act, what were thy Friends? how loſt thou thy name, my moſt kind virgin? recount I do beſeech thee, Come ſit by me.

Mar. My name is *Marina.*

Per. Oh I am mockt, and thou by ſome incenſed god ſent hither to make the world to laugh at me.

Mar. Patience, good Sir, or here I'le ceaſe.

Per. Nay I'le be patient, thou little know'ſt how thou doeſt ſtartle me to call thy ſelf *Marina.*

Mar. The name was given me by one that had ſome power, my Father and a King.

Per. How, a Kings Daughter, and call'd *Marina?*

Mar. You ſaid you would believe me, but not to be a trouble of your peace, I will end here.

Per. But are you Fleſh and Blood?
Have you a working pulſe, and are no Fairy?
Motion? well, ſpeak on, where were you born?
And wherefore call'd *Marina?*

Mar. Call'd *Marina*, for I was born at Sea.

Per. At Sea? who was thy Mother?

Mar. My Mother was the Daughter of a King, who died the minute I was born, as my good Nurſe *Lychorida* hath oft delivered weeping.

Per. O ſtop there a little, this is the rareſt Dream
That ere dull ſleep did mock ſad Fools withal,
This cannot be my Daughter; buried! well, where were you bred? I'le hear you more to the bottom of your ſtory and never interrupt you.

Mar. You ſcorn, believe me 'twere beſt I did give ore.

Per. I will believe you by the ſyllable of what you ſhall deliver, yet give me leave, how came you in theſe parts? where were you bred?

Mar. The King my Father did in *Tharſus* leave me.
Till cruel *Cleon* with his wicked Wife,
Did ſeek to murther me: and having wooed a Villain
To attempt it, who having drawn to do't,
A crew of Pyrats came and reſcued me,
Brought me to *Metaline.*
But, good ſir, whither will you have me? why do you weep?
It may be you think me an impoſtor, no, good faith. I am the daughter to King *Pericles*, if good King *Pericles* be.

Per. Hoe, *Hellicanus?*

Hell. Calls my Lord?

Per. Thou art a grave and noble Counſellor,
Moſt wiſe in general, tell me if thou can'ſt, what this maid is,
Or what is like to be, that thus hath made me weep?

Hell. I know not, but here's the Regent, Sir, of *Metaline*, ſpeaks nobly of her.

Lyſ. She never would tell her parentage.
Being demanded that, ſhe would ſit ſtill and weep.

Per. Oh *Hellicanus*, ſtrike me, honoured, Sir, give me a gaſh, put me to preſent pain, leſt this great Sea of joyes ruſhing upon me, ore-bear the ſhores of my mortality, and drown me with their ſweetneſs: Oh come hither.
Thou that beget'ſt him that did thee beget,
Thou that waſt born at Sea, buried at *Tharſus*,
And found at Sea again: O *Hellicanus*,
Down on thy knees, thank the holy gods, as loud
As Thunder threatens us; This is *Marina.*

What was thy Mothers name? tell me but that,
For truth can never be confirm'd enough,
Though doubts did ever ſleep.

Mar. Firſt, Sir, I pray what is your Title?

Per. I am *Pericles* of *Tyre*, but tell me now my
Drown'd Queens name, as in the reſt you ſaid,
Thou haſt been god-like perfect, the Heir of Kingdoms,
And another like to *Pericles* thy Father.

Mar. Is it not more to be your Daughter, than to ſay, my Mothers name is *Thaiſa? Thaiſa* was my Mother, who did end the minute I began.

Per. Now bleſſing on thee, riſe, thou art my Child. Give me freſh Garments, mine own *Hellicanus*, ſhe is not dead at *Tharſus*, as ſhe ſhould have been by ſavage *Cleon*, ſhe ſhall tell thee all, when thou ſhalt kneel, and juſtifie in knowledge, ſhe is thy very Princeſs; who is this?

Hell. Sir, 'tis the Governour of *Metaline*, who hearing of your melancholy, did come to ſee you.

Per. I embrace you; give me my Robes;
I am wild in my beholding. Oh Heaven bleſs my Girl.
But hark, what Muſicks this, *Hellicanus?* my *Marina*,
Tell him ore point by point, for yet he ſeems to doat,
How ſure you are my Daughter; but where's this muſick?

Hell. My Lord, I hear none.

Per. None? the muſick of the ſphears, liſt, my *Marina*.

Lyſ. It is not good to croſs him, give him way.

Per. Rareſt ſounds, do ye not hear?

Lyſ. Muſick, my Lord, I hear.

Per. Moſt Heavenly Muſick,
It nips me unto liſtning, and thick ſlumber
Hangs upon mine Eyes, let me reſt,

Lyſ. A Pillow for his Head, ſo leave him all.
Well my Companion Friends, if this but anſwer to my juſt belief, I'll well remember you.

Actus Quintus.

Diana.

Diana. MY Temple ſtands in *Epheſus*,
Hie thee thither, and do upon mine Altar Sacrifice. There when my Maiden Prieſts are met together, before all the people reveal how thou at Sea did'ſt loſe thy Wife, to mourn thy Croſſes with thy Daughters call, and give them repetition to the like: or perform my bidding, or thou liveſt in woe: do't, and happy by my Silver Bow; awake and tell thy Dream.

Per. Celeſtial *Dian*, Goddeſs *Argentine*,
I will obey thee: *Hellicanns.*

Per. My purpoſe was for *Tharſus*, there to ſtrike
The inhoſpitable *Cleon*, but I am for other ſervice firſt,
Toward *Epheſus* turn our blown Sails,
Eftſoons I'll tell why, ſhall we refreſh us, Sir, upon your ſhore, and give you gold for ſuch proviſion as our intents will need.

Lyſ. Sir, with all my heart, and when you come aſhore, I have another ſleight.

Per. You ſhall prevail, were it to woe my Daughter, for it ſeems you have been noble towards her.

Lyſ. Sir, lend me your Arm.

Per. Come, my *Marina*. [*Exeunt.*

Enter *Gower.*

Now our ſands are almoſt run,
More a little, and then dun.
This my laſt boon give me,
For ſuch kindneſs muſt relieve me:
That you aptly will ſuppoſe,
What pageantry, what feats, what ſhows.
What Minſtrelſie, what pretty din,
The Regent made in Metalin,
To greet the King; ſo he thrived,
That he is promiſed to be Wived
To fair Marina, *but in no wiſe,*
Till he had done his ſacrifice,
As Dian *bad, whereto being bound,*
The interim pray, you all confound.
In fether'd briefneſs ſails are fill'd,
And wiſhes fall out as their will'd.
At Epheſus *the Temple ſee,*
Our King, and all his Company.
That he can hither come ſo ſoon,
Is by your fancies thankful doom. [*Exit.*

Enter Pericles, Lyſimachus, Hellicanus,
Marina, *and others.*

Per. Hail *Dian*, to perform thy juſt command,
I here confeſs my ſelf the King of *Tyre*.
Who frighted from my Country, did wed at *Pentapolis*, the fair *Thaiſa*, at Sea in Childbed died ſhe, but brought forth a Maid Child called *Marina*, who, O Goddeſs, wears yet thy ſilver Livery, ſhe at *Tharſus* was nurſt with *Cleon*, who at fourteen years he ſought to murder, but her better ſtars brought her to *Metaline*, 'gainſt whoſe ſhore riding, her fortunes brought the Maid aboard to us, where by her own moſt clear remembrance, ſhe made known her ſelf my Daughter.

Tha. Voice and Favour, you are, you are, O Royal *Pericles*.

Per. What means the Woman? ſhe dies, help, Gentlemen.

Cer. Sir, if you have told *Diana*'s Altar true, this is your Wife.

Per. Reverend appearer, no, I threw her over-board with theſe very Arms.

Cer. Upon this Coaſt, I warrant you.

Per. 'Tis moſt certain.

Cer. Look to the Lady; O ſhe's but overjoy'd.
Early in bluſt'ring morn, this Lady was thrown upon this ſhore. I opened the Coffin, found theſe rich Jewels, recovered her, and placed her here in *Diana*'s Temple.

Per. May we ſee them?

Cer. Great Sir, they ſhall be brought you to my Houſe, whither I invite you, look, *Thaiſa* is recovered.

Tha. O let me look if he be none of mine, my ſanctity will to my ſence bend no licentious Ear, but curb it ſpight of ſeeing: O my Lord, are you not *Pericles?* like him you ſpeak, like him you are: did you not name a Tempeſt, a Birth, and Death?

Per. The Voice of dead *Thaiſa.*

Tha. That *Thaiſa* am I, ſuppoſed dead and drown'd.

Per. Immortal *Dian!*

Tha. Now I know you better, when we with tears parted *Pentapolis*, the King, my Father, gave you ſuch a Ring.

Per. This, this, no more, you gods, your preſent kindneſs makes my paſt miſeries ſport, you ſhall do well, that on the touching of her Lips I may melt, and no more be ſeen; O come, be buried a ſecond time within theſe Arms.

Mar. My heart leaps to be gone into my Mothers Boſome.

Per. Look who kneels here, fleſh of thy fleſh, *Thaiſa*, thy burden at the Sea, and call'd *Marina*, for ſhe was yielded there.

Tha. Bleſt, and mine own.

Hell. Hail, Madam, and my Queen.

Tha. I know you not.

Per. You have heard me ſay when I did fly from *Tyre*, I left behind an ancient ſubſtitute; can you remember what I call'd the man, I have nam'd him oft.

Tha. 'Twas *Hellicanus* then.

Per. Still confirmation, embrace him dear *Thaiſa*, this is he, now do I long to hear how you were found? how poſſibly preſerved? and who to thank (beſides the gods) for this great miracle?

Tha. Lord *Cerimon*, my Lord, this man through whom the gods have ſhewn their power, that can from firſt to laſt reſolve you.

Per. Reverend Sir, the gods can have no mortal Officer more like a god than you, will you deliver how this dead Queen re-lives?

Cer. I will, my Lord, beſeech you firſt go with me unto my Houſe, where ſhall be ſhewn you all was found with her; how ſhe came plac'd here in the Temple, no needful thing omitted.

Per. Pure *Dian* bleſs thee for thy Viſion, I will offer night oblations to thee; *Thaiſa*, this Prince, the fair betrothed of your Daughter, ſhall marry at *Pentapolis*, and now this Ornament that makes me look diſmal, will I clip to form, and what this fourteen Years no Razor toucht, to grace thy marriage day, I'll beautify.

Tha. Lord *Cerimon* hath Letters of good credit, Sir, my Father's dead.

Per. Heavens make a Star of him, yet here, my Queen, we'll celebrate their Nuptials, and our ſelves will in that Kingdom ſpend our following dayes; our Son and Daughter ſhall in *Tyrus* reign.

Lord *Cerimon*, we do our longing ſtay,
To hear the reſt untold, Sir, lead's the way.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter *Gower.*

In Antiochus *and his Daughter, you have heard*
Of monſtrous luſt, the due and juſt reward:
In Pericles *his Queen and Daughter ſeen,*
Although aſſail'd with Fortunes fierce and keen,
Vertue preferred from fell deſtructions blaſt,
Led on by Heaven, and crown'd with joy at laſt.
In Hellicanus *may you well deſcry,*
A figure of truth, of faith, of loyalty:
In reverend Cerimon *there well appears,*
The worth that learned charity aye wears.
For wicked Cleon *and his Wife, when Fame*
Had ſpread their curſed deed, and honour'd name
Of Pericles, *to rage the City turn,*
That him and his, they in his Palace burn:
The gods for murder ſeemed ſo content,
To puniſh, although not done, but meant.
So on your patiences ever more attending,
New joy wait on you, here our Play hath ending.

THE LONDON PRODIGAL.

The Actors Names.

M^r^. Flowerdale, *a Merchant trading at* Venice.
Matthew Flowerdale *his* Prodigal Son.
M^r^ Flowerdale, *Brother to the Merchant.*
Sir Lancelot Spurcock, *of* Lewſome *in* Kent.
Frances }
Luce } *Daughters to Sir* Lancelot Spurcock.
Delia }
Daffidill }
Artichoak } *Servants to Sir* Lancelot Spurcock.
Sir Arthur Greenſhood, *a Commander,* } *In love with*
Oliver *a Corniſh Clothier,* } Luce.
Weathercock, *a Paraſite to Sir* Lancelot Spurcock.
Tom Civet, *in love with* Frances.
Dick *and* Raph, *two cheating Gameſters.*
Ruffin *a Pander to Miſtreſs* Apricock *a Bawd.*
Sheriff and Officers.
A Citizen and his Wife.
Drawers.

The Scene London.

Enter old Flowerdale *and his Brother.*

Fath. Brother, from *Venice*, being thus diſguis'd,
I come to prove the humours of my Son:
How hath he born himſelf ſince my departure,
I leaving you his Patron and his Guide?

Vnc. I faith, Brother, ſo, as you will grieve to hear,
And I almoſt aſham'd to report it.

Fath. Why how is't, Brother? What doth he ſpend
Beyond the allowance I left him?

Vnc. How! beyond that? and far more: why, your exhibition is nothing, he hath ſpent that, and ſince hath borrowed, proteſted with Oaths, alledged Kindred to wring money from me, by the love I bore his Father, by the Fortunes might fall upon himſelf, to furniſh his wants: that done, I have had ſince, his Bond, his Friend and Friends Bond, although I know that he ſpends is yours; yet it grieves me to ſee the unbridled wildneſs that reigns over him.

Fath. Brother, what is the manner of his life? how is the name of his offences? if they do not relliſh altogether of damnation, his youth may priviledge his wantonneſs: I my ſelf ran an unbridled courſe till thirty, nay almoſt till forty; well, you ſee how I am: for Vice once looked into with the Eyes of diſcretion, and well ballanced with the weights of reaſon, the courſe paſt, ſeems ſo abominable, that the Landlord of himſelf, which is the heart of his Body, will rather intomb himſelf in the Earth, or ſeek a new Tenant to remain in him, which once ſetled, how much better are they that in their Youth have known all theſe Vices, and left it, than thoſe that knew little, and in their Age run into it? Believe me, Brother, they that die moſt Vertuous, have in their youth lived moſt Vicious; and none knows the danger of the fire more than he that falls into it: But ſay, how is the courſe of his Life? let's hear his particulars.

Vnc. Why I'll tell you, Brother, he is a continual Swearer, and a breaker of his Oaths, which is bad.

Fath. I grant indeed to ſwear is bad, but not in keeping thoſe Oaths is better: for who will ſet by a bad thing? Nay by my Faith, I hold this rather a Vertue than a Vice. Well, I pray proceed.

Vnc. He is a mighty Brawler, and comes commonly by the worſt.

Fath. By my Faith this is none of the worſt neither, for if he brawl and be beaten for it, it will in time make him ſhun it: For what brings a man or child, more to vertue than correction? What reigns over him elſe?

Vnc. He is a great Drinker, and one that will forget himſelf.

Fath. O beſt of all, Vice ſhould be forgotten: let him drink on, ſo he drink not Churches. Nay and this be the worſt, I hold it rather happineſs in him, than any iniquity. Hath he any more attendants?

Vnc. Brother, he is one that will borrow of any man.

Fath. Why you ſee ſo doth the Sea, it borrows of all the ſmall Currents in the World to encreaſe himſelf.

Vnc. I, but the Sea pays it again, and ſo will never your Son.

Fath. No more would the Sea neither, if it were as dry as my Son.

Vnc. Then, Brother, I ſee you rather like theſe Vices in your Son, than any way condemn them.

Fath. Nay miſtake me not, Brother, for though I ſlur them over now, as things ſlight and nothing, his crimes being in the Bud, it would gall my heart, they ſhould ever reign in him.

Flow. Ho? who's within ho?
[Flowerdale *knocks within.*

Vnc. That's your Son, he is come to borrow more money.

Fath. For God's ſake give it out I am dead,
See how he'll take it.
Say I have brought you news from his Father.
I have here drawn a formal Will, as it were from my ſelf,
Which I'll deliver him.

Vnc. Go to, Brother, no more: I will.

Flow. Uncle, where are you, Uncle? [*within.*

Vnc. Let my Couſin in there.

Fath. I am a Saylor come from *Venice*, and my name is *Chriſtopher.*

Enter Flowerdale.

Flow. By the Lord, in truth, Uncle.

Vnc. In truth would a ſerv'd, Couſin, without the Lord.

Flow. By your leave, Uncle, the Lord is the Lord of truth. A couple of Raſcals at the Gate, ſet upon me for my Purſe.

Vnc. You never come, but you bring a brawl in your mouth.

Flow. By my truth, Uncle, you muſt needs lend me ten pound.

Vnc. Give my Couſin ſome ſmall Beer here.

Flow. Nay look you, you turn it to a jeſt now, by this light, I ſhould ride to *Croydon* Fair, to meet Sir *Lancelot Spurcock*, I ſhould have his Daughter *Luce*, and for Scurvy ten pound, a man ſhall loſe nine hundred threeſcore and odd pounds, and a daily Friend beſide, by this hand, Uncle, 'tis true.

Vnc. Why, any thing is true for ought I know.

Flow. To ſee now: why you ſhall have my Bond, Uncle, or *Tom Whites*, *James Brocks:* or *Nick Halls*, as good Rapier and Dagger men, as any be in *England*; let's be damn'd if we do not pay you, the worſt of us all will not damn our ſelves for ten pound. A Pox of ten pound.

Vnc. Couſin, this is not the firſt time I have believ'd you.

Flow. Why truſt me now, you know not what may fall: If one thing were but true, I would not greatly care, I ſhould not need ten pound, but when a man cannot be believ'd, there's it.

Vnc. Why what is it, Couſin?

Flow. Marry this, Uncle, can you tell me if the Katern Hue be come home or no?

Vnc. I marry is't.

Flow. By God I thank you for that news.
What is't in the Pool can you tell?

Vnc. It is; what of that?

Flow. What? why then I have ſix pieces of Velvet ſent me, I'll give you a piece, Uncle: for thus ſaid the Letter, a piece of Aſh-colour, a three-pil'd black, a colour'd, deroy, a Crimſon, a ſad Green, and a Purple: yes i'faith.

Vnc. From whom ſhould you receive this?

Flow. From who? why from my Father? with commendations to you, Uncle, and thus he writes: I know, ſaith he, thou haſt much troubled thy kind Uncle, whom God-willing at my return I will ſee amply ſatisfied; Amply, I remember was the very word; ſo God help me.

Vnc. Have you the Letter here?

Flow. Yes, I have the Letter here, here is the Letter: no, yes, no, let me ſee, what Breeches wore I on *Saturday:* let me ſee, a *Tueſday*, my Calymanka, a *Wedneſday*, my Peach-colour Sattin, a *Thurſday* my Vellure, a *Friday* my Calymanka again, a *Saturday*, let me ſee, a *Saturday*, for in thoſe Breeches I wore a *Saturday* is the Letter: O my riding Breeches, Uncle, thoſe that you thought had been Velvet, in thoſe very Breeches is the Letter.

Vnc. When ſhould it be dated?

Flow. Marry *Didiſſimo terſios Septembris*, no, no, *tridiſſimo tertios Octobris*, I *Octobris*, ſo it is.

Vnc. *Dicditimo terſios Octobris*: and here receive I a Letter that your Father died in *June:* how ſay you, *Keſter?*

Fath. Yes truly, Sir, your Father is dead, theſe hands of mine holp to winde him.

Flow. Dead?

Fath. I, Sir, dead.

Flow. 'Sbloud, how ſhould my Father come dead?

Fath. I'faith Sir, according to the old Proverb,
The Child was born, and cryed, became man,
After fell ſick, and died.

Vnc. Nay, Couſin, do not take it ſo heavily.

Flow. Nay I cannot weep you extempory, marry ſome two or three days hence, I ſhall weep without any ſtintance. But I hope he died in good memory.

Fath. Very well, Sir, and ſet down every thing in good order, and the Katherine and Hue you talkt of, I came over in; and I ſaw all the Bills of Lading, and the Velvet that you talkt of, there is no ſuch aboard.

Flow. By God I aſſure you, then there is Knavery abroad.

Fath. I'll be ſworn of that: there's Knavery abroad, although there were never a piece of Velvet in *Venice.*

Flow. I hope he died in good Eſtate.

Fath. To the report of the World he did, and made his Will, of which I am an unworthy bearer.

Flow. His Will, have you his Will?

Fath. Yes, Sir, and in the preſence of your Uncle, I was willed to deliver it.

Vnc. I hope, Couſin, now God hath bleſſed you with wealth, you will not be unmindful of me.

Flow. I'll do reaſon, Uncle; yet i'faith I take the denial of this ten pound very hardly.

Vnc. Nay, I deny'd you not.

Flow. By God you deny'd me directly.

Vnc. I'll be judg'd by this good-fellow.

Fath. Not directly, Sir.

Flow. Why he ſaid he would lend me none, and that had wont to be a direct denial, if the old phraſe hold: Well, Uncle, come we'll fall to the Legacies, In the name of God, *Amen.*

Item, I bequeath to my Brother *Flowerdale*, three hundred pounds, to pay ſuch trivial Debts as I owe in *London.*

Item, To my Son *Mat. Flowerdale*, I bequeath two Bail of falſe Dice, *Videlicet*, high men and low men, fullomes, ſtop cater traies, and other bones of function.

Flow. 'Sbloud what doth he mean by this?

Vnc. Proceed, Couſin.

Flow. Theſe Precepts I leave him, let him borrow of his Oath, for of his word no body will truſt him. Let him by no means marry an honeſt Woman, for the other will keep her ſelf. Let him ſteal as much as he can, that a guilty Conſcience may bring him to his deſtinate repentance, I think he means hanging. And this were his laſt Will and Teſtament, the Devil ſtood laughing at his beds feet while he made it. 'Sbloud, what doth he think to ſop of his Poſterity with Paradoxes.

Fath. This he made, Sir, with his own hands.

Flow. I, well, nay come, good Uncle, let me have this ten pound, imagine you have loſt it, or rob'd of it, or miſreckon'd your ſelf ſo much: any way to make it come eaſily off, good Uncle.

Vnc. Not a penny.

Fath. I'faith lend it him, Sir, I my ſelf have an Eſtate in the City worth twenty pound, all that I'll ingage for him, he ſaith it concerns him in a Marriage.

Flow. I marry doth it, this is a Fellow of ſome ſenſe, this: come, good Uncle.

Vnc. Will you give your word for it, *Keſter?*

Fath. I will, Sir, willingly.

Vnc. Well, Couſin, come to me ſome hour hence, you ſhall have it ready.

Flow. Shall I not fail?

Vnc. You ſhall not, come or ſend.

Flow. Nay I'll come my ſelf.

Fath. By my troth, would I were your worſhips man.

Flow. What? would'ſt thou ſerve?

Fath. Very willingly, Sir.

Flow. Why I'll tell thee what thou ſhalt do, thou ſaiſt thou haſt twenty pound, go into *Burchin-Lane*, put thy ſelf into Cloaths, thou ſhalt ride with me to *Croyden* Fair.

Fath. I thank you, Sir, I will attend you.

Flow. Well, Uncle, you will not fail me an hour hence.

Vnc. I will not, Couſin.

Flow. What's thy name, *Keſter?*
Fath. I, Sir.
Flow. Well, provide thy ſelf: Uncle, farewel till anon.
[*Exit* Flowerdale.
Unc. Brother, how do you like your Son?
Fath. I'faith Brother, like a mad unbridled Colt,
Or as a Hawk, that never ſtoop'd to lure:
The one muſt be tamed with an Iron bit,
The other muſt be watch'd, or ſtill ſhe is wild,
Such is my Son, a while let him be ſo;
For counſel ſtill is follies deadly Foe.
I'll ſerve his youth, for youth muſt have his courſe,
For being reſtrain'd, it makes him ten times worſe:
His pride, his riot, all that may be nam'd,
Time may recal, and all his madneſs tam'd.

Enter Sir Lancelot, *Maſter* Weathercock, Daffidill, Artichoak, Luce, *and* Frank.

Lanc. Sirrah *Artichoak*, get you home before,
And as you proved your ſelf a Calf in buying,
Drive home your fellow Calves that you have bought.
Art. Yes forſooth, ſhall not my Fellow *Daffidill* go along with me.
Lanc. No, Sir, no, I muſt have one to wait on me.
Art. *Daffidill*, farewell, good fellow *Daffidill*,
You may ſee, Miſtreſs, I am ſet up by the halves,
Inſtead of waiting on you, I am ſent to drive home Calves.
Lanc. I'faith *Frank*, I muſt turn away this *Daffidill*,
He's grown a very fooliſh ſawcy Fellow.
Fran. Indeed-law, Father, he was ſo ſince I had him:
Before he was wiſe enough for a fooliſh Serving-man.
Wea. But what ſay you to me, Sir *Lancelot?*
Lanc. O, about my Daughters, well, I will go forward,
Here's two of them, God ſave them: but the third,
O ſhe's a ſtranger in her courſe of life,
She hath refuſed you, Maſter *Weathercock*.
Wea. I by the Rood, Sir *Lancelot*, that ſhe hath, but had ſhe try'd me, ſhe ſhould have found a man of me indeed.
Lanc. Nay be not angry, Sir, at her denial, ſhe hath refus'd ſeven of the worſhipfull'ſt and worthieſt Houſe-Keepers this day in *Kent:* Indeed ſhe will not marry I ſuppoſe.
Wea. The more Fool ſhe.
Lanc. What is it folly to love Charity?
Wea. No, miſtake me not, Sir *Lancelot*,
But 'tis an old Proverb, and you know it well,
That Women dying Maids, lead Apes in Hell.
Lanc. That's a fooliſh Proverb and a falſe.
Wea. By the Maſs, I think it be, and therefore let it go:
But who ſhall marry with Miſtreſs *Frances?*
Franc. By my troth they are talking of marrying me, Siſter.
Luce. Peace, let them talk:
Fools may have leave to prattle as they walk.
Daff. Senteſſes ſtill, ſweet Miſtreſs,
You have a Wit, and it were your Alablaſter.
Luce. I'faith and thy tongue trips trench-more.
Lanc. No of my Knighthood, not a ſuter yet:
Alas God help her, ſilly Girl, a Fool, a very Fool:
But there's the other black brows a ſhrew'd Girl,
She hath wit at will, and ſuters two or three:
Sir *Arthur Greenſheld* one, a gallant Knight,
A valiant Souldier, but his power but poor.
Then there's young *Oliver*, the *Devonſhire* Lad,
A wary Fellow, marry full of wit,
And rich by the Rood, but there's a third all air,
Light as a Feather, changing as the wind:
Young *Flowerdale*.
Wea. O he, Sir, he's a deſperate Dick indeed.
Bar him your Houſe.
Lanc. Fie, not ſo, he's of good Parentage.
Wea. By my fay and ſo he is, and a proper man.
Lanc. I proper enough, had he good qualities.
Wea. I marry, there's the point, Sir *Lancelot:*
For there's an old ſaying,
Be he rich, or be he poor,
Be he high, or be he low:
Be he born in Barn or Hall,
'Tis manners makes the man and all.
Lanc. You are in the right, Maſter *Weathercock*.

Enter Monſieur Civet.

Civet. Soul, I think I am ſure croſſed, or witcht with an Owl, I have haunted them, Inn after Inn, Booth after Booth, yet cannot find them; ha, yonder they are, that's ſhe, I hope to God 'tis ſhe, nay I know 'tis ſhe now, for ſhe treads her Shoe a little awry.
Lanc. Where is this Inn? we are paſt it, *Daffidill.*
Daff. The good ſign is here, Sir, but the black Gate is before.
Civet. Save you, Sir, I pray may I borrow a piece of a word with you?
Daff. No pieces, Sir.
Civ. Why then the whole.
I pray, Sir, what may yonder Gentlewomen be?
Daff. They may be Ladies, Sir, if the deſtinies and mortality work.
Civ. What's her name, Sir.
Daff. Miſtreſs *Frances Spurcock*, Sir *Lancelot Spurcock*'s Daughter.
Civ. Is ſhe a Maid, Sir?
Daff. You may ask *Pluto*, and Dame *Proſerpine* that:
I would be loth to be rideld, Sir.
Civ. Is ſhe married I mean, Sir?
Daff. The Fates know not yet what Shoe-maker ſhall make her Wedding Shoes.
Civ. I pray where Inn you Sir? I would be very glad to beſtow the Wine of that Gentlewoman.
Daff. At the *George*, Sir.
Civ. God ſave you, Sir.
Daff. I pray your Name, Sir?
Civ. My Name is Maſter *Civet*, Sir.
Daff. A ſweet Name, God be with you, good Maſter *Civet*. [*Exit* Civet.
Lanc. A, have we ſpi'd you ſtout St. *George?*
For all your Dragon, you had beſt ſell's good Wine:
That needs no Ivy-buſh: well, we'll not ſit by it,
As you do on your Horſe, this room ſhall ſerve:
Drawer, let me have Sack for us old men:
For theſe Girls and Knaves ſmall VVines are beſt.
A Pint of Sack, no more.
Draw. A Quart of Sack in the three Tuns,
Lanc. A Pint, draw but a Pint, *Daffidill*,
Call for VVine to make your ſelves drink.
Fran. And a Cup of ſmall Beer, and a Cake, good *Daffidill.*

Enter young Flowerdale.

Flow. How now, fie, ſit in the open Room, now good Sir *Lancelot*, and my kind Friend, worſhipful Maſter *Weathercock*. VVhat at your Pint, a Quart for ſhame.
Lanc. Nay Royſter, by your leave we will away.
Flow. Come, give's ſome Muſick, we'll go Dance,
Be gone, Sir *Lancelot*, what, and fair day too?
Lanc. 'Twere foully done, to dance within the Fair.
Flow. Nay if you ſay ſo, faireſt of all Fairs, then I'll not dance, a Pox upon my Taylor, he hath ſpoil'd me a Peach-colour Sattin Sute, cut upon Cloth of Silver, but if ever the Raſcal ſerve me ſuch another trick, I'll give him leave, i'faith, to put me in the Calender of Fools, and you, and you, Sir *Lancelot*; and Maſter *Weathercock*, my Goldſmith too on t'other ſide, I beſpoke thee, *Luce*, a Carkenet of gold, and thought thou ſhould'ſt a had it for a Fairing, and the Rogue puts me in rerages
for

for Orient Pearl: but thou ſhalt have it by Sunday Night, VVench.

Enter the Drawer.

Draw. Sir, here is one that hath ſent you a Pottle of Rheniſh Wine, brewed with Roſe-Water.

Flow. To me?

Draw. No, Sir, to the Knight; and deſires his more acquaintance.

Lanc. To me? what's he that proves ſo kind?

Daff. I have a trick to know his name, Sir, he hath a months mind here to Miſtreſs *Frances*, his name is Maſter *Civet*.

Lanc. Call him in, *Daffidill*.

Flow. O, I know him, Sir, he is a Fool, but reaſonable rich, his Father was one of theſe Leaſe-mongers, theſe Corn-mongers, theſe Money-mongers, but he never had the wit to be a Whore-monger.

Enter Maſter Civet.

Lanc. I promiſe you, Sir, you are at too much charge.

Civ. The charge is ſmall charge, Sir, I thank God my Father left me wherewithal, if it pleaſe you, Sir, I have a great mind to this Gentlewoman here, in the way of marriage.

Lanc. I thank you, Sir: pleaſe you to come to *Lewſome*, to my poor Houſe, you ſhall be kindly welcome: I knew your Father, he was a wary Husband: to pay here, Drawer.

Draw. All is paid, Sir: this Gentleman hath paid all.

Lanc. I'faith you do us wrong,
But we ſhall live to make amends ere long:
Maſter *Flowerdale*, is that your Man?

Flow. Yes Faith, a good old Knave.

Lanc. Nay then I think you will turn wiſe,
Now you take ſuch a Servant:
Come, you'll ride with us to *Lewſome*, let's away,
'Tis ſcarce two hours to the end of day. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Sir Arthur Greenſhood, Oliver, Lieutenant *and* Souldiers.

Arth. Lieutenant, lead your Souldiers to the Ships,
There let them have their Coats, at their arrival
They ſhall have pay: farewel, look to your charge.

Soul. I, we are now ſent away, and cannot ſo much as ſpeak with our Friends.

Oli. No man what ere you uſed a zutch a faſhion, thick you cannot take your leave of your vreens.

Arth. Fellow, no more, Lieutenant lead them off.

Soul. Well, if I have not my pay and my Cloaths,
I'll venture a running away, though I hang for't.

Arth. Away ſirrah, charm your tongue.

[*Exeunt* Souldiers.

Oli. Bin you a preſſer, Sir?

Arth. I am a Commander, Sir, under the King.

Oli. Sfoot man, and you be nere zutch a Commander, Shud a ſpoke with my vreens before I chid a gone, ſo ſhud.

Arth. Content your ſelf man, my Authority will ſtretch to preſs ſo good a man as you.

Oli. Preſs me? I devy, preſs Scoundrels, and thy Meſſels: preſs me, chee ſcorns thee i'faith: For ſeeſt thee, here's a worſhipful Knight knows, cham not to be preſſed by thee.

Enter Sir Lancelot, Weathercock, *young* Flowerdale, *old* Flowerdale, Luce, Frank.

Lanc. Sir *Arthur*, welcome to *Lewſome*, welcome by my troth, What's the matter man, why are you vext?

Oli. Why man he would preſs me.

Lanc. O fie, Sir *Arthur*, preſs him?
He is a man of reckoning.

Wea. I that he is, Sir *Arthur*, he hath the nobles,
The golden ruddocks he.

Arth. The fitter for the Wars:
And were he not in favour
With your Worſhips, he ſhould ſee,
That I have power to preſs ſo good as he.

Oli. Chill ſtand to the trial, ſo chill.

Flow. I marry ſhall he, preſs Cloth and Karſy,
White-Pot and drowſen Broth: tut, tut, he cannot.

Oli. Well, Sir, though you ſee vlouten Cloth and Karſy, chee a zeen zutch a Karſy-Coat wear out the Town ſick a zilken Jacket, as thick a one you wear.

Flow. Well ſed vlitan vlattan.

Oli. A and well ſed Cocknell, and Boe-Beſſ too: what doeſt think cham aveard of thy Zilken-Coat, no fer vere thee.

Lanc. Nay come no more, be all Lovers and Friends.

Wea. I 'tis beſt ſo, good Maſter *Oliver*.

Flow. Is your name Maſter *Oliver*, I pray you?

Oli. What tit and be tit, and grieve you.

Flow. No, but I'd gladly know if a man might not have a Fooliſh Plot out of Maſter *Oliver* to work upon.

Oli. Work thy Plots upon me, ſtand a ſide, work thy Fooliſh Plots upon me, chill ſo uſe thee, thou wert never ſo uſed ſince thy Dam bound thy Head, work upon me?

Flow. Let him come, let him come.

Oli. Zyrrha, Zyrrha, if it were not for ſhame, chee would a given thee zutch a whiſter poop under the Ear, chee would have made thee a vanged another at my feet: ſtand a ſide let me looſe, cham all of a vlaming Fire-brand; ſtand aſide.

Flow. Well I forbear you for your Friends ſake.

Oli. A vig for all my vreens, do'ſt thou tell me of my vreens?

Lanc. No more, good Maſter *Oliver*, no more, Sir *Arthur*. And Maiden, here in the ſight of all your Suters, every man of worth, I'll tell you whom I faineſt would prefer to the hard bargain of your Marriage Bed: ſhall I be plain among you, Gentlemen?

Arth. I, Sir, 'tis beſt.

Lanc. Then, Sir, firſt to you, I do confeſs you a moſt gallant Knight, a worthy Souldier, and honeſt man: but honeſty maintains a *French*-hood, goes very ſeldome in a Chain of Gold, keeps a ſmall train of Servants: hath few Friends: and for this wild Oats here, young *Flowerdale*, I will not judge, God can work Miracles, but he were better make a hundred new, than thee a thrifty and an honeſt one.

Wea. Believe me he hath hit you there, he hath touched you to the quick, that he hath.

Flow. Woodcock a my ſide, why, Maſter *Weathercock*, you know I am honeſt, howſoever trifles.

Wea. Now by my troth, I know no otherwiſe,
O, your old Mother was a Dame indeed:
Heaven hath her Soul, and my VVives too, I truſt:
And your good Father, honeſt Gentleman,
He is gone a Journey as I hear, far hence.

Flow. I God be praiſed, he is far enough,
He is gone a Pilgrimage to Paradiſe.
And left me to cut a Caper againſt care,
Luce look on me that am as light air.

Luce. I'faith I like not ſhadows, bubbles, broth,
I hate a light a love, as I hate death.

Lanc. Girl, hold thee there:
Look on this *Devonſhire* Lad:
Fat, fair, and lovely, both in purſe and perſon.

Oli. VVell, Sir, cham as the Lord hath made me, You know me well ivin, cha have three-ſcore pack of Karſay, and Blackem Hall, and chief credit beſide, and my Fortunes may be ſo good as an others, zo it may.

Lance. 'Tis you I love, whatſoever others ſay.

Arth. Thanks, faireſt.
Flow. VVhat, would'ſt thou have me quarrel with him?
Fath. Do but ſay he ſhall hear from you.
Lan. Yet, Gentlemen, howſoever I prefer this *Devonſhire* Suitor, I'll enforce no love, my Daughter ſhall have her liberty to chooſe whom ſhe likes beſt: In your Love-ſuit proceed. Not all of you but only one muſt ſpeed.
Wea. You have ſaid well: Indeed right well.

Enter Artichoak.

Arti. Miſtreſs, here's one would ſpeak with you, my fellow *Daffidill* hath him in the Cellar already he knows him, he met him at *Croydon* Fair.
Lance. O I remember, a little Man.
Arti. I, a very little Man.
Lance. And yet a proper Man.
Arti. A very proper, very little Man.
Lance. His name is Monſieur *Civet*.
Arti. The ſame, Sir.
Lance. Come, Gentlemen, if other Suitors come,
My fooliſh Daughter will be fitted too:
But *Delia* my Saint, no Man dare move,
[*Exeunt all but Young* Flowerdale *and* Oliver, *and Old* Flowerdale.
Flow. Hark you, Sir, a word.
Oli. What ha an you ſay to me now?
Flow. Ye ſhall hear from me, and that very ſhortly.
Oli. Is that all, vare thee well, chee vere thee not a vig.
[*Exit* Oliver.
Flow. What if he ſhould come more? I am fairly dreſt.
Fath. I do not mean that you ſhall meet with him,
But preſently we'll go and draw a Will:
Where we'll ſet down Land, that we never ſaw,
And we will have it of ſo large a Sum,
Sir *Lancelot* ſhall intreat you take his Daughter:
This being formed, give it Maſter *Weathercock*,
And make Sir *Lancelot*'s Daughter Heir of all:
And make him ſwear never to ſhew the Will
To any one, until that you be dead.
This done, the fooliſh Changling *Weathercock*,
Will ſtraight diſcourſe unto Sir *Lancelot*,
The Form and Tenor of your Teſtament,
Nor ſtand to pauſe of it, be rul'd by me:
What will enſue, that ſhall you quickly ſee.
Flow. Come let's about it; if that a Will, ſweet *Kit*,
Can get the Wench, I ſhall renown thy Wit. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Daffidil.

Daff. Miſtreſs, ſtill froward?
No kind looks unto your *Daffidil*, now by the gods.
Luce. Away my fooliſh Knave, let my hand go.
Daff. There's your hand, but this ſhall go with me:
My heart is thine, this is my True Loves Fee.
Luce. I'll have your Coat ſtript o're your Ears for this,
You ſawcy Raſcal.

Enter Lancelot *and* Weathercock.

Lance. How now, Maid, what is the news with you?
Luce. Your Man is ſomething ſawcy. [*Exit* Luce.
Lance. Go to, Sirrah, I'll talk with you anon.
Daff. Sir, I am a Man to be talked withal,
I am no Horſe, I trow:
I know my ſtrength then no more than ſo.
Wea. A by the matkins, good Sir *Lancelot*, I ſaw him the other day hold up the Bucklers, like an *Hercules*,
I faith God-a-mercy, Lad, I like thee well.
La. I, I, like him well, go Sirrah, fetch me a cup of wine,
That e're I part with Maſter *Weathercock*,
We may drink down our farewel in French Wine.
Wea. I thank you, Sir, I thank you, friendly Knight,
I'll come and viſit you, by the Mouſe-foot I will:
In the mean time, take heed of cutting *Flowerdale*.
He is a deſperate Dick, I warrant you.
Lance. He is, he is: Fill, *Daffidil*, fill me ſome wine,
Ha, what wears he on his arm?
My Daughter *Luces* Bracelet, I, 'tis the ſame:
Ha to you, Maſter *Weathercock*.
Wea. I thank you, Sir: Here, *Daffidil*, an honeſt fellow and a tall thou art: Well: I'll take my leave, good night, and I hope to have you and all your Daughters at my poor houſe, in good ſooth I muſt.
Lance. Thanks, Maſter *Weathercock*, I ſhall be bold to trouble you be ſure.
Wea. And welcom, heartily farewel. [*Exit* Weath.
Lance. Sirrah, I ſaw my Daughters wrong, and withal her Bracelet on your arm; off with it: and with it my Livery too: have I care to ſee my Daughter matched with men of worſhip, and are you grown ſo bold? Go, Sirrah, from my houſe, or I'll whip you hence.
Daff. I'll not be whipt, Sir, there's your Livery,
This is a Serving mans reward, what care I,
I have means to truſt to, I ſcorn ſervice I.
[*Exit* Daffidil.
Lance. I a luſty Knave, but I muſt let him go.
Our Servants muſt be taught what they ſhould know.

Enter Sir Arthur *and* Luce.

Luce. Sir, as I am a Maid, I do affect you above any Suitor that I have, although that Souldiers ſcarce know how to love.
Arth. I am a Souldier, and a Gentleman
Knows what belongs to VVar, what to a Lady:
What man offends me, that my Sword ſhall right:
What woman loves me, I am her faithful Knight.
Luce. I neither doubt your Valour nor your Love, but there be ſome that bear a Souldiers form, that ſwear by him they never think upon, go ſwaggering up and down from houſe to houſe, crying, God pays: And ——
Arth. I faith, Lady, I'll deſcry you ſuch a man,
Of them there be many which you have ſpoke of,
That bear the name and ſhape of Souldiers,
Yet, God knows, very ſeldome ſaw the War:
That haunt your Taverns and your Ordinaries,
Your Ale-houſes ſometimes, for all a-like
To uphold the bruitiſh humour of their minds,
Being marked down, for the bondmen of deſpair:
Their mirth begins in wine, but ends in bloud,
Their drink is clear, but their conceits are mud.
Luce. Yet theſe are great Gentlemen Souldiers.
Arth. No they are wretched ſlaves,
Whoſe deſperate lives doth bring them timeleſs graves.
Luce. Both for your ſelf, and for your form of life,
If I may chooſe, I'll be a Souldiers Wife.

Enter Sir Lancelot *and* Oliver.

Oli. And tut truſt to it, ſo then.
Lance. Aſſure your ſelf,
You ſhall be married with all ſpeed we may:
One day ſhall ſerve for *Frances* and for *Luce*.
Oli. Why che wood vain know the time, for providing VVedding Raiments.
Lance. VVhy no more but this, firſt get your aſſurance made touching my Daughters Joynture, that diſpatched, we will in two days make proviſion.
Ol. Why man, chil have the writings made by to morrow.
Lance. To morrow be it then, let's meet at the King's Head in Fiſh ſtreet.
Oli. No, fie man, no, let's meet at the Roſe at *Temple Bar*, that will be nearer your Counſellor and mine.
Lance. At the Roſe be it then, the hour nine,
He that comes laſt forfeits a Pint of wine.
Oli. A Pint is no payment,
Let it be a whole Quart, or nothing.

Enter Artichoak.

Arti. Maſter, here is a man would ſpeak with Maſter *Oliver*, he comes from young Maſter *Flowerdale.*

Oli. Why chil ſpeak with him, chil ſpeak with him.

Lance. Nay, Son *Oliver*, I'le ſurely ſee,
What young *Flowerdale* hath ſent to you.
I pray God it be no quarrel.

Oli. Why man, if he quarrel with me, chil give him his hands full.

Fath. God ſave you, good Sir *Lancelot.*

Lance. Welcom, honeſt friend.

Enter old Flowerdale.

Fath. To you and yours my Maſter wiſheth health,
But unto you, Sir, this, and this he ſends:
There is the length, Sir, of his rapier,
And in that paper ſhall you know his mind.

O i. Here, chil meet him my friend, chil meet him.

Lance. Meet him, you ſhall not meet the Ruffin, fie.

Oli. And I do not meet him, chil give you leave to call Me Cut, where is't, ſirrha? where is't? where is't?

Fath. The Letter ſhows both time and place,
And if you be a man, then keep your word.

Lan. Sir, he ſhall not keep his word, he ſhall not meet.

Fath. Why let him chooſe, he'll be the better known
For a baſe Raſcal, and reputed ſo.

Oli. Zirrah, zirrah: and 'twere not an old fellow, and ſent after an errant, chid give thee ſomething, but chud be no mony: But hold thee, for I ſee thou art ſomewhat teſtorn, hold thee, there's vorty ſhillings, bring thy Maſter a veeld, chil give the vorty more, look thou bring him, chil mall him tell him, chil mar his dancing treſſels, chil uſe him, he was nere ſo uſed ſince his dam bound his head, chil make him for capering any more chy vor thee.

Fath. You ſeem a man, ſtout and reſolute,
And I will ſo report, what ere befall.

Lance. And fall out ill, aſſure thy Maſter this,
I'le make him fly the Land, or uſe him worſe.

Fath. My Maſter, Sir, deſerves not this of you,
And that you'll ſhortly find.

Lan. Thy Maſter is an unthrift, you a knave,
And I'le attach you firſt, next clap him up:
Or have him bound unto his good behaviour.

Oliver. I wood you were a ſprite if you do him any harm for this: And you do, chil nere ſee you, nor any of yours, while chil have Eyes open: what do you think, chil be abaffelled up and down the town for a meſſel, and a ſcoundrel, no chy bor you: zirrha chil come, zay no more, chil come tell him.

Fath. Well, Sir, my Maſter deſerves not this of you,
And that you'll ſhortly find. [*Exit.*

Oli. No matter, he's an unthrift, I defie him.

Lan. No, gentle Son, let me know the place.

Oli. Now chye vor you.

Lan. Let me ſee the Note.

Oli. Nay, chil watch you for zutch a trick.
But if chee meet him, zo, if not, zo: chil make him know me, or chil know why I ſhall not, chil vare the worſe.

Lan. What will you then neglect my Daughters love?
Venture your ſtate and hers, for a looſe brawl?

Oli. Why man, chil not kill him, marry chil veze him too, and again; and zo God be with you vather.
What, man, we ſhall meet to morrow. [*Exit.*

Lan. Who would have thought he had bin ſo deſperate.
Come forth my honeſt Servant *Artichoak*,

Enter Artichoak.

Arti. Now, what's the matter? ſome brawl toward, I warrant you.

Lan. Go get me thy Sword bright ſcowred, thy buckler mended, O for that knave, that villain *Daffidill* would have done good ſervice. But to thee.

Arti. I, this is the tricks of all you Gentlemen, when you ſtand in need of a good fellow. O for that *Daffidill*, O where is he? but if you be angry, and it be but for the wagging of a ſtraw, then out a doors with the knave, turn the coat over his Ears. This is the humour of you all.

Lan. O for that knave, that luſty *Daffidill.*

Arti. Why there 'tis now: our years wages and our vails will ſcarce pay for broken Swords and bucklers that we uſe in our quarrels. But I'le not fight if *Daffidill* be a tother ſide, that's flat.

Lan. 'Tis no ſuch matter, man, get weapons ready, and be at *London* ere the break of day: watch near the lodging of the *Devon-ſhire* Youth, but be unſeen: and as he goes out, as he will go out, and that very early without doubt.

Arti. What, would you have me draw upon him,
As he goes in the ſtreet?

Lance. Not for a world, man, into the fields. For to the field he goes, there to meet the deſperate *Flowerdale:* Take thou the part of *Oliver* my Son, for he ſhall be my Son, and marry *Luce:* Do'ſt underſtand me, knave?

Arti. I, Sir, I do underſtand you, but my young Miſtris might be better provided in matching with my fellow *Daffidill.*

Lan. No more; *Daffidill* is a knave.
That *Daffidill* is a moſt notorious knave. [*Exit.*

Enter Weathercock.

Maſter *Weathercock*, you come in happy time, The deſperate *Flowerdale* hath writ a Challenge: And who think you muſt anſwer it, but the *Devon ſhire* man, my Son *Oliver.*

Wea. Marry I am ſorry for it, good Sir *Lancelot*,
But if you will be rul'd by me, we'll ſtay the fury.

Lance. As how I pray?

Wea. Marry I'le tell you, by promiſing young *Flowerdale* the red lipped *Luce.*

Lan. I'le rather follow her unto her grave.

Wea. I, Sir *Lancelot*, I would have thought ſo too, but you and I have been deceived in him, come read this Will, or Deed, or what you call it, I know not: Come, come, your Spectacles I pray.

Lan. Nay I thank God, I ſee very well.

Wea. Marry God bleſs your Eyes, mine have been dim almoſt this thirty years.

Lance. Ha, what is this? what is this?

Wea. Nay there is true love indeed, he gave it to me but this very morn, and bad me keep it unſeen from any one, good youth, to ſee how men may be deceived.

Lan. Paſſion of me, what a wretch am I to hate this loving youth, he hath made me, together with my *Luce* he loves ſo dear, Executors of all his wealth.

Wea. All, all, good man, he hath given you all.

Lan. Three ſhips now in the Straits, and home ward bound,
Two Lordſhips of two hundred pound a year:
The one in *Wales*, the other in *Gloſter-ſhire:*
Debts and accounts are thirty thouſand pound,
Plate, Money, Jewels, ſixteen thouſand more,
Two houſen furniſhed well in *Cole-man* ſtreet:
Beſide whatſoever his Uncle leaves to him,
Being of great demeans and wealth at *Peckham.*

Wea. How like you this good Knight? How like you this?

Lan. I have done him wrong.
But now I'le make amends,
The *Devonſhire* man ſhall whiſtle for a wife,
He marry *Luce*! *Luce* ſhall be *Flowerdale*'s.

Wea. Why that is friendly ſaid, let's ride to *London* and prevent their match, by promiſing your Daughter to that lovely Lad.

Lanc. We'll ride to *London*, or it ſhall not need,
We'll croſs to *Dedford ſtrand*, and take a Boat:
Where be theſe Knaves? what *Artichoak*, what *Fop?*

Enter Artichoak.

Art. Here be the very Knaves, but not the merry Knaves.

Lanc. Here take my Cloak, I'll have a walk to *Dedford.*

Art. Sir, we have been ſcouring of our Swords and Bucklers for your defence.

Lanc. Defence me no defence, let your Swords ruſt, I'll have no fighting: I, let blows alone, bid *Delia* ſee all things be in readineſs againſt the Wedding, we'll have two at once, and that will ſave charges, Maſter *Weathercock.*

Art. Well we will do it, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Civet, Frank, *and* Delia.

Civ. By my troth this is good luck, I thank God for this. In good ſooth I have even my hearts deſire: Siſter *Delia*, now I may boldly call you ſo, for your Father hath frank and freely given me his Daughter *Franck.*

Fran. I by my troth, *Tom*, thou haſt my good will too, for I thank God I longed for a Husband, and would I might never ſtir, for one his name was *Tom.*

Delia. Why, Siſter, now you have your wiſh.

Civ. You ſay very true, Siſter *Delia*, and I prethee call me nothing but *Tom:* and I'll call thee ſweet heart, and *Frank:* will it not do well, Siſter *Delia?*

Delia. It will do very well with both of you.

Fran. But *Tom*, muſt I go as I do now when I am married?

Civ. No *Franck*, I'll have thee go like a Citizen
In a garded Gown, and a French-Hood.

Fran. By my troth that will be excellent indeed.

Delia. Brother, maintain your Wife to your Eſtate,
Apparel you your ſelf like to your Father:
And let her go like to your ancient Mother,
He ſparing got his wealth, left it to you,
Brother take heed of Pride, ſome bids thrift adieu.

Civ. So as my Father and my Mother went, that's a Jeſt indeed, why ſhe went in a fringed Gown, a ſingle Ruff, and a white Cap. And my Father in a Mocado Coat, a pair of red Sattin Sleeves, and a Canvis back.

Delia. And yet his wealth was all as much as yours.

Civ. My Eſtate, my Eſtate, I thank God, is forty pound a year in good Leaſes and Tenements, beſides twenty mark a year at Cuckolds-Haven, and that comes to us all by inheritance.

Delia. That may indeed, 'tis very fitly plied,
I know not how it comes, but ſo it falls out
That thoſe whoſe Fathers have died wondrous rich,
And took no pleaſure but to gather wealth,
Thinking of little that they leave behind:
For them they hope, will be of their like mind.
But falls out contrary, forty years ſparing
Is ſcarce three ſeven years ſpending, never caring
What will enſue, when all their Coin is gone,
And all too late, then Thrift is thought upon:
Oft have I heard, that Pride and Riot kiſt,
And then repentance cries, for had I wiſt.

Civ. You ſay well, Siſter *Delia*, you ſay well: but I mean to live within my bounds: for look you, I have ſet down my reſt thus far, but to maintain my Wife in her French Hood, and her Coach, keep a couple of Geldings, and a brace of Gray-hounds, and this is all I'll do.

Delia. And you'll do this with forty pound a year?

Civ. I, and a better penny, Siſter.

Fran. Siſter, you forget that at Cuckolds-Haven.

Civ. By my troth well remembred, *Franck*,
I'll give thee that to buy thee Pins.

Delia. Keep you the reſt for points, alas the day,
Fools ſhall have wealth, though all the World ſay nay:
Come, Brother, will you in, Dinner ſtays for us.

Civ. I, good Siſter, with all my heart.

Fran. I by my troth, *Tom*, for I have a good ſtomach.

Civ. And I the like, ſweet *Franck*, no Siſter,
Do not think I'll go beyond my bounds.

Delia. God grant you may not. [*Exeunt.*

Enter young Flowerdale *and his Father, with foils in their hands.*

Flow. Sirrah *Kit*, tarry thou there, I have ſpied Sir *Lancelot*, and old *Weathercock* coming this way, they are hard at hand, I will by no means be ſpoken withal.

Fath. I'll warrant you, go get you in.

Enter Lancelot *and* Weathercock.

Lanc. Now, my honeſt Friend, thou doſt belong to Maſter *Flowerdale?*

Fath. I do, Sir.

Lanc. Is he within, my good Fellow?

Fath. No, Sir, he is not within.

Lanc. I prethee if he be within, let me ſpeak with him.

Fath. Sir, to tell you true, my Maſter is within, but indeed would not be ſpoke withal: there be ſome terms that ſtands upon his reputation, therefore he will not admit any conference till he hath ſhook them off.

Lanc. I prithee tell him his very good Friend Sir *Lancelot Spurcock* intreats to ſpeak with him.

Fath. By my troth, Sir, if you come to take up the matter between my Maſter and the *Devonſhire* man, you do but beguile your hopes, and loſe your labour.

Lanc. Honeſt Friend, I have not any ſuch thing to him, I come to ſpeak with him about other matters.

Fath. For my Maſter, Sir, hath ſet down his reſolution, either to redeem his honour, or leave his liſe behind him.

Lanc. My Friend, I do not know any quarrel touching thy Maſter or any other perſon, my buſineſs is of a different nature to him, and I prithee ſo tell him.

Fath. For howſoever the *Devonſhire* man is,
My Maſters mind is bloudy: that's a round O,
And therefore, Sir, intreaties are but vain:

Lanc. I have no ſuch thing to him, I tell thee once again.

Fath. I will then ſo ſignifie to him. [*Exit* Father.

Lanc. A Sirrah, I ſee this matter is hotly carried.
But I'll labour to diſſwade him from it.

Enter Flowerdale.

Good morrow Maſter *Flowerdale.*

Flow. Good morrow, good Sir *Lancelot*,
Good morrow, Maſter *Weathercock*;
By my troth, Gentlemen, I have been reading over
Nick Machiavel, I find him
Good to be known, not to be followed:
A peſtilent humane Fellow, I have made
Certain Annotations of him ſuch as they be:
And how is't, Sir *Lancelot?* ha? how is't?
A mad World, men cannot live quiet in it.

Lanc. Maſter *Flowerdale*, I do underſtand there is ſome jar between the *Devonſhire* man and you.

Fath. They, Sir? they are good Friends as can be.

Flow. Who Maſter *Oliver* and I? as good Friends as can be.

Lanc. It is a kind of ſafety in you to deny it, and a generous ſilence, which too few are indued withal: But, Sir, ſuch a thing I hear, and I could wiſh it otherwiſe.

Flow. No ſuch thing, Sir *Lancelot*, a my reputation, as I am an honeſt man.

Lanc. Now I do believe you then, if you do
Ingage your reputation there is none.

Flow. Nay I do not ingage my reputation there is not,
You ſhall not bind me to any condition of hardneſs:
But if there be any thing between us, then there is,
If there be not, then there is not: be, or be not, all is one.

Lance. I do perceive by this, that there is ſomething between you, and I am very ſorry for it.

Flow. You may be deceived, Sir *Lancelot*, the *Italian*
Hath a pretty ſaying, *Queſto?* I have forgot it too,
'Tis out of my head, but in my tranſlation
Iſt hold thus, thou haſt a friend, keep him; If a foe trip him.

Lan. Come, I do ſee by this there is ſomewhat between you,
And before God I could wiſh it otherwiſe.

Flow. Well what is between us, can hardly be altered:
Sir *Lancelot*, I am to ride forth to morrow,
That way which I muſt ride, no man muſt deny
Me the Sun, I would not by any particular man,
Be denied common and general paſſage. If any one
Saith, *Flowerdale*, thou paſſeſt not this way:
My anſwer is, I muſt either on or return,
But return is not my word, I muſt on:
If I cannot, then make my way, nature
Hath done the laſt for me, and there's the fine.

Lan. Mr. *Flowerdale*, every man hath one tongue,
And two Ears, nature in her building,
Is a moſt curious work-maſter.

Flow. That is as much as to ſay, a man ſhould hear more
Than he ſhould ſpeak.

Lan. You ſay true, and indeed I have heard more,
Than at this time I will ſpeak.

Flow. You ſay well,

Lan. Slanders are more common then troths Maſter *Flowerdale*, but proof is the rule for both.

Flow. You ſay true, what do you call him
Hath it there in his third canton?

Lan. I have heard you have been wild: I have believ'd it.

Flow. 'Twas fit, 'twas neceſſary.

Lance. But I have ſeen ſomewhat of late in you,
That hath confirmed in me an opinion of
Goodneſs toward you.

Flow. I'Faith Sir, I am ſure I never did you harm:
Some good I have done, either to you or yours,
I am ſure you know not, neither is it my will you ſhould.

Lance. I, your Will, Sir.

Flow. I my will, Sir: 'sfoot do you know ought of my Will,
Begod and you do, Sir, I am abuſed.

Lan. Go, Mr. *Flowerdale*, what I know, I know:
And know you thus much out of my knowledge,
That I truly love you. For my Daughter,
She's yours. And if you like a marriage better
Than a brawl, all quirks of reputation ſet aſide, go with me preſently: And where you ſhould fight a bloody battle, you ſhall be married to a lovely Lady.

Flow. Nay but, Sir *Lancelot?*

Lan. If you will not imbrace my offer, yet aſſure your ſelf thus much, I will have order to hinder your encounter.

Flow. Nay but hear me, Sir *Lancelot.*

Lance. Nay ſtand not you upon imputative honor,
'Tis meerly unſound, unprofitable, and idle
Inferences: your buſineſs is to wed my Daughter, therefore give me your preſent word to do it, I'le go and provide the maid, therefore give me your preſent reſolution, either now or never.

Flow. Will you ſo put me to it?

Luce. I a fore God, either take me now, or take me never.
Elſe what I thought ſhould be our match, ſhall be our parting,
So fare you well for ever.

Flow. Stay: fall out, what may fall, my love
Is above all: I will come.

Lance. I expect you, and ſo fare you well.
[*Exit Sir* Lancelot.

Fath. Now, Sir, how ſhall we do for wedding apparel?

Flow. By the Maſs that's true: now help *Kit*,
The marriage ended, we'll make amends for all.

Fath. Well, no more, prepare you for your Bride,
We will not want for cloaths, what ſo ere betide.

Flow. And thou ſhalt ſee, when once I have my Dower,
In mirth we'll ſpend,
Full many a merry hour:
As for this wench, I not regard a pin,
It is her gold muſt bring my pleaſures in.

Fath. Is't poſſible, he hath his ſecond living,
Forſaking God, himſelf to the Devil giving:
But that I knew his Mother firm and chaſt,
My heart would ſay, my head ſhe had diſgrac't:
Elſe would I ſwear, he never was my Son,
But her fair mind ſo foul a deed did ſhun.

Enter Uncle.

Unc. How, now, Brother, how do you find your Son?

Fath. O Brother, heedleſs as a libertine,
Even grown a Maſter in the School of Vice,
One that doth nothing, but invent deceit:
For all the day he humours up and down,
How he the next day might deceive his friend,
He thinks of nothing but the preſent time:
For one groat ready down, he'll pay a ſhilling,
But then the lender muſt needs ſtay for it.
When I was young, I had the ſcope of youth,
Both wild, and wanton, careleſs and deſperate:
But ſuch mad ſtrains, as he's poſſeſt withal,
I thought it wonder for to dream upon.

Unc. I told you ſo, but you would not believe it.

Fath. Well I have found it, but one thing comforts me;
Brother, to morrow he's to be married
To beauteous *Luce*, Sir *Lancelot Spurcocks* Daughter.

Unc. Is't poſſible?

Fath. 'Tis true, and thus I mean to curb him,
This day, Brother, I will you ſhall arreſt him:
If any thing will tame him, it muſt be that,
For he is rank in miſchief, chained to a life,
That will increaſe his ſhame, and kill his wife.

Unc. What arreſt him on his wedding day?
That were unchriſtian, and an unhumane part:
How many couple even for that very day,
Have purchaſt ſeven years ſorrow afterward?
Forbear him then to day, do it to morrow,
And this day mingle not his joy with ſorrow.

Fath. Brother, I'le have it done this very day,
And in the view of all, as he comes from Church:
Do but obſerve the courſe that he will take,
Upon my life he will forſwear the debt:
And for we'll have the ſumm ſhall not be ſlight,
Say that he owes you near three thouſand pound:
Good Brother, let it be done immediately.

Unc. Well, ſeeing you will have it ſo,
Brother I'le do't, and ſtraight provide the Sheriff.

Fath. So Brother, by this means ſhall we perceive
What Sir *Lancelot* in this pinch will do:
And how his wife doth ſtand affected to him,
Her love will then be tried to the uttermoſt:
And all the reſt of them. Brother, what I will do,
Shall harm him much, and much avail him too. [*Exit.*

Oli. Cham aſhured thick be the place, that the ſcoundrel
Appointed to meet me, if a come, zo: if a come not, zo.
And che war aviſe, he would make a Coyſtrel an us,
Ched veſe him, and che vang him in hand, che would
Hoyſt him, and give it him too and again, zo chud:
Who been a there, Sir *Arthur*, chil ſtay aſide.

Ar. I have dog'd the *Devon-ſhire* man into the field,
For fear of any harm that ſhould befal him:
I had an inckling of that yeſternight,
That *Flowerdale* and he ſhould meet this morning:
Though of my Soul, *Oliver* fears him not,
Yet for I'd ſee fair play on either ſide,
Made me to come, to ſee their valours tri'd.
Good morrow to Maſter *Oliver.*

Oli. God and good morrow.

Arth. What, Maſter *Oliver*, are you angry?

Oli. What an it be, tyt an grieven you?

Arth. Not me at all, Sir, but I imagine
By your being here thus armed,
You ſtay for ſome that you ſhould fight withal.

Oli. Why and he do, che would not dezire you to take his part.

Arth. No by my troth, I think you need it not,
For he you look for, I think means not to come.

Oli. No, and che war aſhure of that, ched aveſe him in another place.

Enter Daffidil.

Daff. O, Sir *Arthur*, Maſter *Oliver*, aye me,
Your Love, and yours, and mine, ſweet Miſtreſs *Luce*
This morning is married to young *Flowerdale.*

Arth. Married to *Flowerdale*! 'tis impoſſible.

Oli. Married, man? che hope thou doſt but jeſt:
To make an a volowten merriment of it.

Daff. O 'tis too true, here comes his Uncle.

Enter Flowerdale, Sheriff, Officers.

Vnc. Good morrow, Sir *Arthur*, good morrow, Maſter *Oliver.*

Oli. God and good morn, Mr. *Flowerdale*, Ipray tellen us, is your Scoundrel Kinſman married?

Ar. Mr. *Oliver*, call him what you will, but he is married
To Sir *Lancelot*'s Daughter here.

Vnc. Sir *Arthur*, unto her?

Oli. I, ha the old vellow zerved me thick a trick?
Why man, he was a promiſe, chil chud a had her,
Is a zitch a vox, chill look to his water che vor him.

Vnc. The muſick plays; they are coming from the Church.
Sheriff, do your office: Fellows, ſtand ſtoutly to it.

Enter all to the Wedding.

Oli. God give you joy, as the old zaid Proverb is, and ſome zorrow among. You met us well, did you not?

Lance. Nay, be not angry, Sir, the fault is in me,
I have done all the wrong, kept him from coming to the field to you, as I might, Sir, for I am a Juſtice, and ſworn to keep the peace.

Wea. I marry is he, Sir, a very Juſtice, and ſworn to keep the peace, you muſt not diſturb the Weddings.

Lan. Nay, never frown nor ſtorm, Sir, if you do,
I'll have an order taken for you.

Oli. Well, well, chill be quiet.

Wea. Mr. *Flowerdale*, Sir *Lancelot*, look you, who here is?
M. *Flowerdale.*

Lance. M. *Flowerdale*, welcome with all my heart.

Flow. Uncle, this is ſhe i'faith: Maſter Under-ſheriff,
Arreſt me? At whoſe ſuit? Draw, *Kit.*

Vnc. At my Suit, Sir.

Lan. Why, what's the matter, Mr. *Flowerdale*?

Vnc. This is the matter, Sir, this unthrift here,
Hath cozend you, and hath had of me,
In ſeveral Summs three thouſand pound.

Flow. Why, Uncle, Uncle.

Vnc. Couſin, Couſin, you have Uncled me,
And if you be not ſtaid, you'll prove
A Cozener unto all that know you.

Lance. Why, Sir, ſuppoſe he be to you in debt
Ten thouſand pound, his State to me appears,
To be at leaſt three thouſand by the year.

Vnc. O, Sir, I was too late informed of that plot,
How that he went about to cozen you:
And form'd a Will, and ſent it to your good
Friend there, Maſter *Weathercock*, in which was
Nothing true, but brags and lies.

Lanc. Ha, hath he not ſuch Lordſhips,
Lands, and Ships?

Vnc. Not worth a Groat, not worth a Half-penny he.

Lance. I pray tell us true, be plain, young *Flowerdale.*

Flow. My Uncle here's mad,
And diſpoſed to do me wrong,
But here's my man an honeſt Fellow
By the Lord, and of good credit, knows all is true.

Fath. Not I, Sir, I am too old to lie, I rather know
You forg'd a Will, where every line you writ,
You ſtudied where to quote your Lands might lie.

Wea. And I prithee where be thy honeſt Friends?

Fath. Iſaith no where, Sir, for he hath none at all.

Wea. Benedicity, we are o're-reach'd, I believe.

Lanc. I am cozen'd, and my hopefull'ſt Child undone.

Flow. You are not cozen'd, nor is ſhe undone,
They ſlander me, by this Light, they ſlander me:
Look you, my Uncle here's an Uſurer, & would undo me,
But I'll ſtand in Law, do you but bail me, you ſhall do no more:
You Brother *Civet*, and Maſter *Weathercock*, do but
Bayl me, and let me have my marriage money
Paid me, and we'll ride down,
And there your own Eyes ſhall ſee,
How my poor Tenants there will welcome me.
You ſhall but bayl me, you ſhall do no more,
And you, greedy Gnat, their bayl will ſerve.

Vnc. I, Sir, I'll ask no better bayl.

Lan. No, Sir, you ſhall not take my bayl, nor his,
Nor my Son *Civets*, I'll not be cheated, I,
Sheriff, take your priſoner, I'll not deal with him:
Let's Uncle make falſe Dice with his falſe bones,
I will not have to do with him:
Mock'd, gull'd, and wrong'd.
Come, Girl, though it be late, it falls out well,
Thou ſhalt not live with him in Beggars Hell.

Luc. He is my Husband, and high Heaven doth know,
With what unwillingneſs I went to Church,
But you enforced me, you compelled me to it:
The holy Church-man pronounc'd theſe words but now,
I muſt not leave my Husband in diſtreſs:
Now I muſt comfort him, not go with you.

Lan. Comfort a Cozener? On my curſe forſake him?

Lu. This day you cauſed me on your curſe to take him:
Do not, I pray, my grieved Soul oppreſs,
God knows my heart doth bleed at his diſtreſs.

Lan. O Maſter *Weathercock*, I muſt confeſs I forc'd her to this match. Led with opinion his falſe Will was true.

Wea. Ah, he hath over-reached me too.

Lan. She might have liv'd like *Delia*, in a happy Virgins ſtate.

Delia. Father, be patient, ſorrow comes too late.

Lance. And on her Knees ſhe begg'd and did intreat,
If ſhe muſt needs taſte a ſad marriage life,
She crav'd to be Sir *Arthur Greenſhield*'s Wife.

Arth. You have done her and me the greater wrong.

Lanc. O take her yet.

Arth. Not I.

Lanc. Or, Maſter *Oliver*, accept my Child, and half my wealth is yours.

Oli. No, Sir, chill break no Laws.

Luce. Never fear, ſhe will not trouble you.

Delia. Yet, Siſter, in this paſſion do not run headlong to confuſion. You may affect him, though not follow him.

Frank. Do, Siſter, hang him, let him go.

Wea. Do faith, Miſtreſs *Luce*, leave him.

Luce. You are three groſs fools, let me alone,
I ſwear, I'll live with him in all moan.

Oli. But an he have his legs at liberty,
Cham aveard he will never live with you.

Arth. I, but he is now in Huckſters handling for running away.

Lanc. Huſwife, you hear how you and I am wrong'd,

And if you will redreſs it yet you may:
But if you ſtand on terms to follow him,
Never come near my ſight, nor look on me,
Call me not Father, look not for a Groat,
For all the Portion I will this day give
Unto thy Siſter *Frances.*
Fran. How ſay you to that, *Tom?*
I ſhall have a good deal,
Beſides I'll be a good Wife, and a good Wiſe
Is a good thing I can tell.
Civ. Peace, *Franck*, I would be ſorry to ſee thy Siſter
Caſt away, as I am a Gentleman.
Lanc. What, are you yet reſolved?
Luce. Yes, I am reſolved.
Lanc. Come then away, or now, or never come.
Luce. This way I turn, go you unto your Feaſt,
And I to weep, that am with grief oppreſt.
Lanc. For ever fly my ſight: come, Gentlemen,
Let's in, I'll help you to far better Wives than her.
Delia, upon my bleſſing talk not to her,
Baſe Baggage, in ſuch haſte to Beggery?
Vnc. Sheriff, take your Priſoner to your charge.
Flow. Uncle, Be-gad you have us'd me very hardly,
By my troth, upon my Wedding-Day.

Exeunt all: Young Flowerdale, *his Father, Vncle,*
Sheriff, and Officers.

Luce. O, Maſter *Flowerdale*, but hear me ſpeak,
Stay but a little while, good Maſter Sheriff,
If not for him, for my ſake pitty him:
Good Sir, ſtop not your Ears at my complaint,
My Voice grows weak, for Womens words are faint.
Flow. Look you, ſhe kneels to you.
Vnc. Fair Maid, for you, I love you with my heart,
And grieve, ſweet Soul, thy Fortune is ſo bad,
That thou ſhould'ſt match with ſuch a graceleſs Youth,
Go to thy Father, think not upon him,
Whom Hell hath mark'd to be the Son of ſhame.
Luce. Impute his wildneſs, Sir, unto his youth,
And think that now is the time he doth repent:
Alas, what good or gain can you receive,
To impriſon him that nothing hath to pay?
And where nought is, the King doth loſe his due,
O pitty him as God ſhall pitty you.
Vnc. Lady, I know his humours all too well,
And nothing in the World can do him good,
But miſery it ſelf to chain him with.
Luce. Say that your Debts were paid, then is he free?
Vnc. I, Virgin, that being anſwered, I have done.
But to him that is all as impoſſible,
As I to ſcale the high Piramidies.
Sheriff, take your Priſoner, Maiden, fare thee well.
Luce. O go not yet, good Maſter *Flowerdale:*
Take my word for the Debt, my word, my Bond.
Flow. I, by God, *Vncle*, and my Bond too.
Luce. Alas, I ne're ought nothing but I paid it;
And I can work, alas, he can do nothing:
I have ſome Friends perhaps will pitty me,
His chiefeſt Friends do ſeek his miſery.
All that I can, or beg, get, or receive,
Shall be for you: O do not turn away:
Me thinks within a Face ſo reverent,
So well experienced in this tottering World,
Should have ſome feeling of a Maidens grief:
For my ſake, his Fathers and your Brothers ſake,
I, for yonr Souls ſake that doth hope for joy,
Pitty my ſtate, do not two Souls deſtroy.
Vnc. Fair Maid, ſtand up, not in regard of him,
But in pitty of thy hapleſs choice,
I do releaſe him: Maſter Sheriff, I thank you:
And Officers, there is for you to drink.
Here, Maid, take this money, there is a hundred Angels;
And for I will be ſure he ſhall not have it,
Here, *Keſter*, take it you, and uſe it ſparingly,
But let not her have any want at all.
Dry your Eyes, Niece, do not too much lament
For him, whoſe Life hath been in riot ſpent:
If well he uſeth thee, he gets him Friends,
If ill, a ſhameful end on him depends. [*Exit* Uncle.
Flow. A Plague go with you for an old Fornicator:
Come, *Kit*, the money, come, honeſt *Kit.*
Fath. Nay by my Faith, Sir, you ſhall pardon me.
Flow. And why, Sir, pardon you? give me the money, you old Raſcal, or I ſhall make you.
Luce. Pray hold your hands, give it him honeſt Friend.
Fath. If you be ſo content, withal my heart.
Flow. Content, Sir, 'sblood ſhe ſhall be content
Whether ſhe will or no. A rattle-baby come to follow me?
Go, get you gone to the greaſy chuff your Father,
Bring me your Dowry, or never look on me.
Fath. Sir, ſhe hath forſook her Father, and all her Friends for you.
Flow. Hang thee, her Friends and Father altogether.
Fath. Yet part with ſomething to provide her Lodging.
Flow. Yes, I mean to part with her and you, but if I part with one Angel, hang me at a Poſt. I'll rather throw them at a caſt of Dice, as I have done a thouſand of their fellows.
Fath. Nay then I will be plain, degenerate Boy,
Thou hadſt a Father would have been aſhamed.
Flow. My Father was an Aſs, an old Aſs.
Fath. Thy Father? proud licentious Villain:
What are you at your foils? I'll foil with you.
Luce. Good Sir, forbear him.
Fath. Did not this whining Woman hang on me,
I'd teach thee what it was to abuſe thy Father:
Go hang, beg, ſtarve, Dice, Game, that when all is gone,
Thou may'ſt after deſpair and hang thy ſelf.
Luce. O do not Curſe him.
Fath. I do not Curſe him, and to pray for him were vain,
It grieves me that he bears his Fathers name.
Flow. Well, you old Raſcal, I ſhall meet with you:
Sirrah, get you gone, I will not ſtrip the Livery
Over your Ears, becauſe you paid for it:
But do not uſe my name, Sirrah,
Do you hear? Look you do not
Uſe my name, you were beſt.
Fath. Pay me the twenty pound then that I lent you,
Or give me ſecurity when I may have it.
Flow. I'll pay thee not a penny,
And for ſecurity, I'll give thee none.
Minckins, look you do not follow me, look you do not:
If you do, Beggar, I ſhall ſlit your noſe.
Luce. Alas, what ſhall I do?
Flow. Why turn Whore, that's a good trade,
And ſo perhaps I'll ſee thee now and then.
[*Exit* Flowerdale.
Luce. Alas-the-day that ever I was born.
Fath. Sweet Miſtreſs, do not weep, I'll ſtick to you.
Luce. Alas, my Friend, I know not what to do,
My Father and my Friends, they have deſpiſed me:
And I a wretched Maid, thus caſt away,
Knows neither where to go, nor what to ſay.
Fath. It grieves me at the Soul, to ſee her tears
Thus ſtain the Crimſon Roſes of her Cheeks:
Lady, take comfort, do not mourn in vain,
I have a little living in this Town,
The which I think comes to a hundred pound,
All that and more ſhall be at your diſpoſe;
I'll ſtrait go help you to ſome ſtrange diſguiſe,
And place you in a ſervice in this Town:
Where you ſhall know all, yet your ſelf unknown:
Come grieve no more, where no help can be had,
Weep not for him, that is more worſe than bad.
Luce. I thank you, Sir.

Enter Sir Lancelot, *Maſter* Weathercock *and them.*

Oli. Well, cha a bin zerved many a ſluttiſh trick,
But ſuch a lerripoop as thick ych was ne're a ſarved.
Lance. Son Civet, Daughter *Frances*, bear with me,
You ſee how I am preſſed down with inward grief,
About that luckleſs Girl, your Siſter *Luce.*
But 'tis faln out with me, as with many families beſide,
They are moſt unhappy, that are moſt beloved.
Civ. Father, 'tis ſo, 'tis even faln out ſo,
But what remedy? ſet hand to your heart, and let it paſs,
Here is your Daughter *Frances* and I, and we'll not ſay,
We'll bring forth as witty Children, but as pretty
Children as ever ſhe was: tho ſhe had the prick
And praiſe for a pretty wench: But Father, done is
The mouſe, you'll come?
Lance. I, Son *Civet*, I'le come.
Civ. And you, Maſter *Oliver?*
Oli. I, for che a vext out this veaſt, chil ſee if a gan
Make a better veaſt there.
Civ. And you, Sir *Arthur?*
Ar. I, Sir, although my heart be full,
I'le be a partner at your wedding feaſt.
Civ. And welcom all indeed, and welcom, come, *Franck*, are you ready?
Fran. Jeſhue, how haſty theſe Huſbands are, I pray, Father, pray to God to bleſs me.
Lance. God bleſs thee, and I do: God make thee wiſe, ſend you both joy, I wiſh it with wet Eyes.
Fran. But, Father, ſhall not my Siſter *Delia* go along with us? She is excellent good at Cookery, and ſuch things.
Lance. Yes marry ſhall ſhe: *Delia*, make you ready.
Deli. I am ready, Sir, I will firſt go to *Greenwich*,
From thence to my Couſin *Cheſterfield*, and ſo to *London.*
Civ. It ſhall ſuffice, good Siſter *Delia*, it ſhall ſuffice, but fail us not, good Siſter, give order to Cooks, and others, for I would not have my ſweet *Frank* to ſoil her fingers.
Fran. No by my troth not I, a Gentlewoman, and a married Gentlewoman too, to be companion to Cooks, And Kitchin-boys, not I, i'Faith, I ſcorn that.
Civ. Why, I do not mean thou ſhalt, ſweet heart, thou ſeeſt I do not go about it: well, farewel too: You Gods pitty Mr. *Weathercock*, we ſhall have your company too?
Wea. Withal my heart, for I love good cheer.
Civ. Well, God be with you all, come, *Frank.*
Fra. God be with you, Father, God be with you, Sir *Arthur*, Maſter *Oliver*, and Maſter *Weathercock*, Siſter, God be with you all: God be with you, Father, God be with you every one.
Wea. Why, how now, Sir *Arthur*, all a mort, Maſter *Oliver*, how now, man?
Cheerly, Sir *Lancelot*, and merrily ſay,
Who can hold that will away.
Lance. I, ſhe is gone indeed, poor Girl, undone,
But when theſe be ſelf-willed, Children muſt ſmart.
Ar. But, Sir, that ſhe is wronged, you are the chiefeſt cauſe, therefore 'tis reaſon you redreſs her wrong.
Wea. Indeed you muſt, Sir *Lancelot*, you muſt.
Lance. Muſt? who can compel me, Mr. *Weathercock?*
I hope I may do what I liſt.
Wea. I grant you may, you may do what you liſt.
Oli. Nay, but and you be well eviſen, it were not good,
By this vrampolneſs, and vrowardneſs, to caſt away
As prety a dowſſabel, as am chould chance to ſee
In a ſummers day: chil tell you what chall do,
Chil go ſpy up and down the Town, and ſee if I
Can hear any tale or tidings of her,
And take her away from thick a meſſel, vor cham
Aſhured, heel but bring her to the ſpoil,
And ſo var you well, we ſhall meet at your Son *Civets.*
Lance. I thank you, Sir, I take it very kindly.
Arti. To find her out, I'le ſpend my deareſt blood.
[*Exeunt both.*
So well I loved her, to affect her good.
Lance. O Maſter *Weathercock*,
What hap had I, to force my Daughter.
From Maſter *Oliver*, and this good Knight,
To one that hath no goodneſs in his thought?
Wea. Ill luck, but what remedy?
Lance. Yes, I have almoſt deviſed a remedy,
Young *Flowerdale* is ſhure a Priſoner.
Wea. Shure, nothing more ſhure.
Lance. And yet perhaps his Unkle hath releaſed him.
Wea. It may be very like, no doubt he hath.
Lance. Well if he be in Priſon, I'le have warrants
To tache my Daughter till the law be tried,
For I will ſhue him upon cozenage.
Wea. Marry may you, and overthrow him too.
Lance. Nay that's not ſo; I may chance be ſcoft,
And ſentence paſt with him.
Wea. Believe me, ſo he may, therefore take heed.
Lance. Well howſoever, yet I will have warrants,
In Priſon, or at Liberty, all's one:
You will help to ſerve them, Maſter *Weathercock?*
[*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Flowerdale.

Flo. A plague of the Devil, the Devil take the dice.
The dice, and the Devil, and his dam go together:
Of all my hundred golden angels,
I have not left me one denier:
A pox of come a five, what ſhall I do?
I can borrow no more of my credit:
There's not any of my acquaintance, man, nor boy,
But I have borrowed more or leſs of:
I would I knew where to take a good purſe,
And go clear away, by this light I'le venture for it,
Gods lid my Siſter *Delia*,
I'le rob her, by this hand.

Enter Delia *and* Artichoak.

Delia. I prethee, *Artichoak*, go not ſo faſt,
The weather is hot, and I am ſomething weary.
Art. Nay I warrant you, miſtreſs *Delia*, I'le not tire you
With leading, we'll go an extream moderate pace.
Flow. Stand, deliver your purſe.
Art. O Lord, thieves, thieves. [*Exit* Artichoak.
Flow. Come, come, your purſe, Lady, your purſe.
Delia. That voice I have heard often before this time,
What, Brother *Flowerdale* become a thief?
Flow. I, a plague on't, I thank your Father;
But Siſter, come, your money, come:
What the world muſt find me, I am born to live,
'Tis not a ſin to ſteal, when none will give.
Delia. O God, is all grace baniſht from thy heart,
Think of the ſhame that doth attend this fact.
Flow. Shame me no ſhames, come give me your purſe,
I'le bind you, Siſter, leſt I fare the worſe.
Delia. No, bind me not, hold, there is all I have,
And would that money would redeem thy ſhame.

Enter Oliver, *Sir* Arthur, *and* Artichoak.

Arti. Thieves, thieves, thieves.
Oli. Thieves, where man? why how now, miſtreſs *Delia*,
Ha you a liked to been a robbed?
Delia. No, Maſter *Oliver*, 'tis Maſter *Flowerdale*, he did but jeſt with me.
Oliv. How, *Flowerdale*, that ſcoundrel? ſirrah, you meten us well, vang the that.
Flow. Well, Sir, I'le not meddle with you, becauſe I have a charge.

Delia. Here Brother *Flowerdale,* I'le lend you this ſame money.
Flow. I thank you, Siſter.
Oliv. I wad you were yſplit, and you let the mezel have a penny; but ſince you cannot keep it, chil keep it my ſelf.
Art. 'Tis pity to relieve him in this ſort,
Who makes a triumphant life his daily ſport.
Delia. Brother, you ſee how all men cenſure you,
Farewel, and I pray God amend your life.
Oliv. Come, chil bring you along, and you ſafe enough
From twenty ſuch ſcoundrells as thick an one is,
Farewel and be hanged, zyrrah, as I think ſo thou
Wilt be ſhortly, come, Sir *Arthur.*
[*Exeunt all but* Flowerdale.
Flow. A plague go with you for a karſie raſcal:
This *Devonſhire* man I think is made all of Pork,
His hands made only for to heave up packs:
His heart as fat and big as his face,
As differing far from all brave gallant minds,
As I to ſerve the Hoggs, and drink with Hinds,
As I am very near now: well what remedy,
When money, means, and friends, do grow ſo ſmall,
Then farewel life, and there's an end of all.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Father, Luce *like a Dutch Frow,* Civet,
and his wife Miſtreſs Frances.

Civ. By my troth God a mercy for this, good *Chriſtopher,* I thank thee for my maid, like her very well, how doſt thou like her, *Frances?*
Fran. In good ſadneſs, *Tom,* very well, excellent well,
She ſpeaks ſo prettily, I pray what's your name?
Luce. My name, forſooth, be called *Tanikin.*
Fran. By my troth a fine name: O *Tanikin,* you are excellent for dreſſing ones head a new faſhion.
Luce. Me ſall do every ting about da head.
Civ. What Country woman is ſhe, *Keſter*?
Fath. A *Dutch* woman, Sir.
Civ. Why then ſhe is outlandiſh, is ſhe not?
Fath. I, Sir, ſhe is.
Fran. O then thou canſt tell how to help me to cheeks and Ears?
Luce. Yes, miſtreſs, very vell.
Fath. Cheeks and ears, why, miſtreſs *Frances,* want you cheeks and ears? methinks you have very fair ones.
Fran. Thou art a Fool inded, *Tom,* thou knoweſt what I mean.
Civ. I, I, *Keſter,* 'tis ſuch as they wear a their heads, I prethee, *Kit,* have her in, and ſhew her my houſe.
Fath. I will, Sir, come *Tanikin.*
Fran. O *Tom,* you have not buſſed me to day, *Tom.*
Civ. No *Frances,* we muſt not kiſs afore folks,
God ſave my *Franck,*

Enter Delia, *and* Artichoak.

See yonder, my Siſter *Delia* is come, welcome, good Siſter.
Fran. Welcome, good Siſter, how do you like the tire of my head?
Delia. Very well, Siſter.'
Civ. I am glad you're come, Siſter *Delia,* to give order for Supper, they will be here ſoon.
Arti. I, but if good luck had not ſerved, ſhe had
Not been here now, filching *Flowerdale* had like
To pepper'd us, but for maſter *Oliver,* we had been robbed.
Delia Peace, ſirrah, no more.
Fath. Robbed! by whom?
Arti. Marry by none but by *Flowerdale,* he is turned thief.
Civ. By my faith, but that is not well, but God be praiſed
For your eſcape, will you draw near, Siſter?
Fath. Sirrah, come hither, would *Flowerdale,* he that was my maſter, a robbed you, I prethee tell me true?
Arti. Yes i'Faith, even that *Flowerdale,* that was thy maſter.
Fath. Hold thee, there is a French Crown, and ſpeak no more of this.
Arti. Not I, not a word, now do I ſmell knavery:
In every purſe *Flowerdale* takes, he is half:
And gives me this to keep counſel, not a word I.
Fath. Why God a Mercy.
Fran. Siſter, look here, I have a new Dutch maid,
And ſhe ſpeaks ſo fine, it would do your heart good.
Civ. How do you like her, Siſter?
Del. I like your maid well.
Civ. Well, dear Siſter, will you draw near, and give directions for ſupper, gueſts will be here preſently.
Del. Yes, Brother, lead the way, I'le follow you.
[*Exeunt all but* Delia *and* Luce.
Hark you, Dutch Frow, a word.
Luce. Vat is your vill wit me?
Del. Siſter *Luce,* 'tis not your broken language,
Nor this ſame habit, can diſguiſe your face
From I that know you, pray tell me, what means this?
Luce. Siſter, I ſee you know me, yet be ſecret:
This borrowed ſhape that I have tane upon me,
Is but to keep my ſelf a ſpace unknown,
Both from my Father, and my neareſt friends:
Until I ſee how time will bring to paſs,
The deſperate courſe of Maſter *Flowerdale.*
Del. O he is worſe than bad, I prithee leave him,
And let not once thy heart to think on him.
Luce. Do not perſwade me once to ſuch a thought,
Imagine yet, that he is worſe than nought:
Yet one lovers time may all that ill undo,
That all his former life did run into.
Therefore, kind Siſter, do not diſcloſe my eſtate,
If e're his heart doth turn, 'tis ne're too late.
Del. Well, ſeeing no counſel can remove your mind,
I'le not diſcloſe you, that art wilful blind.
Luce. *Delia.* I thank you, I now muſt pleaſe her Eyes,
My Siſter *Frances,* neither fair nor wiſe. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Flowerdale *Solus.*

Flow. On goes he that knows no end of his journey,
I have paſſed the very utmoſt bounds of ſhifting,
I have no courſe now but to hang my ſelf:
I have lived ſince yeſterday two a clock, of a
Spice-cake I had at a burial: and for drink,
I got it at an Ale-houſe among Porters, ſuch as
Will bear out a man, if he have no mony indeed.
I mean out of their companies, for they are men
Of good carriage. Who comes here?
The two Cony-catchers, that won all my mony of me.
I'le try if they'll lend me any.

Enter Dick *and* Raſe.

What Mr. *Richard,* how do you?
How do'ſt thou, *Raſe?* By God, gentlemen, the world
Grows bare with me, will you do as much as lend
Me an Angel between you both, you know you
Won a hundred of me the other day.
Raſe. How, an Angel? God damn us if we loſt not every
Penny within an hour after thou wert gone.
Flo. I prithee lend me ſo much as will pay for my ſupper;
I'le pay you again, as I am a Gentleman.
Raſe. I'Faith, we have not a farthing, not a mite:
I wonder at it, Mr. *Flowerdale,*
You will ſo careleſly undo your ſelf:
Why you will loſe more money in an hour,
Than any honeſt man ſpends in a year;
For ſhame betake you to ſome honeſt Trade,
And live not thus ſo like a Vagabond. [*Exeunt both.*
Flow. A Vagabond indeed, more villains you:

They gave me counſel that firſt cozen'd me:
Thoſe Devils firſt brought me to this I am,
And being thus, the firſt that do me wrong.
Well, yet I have one Friend left in ſtore.
Not far from hence there dwells a Cokatrice,
One that I firſt put in a Sattin gown,
And not a tooth that dwells within her head,
But ſtands me at the leaſt in twenty pound:
Her will I viſit now my Coyn is gone,
And as I take it here dwells the Gentlewoman.
What ho, is Miſtris *Apricock* within?

Enter Ruffin.

Ruff. What ſawcy Raſcal is that which knocks ſo bold,
O, is it you, old ſpend-thrift? are you here?
One that is turned Cozener about the town:
My Miſtris ſaw you, and ſends this word by me,
Either be packing quickly from the door,
Or you ſhall have ſuch a greeting ſent you ſtraight,
As you will little like on, you had beſt be gone.
Flow. Why ſo, this is as it ſhould be, being poor,
Thus art thou ſerved by a vile painted whore.
Well, ſince thy damned crew do ſo abuſe thee,
I'le try of honeſt men, how they will uſe me.

Enter an ancient Citizen.

Sir, I beſeech you to take compaſſion of a man;
One whoſe Fortunes have been better than at this inſtant they ſeem to be: but if I might crave of you ſo much little portion, as would bring me to my friends, I would reſt thankful, until I had requited ſo great a curteſie.
Citiz. Fie, fie, young man, this courſe is very bad,
Too many ſuch have we about this City;
Yet for I have not ſeen you in this ſort,
Nor noted you to be a common beggar,
Hold, there's an Angel to bear your charges
Down, go to your friends, do not on this depend,
Such bad beginnings oft have worſer ends. [*Exit* Cit.
Flow. Worſer ends: nay, if it fall out
No worſe than in old Angels I care not,
Nay, now I have had ſuch a fortunate beginning,
I'le not let a ſix-penny purſe eſcape me:
By the Maſs, here comes another.

Enter a Citizens *wife with a Torch before her.*

God bleſs you, fair Miſtris.
Now would it pleaſe you, Gentlewoman, to look into the wants of a poor Gentleman, a younger Brother, I doubt not but God will treble reſtore it back again, one that never before this time demanded penny, half-penny, nor farthing.
Citi. Wife. Stay, *Alexander*, now by my troth a very proper man, and 'tis great pity: hold, my friend, there's all the money I have about me, a couple a ſhillings, and God bleſs thee.
Flow. Now God thank you, ſweet Lady: if you have any Friend, or Garden-houſe, where you may imploy a poor Gentleman as your friend, I am yours to command in all ſecret ſervice.
Citi. Wife. I thank you, good friend, I prithee let me ſee that again I gave thee, there is one of them a braſs ſhilling, give me them, and here is half a Crown in gold.
[*He gives it her.*
Now out upon thee, Raſcal, ſecret ſervice: what doſt thou make of me? it were a good deed to have thee whipt: now I have my money again, I'le ſee thee hanged before I give thee a penny: ſecret ſervice: on, good *Alexander*.
[*Exeunt both.*
Flow. This is villainous luck, I perceive diſhoneſty
Will not thrive: here comes more, God forgive me,
Sir *Arthur*, and Mr. *Oliver*, aforegod, I'le ſpeak to them,
God ſave you, Sir *Arthur*: God ſave you, Mr. *Oliver*.
Oli. Been you there, zirrah, come will you taken your ſelf to your tools, Coyſtrel?
Flow. Nay, Mr. *Oliver*, I'le not fight with you,
Alas, Sir, you know it was not my doings,
It was only a Plot to get Sir *Lancelot's* Daughter:
By God I never meant you harm.
Oli. And whore is the Gentlewoman thy wife, Mezel?
Whore is ſhe, Zirrah, ha?
Flow. By my troth, Mr. *Oliver*, ſick, very ſick;
And God is my Judge, I know not what means to make for her, good Gentlewoman.
Oli. Tell me true, is ſhe ſick? tell me true itch 'viſe thee,
Flow. Yes Faith, I tell you true: Mr. *Oliver*, if you would do me the ſmall kindneſs, but to lend me forty ſhillings: So God help me, I will pay you ſo ſoon as my ability ſhall make me able, as I am a Gentleman.
Oli. Well thou zaiſt thy wife is zick: hold, there's vorty ſhillings, give it to thy wife, look thou give it her, or I ſhall zo veze thee, thou wert not zo vezed this zeven year, look to it.
Arth. I'faith, Mr. *Oliver*, it is in vain
To give to him that never thinks of her.
Oli. Well, would che could yvind it.
Flow. I tell you true, Sir *Arthur*, as I am a gentleman.
Oli. Well, farewel zirrah: come, Sir *Arthur*.
[*Exeunt both.*
Flow. By the Lord, this is excellent.
Five golden Angels compaſt in an hour,
If this trade hold, I'le never ſeek a new.
Welcom, ſweet gold, and beggery adieu.

Enter Uncle *and* Father.

Vnc. See, *Keſter*, if you can find the Houſe.
Flow. Who's here, my Uncle, and my man *Keſter*?
By the Maſs 'tis they.
How do you, Uncle, how do'ſt thou, *Keſter*?
By my troth, Uncle, you muſt needs lend
Me ſome money, the poor Gentlewoman
My wife, ſo God help me, is very ſick,
I was rob'd of the hundred Angels
You gave me, they are gone.
Vnc. I, they are gone indeed, come, *Keſter*, away.
Flow. Nay, Uncle, do you hear? good Uncle.
Vnc. Out Hypocrite, I will not hear thee ſpeak,
Come, leave him, *Keſter*.
Flow. Keſter, honeſt *Keſter*.
Fath. Sir, I have nought to ſay to you,
Open the door to my kin, thou had'ſt beſt
Lockt faſt, for there's a falſe knave without.
Flow. You are an old lying Raſcal,
So you are. [*Exeunt both.*

Enter Luce.

Luce. Vat is de matter, Vat be you, yonker?
Flow. By this light a Dutch Frow, they ſay they are call'd kind, by this light I'le try her.
Luce. Vat be you, yonker, why do you not ſpeak?
Flow. By my troth, ſweet heart, a poor Gentleman that would deſire of you, if it ſtand with your liking, the bounty of your purſe.

Enter Father.

Luce. O here God, ſo young an Armine.
Flow. Armine, ſweet-heart, I know not what you mean by that, but I am almoſt a beggar.
Luce. Are you not a married man, vere been your Vife?
Here is all I have, take dis.
Flow. What gold, young Frow? this is brave.
Fath. If he have any grace, he'll now repent.
Luce. Why ſpeak you not, vere be your vife?

Flow. Dead, dead, ſhe's dead, 'tis ſhe hath undone me? Spent me all I had, and kept Raſcals under my Noſe to brave me.

Luce. Did you uſe her vell?

Flow. Uſe her, there's never a Gentlewoman in *England* could be better uſed than I did her; I could but Coach her; her Diet ſtood me in forty pound a month, but ſhe is dead and in her Grave, my cares are buried.

Luce. Indeed dat vas not ſcone.

Fath. He is turned more Devil than he was before.

Flow. Thou do'ſt belong to Maſter *Civet* here, do'ſt thou not?

Luce. Yes, me do.

Flow. Why there's it, there's not a handful of Plate
But belongs to me, God's my Judge:
If I had ſuch a Wench as thou art,
There's never a man in *England* would make more
Of her, than I would do, ſo ſhe had any ſtock.
[*They call within.*
O why *Tanikin.*

Luce. Stay, one doth call, I ſhall come by and by again.

Flow. By this hand, this Dutch wench is in love with me,
Were it not admiral to make her ſteal
All *Civet*'s Plate, and run away.

Fath. 'Twere beaſtly. O Maſter *Flowerdale*,
Have you no fear of God, nor Conſcience:
What do you mean, by this vile courſe you take?

Flow. What do I mean? why, to live, that I mean.

Fath. To live in this ſort, fie upon the courſe,
Your Life doth ſhow, you are a very Coward.

Flow. A Coward, I pray in what?

Fath. Why you will borrow ſix pence of a Boy.

Flow. 'S nails, is there ſuch a Cowardice in that? I dare borrow it of a Man, I, and of the talleſt Man in *England*, if he will lend it me: Let me borrow it how I can, and let them come by it how they dare. And it is well known, I might ride out a hundred times if I would, ſo I might.

Fath. It was not want of will, but Cowardice,
There is none that lends to you, but know they gain:
And what is that but only ſtealth in you?
Delia might hang you now, did not her heart
Take pitty of you for her Siſters ſake.
Go get you hence, leſt lingering here you ſtay,
You fall into their hands you look not for.

Flow. I'll tarry here, till the Dutch Frow
Comes, if all the Devils in Hell were here. [*Exit* Father.

Enter Sir Lancelot, *Maſter* Weathercock,
and Artichoak.

Lanc. Where is the Door? are we not paſt it, *Artichoak?*

Art. By th' Maſs here's one,
I'll ask him, do you hear, Sir?
What, are you ſo proud? do you hear, which is the way
To Maſter *Civet*'s Houſe? what, will you not ſpeak?
O me, this is filching *Flowerdale.*

Lanc. O wonderful, is this lewd Villain here?
O you cheating Rogue, you Cut-Purſe, Cony-Catcher,
What Ditch, you Villain, is my Daughters Grave?
A cozening Raſcal, that muſt make a Will,
Take on him that ſtrict habit, very that:
When he ſhould turn to Angel, a dying grace,
I'll Father-in Law you, Sir, I'll make a Will:
Speak, Villain, where's my Daughter?
Poyſoned, I warrant you, or knocked a the Head:
And to abuſe good Maſter *Weathercock*, with
His forged Will, and Maſter *Weathercock*,
To make my grounded reſolution,
Then to abuſe the *Devonſhire* Gentleman:
Go, away with him to Priſon.

Flow. Wherefore to Priſon? Sir, I will not go.

Enter Maſter Civet, *his Wife,* Oliver, *Sir* Arthur,
Father, Uncle, *and* Delia.

Lanc. O here's his Uncle,
Welcome, Gentlemen, welcome all:
Such a Cozener, Gentlemen, a Murderer too
For any thing I know, my Daughter is miſſing,
Hath been looked for, cannot be found, a vild upon thee.

Unc. He is my Kinſman, although his life be vile,
Therefore, in Gods name, do with him what you will.

Lanc. Marry to Priſon.

Flow. Wherefore to Priſon, ſnick-up? I owe you nothing.

Lanc. Bring forth my Daughter then, away with him.

Flow. Go ſeek your Daughter, what do you lay to my charge?

Lanc. Suſpition of murder, go, away with him.

Flow. Murder your Dogs, I murder your Daughter?
Come, Uncle, I know you'll Bail me.

Unc. Not I, were there no more,
Than I the Jaylor, thou the Priſoner.

Lanc. Go, away with him.

Enter Luce *like a Frow.*

Luce. O my Life, where will you ha de Man?
Vat ha de yonker done?

Wea. Woman, he hath kill'd his Wife.

Luce. His Wife, dat is not good, dat is not ſeen.

Lanc. Hang not upon him, Huſwife, if you do I'll lay you by him.

Luce. Have me no, and or way do you have him,
He tell me dat he love me heartily.

Fran. Lead away my Maid to Priſon, why, *Tom*, will you ſuffer that?

Civ. No, by your leave, Father, ſhe is no Vagrant:
She is my Wives Chamber-maid, and as true as the
Skin between any mans Brows here.

Lanc. Go to, you'r both Fools:
Son *Civet*, of my Life this is a Plot,
Some ſtragling counterfeit profer'd to you:
No doubt to rob you of your Plate and Jewels:
I'll have you led away to Priſon, Trull.

Luce. I am no Trull, neither Outlandiſh Frow,
Nor he, nor I ſhall to the Priſon go:
Know you me now? nay never ſtand amazed.
Father, I know I have offended you,
And though that duty wills me bend my Knees
To you in duty and obedience;
Yet this wayes do I turn, and to him yield
My love, my duty, and my humbleneſs.

Lanc. Baſtard in nature, kneel to ſuch a Slave?

Luce. O Maſter *Flowerdale*, if too much grief
Have not ſtopt up the Organs of your Voice,
Then ſpeak to her that is thy faithful Wife,
Or doth contempt of me thus tie thy tongue:
Turn not away, I am no Æthiop,
No wanton *Creſſed*, nor a changing *Hellen*:
But rather one made wretched by thy loſs.
What turn'ſt thou ſtill from me? O then
I gueſs the wofull'ſt among hapleſs men.

Flow. I am indeed, Wife, wonder among Wives!
Thy Chaſtity and Vertue hath infuſed
Another Soul in me, red with defame,
For in my bluſhing Cheeks is ſeen my ſhame.

Lanc. Out Hypocrite, I charge thee truſt him not.

Luce. Not truſt him, by the hopes after bliſs,
I know no ſorrow can be compar'd to his.

Lanc. Well, ſince thou wert ordain'd to Beggery,
Follow thy Fortune, I defy thee.

Oli. Ywood che were ſo well ydouſed as was ever white
Cloth in tocking mill, an che ha not made me weep.

Fath. If he hath any grace he'll now repent.

Arth. It moves my heart.
Wea. By my troth I muſt weep, I cannot chooſe.
Vnc. None but a beaſt would ſuch a maid miſuſe.
Flow. Content thy ſelf, I hope to win his favour,
And to redeem my reputation loſt:
And, Gentlemen, believe me, I beſeech you,
I hope your Eyes ſhall behold ſuch change,
As ſhall deceive your expectation.
Oli. I would che were ſplit now, but che believe him.
Lanc. How, believe him.
Wea. By the Matkins, I do.
Lan. What do you think that e're he will have grace?
Wea. By my Faith it will go hard.
Oli. Well,che vor ye he is changed: and, Mr.*Flowerdale*, in hope you been ſo, hold there's vorty pound toward your zetting up: what be not aſhamed,vang it man, vang it;be a good Husband, loven to your Wiſe: and you ſhall not want for vorty more, I che vor thee.
Arth. My means are little, but if you'll follow me,
I will inſtruct you in my ableſt power:
But to your Wife I give this Diamond,
And prove true Diamond fair in all your life.
Flow. Thanks, good Sir *Arthur*: Mr. *Oliver*,
You being my Enemy, and grown ſo kind,
Binds me in all endeavour to reſtore.
Oli. What, reſtore me no reſtorings, man,
I have vorty pound more here, vang it:
Zouth chil devie *London* elſe: what, do not think me
A Mezel or a Scoundrel, to throw away my Money? che have an hundred pound more to pace of any good ſpotation: I hope your under and your Uncle will vollow my zamples.
Vnc. You have gueſt right of me, if he leave off this courſe of life, he ſhall be mine Heir.
Lan. But he ſhall never get a groat of me;
A Cozener, a Deceiver, one that kill'd his painful
Father, honeſt Gentleman, that paſſed the fearful
Danger of the Sea, to get him living and maintain him brave.
Wea. What hath he kill'd his Father?
Lance. I, Sir, with conceit of his vile courſes.
Fath. Sir, you are miſinformed.
Lan. Why, thou old knave, thou told'ſt me ſo thy ſelf.
Fath. I wrong'd him then:
And toward my Maſter's Stock,
There's twenty Nobles for to make amends.
Flow. No *Keſter*, I have troubled thee, and wrong'd thee more,
What thou in love gives, I in love reſtore.
Fran. Ha, ha, Siſter, there you plaid bo-peep with
Tom, what ſhall I give her toward houſhold?
Siſter *Delia*, ſhall I give her my Fan?
Del. You were beſt ask your Husband.
Fra. Shall I, *Tom*?
Civ. I, do, *Frank*, I'le buy thee a new one, with a longer handle.
Fran. A ruſſet one, *Tom.*
Civ. I with ruſſet Feathers.
Fran. Here, Siſter, there's my Fan toward houſhold, to keep you warm.
Luce. I thank you, Siſter.
Weath. Why this is well, and toward fair *Luces* Stock, here's forty ſhillings: and forty good ſhillings more, I'le give her, marry. Come Sir *Lancelot*, I muſt have you Friends.
Lance. Not I, all this is counterfeit,
He will conſume it, were it a Million.
Fath. Sir, what is your Daughters dower worth?
Lance. Had ſhe been married to an honeſt man,
It had been better than a thouſand pound.
Fath. Pay it him, and I'le give you my bond,
To make her joynture better worth than three.
Lanc. Your bond, Sir! why what are you?
Fath. One whoſe word in *London* though I ſay it,
Will paſs there for as much as yours.
Lan. Wert not thou late that unthrifts ſerving-man?
Fath. Look on me better, now my ſcar is off:
Nere muſe man at this metamorphoſie.
Lance. Maſter *Flowerdale.*
Flow. My Father, O I ſhame to look on him.
Pardon, dear Father, the follies that are paſt.
Fath. Son, Son, I do, and joy at this thy change,
And applaud thy Fortune in this vertuous Maid,
Whom Heaven hath ſent to thee to ſave thy Soul.
Luce. This addeth joy to joy, high Heaven be prais'd.
Weat. Mr. *Flowerdale*, welcom from Death, good Mr. *Flowerdale.*
'Twas ſaid ſo here, 'twas ſaid ſo here good Faith.
Fath. I caus'd that rumour to be ſpread my ſelf,
Becauſe I'd ſee the humours of my Son,
Which to relate the circumſtance is needleſs:
And Sirrah, ſee you run no more in to that ſame diſeaſe:
For he that's once cured of that maladie,
Of Riot, Swearing, Drunkenneſs, and Pride,
And falls again into the like diſtreſs,
That fever is deadly, doth till Death endure:
Such men die mad as of a calenture.
Flow. Heaven helping me, I'le hate the courſe as Hell.
Vnc. Say it, and do it Couſin, all is well.
Lan. Well, being in hope you'll prove an honeſt man,
I take you to my favour. Brother *Flowerdale*,
Welcom with all my heart: I ſee your care
Hath brought theſe acts to this concluſion,
And I am glad of it, come let's in and feaſt.
Oli. Nay zoft you a while, you promiſed to make
Sir *Arthur* and me amends, here is your wiſeſt
Daughter, ſee which an's ſhe'll have.
Lan. A Gods name, you have my good will, get hers.
Oli. How ſay you then Damſel, tyters hate?
Deli. I, Sir, am yours.
Oli. Why, then ſend for a Vicar, and chil have it
Diſpatched in a trice, ſo chil.
Del. Pardon me, Sir, I mean I am yours,
In Love, in Duty, and affection.
But not to love as Wife, ſhall nere be ſaid,
Delia was buried, married, but a Maid.
Arth. Do not condemn your ſelf for ever,
Vertuous fair, you were born to love.
Oliver. Why you ſay true, Sir *Arthur*, ſhe was ybore to it,
So well as her Mother: but I pray you ſhew us
Some zamples or reaſons why you will not marry?
Del. No that I do condemn a married life,
For 'tis no doubt a ſanctimonious thing:
But for the care and croſſes of a Wife,
The trouble in this World that Children bring,
My vow is in Heaven in Earth to live alone,
Husbands howſoever good, I will have none.
Oli. Why then, chil live a Batchelor too,
Che zet not a vig by a Wife, if a Wife zet not a vig
By me: Come, ſhall's go to dinner?
Fath. To morrow I crave your companies in *Mark-lane*:
To night we'll frolick in Mr.*Civet*'s Houſe,
And to each health drink down a full Carouſe

THE HISTORY OF THE LIFE and DEATH OF THOMAS Lord CROMWELL.

The Actors Names.

OLD Cromwell, *a Blackſmith of* Putney.
Young Thomas Cromwell *his Son.*
Hodge, Will *and* Tom, *old* Cromwell'*s Servants.*
Earl of Bedford *and his Hoſt.*
Dukes of Norfolk *and* Suffolk.
Sir Chriſtopher Hales.
Cardinal Wolſey.
Sir Thomas Moor.
Gardiner *Biſhop of* Wincheſter.
Sir Ralph Sadler.
Maſter Bouſer *a Merchant.*
Baniſter, *a broken Merchant and his Wife.*
Bagot, *a cruel covetous Broker.*
Friskiball, *a Florentine Merchant.*
The Governours of the Engliſh *Houſe at* Antwerp.
States and Officers of Bononia.
Goodman Seely *and his Wife* Joan.
Chorus.
A Poſt.
Meſſengers.
Uſhers and Servants.
Lieutenant of the Tower.
Two Citizens.
Two Merchants.

Enter three Smiths, Hodge, *and two other,*
old Cromwell'*s men.*

Hodge. Come, Maſters, I think it be paſt five a Clock, Is it not time we were at work? My old Maſter he'll be ſtirring anon.

1. I cannot tell whether my old Maſter will be ſtirring or no: but I am ſure I can hardly take my Afternoons nap, for my young Maſter *Thomas,* he keeps ſuch a quile in his ſtudy, with the Sun, and the Moon, and the ſeven Stars, that I do verily think he'll read out his Wits.

Hodge. He skill of the Stars?
There's Goodman *Car* of *Fulham,*
He that carried us to the ſtrong Ale, where Goody *Trundel*
Had her Maid got with Child: O, he knows the Stars,
He'll tickle you *Charles*'s *Wain* in nine degrees:
That ſame man will tell Goody *Trundel*
When her Ale ſhall miſcarry, only by the Stars.

2. I, that's a great Virtue indeed, I think *Thomas*
Be no Body in compariſon to him.

1. Well, Maſters, come, ſhall we to our Hammers?

Hodge. I, content; firſt let's take our Mornings Draught, and then to work roundly.

2. I, agreed, go in, *Hodge.* [*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter young Cromwell.

Crom. Good Morrow, Morn, I do ſalute thy brightneſs,
The night ſeems tedious to my troubled Soul:
Whoſe black obſcurity binds in my mind
A thouſand ſundry cogitations:
And now *Aurora* with a lively die,
Adds comfort to my ſpirit that mounts on high.
Too high indeed, my ſtate being ſo mean:
My ſtudy like a mineral of Gold,
Makes my heart proud, wherein my hope's inroll'd;
My Books are all the wealth I do poſſeſs,
And unto them I have ingag'd my heart;
O, Learning, how divine thou ſeem'ſt to me!
Within whoſe Arms is all felicity.
Peace with your Hammers, leave your knocking there,
[*Here within they muſt beat with their Hammers.*
You do diſturb my ſtudy and my reſt;
Leave off, I ſay, you mad me with the noiſe.

Enter Hodge, *and the two Men.*

Hodge. Why, how now, Maſter *Thomas*, how now;
Will you not let us work for you?
Crom. You fret my heart, with making of this noiſe.
Hodge. How, fret your heart? I but, *Thomas*, you'll
Fret your Fathers Purſe if you lett us from working.
2. I, this 'tis for him to make him a Gentleman:
Shall we leave work for your muſing? that's well i'faith;
But here comes my old Maſter now.

Enter old Cromwell.

Old Crom. You idle Knaves,
What are you loytring now?
No Hammers walking, and my work to do?
What, not a heat among your work to day?
Hodge. Marry, Sir, your Son *Thomas* will not let us work at all.
Old Crom. Why Knave I ſay,
Have I thus cark'd and car'd,
And all to keep thee like a Gentleman,
And doſt thou lett my Servants at their work;
That ſweat for thee, Knave? labour thus for thee?
Crom. Father, their Hammers do offend my Study.
Old Crom. Out of myDoors, Knave, if thou lik'ſt it not:
I cry you mercy, are your Ears ſo fine?
I tell thee, Knave, theſe get when I do ſleep;
I will not have my Anvil ſtand for thee.
Crom. There's money, Father, I will pay your men.
[*He throws Money among them.*
Old Crom. Have I thus brought thee up unto my coſt,
In hope that one day thou would'ſt relieve my Age,
And art thou now ſo laviſh of thy Coin,
To ſcatter it among theſe idle Knaves?
Crom. Father, be patient, and content your ſelf,
The time will come I ſhall hold gold as traſh:
And here I ſpeak with a preſaging Soul,
To build a Palace where now this Cottage ſtands,
As fine as is King *Henry*'s Houſe at *Sheen*.
Old Crom. You build a Houſe?
You Knave, you'll be a Beggar;
Now afore God all is but caſt away
That is beſtowed upon this thriftleſs Lad,
Well, had I bound him to ſome honeſt Trade,
This had not been; but it was his Mother's doing,
To ſend him to the Univerſity:
How? build a Houſe where now this Cottage ſtands,
As fair as that at *Sheen?* he ſhall not hear me,
A good Boy *Tom*, I con thee thank, *Tom*,
Well ſaid *Tom*, Grammarcies *Tom*:
In to your work, Knaves; hence ſaucy Boy.
[*Exeunt all but young* Cromwell.
Crom. Why ſhould my Birth
Keep down my mounting ſpirit?
Are not all Creatures ſubject unto time?
To time, who doth abuſe the World,
And fills it full of hodge podge Baſtardy;
There's Legions now of Beggars on the Earth,
That their original did ſpring from Kings,
And many Monarchs now, whoſe Fathers were
The riff-raff of their Age; for time and fortune
Wears out a noble train to Beggery;
And from the Dunghill minions do advance
To ſtate: and mark, in this admiring World
This is but courſe, which in the name of Fate
Is ſeen as often as it whirls about:
The River *Thames* that by our Door doth paſs,
His firſt beginning is but ſmall and ſhallow,
Yet keeping on his courſe grows to a Sea.
And likewiſe *Wolſey*, the wonder of our Age,
His Birth as mean as mine, a Butchers Son;
Now who within this Land a greater man?
Then, *Cromwell*, cheer thee up, and tell thy Soul,
That thou may'ſt live to flouriſh and controul.

Enter old Cromwell.

Old Crom. Tom Cromwell, what *Tom* I ſay.
Crom. Do you call, Sir?
Old Crom. Here is Maſter *Bowſer* come to know if you have diſpatch'd his Petition for the Lords of the Council, or no.
Crom. Father, I have, pleaſe you to call him in.
Old Crom. That's well ſaid, *Tom*, a good Lad, *Tom*.

Enter Maſter Bowſer.

Bow. Now, Maſter *Cromwell*, have you diſpatch'd this Petition?
Crom. I have, Sir, here it is, pleaſe you peruſe it.
Bow. It ſhall not need, we'll read it as we go by Water.
And, Maſter *Cromwell*, I have made a motion
May do you good, and if you like of it.
Our Secretary at *Antwerp*, Sir, is dead,
And the Merchants there have ſent to me,
For to provide a man fit for the place:
Now I do know none fitter than your ſelf,
If with your liking it ſtand, Maſter *Cromwell*.
Crom. With all my heart, Sir, and I much am bound,
In love and duty for your kindneſs ſhown.
Old Crom. Body of me, *Tom*,
Make haſte, leſt ſome Body
Get between thee and home, *Tom*.
I thank you, good Maſter *Bowſer*,
I thank you for my Boy,
I thank you always, I thank you moſt heartily, Sir:
Ho, a Cup of Beer here for Maſter *Bowſer*.
Bow. It ſhall not need, Sir: Maſter *Cromwell*, will you go?
Crom. I will attend you, Sir.
Old Crom. Farewel, *Tom*, God bleſs thee, *Tom*,
God ſpeed thee, good *Tom*. [*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Bagot *a Broker ſolus.*

Bag. I hope this day is fatal unto ſome,
And by their loſs muſt *Bagot* ſeek to gain.
This is the Lodging of Maſter *Friskibal*,
A liberal Merchant, and a *Florentine*,
To whom *Baniſter* owes a thouſand pound,
A Merchant-Bankrupt, whoſe Father was my Maſter.
What do I care for pity or regard,
He once was wealthy, but he now is faln,
And this morning have I got him arreſted
At the ſuit of Maſter *Friskibal*,
And by this means ſhall I be ſure of Coin,
For doing this ſame good to him unknown:
And in good time, ſee where the Merchant comes.

Enter Friskiball.

Good Morrow to kind Maſter *Friskiball*.
Friſ. Good Morrow to your ſelf, good Maſter *Bagot*,
And whats the news your are ſo early ſtirring?
It is for gain, I make no doubt of that.
Bag. It is for the love, Sir, that I bear to you.
When did you ſee your Debtor *Baniſter*?
Friſ. I promiſe you, I have not ſeen the man
This two months day, his poverty is ſuch,
As I do think he ſhames to ſee his Friends.
Bag. Why then aſſure your ſelf to ſee him ſtraight,
For at your Suit I have arreſted him,
And here they will be with him preſently.
Friſ. Arreſt him at my Suit? you were to blame,
I know the mans misfortunes to be ſuch,
As he's not able for to pay the Debt,

And were it known to ſome, he were undone.
Bag. This is your pitiful heart to think it ſo,
But you are much deceiv'd in *Baniſter* :
Why, ſuch as he will break for faſhion ſake,
And unto thoſe they owe a thouſand pound,
Pay ſcarce a hundred : O, Sir, beware of him,
The man is lewdly given to Dice and Drabs,
Spends all he hath in Harlots companies,
It is no mercy for to pity him :
I ſpeak the truth of him, for nothing elſe,
But for the kindneſs that I bear to you.
Friſ. If it be ſo, he hath deceiv'd me much,
And to deal ſtrictly with ſuch a one as he,
Better ſevere than too much lenity :
But here is Maſter *Baniſter* himſelf,
And with him, as I take't, the Officers.

Enter Baniſter, *his Wife, and two Officers.*

Ban. O Maſter *Friskibal*, you have undone me :
My ſtate was well nigh overthrown before,
Now altogether down-caſt by your means.
Mrs. Ban. O, Mr. *Friskibal*
Pity my Husband's caſe,
He is a man hath liv'd as well as any,
Till envious Fortune, and the ravenous Sea
Did rob, diſrobe, and ſpoil us of our own.
Friſ. Miſtreſs *Baniſter*, I envy not your Husband,
Nor willingly would I have us'd him thus :
But that I hear he is ſo lewdly given,
Haunts wicked Company, and hath enough
To pay his debts, yet will not be known thereof.
Ban. This is that damned Broker, that ſame *Bagot*,
Whom I have often from my Trencher fed :
Ingrateful villain for to uſe me thus.
Bag. What I have ſaid to him is nought but truth.
Mrs. Ban. What thou haſt ſaid
Springs from an envious heart.
A Cannibal that doth eat men alive :
But here upon my knee believe me, Sir,
And what I ſpeak, ſo help me God, is true,
We ſcarce have meat to feed our little Babes :
Moſt of our Plate is in that Broker's hand,
Which had we money to defray our debts,
O think, we would not bide that penury :
Be merciful, kind Maſter *Friskibal*,
My Husband, Children, and my ſelf will eat
But one meal a day, the other will we keep and ſell.
Friſ. Go to, I ſee thou art an envious man :
Good Miſtris *Baniſter*, kneel not to me,
I pray riſe up, you ſhall have your deſire.
Hold officers ; be gone, there's for your pains,
You know you owe to me a thouſand pound,
Here take my hand, if e're God make you able,
And place you in your former ſtate again,
Pay me : but if ſtill your Fortune frown,
Upon my Faith I'le never ask you Crown :
I never yet did wrong to men in thrall,
For God doth know what to my ſelf may fall.
Ban. This unexpected favour undeſerv'd,
Doth make my heart bleed inwardly with joy :
Nere may ought proſper with me is my own,
If I forget this kindneſs you have ſhown.
Mrs. Ban. My Children in their Prayers both night and
For your good Fortune and ſucceſs ſhall pray. (day,
Friſ. I thank you both, I pray go dine with me,
Within theſe three dayes, if God give me leave,
I will to *Florence* to my native home.
Bagot, hold, there's a Portage to drink,
Although you ill deſerved it by your merit ;
Give not ſuch cruel ſcope unto your heart ;
Be ſure the ill you do will be requited :
Remember what I ſay, *Bagot*, farewel.
Come, Maſter *Baniſter*, you ſhall with me,
My fare's but ſimple, but welcome heartily.
[*Exeunt all but* Bagot.
Bag. A plague go with you,
Would you had eat your laſt,
Is this the thanks I have for all my pains?
Confuſion light upon you all for me :
Where he had wont to give a ſcore of Crowns,
Doth he now foiſt me with a Portague :
Well, I will be revenged upon this *Baniſter*.
I'le to his Creditors, buy all the debts he owes,
As ſeeming that I do it for good will,
I am ſure to have them at an eaſie rate ;
And when 'tis done, in Chriſtendom he ſtays not,
But I'le make his heart t'ake with ſorrow,
And if that *Baniſter* become my debter,
By Heaven and Earth I'le make his plague the greater.
[*Exit* Bagot.

Enter Chorus.

Cho. Now Gentlemen imagine
That young *Cromwell* is in *Antwerp*,
Ledger for the Engliſh Merchants :
And *Baniſter* to ſhun this *Bagots* hate,
Hearing that he hath got ſome of his debts,
Is fled to *Antwerp*, with his Wife and Children,
Which *Bagot* hearing, is gone after them :
And thither ſends his bills of debt before,
To be revenged on wretched *Baniſter*,
What doth fall out, with patience ſit and ſee,
A juſt requital of falſe treacherie. [*Exit.*

Enter Cromwell *in his ſtudy, with bags of money before him, caſting of account.*

Crom. Thus far my reckoning doth go ſtraight and even,
But, *Cromwell*, this ſame plodding fits not thee ;
Thy mind is altogether ſet on travel,
And not to live thus cloyſtered, like a Nun ;
It is not this ſame traſh, that I regard.
Experience is the Jewel of my heart.

Enter a Poſt.

Poſt. I pray, Sir, are you ready to diſpatch me ?
Crom. Yes, here's thoſe ſumms of money you muſt carry.
You go ſo far as *Frankford*, do you not?
Poſt. I do, Sir.
Crom. Well, prithee make all the haſt thou can'ſt,
For there be certain Engliſh Gentlemen
Are bound for *Venice*, and may happily want,
And if that you ſhould linger by the way :
But in hope that you will make good ſpeed,
There's two Angels to buy you ſpurs and wands.
Poſt. I thank you, Sir, this will add wings indeed.
Crom. Gold is of power to make an Eagles ſpeed.

Enter Miſtris Baniſter.

What Gentlewoman is this, that grieves ſo much?
It ſeems ſhe doth addreſs her ſelf to me.
Mrs. Ban. God ſave you, Sir, pray is your name Maſter *Cromwell?*
Crom. My name is *Thomas Cromwell*, Gentlewoman.
Mrs. Ban. Know you not one *Bagot*, Sir, that's come to *Antwerp?*
Crom. No, truſt me, I never ſaw the man,
But here are bills of debt I have received
Againſt one *Baniſter* a Merchant fallen into decay.
Mrs. Ban. Into decay indeed, long of that wretch :
I am the Wife to wofull *Baniſter*,
And by that bloody villain am purſu'd,
From *London*, here to *Antwerp* :
My Husband he is in the Governors hands,

And God of Heaven knows how he'll deal with him,
Now, Sir, your heart is framed of milder temper,
Be merciful to a diſtreſſed Soul,
And God no doubt will treble bleſs your gain.
Crom. Good Miſtris *Baniſter*, what I can, I will,
In any thing that lies within my power.
Mrs.Ban. O ſpeak to *Bagot*, that ſame wicked wretch,
An Angels voice may move a damned Devil.
Crom. Why is he come to *Antwerp*, as you hear?
Mrs.Ban. I heard he landed ſome two hours ſince.
Crom. Well, Miſtris *Baniſter*, aſſure your ſelf,
I'le ſpeak to *Bagot* in your own behalf,
And win him t'all the pitty that I can:
Mean time, to comfort you, in your diſtreſs,
Receive theſe Angels to relieve your need,
And be aſſured, that what I can effect,
To do you good, no way I will neglect.
Mrs. Ban. That mighty God that knows each mortals (heart,
Keep you from trouble, ſorrow, grief and ſmart.
[*Exit Miſtris* Baniſter.
Crom. Thanks, courteous Woman,
For thy hearty Prayer:
It grieves my Soul to ſee her miſery,
But we that live under the work of fate,
May hope the beſt, yet know not to what ſtate
Our ſtars and deſtinies have us aſſign'd,
Fickle is Fortune, and her face is blind.

Enter Bagot *Solus.*

Bag. So all goes well, it is as I would have it,
Baniſter, he is with the Governor:
And ſhortly ſhall have gives upon his heels.
It glads my heart to think upon the ſlave;
I hope to have his body rot in Priſon,
And after here, his Wife to hang her ſelf,
And all his Children die for want of food.
The Jewels I have brought to *Antwerp*,
Are reckon'd to be worth five thouſand pound,
Which ſcarcely ſtood me in three hundred pound;
I bought them at an eaſie kind of rate,
I care not which way they came by them
That ſold them me, it comes not near my heart;
And leſt they ſhould be ſtoln, as ſure they are,
I thought it meet to ſell them here in *Antwerp*,
And ſo have left them in the Governour's hand,
Who offers me within two hundred pound
Of all my price: but now no more of that,
I muſt go ſee and if my Bills be ſafe,
The which I ſent to Maſter *Cromwell*,
That if the wind ſhould keep me on the Sea,
He might arreſt him here before I came:
And in good time, ſee where he is: God ſave you, Sir.
Crom. And you, pray, pardon me, I know you not.
Bag. It may be ſo, Sir, but my name is *Bagot*,
The man that ſent to you the Bills of debt.
Crom. O, the man that purſues *Baniſter*,
Here are the Bills of debt you ſent to me:
As for the man, you know beſt where he is;
It is reported y'ave a flintie heart,
A mind that will not ſtoop to any pitty;
An Eye that knows not how to ſhed a tear,
A hand that's always open for reward:
But, Maſter *Bagot*, would you be ruled by me,
You ſhould turn all theſe to the contrary;
Your heart ſhould ſtill have feeling of remorſe,
Your mind, according to your ſtate, be liberal
To thoſe that ſtand in need, and in diſtreſs;
Your hand to help them that do ſtand in want,
Rather than with your poiſe to hold them down,
For every ill turn ſhow your ſelf more kind,
Thus ſhould I do, pardon, I ſpeak my mind.
Bag. I, Sir, you ſpeak to hear what I would ſay,
But you muſt live I know, as well as I:
I know this place to be Extortion,
And 'tis not for a man to keep ſafe here,
But he muſt lye, cog, with his deareſt Friend;
And as for pitty, ſcorn it, hate all Conſcience:
But yet I do commend your wit in this,
To make a ſhow, of what I hope you are not,
But I commend you, and 'tis well done:
This is the only way to bring your gain.
Crom. My gain? I had rather chain me to an Oar,
And like a ſlave there toil out all my life,
Before I'de live ſo baſe a ſlave as thou.
I, like an Hypocrite, to make a ſhow
Of ſeeming virtue, and a Devil within?
No *Bagot*, if thy Conſcience were as clear,
Poor *Baniſter* ne're had been troubled here.
Bag. Nay, good Maſter *Cromwell*, be not angry, Sir,
I know full well that you are no ſuch man,
But if your Conſcience were as white as Snow,
It will be thought that you are otherwiſe.
Crom. Will it be thought I am otherwiſe?
Let them that think ſo, know they are deceiv'd;
Shall *Cromwell* live to have his Faith miſconſter'd?
Antwerp, for all the wealth within thy Town,
I will not ſtay here full two hours longer:
As good luck ſerves, my accounts are all made even,
Therefore I'le ſtraight unto the Treaſurer:
Bagot, I know you'll to the Governour,
Commend me to him, ſay I am bound to travel,
To ſee the fruitful parts of *Italy*;
And as you ever bore a Chriſtian mind,
Let *Baniſter* ſome favour of you find.
Bag. For your ſake, Sir, I'le help him all I can,
To ſtarve his heart out e're he gets a groat;
So, Maſter *Cromwell*, do I take my leave,
For I muſt ſtraight unto the Governour.
[*Exit* Bagot.
Crom. Farewel, Sir, pray you remember what I ſaid:
No, *Cromwell*, no, thy heart was ne're ſo baſe,
To live by falſhood, or by brokery;
But 't falls out well, I little it repent,
Hereafter, time in travel ſhall be ſpent.

Enter Hodge, *his* Father'*s man.*

Hodge. Your Son *Thomas*, quoth you, I have been *Thomaſt*; I had thought it had been no ſuch matter to a gone by water; for at *Putney* I'le go you to *Pariſh*-Garden for two pence, ſit as ſtill as may be, without any wagging or joulting in my gutts, in a little Boat too: here we were ſcarce ſome four mile in the great green Water, but I thinking to go to my afternoons unchines, as 'twas my manner at home, but I felt a kind of riſing in my gutts: at laſt one a the Sailers ſpying of me, be a good cheer ſayes he, ſet down thy victuals, and up with it, thou haſt nothing but an Eel in thy belly: Well, to't went I, to my victuals went the Sailers, and thinking me to be a man of better experience than any in the ſhip, asked me what Wood the ſhip was made of: they all ſwore I told them as right as if I had been acquainted with the Carpenter that made it; at laſt we grew near Land, and I grew villanous hungry, went to my bagg, the Devil a bit there was, the Sailers had tickled me; yet I cannot blame them, it was a part of kindneſs, for I in kindneſs told them what Wood the ſhip was made of, and they in kindneſs eat up my victuals, as indeed one good turn asketh another: well, would I, could I, find my Maſter *Thomas* in this *Dutch* Town, he might put ſome *Engliſh* Beer into my belly. (come:

Crom. What, *Hodge*, my Father's man, by my hand wel-
How doth my Father? what's the news at home?

Hodge. Maſter *Thomas*, O God, Maſter *Thomas*, your hand, glove and all, this is to give you to underſtanding that your Father is in health, and *Alice Downing* here hath ſent you a Nutmeg, and *Beſs Make water* a race of Ginger, my fellow *Will* and *Tom* hath between them ſent you a dozen of Points, and goodman *Toll*, of the Goat, a pair of Mittons, my Self came in Perſon, and this is all the news.

Crom. Gramarcy, good *Hodge*, and thou art welcom to me,
But in as ill a time thou comeſt as may be;
For I am travelling into *Italy*,
What ſay'ſt thou, *Hodge*, wilt thou bear me company?

Hodge. Will I bear thee company, *Tom?* what tell'ſt me of *Italy?* were it to the fartheſt part of *Flanders*, I would go with thee, *Tom*; I am thine in all weal and woe, thy own to command; what, *Tom*, I have paſſed the rigorous waves of *Neptune*'s blaſts, I tell you, *Thomas*, I have been in danger of the Flouds, and when I have ſeen *Boreas* begin to play the Ruffin with us, then would I down a my knees, and call upon *Vulcan*.

Crom. And why upon him?

Hodge. Becauſe, as this ſame fellow *Neptune* is God of the Seas, ſo *Vulcan* is Lord over the Smiths, and therefore I being a Smith, thought his Godhead would have ſome care yet of me.

Crom. A good conceit: but tell me, haſt thou din'd yet?
Hodge. Thomas, to ſpeak the truth, not a bit yet, I.
Crom. Come, go with me, thou ſhalt have cheer good ſtore:
And farewel, *Antwerp*, if I come no more.
Hodge. I follow thee, ſweet *Tom*, I follow thee.
[*Exeunt ambo.*

Enter the Governour *of the Engliſh Houſe*, Bagot, Baniſter, *his Wife, and two Officers.*

Gover. Is *Cromwell* gone then? ſay you, Mr. *Bagot*,
What diſlike, I pray? what was the cauſe?
Bag. To tell you true, a wild brain of his own,
Such youth as they cannot ſee when they are well:
He is all bent to travel, that's his reaſon,
And doth not love to eat his Bread at home.
Gov. Well, good Fortune with him, if the man be gone.
We hardly ſhall find ſuch a man as he,
To fit our turns, his dealings were ſo honeſt.
But now, Sir, for your Jewels that I have,
What do you ſay? what, will you take my price?
Bag. O, Sir, you offer too much under foot.
Gov. 'Tis but two hundred pound between us, man,
What's that in payment of five thouſand pound?
Bag. Two hundred pound, birlady, Sir, 'tis great,
Before I got ſo much it made we ſweat.
Gov. Well, Maſter *Bagot*, I'le proffer you fairly,
You ſee this Merchant, Maſter *Baniſter*,
Is going now to Priſon at your ſute:
His ſubſtance all is gone, what would you have?
Yet in regard I knew the man of wealth,
Never diſhoneſt dealing, but ſuch miſhaps
Hath faln on him, may light on me or you:
There is two hundred pound between us,
We will divide the ſame, I'le give you one,
On that condition you will ſet him free:
His ſtate is nothing, that you ſee your ſelf,
And where nought is, the King muſt loſe his right.
Bag. Sir, Sir, you ſpeak out of your love,
'Tis fooliſh love, Sir, ſure to pitty him:
Therefore content your ſelf, this is my mind,
To do him good I will not bait a penny.
Ban. This is my comfort, though thou do'ſt no good,
A mighty ebbe follows a mighty flood.
Mrs. Ban. O thou baſe wretch, whom we have foſtered,
Even as a Serpent for to poyſon us,
If God did ever right a Womans wrong,
To that ſame God I bend and bow my heart,
To let his heavy wrath fall on thy head,
By whom my hopes and joyes are butchered.
Bag. Alas, fond woman, I prethee pray thy worſt.
The Fox fares better ſtill when he is curſt.

Enter Maſter Bowſer *a Merchant.*

Gov. Maſter *Bowſer!* you're welcom, Sir, from *England*,
What's the beſt news? how do all our Friends?
Bow. They are all well, and do commend them to you:
There's Letters from your Brother and your Son:
So, fare you well, Sir, I muſt take my leave,
My haſte and buſineſs doth require ſo.
Gov. Before you dine, Sir? what, go you out of town?
Bow. I'faith unleſs I hear ſome news in Town,
I muſt away, there is no remedy.
Gov. Maſter *Bowſer*, what is your buſineſs, may I know it?
Bow. You may, Sir, and ſo ſhall all the City.
The King of late hath had his treaſury robb'd,
And of the choiceſt Jewels that he had:
The value of them was ſeven thouſand pounds,
The fellow that did ſteal theſe Jewels is hanged,
And did confeſs that for three hundred pound,
He ſold them to one *Bagot* dwelling in *London*:
Now *Bagot*'s fled, and as we hear, to *Antwerp*,
And hither am I come to ſeek him out,
And they that firſt can tell me of his news,
Shall have a hundred pound for their reward.
Ban. How juſt is God to right the innocent?
Gov. Maſter *Bowſer*, you come in happy time,
Here is the villain *Bagot* that you ſeek,
And all thoſe Jewels have I in my hands:
Officers, look to him, hold him faſt.
Bagot. The Devil ought me a ſhame, and now he hath paid it.
Bow. Is this that *Bagot?* fellows, bear him hence,
We will not now ſtand for his reply;
Lade him with Irons, we will have him tri'd
In *England* where his villanies are known.
Bag. Miſchief, confuſion, light upon you all,
O hang me, drown me, let me kill my ſelf,
Let go my armes, let me run quick to Hell.
Bow. Away, bear him away, ſtop the ſlaves mouth.
[*They carry him away.*
Mrs. Ban. Thy works are infinite, great God of Heaven.
Gov. I heard this *Bagot* was a wealthy fellow.
Bow. He was indeed, for when his goods were ſeized,
Of Jewels, Coyn, and Plate within his Houſe,
Was found the value of five thouſand pound,
His furniture fully worth half ſo much,
Which being all ſtrain'd for the King,
He Frankly gave it to the *Antwerp* Merchants,
And they again, out of their bounteous mind,
Have to a Brother of their Company,
A man decay'd by Fortune of the Seas,
Given *Bagot*'s wealth, to ſet him up again,
And keep it for him, his name is *Baniſter*.
Gov. Maſter *Bowſer*, with this happy news,
You have revived two from the gates of Death,
This is that *Baniſter*, and this his Wife.
Bow. Sir, I am glad my Fortune is ſo good,
To bring ſuch tidings as may comfort you.
Ban. You have given life unto a man deem'd dead,
For by theſe news my life is newly bred.
Mrs. Ban. Thanks to my God, next to my Soveraign King;
And laſt to you that theſe good news do bring.
Gov. The hundred pound I muſt receive, as due
For finding *Bagot*, I freely give to you.
Bow. And, Maſter *Baniſter*, if ſo you pleaſe,
I'le bear you Company, when you croſs the Seas.
Ban. If it pleaſe you, Sir, my Company is but mean,
Stands with your liking, I'le wait on you.
Gov. I am glad that all things do accord ſo well:
Come, Maſter *Bowſer*, let us to dinner:
And, Miſtreſs *Baniſter*, be merry, Woman,

Come, after ſorrow now let's cheer your Spirit,
Knaves have their due, and you but what you merit.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Cromwell *and* Hodge *in their Shirts, and without Hats.*

Hodge. Call ye this ſeeing of faſhions?
Marry would I had ſtaid at *Putney* ſtill,
O, Maſter *Thomas*, we are ſpoiled, we are gone.

Crom. Content thee, man, this is but Fortune.

Hodge. Fortune, a plague of this Fortune, it makes me go wet-ſhod, the Rogues would not leave me a ſhooe to my feet: for my Hoſe, they ſcorned them with their heels: but for my Doublet and Hat, O Lord, they embraced me, and unlaced me, and took away my cloaths, and ſo diſgraced me.

Crom. Well, *Hodge*, what remedy?
What ſhift ſhall we make now?

Hodge. Nay I know not, for begging I am naught, for ſtealing worſe: by my troth I muſt even fall to my old trade, to the Hammer and the Horſe-heels again: but now the worſt is, I am not acquainted with the humour of the Horſes in this country; whether they are not coltiſh, given much to kicking, or no, for when I have one Leg in my hand, if he ſhould up and lay tother on me chops, I were gone, there lay I, there lay *Hodge*.

Crom. Hodge, I believe thou muſt work for us both.

Hod. O, Maſter *Thomas*, have not I told you of this? have not I many a time and often ſaid, *Tom*, or Maſter *Thomas*, learn to make a Horſe-ſhooe, it will be your own another day: this was not regarded. Hark you, *Thomas*, what do you call the fellows that rob'd us?

Crom. The *Bandetti.*

Hod. The *Bandetti*, do you call them? I know not what they are called here, but I am ſure we call them plain Thieves in *England*: O, *Tom*, that we were now at *Putney*, at the Ale there.

Crom. Content thee, man, here ſet up theſe two Bills,
And let us keep our ſtanding on the Bridge:
The faſhion of this Country is ſuch,
If any ſtranger be oppreſſed with want,
To write the manner of his miſery,
And ſuch as are diſpos'd to ſuccour him,
Will do it, what, haſt thou ſet them up?

Hod. I they're up, God ſend ſome to read them,
And not only to read them, but alſo to look on us:
And not altogether look on us,
But to relieve us, O cold, cold, cold.
[*One ſtands at one end, and one at tother.*

Enter Friskiball *the Merchant, and reads the Bills.*

Friſ. What's here? two Engliſhmen rob'd by the *Bandetti*,
One of them ſeems to be a Gentleman:
'Tis pitty that his Fortune was ſo hard,
To fall into the deſperate hands of thieves.
I'le queſtion him, of what eſtate he is;
God ſave you, Sir, are you an Engliſhman?

Crom. I am, Sir, a diſtreſſed Engliſhman.

Friſ. And what are you, my Friend.

Hodge. Who I, Sir, by my troth I do not know my ſelf, what I am now, but, Sir, I was a Smith, Sir, a poor Farrier of *Putney*, that's my Maſter, Sir, yonder, I was robbed for his ſake, Sir.

Friſ. I ſee you have been met by the *Bandetti*,
And therefore need not ask how you came thus:
But *Friskiball*, why do'ſt thou queſtion them
Of their eſtate, and not relieve their need?
Sir, the coyn I have about me is not much:
There's ſixteen Duckets for to cloath your ſelves,
There's ſixteen more to buy your diet with,
And there's ſixteen to pay for your Horſe-hire:
'Tis all the wealth, you ſee, my purſe poſſeſſes;
But if you pleaſe for to enquire me out,
You ſhall not want for ought that I can do,
My name is *Friskiball*, a *Florence* Merchant:
A man that always loved your Nation.

Crom. This unexpected favour at your hands,
Which God doth know, if ever I ſhall requite it,
Neceſſity makes me to take your bounty,
And for your gold can yield you nought but thanks,
Your Charity hath help'd me from deſpair;
Your name ſhall ſtill be in my hearty Prayer.

Friſ. It is not worth ſuch thanks, come to my houſe,
Your want ſhall better be reliev'd than thus.

Crom. I pray excuſe me, this ſhall well ſuffice,
To bear my charges to *Bononia*,
Whereas a noble Earl is much diſtreſſed:
An Engliſhman, *Ruſſel* the Earl of *Bedford*
Is by the *French* King ſold unto his Death,
It may fall out, that I may do him good:
To ſave his life, I'le hazard my heart Blood:
Therefore, kind Sir, thanks for your liberal gift,
I muſt be gone to aid him, there's no ſhift.

Friſ. I'le be no hinderer to ſo good an act,
Heaven proſper you, in that you go about:
If Fortune bring you this way back again,
Pray let me ſee you: ſo I take my leave,
All good a man can wiſh, I do bequeath. [*Exit* Friſkib.

Crom. All good that God doth ſend, light on your head,
There's few ſuch men within our Climate bred.
How ſay you now, *Hodge*, is not this good Fortune?

Hodg. How ſay you, I'll tell you what, Maſter *Thomas*,
If all men be of this Gentlemans mind,
Let's keep our ſtandings upon this Bridge,
We ſhall get more here, with begging in one day,
Than I ſhall with making Horſeſhooes in a whole year.

Crom. No, *Hodge*, we muſt be gone unto *Bononia*,
There to relieve the noble Earl of *Bedford:*
Where if I fall not in my policy,
I ſhall deceive their ſubtle treachery.

Hodge. Nay, I'le follow you, God bleſs us from the thieving *Bandetti* again. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Bedford *and his* Hoſt.

Bed. Am I betray'd, was *Bedford* born to die,
By ſuch baſe ſlaves, in ſuch a place as this?
Have I eſcap'd ſo many times in *France*,
So many Battels have I over-paſſed,
And made the French ſtir, when they heard my name:
And am I now betraid unto my Death?
Some of their hearts blood firſt ſhall pay for it.

Hoſt. They do deſire, my Lord, to ſpeak with you.

Bed. The traitors do deſire to have my blood,
But by my Birth, my Honour, and my Name;
By all my hopes, my Life ſhall coſt them dear.
Open the door, I'le venture out upon them,
And if I muſt die, then I'le die with Honour.

Hoſt. Alas, my Lord, that is a deſperate courſe,
They have begirt you, round about the Houſe:
Their meaning is to take you Priſoner,
And ſo to ſend your body unto *France.*

Bed. Firſt ſhall the Ocean be as dry as ſand,
Before alive they ſend me unto *France:*
I'le have my body firſt bored like a Sieve,
And die as *Hector*, 'gainſt the *Mermydons*,
E're *France* ſhall boaſt, *Bedford*'s their Priſoner,
Treacherous *France*, that 'gainſt the Law of Arms,
Hath here betraid thy Enemy to Death:
But be aſſured, my blood ſhall be revenged
Upon the beſt lives that remain in *France:*
Stand back, or elſe thou run'ſt upon thy Death.

Enter Servant.

Meſ. Pardon, my Lord, I come to tell your honour,
That they have hired a *Neapolitan*,
Who by his Oratory, hath promiſed them
Without the ſhedding of one drop of Blood,
Into their hands, ſafe to deliver you,
And therefore craves, none but himſelf may enter,
And a poor ſwain that attends on him. [*Exit* Servant.
Bed. A *Neopolitan?* bid him come in,
Were he as cunning in his Eloquence,
As *Cicero* the famous man of *Rome*,
His words would be as chaff againſt the wind.
Sweet tongu'd *Ulyſſes*, that made *Ajax* mad,
Were he and his tongue in this ſpeaker's head,
Alive he wins me not; then 'tis no conqueſt.

Enter Cromwell *like a Neapolitan, and* Hodge *with him.*

Crom. Sir, are you the Maſter of the Houſe?
Hoſt. I am, Sir.
Crom. By this ſame token you muſt leave this place,
And leave none but the Earl and I together,
And this my Peaſant here to tend on us.
Hoſt. With all my heart, God grant you do ſome good.
[*Exit* Hoſt. Cromwell *ſhuts the door.*
Bed. Now, Sir, what's your will with me?
Crom. Intends your Honour not to yield your ſelf?
Bed. No good man gooſe, not while my ſword doth laſt;
Is this your eloquence for to perſwade me?
Crom. My Lord, my eloquence is for to ſave you;
I am not, as you judge, a *Neopolitan*,
But *Cromwell* your ſervant, and an *Engliſhman*.
Bed. How? *Cromwell?* not my Farrier's Son?
Crom. The ſame, Sir, and am come to ſuccour you.
Hodge. Yes faith, ſir, and I am *Hodge*, your poor Smith;
Many a time and oft have I ſhooed your Dapper Gray.
Bed. And what avails it me, that thou art here?
Crom. It may avail, if you'll be rul'd by me;
My Lord, you know the men of *Mantua*,
And theſe *Bononians* are at deadly ſtrife,
And they, my Lord, both love and honour you;
Could you but get out of the *Mantua* port,
Then were you ſafe, deſpight of all their force.
Bed. Tut, man, thou talk'ſt of things impoſſible;
Do'ſt thou not ſee, that we are round beſet,
How then is't poſſible we ſhould eſcape?
Crom. By force we cannot, but by policie:
Put on the apparel here that *Hodge* doth wear,
And give him yours: the States they know you not,
For as I think, they never ſaw your face,
And at a watch-word muſt I call them in,
And will deſire, that we two ſafe may paſs
To *Mantua*, where I'le ſay my buſineſs lies;
How doth your honour like of this advice?
Bed. O, wondrous good: But wilt thou venture, *Hodge*.
Hod. Will I? O noble Lord, I do accord, in any thing I can;
And do agree, to ſet thee free, do Fortune what ſhe can.
Bed. Come then, let's change our apparel ſtraight.
Crom. Go, *Hodge*, make haſte, leſt they chance to call.
Hod. I warrant you I'le fit him with a Sute.
[*Exeunt* Earl *and* Hodge.
Crom. Heavens grant this policy doth take ſucceſs,
And that the Earl may ſafely ſcape away.
And yet it grieves me for this ſimple wretch,
For fear they ſhould offer him violence;
But of two Evils 'tis beſt to ſhun the greateſt,
And better is it that he live in thrall,
Than ſuch a noble Earl as he ſhould fall.
Their ſtubborn hearts, it may be will relent;
Since he is gone, to whom their hate is bent.
My Lord, have you diſpatched?

Enter Bedford *like the* Clown, *and* Hodge *in his Cloak and his Hat.*

Bed. How doſt thou like us, *Cromwell*, is it well?
Crom. O, my good Lord, excellent: *Hodge*, how do'ſt feel thy ſelf?
Hodge. How do I feel my ſelf? why, as a Noble man ſhould do.
O how I feel Honour come creeping on,
My Nobility is wonderful melancholy:
Is it not moſt Gentleman like to be melancholy?
Crom. Yes, *Hodge*; now go ſit down in thy ſtudy,
And take ſtate upon thee.
Hodge. I warrant you, my Lord, let me alone to take ſtate upon me: but hark, my Lord, do you feel nothing bite about you?
Bed. No, truſt me, *Hodge.*
Hod. I, they know they want their old paſture; 'tis a ſtrange thing of this vermin, they dare not meddle with Nobility.
Crom. Go take thy place, *Hodge*, I will call them in.

Hodge *ſits in the ſtudy, and* Cromwell *calls in the States.*

All is done, enter and if you pleaſe.

Enter the States, and Officers with Halberts.

Gov. What, have you won him? will he yield himſelf?
Crom. I have, an't pleaſe you, and the quiet Earl
Doth yield himſelf to be diſpoſed by you.
Gov. Give him the money that we promis'd him:
So let him go, whither he pleaſe himſelf.
Crom. My buſineſs, Sir, lies unto *Mantua*;
Pleaſe you to give me ſafe conduct thither.
Gov. Go, and conduct him to the *Mantua* Port,
And ſee him ſafe delivered preſently.
[*Exeunt* Cromwell, *and* Bedford.
Go draw the curtains, let us ſee the Earl:
O, he is writing, ſtand apart a while.
Hod. Fellow *William*, I am not as I have been; I went from you a Smith, I write to you as a Lord: I am at this preſent writing, among the *Polonian Caſiges*. I do commend my Lordſhip to *Raphe* and to *Roger*, to *Bridget* and to *Dority*, and ſo to all the youth of *Putney*.
Gov. Sure theſe are the names of *Engliſh* Noblemen,
Some of his ſpecial Friends, to whom he writes:
But ſtay, he doth addreſs himſelf to ſing.
[*Here he ſings a Song.*
My Lord, I am glad you are ſo Frolick and ſo blithe;
Believe me, Noble Lord, if you knew all,
You'd change your merry vein to ſudden ſorrow.
Hodge. I change my merry vein? no, thou *Bononian*, no;
I am a Lord, and therefore let me go;
And do defie thee and thy *Caſiges*:
Therefore ſtand off, and come not near my Honour.
Gov. My Lord, this jeſting cannot ſerve your turn.
Hodge. Do'ſt think, thou black *Bononian* beaſt,
That I do flout, do gibe, or jeſt:
No, no, thou Bear-pot, know that I,
A Noble Earl, a Lord par-dy.
Gov. What means this Trumpet's ſound?
[*A Trumpet ſounds. Enter a* Meſſenger.
Cit. One come from the States of *Mantua*.
Gov. What, would you with us, ſpeak, thou man of *Mantua?*
Meſſ. Men of *Bononia*, this my meſſage is,
To let you know the Noble Earl of *Bedford*
Is ſafe within the Town of *Mantua*,
And wills you ſend the peaſant that you have,

Who hath deceived your expectation;
Or elſe the States of *Mantua* have vowed,
They will recal the truce that they have made,
And not a man ſhall ſtir from forth your Town,
That ſhall return unleſs you ſend him back.
Gov. O this misfortune, how it mads my heart?
The *Neopolitan* hath beguiled us all.
Hence with this Fool, what ſhall we do with him,
The Earl being gone? a plague upon it all.
Hod. No I'le aſſure you, I am no Earl, but a Smith, Sir,
One *Hodge*, a Smith at *Putney*, Sir:
One that hath gulled you, that hath bored you, Sir.
Gov. Away with him, take hence the Fool you came for.
Hod. I, Sir, and I'le leave the greater Fool with you.
Meſ. Farewel, *Bononians.* Come, Friend, along with me.
Hod. My Friend, afore, my Lordſhip will follow thee. [*Exit.*
Gov. Well, *Mantua*, ſince by thee the Earl is loſt,
Within few dayes I hope to ſee thee croſt. [*Ex. om.*

Enter Chorus.

Cho. Thus far you ſee how *Cromwell*'s fortune paſſed.
The Earl of *Bedford* being ſafe in *Mantua*,
Deſires *Cromwell*'s company into *France*,
To make requital for his courteſie:
But *Cromwell* doth deny the Earl his ſuit,
And tells him that thoſe parts he meant to ſee,
He had not yet ſet footing on the Land,
And ſo directly takes his way to *Spain*:
The Earl to *France*, and ſo they both do part.
Now let your thoughts as ſwift as is the wind,
Skip ſome few years, that *Cromwell* ſpent in travel:
And now imagine him to be in *England*,
Servant unto the Maſter of the Rolls:
Where in ſhort time he there began to flouriſh,
An hour ſhall ſhow you what few years did cheriſh. [*Exit.*

The Muſick plays, they bring out the banquet. Enter Sir Chriſtopher Hales, Cromwell, *and two Servants.*

Hales. Come, Sirs, be careful of your Maſters credit;
And as our bounty now exceeds the figure
Of common entertainment, ſo do you
With looks as free as is your Maſters Soul,
Give formal welcom to the thronged tables,
That ſhall receive the Cardinals followers,
And the attendants of the great Lord Chancellor.
But all my care, *Cromwell*, depends on thee:
Thou art a man differing from vulgar form,
And by how much thy Spirit is rankt 'bove theſe,
In rules of Art, by ſo much it ſhines brighter by travel,
Whoſe obſervance pleads his merit,
In a moſt learned, yet unaffecting Spirit.
Good *Cromwell*, caſt an Eye of fair regard
'Bout all my Houſe, and what this ruder fleſh,
Through ignorance, or wine, do miſcreate,
Salve thou with courteſie: if welcom want,
Full bowles, and ample banquets will ſeem ſcant.
Crom. Sir, whatſoever lies in me.
Aſſure you I will ſhew my utmoſt duty. [*Exit* Crom.
Hales. About it then, the Lords will ſtraight be here:
Cromwell, thou haſt thoſe parts would rather ſute
The ſervice of the ſtate than of my Houſe:
I look upon thee with a loving Eye,
That one day will prefer thy deſtiny.

Enter Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Sir, the Lords be at hand.
Hales. They are welcom, bid *Cromwell* ſtraight attend us,
And look you all thing be in perfect readineſs.

The Muſick playes. Enter Cardinal Wolſey, *Sir* Thomas Moore *and Gardiner.*

Wol. O, Sir *Chriſtopher*, you are too liberal: what, a banquet too?
Hales. My Lords, if words could ſhow the ample welcome, that my free heart affords you, I could then become a prater: but I now muſt deal like a feaſt *Politician* with your Lordſhips, defer your welcom till the banquet end, that it may then ſalve our defect of fare:
Yet welcom now, and all that tend on you.
Wol. Thanks to the kind Maſter of the Rolls.
Come and ſit down, ſit down, Sir *Thomas Moore*:
'Tis ſtrange, how that we and the *Spaniard* differ,
Their dinner is our banquet, after dinner,
And they are men of active diſpoſition:
This I gather, that by their ſparing Meat,
Their bodies are more fitter for the Wars:
And if that famine chance to pinch their maws,
Being us'd to faſt, it breeds leſs pain.
Hal. Fill me ſome wine: I'le anſwer Cardinal *Wolſey*:
My Lord, we *Engliſh*-men are of more freer Souls,
Than hunger-ſtarv'd, and ill-complexion'd '*Spaniards*;
They that are rich in *Spain*, ſpare belly food,
To deck their backs with an *Italian* hood,
And Silks of *Civil*: and the pooreſt Snake,
That feeds on Lemmons, Pilchers, and ne're heated
His pallet with ſweet Fleſh, will bear a caſe
More fat and gallant than his ſtarved face:
Pride, the Inquiſition, and this belly-evil,
Are in my judgement *Spains* three-headed Devil.
Mo. Indeed it is a plague unto their Nation,
Who ſtagger after in blind imitation.
Hal. My Lords, with welcom, I preſent your Lordſhips a ſolemn health.
Mo. I love health well, but when as healths do bring
Pain to the head, and bodies ſurfeiting:
Then ceaſe I healths: nay ſpill not, Friend,
For though the drops be ſmall,
Yet have they force, to force men to the wall.
Wol. Sir *Chriſtopher*, is that your man?
Hal And like your Grace, he is a Scholar, and a *Linguiſt*,
One that hath travelled many parts of Chriſtendom, my Lord.
Wol. My Friend, come nearer, have you been a traveller?
Crom. My Lord, I have added to my knowledge, the Low Countryes,
France, *Spain*, *Germany*, and *Italy*:
And though ſmall gain of profit I did find,
Yet did it pleaſe my Eye, content my mind.
Wol. What do you think of the ſeveral States;
And Princes Courts as you have travelled?
Crom. My Lord, no Court with *England* may compare,
Neither for State, nor civil Government:
Luſt dwells in *France*, in *Italy*, and *Spain*,
From the poor peaſant, to the Princes train,
In *Germany*, and *Holland*, Riot ſerves,
And he that moſt can drink, moſt he deſerves:
England I praiſe not: for I here was born,
But that ſhe laugheth the others unto ſcorn.
Wol. My Lord, there dwells within that Spirit,
More than can be diſcern'd by outward Eye;
Sir *Chriſtopher*, will you part with your man?
Hal. I have ſought to proffer him to your Lordſhip,
And now I ſee he hath preferr'd himſelf?
Wel. What is thy name?
Crom. *Cromwell*, my Lord.
Wol. Then, *Cromwell*, here we make thee Sollicitor of our cauſes, and neareſt next our ſelf: *Gardiner*, give you kind welcome to the man. [Gardiner *embraces him.*

Moor. My Lord, you are a royal Winner,
Hath got a man, beſides your bounteous Dinner,
Well, Knight, pray we come no more:
If we come often, thou maiſt ſhut thy Door.
Wol. Sir *Chriſtopher*, had'ſt thou given me
Half thy Lands, thou couldeſt not have pleaſed me
So much as with this man of thine,
My infant thoughts do ſpell:
Shortly his Fortune ſhall be lifted higher,
True induſtry doth kindle Houours fire,
And ſo, kind Maſter of the Rolls, farewel.
Hal. Cromwell, farewell.
Crom. Cromwell takes his leave of you
That ne're will leave to love, and honour you. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Chorus.

[*The Muſick playes as they go out.*
Cho. Now *Cromwells* higheſt Fortunes do begin.
Wolſey that lov'd him, as he did his life:
Committed all his treaſure to his hands,
Wolſey is dead, and *Gardiner* his man
Is now Created Biſhop of *Wincheſter:*
Pardon if we omit all *Wolſey*'s Life,
Becauſe our Play depends on *Cromwells* Death,
Now ſit and ſee his higheſt ſtate of all;
His height of riſing and his ſudden fall:
Pardon the errors are already paſt,
And live in hope the beſt doth come at laſt:
My hope upon your favour doth depend,
And look to have your liking ere the end. [*Exit.*

Enter Gardiner *Biſhop of* Wincheſter, *the Dukes of* Norfolk, *and of* Suffolk, *Sir* Thomas Moor, *Sir* Chriſtopher Hales, *and* Cromwell.

Nor. Maſter *Cromwell*, ſince Cardinal *Wolſey*'s Death,
His Majeſty is given to underſtand,
There's certain Bills and Writings in your hand,
That much concern the ſtate of *England:*
My Lord of *Wincheſter*, is it not ſo?
Gar. My Lord of *Norfolk*, we two were whilome Fellows,
And Maſter *Cromwell*, though our Maſters love,
Did bind us, while his love was to the King,
It is no boot now to deny thoſe things,
Which may be prejudicial to the State:
And though that God hath rais'd my fortune higher,
Than any way I looked for, or deſerv'd,
Yet my life, no longer with me dwell,
Than I prove true unto my Sovereign.
Suff. What ſay you, Maſter *Cromwell?* have you thoſe Writings, I, or no?
Crom. Here are the Writings, and upon my Knees,
I give them up unto the worthy Dukes,
Of *Suffolk*, and of *Norfolk:* he was my Maſter,
And each vertuous part
That lived in him, I tender'd with my heart,
But what his head complotted 'gainſt the State,
My Countries love, commands me that to hate.
His ſudden Death, I grieve for, not his fall,
Becauſe he ſought to work my Countries thrall.
Suff. Cromwell, the King ſhall hear of this thy duty;
Whom I aſſure my ſelf, will well reward thee:
My Lord, let's go unto his Majeſty,
And ſhow thoſe Writings which he longs to ſee.
[*Exeunt* Norfolk *and* Suffolk.

Enter Bedford *haſtily.*

Bed. How now, whoſe this, *Cromwell?*
By my Soul, welcome to *England:*
Thou once did'ſt ſave my life, did'ſt thou not, *Cromwell?*
Crom. If I did ſo, 'tis greater glory
For me that you remember it,
Than for my ſelf vainly to report it.
Bed. Well, *Cromwell*, now is the time,
I ſhall commend thee to my Sovereign:
Cheer up thy ſelf, for I will raiſe thy State,
A *Ruſſel* yet was never found ingrate. [*Exit.*
Hal. O how uncertain is the wheel of State,
Who lately greater than the Cardinal,
For fear, and love: and now who lower lies?
Gay honours are but Fortunes flatteries,
And whom this day, Pride and Promotion ſwells,
To Morrow Envy and Ambition quells.
Moor. Who ſees the Cob-web intangle the poor Fly,
May boldly ſay the wretche's Death is nigh.
Gar. I know his ſtate, and proud ambition,
Were too too violent to laſt over-long.
Hal. Who ſoars too near the Sun, with golden VVings,
Melts them, to ruine his own fortune brings.

Enter the Dake of Suffolk.

Suf. Cromwell, kneel down in King *Henry*'s name,
Ariſe, Sir *Thomas Gromwell*, thus begins thy fame.

Enter the Duke of Norfolk.

Norf. Cromwell, The Majeſty of *England*,
For the good liking, he conceives of thee,
Makes thee Maſter of the Jewel Houſe,
Chief Secretary to himſelf, and withal,
Creates thee one of his Highneſs's Privy Council.

Enter the Earl of Bedford.

Bed. VVhere is Sir *Thomas Cromwell?* is he Knighted?
Suff. He is, my Lord.
Bed. Then, to add Honour to his Name,
The King creates him Lord Keeper of his Privy Seal,
And Maſter of the Rolls;
VVhich you, Sir *Chriſtopher*, do now enjoy;
The King determines higher place for you.
Crom. My Lords, theſe honours are too high for my deſert.
Moor. O content thee, man, who would not chuſe it?
Yet thou art wiſe, in ſeeming to refuſe it.
Gard. Here's Honours, Titles and Promotions;
I fear this climbing, will have a ſudden fall.
Norf. Then come, my Lords, let's altogether bring
This new-made Counſellor to *England*'s King.
[*Exeunt all but* Gardiner.
Gard. But *Gardiner* means his glory ſhall be dim'd:
Shall *Cromwell* live a greater man than I?
My Envy with his Honour now is bred,
I hope to ſhorten *Cromwell* by the Head. [*Exit.*

Enter Friskiball *very poor.*

Friſ. O *Friskiball*, what ſhall become of thee?
VVhere ſhalt thou go, or which way ſhalt thou turn?
Fortune that turns her too unconſtant VVheel,
Hath turn'd thy wealth and riches in the Sea,
All parts abroad where-ever I have been,
Grows weary of me, and denies me ſuccour;
My Debtors they, that ſhould relieve my want,
Forſwear my money, ſay they owe me none:
They know my ſtate too mean, to bear out Law;
And here in *London*, where I oft have been,
And have done good to many a wretched man,
And now moſt wretched here, deſpis'd my ſelf;
In vain it is more of their hearts to try;
Be patient therefore, lay thee down and die.
[*He lies down.*

Enter Goodman Seely, *and his Wife* Joan.

Seely. Come *Joan*, come, let's ſee what he'll do for us now? I wis we have done for him, when many a time and often he might have gone a hungry to Bed.

Wife. Alas man, now he is made a Lord, he'll never look upon us; he'll fulfill the old Proverb, *Set Beggars a Horſe-back, and they'll ride:* a, well a day for my Cow; ſuch as he hath made us come behind-hand, we had never pawn'd our Cow elſe to pay our Rent.

Seely. Well *Joan*, he'll come this way: and by God's Dickers I'll tell him roundly of it, and if he were ten Lords: a ſhall know that I had not my Cheeſe and my Bacon for nothing.

Wife. Do you remember Husband, how he would mouch upon my Cheeſe-Cakes, he hath forgot this now, but now we'll remember him.

Seely, I, we ſhall have now three flaps with a Fox Tail: but i'faith I'll gibber a joint, but I'll tell him his own: ſtay, who comes here? O, ſtand up, here he comes, ſtand up.

Enter Hodge *very fine, with a Tip-ſtaff*, Cromwell, *the Mace carried before him*; Norfolk, *and* Suffolk, *and Attendants.*

Hodge. Come, away with theſe Beggars here,
Riſe up, Sirrah; Come out, good people;
Run before there ho.
[Friskiball *riſeth, and ſtands a far-off.*

Seely. I, we are kicked away now, we come for our own; the time hath been, he would a looked more Friendly upon us: And you, *Hodge*, we know you well enough, though you are ſo fine.

Crom. Come hither, Sirrah: ſtay, what men are theſe?
My honeſt Hoſt of *Hounſlow*, and his Wife;
I owe thee money, Father, do I not?

Seely. I, by the body of me, doſt thou; would thou wouldeſt pay me, good four pound it is, I have a the Poſt at home.

Crom. I know 'tis true; Sirrah, give him ten Angels,
And look your Wife and you do ſtay to Dinner:
And while you live, I freely give to you,
Four pound a Year, for the four pound I ought you.

Seely. Art not changed, art old *Tom* ſtill?
Now God bleſs thee, good Lord *Tom:*
Home *Joan*, home; I'll dine with my Lord *Tom* to day,
And thou ſhalt come next Week.
Fetch my Cow; home *Joan*, home.

Wife. Now God bleſs thee, my good Lord *Tom*;
I'll fetch my Cow preſently.

Enter Gardiner.

Crom. Sirrah, go to yon ſtranger, tell him I deſire him ſtay to Dinner: I muſt ſpeak with him.

Gard. My Lord of *Norfolk*, ſee you this ſame Bubble?
That ſame puff; but mark the end, my Lord, mark the end.

Norf. I promiſe you, I like not ſomething he hath done;
But let that paſs: the King doth love him well.

Crom. Good Morrow to my Lord of *Wincheſter:*
I know you bear me hard, about the Abbey Lands.

Gard. Have I not reaſon, when Religion is wronged?
You had no colour for what you have done.

Crom. Yes, the aboliſhing of Antichriſt,
And of his Popiſh order for our Realm:
I am no Enemy to Religion,
But what is done, it is for *England*'s good:
What did they ſerve for, but to feed a ſort
Of lazy Abbots, and of full-fed Fryers?
They neither plow, nor ſow, and yet they reap
The fat of all the Land, and ſuck the poor:
Look what was theirs, is in King *Henry*'s hands,
His wealth before lay in the Abbey Lands.

Gard. Indeed theſe things you have alledg'd, my Lord,
When, God doth know, the infant yet unborn,
Will Curſe the time, the Abbies were pull'd down:
I pray now where is Hoſpitality?
Where now may poor diſtreſſed people go,
For to relieve their need, or reſt their bones,
When weary travel doth oppreſs their limbs?
And where religious men ſhould take them in,
Shall now be kept back by a Maſtive Dog:
And thouſand thouſand ——

Nor. O my Lord, no more: things paſt redreſs,
'Tis bootleſs to complain.

Crom. What ſhall we to the Convocation-Houſe?

Nor. We'll follow you, my Lord, pray lead the way.

Enter old Cromwell, *like a Farmer.*

Old Crom. How? one *Cromwell*
Made Lord Keeper ſince I left *Putney*,
And dwelt in *Yorkſhire?* I never heard better news:
I'll ſee that *Cromwell*, or it ſhall go hard.

Crom. My aged Father! ſtate ſet aſide:
Father, on my Knee I crave your bleſſing:
One of my Servants go and have him in,
At better leiſure will we talk with him.

Old Crom. Now if I die, how happy were the day,
To ſee this comfort rains forth ſhowers of joy.
[*Exit old* Cromwell.

Nor. This duty in him ſhows a kind of grace.

Crom. Go on before, for time draws on apace.
[*Exeunt all but* Friskiball.

Friſ. I wonder what this Lord would have with me,
His man ſo ſtrictly gave me charge to ſtay:
I never did offend him to my knowledge:
Well, good or bad, I mean to bide it all,
Worſe than I am, now never can befal.

Enter Baniſter *and his Wife.*

Ban. Come, Wife, I take it be almoſt Dinner time,
For Mr. *Newton*, and Mr. *Crosby* ſent to me
Laſt Night, they would come Dine with me,
And take their Bond in: I pray thee hie thee home,
And ſee that all things be in readineſs.

Mrs. Ban. They ſhall be welcom, Husband, I'll go before,
But is not that man Maſter *Friskiball?*
[*She runs and embraces him.*

Ban. O Heavens! it is kind Maſter *Friskiball:*
Say, Sir, what hap hath brought you to this paſs?

Friſ. The ſame that brought you to your miſery.

Ban. Why would you not acquaint me with your ſtate?
Is *Baniſter* your poor Friend forgot?
Whoſe goods, whoſe love, whoſe life and all is yours.

Friſ. I thought your uſage would be as the reſt,
That had more kindneſs at my hands than you,
Yet look'd aſcance when as they ſaw me poor.

Mrs. Ban. If *Baniſter* would bear ſo baſe a heart,
I never would look my Husband in the Face,
But hate him as I would a Cockatrice.

Ban. And well thou mighteſt, ſhould *Baniſter* deal ſo,
Since that I ſaw you, Sir, my ſtate is mended:
And for the thouſand pound I owe to you,
I have it ready for you, Sir, at home:
And though I grieve your fortune is ſo bad:
Yet that my hap's to help you makes me glad:
And now, Sir, will it pleaſe you walk with me.

Friſ. Not yet I cannot, for the Lord Chancellor,
Hath here commanded me to wait on him,
For what I know not, pray God it be for good.

Ban. Never make doubt of that, I'll warrant you,
He is as kind a noble Gentleman,
As ever did poſſeſs the place he hath.

Mrs. Ban. Sir, my Brother is his Steward, if you pleaſe,
We'll go along and bear you Company:
I know we ſhall not want for welcome there?
Friſ. Withal my heart: but what's become of *Bagot?*
Ban. He is hanged for buying Jewels of the Kings.
Friſ. A juſt reward for one ſo impious,
The time draws on, Sir, will you go along.
Ban. I'll follow you, kind Maſter *Friskiball.*
[*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter two Merchants.

1. Now, Maſter *Crosby*, I ſee you have a care
To keep your word, in payment of your money.
2. By my Faith I have reaſon upon a Bond,
Three thouſand pounds is too much to forfeit,
Yet I doubt not, Maſter *Baniſter*.
1. By my Faith your ſumm is more than mine,
And yet I am not much behind you too,
Conſidering that to day I paid at Court.
2. Maſſe, and well remembred:
What's the reaſon the Lord *Cromwell*'s men
Wear ſuch long Skirts upon their Coats?
They reach down to their very Hams.
1. I will reſolve you, Sir, and thus it is;
The Biſhop of *Wincheſter*, that loves not *Cromwell*,
As great men are envied as well as leſs,
A while a go there was a jar between them,
And it was brought to my Lord *Cromwell*'s Ear,
That Biſhop *Gardiner* would ſit on his Skirts,
Upon which word he made his men long blue Coats,
And in the Court wore one of them himſelf:
And meeting with the Biſhop, quoth he, my Lord,
Here's Skirts enough now for your Grace to ſit on:
Which vexed the Biſhop to the very heart;
This is the reaſon why they wear long Coats.
2. 'Tis always ſeen, and mark it for a rule,
That one great man will envy ſtill another:
But 'tis a thing that nothing concerns me:
What, ſhall we now to Maſter *Baniſter*'s?
1. I, come, we'll pay him royally for our Dinner. [*Ex.*

Enter the Uſher *and the Shewer, the meat goes over the Stage.*

Uſher. Uncover there, Gentlemen.

Enter Cromwell, Bedford, Suffolk, *Old* Cromwell, Friskiball, *Goodman* Seely, *and Attendants.*

Crom. My noble Lords of *Suffolk* and *Bedford*,
Your Honours welcome to poor *Cromwell*'s Houſe:
Where is my Father? nay, be covered, Father,
Although that duty to theſe noble men doth challenge it,
Yet I'll make bold with them.
Your Head doth bear the Calender of care:
What? *Cromwell* covered, and his Father bare?
It muſt not be. Now, Sir, to you;
Is not your name *Friskiball?* and a *Florentine*.
Friſ. My name was *Friskiball*, till cruel fate,
Did rob me of my name, and of my ſtate.
Crom. What Fortune brought you to this Countrey now?
Friſ. All other parts hath left me ſuccourleſs,
Save only this, becauſe of Debts I have
I hope to gain, for to relieve my want.
Crom. Did you not once upon your *Florence* Bridge,
Help a diſtreſſed man, robb'd by the *Bandetti*,
His name was *Cromwell?*
Friſ. I never made my brain
A Calender of any good I did,
I always lov'd this Nation with my heart.
Crom. I am that *Cromwell* that you there reliev'd,
Sixteen Duckets you gave me for to cloath me,
Sixteen to bear my charges by the way,
And ſixteen more I had for my Horſe hire,
There be thoſe ſeveral ſums juſtly return'd:
Yet it injuſtice were, that ſerving at my need,
For to repay them without intereſt:
Therefore receive of me theſe four ſeveral Bags;
In each of them there is four hundred Mark,
And bring to me the names of all your Debtors,
And if they will not ſee you paid, I will.
O God forbid, that I ſhould ſee him fall,
That helpt me in my greateſt need of all.
Here ſtands my Father that firſt gave me life,
Alas, what duty is too much for him?
This man in time of need did ſave my Life,
And therefore cannot do too much for him.
By this old man I oftentimes was fed,
Elſe might I have gone ſupperleſs to Bed.
Such kindneſs have I had of theſe three men,
That *Cromwell* no way can repay agen,
Now in to Dinner, for we ſtay too long,
And to good ſtomachs is no greater wrong.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Gardiner *in his Study, and his man.*

Gard. Sirrah, where be thoſe men I caus'd to ſtay?
Ser. They do attend your pleaſure, Sir, within.
Gard. Bid them come hither, and ſtay you without,
For by thoſe men the Fox of this ſame Land,
That makes a Gooſe of better than himſelf,
Muſt worried be unto his lateſt home,
Or *Gardiner* will fail in his intent.
As for the Dukes of *Suffolk* and of *Norfolk*,
Whom I have ſent for to come ſpeak with me;
Howſoever outwardly they ſhadow it,
Yet in their hearts I know they love him not;
As for the Earl of *Bedford*, he is but one,
And dares not gain-ſay what we do ſet down.

Enter the two Witneſſes.

Now, my Friends, you know I ſav'd your lives,
When by the Law you had deſerved Death;
And then you promiſed me upon your Oaths,
To venture both your lives to do me good.
Both Wit. We ſwore no more than that we will perform.
Gard. I take your words, and that which you muſt do,
Is ſervice for your God, and for your King;
To root a Rebel from this flouriſhing Land,
One that's an Enemy unto the Church:
And therefore muſt you take your ſolemn Oaths,
That you heard *Cromwell*, the Lord Chancellor,
Did wiſh a Dagger at King *Henry*'s Heart:
Fear not to ſwear it, for I heard him ſpeak it;
Therefore we'll ſhield you from enſuing harms.
2. *Wit.* If you will warrant us the deed is good,
We'll undertake it.
Gard. Kneel down, and I will here abſolve you both;
This Crucifix I lay upon your Heads,
And ſprinkle Holy-water on your brows:
The deed is meritorious that you do,
And by it ſhall you purchaſe Grace from Heaven.
1. Now Sir we'll undertake it, by our Souls.
2. For *Cromwell* never loved none of our ſort.
Gard. I know he doth not, and for both of you,
I will prefer you to ſome place of worth;
Now get you in, until I call for you,
For preſently the Dukes mean to be here. [*Exeunt* Wit.
Cromwell, ſit faſt, thy time's not long to reign;
The Abbies that were pull'd down by thy means,
Is now a mean for me to pull thee down:
Thy pride alſo thy own head lights upon,

For thou art he hath chang'd Religion:
But now no more, for here the Dukes are come.

Enter Suffolk, Norfolk, *and the Earl of* Bedford.

Suff. Good even to my Lord Biſhop.
Norf. How fares my Lord? what, are you all alone?
Gard. No, not alone, my Lords, my mind is troubled:
I know your honours muſe wherefore I ſent,
And in ſuch haſte: What came you from the King?
Norf. We did, and left none but Lord *Cromwell* with him.
Gard. O what a dangerous time is this we live in?
There's *Thomas Wolſey*, he's already gone,
And *Thomas Moor*, he followed after him:
Another *Thomas* yet there doth remain,
That is far worſe than either of thoſe twain;
And if with ſpeed, my Lords, we not purſue it,
I fear the King and all the Land will rue it.
Bed. Another *Thomas?* pray God it be not *Cromwell.*
Gard. My Lord of *Bedford*, it is that Traytor *Cromwell.*
Bed. Is *Cromwell* falſe? my heart will never think it.
Suff. My Lord of *Wincheſter*, what likelihood,
Or proof have you of this his treachery.
Gard. My Lord, too much, call in the men within.

Enter the Witneſſes.

Theſe men, my Lord, upon their Oaths affirm,
That they did hear Lord *Cromwell* in his Garden,
Wiſhed a Dagger ſticking at the Heart
Of our King *Henry*, what is this but Treaſon?
Bed. If it be ſo, my heart doth bleed with ſorrow.
Suff. How ſay you, Friends; what, did you hear theſe words?
1. *Wit.* We did, an't like your grace.
Norf. In what place was Lord *Cromwell* when he ſpake them?
2. *Wit.* In his Garden; where we did attend a Suit,
Which we had waited for two years and more.
Suff. How long is't ſince you heard him ſpeak theſe words?
2. *Wit.* Some half a year ſince.
Bed. How chance that you conceal'd it all this time?
1. *Wit.* His Greatneſs made us fear, that was the cauſe.
Gard. I, I, his Greatneſs, that's the cauſe indeed;
And to make his Treaſon here more manifeſt,
He calls his Servants to him round about,
Tells them of *Wolſey*'s Life, and of his fall,
Sayes that himſelf hath many Enemies,
And gives to ſome of them a Park, or Mannor,
To others Leaſes, Lands to other ſome:
What need he do this in his prime of life,
An if he were not fearful of his death?
Suff. My Lord, theſe likelihoods are very great.
Bed. Pardon me, Lords, for I muſt needs depart;
Their proofs are great, but greater is my heart.
[*Exit* Bedford.
Norf. My Friends, take heed
Of that which you have ſaid;
Your Souls muſt anſwer what your tongues report:
Therefore take heed, be wary what you do.
2. *Wit.* My Lord, we ſpeak no more but truth.
Norf. Let them depart, my Lord of *Wincheſter*;
Let theſe men be cloſe kept
Until the day of tryal.
Gard. They ſhall, my Lord; ho, take in theſe two men.
[*Exeunt* Witneſſes.
My Lords, if *Cromwell* have a publick Tryal,
That which we do, is void, by his denial;
You know the King will credit none but him.
Norf. 'Tis true, he rules the King even as he pleaſes.
Suff. How ſhall we do for to attach him then?
Gard. Marry, my Lords, thus,
By an Act he made himſelf,
With an intent to intrap ſome of our lives,
And this it is: If any Counſellor
Be convicted of High Treaſon,
He ſhall be executed without a publick Tryal.
This Act, my Lords, he caus'd the King to make.
Suff. A did indeed, and I remember it,
And now it is like to fall upon himſelf.
Norf. Let us not ſlack it, 'tis for *Englands* good,
We muſt be wary, elſe he'll go beyond us.
Gar. Well hath your Grace ſaid, my Lord of *Norfolk*,
Therefore, let us preſently to *Lambeth*,
Thither comes *Cromwell*, from the Court to night,
Let us arreſt him, ſend him to the Tower.
And in the Morning, cut off the Traytors Head.
Norf. Come then about it, let us guard the Town,
This is the day that *Cromwell* muſt go down.
Gar. Along my Lords, well, *Cromwell* is half dead,
He ſhak'd my heart, but I will ſhave his Head. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Bedford *ſolus.*

Bed. My Soul is like a Water troubled,
And *Gardiner* is the man that makes it ſo;
O *Cromwell*, I do fear thy end is near:
Yet I'll prevent their malice if I can,
And in good time, ſee where the man doth come,
Who little knows how near's his day of doom.

Enter Cromwell *with his Train*, Bedford *makes as though he would ſpeak to him: he goes on.*

Crom. You'r well encountred, my good Lord of *Bedford*,
Pray Pardon me, I am ſent for to th' King,
And do not know the buſineſs yet my ſelf,
So fare you well, for I muſt needs be gone.
[*Exit all the Train.*
Bed. You muſt, well, what remedy?
I fear too ſoon you muſt be gone indeed,
The King hath buſineſs, but little do'ſt thou know,
Whoſe buſie for thy life: thou think'ſt not ſo.

Enter Cromwell *and the Train again.*

Crom. The ſecond time well met my Lord of *Bedford:*
I am very ſorry that my haſte is ſuch,
Lord Marqueſs *Dorſet* being ſick to Death,
I muſt receive of him the Privy Seal
At *Lambeth*, ſoon my Lord, we'll talk our fill.
[*Exit the Train.*
Bed. How ſmooth and eaſie is the way to Death.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. My Lord, the Dukes of *Norfolk* and of *Suffolk*,
Accompanied with the Biſhop of *Wincheſter*,
Intreats you to come preſently to *Lambeth*,
On earneſt matters that concerns the State.
Bed. To *Lambeth*, ſo: go fetch me Pen and Ink,
I and Lord *Cromwell* there ſhall talk enough:
I, and our laſt, I fear, and if he come.
[*He writes a Letter.*
Here, take this Letter, and bear it to Lord *Cromwell*,
Bid him read it, ſay it concerns him near,
Away, be gone, make all the haſte you can,
To *Lambeth* do I go, a woful man. [*Exit.*

Enter Cromwell *and his Train.*

Crom. Is the Barge ready? I will ſtraight to *Lambeth*,
And if this one dayes buſineſs, once were paſt,

I'd take my eaſe to morrow after trouble,
How now my Friend, would'ſt thou ſpeak with me?
[*The* Meſſenger *brings the Letter, he puts it in his pocket.*
Meſ. Sir, here's a Letter from my Lord of *Bedford.*
Crom. O good my Friend, commend me to thy Lord,
Hold, take thoſe Angels, drink them for thy pains.
Meſ. He doth deſire your Grace to read it,
Becauſe he ſayes it doth concern you near.
Crom. Bid him aſſure himſelf of that, farewel,
To morrow, tell him, he ſhall hear from me,
Set on before there, and away to *Lambeth.*
[*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Wincheſter, Suffolk, Norfolk, Bedford, *Serjeant at Arms, the* Herald, *and Halberts.*

Gar. Halberts ſtand cloſe unto the Water ſide,
Serjeant at Arms, be bold in your Office,
Herald, deliver your Proclamation.
Her. This is to give notice to all the Kings Subjects,
The late Lord *Cromwell*, Lord Chancellor of *England*,
Vicar general over the Realm,
Him to hold and eſteem as a Traitor,
Againſt the Crown and dignity of *England.*
So God ſave the King.
Gar. Amen.
Bed Amen, and root thee from the Land,
For whil'ſt thou liveſt, truth cannot ſtand.
Nor. Make a lane there, the Traitor is at hand,
Keep back *Cromwell*'s men:
Drown them if they come on. Serjeant, your Office?

Enter Cromwell, *they make a lane with their Halberts.*

Crom. What means my Lord of *Norfolk* by theſe words?
Sirs, come along.
Gar. Kill them, if they come on.
Ser. Lord *Cromwell*, in King *Henries* name,
I do arreſt your honour of high Treaſon.
Crom. Serjeant, me of Treaſon?
[Cromwell's *men offer to draw.*
Suff. Kill them, if they draw a Sword.
Crom. Hold, I charge you, as you love me, draw not a Sword,
Who dares accuſe *Cromwell* of Treaſon now?
Gar. This is no place to reckon up your crime,
Your Dove-like looks were view'd with Serpents Eyes.
Crom. With ſerpents Eyes indeed, by thine they were,
But, *Gardiner*, do thy worſt, I fear thee not,
My Faith compar'd with thine, as much ſhall paſs,
As doth the Diamond excell the glaſs:
Attach'd of Treaſon, no accuſers by,
Indeed what tongue dares ſpeak ſo foul a lie?
Nor. My Lord, my Lord, matters are too well known,
And is it time the King had note thereof.
Crom. The King, let me go to him face to face,
No better Trial I deſire than that,
Let him but ſay, that *Cromwell*'s Faith was feign'd,
Then let my Honour, and my Name be ſtain'd;
If ever my heart againſt the King was ſet,
O let my Soul in judgement anſwer it:
Then if my Faith's confirmed with his reaſon,
'Gainſt whom hath *Cromwell* then committed treaſon?
Suf. My Lord, your matter ſhall be tried,
Mean time with patience content your ſelf.
Crom. Perforce I muſt with patience be content:
O dear Friend *Bedford*, doſt thou ſtand ſo near?
Cromwell rejoyceth, one Friend ſheds a tear:
And whither is't? which way muſt *Cromwell* now?
Gar. My Lord, you muſt unto the Tower:
Lieutenant, take him to your charge.
Crom. Well, where you pleaſe, yet before I part,
Let me confer a little with my men.
Gar. As you go by Water ſo you ſhall.
Crom. I have ſome buſineſs preſent to impart.
Nor. You may not ſtay, Lieutenant, take your charge.
Crom. Well, well, my Lord, you ſecond *Gardiners* text.
Norfolk, farewel, thy turn will be the next.
[*Exit* Cromwell *and the Lieutenant.*
Gar. His guilty conſcience makes him rave, my Lord.
Nor. I, let him talk, his time is ſhort enough.
Gar. My Lord of *Bedford*, come, you weep for him,
That would not ſhed a tear for you.
Bed. It grieves me for to ſee his ſudden fall.
Gar. Such ſucceſs wiſh I unto Traitors all. [*Exeunt.*

Enter two Citizens.

1. Why? can this news be true? is't poſſible?
The great Lord *Cromwell* arreſted upon high Treaſon,
I hardly will believe it can be ſo.
2. It is too true, Sir, would it were otherwiſe,
Condition I ſpent half the wealth I have;
I was at *Lambeth*, ſaw him there arreſted,
And afterward committed to the Tower.
1. What was't for Treaſon that he was committed?
2. Kind Noble Gentleman: I may rue the time;
All that I have, I did enjoy by him,
And if he die, then all my ſtate is gone.
1. It may be hoped that he ſhall not die,
Becauſe the King did favour him ſo much.
2. O Sir, you are deceived in thinking ſo:
The grace and favour he had with the King,
Hath caus'd him have ſo many Enemies:
He that in Court ſecure will keep himſelf,
Muſt not be great, for then he is envied at,
The Shrub is ſafe, when as the Cedar ſhakes,
For where the King doth love above compare,
Of others they as much more envied are.
1. 'Tis pity that this noble man ſhould fall,
He did ſo many charitable deeds.
2. 'Tis true, and yet you ſee in each eſtate,
There's none ſo good, but ſome one doth him hate,
And they before would ſmile him in the face,
Will be the formoſt to do him diſgrace:
What, will you go along unto the Court?
1. I care not if I do, and hear the news,
How men will judge what ſhall become of him.
2. Some men will ſpeak hardly, ſome will ſpeak in pity,
Go you to the Court. I'le go into the City,
There I am ſure to hear more news than you.
1. Why then ſoon will we meet again. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Cromwell *in the Tower.*

Crom. Now, *Cromwell*, haſt thou time to meditate,
And think upon thy ſtate, and of the time:
Thy honours came unſought, I, and unlook'd for,
They fall as ſudden, and unlook'd for too:
What glory was in *England* that I had not?
Who in this Land commanded more than *Cromwell?*
Except the King, who greater than my ſelf?
But now I ſee what after ages ſhall,
The greater men, more ſudden is their fall.
And now I do remember, the Earl of *Bedford*
Was very deſirous for to ſpeak to me:
And afterward ſent unto me a Letter,
The which I think I have ſtill in my Pocket,
Now may I read it, for I now have leiſure,
And this I take it is. [*He reads the Letter.*

My Lord, come not this night to Lambeth,
For if you do, your ſtate is overthrown.
And much I doubt your life, and if you come:
Then if you love your ſelf, ſtay where you are.

O God, had I but read this Letter,
Then had I been free from the Lions Paw:
Deferring this to read until to Morrow,
I ſpurn'd at joy, and did embrace my ſorrow.

Enter the Lieutenant *of the Tower and Officers.*

Now, Maſter Lieutenant, when's this day of Death?
Lieu. Alas, my Lord, would I might never ſee it:
Here are the Dukes of *Suffolk* and of *Norfolk*,
Wincheſter, *Bedford*, and Sir *Richard Ratcliff*,
With others, but why they come I know not.
Crom. No matter wherefore, *Cromwell* is prepar'd,
For *Gardiner* has my life and ſtate inſnar'd:
Bid them come in, or you ſhall do them wrong,
For here ſtands he, whom ſome think lives too long,
Learning kills Learning, and, inſtead of Ink
To dip his Pen, *Cromwell*'s heart blood doth drink.

Enter all the Nobles.

Norf. Good morrow, *Cromwell*, what, alone ſo ſad?
Crom. One good among you, none of you are bad:
For my part, it beſt fits me be alone,
Sadneſs with me, not I with any one.
What, is the King acquainted with my cauſe?
Norf. We have, and he hath anſwered us, my Lord.
Crom. How ſhall I come to ſpeak with him my ſelf.
Gard. The King is ſo advertiſed of your guilt,
He will by no means admit you to his preſence.
Crom. No way admit me, am I ſo ſoon forgot?
Did he but yeſterday embrace my neck,
And ſaid that *Cromwell* was even half himſelf,
And are his Princely ears ſo much bewitched
With ſcandalous ignominy, and ſlanderous ſpeeches,
That now he doth deny to look on me?
Well, my Lord of *Wincheſter*, no doubt but you
Are much in favour with his Majeſty,
Will you bear a Letter from me to his Grace?
Gar. Pardon me, I'le bear no Traitors Letters.
Crom. Ha, will you do this kindneſs then?
Tell him by word of mouth what I ſhall ſay to you.
Gard. That will I.
Crom. But on your honour will you?
Gard. I, on my honour.
Crom. Bear witneſs, Lords.
Tell him, when he hath known you,
And try'd your Faith but half ſo much as mine,
He'll find you to be the falſeſt hearted man
In *England*: Pray tell him this.
Bed. Be patient, good my Lord, in theſe extremities.
Crom. My kind and honourable Lord of *Bedford*,
I know your honour always lov'd me well,
But, pardon me, this ſtill ſhall be my theam,
Gardiner is the cauſe makes *Cromwell* ſo extream:
Sir *Ralph Sadler*, pray a word with you;
You were my man, and all that you poſſeſs
Came by my means, to requite all this,
Will you take this Letter here of me,
And give it with your own hands to the King.
Sad. I kiſs your hand, and never will I reſt,
E're to the King this be delivered. [*Exit* Sadler.
Crom. Why yet *Cromwell* hath one Friend in ſtore.
Gard. But all the haſte he makes ſhall be but vain;
Here's a diſcharge for your Priſoner,
To ſee him executed preſently:
My Lord, you hear the tenor of your life.
Crom. I do embrace it, welcome my laſt date,
And of this gliſtering world I take laſt leave;
And, Noble Lords, I take my leave of you:
As willingly I go to meet with Death,
As *Gardiner* did pronounce it with his breath;
From Treaſon is my heart as white as Snow,
My Death only procured by my Foe:
I pray commend me to my Soveraign King,
And tell him in what ſort his *Cromwell* dy'd,
To loſe his Head before his cauſe was try'd:
But let his Grace, when he ſhall hear my name,
Say only this, *Gardiner* procur'd the ſame.

Enter young Cromwell.

Lieu. Here is your Son come to take his leave.
Crom. To take his leave?
Come hither, *Harry Cromwell*;
Mark, Boy, the laſt words that I ſpeak to thee;
Flatter not Fortune, neither fawn upon her;
Gape not for ſtate, yet loſe no ſpark of honour;
Ambition, like the plague ſee thou eſchew it;
I die for Treaſon, Boy, and never knew it;
Yet let thy Faith as ſpotleſs be as mine,
And *Cromwell*'s virtues in thy face ſhall ſhine:
Come, go along and ſee me leave my breath,
And I'le leave thee upon the floor of Death.
Son. O Father, I ſhall die to ſee that wound,
Your blood being ſpilt will make my heart to ſound.
Crom. How, Boy, not look upon the Axe?
How ſhall I do then to have my head ſtrook off?
Come on, my Child, and ſee the end of all,
And after ſay that *Gardiner* was my fall.
Gard. My Lord, you ſpeak it of an envious heart,
I have done no more than Law and Equity.
Bed. O, my good Lord of *Wincheſter*, forbear;
It would better ſeemed you to been abſent,
Than with your words diſturb a dying man.
Crom. Who me, my Lord? no: he diſturbs not me,
My mind he ſtirrs not, though his mighty ſhock
Hath brought moe Peers heads down to the block.
Farewel, my Boy, all *Cromwell* can bequeath,
My hearty bleſſing, ſo I take my leave.
Hang. I am your death's man, pray my Lord, forgive me.
Crom. Even with my Soul, why man thou art my Doctor,
And bring'ſt me precious Phyſick for my Soul;
My Lord of *Bedford*, I deſire of you,
Before my Death a corporal embrace.
[Bedford *comes to him*, Cromwell *embraces him.*
Farewel, great Lord, my love I do commend:
My heart to you, my Soul to Heaven I ſend;
This is my joy, that e're my body fleet,
Your honour'd arms is my true winding-ſheet;
Farewel, dear *Bedford*, my peace is made in Heaven;
Thus falls great *Cromwell* a poor ell in length,
To riſe to unmeaſur'd height, wing'd with new ſtrength.
The lands of Worms, which dying men diſcover.
My Soul is ſhrin'd with heaven's celeſtial cover.
[*Exeunt* Cromwell *and the Officers, and others.*
Bed. Well, Farewel *Cromwell*, the trueſt Friend
That ever *Bedford* ſhall poſſeſs again,
Well, Lords, I fear when this man is Dead,
You'll wiſh in vain that *Cromwell* had a head.

Enter one with Cromwell's *Head.*

Offi. Here is the Head of the deceaſed *Cromwell*.
Bed. Pray thee go hence, and bear his head away,
Unto his Body, inter them both in Clay.

Enter Sir Ralph Sadler.

Sad. How now my Lords, what is Lord *Cromwell* dead?
Bed. Lord *Cromwell*'s body now doth want a head.
Sad. O God, a little ſpeed had ſav'd his life,
Here is a kind Reprieve come from the King,
To bring him ſtraight unto his Majeſty.
Suff. I, I, Sir *Ralph*, Reprieves come now too late.
Gar. My conſcience now tells me this deed was ill,
Would Chriſt that *Cromwell* were alive again.
Nor. Come let us to the King, whom well I know,
Will grieve for *Cromwell*, that his Death was ſo.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

THE

THE HISTORY OF Sir John Oldcaſtle, THE GOOD LORD COBHAM.

The Actors Names.

King Henry *the Fifth.*
Sir John Oldcaſtle, *Lord* Cobham.
Harpool *Servant to the Lord* Cobham.
Lord Herbert, *with* Gough *his man.*
Lord Powis, *with* Owen *and* Davy *his men.*
The Mayor of Hereford, *and Sheriff of* Hereford-ſhire, *with Bayliffs and Servants.*
Two Judges of Aſſize.
The Biſhop of Rocheſter, *and* Clun *his Sumner.*
Sir John *the Parſon of* Wrotham, *and* Doll *his Concubine.*
The Duke of Suffolk.
The Earl of Huntington.
The Earl of Cambridge.
Lord Scroop, *and Lord* Grey.
Chartres *the French Agent.*
Sir Roger Acton.
Sir Richard Lee.
Maſter Bourn, *Maſter* Beverley, *and* Murley *the Brewer of* Dunſtable, *Rebels.*
Maſter Butler *Gentleman of the Privy Chamber.*
Lady Cobham *and Lady* Powis.
Cromer *Sheriff of* Kent.
Lord Warden *of the* Cinque Ports.
Lieutenant *of the* Tower.
The Mayor, Conſtable, and Gaoler of S. Albans.
A Kentiſh Conſtable and an Ale-man.
Souldiers and old men begging.
Dick *and* Tom, *Servants to* Murley.
An Iriſhman.
An Hoſt, Hoſtler, a Carrier and Kate.

THE PROLOGUE.

THE doubtful Title (Gentlemen) preſixt
Upon the Argument we have in hand,
May breed ſuſpence, and wrongfully diſturb
The peaceful quiet of your ſetled thoughts:
To ſtop which ſcruple, let this brief ſuffice;
It is no pamper'd Glutton we preſent,
Nor aged Counſellor to youthful ſin;
But one, whoſe vertue ſhone above the reſt,

A valiant Martyr, and a vertuous Peer,
In whoſe true Faith and Loyalty expreſt
Unto his Sovereign, and his Countries weal:
We ſtrive to pay that tribute of our love
Your favours merit: Let fair truth be grac'd,
Since forg'd invention former time defac'd.

Sheriff. MY Lords I charge ye in his Highneſs name, to keep the Peace, you and your followers.

Her. Good Maſter Sheriff, look unto your ſelf.

Pow. Do ſo, for we have other buſineſs.

[*Proffer to fight again.*

Sher. Will ye diſturb the Judges, and the Aſſize?
Hear the King's Proclamation, ye were beſt.

Pow. Hold then, let's hear it.

Her. But be brief, ye were beſt.

Bail. O yes.

Davy. Coſſone, make ſhorter O, or ſhall mar your Yes.

Bail. O yes.

Owen. What, has her nothing to ſay, but O yes?

Bail. O yes.

Davy. O nay, py coſs plut, down with her, down with her. A *Powis*, a *Powis*.

Gough. A *Herbert*, a *Herbert*, and down with *Powis*.

[*Helter skelter again.*

Sher. Hold in the King's name, hold.

Owen. Down with a Kanaves name, down.

[*In this fight the* Bailiff *is knock'd down, and the* Sheriff *and the other run away.*

Her. Powis, I think thy welſh and thou do ſmart.

Pow. Herbert, I think my Sword came near thy heart.

Her. Thy hearts beſt bloud ſhall pay the loſs of mine.

Gough. A *Herbert*, a *Herbert*.

Davy. A *Powis*, a *Powis*.

As they are fighting, Enter the Mayor of Hereford, *his Officers and Townſmen with Clubs.*

May. My Lords, as you are Liegemen to the Crown,
True Noblemen, and Subjects to the King,
Attend his Highneſs Proclamation,
Commanded by the Judges of Aſſize,
For keeping Peace at this Aſſembly.

Her. Good Maſter Mayor of *Hereford*, be brief.

May. Serjeant, without the Ceremonies of O yes,
Pronounce aloud the Proclamation.

Ser. The Kings Juſtices, perceiving what publick miſchief may enſue this private quarrel: in his Majeſties name, do ſtraightly charge and command all perſons, of what degree ſoever, to depart this City of *Hereford*, except ſuch as are bound to give attendance at this Aſſize, and that no man preſume to wear any Weapon, eſpecially Welſh-Hooks, Forreſt Bills.

Owen. Haw? No pill nor Wells hoog? ha?

May. Peace, and hear the Proclamation.

Ser. And that the Lord *Powis* do preſently diſperſe and diſcharge his Retinue, and depart the City in the Kings Peace, he and his Followers, on pain of Impriſonment.

Davy. Haw? pud her Lord *Powis* in Priſon? A *Powis* A *Powis*. Coſſoon, her will live and tye with her Lord.

Gough. A *Herbert*, a *Herbert*.

In this fight the Lord Herbert *is wounded, and falls to the ground, the Mayor and his Company cry for Clubs:* Powis *runs away,* Gough *and* Herberts *Faction are buſy about him. Enter the two Judges, the Sheriff, and his Bailiffs afore them,* &c.

1. *Jud.* Where's the Lord *Herbert*? Is he hurt or ſlain?

Sher. He's here, my Lord.

2. *Jud.* How fares his Lordſhip, Friends?

Gough. Mortally wounded, ſpeechleſs, he cannot live.

1. *Jud.* Convey him hence, let not his wounds take air,
And get him dreſt with expedition.

[*Exit L.* Herbert *and* Gough.

Maſter Mayor of *Hereford*, Maſter Sheriff o' th' Shire,
Commit Lord *Powis* to ſafe Cuſtody,
To anſwer the diſturbance of the Peace,
Lord *Herberts* peril, and his high contempt
Of us, and you the Kings Commiſſioners,
See it be done with care and diligence.

Sher. Pleaſe it your Lordſhip, my Lord *Powis* is gone paſt all recovery.

2. *Jud.* Yet let ſearch be made,
To apprehend his Followers that are left.

Sher. There are ſome of them: Sirs, lay hold of them.

Owen. Of us? and why? what has her done I pray you?

Sher. Diſarm them, Bailiffs.

May. Officers aſſiſt.

Davy. Hear you, Lord Shudge, what reſſon for this?

Owen. Coſſoon, pe puſe for fighting for our Lord?

1. *Jud.* Away with them.

Davy. Harg you, my Lord.

Owen. *Gough* my Lord *Herberts* man's a ſnitten Kanave.

Davy. Ice live and tye in good quarrel.

Owen. Pray you do ſhuſtice, let awl be Priſon.

Davy. Priſon, no,
Lord Shudge, I wool give you Pale, good Surety.

2. *Jud.* What Bail? what Sureties?

Davy. Her Cozen ap *Rice*, ap *Evan*, ap *Morice*, ap *Morgan*, ap *Lluellyn*, ap *Madoc*, ap *Meredith*, ap *Griffin*, ap *Davy*, ap *Owen*, ap *Shinken Shones*.

2. *Jud.* Two of the moſt ſufficient are enow.

Sher. And't pleaſe your Lordſhip theſe are all but one.

1. *Jud.* To Jayl with them, and the Lord *Herberts* men,
We'll talk with them, when the Aſſize is done. [*Exeunt.*
Riotous, audacious, and unruly Grooms,
Muſt we be forced to come from the Bench,
To quiet Brawls, which every Conſtable
In other civil places can ſuppreſs?

2. *Jud.* What was the quarrel that caus'd all this ſtir?

Sher. About Religion as I heard, my Lord.
Lord *Powis*'s detracted from the power of *Rome*,
Affirming *Wickliff*'s Doctrine to be true,
And *Romes* erroneous: hot reply was made
By the Lord *Herbert*, they were Traytors all
That would maintain it. *Powis* anſwered,
They were as true, as noble, and as wiſe
As he, that would defend it with their lives,
He nam'd for inſtance Sir *John Oldcaſtle*
The Lord *Cobham*: *Herbert* replied again,
He, thou, and all are Traytors that ſo hold.
The lye was given, the ſeveral Factions drawn,
And ſo enrag'd, that we could not appeaſe it.

1. *Jud.* This caſe concerns the Kings Prerogative,
And 'tis dangerous to the State and Common-wealth.
Gentlemen, Juſtices, Maſter Mayor, and Maſter Sheriff,
It doth behove us all, and each of us
In general and particular, to have care
For the ſuppreſſing of all mutinies,
And all Aſſemblies, except Souldiers muſters,

For the Kings preparation into *France*.
We hear of ſecret Conventicles made,
And there is doubt of ſome Conſpiracies,
Which may break out into rebellious arms
When the King's gone, perchance before he go:
Note as an inſtance, this one perillous fray,
What Factions might have grown on either part,
To the deſtruction of the King and Realm:
Yet, in my Conſcience, Sir *John Oldcaſtle*'s
Innocent of it, only his name was us'd.
We therefore from his Highneſs give this charge:
You Maſter Mayor, look to your Citizens,
You Maſter Sheriff, unto your Shire, and you
As Juſtices in every ones precinct
There be no meetings. When the vulgar ſort
Sit on their Ale-Bench, with their Cups and Cans,
Matters of State be not their common talk,
Nor pure Religion by their Lips prophan'd.
Let us return unto the Bench again,
And there examine further of this fray.

Enter a Bailiff *and a* Serjeant.

Sher. Sirs, have ye taken the Lord *Powis* yet?
Bail. No, nor heard of him.
Ser. No, he's gone far enough.
2. *Judg.* They that are left behind, ſhall anſwer all.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Suffolk, *Biſhop of* Rocheſter, *Maſter* Butler,
Sir John *the Parſon of* Wrotham.

Suf. Now, my Lord Biſhop, take free liberty
To ſpeak your mind; What is your ſuit to us?
Biſh. My noble Lord, no more than what you know,
And have been oftentimes inveſted with:
Grievous complaints have paſt between the Lips
Of envious perſons to upbraid the Clergy,
Some carping at the livings which we have;
And others ſpurning at the Ceremonies
That are of ancient cuſtom in the Church.
Amongſt the which, Lord *Cobham* is a chief:
What inconvenience may proceed hereof,
Both to the King, and to the Common-wealth,
May eaſily be diſcern'd, when like a frenſy
This innovation ſhall poſſeſs their minds.
Theſe upſtarts will have followers to uphold
Their damn'd opinion, more than *Harry* ſhall,
To undergo his quarrel 'gainſt the *French*.
Suf. What proof is there againſt them to be had,
That what you ſay the Law may juſtifie?
Biſh. They give themſelves the names of Proteſtants,
And meet in Fields and ſolitary Groves.
Sir John. Was ever heard (my Lord) the like till now?
That Thieves and Rebels, 'sbloud Hereticks,
Plain Hereticks, I'll ſtand to't to their teeth,
Should have to colour their vile practices,
A Title of ſuch worth, as Proteſtant?

Enter one with a Letter.

Suf. O but you muſt not ſwear, it ill becomes
One of your Coat, to rap out bloudy Oaths.
Biſh. Pardon him, good my Lord, it is his zeal,
An honeſt Country Prelate, who laments
To ſee ſuch foul diſorder in the Church.
Sir John. There's one they call him Sir *John Oldcaſtle*.
He has not his name for nought: for like a Caſtle
Doth he encompaſs them within his Walls,
But till that Caſtle be ſubverted quite,
We ne're ſhall be at quiet in the Realm.
Biſh. This is our Suit (my Lord) that he be tane
And brought in queſtion for his Hereſie:
Beſide, two Letters brought me out of *Wales*,
Wherein my Lord *Hertford* writes to me,
What tumult and ſedition was begun,
About the Lord *Cobham*, at the Sizes there,
For they had much ado to calm the rage,
And that the valiant *Herbert* is there ſlain.
Suf. A fire that muſt be quencht. Well, ſay no more,
The King anon goes to the Council Chamber,
There to debate of matters touching *France*,
As he doth paſs by, I'll inform his Grace
Concerning your Petition. Maſter *Butler*,
If I forget, do you remember me.
But. I will my Lord. [*Offer him a Purſe.*
Biſh. Not as a Recompence,
But as a Token of our love to you.
By me (my Lords) the Clergy doth preſent
This Purſe, and in it full a thouſand Angels,
Praying your Lordſhip to accept their gift.
Suf. I thank them, my Lord Biſhop, for their love,
But will not take their money, if you pleaſe
To give it to this Gentleman, you may.
Biſh. Sir, then we crave your furtherance herein.
But. The beſt I can, my Lord of *Rocheſter*.
Biſh. Nay, pray take it, truſt me you ſhall.
Sir John. Were ye all three upon *New-Market* Heath,
You ſhould not need ſtrain curt'ſie who ſhould ha't,
Sir *John* would quickly rid ye of that care.
Suf. The King is coming: Fear ye not, my Lord,
The very firſt thing I will break with him
Shall be about your matter.

Enter King Harry *and* Huntington *in talk.*

Har. My Lord of *Suffolk*,
Was it not ſaid the Clergy did refuſe
To lend us Money toward our Wars in *France*?
Suf. It was my Lord, but very wrongfully.
Har. I know it was: for *Huntington* here tells me
They have been very bountiful of late.
Suf. And ſtill they vow, my gracious Lord, to be ſo,
Hoping your Majeſty will think on them
As of your loving Subjects, and ſuppreſs
All ſuch malicious errors as begin
To ſpot their calling, and diſturb the Church.
Har. God elſe forbid: why, *Suffolk*,
Is there any new rupture to diſquiet them?
Suf. No new my Lord, the old is great enough,
And ſo increaſing, as if not cut down,
Will breed a ſcandal to your Royal State,
And ſet your Kingdom quickly in an uproar.
The *Kentiſh* Knight, Lord *Cobham* in deſpight
Of any Law, or ſpiritual Diſcipline,
Maintains this upſtart new Religion ſtill,
And divers great Aſſemblies by his means
And private quarrels are commenc'd abroad,
As by this Letter more at large, my Liege, is made apparent.
Har. We do find it here,
There was in *Wales* a certain fray of late
Between two Noblemen. But what of this?
Follows it ſtraight Lord *Cobham* muſt be he
Did cauſe the ſame? I dare be ſworn (good Knight)
He never dreamt of any ſuch contention.
Biſh. But in his name the quarrel did begin,
About the opinion which he held, my Liege.
Har. What if it did? was either he in place
To take part with them? or abett them in it?
If brabling fellows, whoſe enkindled bloud
Seeths in their fiery Veins, will needs go fight,
Making their quarrels of ſome words that paſt
Either of you, or you, amongſt their Cups,
Is the fault yours? or are they guilty of it?
Suf. With pardon of your Highneſs, my dread Lord,
Such little ſparks neglected, may in time
Grow to a mighty flame. But that's not all,
He doth beſide maintain a ſtrange Religion,

And will not be compell'd to come to Maſs.
Biſhop. We do beſeech you therefore, gracious Prince,
Without offence unto your Majeſty,
We may be bold to uſe Authority.
Har. As how?
Biſhop. To ſummon him unto the Arches,
Where ſuch offences have their puniſhment.
Har. To anſwer perſonally, is that your meaning?
Biſhop. It is, my Lord.
Har. How if he appeal?
Biſhop. My Lord, he cannot in ſuch a caſe as this.
Suf. Not where Religion is the plea, my Lord.
Har. I took it always, that our ſelf ſtood on't
As a ſufficient refuge: unto whom
Not any but might lawfully appeal.
But we'll not argue now upon that point.
For Sir *John Oldcaſtle* whom you accuſe,
Let me intreat you to diſpence a while
With your high Title of preheminence. [*In ſcorn.*
Report did never yet condemn him ſo,
But he hath always been reputed loyal:
And in my knowledge I can ſay thus much,
That he is vertuous, wiſe, and honourable.
If any way his Conſcience be ſeduc'd
To waver in his Faith, I'le ſend for him,
And ſchool him privately: If that ſerve not,
Then afterward you may proceed againſt him.
Butler, be you the Meſſenger for us,
And will him preſently repair to Court. [*Exeunt.*
S. John. How now my Lord? why ſtand you diſcontent?
Inſooth (methinks) the King hath well decreed.
Biſhop. I, I, Sir *John*, if he would keep his word:
But I perceive he favours him ſo much
As this will be to ſmall effect, I fear.
S. John. Why then I'le tell you what y'are beſt to do:
If you ſuſpect the King will be but cold
In reprehending him, ſend you a Proceſs too
To ſerve upon him, ſo ye may be ſure
To make him anſwer't, howſoever it fall,
Biſhop. And well remembred, I will have it ſo,
A *Sumner* ſhall be ſent about it ſtraight. [*Exit.*
S. John. Yea, do ſo. In the mean ſpace this remains
For kind Sir *John* of *Wrotham*, honeſt Jack.
Methinks the purſe of Gold the Biſhop gave
Made a good ſhew, it had a tempting look:
Beſhrew me, but my fingers ends do itch
To be upon thoſe golden ruddocks. Well 'tis thus;
I am not as the world doth take me for:
If ever Wolf were cloathed in ſheeps coat,
Then I am he; old huddle and twang 'ifaith:
A Prieſt in ſhew, but (in plain terms) a Thief:
Yet let me tell you too, an honeſt Thief;
One that will take it where it may be ſpar'd,
And ſpend it freely in good fellowſhip.
I have as many ſhapes as *Proteus* had,
That ſtill when any villany is done,
There may none ſuſpect it was Sir *John*.
Beſides, to comfort me (for what's this life,
Except the crabbed bitterneſs thereof
Be ſweetned now and then with Letchery?)
I have my *Doll*, my Concubine as 'twere,
To frolick with, a luſty bouncing girle.
But whil'ſt I loyter here, the Gold may ſcape,
And that muſt not be ſo: It is mine own.
Therefore I'le meet him on his way to Court,
And ſhrive him of it, there will be the ſport. [*Exit.*

Enter four poor People, ſome Souldiers, ſome Old men.

1. God help, God help, there's Law for puniſhing,
But there's no Law for our neceſſity:
There be more ſtocks to ſet poor ſouldiers in,
Than there be Houſes to relieve them at.
Old man. I, Houſe-keeping decays in every place,
Even as S. *Peter* writ, ſtill worſe and worſe.

2. Maſter *Mayor* of *Rocheſter* has given command, That none ſhall go abroad out of the Pariſh, and has ſet down an Order forſooth, what every poor houſholder muſt give for our relief: where there be ſome ſeſſed (I may ſay to you) had almoſt as much need to beg as we.

1. It is a hard world the while.

Old m. If a poor man ask at door for God's ſake, they ask him for a licence or a certificate from a Juſtice.

2. Faith we have none, but what we bear upon our bodies, our maim'd limbs, God help us.

4. And yet as lame as I am, I'le with the King into *France*, if I can but crawl a ſhip board, I had rather be ſlain in *France*, than ſtarve in *England*.

Old m. Ha, were I but as luſty as I was at *Shrewsbury* battle, I would not do as I do: but we are now come to the good Lord *Cobham*'s houſe, the beſt man to the poor in all *Kent*.

4. God bleſs him, there be but few ſuch.

Enter Lord Cobham *with* Harpool.

Cob. Thou peeviſh froward man, what wouldſt thou have?
Har. This pride, this pride, brings all to beggery,
I ſerv'd your Father, and your Grandfather,
Shew me ſuch two men now: No, no,
Your backs, your backs; the Devil and pride
Has cut the throat of all good Houſe-keeping,
They were the beſt Yeomens Maſters that
Ever were in *England*.
Cob. Yea, except thou have a crew of filthy knaves
And ſturdy Rogues ſtill feeding at my Gate,
There is no hoſpitality with thee.

Har. They may ſit at the gate well enough, but the devil of any thing you give them, except they'll eat ſtones.

Cob. 'Tis long then of ſuch hungry Knaves as you:
Yea, Sir, here's your retinue, your gueſts be come,
They know their hours, I warrant you.

Old m. God bleſs your honour, God ſave the good Lord *Cobham*, and all his Houſe.

Soul. Good your honour, beſtow your bleſſed almes
Upon poor men.
Cob. Now, Sir, here be your alms Knights:
Now are you as ſafe as the *Emperour*.
Har. My alms Knights? Nay th'are yours:
It is a ſhame for you, and I'le ſtand to't,
Your fooliſh alms maintains more Vagabonds
Than all the Noblemen in *Kent* beſide.
Out you Rogues, you Knaves, work for your livings.
Alas poor men, they may beg their hearts out,
There's no more Charity among men
Than amongſt ſo many Maſtive Dogs.
What make you here, you needy knaves?
Away, away, you Villains.
2. *Soul.* I beſeech you, Sir, be good.

Cob. Nay, nay, they know thee well enough, I think that all the beggers in this Land are thy acquaintance: go beſtow your alms, none will controll you, Sir.

Har. What ſhould I give them? you are grown ſo beggarly, that you can ſcarce give a bit of Bread at your door: you talk of your Religion ſo long, that you have baniſhed Charity from you: a man may make a Flax-ſhop in your Kitchin Chimnies, for any fire there is ſtirring.

Cob. If thou wilt give them nothing, ſend them hence:
Let them not ſtand here ſtarving in the cold.

Har. Who, I drive them hence? If I drive poor men from the door, I'le be hang'd: I know not what I may come to my ſelf: God help ye poor knaves, ye ſee the World. Well, you had a Mother: O God be with thee good Lady, thy Soul's at reſt: ſhe gave more in ſhirts and ſmocks to poor Children, than you ſpend in your Houſe, and yet you live a beggar too.

Cob. Even the worſt deed that ever my Mother did, was in relieving ſuch a Fool as thou.
Har. I, I am a Fool ſtill: with all your Wit you'll die a Beggar, go too.
Cob. Go, you old Fool, give the poor people ſomething: Go in poor men into the inner Court, and take ſuch Alms as there is to be had.
Soul. God bleſs your Honour.
Har. Hang you Rogues, hang you, there's nothing but miſery amongſt you, you fear no Law, you. [*Exit.*
Oldm. God bleſs you good Maſter *Raſe*, God ſave your Life, you are good to the poor ſtill.

Enter the Lord Powis *diſguiſed.*

Cob. What Fellow's yonder comes along the Grove?
Few Paſſengers there be that know this way:
Me thinks he ſtops as though he ſtaid for me,
And meant to ſhrow'd himſelf among the Buſhes,
I know the Clergy hates me to the Death,
And my Religion gets me many foes:
And this may be ſome deſperate Rogue
Suborn'd to work me miſchief: as it pleaſeth God.
If he come toward me, ſure I'le ſtay his coming,
Be he but one man, whatſo'ere he be. [*Lord* Powis *comes on.*
I have been well acquainted with that face.
Pow. Well met, my honourable Lord and Friend.
Cob. You are welcome, Sir, what ere you be;
But of this ſudden, Sir, I do not know you.
Pow. I am one that wiſheth well unto your Honour,
My name is *Powis*, an old Friend of yours.
Cob. My honourable Lord, and worthy Friend,
What makes your Lorſhip thus alone in *Kent*,
And thus diſguiſed in this ſtrange attire?
Pow. My Lord, an unexpected accident
Hath at this time enforc'd me to theſe parts,
And thus it hapt. Not yet full five days ſince,
Now at the laſt aſſize at *Hereford*,
It chanc'd that the Lord *Herbert* and my ſelf,
'Mongſt other things diſcourſing at the Table,
To fall in ſpeech about ſome certain points
Of *Wickliff*'s Doctrine 'gainſt the Papacie,
And the Religion Catholick maintain'd
Through the moſt part of *Europe* at this day
This wilful teſty Lord ſtuck not to ſay,
That *Wickliff* was a Knave, a ſchiſmatick,
His Doctrine deviliſh and Heretical:
And whatſoever he was maintain'd the ſame,
Was Traitor both to God, and to his Country.
Being moved at his peremptory ſpeech
I told him, ſome maintain'd thoſe opinions,
Men, and truer Subjects than Lord *Herbert* was:
And he replying in compariſons,
Your name was urg'd, my Lord, againſt this challenge,
To be a perfect favourer of the truth.
And to be ſhort, from words we fell to blows,
Our Servants, and our Tenants taking parts.
Many on both ſides hurt: and for an hour
The broil by no means could be pacified,
Until the Judges riſing from the bench,
Were in their perſons forc'd to part the fray.
Cob. I hope no man was violently ſlain.
Pow. Faith none I truſt, but the Lord *Herberts* ſelf,
Who is in truth ſo dangerouſly hurt,
As it is doubted he can hardly ſcape.
Cob. I am ſorry, my good Lord, of theſe ill news.
Pow. This is the cauſe that drives me into *Kent*,
To ſhroud my ſelf with you ſo good a Friend,
Until I hear how things do ſpeed at home.
Cob. Your Lordſhip is moſt welcome unto *Cobbam*:
But I am very ſorry, my good Lord,
My name was brought in queſtion in this matter,
Conſidering I have many Enemies,
That threaten malice, and do lye in wait
To take the vantage of the ſmalleſt thing.
But you are welcome, and repoſe your Lordſhip,
And keep your ſelf here ſecret in my Houſe,
Until we hear how the Lord *Herbert* ſpeeds.

Enter Harpool.

Here comes my man: Sirrah, what news?
Har. Yonder's one Mr. *Butler* of the privie Chamber, is ſent unto you from the King.
Pow. Pray God the Lord *Herbert* be not dead, and the King hearing whither I am gone, hath ſent for me.
Cob. Comfort your ſelf, my Lord, I warrant you.
Har. Fellow, what ails thee? do'ſt thou quake? do'ſt thou ſhake? do'ſt thou tremble? ha?
Cob. Peace, you old fool: Sirrah, convey this Gentleman in the back way, and bring the other into the walk.
Har. Come, Sir, y'are welcome, if you love my Lord.
Pow. Gramercy, gentle Friend. [*Exeunt.*
Cob. I thought as much, that it would not be long before I heard of ſomething from the King, about this matter.

Enter Harpool *with Maſter* Butler.

Har. Sir, yonder my Lord walks, you ſee him;
I'le have your men into the ſeller the while.
Cob. Welcome, good Maſter *Butler*.
But. Thanks, my good Lord: his Majeſty doth commend his love unto your Lordſhip, and wills you to repair unto the Court.
Cob. God bleſs his highneſs, and confound his Enemies, I hope his Majeſty is well?
But. In good health, my Lord.
Cob. God long continue it: me thinks you look as though you were not well, what ails ye, Sir?
But. Faith I have had a fooliſh odde miſchance, that angers me: coming over *Shooters hill*, there came one to me like a Sailor, and askt me money; and whilſt I ſtaid my Horſe to draw my purſe, he takes th' advantage of a little bank, and leaps behind me, whips my purſe away, and with a ſudden jerk, I know not how, threw me at leaſt three yards out of my Saddle; I never was ſo rob'd in all my life.
Cob. I am very ſorry, Sir, for your miſchance; we will ſend our warrant forth, to ſtay ſuch ſuſpitious perſons as ſhall be found, then Mr. *Butler* we'll attend you.
But. I humbly thank your Lordſhip, I will attend you.

Enter the Sumner.

Sum. I have the Law to warrant what I do, and though the Lord *Cobham* be a Nobleman, that diſpenſes not with Law, I dare ſerve a Proceſs were he five Noble men, though we *Sumners* make ſometimes a mad ſlip in a corner with a pretty wench, a *Sumner* muſt not go always by ſeeing: a man may be content to hide his Eyes where he may feel his profit. Well, this is Lord *Cobham*'s Houſe, if I cannot ſpeak with him, I'le clap my Citation upon's door, ſo my Lord of *Rocheſter* bad me; but me thinks here comes one of his men.
Har. Welcome good fellow, welcome, who would'ſt thou ſpeak with?
Sum. With my Lord *Cobham* I would ſpeak, if thou be one of his men.
Har. Yes, I am one of his men, but thou canſt not ſpeak with my Lord.
Sum. May I ſend to him then?
Har. I'le tell thee that, when I know thy errand,
Sum. I will not tell my errand to thee.
Har. Then keep it to thy ſelf, and walk like a Knave as thou cameſt.
Sum. I tell thee, my Lord keeps no knaves, Sirrah.
Har. Then thou ſerveſt him not, I believe. What Lord is thy Maſter?

Sum. My Lord of *Rocheſter.*

Har. In good time: and what would'ſt thou have with my Lord *Cobham?*

Sum. I come by vertue of a Proceſs, to cite him to appear before my Lord in the Court at *Rocheſter.*

Har. aſide. Well, God grant me patience, I could eat this Counger. My Lord is not at home, therefore it were good, *Sumner*, you carried your Proceſs back.

Sum. Why, if he will not be ſpoken withal, then will I leave it here, and ſee that he take knowledge of it.

Har. 'Zounds you ſlave, do you ſet up your bills here: go too, take it down again. Do'ſt thou know what thou do'ſt? Do'ſt thou know on whom thou ſerveſt a Proceſs?

Sum. Yes marry do I, on Sir *John Oldcaſtle*, Lord *Cobham.*

Har. I am glad thou knoweſt him yet: and Sirrah, do'ſt not know that the Lord *Cobham* is a brave Lord, that keeps good Beef and Beer in his Houſe, and every day feeds a hundred poor people at's Gate, and keeps a hundred tall fellows?

Sum What's that to my Proceſs?

Har. Marry this, Sir, is this proceſs parchment?

Sum. Yes marry is it.

Har. And this Seal wax?

Sum. It is ſo.

Har. If this be parchment, and this wax, eat you this parchment and this wax, or I will make parchment of your skin, and beat your brains into wax. Sirrah, *Sumner*, diſpatch, devour, Sirrah, devour.

Sum. I am my Lord of *Rocheſter*'s *Sumner*, I came to do my office, and thou ſhalt anſwer it.

Har. Sirrah, no railing; but betake your ſelf to your teeth, thou ſhalt eat no worſe than thou bring'ſt with thee, thou bring'ſt it for my Lord, and wilt thou bring my Lord worſe than thou wilt eat thy ſelf?

Sum. Sir, I brought it not my Lord to eat.

Har. O do you Sir me now; all's one for that, I'le make you eat it, for bringing it.

Sum. I cannot eat it.

Har. Can you not? 'ſbloud I'le beat you till you have a Stomach. [*Beats him.*

Sum. O hold, hold, good Mr. Servingman, I will eat it.

Har. Be champing, be chawing, Sir, or I'le chaw you, you Rogue, the pureſt of the Honey.

Sum. Tough wax is the pureſt Hony.

Har. O Lord, Sir, oh, oh,
Feed, feed, 'tis wholſome, Rogue, wholſome.
Cannot you like an honeſt *Sumner*, walk with the Devil your Brother, to fetch in your Bailiff's rents; but you muſt come to a Noble mans houſe with proceſs? If thy Seal were as broad as the Lead that covers *Rocheſter* Church, thou ſhould'ſt eat it.

Sum. O, I am almoſt choaked, I am almoſt choaked.

Har. Who's within there? will you ſhame my Lord, is there no Beer in the Houſe? Butler I ſay.

Enter Butler.

But. Here, here.

Har. Give him Beer. [*He drinks.*
There: tough old ſheepskins, bare dry meat.

Sum. O Sir, let me go no further, I'le eat my word.

Har. Yea marry, Sir, I mean ye ſhall eat more than your own word, for I'le make you eat all the words in the proceſs. Why you drab monger, cannot the ſecrets of all the wenches in a Shire ſerve your turn, but you muſt come hither with a Citation with a pox? I'le cite you.
A Cup of Sack for the *Sumner.*

But. Here, Sir, here.

Har. Here, ſlave, I drink to thee.

Sum. I thank you, Sir.

Har. Now if thou find'ſt thy Stomach well, becauſe thou ſhalt ſee my Lord keeps meat in's houſe, if thou wilt go in thou ſhalt have a piece of Beef to thy break-faſt.

Sum. No I am very well, good Maſter Servingman, I thank you, very well, Sir.

Har. I am glad on't, then be walking towards *Rocheſter* to keep your Stomach warm. And *Sumner*, If I do know you diſturb a good wench within this Dioceſs, if I do not make thee eat her petticoat, if there were four yards of Kentiſh cloth in't, I am a villain.

Sum. God be w'ye, Maſter Servingman. [*Exit.*

Har. Farewel, *Sumner.*

Enter Conſtable..

Con. Save you, Maſter *Harpool.*

Har. Welcome Conſtable, welcome Conſtable, what news with thee?

Con. And't pleaſe you, Maſter *Harpool*, I am to make hue and cry for a fellow with one Eye, that has rob'd two Clothiers, and am to crave your hindrance to ſearch all ſuſpected places; and they ſay there was a Woman in the Company.

Har. Haſt thou been at the Ale-houſe? haſt thou ſought there?

Con. I durſt not ſearch in my Lord *Cobham*'s liberty, except I had ſome of his Servants for my warrant.

Har. An honeſt Conſtable, call forth him that keeps the Ale-houſe there.

Con. Ho, who's within there?

Ale-man. Who calls there? Oh is't you, Mr Conſtable, and Mr. *Harpool?* y'are welcome with all my heart, what make you here ſo early this morning?

Har. Sirrah, what ſtrangers do you lodge? there is a robbery done this morning, and we are to ſearch for all ſuſpected perſons.

Ale-man. Gods bores, I am ſorry for't. I'faith, Sir, I, lodge no body, but a good honeſt Prieſt, call'd Sir *John* a *Wrotham*, and a handſome Woman that is his Neece, that he ſaies he has ſome ſuit in Law for, and as they go up and down to *London*, ſometimes they lye at my Houſe.

Har. What, is ſhe here in thy Houſe now?

Ale-man. She is, Sir: I promiſe you, Sir, he is a quiet man, and becauſe he will not trouble too many rooms, he makes the woman lye every night at his beds feet.

Har. Bring her forth, Conſtable, bring her forth, let's ſee her, let's ſee her.

Ale-man. *Dorothy*, you muſt come down to Maſter Conſtable. [*She enters.*

Doll. Anon forſooth.

Har. Welcome, ſweet Laſs, welcome.

Doll. I thank you, good Sir, and Maſter Conſtable alſo.

Har. A plump girle by the Maſs, a plump girle: ha, *Doll*, ha. Wilt thou forſake the Prieſt, and go with me, *Doll?*

Con. Ah! well ſaid, Maſter *Harpool*, you are a merry old man i'faith; you will never be old now by the mack, a pretty wench indeed.

Har. Ye old mad merry Conſtable, art thou adviſ'd of that? Ha, well ſaid *Doll*, fill ſome Ale here.

Doll aſide. Oh if I wiſt this old Prieſt would not ſtick to me, by *Jove* I would ingle this old ſerving-man.

Har. Oh you old mad colt, i'faith I'le ferk you: fill all the pots in the Houſe there.

Con. Oh! well ſaid, Maſter *Harpool*, you are heart of oak when all's done.

Har. Ha *Doll*, thou haſt a ſweet pair of lips by the Maſs.

Doll. Truly you are a moſt ſweet old man, as ever I ſaw; by my troth, you have a face able to make any Woman in love with you.

Har. Fill, ſweet *Doll*, I'le drink to thee.

Doll. I pledge you, Sir, and thank you therefore, and I pray you let it come.

Har. [*Imbracing her*] *Doll*, canſt thou love me? a mad merry Laſs, would to God I had never ſeen thee.

Doll. I warrant you, you will not out of my thoughts this twelvemonth, truly you are as full of favour, as any man may be. Ah theſe ſweet gray locks, by my troth, they are moſt lovely.

Con. Cuds bores, Maſter *Harpool*, I'le have one buſs too.

Har. No licking for you, Conſtable, hand off, hand off.

Con. Berlady I love kiſſing as well as you.

Doll. Oh you are an odd boy, you have a wanton Eye of your own: ah you ſweet ſugar-lipt wanton, you will win as many Womens hearts as come in your Company.

Enter Prieſt.

Prieſt. Doll, come hither.

Har. Prieſt, ſhe ſhall not.

Doll. I'le come anon, ſweet love.

Prieſt. Hand off, old fornicator.

Har. Vicar, I'le ſit here in ſpight of thee, is this ſtuff for a Prieſt to carry up and down with him?

Prieſt. Sirrah, do'ſt thou not know that a good fellow parſon may have a chappel of eaſe, where his pariſh Church is far off?

Har. You Whorſon ſton'd Vicar.

Prieſt. You old ſtale Ruffin, you Lion of *Cotſol.*

Har. 'Zounds, Vicar, I'le geld you. [*Flies upon him.*

Con. Keep the Kings peace.

Doll. Murder, murder, murder!

Ale-man. Hold, as you are men, hold; for Gods ſake be quiet: put up your weapons, you draw not in my houſe.

Har. You Whorſon bawdy Prieſt.

Prieſt. You old mutton-monger.

Con. Hold, Sir *John*, hold.

Doll. I pray thee, ſweet heart, be quiet, I was but ſitting to drink a pot of Ale with him, even as kind a man as ever I met with.

Har. Thou art a Thief, I warrant thee.

Prieſt. Then I am but as thou haſt been in thy dayes, let's not be aſhamed of our Trade, the King has been a Thief himſelf.

Doll. Come, be quiet, haſt thou ſped?

Prieſt. I have, wench, here be crowns i'faith.

Doll. Come, let's be all Friends then.

Con. Well ſaid Miſtriſs *Dorothy.*

Har. Thou art the maddeſt Prieſt that ever I met with.

Prieſt. Give me thy hand, thou art as good a fellow: I am a ſinger, ſtinker a drinker, a bencher, a wencher; I can ſay a Maſs, and kiſs a Laſs: Faith, I have a Parſonage, and becauſe I would not be at too much charges, this wench ſerveth me for a Sexton.

Har. Well ſaid, mad Prieſt, we'll in and be Friends. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Sir Roger Acton, *Maſter* Bourn, *Maſter*
Beverley, *and* William Murley *the*
Brewer of Dunſtable,

Acton. Now Maſter *Murley*, I am well aſſur'd
You know our errant, and do like the cauſe,
Being a man affected as we are.

Mur. Marry God dild ye dainty my dear: No Maſter, good Sir *Roger Acton*, Maſter *Bourn*, and Maſter *Beverley*, Gentlemen and Juſtices of the Peace, no Maſter, I, but plain *William Murley* the Brewer of *Dunſtable*, your honeſt neighbour and your Friend, if ye be men of my profeſſion.

Bev. Profeſſed Friends to *Wickliff*; foes to *Rome.*

Mur. Hold by me, Lad, lean upon that ſtaff, good Maſter *Beverley*, all of a Houſe, ſay your mind, ſay your mind.

Acton. You know our faction now is grown ſo great
Throughout the Realm, that it begins to ſmoak
Into the Clergies Eyes, and the King's ears;
High time it is that we were drawn to head,
Our General and Officers appointed.
And wars ye wot, will ask great ſtore of Coyn,
Able to ſtrength our action with your purſe,
You are elected for a Colonel
Over a Regiment of fifteen Bands.

Mur. Fue, paltry, paltry, in and out, to and fro, be it more or leſs upon occaſion, Lord have mercy upon us, what a World is this! Sir *Roger Acton*, I am but a *Dunſtable* man, a plain Brewer, ye know: will luſty caveliering Captains (Gentlemen) come at my calling, go at my bidding? Dainty my dear, they'll do a Dog of wax, a Horſe of cheeſe, a prick and a pudding; no, no, ye muſt appoint ſome Lord or Knight at leaſt, to that place.

Bour. Why, Maſter *Murley*, you ſhall be a Knight:
Were you not in election to be Sheriff?
Have ye not paſt all Offices but that?
Have ye not wealth to make your Wife a Lady?
I warrant you, my Lord, our General
Beſtows that honour on you, at firſt ſight.

Mur. Marry God dild ye dainty my dear:
But tell me, who ſhall be our General.
Where's the Lord *Cobham*, Sir *John Old caſtle*,
That noble alms-giver, Houſe-keeper, virtuous,
Religious Gentleman? Come to me there, boyes,
Come to me there.

Acton. Why, who but he ſhall be our General?

Mur. And ſhall he Knight me, and make me Colonel?

Act. My word for that, Sir *William Murley* Knight.

Mur. Fellow Sir *Roger Acton* Knight, all fellows I mean in Armes, how ſtrong are we? how many partners? Our Enemies beſide the King are mighty, be it more or leſs upon occaſion, reckon our force.

Act. There are of us our Friends and followers,
Three thouſand and three hundred at the leaſt:
Of Northern lads four thouſand, beſide horſe,
From *Kent* there comes with Sir *John Oldcaſtle*
Seven thouſand: then from *London* iſſue out,
Of Maſters, Servants, Strangers, Prentices,
Forty odd thouſand into *Ficket* field,
Where we appoint our ſpecial Randevouz.

Mur. Fue, paltry, paltry, in and out, to and fro, Lord have mercy upon us, what a World is this! Where's that *Ficket* field, Sir *Roger?*

Act. Behind S. *Giles* in the field, near *Holborn.*

Mur. Newgate, up *Holborn*, S. *Giles* in the field, and to *Tyburn*, an old ſay. For the day, for the day?

Act. On Friday next, the fourteenth day of *January.*

Mur. Tilly vally, truſt me never if I have any liking of that day. Fue, paltry, platry, Friday quoth a, diſmal day, *Childermas* day this year was Friday.

Bev. Nay Maſter *Murley*, if you obſerve ſuch dayes,
We make ſome queſtion of your conſtancie,
All dayes are alike to men reſolv'd in right.

Mur. Say Amen, and ſay no more, but ſay and hold Maſter *Beverley:* Friday next, and *Ficket* field, and *William Murley* and his merry men ſhall be all one: I have half a ſcore jades that draw my Beer Carts, and every jade ſhall bear a knave, and every knave ſhall wear a jack, and every jack ſhall have a ſcull, and every ſcull ſhall ſhew a ſpear, and every ſpear ſhall kill a foe at *Ficket* field, at *Ficket* field: *John* and *Tom*, *Dick* and *Hodge*, *Rafe* and *Robbin*, *William* and *George*, and all my knaves ſhall fight like men, at *Ficket* field, on Friday next.

Bour. What ſumm of money mean you to diſburſe?

Mur. It may be modeſtly, decently, and ſoberly, and handſomely I may bring five hundred pound.

Act. Five hundred, man? five thouſand's not enough,
A hundred thouſand will not pay our men
Two month's together, either come prepar'd
Like a brave Knight, and martial Colonel,
In glittering gold, and gallant Furniture,
Bringing in Coin, a Cart-load at leaſt,
And all your followers mounted on good Horſe,
Or never come diſgraceful to us all.

Bev. Perchance you may be choſen Treaſurer,
Ten thouſand pound's the leaſt that you can bring.

Mur. Paltry, paltry, in and out, to and fro: upon occaſion I have ten thouſand pound to ſpend, and ten too. And rather than the Biſhop ſhall have his will of me for my Conſcience, it ſhall all go. Flame and flax, flax and flame. It was got with Water and Malt, and it ſhall flye with fire and Gun-powder. Sir *Roger*, a Cart-load of money till the Axletree crack; my ſelf and my men in *Ficket* field on Friday next: remember my Knight-hood and my place: there's my hand I'le be there. [*Exit.*

Act. See what ambition may perſwade men to,
In hope of honour he will ſpend himſelf.
Bour. I never thought a Brewer half ſo rich.
Bev. Was never bankrupt Brewer yet but one,
With uſing too much Malt, too little Water.
Act. That's no fault in Brewers now adayes:
Come, away about our buſineſs. [*Exeunt.*

Enter King Harry, Suffolk, *Maſter* Butler, Oldcaſtle *kneeling to the King.*

King. 'Tis not enough, Lord *Cobham*, to ſubmit,
You muſt forſake your groſs opinion;
The Biſhops find themſelves much injured,
And though for ſome good ſervice you have done,
We for our part are pleas'd to pardon you,
Yet they will not ſo ſoon be ſatisfied.
Cob. My gracious Lord, unto your Majeſty,
Next unto my God, I owe my life;
And what is mine, either by Natures gift,
Or Fortunes bounty, all is at your ſervice.
But for Obedience to the Pope of *Rome*,
I owe him none; nor ſhall his ſhaveling Prieſts
That are in *England*, alter my belief.
If out of holy Scripture they can prove
That I am in an error, I will yield,
And gladly take inſtruction at their hands:
But otherwiſe, I do beſeech your Grace,
My Conſcience may not be incroach'd upon.
King. We would be loth to preſs our ſubjects bodies,
Much leſs their Souls, the dear redeemed part
Of him that is the Ruler of us all:
Yet let me Counſel you, that might command;
Do not preſume to tempt them with ill words,
Nor ſuffer any meetings to be had
Within your Houſe, but to the uttermoſt
Diſperſe the flocks of this new gathering Sect.
Cob. My Liege, if any breath that dares come forth,
And ſay, my life in any of theſe points
Deſerves th' attainder of ignoble thoughts:
Here ſtand I, craving no remorſe at all,
But even the utmoſt rigour may be ſhown.
King. Let it ſuffice we know your Loyalty,
What have you there?
Cob. A Deed of Clemency,
Your highneſs pardon for Lord *Powis* life,
Which I did beg, and you my Noble Lord,
Of gracious favour did vouchſafe to grant.
King. But yet it is not ſigned with our hand.
Cob. Not yet, my Liege.
King. The fact you ſay was done
Not of pretenſed malice, but by chance.
Cob. Upon mine Honour ſo, no otherwiſe. [*Writes.*
King. There is his pardon, bid him make amends,
And cleanſe his Soul to God for his offence,
What we remit, is but the bodies ſcourge.
How now, Lord Biſhop?

Enter Biſhop.

Biſhop. Juſtice, dread Soveraign,
As thou art King, ſo grant I may have Juſtice.
King. What means this exclamation? Let us know.
Biſhop. Ah, my good Lord, the State's abus'd,
And our Decrees moſt ſhamefully prophan'd.
King. How? Or by whom?
Biſhop. Even by this Heretick,
This *Jew*, this Traitor to your Majeſty.
Cob. Prelate, thou lyeſt, even in thy greaſie maw,
Or whoſoever twit's me with the name
Of either Traitor, or of Heretick.
King. Forbear I ſay: and Biſhop, ſhew the cauſe
From whence this late abuſe hath been deriv'd.
Biſhop. Thus, mighty King: by general conſent
A meſſenger was ſent to cite this Lord
To make appearance in the Conſiſtory:
And coming to his Houſe, a Ruffian ſlave,
One of his daily followers, met the man,
Who knowing him to be a Parator
Aſſaults him firſt, and after in contempt
Of us, and our proceedings, makes him eat
The written Proceſs, parchment, Seal and all:
Whereby this matter neither was brought forth,
Nor we but ſcorn'd for our Authority.
King. When was this done?
Biſhop. At ſix a clock this Morning.
King. And when came you to Court?
Cob. Laſt Night, my Liege.
King. By this it ſeems he is not guilty of it,
And you have done him wrong t' accuſe him ſo.
Biſhop. But it was done, my Lord, by his appointment,
Or elſe his man durſt not have been ſo bold.
King. Or elſe you durſt be bold to interrupt
And fill our ears with frivolous complaints.
Is this the Duty you do bear to us?
Was't not ſufficient we did paſs our word
To ſend for him, but you miſdoubting it,
Or which is worſe, intending to foreſtal
Our Regal power, muſt likewiſe ſummon him?
This ſavours of Ambition, not of zeal,
And rather proves you malice his eſtate,
Than any way that he offends the Law.
Go too, we like it not: and he your Officer
Had his deſert for being inſolent,

Enter Huntington.

That was imployed ſo much amiſs herein.
So *Cobham* when you pleaſe, you may depart.
Cob. I humbly bid farewel unto my Liege. [*Exit.*
King. Farewel; what's the news by *Huntington?*
Hun. Sir *Roger Acton*, and a crew (my Lord)
Of bold ſeditious Rebels, are in Arms,
Intending reformation of Religion.
And with their Army they intend to pitch
In *Ficket* field, unleſs they be repuls't.
King. So near our preſence? Dare they be ſo bold?
And will proud War and eager thirſt of blood,
Whom we had thought to entertain far off,
Preſs forth upon us in our Native bounds?
Muſt we be forc'd to hanſel our ſharp blades
In *England* here, which we prepar'd for *France?*
Well, a Gods name be it. What's their Number, ſay.
Or who's the chief Commander of this Row?
Hun. Their number is not known, as yet my Lord,
But 'tis reported, Sir *John Oldcaſtle*
Is the chief man, on whom they do depend.
King. How? the Lord *Cobham?*
Hun. Yes, my gracious Lord.
Biſhop. I could have told your Majeſty as much
Before he went, but that I ſaw your Grace
Was too much blinded by his flattery.
Suff. Send poſt, my Lord, to fetch him back again.
But. Traitor unto his Country, how he ſmooth'd
And ſeem'd as innocent as Truth it ſelf?
King. I cannot think it yet he would be falſe:
But if he be, no matter, let him go,

We'll meet both him and them unto their woe.
Biſh. This falls out well, and at the laſt I hope
To ſee this Heretick die in a Rope. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Earl *of* Cambridge, Lord Scroop, Gray, *and* Chartres *the French Factor.*

Scr. Once more, my Lord of *Cambridge*, make rehearſal
How you do ſtand intituled to the Crown,
The deeper ſhall we print it in our minds
And every man the better be reſolv'd,
When he perceives his quarrel to be juſt.
Cam. Then thus, Lord *Scroop*, Sir *Thomas Grey*,
And you, Monſieur *de Chartres*, Agent for the *French*.
This *Lionel*, Duke of *Clarence* (as I ſaid)
Third Son of *Edward* (*England*'s King) the Third,
Had Iſſue, *Philip* his ſole Daughter and Heir;
Which *Philip* afterward was given in Marriage
To *Edmund Mortimer* the Earl of *March*,
And by him had a Son call'd *Roger Mortimer*;
Which *Roger* likewiſe had of his Deſcent,
Edmund, *Roger*, *Ann* and *Elianor*,
Two Daughters and two Sons, but of thoſe, three
Dy'd without Iſſue: *Ann*, that did ſurvive,
And now was left her Fathers only Heir,
By fortune was to marry, being too
By my Grand-father of King *Edward*'s Line:
So of his Sir name, I am call'd you know.
Richard Plantaginet, my Father was,
Edward the Duke of *York*, and Son and Heir
To *Edmund Langley*, *Edward* the third's firſt Son.
Scr. So that it ſeems your claim comes by your Wife,
As lawful Heir to *Roger Mortimer*,
The Son of *Edmund*, which did marry *Philip*
Daughter and Heir to *Lionel* Duke of *Clarence*.
Cam. True, for this *Harry*, and his Father both
Harry the firſt, as plainly doth appear,
Are falſe Intruders, and uſurp the Crown.
For when young *Richard* was at *Pomfret* ſlain,
In him the Title of Prince *Edward* dy'd,
That was the eldeſt of King *Edward*'s Sons:
William of *Hatfield*, and their ſecond brother,
Death in his Nonage had before bereft:
So that my Wife deriv'd from *Lionel*,
Third Son unto King *Edward*, ought proceed
And take poſſeſſion of the Diadem
Before this *Harry*, or his Father King,
Who fetch their Title but from *Lancaſter*,
Forth of that Royal Line. And being thus
What reaſon is't, but ſhe ſhould have her right?
Scr. I am reſolv'd, our enterprize is juſt.
Gray. Harry ſhall die or elſe reſign his Crown.
Char. Perform but that, and *Charles* the King of *France*
Shall aid you Lords, not only with his Men,
But ſend you Money to maintain your Wars:
Five hundred thouſaud Crowns he bad me proffer,
If you can ſtop but *Harry*'s Voyage for *France*.
Scr. We never had a fitter time than now,
The Realm in ſuch diviſion as it is.
Cam. Beſides you muſt perſwade you, there is due
Vengeance for *Richard*'s murther, which although
It be deferr'd, yet will it fall at laſt,
And now as likely as another time.
Sin hath had many years to ripen in,
And now the Harveſt cannot be far off,
Wherein the weeds of Uſurpation
Are to be cropt and caſt into the fire:
Scr. No more, Earl *Cambridge*, here I plight my Faith,
To ſet up thee and thy renowned Wife.
Gray. Gray will perform the ſame as he is Knight.
Chart. And to aſſiſt ye, as I ſaid before,
Chartres doth 'gage the Honour of his King.
Scr. We lack but now Lord *Cobham*'s fellowſhip,
And then our Plot were abſolute indeed.
Cam. Doubt not of him, my Lord his life's purſu'd
By th' incens'd Clergy, and of late
Brought in diſpleaſure with the King, aſſures
He may be quickly won unto our Faction.
Who hath the Articles were drawn at large
Of our whole purpoſe?
Gray. That have I, my Lord.
Cam. We ſhould not now be far off from his Houſe,
Our ſerious Conference hath beguil'd the way:
See where his Caſtle ſtands, give me the writing.
When we are come unto the ſpeech of him,
Becauſe we will not ſtand to make recount
Of that which hath been ſaid, here he ſhall read
Our minds at large, and what we crave of him.

Enter Cobham.

Scr. A ready way: here comes the man himſelf
Booted and ſpurr'd, it ſeems he hath been riding.
Cam. Well met, Lord *Cobham*.
Cob. My Lord of *Cambridge*?
Your Honour is moſt welcome into *Kent*,
And all the reſt of this fair Company.
I am new come from *London*, gentle Lords:
But will ye not take *Cowling* for your Hoſt,
And ſee what entertainment it affords?
Cam. We were intended to have been your Gueſts:
But now this lucky meeting ſhall ſuffice
To end our buſineſs, and defer that kindneſs.
Cob. Buſineſs my Lord? what buſineſs ſhould
Lett you to be merry? we have no delicates;
Yet this I'll promiſe you, a piece of Veniſon,
A Cup of Wine, and ſo forth, Hunters fare:
And if you pleaſe, we'll ſtrike the Stag our ſelves
Shall fill our Diſhes with his well-fed fleſh.
Scr. That is indeed the thing we all deſire.
Cob. My Lords, and you ſhall have your choice with me.
Cam. Nay but the Stag which we deſire to ſtrike,
Lives not in *Cowling*: if you will conſent,
And go with us, we'll bring you to a Forreſt,
Where runs a luſty Herd: among the which
There is a Stag ſuperiour to the reſt;
A ſtately Beaſt, that when his Fellows run
He leads the Race, and beats the ſullen Earth,
As though he ſcorn'd it with his trampling Hoofs,
Aloft he bears his Head, and with his Breaſt
Like a huge Bulwark counter-checks the wind:
And when he ſtandeth ſtill, he ſtretcheth forth
His proud ambitious Neck, as if he meant
To wound the Firmament with forked Horns.
Cob. 'Tis pitty ſuch a goodly Beaſt ſhould die.
Cam. Not ſo, Sir *John*, for he is Tyrannous,
And gores the other Deer, and will not keep
Within the limits are appointed him.
Of late he's broke into a ſeveral,
Which doth belong to me, and there he ſpoils
Both Corn and Paſture, two of his wild race
Alike for ſtealth, and covetous incroaching,
Already are remov'd; if he were dead,
I ſhould not only be ſecure from hurt,
But with his Body make a Royal Feaſt.
Scr. How ſay you then, will you firſt hunt with us?
Cob. Faith, Lords, I like the paſtime, where's the place?
Cam. Peruſe this writing, it will ſhew you all,
And what occaſion we have for the ſport. [*He reads.*
Cob. Call ye this Hunting, my Lords? Is this the Stag
You fain would chaſe, *Harry* our dread King?
So we may make a Banquet for the Devil?
And in the ſtead of wholſome meat, prepare
A Diſh of Poiſon to confound our ſelves.
Cam. Why ſo, Lord *Cobham*? See you not our claim?
And how imperiouſly he holds the Crown?
Scr. Beſides, you know your ſelf is in diſgrace,

Held as a recreant, and purſu'd to Death.
This will defend you from your Enemies,
And ſtabliſh your Religion through the Land.
Cob. Notorious Treaſon! yet I will conceal [*Aſide.*
My ſecret thoughts to ſound the depth of it.
My Lord of *Cambridge*, I do ſee your claim,
And what good may redound unto the Land,
By proſecuting of this enterprize.
But where are men? where's power and furniture
To order ſuch an action? we are weak,
Harry, you know's a mighty Potentate.
Cam. Tut, we are ſtrong enough; you are belov'd,
And many will be glad to follow you,
We are the like, and ſome will follow us:
Nay, there is hope from *France*: here's an Ambaſſador
That promiſeth both men and money too.
The Commons likewiſe (as we hear) pretend
A ſudden tumult, we will join with them.
Cob. Some likelyhood, I muſt confeſs to ſpeed:
But how ſhall I believe this in plain truth?
You are (my Lords) ſuch men as live in Court,
And have been highly favoured of the King,
Eſpecially Lord *Scroop*, whom oftentimes
He maketh choice for his Bed-fellow.
And you, Lord *Gray*, are of his Privy-Council:
Is not this a train laid to intrap my Life?
Cam. Then periſh may my Soul: what, think you ſo?
Scr. We'll ſwear to you.
Gray Or take the Sacrament.
Cob. Nay you are Noblemen, and I imagine,
As you are honourable by Birth, and Bloud,
So you will be in heart, in thought, in word.
I crave no other teſtimony but this:
That you would all ſubſcribe, and ſet your hands
Unto this writing which you gave to me.
Cam. With all our hearts: Who hath any Pen and Ink?
Scr. My pocket ſhould have one; O, here it is.
Cam. Give it me, Lord *Scroop*. There is my name.
Scr. And there is my name.
Gray. And mine.
Cob. Sir, let me crave that you would likewiſe write your name with theirs, for confirmation of your Maſters words the King of *France*.
Char. That will I, noble Lord.
Cob. So, now this action is well knit together,
And I am for you; where's our meeting, Lords?
Cam. Here, if you pleaſe, the tenth of *July* next.
Cob. In *Kent*? agreed. Now let us in to Supper,
I hope your honours will not away to night.
Cam. Yes preſently, for I have far to ride,
About ſoliciting of other Friends.
Scr. And we would not be abſent from the Court,
Leſt thereby grow ſuſpition in the King.
Cob. Yet taſte a Cup of Wine before ye go.
Cam. Not now, my Lord, we thank you: ſo farewel. [*Exit.*
Cob. Farewell, my Noble Lords. My Noble Lords?
My noble Villains, baſe Conſpirators,
How can they look his Highneſs in the Face,
Whom they ſo cloſely ſtudy to betray?
But I'll not ſleep until I make it known,
This Head ſhall not be burthen'd with ſuch thoughts,
Nor in this heart will I conceal a Deed
Of ſuch impiety againſt my King.
Madam, how now?

Enter Harpool, *and the reſt.*

La. Cob. Y'are welcome home, my Lord:
Why ſeem ye ſo unquiet in your looks?
What hath befaln you that diſturbs your mind?
La. Pow. Bad news I am afraid touching my Husband.
Cob. Madam, not ſo: there is your Husband's pardon;
Long may ye live, each joy unto the other.
La. Pow. So great a kindneſs, as I know not how to reply, my ſenſe is quite confounded.
Cob. Let that alone: and Madam ſtay me not,
For I muſt back unto the Court again,
With all the ſpeed I can: *Harpool*, my Horſe.
La. Cob. So ſoon my Lord? what will you ride all night?
Cob. All night or day, it muſt be ſo ſweet Wife;
Urge me not why, or what my buſineſs is,
But get you in: Lord *Powis*, bear with me.
And Madam, think your welcome ne're the worſe,
My Houſe is at your uſe. *Harpool*, away.
Har. Shall I attend your Lordſhip to the Court?
Cob. Yea Sir, your Gelding, mount you preſently. [*Exit.*
La. Cob. I prithee *Harpool* look unto thy Lord,
I do not like this ſudden poſting back.
Pow. Some earneſt buſineſs is a-foot belike,
What ere it be, pray God be his good guide.
La. Pow. *Amen*, that hath ſo highly us beſted.
La. Cob. Come Madam and my Lord, we'll hope the beſt,
You ſhall not into *Wales* till he return.
Pow. Though great occaſion be we ſhould depart, yet, Madam, will we ſtay to be reſolv'd of this unlookt for doubtful accident. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Murley *and his men, prepared in ſome filthy Order for War.*

Mur. Come my hearts of flint, modeſtly, decently, ſoberly, and handſomly; no man afore his Leader: follow your Maſter, your Captain, your Knight that ſhall be, for the honour of Meal-men, Millers, and Malt-men, Dun is the Mouſe: *Dick* and *Tom* for the credit of *Dunſtable*, ding down the Enemy to Morrow. Ye ſhall not come into the Field like Beggars. Where be *Leonard* and *Lawrence* my two Loaders? Lord have mercy upon us, what a World is this? I would give a couple of ſhillings for a dozen of good Feathers for ye, and forty pence for as many Scarfs to ſet you out withal. Froſt and Snow, a man has no heart to fight till he be brave.

Dick. Maſter, we are no Babes, our Town Foot-Balls can bear witneſs: this little 'parrel we have ſhall off, and we'll fight naked before we run away.

Tom. Nay, I'm of *Lawrence* mind for that, for he means to leave his life behind him, he and *Leonard*, your two Loaders are making their Wills becauſe they have Wives, now we Batchelors bid our Friends ſcramble for our Goods if we dye: but Maſter, pray let me ride upon *Cut*.

Mur. Meal and Salt, Wheat and Malt, Fire and Tow, Froſt and Snow, why *Tom* thou ſhalt. Let me ſee, here are you, *William* and *George* are with my Cart, and *Robin* and *Hodge* holding my own two Horſes; proper men, handſome men, tall men, true men.

Dick. But Maſter, Maſter, me thinks you are mad to hazard your own Perſon, and a Cart-Load of Money too.

Tom. Yea, and Maſter there's a worſe matter in't; if it be as I heard ſay, we go fight againſt all the learned Biſhops, that ſhould give us their bleſſing, and if they Curſe us, we ſhall ſpeed ne're the better.

Dick. Nay Birlady, ſome ſay the King takes their part, and Maſter dare you fight againſt the King?

Mur. Fie paltry, paltry, in and out, to and fro upon occaſion, if the King be ſo unwiſe to come there, we'll fight with him too.

Tom. What if ye ſhould kill the King?
Mur. Then we'll make another.
Dick. Is that all? do ye not ſpeak Treaſon?
Mur. If we do, who dare trip us? We come to fight for our Conſcience, and for honour: little know you what is in my Boſome, look here mad Knaves, a pair of gilt Spurs.

Tom. A pair of Golden Spurs? Why do you not put them on your heels? Your boſome's no place for Spurs.

Mur. Be't more or leſs upon occaſion, Lord have mercy upon us, *Tom* thou'rt a fool, and thou ſpeak'ſt treaſon to Knight-hood: Dare any wear gold, or ſilver ſpurs, till he be a Knight? No, I ſhall be Knighted to morrow, and then they ſhall on: Sirs, was it ever read in the Church-book of *Dunſtable*, that ever Malt-Man was made Knight?

Tom. No, but you are more: You are Meal-man, Malt-man, Miller, Corn-maſter, and all.

Dick. Yea, and half a Brewer too, and the Devil and all for wealth: You bring more money with you than all the reſt.

Mur. The more's my honour, I ſhall be a Knight to morrow. Let me 'ſpoſe my men, *Tom* upon Cut, *Dick* upon Hob, *Hodge* upon Ball, *Ralph* upon Sorrel, and *Robin* upon the Fore horſe.

Enter Acton, Bourn *and* Beverley.

Tom. Stand, who comes there?

Act. All Friends, good fellow.

Mur. Friends and Fellows indeed, Sir *Roger.*

Act. Why, thus you ſhew your ſelf a Gentleman,
To keep your day, and come ſo well prepar'd.
Your Cart ſtands yonder guarded by your men,
VVho tell me it is loaden well with Coin,
VVhat Summ is there?

Mur. Ten thouſand pound, Sir *Roger*, and modeſtly, decently, ſoberly, and handſomely, ſee what I have here againſt I be Knighted.

Act. Gilt Spurs? 'Tis well.

Mur. VVhere's our Army, Sir?

Act. Diſperſt in ſundry villages about;
Some here with us in *High-gate*, ſome at *Finchley*,
Totnam, *Enfield*, *Edmunton*, *Newington*,
Iſlington, *Hogsdone*, *Pancredge*, *Kenzington*,
Some nearer, *Thames*, *Ratcliff*, *Blackwall*, and *Bow*:
But our chief ſtrength muſt be the *Londoners*,
VVhich, e're the Sun to morrow ſhine,
VVill be near fifty thouſand in the field.

Mur. Marry, God dild ye, dainty my dear, but upon occaſion, Sir *Roger Acton*, doth not the King know of it, and gather his power againſt us?

Act. No, he's ſecure at *Eltham.*

Mur. VVhat do the Clergy?

Act. Fear extreamly, yet prepare no force.

Mur. In and out, to and fro, bully my boykin, we ſhall carry the world afore us, I vow, by my worſhip, when I am Knighted, we'll take the King napping, if he ſtand on their part.

Act. This night we few in *High-gate* will repoſe,
VVith the firſt Cock we'll riſe and arm our ſelves,
To be in *Ficket-field* by break of day,
And there expect our General.

Mur. Sir *John Oldcaſtle*, what if he comes not?

Bourn. Yet our action ſtands,
Sir *Roger Acton* may ſupply his place.

Mur. True, Mr. *Bourn*, but who ſhall make me Knight?

Bever. He that hath power to be our General.

Act. Talk not of trifles, come let us away,
Our friends of *London* long 'till it be day. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Prieſt *and* Doll.

Doll. By my troth, thou art as jealous a man as lives.

Prieſt. Canſt thou blame me, *Doll*, thou art my Lands, my Goods, my Jewels, my Wealth, my Purſe, none walks within forty miles of *London*, but a plies thee as truly, as the Pariſh does the poor man's Box.

Doll. I am as true to thee, as the ſtone is in the wall, and thou know'ſt well enough, I was in as good doing, when I came to thee, as any Wench need to be: and therefore thou haſt tryed me that thou haſt: and I will not be kept as I ha bin, that I will not.

Prieſt. *Doll*, if this blade hold, there's not a Pedler walks with a pack, but thou ſhalt as boldly chooſe of his Wares, as with thy ready money in a Merchants Shop, we'll have as good ſilver as the King Coins any.

Doll. What is all the Gold ſpent you took the laſt day from the Courtier?

Prieſt. 'Tis gone *Doll*, 'tis flown; merrily come, merrily gone; he comes a Horſeback that muſt pay for all; we'll have as good meat as money can get, and as good Gowns as can be bought for gold, be merry Wench, the Malt-man comes on *Monday.*

Doll. You might have left me at *Cobham*, until you had been better provided for.

Prieſt. No, ſweet *Doll*, no, I like not that, yon old Ruffian is not for the Prieſt: I do not like a new Clerk ſhould come in the old Belfrey.

Doll. Thou art a mad Prieſt i'faith.

Prieſt. Come *Doll*, I'll ſee thee ſafe at ſome Ale-houſe here at *Cray*, and the next Sheep that comes ſhall leave behind his Fleece. [*Exeunt.*

Enter the King, Suffolk, *and* Butler.

K. in great haſt. My Lord of *Suffolk*, poſt away for life,
And let our Forces of ſuch Horſe and Foot,
As can be gathered up by any means,
Make ſpeedy Randevouz in *Tuttle-fields*,
It muſt be done this Evening my Lord,
This night the Rebels mean to draw to Head
Near *Iſlington*, which if your ſpeed prevent not,
If once they ſhould unite their ſeveral Forces,
Their power is almoſt thought invincible,
Away, my Lord, I will be with you ſoon.

Suff. I go, my Sovereign, with all happy ſpeed. [*Exit.*

King. Make haſt, my Lord of *Suffolk*, as you love us.
Butler, poſt you to *London* with all ſpeed:
Command the Mayor and Sheriffs on their Allegiance,
The City Gates be preſently ſhut up,
And guarded with a ſtrong ſufficient Watch,
And not a man be ſuffered to paſs,
Without a ſpecial Warrant from our ſelf.
Command the Poſtern by the Tower be kept,
And Proclamation on the pain of Death,
That not a Citizen ſtir from his Doors,
Except ſuch as the Mayor and Sheriffs ſhall chooſe
For their own Guard, and ſafety of their perſons:
Butler away, have care unto my charge.

But. I go, my Sovereign.

King. *Butler.*

But. My Lord.

King. Go down by *Greenwitch*, and command a Boat,
At the *Fryars-Bridge* attend my coming down.

But. I will, my Lord. [*Exit* Butler.

King. It's time I think to look unto Rebellion,
When *Acton* doth expect unto his aid,
No leſs than fifty thouſand *Londoners.*
Well, I'll to *Weſtminſter* in this diſguiſe,
To hear what news is ſtirring in theſe Brawls.

Enter Prieſt.

Prieſt. Stand true-man, ſayes a Thief.

King. Stand Thief ſayes a true man: how if a Thief?

Prieſt. Stand Thief too.

King. Then Thief or True-man, I muſt ſtand I ſee, howſoever the VVorld wags, the trade of thieving yet will never down. VVhat art thou?

Prieſt. A good Fellow.

King. So I am to, I ſee thou doſt know me.

Prieſt. If thou be a good Fellow, play the good Fellows part, deliver thy Purſe without more ado.

King. I have no money.

Prieſt. I muſt make you find ſome before we part, if you have no money you ſhall have ware, as many ſound blows as your skin can carry.

King. Is that the plain truth?

Prieſt. Sirrah, no more ado; come, come, give me the money you have. Diſpatch, I cannot ſtand all day.

King. Well, if thou wilt needs have it, there it is: juſt the Proverb, one Thief robs another. Where the Devil are all my old Thieves? *Falſtaffe* that Villain is ſo fat, he cannot get on's Horſe, but methinks *Poins* and *Peto* ſhould be ſtirring hereabouts.

Prieſt. How much is there on't of thy word?

King. A hundred pound in Angels, on my word.
The time has been I would have done as much
For thee, if thou hadſt paſt this way, as I have now.

Prieſt. Sirrah, what art thou? thou ſeem'ſt a Gentleman?

King. I am no leſs, yet a poor one now, for thou haſt all my money.

Prieſt. From whence cam'ſt thou?

King. From the Court at *Eltham.*

Prieſt. Art thou one of the King's Servants?

King. Yes that I am, and one of his Chamber.

Prieſt. I am glad th'art no worſe: thou may'ſt the better ſpare thy money, and think thou might'ſt get a poor Thief his pardon if he ſhould have need.

King. Yes that I can.

Prieſt. Wilt thou do ſo much for me, when I ſhall have occaſion?

King. Yes faith will I, ſo it be for no murther.

Prieſt. Nay, I am a pittiful Thief, all the hurt I do a man, I take but his Purſe, I'll kill no man.

King. Then of my word I'll do't.

Prieſt. Give me thy hand of the ſame.

King. There 'tis.

Prieſt. Me thinks the King ſhould be good to Thieves, becauſe he has bin a Thief himſelf, although I think now he be turned a True-man.

King. Faith I have heard indeed h'as had an ill name that way in's youth: but how canſt thou tell that he has been a Thief?

Prieſt. How? becauſe he once robb'd me before I fell to the Trade my ſelf, when that foul Villanous Guts, that led him to all that Roguery, was in's Company there, that *Falſtaffe.*

King aſide. Well, if he did rob thee then, thou art but even with him now I'll be ſworn: Thou knoweſt not the King now I think, if thou ſaweſt him?

Prieſt. Not I, i'faith.

King aſide. So it ſhould ſeem.

Prieſt. Well, if old King *Harry* had liv'd, this King that is now, had made thieving the beſt trade in *England.*

King. Why ſo?

Prieſt. Becauſe he was the chief Warden of our Company, it's pitty that e're he ſhould have been a King, he was ſo brave a Thief. But Sirrah, wilt remember my Pardon if need be?

King. Yes Faith will I.

Prieſt. Wilt thou? well then, becauſe thou ſhalt go ſafe, for thou may'ſt hap (being ſo early) be met with again, before thou come to *Southwark*, if any man when he ſhould bid thee good morrow, bid thee ſtand, ſay thou but Sir *John*, and they will let thee paſs.

King. Is that the word? then let me alone.

Prieſt. Nay Sirrah, becauſe I think indeed I ſhall have ſome occaſion to uſe thee, and as thou com'ſt oft this way, I may light on thee another time not knowing thee, here I'll break this Angel, take thou half of it, this is a token betwixt thee and me.

King. God a mercy: farewel. [*Exit.*

Prieſt. O my fine golden Slaves, here's for thee, Wench, i'faith. Now, *Doll*, we will revel in our Bever, this is a Tyth Pig of my Vicarage. God a mercy, Neighbour *Shooters-Hill*, you ha paid your Tyth honeſtly. Well, I hear there is a Company of Rebels up againſt the King, got together in *Ficket field* near *Holborn*, and as it is thought, here in *Kent*, the King will be there to night in's own perſon: well, I'll to the Kings Camp, and it ſhall go hard, if there be any doings but I'll make ſome good boot among them. [*Exit.*

Enter King Henry, Suffolk, Huntington, *and two with Lights.*

King. My Lords of *Suffolk* and of *Huntington*,
Who ſcouts it now? or who ſtand Sentinels?
What men of worth? what Lords do walk the round?

Suf. May't pleaſe your Highneſs.

King. Peace, no more of that,
The King's aſleep, wake not his Majeſty,
With terms nor Titles; he's at reſt in Bed,
Kings do not uſe to watch themſelves, they ſleep,
And let Rebellion and Conſpiracy
Revel and havock in the Commonwealth.
Is *London* look'd unto?

Hun. It is, my Lord:
Your noble Uncle *Exeter* is there.
Your Brother *Glocester*, and my Lord of *Warwick*,
Who with the Mayor and the Aldermen
Do guard the Gates, and keep good rule within.
The Earl of *Cambridge*, and Sir *Thomas Gray*
Do walk the round, Lord *Scroop* and *Butler* ſcout,
So though it pleaſe your Majeſty to jeſt,
Were you in Bed, well might you take your reſt.

King. I thank ye Lords: but you do know of old,
That I have been a perfect Night-walker:
London, you ſay, is ſafely lookt unto,
Alas, poor Rebels, there your aid muſt fail,
And the Lord *Cobham* Sir *John Oldcaſtle*,
Quiet in *Kent*, *Acton*, you are deceiv'd:
Reckon again, you count without your Hoſt.
To morrow you ſhall give account to us,
Till when, my Friends, this long cold Winters night
How can we ſpend? King *Harry* is aſleep,
And all his Lords, theſe Garments tell us ſo:
All Friends at Foot-Ball, Fellows all in Field,
Harry, and *Dick*, and *George*, bring us a Drum,
Give us ſquare Dice, we'll keep this Court of Guard,
For all good Fellows Companies that come.
Where's that mad Prieſt ye told me was in Arms
To fight, as well as pray, if need required.

Suf. He's in the Camp, and if he knew of this,
I undertake he would not be long hence.

King. Trip *Dick*, trip *George.*

Hun. I muſt have the Dice: what do we play at?

Suf. Paſſage if ye pleaſe.

Hunt. Set round then: ſo, at all.

Har. *George*, you are out.
Give me the Dice, I paſs for twenty pound,
Here's to our lucky paſſage into *France.*

Hunt. *Harry*, you paſs indeed, for you ſweep all.

Suf. A ſign King *Harry* ſhall ſweep all in *France.*

Enter Prieſt.

Prieſt. Edge ye good Fellows, take a freſh Gameſter in.

Har. Maſter Parſon, we play nothing but gold?

Prieſt. And, fellow, I tell thee that the Prieſt hath gold, gold: what? ye are but Beggarly Souldiers to me, I think I have more gold than all you three.

Hunt. It may be ſo, but we believe it not.

Har. Set, Prieſt, ſet, I paſs for all that gold.

Prieſt. Ye paſs indeed.

Har. Prieſt, haſt any more?

Prieſt. More? what a queſtion's that?
I tell thee I have more than all you three,
At theſe ten Angels.

Har. I wonder how thou com'ſt by all this gold.

How many Benefices haſt thou, Prieſt?

Pri. Faith, but one, doſt wonder how I come by gold? I wonder rather how poor Soldiers ſhould have gold: for I'll tell thee, good fellow, we have every day Tythes, Off'rings, Chriſtnings, Weddings, Burials: and you poor ſnakes come ſeldome to a booty. I'll ſpeak a proud word, I have but one Parſonage, *Wrotham*, 'tis better than the Biſhoprick of *Rocheſter*: there's ne'r a Hill, Heath, nor Down in all *Kent*, but 'tis in my Pariſh, *Barrham down*, *Cobham-down*, *Gads-hill*, *Wrotham hill*, *Black-heath*, *Cocks-heath*, *Birchen wood*, all pay me tythe, gold quoth a? ye paſs not for that.

Suf. Harry, ye are out, now, Parſon, ſhake the Dice.

Pri. Set, ſet, I'll cover ye, at all: A plague on't I am out; the Devil, and Dice, and a Wench, who will truſt them?

Suf. Say'ſt thou ſo, Prieſt? ſet fair, at all for once.

Har. Out, ſir, pay all.

Pri. Sir, pay me Angel gold,
I'll none of your crack'd *French* Crowns nor Piſtolets,
Pay me fair Angel gold, as I pay you.

King. No crack'd *French* Crowns? I hope to ſee more crack'd *French* Crowns e'r long.

Pri. Thou mean'ſt of *French*-mens Crowns, when the King's in *France*.

Hun. Set round, at all.

Pri. Pay all: this is ſome luck.

King. Give me the Dice, 'tis I muſt ſhred the Prieſt: At all, Sir *John*.

Pri. The Devil and all is yours: at that. 'sdeath, what caſting's this?

Suf. Well thrown, *Harry*, I'faith.

King. I'll caſt better yet.

Pri. Then I'll be hang'd. Sirrah, haſt thou not given thy ſoul to the Devil for caſting?

Har. I paſs for all.

Pri. Thou paſſeſt all that e'r I plaid withall:
Sirrah, doſt thou not cog, nor foiſt, nor ſlurr?

King. Set, Parſon, ſet, the Dice dye in my hand.
When, Parſon, when? what, can ye find no more?
Already dry? was't you bragg'd of your ſtore?

Pri. All's gone but that.

Hun. What? half a broken Angel.

Pri. Why, ſir? 'tis gold.

King. Yea, and I'll cover it.

Pri. The Devil give ye good on't, I am blind, you have blown me up.

King. Nay, tarry, Prieſt, you ſhall not leave us yet,
Do not theſe pieces fit each other well?

Pri. What if they do?

King. Thereby begins a tale:
There was a Thief, in face much like Sir *John*,
But 'twas not he. That Thief was all in green,
Met me laſt day on *Black-heath*, near the *Park*,
With him a Woman. I was all alone
And weaponleſs, my boy had all my tools,
And was before providing me a Boat.
Short tale to make, Sir *John*, the Thief I mean,
Took a juſt hundreth Pound in gold from me.
I ſtorm'd at it, and ſwore to be reveng'd
If e'r we met; he like a luſty Thief,
Brake with his Teeth this Angel juſt in two,
To be a token at our meeting next;
Provided, I ſhould charge no Officer
To apprehend him, but at weapons point
Recover that, and what he had beſide.
Well met, Sir *John*, betake ye to your tools
By Torch-light, for, Maſter Parſon, you are he
That had my Gold.

Pri. Zounds I won't in play, in fair ſquare play, of the Keeper of *Eltham-Park*, and that I will maintain with this poor Whyniard: be you two honeſt men to ſtand and look upon's, and let's alone, and neither part.

King. Agreed, I charge ye do not budge a foot,
Sir *John*, have at ye.

Pri. Souldier, ware your ſconce.

As they proffer, enter Butler, *and draws his*
Sword to part them.

But. Hold, villain, hold: my Lords, what d'ye mean,
To ſee a Traytor draw againſt the King.

Pri. The King? Gods will, I am in a proper pickle.

King. Butler, what news? why doſt thou trouble us?

But. Pleaſe your Majeſty, it's break of day,
And as I ſcouted near to *Iſlington*,
The gray-ey'd morning gave me glimmering,
Of armed Men coming down *Hygate-hill*,
Who by their courſe are coaſting hitherward.

King. Let us withdraw, my Lords, prepare our troops,
To charge the Rebels if there be ſuch cauſe:
For this lewd Prieſt, this deviliſh Hypocrite,
That is a Thief, a Gameſter, and what not,
Let him be hang'd up for example ſake.

Pri. Not ſo, my gracious Soveraign, I confeſs I am a frail man, fleſh and blood as other are; but ſet my imperfections aſide, ye have not a taller man, nor a truer Subject to the Crown and State, than Sir *John* of *Wrotham* is.

King. Will a true Subject rob his King?

Pri. Alas! 'twas ignorance and want, my gracious Liege.

King. 'Twas want of grace. Why, you ſhould be as ſalt
To ſeaſon others with good document,
Your lives as lamps to give the people light,
As Shepherds, not as Wolves to ſpoil the flock;
Go hang him, *Butler*.

But. Did'ſt thou not rob me?

Pri. I muſt confeſs I ſaw ſome of your gold, but, my dread Lord, I am in no humour for death: God will that ſinners live, do not you cauſe me to dye, once in their lives the beſt may go aſtray, and if the world ſay true, your ſelf (my Liege) have been a Thief.

King. I confeſs I have,
But I repent and have reclaim'd my ſelf.

Pri. So will I do if you will give me time.

King. Wilt thou? my Lords, will you be his ſureties?

Hun. That when he robs again he ſhall be hang'd.

Pri. I ask no more.

King. And we will grant thee that,
Live and repent, and prove an honeſt man,
Which when I hear, and ſafe return from *France*,
I'll give thee living. Till when, take thy Gold,
But ſpend it better than at Cards or Wine,
For better virtues fit that Coat of thine.

Pri. Vivat Rex, & currat Lex. My Liege, if ye have cauſe of Battel, ye ſhall ſee Sir *John* beſtir himſelf in your quarrel.

An Alarm. Enter King, Suffolk, Huntington, *Sir*
John *bringing forth* Acton, Beverly, and
Murly, *Priſoners.*

King. Bring in thoſe Traitors, whoſe aſpiring minds
Thought to have triumph'd in our overthrow:
But now ye ſee, baſe Villains, what ſucceſs
Attends ill actions wrongfully attempted.
Sir *Roger Acton*, thou retain'ſt the name
Of Knight, and ſhouldſt be more diſcreetly temper'd
Than join with peazants, Gentry is divine,
But thou haſt made it more than popular.

Act. Pardon, my Lord, my Conſcience urg'd me to it.

King. Thy Conſcience, then Conſcience is corrupt,
For in thy Conſcience thou art bound to us,
And in thy Conſcience thou ſhould'ſt love thy Country,
Elſe what's the difference 'twixt a Chriſtian,
And the uncivil manners of the Turk?

Bev. We meant no hurt unto your Majeſty,
But reformation of Religion.
King. Reform Religion? was it that you ſought?
I pray who gave you that authority?
Belike then we hold the Scepter up,
And ſit within the Throne but for a Cipher.
Time was, good Subjects would make known their grief,
And pray amendment, not enforce the ſame,
Unleſs their King were Tyrant, which I hope
You cannot juſtly ſay that *Harry* is,
What is that other?
Suf. A Malt-man, my Lord,
And dwelling in *Dunſtable* as he ſays.
King. Sirrah, what made you leave your Barley-broth,
To come in armour thus againſt your King?
Mur. Fie, paltry, paltry, to and fro, in and out upon occaſion, what a world is this? Knighthood (my Liege) 'twas Knighthood brought me hither, they told me I had wealth enough to make my Wife a Lady.
King. And ſo you brought thoſe horſes which we ſaw
Trapt all in coſtly furniture, and meant
To wear theſe Spurrs when you were Knighted once.
Mur. In and out upon occaſion I did.
King. In and out upon occaſion, therefore you ſhall be hang'd, and in the ſtead of wearing theſe Spurrs upon your heels, about your neck they ſhall bewray your folly to the world.
Tri. In and out upon occaſion, that goes hard.
Mur. Fie, paltry, paltry, to and fro: good my Liege, a pardon, I am ſorry for my fault.
King. That comes too late: but tell me, went there none beſide Sir *Roger Acton*, upon whom
You did depend to be your Governour.
Mur. None, my Lord, but Sir *John Oldcaſtle.*

Enter Biſhop.

King. Bears he a part in this conſpiracy.
Act. We look'd, my Lord, that he would meet us here.
King. But did he promiſe you that he would come.
Act. Such Letters we received forth of *Kent.*
Biſh. Where is my Lord the King? health to your Grace.
Examining, my Lord, ſome of theſe Rebels,
It is a general voice among them all,
That they had never come into this place,
But to have met their valiant General,
The good Lord *Cobham,* as they title him:
Whereby, my Lord, your Grace may now perceive,
His Treaſon is apparent, which before
He ſought to colour by his flattery.
King. Now by my Royalty I would have ſworn,
But for his Conſcience, which I bear withal,
There had not liv'd a more true hearted Subject.
Biſh. It is but counterfeit, my gracious Lord,
And therefore may it pleaſe your Majeſty,
To ſet your hand unto this Precept here,
By which we'll cauſe him forthwith to appear,
And anſwer this by order of the Law.
King. Not only that, but take Commiſſion
To ſearch, attach, impriſon, and condemn
This moſt notorious Traytor as you pleaſe.
Biſh. It ſhall be done, my Lord, without delay:
So now I hold, Lord *Cobham,* in my hand,
That which ſhall finiſh thy diſdained life.
King. I think the Iron Age begins but now,
Which learned Poets have ſo often taught,
Wherein there is no credit to be given
To either words or looks, or ſolemn oaths:
For if he were, how often hath he ſworn,
How gently tun'd the muſick of his tongue,
And with what aimable face beheld he me,
When all, God knows, was but hypocriſie.

Enter Cobham.

Cob. Long life and proſperous reign unto my Lord.
King. Ah, Villain, canſt thou wiſh proſperity,
Whoſe heart includeth nought but treachery?
I do arreſt thee here my ſelf, falſe Knight,
Of Treaſon capital againſt the ſtate.
Cob. Of Treaſon, mighty Prince? your Grace miſtakes,
I hope it is but in the way of mirth.
King. Thy neck ſhall feel it is in earneſt ſhortly.
Dar'ſt thou intrude into our preſence, knowing
How hainouſly thou haſt offended us?
But this is thy accuſtomed deceit.
Now thou perceiv'ſt thy purpoſe is in vain,
With ſome excuſe or other thou wilt come
To clear thy ſelf of this Rebellion.
Cob. Rebellion, good my Lord, I know of none.
King. If you deny it, here is evidence,
See you theſe men; you never counſelled,
Nor offered them aſſiſtance in their Wars?
Cob. Speak, ſirs, not one but all, I crave no favour,
Have ever I been converſant with you?
Or written Letters to incourage you?
Or kindled but the leaſt or ſmalleſt part
Of this your late unnatural Rebellion?
Speak, for I dare the uttermoſt you can.
Mur. In and out upon occaſion, I know you not.
King. No, didſt thou not ſay, that Sir *John Oldcaſtle*
Was one with whom you purpos'd to have met?
Mur. True, I did ſay ſo, but in what reſpect,
Becauſe I heard it was reported ſo.
King. Was there no other argument but that?
Act. I muſt confeſs we have no other ground
But only rumour to accuſe this Lord,
Which now I ſee was meerly fabulous.
King. The more pernitious you to taint him then,
VVhom you know was not faulty, yea or no.
Cob. Let this, my Lord, which I preſent your Grace
Speak for my loyalty, read theſe Articles,
And then give ſentence of my life or death.
King. Earl *Cambridge*, *Scroop*, and *Gray* corrupted
VVith bribes from *Charles* of *France*, either to win
My Crown from me, or ſecretly contrive
My death by Treaſon? Is't poſſible?
Cob. There is the platform, and their hands, my Lord,
Each ſeverally ſubſcribed to the ſame.
Cob. Oh never heard of baſe ingratitude!
Even thoſe I hug within my boſome moſt,
Are readieſt evermore to ſting my heart.
Pardon me, *Cobham*, I have done thee wrong,
Hereafter I will live to make amends,
Is then their time of meeting ſo near hand?
We'll meet with them but little for their eaſe,
If God permit. Go take theſe Rebels hence,
Let them have Martial Law: but as for thee,
Friend to thy King and Country, ſtill be free. [*Exeunt.*
Mur. Be it more or leſs, what a world is this?
VVould I had continued ſtill of the order of knaves,
And ne'r ſought Knight-hood, ſince it coſts
So dear: Sir *Roger*, I may thank you for all.
Act. Now 'tis too late to have it remedied,
I prithee, *Murley*, do not urge me with it.
Hun. VVill you away, and make no more to do?
Mur. Fie, paltry, paltry, to and fro, as occaſion ſerves,
If you be ſo haſty, take my place.
Hun. No, good ſir Knight, e'n tak't your ſelf.
Mur. I could be glad to give my betters place. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Biſhop, *Lord* VVarden, Cromer *the Sheriff*,
Lady Cobham *and Attendants.*

Biſh. I tell ye, Lady, it's impoſſible
But you ſhould know where he conveys himſelf,

And you have hid him in ſome ſecret place.
La. My Lord, believe me, as I have a Soul,
I know not where my Lord my Huſband is.
Biſh. Go to, go, ye are an Heretick,
And will be forc't by torture to confeſs,
If fair means will not ſerve to make you tell.
Lady. My Huſband is a noble Gentleman,
And need not hide himſelf for any fact
That e're I heard of, therefore wrong him not.
Biſh. Your Huſband is a dangerous Schiſmatick,
Traitor to God, the King, and Commonwealth,
And therefore, Mr. *Cromer*, Sheriff of *Kent*,
I charge you take her to your cuſtody,
And ſeize the goods of Sir *John Oldcaſtle*
To the Kings uſe: let her go in no more,
To fetch ſo much as her apparel out,
There is your warrant from his Majeſty.
L. War. Good my Lord Biſhop, pacifie your wrath
Againſt the Lady.
Biſh. Then let her confeſs
Where *Oldcaſtle* her Huſband is conceal'd.
L. War. I dare engage mine honour and my life,
Poor Gentlewoman, ſhe is ignorant
And innocent of all his practices
If any Evil by him be practiſed.
Biſh. If, my Lord *Warden?* Nay then I charge you,
That all Cinque-ports whereof you are chief,
Be laid forthwith, that he eſcapes us not.
Shew him his Highneſs warrant, Mr. Sheriff.
L. War. I am ſorry for the Noble Gentleman.
Biſh. Peace, he comes here, now do your Office,

Enter Harpool *and* Oldcaſtle.

Cob. Harpool, what buſineſs have we here in hand?
What makes the Biſhop and the Sheriff here?
I fear my coming home is dangerous,
I would I had not made ſuch haſte to *Cobham.*
Har. Be of good cheer, my Lord, if they be foes, we'll ſcramble ſhrewdly with them: if they be Friends they are welcome.
Cro. Sir *John Oldcaſtle* Lord *Cobham*, in the Kings name, I arreſt ye of high Treaſon.
Cob. Treaſon, Mr. *Cromer?*
Har. Treaſon, Mr. Sheriff, what Treaſon?
Cob. Harpool, I charge thee ſtir not, but be quiet.
Do ye arreſt me of Treaſon, Mr. Sheriff?
Biſh. Yea, of high Treaſon, Traitor, Heretick.
Cob. Defiance in his face that calls me ſo,
I am as true a Loyal Gentleman
Unto his Highneſs, as my proudeſt Enemy,
The King ſhall witneſs my late faithful ſervice,
For ſafety of his ſacred Majeſty.
Biſh. What thou art, the Kings hand ſhall teſtifie,
Shew him, Lord Warden.
Cob. Jeſu defend me,
Is't poſſible your cunning could ſo temper
The princely diſpoſition of his mind,
To ſign the damage of a Royal Subject?
Well, the beſt is, it bears an antedate,
Procured by my abſence and your malice.
But I, ſince that, have ſhew'd my ſelf as true,
As any Church-man that dare challenge me.
Let me be brought before his Majeſty,
If he acquit me not, then do your worſt.
Biſh. We are not bound to do kind offices,
For any Traitor, Schiſmatick, nor Heretick:
The Kings hand is our warrant for our work,
Who is departed on his way for *France*,
And at *Southampton* doth repoſe this Night.
Har. O that thou and I were within twenty miles of it, on *Saliſbury* plain! I would loſe my head if thou brought'ſt thy Head hither again. [*Aſide.*
Cob. My Lord Warden o'th Cinque-ports, and Lord of *Rocheſter*, ye are joynt Commiſſioners, favour me ſo much on my expence, to bring me to the King.
Biſh. What, to *Southampton?*
Cob. Thither, my good Lord,
And if he do not clear me of all guilt,
And all ſuſpicion of conſpiracy,
Pawning his Princely warrant for my truth:
I ask no favour, but extreameſt torture.
Bring me, or ſend me to him, good my Lord,
Good my Lord Warden, Mr. Sheriff entreat.
[*They both entreat for him.*
Come hither, Lady, nay, ſweet wife, forbear
To heap one ſorrow on anothers neck:
'Tis grief enough falſely to be accus'd,
And not permitted to acquit my ſelf,
Do not thou with thy kind reſpective tears,
Torment thy Huſbands heart that bleeds for thee:
But be of comfort, God hath help in ſtore
For thoſe that put aſſured truſt in him.
Dear Wife, if they commit me to the Tower,
Come up to *London* to your Siſters Houſe:
That being near me, you may comfort me.
One ſolace find I ſetled in my Soul,
That I am free from Treaſon's very thought,
Only my Conſcience for the Goſpels ſake,
Is cauſe of all the troubles I ſuſtain.
Lady. O, my dear Lord, what ſhall betide of us?
You to the Tower, and I turn'd out of Doors,
Our ſubſtance ſeiz'd unto his Highneſs uſe,
Even to the garments longing to our backs.
Har. Patience, good Madam, things at worſt will mend,
And if they do not, yet our lives may end.
Biſh. Urge it no more, for if an Angel ſpake,
I ſwear by ſweet S. *Peter*'s bleſſed Keyes,
Firſt goes he to the Tower, then to the ſtake.
Crom. But by your leave, this warrant doth not ſtretch
To impriſon her.
Biſh. No, turn her out of doors,
Even as ſhe is, and lead him to the Tower,
With guard enough, for fear of reſcuing.
Lady. O God requite thee thou blood-thirſty man.
Cob. May it not be, my Lord of *Rocheſter?*
Wherein have I incurr'd your hate ſo far,
That my appeal unto the King's deny'd.
Biſh. No hate of mine, but power of holy Church,
Forbids all favour to falſe Hereticks.
Cob. Your private malice more than publick power,
Strikes moſt at me, but with my life it ends.
Har. aſide. O that I had the Biſhop in that fear
That once I had his *Sumner* by our ſelves.
Cro. My Lord, yet grant one ſuit unto us all,
That this ſame ancient ſervingman may wait
Upon my Lord his maſter in the Tower.
Biſh. This old iniquity, this Heretick?
That in contempt of our Church diſcipline,
Compel'd my *Sumner* to devour his Proceſs?
Old Ruffian paſt-grace, upſtart Schiſmatick,
Had not the King pray'd us to pardon ye,
Ye had fryed for't, ye grizeled Heretick.
Har. 'Sblood, my Lord Biſhop, ye wrong me, I am neither Heretick nor Puritan, but of the old Church, I'le ſwear, drink Ale, kiſs a wench, go to Maſs, eat Fiſh all Lent, and faſt Frydays with Cakes and Wine, Fruit and ſpicery, ſhrive me of my old Sins afore Eaſter, and begin new before Whitſuntide.
Cro. A merry mad conceited Knave, my Lord.
Har. That knave was ſimply put upon the Biſhop.
Biſh. Well, God forgive him, and I pardon him:
Let him attend his Maſter in the Tower,
For I in Charity wiſh his Soul no hurt.
Cob. God bleſs my Soul from ſuch cold Charity.
Biſh. To th' Tower with him, and when my leiſure ſerves,
I will examine him of Articles;
Look, my Lord Warden, as you have in charge

The Sheriff perform his Office.
War. I, my Lord.

Enter Sumner *with Books.*

Biſh. What bring'ſt thou there? what books of hereſie?
Sum. Yea, my Lord, here's not a Latine Book,
No not ſo much as our Ladies Pſalter:
Here's the Bible, the Teſtament, the Pſalms in meeter,
The Sick-man's ſalve, the Treaſure of Gladneſs,
All *Engliſh*, no not ſo much but the Almanack's *Engliſh*.
Biſh. Away with them, to th' fire with them, *Clun*,
Now fie upon theſe upſtart Hereticks.
All *Engliſh*, burn them, burn them quickly, *Clun*.
Har. But do not, *Sumner*, as you'll anſwer it, for I have there *Engliſh* Books, my Lord, that I'le not part withal for your Biſhoprick, *Bevis* of *Hampton*, *Owleglaſs*, *The Fryer and the Boy*, *Ellen of Rumming*, *Robin-hood*, and other ſuch godly Stories, which if you burn, by this Fleſh I'le make ye drink their aſhes in S. *Marget*'s Ale. [*Exit.*

Enter the Biſhop *of* Rocheſter, *with his men in Livery Coats.*

1. *Ser.* Is it your honours pleaſure we ſhall ſtay,
Or come back in the afternoon to fetch you.
Biſh. Now have ye brought me here unto the Tower,
You may go back unto the Porter's lodge,
Where if I have occaſion to employ you,
I'le ſend ſome Officer to call you to me.
Into the City go not, I command you,
Perhaps I may have preſent need to uſe you.
2. We will attend your honour here without.
3. Come, we may have a quart of Wine at the Roſe at *Barking*, and come back an hour before he'll go.
1. We muſt hie us then.
3. Let's away. [*Exeunt.*
Biſh. Ho, Mr. Lieutenant,
Lieu. Who calls there?
Biſh. A Friend of yours.
Lieu. My Lord of *Rocheſter*? your honour's welcome.
Biſh. Sir, here's my warrant from the Council,
For conference with Sir *John Oldcaſtle*,
Upon ſome matter of great conſequence.
Lieu. Ho, Sir *John*.
Har. Who calls there?
Lieu. *Harpool*, tell Sir *John*, that my Lord of *Rocheſter*
Comes from the Council to confer with him.
I think you may as ſafe without ſuſpicion
As any man in *England* as I hear,
For it was you moſt labour'd his commitment.
Biſh. I did, Sir, and nothing repent it I aſſure you.

Enter Sir John Oldcaſtle.

Mr. Lieutenant, I pray you give us leave,
I muſt confer here with Sir *John* a little.
Lieu. With all my heart, my Lord.
Har. aſide. My Lord, be rul'd by me, take this occaſion while it is offered, and on my life your Lordſhip will eſcape.
Cob. No more I ſay, peace leſt he ſhould ſuſpect it.
Biſh. Sir *John*, I am come to you from the Lords of the Council, to know if you do recant your errours.
Cob. My Lord of *Rocheſter*, on good advice,
I ſee my errour; but yet underſtand me,
I mean not errour in the Faith I hold,
But errour in ſubmitting to your pleaſure,
Therefore your Lordſhip without more to do,
Muſt be a means to help me to eſcape.
Biſh. What means, thou Heretick?
Dar'ſt thou but lift thy hand againſt my calling?
Cob. No, not to hurt you for a thouſand pound.
Har. Nothing but to borrow your upper garment a little, not a word more, peace for waking the Children; there, put on, diſpatch, my Lord, the window that goes out into the Leads is ſure enough: as for you, I'le bind you ſurely in the inner Room.
Cob. This is well begun, God ſend us happy ſpeed,
Hard ſhift you ſee men make in time of need.

Enter Servingmen again.

1. I marvel that my Lord ſhould ſtay ſo long.
2. He hath ſent to ſeek us I dare lay my life.
3. We come in good time, ſee where he is coming.
Har. I beſeech you, good my Lord of *Rocheſter*, be favourable to my Lord and Maſter.
Cob. The inner Rooms be very Hot and cloſe,
I do not like this Air here in the Tower.
Har. His caſe is hard, my Lord: you ſhall ſafely get out of the Tower, but I will down upon them: in which time get you away. Hard under *Iſlington* wait you my coming, I will bring my Lady ready with Horſes to get hence.
Cob. Fellow, go back again unto my Lord, and counſel him.
Har. Nay, my good Lord of *Rocheſter*, I'le bring you to S. *Albons* through the woods I warrant you.
Cob. Villain, away.
Har. Nay ſince I am paſt the Towers Liberty,
You part not ſo. [*He draws.*
Biſh. Clubs, clubs, clubs.
1. Murther, murther, murther.
2. Down with him.
Har. Out you cowardly Rogues.
[Cobham *eſcapes.*

Enter Lieutenant, *and his men.*

Lieu. Who is ſo bold as to dare to draw a Sword
So near unto the entrance of the Tower.
1. This Ruffian, ſervant to Sir *John Oldcaſtle*, was like to have ſlain my Lord.
Lieu. Lay hold on him.
Har. Stand off if you love your puddings.
[Rocheſter *calls within.*
Help, help, help, Mr. *Lieutenant*, help.
Lieu. Who's that within? ſome Treaſon in the Tower, on my life, look in, who's that which calls?

Enter Rocheſter *bound.*

Lieu. Without your cloak, my Lord of *Rocheſter*?
Har. There, now it works; then let me ſpeed,
For now's the fitteſt time to ſcape away. [*Exit.*
Lieu. Why do you look ſo gaſtly and affrighted?
Biſh. *Oldcaſtle* that Traitor and his man,
When you had left me to confer with him,
Took, bound, and ſtript me as you ſee,
And left me lying in this inner Chamber,
And ſo departed, and I——
Lieu. And you! Nere ſay that the Lord *Cobham*'s man
Did here ſet on you like to murther you.
1. And ſo he did.
Biſh. It was upon his Maſter then he did,
That in the brawl the Traitor might eſcape.
Lieu. Where is this *Harpool*?
2. Here he was even now.
Lieu. Where, can you tell? They are both eſcap'd.
Since it ſo happens that he is eſcap'd,
I am glad you are a witneſs of the ſame:
It might have elſe been laid unto my charge,
That I had been conſenting to the fact.
Biſh. Come, ſearch ſhall be made for him with expedition, the Haven's laid that he ſhall not eſcape, and hue

and cry continue through *England*, to find this damned, dangerous Heretick. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Cambridge, Scroop, *and* Gray, *as in a Chamber, and ſet down at a Table, conſulting about their Treaſon, King* Harry *and* Suffolk *liſtning at the door.*

Cam. In mine opinion, *Scroop* hath well adviſ'd,
Poiſon will be the only apteſt mean,
And fitteſt for our purpoſe to diſpatch him.

Gray. But yet there may be doubt in their delivery,
Harry is wiſe, therefore, Earl of *Cambridge*,
I judge that way not ſo convenient.

Scr. What think ye then of this? I am his bedfellow,
And unſuſpected nightly ſleep with him.
What if I venture in thoſe ſilent hours,
When ſleep hath ſealed up all mortal Eyes,
To murther him in bed? how like ye that?

Cam. Herein conſiſts no ſafety for your ſelf,
And you diſclos'd, what ſhall become of us?
But this day (as ye know) he will aboard,
The wind's ſo fair, and ſet away for *France*,
If as he goes, or entring in the ſhip
It might be done, then were it excellent.

Gray. Why any of theſe, or if you will,
I'le cauſe a preſent ſitting of the Council,
Wherein I will pretend ſome matter of ſuch weight,
As needs muſt have his Royal Company,
And ſo diſpatch him in his Council Chamber.

Cam. Tuſh, yet I hear not any thing to purpoſe;
I wonder that Lord *Cobham* ſtayes ſo long,
His Counſel in this caſe would much avail us.

[*The King ſteps in upon them with his Lords.*

Scr. What ſhall we riſe thus, and determine nothing?

King. That were a ſhame indeed: no, ſit again,
And you ſhall have my Counſel in this caſe:
If you can find no way to kill the King,
Then you ſhall ſee how I can furniſh ye;
Scroop's way by poiſon was indifferent,
But yet being bed-fellow to the King,
And unſuſpected, ſleeping in his boſom,
In mine opinion that's the likelier way.
For ſuch falſe Friends are able to do much,
And ſilent Night is Treaſon's fitteſt Friend.
Now, *Cambridge* in his ſetting hence for *France*,
Or by the way, or as he goes aboard
To do the deed, that was indifferent too,
But ſomewhat doubtfull.
Marry Lord *Gray* came very near the point,
To have the King at Council, and there murder him,
As *Cæſar* was among his deareſt Friends.
Tell me, oh tell me, you bright honour's ſtains,
For which of all my kindneſſes to you,
Are ye become thus Traitors to your King?
And *France* muſt have the ſpoil of *Harrie*'s life.

All. Oh pardon us, dread Lord.

King. How, pardon ye? that were a Sin indeed,
Drag them to Death, which juſtly they deſerve:
And *France* ſhall dearly buy this villany,
So ſoon as we ſet footing on her breaſt.
God have the praiſe for our deliverance,
And next our thanks, Lord *Cobham*, is to thee,
True perfect mirrour of Nobilitie. [*Exit.*

Enter the Hoſt, *Lord* Cobham, *and* Harpool.

Hoſt. Sir, y'are welcome to this houſe, to ſuch as is here with all my heart: but I fear your lodging will be the worſt. I have but two beds, and they are both in a chamber, and the Carrier and his Daughter lies in the one, and you and your Wife muſt lye in the other.

Cob. Faith, Sir, for my ſelf I do not greatly paſs,
My Wife is weary, and would be at reſt,
For we have travel'd very far to day,
We muſt be content with ſuch as you have.

Hoſt. But I cannot tell how to do with your man.

Har. What? haſt thou never an empty Room in thy Houſe for me?

Hoſt. Not a Bed in troth. There came a poor *Iriſh*-man, and I lodg'd him in the barn, where he has fair Sraw, although he have nothing elſe.

Har. Well, mine Hoſt, I prithee help me to a pair of clean ſheets, and I'le go lodge with him.

Hoſt. By the Maſs that thou ſhalt, a good pair of hempen ſheets were nere layn in: come. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Conſtable, Mayor, *and Watch.*

May. What? have you ſearcht the Town?

Con. All the Town, Sir, we have not left a Houſe unſearcht that uſes to lodge.

May. Surely, my Lord of *Rocheſter* was then deceiv'd,
Or ill inform'd of Sir *John Oldcaſtle*;
Or if he came this way, he's paſt the Town,
He could not elſe have ſcap'd you in the ſearch.

Con. The privy watch hath been abroad all night,
And not a ſtranger lodgeth in the Town
But he is known; only a luſty Prieſt
VVe found in bed with a pretty wench,
That ſayes ſhe is his VVife, yonder at the Shears:
But we have charg'd the hoſt with his forth coming
To morrow morning.

May. What think you beſt to do?

Con. Faith, Mr. Mayor, here's a few ſtragling Houſes beyond the Bridge, and a little Inn where Carriers uſe to lodge, although I think ſurely he would nere lodge there: but we'll go ſearch, and the rather, becauſe there came notice to the Town the laſt Night of an *Iriſh* man, that had done a murther, whom we are to make ſearch for.

May. Come I pray you, and be circumſpect. [*Exeunt.*

Con. Firſt beſet the houſe, before you begin to ſearch.

Offi. Content, every man take a ſeveral place.

[*A noiſe within.*

Keep, keep, ſtrike him down there, down with him.

Enter Conſtable *with the* Iriſhman *in* Harpool's *apparel.*

Con. Come you villanous Heretick, tell us where your Maſter is.

Iriſh. Vat Meſter?

May. Vat Meſter, you conterfeit Rebel? This ſhall not ſerve your turn.

Iriſh. Be Sent *Patrick* I ha no Meſter.

Con. Where's the Lord *Cobham*, Sir *John Oldcaſtle*, that lately eſcaped out of the Tower?

Iriſh. Vat Lort *Cobham*?

May. You counterfeit, this ſhall not ſerve you, we'll torture you, we'll make you confeſs where that arch heretick is. Come bind him faſt.

Iriſh. Ahone, ahone, ahone, a Cree.

Con. Ahone you crafty Raſcal? [*Exeunt.*

[*Lord* Cobham *comes out ſtealing in his gown.*

Cob. Harpool, Harpool, I hear a marvellous noiſe about the Houſe, God warrant us, I fear we are purſued: what, *Harpool?*

Har. within. Who calls there?

Cob. 'Tis I, doſt thou not hear a noiſe about the Houſe?

Har. Yes marry do I, 'zounds I cannot find my hoſe? this *Iriſh* Raſcal that lodg'd with me all night, hath ſtolen my apparel, and has left me nothing but a lowſie mantle, and a pair of broags. Get up, get up, and if the Carrier and his wench be aſleep, change you with him as he hath done with me, and ſee if we can ſcape.

Noiſe heard about the Houſe a pretty while, then enter the Conſtable *meeting* Harpool *in the Iriſh-man's apparel.*

Con. Stand cloſe, here comes the *Iriſhman* that did the murther, by all tokens this is he.

May. And perceiving the Houſe beſet, would get away: ſtand, Sirrah.

Har. What art thou that bid'ſt me ſtand?

Con. I am the officer, and am come to ſearch for an *Iriſh* man, ſuch a villain as thy ſelf, thou haſt murther'd a man this laſt night by the high way.

Har. 'Sbloud Conſtable art thou mad? am I an *Iriſh*-man?

May. Sirrah, we'll find you an *Iriſh*-man before we part: Lay hold upon him.

Con. Make him faſt, O thou bloody Rogue!

Enter Lord Cobham *and his Lady, in the Carrier and Wenches apparel.*

Cob. What will theſe Oſtlers ſleep all day?
Good morrow, good morrow, come wench, come:
Saddle, Saddle, now afore God two fair dayes, ha?

Con. Who goes there?

May. O 'tis *Lancaſhire* Carrier, let them paſs.

Cob. What, will no body ope the gates here?
Come, let's int'ſtable to look to our Capons.

[*The* Carrier *calling.*

Hoſt, why Oſtler?
Zwooks here's ſuch abomination Company of Boyes:
A pox of this Pigſty at the Houſe end,
It fills all the Houſe full of fleas, Oſtler, Oſtler.

Oſt. Who calls there? what would you have?

Club. Zwooks, do you rob your gueſts?
Do you lodge Rogues, and ſlaves, and ſcoundrels, ha?
They ha' Stoln our clothes here: why Oſtler?

Oſt. A murren choak you, what a bawling you keep.

Hoſt. How now? what would the Carrier have?
Look up there.

Oſt. They ſay the man and the woman that lay by them, have Stolen their clothes.

Hoſt. What, are the ſtrange folks up yet that came in yeſter night?

Con. What mine Hoſt, up ſo early?

Hoſt. What Mr. *Mayor*, and Mr. *Conſtable?*

May. We are come to ſeek for ſome ſuſpected perſons, and ſuch as here we found have apprehended.

Enter Carrier *and* Kate *in* Cobham *and Ladies apparel.*

Con. Who comes here?

Club. Who comes here? A plague found ome, you bawl quoth a, ods hat I'le forewear your houſe: you lodg'd a fellow and his wife by us, that ha' run away with our parrel, and left us ſuch gew-gaws here, come *Kate*, come to me, thowſe dizeard y'faith.

Mayor. Mine hoſt, know you this man?

Hoſt. Yes maſter Mayors, I'le give my word for him, why neighbour *Club*, how comes this gear about?

Kate. Now a foule on't, I cannot make this gew-gaw ſtand on my head.

Con. How came this man and woman thus attired?

Hoſtler. Here came a man and woman hither this laſt night, which I did take for ſubſtantial people, and lodg'd all in one Chamber by theſe folks: me thinks have been ſo bold to change apparel, and gone away this morning ere they roſe.

Mayor. That was that Traitor *Oldcaſtle* that thus eſcapt us: make hue and cry after him, keep faſt that traiterous Rebel his Servant there: farewel, mine Hoſt.

Car. Come *Kate Owdham*, thou and Iſe trimly dizard.

Kate. I'faith neam *Club*, Iſe wot nere what to do, Iſe be ſo flouted and ſo ſhouted at: but by th' Meſs Iſe cry.

[*Exit.*

Enter Prieſt *and* Doll.

Prieſt. Come *Doll*, come, be merry, wench.
Farewel *Kent*, we are not for thee.
Be luſty my Laſs, come for *Lancaſhire*,
We muſt nip the Boung for theſe Crowns.

Doll. Why is all the gold ſpent already, that you had the other day.

Prieſt. Gone, *Doll*, gone; flown, ſpent, vaniſhed, the Devil, drink, and dice, has devoured all.

Doll. You might have left me in *Kent* till you had been better provided.

Prieſt. No, *Doll*, no, *Kent*'s too hot, *Doll*, *Kent*'s too hot: the weathercock of *Wrotham* will crow no longer, we have pluckt him, he has loſt his Feathers, I have prun'd him bare, left him thrice, is moulted, is moulted, wench.

Doll. I might have gone to ſervice again, old Mr. *Harpool* told me he would provide me a Miſtris.

Prieſt. Peace, *Doll*, peace; come, mad wench, I'le make thee an honeſt Woman, we'll into *Lancaſhire* to our Friends, the troth is, I'le marry thee, we want but a little money, and money we will have I warrant thee: ſtay, who comes here? ſome *Iriſh* Villain me thinks that has ſlain a man, and now he is rifling on him, ſtand cloſe, *Doll*, we'll ſee the end.

Enter the Iriſhman *with his dead Maſter, and rifles him.*

Iriſh. Alas poe Maſter, Sir *Richard Lee*, be S. *Patrick*, is rob and cut thy trote, for de ſhain, and dy mony, and dy gold Ring, be me truly is love de well, but now dow be kill de, be ſhitten Kanave.

Prieſt. Stand, Sirrah, what art thou?

Iriſh. Be S. *Patrick* Meſter, is poor *Iriſhman*, is a leufter.

Prieſt. Sirrah, Sirrah, y'are a damn'd Rogue, you have kill'd a man here, and rifled him of all that he has: 'sbloud you Rogue deliver, or I'le not leave you ſo much as a hair above your ſhoulders, you Whorſon *Iris* Dog.

[*Robs him.*

Iriſh. We's me S. *Patrick*, Iſe kill my Meſter for ſhain and his ring, and now's be rob of all, me's undo.

Prieſt. Avant you Raſcal, go Sirrah, be walking: come *Doll*, the Devil laughs when one Thief robs another: come wench, we'll to S. *Albans*, and revel in our bower, my brave girle.

Doll. O thou art old Sir *John* when all's done i'faith.

Enter the Hoſt of the Houſe with the Iriſhman.

Iriſh. Be me tro Maſter is poor *Iriſman*, is want ludging, is have no mony, is ſtarve and cold, good Maſter give her ſome meat, is famiſe and tye.

Hoſtler. Faith fellow I have no lodging, but what I keep for my Gueſts: as for meat, thou ſhalt have as much as there is, and if thou wilt lie in the barn, there's fair ſtraw, and Room enough.

Iriſh. Is tank my Maſter hertily.

Hoſtler. Ho, *Robin.*

Robin. Who calls?

Hoſtler. Shew this poor *Iriſhman* to the barn, go Sirrah.

Enter Carrier *and* Kate.

Club. Who's within here? who looks to the Horſes? Uds hat, here's fine work, the Hens in the manger, and the Hogs in the litter, a bots found you all, here's a Houſe well lookt to i'faith.

Kate. Mas *Goff Club*, Iſe very cawd.

Club. Get in, *Kate*, get into the fire and warm thee. *John Oſtler?*

Hoſt. What, Gaffer *Club*, welcome to S. *Albans*,
How do's all our friends in *Lancaſhire?*

Club. Well, God a mercy, *John*, how do's *Tom?* where is he?

Oſtl. *Tom*'s gone from hence, he's at the three Horſe-loaves at ſtony-*Stratford*: how do's old *Dick Dun?*

Club. Uds hat, old *Dun* is moyr'd in a ſlough in *Brick-hill lane*: a plague found it, yonders ſuch abomination weather as was never ſeen.

Oſtl. Uds hat Thief, have one half peck of Peaſe and Oats more for that, as I am *John Oſtler*, he has been ever as good a Jade as ever travelled.

Club. Faith well ſaid, old *Jack*, thou art the old Lad ſtill.

Oſtl. Come, Gaffer *Club*, unload, unload, and get to ſupper.

Enter Cobham *and his* Lady *diſguiſed.*

Cob. Come, Madam, happily eſcapt, here let us ſit,
This place is far remote from any path,
And here a while our weary limbs may reſt
To take refreſhing, free from the purſuit
Of envious *Rocheſter.*

Lady. But where, my Lord, ſhall we find reſt for our diſquiet minds?
There dwell untamed thoughts that hardly ſtoop
To ſuch abaſement of diſdained rags:
We were not wont to travel thus by night,
Eſpecially on foot.

Cob. No matter,love,extremities admit no better choice:
And were it not for thee, ſay froward time
Impos'd a greater task, I would eſteem it
As lightly as the wind that blows upon us,
But in thy ſufferance I am doubly taskt,
Thou waſt not wont to have the earth thy ſtool,
Nor the moiſt dewy graſs thy pillow, nor
Thy chamber to be the wide Horizon.

Lady. How can it ſeem a trouble, having you
A partner with me, in the worſt I feel?
No, gentle Lord, your preſence would give eaſe
To death it ſelf, ſhould he now ſeize upon me:
[*Here's Bread and Cheeſe and a Bottle.*
Behold what my foreſight hath undertane
For fear we faint, they are but homely Cates,
Yet ſawc'd with hunger, they may ſeem as ſweet
As greater dainties we were wont to taſte.

Cob. Praiſe be to him, whoſe plenty ſends both this
And all things elſe our mortal bodies need:
Nor ſcorn we this poor feeding, nor the ſtate
We now are in, for what is it on earth,
Nay under heaven, continues at a ſtay?
Ebbs not the Sea, when it hath overflown?
Follows not darkneſs, when the day is gone?
And ſee we not ſometimes the eye of heaven
Dim'd with ore-flying clouds? There's not that work
Of careful Nature, or of cunning Art,
(How ſtrong, how beauteous, or how rich it be)
But falls in time to ruine: here, gentle Madam,
In this one draught I waſh my ſorrow down. [*Drinks.*

Lady. And I encourag'd with your chearful ſpeech,
Will do the like.

Cob. Pray God poor *Harpool* come,
If he ſhould fall into the Biſhops hands,
Or not remember where we bad him meet us,
It were the thing of all things elſe, that now
Could breed revolt in this new peace of mind.

Lady. Fear not, my Lord, he's witty to deviſe,
And ſtrong to execute a preſent ſhift.

Cob. That power be ſtill his guide hath guided us.
My drowſie eyes wax heavy; early riſing,
Together with the travel we have had,
Makes me that I could take a nap,
Were I perſwaded we might be ſecure.

Lady. Let that depend on me, whilſt you do ſleep,
I'll watch that no misfortune happen us.

Cob. I ſhall, dear wife, be too much trouble to thee.

Lady. Urge not that,
My duty binds me, and your love commands,
I would I had the skill with tuned voice
To draw on ſleep with ſome ſweet melody.
But imperfection and unaptneſs too
Are both repugnant: fear inſerts the one,
The other Nature hath denied me uſe.
But what talk I of means, to purchaſe that
Is freely happen'd? Sleep with gentle hand,
Hath ſhut his eye-lids: O victorious labour,
How ſoon thy power can charm the bodies ſenſe?
And now thou likewiſe climb'ſt unto my brain,
Making my heavy temples ſtoop to thee,
Great God of heaven from danger keep us free.
[*Fall aſleep.*

Enter Sir Richard Lee *and his Men.*

Lee. A Murther cloſely done, and in my ground?
Search carefully, if any where it were,
This obſcure thicket is the likelieſt place.

Ser. Sir, I have found the body ſtiff with cold,
And mangled cruelly with many wounds.

Lee. Look if thou know'ſt him, turn his body up:
Alack, it is my ſon, my ſon and heir,
Whom two years ſince, I ſent to *Ireland*,
To practiſe there the diſcipline of war,
And coming home, for ſo he wrote to me,
Some ſavage heart, ſome bloody deviliſh hand,
Either in hate, or thirſting for his coin,
Hath here ſluc'd out his blood. Unhappy hour,
A curſed place, but moſt inconſtant Fate,
That had'ſt reſerv'd him from the bullets fire,
And ſuffered him to ſcape the wood-kerns fury.
Did'ſt here ordain the treaſure of his life,
Even here within the arms of tender peace,
To be conſum'd by treaſons waſtful hand?
And which is moſt afflicting to my ſoul,
That this his death and murther ſhould be wrought
Without the knowledge by whoſe means 'twas done.

2 Ser. Not ſo, Sir, I have found the authors of it,
See where they ſit, and in their bloody fiſts
The fatal inſtruments of death and ſin.

Lee. Juſt judgment of that power, whoſe gracious eye,
Loathing the ſight of ſuch a heinous fact,
Dazling their ſenſes with benumming ſleep,
Till their unhallowed treachery was known.
Awake ye monſters, murtherers awake,
Tremble for horror, bluſh you cannot chuſe,
Beholding this unhumane deed of yours.

Cob. What mean you, Sir, to trouble weary ſouls,
And interrupt us of our quiet ſleep?

Lee. O deviliſh! can you boaſt unto your ſelves
Of quiet ſleep, having within your hearts
The guilt of murder waking, that which cries
Deafs the loud thunder, and ſolicites heaven
VVith more than Mandrakes ſhreeks for your offence?

Lady. VVhat murther? you upbraid us wrongfully.

Lee. Can you deny the fact? See you not here
The body of my ſon by you miſdone?
Look on his wounds, look on his purple hue:
Do we not find you where the deed was done?
VVere not your knives faſt cloſed in your hands?
Is not this cloth an argument beſide,
Thus ſtain'd and ſpotted with his innocent blood?
Theſe ſpeaking characters, were there nothing elſe
To plead againſt ye, would convict you both.
To *Hartford* with them, where the Sizes now are kept,
Their lives ſhall anſwer for my ſons loſt life.

Cob. As we are innocent, ſo may we ſpeed.
Lee. As I am wrong'd, ſo may the Law proceed.

Enter Rocheſter, Conſtable *of S.* Albans, *with* Prieſt, Doll, *and the* Iriſhman *in* Harpool's *Apparel.*

Biſh. What intricate confuſion have we here?
Not two hours ſince, we apprehended one
In habit *Iriſh*, but in ſpeech not ſo;
And now you bring another, that in ſpeech is *Iriſh*,
But in habit *Engliſh:* yea, and more than ſo,
The ſervant of that heretick Lord *Cobham.*
Iriſh. Fait me be no ſervant of de Lort *Cobham*,
Me be *Mack Chane* of *Ulſter.*
Biſh. Otherwiſe call'd *Harpool* of *Kent*, go to, Sir,
You cannot blind us with your broken *Iriſh.*
Prieſt. Truſt me, ſaid Biſhop, whether *Iriſh* or *Engliſh.*
Harpool or not *Harpool*, that I leave to the tryal:
But ſure I am, this man by face and ſpeech,
Is he that murdred young Sir *Richard Lee:*
I met him preſently upon the fact,
And that he ſlew his Maſter for that Gold,
Thoſe Jewels, and that Chain I took from him.
Biſh. Well, our affairs do call us back to *London*,
So that we cannot proſecute the cauſe
As we deſire to do, therefore we leave
The charge with you, to ſee they be convey'd
To *Hartford* Size: both this counterfeit,
And you, Sir *John of Wrotham*, and your Wench,
For you are culpable as well as they,
Though not for murther, yet for felony.
But ſince you are the means to bring to light
This graceleſs murther, ye ſhall bear with you
Our Letters to the Judges of the Bench,
To be your friends in what they lawful may.
Prieſt. I thank your Lordſhip.

Enter Gaoler, *bringing forth* Oldcaſtle.

Gaol. Bring forth the Priſoners, ſee the Court prepar'd,
The Juſtices are coming to the Bench:
So, let him ſtand, away and fetch the reſt. [*Exeunt.*
Cob. O give me patience to endure this ſcourge,
Thou that art fountain of that vertuous ſtream,
And though contempt of witneſs, and reproach
Hang on theſe iron gives, to preſs my life
As low as earth, yet ſtrengthen me with faith,
That I may mount in ſpirit above the clouds.

Enter Gaoler, *bringing in Lady* Cobham *and* Harpool.

Here comes my Lady, ſorrow 'tis for her.
Thy wound is grievous, elſe I ſcoff at thee.
What and poor *Harpool!* art thou i'th'bryars too?
Har. Ifaith, my Lord, I am in, get out how I can.
Lady. Say (gentle Lord) for now we are alone,
And may confer, ſhall we confeſs in brief,
Of whence, and what we are, and ſo prevent
The accuſation is commenc'd againſt us?
Cob. What will that help us? Being known, ſweet love,
We ſhall for hereſie be put to death,
For ſo they term the Religion we profeſs.
No, if we dye, let this our comfort be,
That of the guilt impos'd our ſouls are free,
Har. I, I, my Lord, *Harpool* is ſo reſolv'd,
I wreak of death the leſs in that I dye,
Not by the ſentence of that envious Prieſt.
Lady. Well, be it then according as heavens pleaſe.

Enter L. Judge, Juſtices, Mayor *of S.* Albans, *Lord* Powis *and his Lady, old Sir* Richard Lee: *the Judge and Juſtices take their places.*

Judg. Now, Mr. Mayor, what Gentleman is that
You bring with you before us to the Bench?
May. The Lord *Powis*, if it like your honour,
And this his Lady travelling toward *Wales*;
Who, for they lodg'd laſt night within my houſe,
And my Lord Biſhop did lay wait for ſuch,
Were very willing to come on with me,
Leſt for their ſakes, ſuſpicion we might wrong.
Judg. We cry your honour mercy, good my Lord,
Wilt pleaſe you take your place. Madam, your Ladiſhip
May here, or where you will repoſe your ſelf,
Until this buſineſs now in hand be paſt.
La. Pow. I will withdraw into ſome other room,
So that your Lordſhip and the reſt be pleas'd.
Judg. With all our hearts: attend the Lady there.
Pow. Wife, I have ey'd yon pris'ners all this while,
And my conceit doth tell me, 'tis our friend
The Noble *Cobham*, and his virtuous Lady.
La. Pow. I think no leſs, are they ſuſpected for this (murther?
Pow. What it means
I cannot tell, but we ſhall know anon:
Mean time as you paſs by them, ask the queſtion,
But do it ſecretly you be not ſeen,
And make ſome ſign, that I may know your mind.
[*As ſhe paſſes over the Stage by them.*
La. Pow. My Lord *Cobham?* Madam?
Cob. No *Cobham* now, nor Madam, as you love us,
But *John* of *Lancaſhire*, and *Joan* his wife.
La. Pow. O tell, what is it that our love can do
To pleaſure you, for we are bound to you?
Cob. Nothing but this, that you conceal our names;
So, gentle Lady, paſs for being ſpied.
La. Pow. My heart I leave, to bear part of your grief.
[*Exit.*
Judg. Call the Priſoners to the Bar: Sir *Richard Lee*,
What evidence can you bring againſt theſe people,
To prove them guilty of the murther done?
Lee. This bloody Towel, and theſe naked Knives,
Beſide, we found them ſitting by the place,
Where the dead body lay within a buſh.
Judg. What anſwer you why Law ſhould not proceed
According to this evidence given in,
To tax ye with the penalty of death?
Cob. That we are free from murthers very thought,
And know not how the Gentleman was ſlain.
1 *Juſt.* How came this linen-cloth ſo bloody then?
L. Cob. My husband hot with travelling, my Lord,
His noſe guſht out a bleeding, that was it.
2 *Juſt.* But how came your ſharp-edg'd knives unſheath'd?
L. Cob. To cut ſuch ſimple victual as we had.
Judg. Say we admit this anſwer to thoſe Articles,
What made you in ſo private a dark nook,
So far remote from any common path,
As was the thick where the dead corps was thrown?
Cob. Journying, my Lord, from *London*, from the Term,
Down into *Lancaſhire*, where we do dwell;
And what with age, and travel being faint,
We gladly ſought a place where we might reſt,
Free from reſort of other paſſengers,
And ſo we ſtray'd into that ſecret corner.
Judg. Theſe are but ambages to drive off time,
And linger Juſtice from her purpos'd end.
But who are theſe?

Enter Conſtable *with the* Iriſhman, Prieſt, *and* Doll.

Conſt. Stay judgment, and releaſe thoſe innocents,
For here is he whoſe hand hath done the deed,
For which they ſtand indited at the Bar:
This ſavage Villain, this rude *Iriſh* Slave,
His tongue already hath confeſt the fact,
And here is witneſs to confirm as much.
Prieſt. Yes, my good Lord, no ſooner had he ſlain
His loving Maſter for the wealth he had,

But I upon the inſtant met with him:
And what he purchas'd with the loſs of bloud,
With ſtrokes I preſently bereav'd him of,
Some of the which is ſpent, the reſt remaining,
I willingly ſurrender to the hands
Of old Sir *Richard Lee*, as being his;
Beſide, my Lord Judge, I greet your honour
With Letters from my Lord of *Rocheſter*.
[*Delivers them.*

Lee. Is this the Wolf, whoſe thirſty throat did drink
My dear Son's bloud? art thou the Snake
He cheriſht, yet with envious piercing ſting
Aſſaild'ſt him mortally? Wer't not that the Law
Stands ready to revenge thy cruelty,
Traytor to God, thy Maſter, and to me,
Theſe hands ſhould be thy Executioner.

Jud. Patience, Sir *Richard Lee*, you ſhall have Juſtice.
The fact is odious, therefore take him hence,
And being hang'd until the wretch be dead,
His Body after ſhall be hang'd in Chains,
Near to the place where he did act the murther.

Iriſh. Prythee, Lord Shudge, let me have mine own Cloaths, my Strouces there, and let me be hang'd in a Wyth after my Country the *Iriſh* Faſhion. [*Exit.*

Jud. Go to, away with him. And now, Sir *John*,
Although by you this murther came to light;
Yet upright Law will not hold you excus'd,
For you did rob the Iriſh-man, by which
You ſtand attainted here of Felony:
Beſide, you have been lewd, and many years
Led a laſcivious, unbeſeeming life.

Prieſt. O but, my Lord, Sir *John* repents, and he will mend.

Jud. In hope thereof, together with the favour
My Lord of *Rocheſter* intreats for you,
We are content you ſhall be proved.

Prieſt. I thank your good Lordſhip.

Jud. Theſe falſly here accus'd, and brought
In peril wrongfully, we in like ſort do ſet at liberty.

Lee. And for amends,
Touching the wrong unwittingly I have done,
I give theſe few Crowns.

Jud. Your kindneſs merits praiſe, Sir *Richard Lee*,
So let us hence.
[*Exeunt all but L.*Powis *and* Cobham.

Pow. But *Powis* ſtill muſt ſtay,
There yet remains a part of that true love
He owes his noble Friend, unſatisfied
And unperform'd, which firſt of all doth bind me
To gratulate your Lordſhip's ſafe delivery:
And then intreat, that ſince unlookt for thus
We here are met, your honour would vouchſafe
To ride with me to *Wales*, where though my power,
(Though not to quittance thoſe great benefits
I have receiv'd of you) yet both my Houſe,
My Purſe, my Servants, and what elſe I have
Are all at your command. Deny me not,
I know the Biſhop's hate purſues ye ſo,
As there's no ſafety in abiding here.

Cob. 'Tis true my Lord, and God forgive him for it.

Pow. Then let us hence, you ſhall be ſtraight provided
Of luſty Geldings: and once entred *Wales*,
Well may the Biſhop hunt, but ſpight his Face,
He never more ſhall have the Game in Chace. [*Exeunt.*

THE
PURITAN:
OR, THE
VVidow of Watlingſtreet.

The Actors Names.

LAdy Plus, *a Citizens Widow.*
Frances
Moll } *her two Daughters.*
Sir Godfrey, *Brother-in-Law to the Widow* Plus.
Maſter Edmond, *Son to the Widow* Plus.
George Pye-boord, *a Scholar and a Citizen.*
Peter Skirmiſh, *an old Soldier.*
Captain Idle, *a Highway-man.*
Corporal Oath, *a vain-glorious Fellow.*
Nicholas *St.* Antlings
Simon *St.* Mary Overies
Frailty } *Serving-men to the Lady* Plus.
Sir Oliver Muck-hill, *a Suiter to the Lady* Plus.
Sir John Penny-Dub, *a Suiter to* Moll.
Sir Andrew Tipſtaffe, *a Suiter to* Frances.
The Sheriff of London.
Puttock
and
Ravenſhaw } *Two of the Sheriffs Serjeants.*
Dogſon, *a Yeoman.*
A Nobleman.
A Gentleman Citizen.
Officers.

The Scene London.

Actus Primus.

Enter the Lady Widow Plus, *her two Daughters,* Frank *and* Moll, *her Husbands Brother an old Knight Sir* Godfrey, *with her Son and Heir Maſter* Edmond, *all in Mourning Apparel,* Edmond *in a Cypreſs Hat. The Widow wringing her hands, and burſting out into paſſion, as newly come from the Burial of her Husband.*

Widow. OH, that ever I was born, that ever I was born!

Sir Godfrey. Nay good Siſter, dear Siſter, ſweet Siſter, be of good comfort, ſhew your ſelf a Woman, now or never.

Wid. Oh, I have loſt the deareſt man, I have buried the ſweeteſt Husband that ever lay by Woman.

Sir God. Nay give him his due, he was indeed an honeſt, virtuous, diſcreet wiſe man, — he was my Brother, as right, as right.

Wid. O, I ſhall never forget him, never forget him, he was a man ſo well given to a Woman — oh!

Sir God. Nay, but kind Siſter, I could weep as much as any Woman, but alas, our tears cannot call him again: me thinks you are well read, Siſter, and know that death is as common as *Homo,* a common name to all men; — a man ſhall be taken when he's making water, -- nay, did not the learned Parſon Maſter *Pigman* tell us e'ne now, that all Fleſh is frail, we are born to die, Man has but a time: with ſuch like deep and profound perſwaſions, as he is a rare Fellow you know, and an excellent Reader: and for Example, (as there are examples abundance) did not Sir *Humphrey Bubble* die t'other day, there's a luſty Widow, why ſhe cri'd not above half an hour --- for ſhame, for ſhame: then followed him old Maſter *Fulſome* the Uſurer, there's a wiſe VVidow, why ſhe cry'd ne're a whit at all.

Wid. O rank not me with thoſe wicked Women, I had a Husband out-ſhin'd 'em all.

Sir God. I that he did, i'faith, he out-ſhin'd 'em all.

Wid. Doſt thou ſtand there and ſee us all weep, and not once ſhed a tear for thy Fathers Death? oh thou ungracious Son and Heir thou?

Edm. Troth, Mother, I ſhould not weep I'm ſure; I am paſt a Child I hope, to make all my old School-Fellows laugh at me; I ſhould be mockt, ſo I ſhould; pray let one of my Siſters weep for me, I'll laugh as much for her another time?

Wid. O thou paſt-Grace thou, out of my ſight, thou graceleſs Imp, thou grieveſt me more than the death of thy Father: O thou ſtubborn only Son: hadſt thou ſuch an honeſt man to thy Father—— that would deceive all the World to get riches for thee, and canſt thou not afford a little ſalt water? He that ſo wiſely did quite overthrow the right Heir of thoſe Lands, which now you reſpect not: up every morning betwixt four and five, ſo duly at *Weſtminſter-Hall* every Term-time, with all his Cards and Writings, for thee, thou wicked *Abſalon*—— O dear Husband!

Edm. Weep, quotha? I proteſt I am glad he's Churched; for now he's gone, I ſhall ſpend in quiet.

Frank. Dear Mother, pray ceaſe, half your tears ſuffice,
'Tis time for you to take truce with your eyes,
Let me weep now.

Wid. O ſuch a dear Knight, ſuch a ſweet Husband have I loſt, have I loſt!—— if bleſſed be the Coarſe the rain rains upon, he had it, pouring down.

Sir God. Siſter, be of good chear. we are all mortal our ſelves, I come upon you freſhly, I ne're ſpeak without comfort, hear me what I ſhall ſay,—— my Brother has left you wealthy, y'are rich.

Wid. O!

Sir God. I ſay y'are rich: you are alſo fair.

Wid. O!

Sir God. Go to, y'are fair, you cannot ſmother it, beauty will come to light; nor are your years ſo far enter'd with you, but that you will be ſought after, and may very well anſwer another Husband; the World is full of fine Gallants, choice enow, Siſter,—— for what ſhould we do with all our Knights, I pray? but to marry rich Widows, wealthy Citizens Widows, luſty fair-brow'd Ladies; go to, be of good comfort, I ſay, leave ſnobbing and weeping.— yet my Brother was a kind-hearted man.— I would not have the Elf ſee me now,— come, pluck up a womans heart,—— here ſtand your Daughters, who be well eſtated, and at maturity will alſo be inquir'd after with good Husbands, ſo all theſe tears ſhall be ſoon dried up, and a better World than ever—— what, Woman? you muſt not weep ſtill? he's dead, he's buried— yet I cannot chuſe but weep for him.

Wid. Marry again! no, let me be buried quick then!
And that ſame part of Quire whereon I tread
To ſuch intent, O may it be my grave:
And that the Prieſt may turn his wedding-prayers,
Even with a breath, to Funeral duſt and aſhes;
O, out of a million of millions, I ſhould ne're find ſuch a Husband; he was unmatchable—unmatchable: nothing was ſo hot, nor too dear for me, I could not ſpeak of that one thing that I had not, beſide, I had keys of all, kept all, receiv'd all, had money in my purſe, ſpent what I would, went abroad when I would, came home when I would, and did all what I would: O—— my ſweet Husband; I ſhall never have the like.

Sir God. Siſter? ne're ſay ſo, he was an honeſt Brother of mine, and ſo, and you may light upon one as honeſt again, or one as honeſt again may light upon you, that's the properer phraſe indeed.

Wid. Never: O if you love me urge it not:
O may I be the by-word of the world,
The common talk at Table in the mouth
Of every Groom and Waiter, if e're more
I entertain the carnal ſuit of man.

Moll. I muſt kneel down for faſhion too.

Frank. And I, whom never man as yet hath ſcal'd,
E'ne in this depth of general ſorrow, vow
Never to marry, to ſuſtain ſuch loſs,
As a dear husband ſeems to be, once dead.

Moll. I lov'd my Father well too; but to ſay,
Nay vow, I would not marry for his death,
Sure I ſhould ſpeak falſe Latine, ſhould I not?
I'de as ſoon vow never to come in Bed:
Tut, women muſt live by th' quick, and not by th' dead.

Wid. Dear Copy of my Husband, O let me kiſs thee:
[*Drawing out her Husbands Picture.*
How like him is their Model; their brief Picture
Quickens my tears: my ſorrows are renew'd
At their freſh ſight.

Sir God. Siſter——

Wid. Away,
All honeſty with him is turn'd to clay,
O my ſweet Husband, O——

Frank. My dear Father? [*Exeunt Mother & Daughters.*

Moll. Here's a puling indeed! I think my Mother weeps for all the women that ever buried husbands: for if from time to time all the Widowers tears in *England* had been bottled up, I do not think all would have fill'd a three-half-penny Bottle: alas, a ſmall matter bucks a Handkerchief,—— and ſometimes the ſpittle ſtands too nigh Saint *Thomas a Watrings:* well, I can mourn in good ſober ſort as well as another; but where I ſpend one tear for a dead Father, I could give twenty kiſſes for a quick Husband.
[*Exit* Moll.

Sir God. Well, go thy ways, old Sir *Godfrey*, and thou may'ſt be proud on't, thou haſt a kind loving Siſter-in-law: how conſtant? how paſſionate? how full of *April* the poor Souls eyes are; well, I would my Brother knew on't, he ſhould then know what a kind wife he had left behind him: truth, and 'twere not for ſhame that the Neighbours at th'next Garden ſhould hear me betwixt joy and grief, I ſhould e'ne cry out-right.
[*Exit Sir* Godfrey.

Edm. So, a fair riddance, my Father's laid in duſt, his Coffin and he is like a whole Meat-Pye, and the worms will cut him up ſhortly: farewel, old Dad, farewel; I'le be curb'd in no more: I perceive a Son and Heir may quickly be made a Fool and he will be one, but I'le take another order; ——Now ſhe would have me weep for him forſooth, and why; becauſe he cozen'd the right Heir being a Fool, and beſtow'd thoſe Lands on me his eldeſt Son; and therefore I muſt weep for him, ha, ha: why all the World knows, as long as 'twas his pleaſure to get me, 'twas his duty to get for me: I know the Law in that point, no Atturney can gull me. Well, my Uncle is an old Aſs, and an admirable Coxcomb, I'll rule the Roaſt my ſelf, I'll be kept under no more, I know what I may do well enough by my Fathers Copy: the Law's in mine own hands now: nay, now I know my ſtrength, I'll be ſtrong enough for my Mother, I warrant you.
[*Exit.*

Enter George Py-boord *a Scholar and a Citizen, and unto him an old Souldier,* Peter Skirmiſh.

Pye. What's to be done now, old Lad of War, thou that wert wont to be as hot as a Turn-ſpit, as nimble as a Fencer, and as louſie as a School-maſter; now thou art put to ſilence like a Sectary,—— War ſits now like a Juſtice of Peace, and does nothing: where be your Muskets, Calivers and Hotſhots? in *Long-lane*, at pawn, at pawn? ——Now Keys are our only Guns, Key-guns, Key-guns, and Bawds the Gunners,—— who are your Sentinels in Peace, and ſtand ready charg'd to give warning; with hems, hums, and pocky-coughs; only your Chambers are licenſt to play upon you, and Drabs enow to give fire to 'em.

Skir. Well, I cannot tell, but I am ſure it goes wrong with me, for ſince the ceſſure of the Wars, I have ſpent above a hundred Crowns out of purſe: I have been a Soldier any time this forty years, and now I perceive an old Soldier, and an old Courtier have both one deſtiny, and in the end turn both into Hob-nails.

Pye. Pretty myſtery for a Beggar, for indeed a Hob nail is the true Emblem of a Beggar's Shoe-ſoal.

Skir. I will not ſay but that War is a blood-ſucker, and ſo; but in my conſcience, (as there is no Soldier but has a piece of one, though it be full of holes like a ſhot An cient, no matter, 'twill ſerve to ſwear by) in my conſcience, I think ſome kind of Peace has more hidden oppreſſions, and violent heady ſins, (though looking of a gentle nature) than a profeſt war.

Pye Troth, and for mine own part, I am a poor Gentleman, and a Scholar, I have been matriculated in the Univerſity, wore out ſix Gowns there, ſeen ſome Fools, and ſome Scholars, ſome of the City, and ſome of the Country, kept order, went bare-headed over the Quadrangle, eat my Commons with a good ſtomach, and Battled with Diſcretion; at laſt, having done many ſlights and tricks to maintain my wit in uſe (as my brain would never endure me to be idle,) I was expell'd the Univerſity, only for ſtealing a Cheeſe out of *Jeſus* Colledge.

Skir. Is't poſſible?

Pye. O! there was one *Welſhman* (God forgive him) purſued it hard, and never left, till I turn'd my ſtaff toward *London*, where when I came, all my Friends were pit-hold, gone to *Graves*, (as indeed there was but a few left before) then was I turn'd to my wits, to ſhift in the World, to towre among Sons and Heirs, and Fools, and Gulls, and Ladies eldeſt Sons, to work upon nothing, to feed out of Flint, and ever ſince has my belly been much beholden to my brain: But now to return to you, old *Skirmiſh*, I ſay as you ſay, and for my part wiſh a Turbulency in the World, for I have nothing in the World, but my wits, and I think they are as mad as they will be: and to ſtrengthen your Argument the more, I ſay an honeſt War is better than a bawdy Peace: as touching my profeſſion; the multiplicity of Scholars, hatcht, and nouriſht in the idle Calms of Peace, makes 'em like Fiſhes, one devour another; and the Community of Learning has ſo plaid upon affections, and thereby almoſt Religion is come about to Phantaſie, and diſcredited by being too much ſpoken of—— in ſo many and mean mouths. I my ſelf being a Scholar and a Graduate, have no other comfort by my learning, but the affection of my words to know how Scholar-like to name what I want, and can call my ſelf a Beggar both in Greek and Latine, and therefore not to cog with Peace, I'll not be afraid to ſay, 'tis a great Breeder, but a bad Nouriſher: a great getter of Children, which muſt either be Thieves or Rich men, Knaves or Beggars.

Skir. Well, would I had been born a Knave then, when I was born a Beggar; for if the truth was known, I think I was begot when my Father had never a penny in his purſe.

Pye. Puh, faint not, old *Skirmiſh*, let this warrant thee, *Facilis Deſcenſus Averni*, 'tis an eaſie Journey to a Knave, thou may'ſt be a Knave when thou wilt; and Peace is a good Madam to all other profeſſions, and an arrant Drab to us, let us handle her accordingly, and by our wits thrive in deſpight of her; for the Law lives by quarrels, the Courtier by ſmooth good-morrows, and every profeſſion makes it ſelf greater by imperfections, why not we then by ſhifts, wiles, and forgeries? And ſeeing our brains are the only Patrimonies, let's ſpend with judgment, not like a deſperate Son and Heir, but like a ſober and diſcreet Templer,—— one that will never march beyond the bounds of his allowance, and for our thriving means, thus, I my ſelf will put on the Deceit of a Fortune-teller, a Fortune-teller.

Skirm. Very proper.

Pye. And you a Figure-caſter, or a Conjurer.

Skir. A Conjurer?

Pye. Let me alone, I'll inſtruct you, and teach you to deceive all eyes, but the Devils.

Skir. O I, for I would not deceive him, and I could chuſe, of all others.

Pye. Fear not, I warrant you; and ſo by theſe means we ſhall help one another to Patients, as the condition of the age affords creatures enow for cunning to work upon.

Skir. O wondrous, new Fools and freſh Aſſes.

Pye. O, fit, fit, excellent.

Skir. What in the name of Conjuring?

Pye-boord. My memory greets me happily with an admirable ſubject to graze upon. The Lady-Widow, who of late I ſaw weeping in her Garden, for the death of her Husband, ſure ſhe's but a watriſh Soul, and half on't by this time is dropt out of her eyes: device well manag'd may do good upon her: it ſtands firm, my firſt practice ſhall be there.

Skir. You have my voice, *George*.

Pye-boord. Sh'as a grey Gull to her Brother, a Fool to her only Son, and an Ape to her youngeſt Daughter; ...... I over-heard 'em ſeverally, and from their words I'll drive my device; and thou, old *Peter Skirmiſh*, ſhalt be my ſecond in all ſlights.

Skir. Ne're doubt me, *George Pye-boord*,---- only you muſt teach me to conjure.

Enter Captain Idle *pinion'd, and with a Guard of Officers paſſeth over the Stage.*

Pye. Puh, I'll perfect thee, *Peter*:
How now! what's he?

Skir. O *George*! this ſight kills me,
'Tis my ſworn Brother, Captain *Idle*.

Pye. Captain *Idle*.

Skir. Apprehended for ſome fellonious act or other, he has ſtarted out, has made a Night on't, lackt ſilver; I cannot but commend his reſolution, he would not pawn his Buff-Jerkin, I would either ſome of us were imploy'd, or might pitch our Tents at Uſurers doors, to kill the ſlaves as they peep out at the wicket.

Pye. Indeed thoſe are our ancient Enemies; they keep our money in their hands, and make us to be hang'd for robbing of 'em; but come let's follow after to the Priſon, and know the nature of his offence, and what we can ſtead him in, he ſhall be ſure of; and I'll uphold it ſtill, that a charitable Knave is better than a ſoothing Puritan. [*Exeunt*.

Enter at one door Corporal Oath, *a vain-glorious Fellow, and at the other three of the Widow Puritans Serving-men*, Nicholas Saint-Tantlings, Simon Saint Mary-Overies, *and* Frailty *in black ſcurvy mourning Coats, and Books at their Girdles, as coming from Church. They meet.*

Nich. What Corporal *Oath*? I am ſorry we have met with you next our hearts; you are the man that we are forbidden to keep company withal, we muſt not ſwear I can tell you, and you have the name for ſwearing.

Sim. I, Corporal *Oath*, I would you would do ſo much as forſake us, we cannot abide you, we muſt not be ſeen in your company.

Frail. There is none of us, I can tell you, but ſhall be ſoundly whipt for ſwearing.

Corp. Why how now? we three? Puritanical Scrapeſhooes, Fleſh a good *Fridays*; a hand.

All. Oh.

Corp. Why *Nicholas Saint-Tantlings*, *Simon Saint Mary-Overies*, has the De'il poſſeſt you, that you ſwear no better, you half-Chriſtened *Katomites*, you ungod-mother'd Varlets, do's the firſt leſſon teach you to be proud, and the ſecond to be Coxcombs; proud Coxcombs; not once to do duty to a man of Mark.

Frail. A man of Mark, quotha, I do not think he can ſhew a Beggars Noble.

Corp. A Corporal, a Commander, one of Spirit, that is able to blow you up all dry with your Books at your Girdles.

Simon. We are not taught to believe that, Sir, for we know the breath of man is weak.

[Corporal *breathes on* Frailty.

Frail. Foh, you lye, *Nicholas*; for here's one ſtrong enough; blow us up, quotha, he may well blow me above twelve-ſcore off on him: I warrant, if the wind ſtood right, a man might ſmell him from the top of *Newgate*, to the Leads of *Ludgate*.

Corp. Sirrah, thou hollow book of Wax-candle.

Nich. I, you may ſay what you will, ſo you ſwear not.

Corp. I ſwear by the———

Nich. Hold, hold, good Corporal *Oath*; for if you ſwear once, we ſhall fall down in a ſwoon preſently.

Corp. I muſt and will ſwear: you quivering Coxcombs, my Captain is impriſoned, and by *Vulcan*'s Leather Codpiece point———

Nich. O *Simon*, what an oath was there?

Frail. If he ſhould chance to break it, the poor man's Breeches would fall down about his heels, for *Venus* allows but one point to his hoſe.

Corp. With theſe, my Bully-Fleet, I will thump ope the Priſon doors, and brain the Keeper with the begging-Box, but I'll ſet my honeſt ſweet Captain *Idle* at liberty.

Nich. How, Captain *Idle?* my old Aunts Son, my dear Kinſman in Cappadochio.

Corp. I, thou Church-peeling, thou Holy-paring, Religious outſide thou; if thou had'ſt any grace in thee, thou would'ſt viſit him, relieve him, ſwear to get him out.

Nich. Aſſure you, Corporal, indeed-la, 'tis the firſt time I heard on't.

Corp. Why do't now then, *Marmaſet*; bring forth thy yearly wages, let not a Commander periſh?

Sim. But if he be one of the wicked, he ſhall periſh.

Nich. Well, Corporal, I'll e'en along with you, to viſit my Kinſman, if I can do him any good, I will,—— but I have nothing for him, *Simon Saint Mary-Overies* and *Frailty*, pray make a Lye for me to the Knight my Maſter, old Sir *Godfrey*.

Corp. A Lye? may you lye then?

Frail. O I, we may lye, but we muſt not ſwear.

Sim. True, we may lie with our Neighbour's wife, but we muſt not ſwear we did ſo.

Corp. O, an excellent Tag of Religion.

Nich. O, *Simon*, I have thought upon a ſound excuſe, it will go currant, ſay that I am gon to a Faſt.

Sim. To a Faſt? very good.

Nich. I, to a Faſt, ſay, with Maſter *Full-belly* the Miniſter.

Sim. Maſter *Full-belly?* an honeſt man: he feeds the flock well, for he's an excellent Feeder.

[*Exeunt* Corporal *and* Nicholas.

Frail. O I, I have ſeen him eat a whole Pig, and afterwards fall to the Pettitoes. [*Exeunt* Simon *and* Frailty.

The Priſon, Marſhalſea.

Enter Captain Idle *at one door, and an old Souldier at the other.*

[George Pye-boord *ſpeaking within.*

Pye. Pray turn the Key.

Skir. Turn the Key, I pray.

Capt. Who ſhould thoſe be, I almoſt know their voices?
O my Friends! [*Entring.*
Y'are welcome to a ſmelling Room here; you newly took leave of the Air, is't not a ſtrange ſavour?

Pye. As all Priſons have ſmells of ſundry Wretches;
Who, though departed, leave their ſcents behind 'em.
By Gold, Captain, I am ſincerely ſorry for thee.

Capt. By my troth, *George*, I thank thee; but, piſh—— what muſt be, muſt be.

Skir. Captain, what do you lie in for? is't great? what's your offence?

Capt. Faith, my offence is ordinary,——common, a High-way, and I fear me my penalty will be ordinary and common too, a Halter.

Pye. Nay, propheſie not ſo ill, it ſhall go hard,
But I'll ſhift for thy life.

Capt. Whether I live or dye, thou'rt an honeſt *George*. I'll tell you—— Silver flow'd not with me, as it had done, (for now the Tide runs to Bawds and Flatterers) I had a ſtart out, and by chance ſet upon a fat Steward, thinking his purſe had been as purſie as his body; and the ſlave had about him but the poor purchace of ten groats: notwithſtanding being deſcryed, purſued, and taken, I know the Law is ſo grim, in reſpect of many deſperate, unſetled Souldiers, that I fear me I ſhall dance after their pipe for't.

Skir. I am twice ſorry for you, Captain; firſt, that your purchace was ſo ſmall, and now that your danger is ſo great.

Capt. Puſh, the worſt is but death,—— ha' you a pipe of Tobacco about you?

Skir. I think I have thereabouts about me.

[*Captain blows a Pipe.*

Capt. Here's a clean Gentleman too, to receive.

Pye. Well, I muſt caſt about ſome happy ſlight:
Work brain, that ever did'ſt thy Maſter right.

Corp. Keeper, let the key be turn'd.

[*Corporal and* Nicholas *within.*

Nich. I, I, pray, Maſter Keeper, give's a caſt of your Office.

Capt. How now? more Viſitants? ——what, Corporal *Oath?*

Pye. Skir. Corporal.

Corp. In priſon, honeſt Captain? this muſt not be.

Nich. How do you, Captain Kinſman?

Capt. Good Coxcomb, what makes that pure.... ſtarcht Fool here?

Nich. You ſee, Kinſman, I am ſomewhat bold to call in, and ſee how you do; I heard you were ſafe enough, and I was very glad on't, that it was no worſe.

Capt. This is a double torture now,— this Fool by th' book doth vex me more than my impriſonment. What meant you, Corporal, to hook him hither?

Corp. Who, he? he ſhall relieve thee, and ſupply thee, I'll make him do't.

Capt. Fy, what vain breath you ſpend:
He ſupply? I'll ſooner expect mercy from an Uſurer when my Bond's forfeited, ſooner kindneſs from a Lawyer when my money's ſpent: nay, ſooner charity from the Devil, than good from a Puritan. I'll look for relief from him, when *Lucifer* is reſtor'd to his blood, and in Heaven again.

Nich. I warrant my Kinſman's talking of me, for my left ear burns moſt tyrannically.

Pye. Captain *Idle?* what's he there? he looks like a Monkey upward, and a Crane downward.

Capt. Pſhaw; a fooliſh Couſin of mine: I muſt thank God for him.

Pye. Why, the better ſubject to work a ſcape upon; thou ſhalt e'en change cloaths with him, and leave him here, and ſo——

Capt. Puſh, I publiſht him e'en now to my Corporal, he will be damn'd e're he do me ſo much good; why, I know a more proper, a more handſom device than that, if the ſlave would be ſociable,—— now Goodman *Fleerface?*

Nich. O, my Couſin begins to ſpeak to me now, I ſhall be acquainted with him again, I hope.

Skir. Look! what ridiculous Raptures take hold of his wrinkles.

Pye. Then what ſay you to this device, a happy one Captain?

Capt. Speak low, *George*; Priſon Rats have wider ears than thoſe in Malt-lofts.

Nich. Couſin, if it lay in my power, as they ſay,—— to—do——

Capt. 'Twould do me an exceeding pleaſure indeed, that; ne're talk furder on't, the Fool will be hang'd e're he do't.

Corp. Pox, I'll thump 'im to't.

Pye. Why, do but try the Fopſter, and break it to him bluntly.

Cap. And ſo my diſgrace will dwell in his Jaws, and the Slave ſlaver out our purpoſe to his Maſter, for would I were but as ſure on't, as I am ſure he will deny to do't.

Nic. I would be heartily glad, Couſin, if any of my Friendſhips, as they ſay, might——ſtand, ha—

Pye. Why, you ſee he offers his Friendſhip Fooliſhly to you already.

Cap. I, that's the Hell on't, I would he would offer it wiſely.

Nic. Verily, and indeed la, Couſin——

Cap. I have took note of thy fleers a good while, if thou art minded to do me good? as thou gap'ſt upon me comfortably, and giv'ſt me Charitable faces; which indeed is but a faſhion in you all that are Puritans, wilt ſoon at night ſteal me thy Maſter's Chain?

Nic. Oh, I ſhall ſowne!

Pye. Corporal, he ſtarts already!

Cap. I know it to be worth three hundred Crowns, and with the half of that, I can buy my life at a Brokers, at ſecond hand, which now lies in pawn to the Law, if this thou refuſe to do, being eaſie and nothing dangerous, in that thou art held in good Opinion of thy Maſter; why 'tis a palpable Argument thou hold'ſt my life at no price, and theſe thy broken and unjoynted offers, are but only created in thy lip, now Born, and now buried, fooliſh breath only: what, woult do't? ſhall I look for happineſs in thy anſwer?

Nich. Steal my Maſter's Chain, quoth he? no, it ſhall nere be ſaid, that *Nicholas* Saint *Tantlings* committed Bird-lime!

Cap. Nay, I told you as much, did I not? though he be a Puritan, yet he will be a true man.

Nic. Why Couſin, you know 'tis written, Thou ſhalt not ſteal.

Cap. Why, and Fool, Thou ſhalt love thy Neighbour, and help him in extremities.

Nic. Maſs I think it be indeed; in what Chapter's that, Couſin?

Cap. Why in the firſt of Charity, the ſecond verſe.

Nic. The firſt of Charity, quoth a, that's a good jeſt, there's no ſuch Chapter in my Book!

Cap. No, I know 'twas torn out of thy Book, and that makes ſo little in thy heart.

Pye. Come, let me tell you, y'are too unkind a Kinſman i'faith; the Captain loving you ſo dearly, I, like the Pomwater of his Eye, and you to be ſo uncomfortable, fie, fie.

Nic. Pray do not wiſh me to be hang'd, any thing elſe that I can do; had it been to rob, I would ha' don't, but I muſt not Steal, that's the word, the literal, Thou ſhalt not Steal; and would you wiſh me to Steal then?

Pye. No Faith, that were too much, to ſpeak truth; why wilt thou Nim it from him?

Nic. That I will.

Pye. Why enough, Bully; he will be content with that, or he ſhall ha' none; let me alone with him now, Captain, I ha' dealt with your Kinſman in a corner; a good —kind-natur'd fellow, methinks: go to, you ſhall not have all your own asking, you ſhall bate ſomewhat on't, he is not contented abſolutely, as you would ſay, to Steal the Chain from him, but to do you a pleaſure, he will nim it from him.

Nic. I, that I will, Couſin,

Cap. Well, ſeeing he will do no more, as far as I ſee, I muſt be contented with that.

Cor. Here's no notable gullery?

Pye. Nay, I'le come nearer to you, Gentleman, becauſe we'll have only but a help and a mirth on't, the Knight ſhall not loſe his Chain neither, but be only laid out of the way ſome one or two dayes.

Nic. I, that would be good indeed, Kinſman.

Pye. For I have a farder reach, to profit us better, by the miſſing on't only, than if we had it out-right, as my diſcourſe ſhall make it known to you; —when thou haſt the Chain, do but convey it out at a back-door into the Garden, and there hang it cloſe in the Roſemary Bank, but for a ſmall ſeaſon; and by that harmleſs device, I know how to wind Captain *Idle* out of Priſon, the Knight thy Maſter ſhall get his pardon, and releaſe him, and he ſatisfie thy Maſter with his own Chain, and wondrous thanks on both hands.

Nic. That were rare indeed la,
Pray let me know how.

Pye. Nay, 'tis very neceſſary thou ſhould'ſt know, becauſe thou muſt be employ'd as an Actor?

Nic. An Actor? O no, that's a Player? and our Parſon rails againſt Players mightily, I can tell you, becauſe they brought him drunk upo'th' Stage once,—as he will be horribly drunk.

Cor. Maſs I cannot blame him then,
Poor Church ſpout.

Pye. Why as an Intermedler then?

Nic. I, that, that.

Pye. Give me audience then; when the old Knight thy Maſter has rag'd his fill for the loſs of the Chain, tell him thou haſt a Kinſman in Priſon, of ſuch exquiſite Art, that the Devil himſelf is *French* Lackey to him, and runs bare headed by his Horſe——belly (when he has one:) whom he will cauſe, with moſt *Iriſh* dexterity, to fetch his Chain, though 'twere hid under a Mine of Sea-coal, and ne're make Spade or Pick-axe his inſtruments; tell him but this, with farther inſtructions thou ſhalt receive from me, and thou ſheweſt thy ſelf a Kinſman indeed.

Cor. A dainty Bully,

Skir. An honeſt—Book-keeper.

Cap. And my three times thrice honey-Couſin.

Nic. Nay, grace of God I'll rob him on't ſuddenly, and hang it in the Roſemary bank, but I bear that mind, Couſin, I would not Steal any thing, methinks, for mine own Father.

Skir. He bears a good mind in that, Captain.

Pye. Why, well ſaid,
He begins to be an honeſt Fellow, faith.

Cor. In truth he does.

Nic. You ſee, Couſin, I am willing to do you any kindneſs, alwayes ſaving my ſelf harmleſs.

[*Exit* Nicholas.

Captain. Why I thank thee, fare thee well, I ſhall requite it.

Cor. 'Twill be good for thee, Captain, that thou haſt ſuch an egregious Aſs to thy Couſin.

Cap. I, is not that a fine fool, Corporal?
But, *George*, thou talk'ſt of Art and Conjuring,
How ſhall that be?

Pye. Puh, be't not in your care,
Leave that to me and my directions;
Well, Captain, doubt not thy delivery now,
E'en with the vantage, man, to gain by Priſon,
As my thoughts prompt me: Hold on brain and plot,
I aim at many cunning far events,
All which I doubt not to hit at length,
I'll to the Widow with a quaint aſſault,
Captain, be merry.

Cap. Who I? Kerry merry Buffe Jerkin.

Pye. Oh, I am happy in more flights, and one will knit ſtrong in another—Corporal *Oath*.

Cor. Hoh, Bully!

Pye, And thou, old *Peter Skirmiſh*, I have a neceſſary task for you both.

Skir. Lay't upon *George Pye-boord*.

Cor. What e're it be, we'll manage it.

Pye. I would have you two maintain a quarrel before the Lady *Widows* door, and draw your Swords i'th' edge of the Evening: Claſh a little, claſh, claſh.

Corp. Fuh!

Let us alone to make our blades ring noon,
Though it be after ſupper.

Pye. I know you can;
And out of that falſe Fire, I doubt not but to raiſe ſtrange belief——and, Captain, to countenance my device the better, and grace my words to the Widow, I have a good plain Sattin Sute, that I had of a young Reveller t'other night, for words paſs not regarded now a-days, unleſs they come from a good ſuit of Cloaths, which the Fates and my wits had beſtowed upon me. Well, Captain *Idle*, if I did not highly love thee, I would n'r be ſeen within twelve ſcore of a Priſon, for I proteſt at this inſtant, I walk in great danger of ſmall debts; I owe money to ſeveral Hoſteſſes, and you know ſuch Jills will quickly be upon a Mans Jack.

Capt. True, *George.*

Pye. Fare thee well, Captain. Come Corporal and Ancient, thou ſhalt hear more news next time we greet thee.

Corp. More news? I, by yon Bear at Bridge Foot in heaven ſhalt thou. [*Exeunt.*

Capt. Enough; my friends, farewel,
This Priſon ſhews as if Ghoſts did part in Hell.

Enter Moll *youngeſt Daughter to the Widow, alone.*

Moll. Not marry? forſwear marriage? why all women know 'tis as honourable a thing as to lie with a man; and I to ſpight my Siſters vow the more, have entertain'd a Suitor already, a fine Gallant Knight of the laſt Feather, he ſays he will Coach me too, and well appoint me, allow me money to Dice withal, and many ſuch pleaſing proteſtations he ſticks upon my lips: indeed his ſhort-winded Father i'th' Country is wondrous wealthy, a moſt abominable Farmer, and therefore he may dote in time: troth I'll venture upon him; women are not without ways enough to help themſelves: if he prove wiſe and good as his word, why I ſhall love him, and uſe him kindly; and if he prove an Aſs, why in a quarter of an hours warning I can transform him into an Oxe;—there comes in my relief again.

Enter Frailty.

Frail. O, Miſtreſs *Moll*, Miſtreſs *Moll.*

Moll. How now? what's the news?

Frail. The Knight your Suitor, Sir *John Penny-Dub.*

Moll. Sir *John Penny-Dub*? where? where?

Frail. He's walking in the Gallery.

Moll. Has my Mother ſeen him yet?

Frail. O no, ſhe's-- ſpitting in the Kitchin.

Moll. Direct him hither ſoftly, good *Frailty*,
I'll meet him half way.

Frail. That's juſt like running a Tilt; but I hope he'll break nothing this time.

Euter Sir John Penny-Dub.

Moll. 'Tis happineſs my Mother ſaw him not.
O welcome, good Sir *John.*

Penny-Dub. I thank you faith,— Nay you muſt ſtand me till I kiſs you: 'tis the faſhion every where i'faith, and I came from Court e'now.

Moll. Nay, the Fates forefend that I ſhould anger the faſhion?

Penny. Then not forgetting the ſweet of new ceremonies, I firſt fall back, then recovering my ſelf, make my honour to your lip thus: and then accoſt it.

Moll. Truſt me, very pretty and moving, y'are worthy on't, ſir.
O my Mother, my Mother, now ſhe's here,

Kiſſing. Enter Widow *and Sir* Godfrey.

We'll ſteal into the Gallery. [*Exeunt.*

Sir God. Nay, Siſter, let reaſon rule you, do not play the fool, ſtand not in your own light, you have wealthy offers, large tendrings, do not withſtand your good fortune: who comes a wooing to you I pray? no ſmall fool, a rich Knight o'th' City, Sir *Oliver Muck-hill*, no ſmall foo I can tell you: and furthermore, as I heard late by your Maid-ſervants (as your Maid-ſervants will ſay to me any thing, I thank 'em) both your Daughters are not without Suitors, I, and worthy ones too; one a brisk Courtier, Sir *Andrew Tipſtaffe*, ſuiter a far off to your eldeſt Daughter, and the third a huge wealthy Farmers Son, a fine young Country Knight, they call him Sir *John Penny-Dub*, a good name marry, he may have it coyn'd when he lacks money: what bleſſings are theſe, Siſter?

Wid. Tempt me not, Satan.

Sir God. Satan? do I look like Satan? I hope the Devil's not ſo old as I, I trow.

Wid. You wound my ſenſes, Brother, when you name
A ſuiter to me,-- oh I cannot abide it,
I take in poyſon when I hear one nam'd.

Enter Simon.

How now, *Simon*? where's my ſon *Edmond*?

Sim. Verily, Madam, he is at vain Exerciſe, dripping in the Tennis-Court.

Wid. At Tennis-Court? oh, now his Father's gone, I ſhall have no rule with him; oh wicked *Edmond*, I might well compare this with the Prophecy in the Chronicle, though far inferiour, as *Harry* of *Monmouth* won all, and *Harry* of *Windſor* loſt all; ſo *Edmond* of *Briſtow* that was the Father, got all, and *Edmond* of *London* that's his ſon now, will ſpend all.

Sir God. Peace, ſiſter, we'll have him reform'd, there's hope on him yet, though it be but a little.

Enter Frailty.

Frail. Forſooth, Madam; there are two or three Archers at door would very gladly ſpeak with your Ladiſhip.

Wid. Archers?

Sir God. Your Husband's Fletcher I warrant.

Wid. Oh,
Let them come near, they bring home things of his,
Troth I ſhould ha' forgot 'em, how now?
Villain, which be thoſe Archers?

Enter the Suiters, Sir Andrew Tipſtaffe, *Sir* Oliver Muck-hill, *and* Penny Dub.

Frail. Why, do you not ſee 'em before you? are not theſe Archers, what do you call 'em Shooters? Shooters and Archers are all one, I hope.

Wid. Out ignorant Slave.

Muck. Nay, pray be patient Lady,
We come in way of honourable love.

Tipſt. Penny. We do.

Muck. To you.

Tipſt. Penny. And to your Daughters.

Wid. O why will you offer me this, Gentlemen? indeed I will not look upon you; when the tears are ſcarce out of mine Eyes, not yet waſht off from my cheeks, and my dear Husbands body ſcarce ſo cold as the Coffin, what reaſon have you to offer it? I am not like ſome of your Widows that will bury one in the Evening, and be ſure to another ere Morning; pray away, pray take your anſwers, good Knights, and you be ſweet Knights, I have vow'd never to marry;—— and ſo have my Daughters too!

Penny. I, two of you have, but the third's a good wench!

Muck. Lady, a ſhrewd anſwer marry; the beſt is, 'tis but the firſt, and he's a blunt wooer, that will leave for one ſharp anſwer.

Tipſt. Where be your Daughters, Lady, I hope they'll give us better encouragements?

Widow. Indeed they'll anſwer you ſo, take't a my word they'll give you the very ſame anſwer *Verbatim,* truly la.

Penny. Mum: *Moll's* a good wench ſtill, I know what ſhe'll do?

Muck. Well, Lady, for this time we'll take our leaves hoping for better comfort.

Widow. O never, never: and I live theſe thouſand years; and you be good Knights, do not hope; 'twill be all Vain, Vain,———look you put off all yours ſuits, and you come to me again.

Frail. Put off all their ſuits, quotha? I, that's the beſt wooing of a Widow indeed, when a man's Nonſuted, that is, when he's a bed with her.

[*Going out* Muckhil *and Sir* Godfrey.

Muck. Sir *Godfrey*, here's twenty Angels more, work hard for me; there's life in't yet. [*Exit* Muckhil.

Sir Godf. Fear not Sir *Oliver Muckhil,* I'le ſtick cloſe for you, leave all with me.

Enter George Pye-boord *the Scholar.*

Pye. By your leave, Lady Widow.

Wid. What another ſuiter now?

Pye. A ſuiter, no, I proteſt: Lady, if you'd give me your ſelf, I'de not be troubled with you.

Wid. Say you ſo, Sir, then you're the better welcome, Sir.

Pye. Nay, Heaven bleſs me from a Widow, unleſs I were ſure to bury her ſpeedily!

Wid. Good bluntneſs: well, your buſineſs, Sir?

Pye. Very needful; if you were in private once.

Wid. Needful? Brother, pray leave us: and you, Sir.

Frail. I ſhould laugh now, if this blunt fellow ſhould put 'em all beſide the ſtirrop, and vault into the Saddle himſelf, I have ſeen as mad a trick. [*Exit* Frailty.

Enter Daughters.

Wid. Now, Sir? —— here's none but we — Daughters forbear.

Pye. O no, pray let'em ſtay, for what I have to ſpeak importeth equally to them as you?

Wid. Then you may ſtay.

Pye. I pray beſtow on me a ſerious ear,
For what I ſpeak is full of weight and fear.

Widow. Fear?

Pye. I, if't paſs unregarded, and uneffected,
Elſe peace and joy:——I pray Attention.
Widow, I have been a meer ſtranger for theſe parts that you live in, nor did I ever know the Husband of you, and Father of them, but I truly know by certain ſpiritual Intelligence, that he is in Purgatory.

Wid. Purgatory? tuh; that word deſerves to be ſpit upon; I wonder that a man of ſober tongue, as you ſeem to be, ſhould have the folly to believe there's ſuch a place.

Pye. Well, Lady, in cold blood I ſpeak it, I aſſure you that there is a Purgatory, in which place I know your Husband to recide, and wherein he is like to remain, till the diſſolution of the world, till the laſt general Bon-fire: when all the Earth ſhall melt into nothing, and the Seas ſcald their finny labourers: ſo long is his abidance, unleſs you alter the property of your purpoſe, together with each of your Daughters theirs, that is, the purpoſe of ſingle life in your ſelf and your eldeſt Daughter, and the ſpeedy determination of marriage in your youngeſt.

Moll. How knows he that? what, has ſome Devil told him?

Wid. Strange he ſhould know our thoughts:——
VVhy but Daughter, have you purpos'd ſpeedy Marriage?

Pye. You ſee ſhe tells you I, ſhe ſayes nothing.
Nay, give me credit as you pleaſe, I am a ſtranger to you, and yet you ſee I know your determinations, which muſt come to me metaphyſically, and by a ſuper-natural intelligence.

Wid. This puts amazement on me.

Frank. Know our ſecrets?

Moll. I'de thought to ſteal a marriage, would his tongue
Had dropt out when he blab'd it.

Wid. But, Sir, my Husband was too honeſt a dealing man, to be now in any Purgatories——

Pye. O do not load your Conſcience with untruths,
'Tis but meer folly now to gild'em ore:
That has paſt but for Copper; Praiſes here,
Cannot unbind him there: confeſs but truth,
I know he got his wealth with a hard gripe:
Oh hardly, hardly.

Wid. This is moſt ſtrange of all, how knows he that?

Pye. He would eat fools and ignorant heirs clean up;
And had his drink from many a poor mans brow,
Even as their labour brew'd it.
He would ſcrape riches to him moſt unjuſtly;
The very dirt between his nails was ill got,
And not his own, ——oh
I groan to ſpeak on't, the thought makes me ſhudder!——
ſhudder!

Wid. It quakes me too, now I think on't —— Sir, I am much griev'd, that you a ſtranger, ſhould ſo deeply wrong my dead Husband!

Pye-boord. Oh?

Wid. A man that would keep Church ſo duly; riſe early before his ſervants, and e'en for Religious haſt, go ungarter'd, unbutton'd, nay Sir Reverence untruſt, to Morning Prayer?

Pye. Oh uff.

Wid. Dine quickly upon high-days, and when I had great gueſts, would e'en ſhame me, and riſe from the Table, to get a good ſeat at an after-noon Sermon.

Pye. There's the Devil, there's the devil, true, he thought it Sanctity enough, if he had kill'd a man, ſo't'ad been done in a Pue, or undone his Neighbour, ſo't'ad been near enough to th' Preacher. Oh!——a Sermon's a fine ſhort Cloak of an hour long, and will hide the upper part of a diſſembler.—Church, I, he ſeem'd all Church, and his conſcience was as hard as the Pulpit.

Wid. I can no more endure this.

Pye. Nor I, VVidow,
Endure to flatter.

Wid. Is this all your buſineſs with me?

Pye. No, Lady, 'tis but the induction to't,
You may believe my ſtrains, I ſtrike all true.
And if your conſcience would leap up to your tongue, your ſelf would affirm it, and that you ſhall perceive I know of things to come, as well as I do of what is preſent; a Brother of your Husband's ſhall ſhortly have a loſs.

Wid. A loſs? marry Heaven forefend, Sir *Godfry,* my Brother!

Pye. Nay, keep in your wonders, 'till I have told you the Fortunes of you all; which are more fearful, if not happily prevented,——for your part and your Daughters, if there be not once this day ſome blood-ſhed before your door, whereof the humane creature dyes, of you two the elder ſhall run mad.

Mother and *Frank.* Oh!

Moll. That's not I yet.

Pye. And with moſt impudent proſtitution, ſhow your naked Bodies to the view of all beholders.

Wid. Our naked Bodies? fie for ſhame.

Pye. Attend me, and your younger Daughter be ſtrucken dumb.

Moll. Dumb? out, alas; 'tis the worſt pain of all for a Woman, I'de rather be mad, or run naked, or any thing: dumb?

Pye. Give ear: e're the evening fall upon Hill, Bog, and Meadow, this my ſpeech ſhall have paſt probation, and then ſhall I be believed accordingly.

Wid. If this be true, we are all ſham'd, all undone.

Moll. Dumb? I'll ſpeak as much as ever I can poſſible before evening.

Pye. But if it ſo come to paſs (as for your fair ſakes I wiſh it may) that this preſage of your ſtrange Fortunes be prevented by that accident of death and blood-ſhedding, which I before told you of; take heed upon your lives, that two of you which have vow'd never to marry, ſeek out Husbands with all preſent ſpeed, and you the third, that have ſuch a deſire to outſtrip Chaſtity, look you meddle not with a Husband.

Moll. A double Torment.

Pye. The breach of this keeps your Father in *Purgatory*, and the puniſhments that ſhall follow you in this World, would with horrour kill the ear ſhould hear 'em related.

Wid. Marry? why I vow'd never to marry.

Frank. And ſo did I.

Moll. And I vow'd never to be ſuch an Aſs, but to marry: what a croſs Fortune's this?

Pye. Ladies, though I be a Fortune-teller, I cannot better Fortunes, you have 'em from me as they are revealed to me: I would they were to your tempers, and fellows with your bloods, that's all the bitterneſs I would you.

Wid. O! 'tis a juſt vengeance, for my Husband's hard purchaces.

Pye. I wiſh you to bethink your ſelves, and leave 'em.

Wid. I'll to Sir *Godfrey* my Brother, and acquaint him with theſe fearful preſages.

Frank. For, Mother, they portend loſſes to him.

Wid. O I, they do, they do;
If any happy iſſue crown thy words,
I will reward thy cunning.

Pye. 'Tis enough, Lady,
I wiſh no higher. [*Exit.*

Moll. Dumb? and not marry? worſe,
Neither to ſpeak, nor kiſs, a double curſe. [*Exit.*

Pye. So, all this comes well about yet, I play the Fortune-teller, as well as if I had had a Witch to my Grannam: for by good happineſs, being in my Hoſteſſes Garden, which neighbours the Orchard of the Widow, I laid the hole of mine ear to a hole in the Wall, and heard 'em make theſe Vows, and ſpeak thoſe words, upon which I wrought theſe advantages; and to encourage my forgery the more, I may now perceive in 'em a natural ſimplicity which will eaſily ſwallow an abuſe, if any covering be over it: and to confirm my former preſage to the Widow, I have adviſ'd old *Peter Skirmiſh* the Souldier, to hurt Corporal *Oath* upon the Leg, and in that hurry I'll ruſh amongſt 'em, and inſtead of giving the Corporal ſome Cordial to comfort him, I'll pour into his mouth a Potion of a ſleepy Nature, and make him ſeem as dead; for the which the old Souldier being apprehended, and ready to be born to Execution, I'll ſtep in, and take upon me the Cure of the dead man, upon pain of dying the condemned's death: the Corporal will wake at his minute, when the ſleepy force hath wrought it ſelf, and ſo ſhall I get my ſelf into a moſt admired opinion, and under the pretext of that cunning, beguile as I ſee occaſion: and if that fooliſh *Nicholas Saint Tantlings* keep true time with the Chain, my Plot will be found, the Captain delivered, and my Wits applauded amongſt Scholars and Souldiers for ever. [*Exit* Pye-boord.

Enter Nicholas Saint Tantlings, *with the Chain.*

Nich. O, I have found an excellent advantage to take away the Chain, my Maſter put it off e'en now, to ſay on a new Doublet, and I ſneakt it away by little and little, moſt Puritanically! we ſhall have good ſport anon when he has miſt it, about my Couſin the Conjurer; the world ſhall ſee I'm an honeſt man of my word, for now I'm going to hang it betweeu Heaven and Earth among the Roſemary-branches. [*Exit* Nich.

Actus Tertius.

Enter Simon Saint Mary-Overies, *and* Frailty.

Frail. Sirrah, *Simon Saint Mary-Overies*, my Miſtreſs ſends away all her Suiters, and puts fleas in their ears.

Sim. *Fraity*, ſhe does like an honeſt, chaſt, and virtuous woman; for Widows ought not to wallow in the puddle of Iniquity.

Frail. Yet, *Simon*, many Widows will do't, whatſoe're comes on't.

Sim. True, *Frailty*, their filthy fleſh deſires a Conjunction Copulative; what ſtrangers are within, *Frailty?*

Frail. There's none, *Simon*; but Maſter *Pilfer* the Taylor: he's above with Sir *Godfrey*, praiſing of a Doublet: and I muſt trudge anon to fetch Maſter *Suds* the Barber.

Sim. Maſter *Sud's* a good man, he waſhes the ſins of the Beard clean.

Skir. How now, creatures? what's a Clock?

Enter old Skirmiſh *the Souldier.*

Frail. Why, do you take us to be Jack at th' Clock-houſe?

Skir. I ſay again to you, what's a Clock?

Sim. Truly la, we go by the Clock of our Conſcience, all worldly Clocks we know go falſe, and are ſet by drunken Sextons.

Skir. Then what's a Clock in your Couſcience? ----O, I muſt break off, here comes the Corporal—— hum, hum: ——what's a Clock?

Enter Corporal.

Corp. A Clock? why paſt ſeventeen.

Frail. Paſt ſeventeen? nay, h'as met with his match now, Corporal *Oath* will fit him.

Skir. Thou doſt not bawk or baffle me, doſt thou? I am a Souldier——paſt ſeventeen.

Corp. I, thou art not angry with the figures, art thou? I will prove it unto thee, 12. and 1. is thirteen, I hope, 2. fourteen, 3. fifteen, 4. ſixteen, and 5. ſeventeen, then paſt ſeventeen, I will take the Dials part in a juſt cauſe.

Skir. I ſay 'tis but paſt five then.

Corp. I'll ſwear 'tis paſt ſeventeen then: doſt thou not know numbers? canſt thou not caſt?

Skir. Caſt? doſt thou ſpeak of my caſting ith' ſtreet? [*Draw.*

Corp. I, and in the Market place.

Sim. Clubs, Clubs, Clubs. [Simon *runs in.*

Frail. I, I knew by their ſhuffling, Clubs would be Trump: maſs here's the Knave, and he can do any good upon 'em: Clubs, Clubs, Clubs.

Enter Pye-boord.

Capt. O Villain, thou haſt open'd a vein in my Leg.

Pye. How now? for ſhame, for ſhame, put up, put up.

Capt. By yon blue Welkin, 'twas out of my part, *George*, to be hurt on the Leg.

Enter Officers.

Pye. Oh peace now --- I have a Cordial here to comfort thee.
Offi. Down with 'em, down with 'em, lay hands upon the Villain.
Skir. Lay hands on me?
Pye. I'll not be ſeen among 'em now.
Cap. I'm hurt, and had more need have Surgeons,
Lay hands upon me then, rough Officers.
Offi. Go, carry him to be dreſt then:
This mutinous Souldier ſhall along with me to Priſon.
Skir. To Priſon? where's *George?*
Offi. Away with him. [*Exeunt with* Skir.
Pye. So,
All lights as I would wiſh, the amaz'd Widow,
Will plant me ſtrongly now in her belief,
And wonder at the virtue of my words:
For the event turns theſe preſages from 'em,
Of being mad and dumb, and begets joy
Mingled with admiration: theſe empty Creatures,
Souldier and Corporal, were but ordain'd
As inſtruments for me to work upon.
Now to my Patient, here's his Potion. [*Exit* Pye-boord.

Enter the Widow *with her two Daughters.*

Wid. O wondrous happineſs, beyond our thoughts!
O lucky fair event! I think our Fortunes
Were bleſt e'ne in our Cradles: we are quitted
Of all thoſe ſhameful violent preſages
By this raſh bleeding chance: go, *Frailty*, run, and know
Whether he be yet living, or yet dead,
That here before my Door receiv'd his hurt.
Frail. Madam, he was carried to the ſuperiour, but if he had no money when he came there, I warrant he's dead by this time. [*Exit* Frailty.
Frank. Sure that man is a rare Fortune-teller, never lookt upon our hands, nor upon any mark about us, a wondrous Fellow ſurely.
Moll. I am glad I have the uſe of my tongue yet, though of nothing elſe, I ſhall find the way to marry too, I hope ſhortly.
Wid. O where's my Brother Sir *Godfrey*, I would he were here, that I might relate to him how prophetically the cunning Gentleman ſpoke in all things.

Enter Sir Godfrey *in a rage.*

Sir God. O my Chain, my Chain, I have loſt my Chain, where be theſe Villains, Varlets?
Wid. Oh, h'as loſt his Chain.
Sir God. My Chain, my Chain.
Wid. Brother, be patient, hear me ſpeak, you know I told you that a Cunning-man told me, that you ſhould have a loſs, and he has propheſied ſo true.
Sir God. Out, he's a Villain to prophecy of the loſs of my Chain, 'twas worth above three hundred Crowns, beſides 'twas my Fathers, my Fathers Fathers, my Grandfathers huge Grandfathers: I had as lieve ha loſt my Neck, as the Chain that hung about it; O my Chain, my Chain.
Wid. Oh, Brother, who can be againſt a misfortune, 'tis happy 'twas no more.
Sir God. No more! O goodly godly Siſter, would you had me loſt more? my beſt Gown too, with the Cloth of Gold-Lace? my Holyday Gaſcoins, and my Jerkin ſet with Pearl? no more!
Wid. Oh, Brother, you can read —
Sir God. But I cannot read where my Chain is: what ſtrangers have been here? you let in ſtrangers, Thieves and Catch-poles: how comes it gone? there was none above with me but my Taylor, and my Taylor will not ſteal I hope?
Moll. No, he's afraid of a Chain.

Enter Frailty.

Wid. How now, Sirrah? the news?
Frail. O, Miſtreſs, he may well be call'd a Corporal now, for his Corps are as dead as a cold Capons?
Wid. More happineſs.
Sir God. Sirrah, what's this to my Chain? where's my Chain, Knave?
Frail. Your Chain, Sir?
Sir God. My Chain is loſt, Villain.
Frail. I would he were hang'd in Chains that has it then for me: Alas, Sir, I ſaw none of your Chain ſince you were hung with it your ſelf.
Sir God. Out Varlet? it had full three thouſand Links,
I have oft told it over at my Prayers:
Over and over full three thouſand Links.
Frail. Had it ſo, Sir, ſure it cannot be loſt then; I'll put you in that comfort.
Sir God. Why? why?
Frail. Why if your Chain had ſo many Links, it cannot chuſe but come to light.

Enter Nicholas.

Sir God. Deluſion. Now, long *Nicholas*, where is my Chain?
Nich. Why about your Neck, is't not, Sir?
Sir God. About my neck, Varlet? my Chain is loſt,
'Tis ſtoln away, I'm robb'd.
Wid. Nay, Brother, ſhow your ſelf a man.
Nich. If it be loſt or ſtole, if he would be patient, Miſtreſs, I could bring him to a Cunning Kinſman of mine that would fetch it again with a Seſarara.
Sir God. Canſt thou? I will be patient, ſay, where dwells he?
Nich. Marry he dwells now, Sir, where he would not dwell and he could chooſe, in the *Marſhalſea*, Sir; but he's an excellent Fellow if he were out: h'as travell'd all the World o're, he, and been in the ſeven and twenty Provinces: why he would make it be fetcht, Sir, if it were rid a thouſand mile out of Town.
Sir God. An admirable Fellow, what lies he for.
Nich. Why he did but rob a Steward of ten Groats tother night, as any man would ha done, and there he lies for't.
Sir God. I'll make his peace,
A trifle, I'll get his pardon,
Beſides a bountiful reward, I'll about it,
But fee the Clerks, the Juſtice will do much;
I will about it ſtraight, good Siſter pardon me,
All will be well I hope, and turn to good,
The name of Conjurer has laid my blood. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Puttock *and* Ravenſhaw *two Serjeants, with Yeoman* Dogſon, *to arreſt the Scholar* George Pye-boord.

Put. His Hoſteſs where he lies will truſt him no longer, ſhe hath feed me to arreſt him; if you will accompany me, becauſe I know not of what nature the Scholar is, whether deſperate or ſwift, you ſhall ſhare with me, Serjeant *Ravenſhaw*, I have the good Angel to arreſt him.
Rav. Troth I'll take part with thee then, Serjeant, not for the ſake of the money ſo much, as for the hate I bear to a Scholar: why, Serjeant, 'tis natural in us you know to hate Scholars: natural beſides, they will publiſh our imperfections, Knaveries, and Conveyances upon Scaffolds and Stages.
Put. I, and ſpightfully too; troth I have wondred how
the

the ſlaves could ſee into our Breaſts ſo much, when our Doublets are button'd with Pewter.

Rav. I, and ſo cloſe without yielding: oh, they'r parlous Fellows, they will ſearch more with their wits, than a Conſtable with all his Officers.

Put. Whiſt, whiſt, whiſt, Yeoman *Dogſon*, Yeoman *Dogſon*.

Dog. Ha? what ſayes Serjeant?

Put. Is he in the Pothecaries Shop ſtill,

Dog. I, I.

Put. Have an Eye, have an Eye.

Rav. The beſt is, Serjeant, if he be a true Scholar he wears no Weapon I think.

Put. No no, he wears no Weapon.

Rav. Maſs, I am right glad of that: 'thas put me in better heart: nay if I clutch him once, let me alone to drag him if he be ſtiff necked; I have been one of the ſix my ſelf, that has dragg'd as tall men of their hands, when their Weapons have bin gone, as ever baſtinado'd a Serjeant —— I have done I can tell you.

Dog. Serjeant *Puttock*, Serjeant *Puttock*.

Put. Hoh.

Dog. He's coming out ſingle.

Put. Peace, peace, be not too greedy, let him play a little, let him play a little, we'll jerk him up of a ſudden, I ha fiſht in my time.

Rav. I, and caught many a Fool, Serjeant.

Enter Pye-boord.

Pye. I parted now from *Nicholas*: the Chain's couch't,
And the old Knight has ſpent his rage upon't,
The Widow holds me in great admiration
For cunning Art: 'mongſt joyes I'm e'ne loſt,
For my device can no way now be croſt,
And now I muſt to Priſon to the Captain, and there ——

Put. I arreſt you, Sir.

Pye. Oh --- I ſpoke truer than I was aware, I muſt to Priſon indeed.

Put. They ſay you're a Scholar, nay Sir --- Yeoman *Dogſon*, have care to his Arms --- you'll rail again Serjeants, and ſtage 'em: you tickle their Vices.

Pye. Nay, uſe me like a Gentleman, I'm little leſs.

Put. You a Gentleman? that's a good jeſt i'faith; can a Scholar be a Gentleman, --- when a Gentleman will not be a Scholar; --- look upon your wealthy Citizens Sons, whether they be Scholars or no, that are Gentlemen by their Fathers Trades: a Scholar a Gentleman!

Pye. Nay, let Fortune drive all her ſtings into me, ſhe cannot hurt that in me, a Gentleman, *Accidens inſeparabile* to my blood.

Rav. A rablement, nay you ſhall have a bloody rablement upon you I warrant you.

Put. Go, Yeoman *Dogſon*, before, and enter the Action i'th' Counter.

Pye. Pray do not handle me cruelly, I'll go [*Ex.* Dog.
Whither you pleaſe to have me.

Put. Oh, he's tame, let him looſe Serjeant.

Pye. Pray at whoſe Suit is this?

Put. Why, at your Hoſteſſes Suit where you lie, Miſtreſs *Cunniburrow*, for Bed and Board, the ſumm four pound five ſhillings and five pence.

Pye. I know the ſumm too true, yet I preſum'd
Upon a farther day; well, 'tis my ſtars:
And I muſt bear it now, though never harder.
I ſwear now, my device is croſt indeed.
Captain muſt lie by't: this is Deceits ſeed.

Put. Come, come away.

Pye. Pray give me ſo much time as to knit my Garter, and I'll away with you.

Put. Well, we muſt be paid for this waiting upon you, this is no pains to attend thus. [*Making to ty his Garter.*

Pye. I am now wretched and miſerable, I ſhall ne're recover of this Diſeaſe: hot Iron gnaw their Fiſts: they have ſtruck a Fever into my ſhoulder, which I ſhall ne're ſhake out again I fear me, till with a true *Habeas Corpus* the Sexton remove me, oh if I take Priſon once, I ſhall be preſt to death with Actions, but not ſo happy as ſpeedily; perhaps I may be forty year a preſſing till I be a thin old man, that looking through the Grates, men may look through me; all my means is confounded, what ſhall I do? has my wit ſerved me ſo long, and now give me the ſlip (like a train'd ſervant) when I have moſt need of 'em: no device to keep my poor Carcaſe from theſe *Puttocks*? --- yes, happineſs, have I a Paper about me now? yes too, I'll try it, it may hit, *Extremity is Touchſtone unto wit*, I, I.

Put. 'Sfoot how many yards are in thy Garters, that thou art ſo long a tying on them? come away, Sir.

Pye. Troth Serjeant I proteſt, you could never ha took me at a worſe time, for now at this inſtant, I have no lawful Picture about me.

Put. 'Slid how ſhall we come by our Fees then.

Rav. We muſt have Fees, Sirrah.

Pye. I could have wiſht i'faith, that you had took me half an hour hence for your own ſake, for I proteſt if you had not croſt me, I was going in great joy to receive five pound of a Gentleman, for the Device of a Mask here, drawn in this paper, but now, come, I muſt be contented, 'tis but ſo much loſt, and anſwerable to the reſt of my Fortunes?

Put. Why how far hence dwells that Gentleman?

Rav. I, well ſaid Serjeant, 'tis good to caſt about for money.

Put. Speak, if it be not far ——

Pye. We are but a little paſt it, the next ſtreet behind us.

Put. 'Slid we have waited upon you grievouſly already, if you'll ſay you'll be liberal when you ha't, give us double Fees, and ſpend upon's, why we'll ſhow you that kindneſs, and go along with you to the Gentleman.

Rav. I, well ſaid ſtill, Serjeant, urge that.

Pye. Troth if it will ſuffice, it ſhall all be among you, for my part I'll not pocket a penny, my Hoſteſs ſhall have her four pound five ſhillings, and bate me the five pence, and the other fifteen ſhillings I'll ſpend upon you.

Rav. Why now thou art a good Scholar.

Put. An excellent Scholar i'faith; has proceeded very well alate; come, we'll along with you.

[*Exeunt with him, paſſing in, they knock at the door with a knocker withinſide.*

Ser. Who knocks, who's at Door? we had need of a Porter.

Pye. A few Friends here. - - pray is the Gentleman your Maſter within?

Ser. Yes, is your buſineſs to him?

Pye. I, he knows it, when he ſees me:
I pray you, have you forgot me.

Ser. I by my troth, Sir, pray come near, I'll in and tell him of you, pleaſe you to walk here in the Gallery till he comes.

Pye. We will attend his worſhip, --- worſhip I think, for ſo much the poſts at his door ſhould ſignify, and the fair coming in, and the Wicket, elſe I neither knew him nor his Worſhip, but 'tis happineſs he is within Doors, what ſo ere he be, if he be not too much a formal Citizen, he may do me good: Serjeant and Yeoman, how do you like this Houſe, is't not moſt wholſomely plotted?

Rav. Troth Priſoner, an exceeding fine Houſe.

Pye. Yet I wonder how he ſhould forget me, for he ne're knew me: No matter, what is forgot in you, will be remembred in your Maſter.
A pretty comfortable room this methinks:
You have no ſuch rooms in Priſon now?

Put. Oh Dog-holes to't.

Pye. Dog holes indeed --- I can tell you I have great hope to have my Chamber here ſhortly, nay, and Dyet too, for he's the moſt free-hearted'ſt Gentleman where he takes: you would little think it? and what a fine Gallery were here for me to walk and ſtudy, and make Verſes.

Put. O it ſtands pleaſantly for a Scholar.

Enter Gentleman.

Pye. Look what Maps, and Pictures, and Devices, and things, neatly, delicately? Maſs here he comes, he ſhould be a Gentleman, I like his Beard well; -- All happineſs to your worſhip.

Gent You'r kindly welcome, ſir.

Put. A ſimple ſalutation.

Rav. Maſs it ſeems the Gentleman makes great account of him.

Gent. I have the thing here for you, ſir.

Pye. I beſeech you, conceal me, ſir, I'm undone elſe,--- I have the Mask here for you, ſir, Look you ſir,—I beſeech your VVorſhip, firſt pardon my rudeneſs, for my extreams makes me bolder than I would be; I am a poor Gentleman, and a Scholar, and now moſt unfortunately faln into the hands of unmerciful Officers, arreſted for Debt, which though ſmall, I am not able to compaſs, by reaſon I'm deſtitute of Lands, Money, and Friends, ſo that if I fall into the hungry ſwallow of the Priſon, I am like utterly to periſh, and with fees and extortions be pinch'd clean to the bone: Now, if ever pity had intereſt in the blood of a Gentleman, I beſeech you vouchſafe but to favour that means of my eſcape, which I have already thought upon.

Gent. Go forward.

Put. I warrant he likes it rarely.

Pye. In the plunge of my extremities, being giddy, and doubtful what to do; at laſt it was put in my labouring thoughts, to make a happy uſe of this paper, and to blear their unlettered eyes, I told them there was a Device for a Mask drawn in't, and that (but for their interception) I was going to a Gentleman to receive my reward for't: they greedy at this word, and hoping to make purchace of me, offered their attendance, to go along with me, my hap was to make bold with your door, ſir, which my thoughts ſhew'd me the moſt faireſt and comfortableſt entrance, and I hope I have happened right upon underſtanding, and pity: may it pleaſe your good worſhip then, but to uphold my Device, which is to let one of your men put me out at a back door, and I ſhall be bound to your werſhip for ever.

Gent. By my troth an excellent Device.

Put. An excellent Device he ſays; he likes it wonderfully.

Gent. A my faith, I never heard a better.

Raven. Hark, he ſwears he never heard a better, Serjeant.

Put. O there's no talk on't, he's an excellent Scholar, and eſpecially for a Mask.

Gent. Give me your Paper, your Device; I was never better pleas'd in all my life: good wit, brave wit, finely wrought, come in, ſir, and receive your money, ſir.

Pye. I'll follow your good worſhip,——
You heard how he lik'd it now?

Put. Puh, we know he could not chuſe but like it: go thy ways, thou art a fine witty fellow i'faith, thou ſhalt diſcourſe it to us at the Tavern anon, wilt thou?

Pye. I, I, that I will,- -look, Serjeants, here are Maps, and pretty toys, be doing in the mean time, I ſhall quickly have told out the money, you know.

Put. Go, go, little villain, fetch thy chink, I begin to love thee, I'll be drunk to night in thy company.

Pye. This Gentleman I may well call a part
Of my ſalvation, in theſe earthly evils,
For he has ſav'd me from three hungry Devils.
[*Exit* George.

Put. Sirrah Serjeant, theſe Maps are pretty painted things, but I could ne'r fancy them yet, methinks they'r too buſie, and full of Circles and Conjurations; they ſay all the World's in one of them, but I could ne'r find the Counter in the Poultry.

Rav. I think ſo: how could you find it? for you know it ſtands behind the Houſes.

Dog. Maſs that's true, then we muſt look o'th' backſide for't: 'sfoot here's nothing, all's bare.

Rav. I warrant thee that ſtands for the Counter, for you know there's a company of bare fellows there.

Put. Faith like enough, Serjeant, I never mark'd ſo much before. Sirrah Serjeant, and Yeoman, I ſhould love theſe Maps out a cry now, if we could ſee men peep out of door in 'em, oh we might have 'em in a morning to our Break-faſt ſo finely, and ne'r knock our heels to the ground a whole day for 'em.

Rav. I marry ſir, I'd buy one my ſelf.
But this talk is by the way, where ſhall's ſup to night:
Five pound receiv'd, let's talk of that.
I have a trick worth all, you two ſhall bear him to'th' Tavern, whilſt I go cloſe with his Hoſteſs, and work out of her, I know ſhe would be glad of the ſumm, to finger money; becauſe ſhe knows 'tis but a deſperate debt, and full of hazard: what will you ſay if I bring it to paſs, that the Hoſteſs ſhall be contented with one half for all, and we to ſhare t'other fifty Shillings ,Bullies.

Put. Why I would call thee King of Serjeants, and thou ſhould'ſt be Chronicled in the Counter-Book for ever.

Rav. Well, put it to me, we'll make a night on't i'faith.

Dog. 'sfoot, I think he receives more money, he ſtays ſo long.

Put. He tarrys long indeed, may be, I can tell you, upon the good liking on't the Gentleman may prove more bountiful.

Rav. That would be rare, we'll ſearch him.

Put. Nay be ſure of it, we'll ſearch him, and make him light enough.

Enter the Gentleman.

Rav. Oh here comes the Gentleman, by your leave, Sir.

Gen. God you god den ſirs,—would you ſpeak with me?

Put. No, not with your worſhip, ſir; only we are bold to ſtay for a friend of ours, that went in with your worſhip.

Gen. Who? not the Scholar?

Put. Yes, e'n he, an it pleaſe your worſhip.

Gen. Did he make you ſtay for him? he did you wrong then: why, I can aſſure you he's gone above an hour ago.

Rav. How, ſir?

Gen. I paid him his money, and my man told me he went out at back-door.

Put. Back-door?

Gen. Why, what's the matter?

Put. He was our Priſoner, ſir, we did arreſt him.

Gen. What he was not? you the Sheriff's Officers—
you were to blame then,
Why did not you make known to me as much;
I could have kept him for you, I proteſt,
He receiv'd all of me in *Britain* Gold,
Of the laſt coyning.

Rav. Vengeance dog him with't.

Put. 'sfoot has he gull'd us ſo?

Dog. Where ſhall we ſup now, Serjeants?

Put. Sup ,*Simon*, now, eat Porridge for a Month.
Well, we cannot impute it to any lack of good will in your Worſhip,——you did but as another would have done, 'twas our hard fortunes to miſs the purchace, but if e'r we clutch him again, the Counter ſhall charm him.

Ra. The Hole ſhall rot him.

Dog. Amen. [*Exeunt.*

Gent. So,
Vex out your Lungs without doors, I am proud,
It was my hap to help him, it fell fit,
He went not empty neither for his wit:
Alas,poor wretch, I could not blame his brain,
To labour his delivery, to be free,
From their unpitying fangs,—I'me glad it ſtood
VVithin my power to do a Scholar good. [*Exit.*

Enter in the Priſon, meeting George *and* Captain, George *coming in muffled.*

Cap. How now, who's that? what are you?

Pye. The ſame that I ſhould be, Captain.

Cap. *George Pye-boord*, honeſt *George?* why cam'ſt thou in half fac'd, muffled ſo?

Pye. Oh Captain, I thought we ſhould nere ha' laught agen, never ſpent frolick hour agen.

Cap. VVhy? why?

Pye. I coming to prepare thee, and with news
As happy as thy quick delivery,
VVas trac'd out by the ſcent, arreſted, Captain.

Cap. Arreſted, *George?*

Pye. Arreſted; gueſs,gueſs,how may Dogs do you think I'de upon me?

Cap. Dogs? I ſay, I know not.

Pye. Almoſt as many as *George Stone* the Bear:
Three at once, three at once.

Cap. How did'ſt thou ſhake'em off then?

Pye. The time is buſie, and calls upon our wits, let it ſuffice,
Here I ſtand ſafe, and ſcap't by Miracle:
Some other hour ſhall tell thee, when we'll ſteep
Our Eyes in laughter: Captain, my device
Leans to thy happineſs, for ere the day
Be ſpent toth' Girdle, thou ſhalt be free:
The Corporal's in's firſt ſleep, the Chain is miſt,
Thy Kinſman has expreſt thee, and the old Knight
With Palſey-hams now labours thy releaſe.
What reſts, is all in thee, to Conjure, Captain.

Cap. Conjure? 'ſfoot, *George*, you know, the Devil a conjuring I can conjure.

Pye. The Devil of conjuring? nay by my fay, I'de not have thee do ſo much, Captain, as the Devil a conjuring: look here, I ha brought thee a Circle ready charactered and all.

Cap. 'ſfoot, *George*, art in thy right wits, doſt know what thou ſayſt? why doſt talk to a Captain a conjuring? didſt thou ever hear of a Captain conjure in thy life? doſt call't a Circle? 'tis too wide a thing, me thinks; had it been a leſſer Circle, then I knew what to have done.

Pye. Why every Fool knows that, Captain: nay then I'le not cog with you, Captain, if yon'll ſtay and hang the next Seſſions you may.

Cap. No, by my Faith, *George*, come, come, let's to conjuring.

Pye. But if you look to be releaſed,as my wits have took pain to work it,and all means wrought to farther it, beſides to put Crowns in your purſe, to make you a man of better hopes, and whereas before you were a Captain or poor Souldier, to make you now a Commander of rich Fools, (which is truly the only beſt purchace peace can allow you) ſafer than High-wayes, Heath, or Cony-groves, and yet a far better booty;for your greateſt thieves are never hang'd, never hang'd; for why? they're wiſe, and cheat within doors; and we geld Fools of more money in one Night, than your falſe-tail'd Gelding will purchaſe in a twelve-months running, which confirms the old Beldams ſaying, He's wiſeſt, that keeps himſelf warmeſt, that is, he that robs by a good Fire.

Cap. Well opened i'faith, *George*, thou haſt pull'd that ſaying out of the husk.

Pye. Captain *Idle*, 'Tis no time now to delude or delay, the old Knight will be here ſuddenly, I'le perfect you, direct you, tell you the trick on't: 'tis nothing.

Cap. 'ſfoot, *George*, I know not what to ſay to't, conjure? I ſhall be hang'd ere I conjure.

Pye. Nay, tell not me of that, Captain, you'll ne're conjure after you're hang'd, I warrant you; look you, Sir, a parlous matter, ſure, firſt to ſpread your Circle upon the ground, then with a little conjuring ceremony, as I'le have an Hackney mans wand ſilver'd o're a purpoſe for you, then arriving in the Circle, with a huge word, and a great trample, as for inſtance: have you never ſeen a ſtalking, ſtamping Player, that will raiſe a tempeſt with his tongue, and Thunder with his heels?

Cap. O yes, yes, yes; often, often.

Pye. Why be like ſuch a one? for any thing will blear the old Knights Eyes: for you muſt note, that He'll ne're dare to venture into the Room, only perhaps peep fearfully though the Key-hole, to ſee how the Play goes forward.

Cap. Well, I may go about it when I will, but mark the end on't, I ſhall but ſhame my ſelf i'faith, *George*, ſpeak big words, and ſtamp and ſtare, and he look in at Key-hole, why the very thought of that would make me laugh out-right, and ſpoil all: nay I'le tell thee, *George*, when I apprehend a thing once, I am of ſuch a laxative laughter, that if the Devil himſelf ſtood by, I ſhould laugh in his face.

Pye. Puh, that's but the babe of a man, and may eaſily be huſht, as to think upon ſome diſaſter, ſome ſad misfortune, as the Death of thy Father ith' Country.

Cap. 'sfoot, that would be the more to drive me into ſuch an ecſtaſie, that I ſhould ne're lin laughing elſe.

Pye. Why then think upon going to hanging.

Cap. Maſs that's well remembered, now I'le do well, I warrant thee,ne're fear me now: but how ſhall I do,*George*, for boyſterous words, and horrible names?

Pye. Puh, any fuſtian invocations, Captain, will ſerve as well as the beſt, ſo you rant them out well, or you may go to a Pothecaries ſhop, and take all the words from the Boxes.

Cap. Troth, and you ſay true, *George*, there's ſtrange words enow to raiſe a hundred Quack-ſalvers, though they be ne're ſo poor when they begin? but here lies the fear on't, how if in this falſe conjuration, a true Devil ſhould pop up indeed.

Pye. A true Devil, Captain? why there was ne're ſuch a one, nay Faith he that has this place, is as falſe a Knave as our laſt Church warden.

Captain. Then he's falſe enough a Conſcience i'faith, *George.*

The Cry at Marſhalſea.

Cry priſoners. Good Gentlemen over the way, ſend your relief:
Good Gentlemen over the way,——Good,Sir *Godfrey?*

Pye. He's come, he's come.

Nich. Maſter, that's my Kinſman yonder in the Buff-Jerkin—— Kinſman,that's my Maſter yonder i'th' Taffaty Hat——pray ſalute him intirely.

They ſalute: and Pye-boord *ſalutes Maſter* Edmond.

Sir God. Now my Friend.

Pye. May I partake your name, Sir?

Edm. My name is Maſter *Edmond.*

Pye. Maſter *Edmond*,——are you not a *Welſh*-man, Sir?

Edm. A *Welſh* man? why?

Pye. Becauſe Maſter is your Chriſten name, and *Edmond* your Sir name.

Edm. O no: I have more names at home, Maſter

Edmond Plus is my full name at length.

Pye. O cry you mercy, Sir? [*Whiſpering*.

Cap. I underſtand that you are my Kinſmans good Maſter, and in regard of that, the beſt of my skill is at your ſervice: but had you fortun'd a meer ſtranger, and made no means to me by acquaintance, I ſhould have utterly denied to have been the man; both by reaſon of the Act of Parliament againſt Conjurers and Witches, as alſo, becauſe I would not have my Art vulgar, trite, and common.

Sir God. I much commend your care there, good Captain Conjurer, and that I will be ſure to have it private enough, you ſhall do't in my Siſters houſe,—— mine own houſe I may call it, for both our charges therein are proportion'd,

Capt. Very good, Sir,—what may I call your loſs, Sir?

Sir God. O you may call't a great loſs, a grievous loſs, Sir, as goodly a Chain of Gold, though I ſay it, that wore it: how ſay'ſt thou, *Nicholas?*

Nich. O'twas as delicious a Chain of Gold, Kinſman, you know———

Sir God. You know, did you know't, Captain?

Capt. Truſt a Fool with ſecrets? ——Sir, he may ſay I know: his meaning is, becauſe my Art is ſuch, that by it I may gather a knowledge of all things——

Sir God. I, very true.

Capt. A pox of all Fools—— the excuſe ſtuck upon my tongue like Ship-pitch upon a Mariners Gown, not to come off in haſte——ber-lady, Knight, to loſe ſuch a fair Chain of Gold, were a foul loſs: Well, I can put you in this good comfort on't, if it be between heaven and earth, Knight, I'll ha't for you.

Sir God. A wonderful Conjurer,—— O I, 'tis between heaven and earth, I warrant you, it cannot go out of the Realm,—— I know 'tis ſomewhere about the earth.

Capt. I, nigher the earth than thou wot'ſt on.

Sir God. For firſt, my Chain was rich, and no rich thing ſhall enter into Heaven, you know.

Nich. And as for the Devil, Maſter, he has no need on't, for you know he has a great Chain of his own.

Sir God. Thou ſay'eſt true, *Nicholas*, but he has put off that now, that lies by him.

Capt. Faith, Knight, in few words, I preſume ſo much upon the power of my Art, that I could warrant your Chain agen.

Sir God. O dainty Captain!

Capt. Marry, it will coſt me much ſweat, I were better go to ſixteen Hot-houſes.

Sir God. I, good man, I warrant thee.

Capt. Beſide great vexation of Kidney and Liver.

Nich. O, 'twill tickle you hereabouts, Couſin, becauſe you have not been us'd to't.

Sir God. No? have you not been us'd to't, Captain?

Capt. Plague of all Fools ſtill; —indeed, Knight, I have not us'd it a good while, and therefore 'twill ſtrain me ſo much the more, you know.

Sir God. O it will, it will.

Capt. What plunges he puts me to? Were not this Knight a Fool, I had bin twice ſpoil'd now; that Captain's worſe than accurſt that has an Aſs to his Kinſman, 'ſfoot, I fear he will drivel't out before I come to't.— Now, Sir, —to come to the point indeed,—you ſee I ſtick here in the jaw of the *Marſhalſea*, and cannot do't.

Sir God. Tut, tut, I know thy meaning, thou would'ſt ſay thou'rt a priſoner, I tell thee th'art none.

Capt. How, none? why is not this the *Marſhalſea?*

Sir God. Woult hear me ſpeak? I heard of thy rare
Conjuring:
My Chain was loſt, I ſweat for thy releaſe,
As thou ſhalt do the like at home for me:
Keeper.

Enter Keeper.

Keep. Sir.

Sir God. Speak, is not this man free?

Keep. Yes, at his pleaſure, Sir, the Fees diſcharg'd.

Sir God. Go, go, I'll diſcharge them, I.

Keep. I thank your Worſhip. [*Exit* Keeper.

Capt. Now, truſt me, y'are a dear Knight; kindneſs unexpected! O there's nothing to a free Gentleman,—— I will conjure for you, Sir, 'till Froth come through my Buff-Jerkin.

Sir God. Nay, then thou ſhalt not paſs with ſo little a bounty, for at the firſt ſight of my Chain agen,—— forty five Angels ſhall appear unto thee.

Capt. 'Twill be a glorious ſhow, i'ſaith. Knight, a very fine ſhow; but are all theſe of your own houſe? are you ſure of that, Sir?

Sir God. I, I, no, no; what's he yonder talking with my wild Nephew, pray heaven he give him good counſel.

Capt. Who, he? he's a rare friend of mine, an admirable Fellow, Knight, the fineſt Fortune teller.

Sir God. O! 'tis he indeed, that came to my Lady Siſter, and foretold the loſs of my Chain; I am not angry with him now, for I ſee 'twas my Fortune to loſe it: By your leave, Mr. Fortune-teller, I had a glimpſe of you at home, at my Siſters the Widows, there you propheſied of the loſs of a Chain: —ſimply, though I ſtand here, I was he that loſt it.

Pye. Was it you, Sir?

Edm. A my troth, Nuncle, he's the rareſt Fellow, has told me my Fortune ſo right; I find it ſo right to my nature.

Sir God. What is't? God ſend it a good one.

Edm. O, 'tis a paſſing good one, Nuncle: for he ſays I ſhall prove ſuch an excellent Gameſter in my time, that I ſhall ſpend all faſter than my Father got it.

Sir God. There's a Fortune indeed.

Edm. Nay, it hits my humor ſo pat.

Sir God. I, that will be the end on't: will the Curſe of the Beggar prevail ſo much, that the Son ſhall conſume that fooliſhly, which the Father got craftily; I, I, I; 'twill, 'twill, 'twill.

Pye. Stay, ſtay, ſtay. [Pye-boord *with an Almanack*,
Capt. Turn over, *George*. *and the* Captain.

Pye. *June*, *July*; here, *July*, that's the month, Sunday thirteen, yeſterday fourteen, to day fifteen.

Capt. Look quickly for the fifteen day,——if within the compaſs of theſe two days there would be ſome boiſterous ſtorm or other, it would be the beſt, I'de defer him off till then; ſome Tempeſt, and it be thy will.

Pye. Here's the fifteen day,——Hot and fair.

Capt. Puh, would t'ad been, Hot and foul.

Pye. The ſixteen day, that's to morrow; The morning for the moſt part, fair and pleaſant.

Capt. No luck.

Pye. But about high-noon, Lightning and Thunder.

Capt. Lightning and Thunder? admirable! beſt of all! I'll conjure to morrow juſt at high-noon, *George*.

Pye. Happen but true to morrow, Almanack, and I'll give thee leave to lye all the year after.

Capt. Sir, I muſt crave your patience, to beſtow this day upon me, that I may furniſh my ſelf ſtrongly,——I ſent a Spirit into *Lancaſhire* t'other day, to fetch back a Knave-Drover, and I look for his return this evening— to morrow morning, my friend here and I will come and breakfaſt with you.

Sir God. O, you ſhall be moſt welcome.

Capt. And about noon, without fail, I purpoſe to conjure.

Sir God. Mid-noon will be a fit time for you.

Edm. Conjuring? do you mean to conjure at our houſe to morrow, Sir?

Capt. Marry do I, Sir? 'tis my intent, young Gentleman.

Edm. By my troth, I'll love you while I live for't: O rare! *Nicholas*, we ſhall have Conjuring to morrow.

Nich. Puh I, I could ha told you of that.

Cap. Law, he could ha told him of that, Fool, Coxcomb, could ye?

Edm. Do you hear me, Sir, I deſire more acquaintance on you, you ſhall earn ſome money of me, now I know you can Conjure; but can you fetch any that is loſt?

Cap. Oh, any thing that's loſt.

Edm. Why look you, Sir, I tell't you as a Friend and a Conjurer; I ſhould marry a Pothecaries Daughter, and 'twas told me, ſhe loſt her Maiden-head at *Stony-Stratford:* now if you'll do but ſo much as Conjure for't, and make all whole agen ---

Cap. That I will, Sir.

Edm. By my troth I thank you, la.

Cap. A little merry with your Siſters Son, Sir.

Sir God. Oh, a ſimple young man, very ſimple, come Captain, and you, Sir; we'll e'en part with a Gallon of Wine till to morrow Break-faſt.

Tip. Cap. Troth, agreed, Sir.

Nich. Kinſman --- Scholar.

Pye. Why now thou art a good Knave, worth a hundred Browniſts.

Nich. Am I indeed, la: I thank you heartily, la.
[*Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus.

Enter Moll, *and Sir* John Penny-Dub.

Pen. BUT I hope you will not ſerve a Knight ſo, Gentlewoman, will you? to caſheer him, and caſt him off at your pleaſure; what do you think I was dubb'd for nothing, no by my Faith, Ladies Daughter.

Moll. Pray Sir *John Penny-Dub*, let it be defer'd awhile, I have a heart to marry as you can have; but as the Fortune-teller told me.

Pen. Pax o' th' Fortune-teller, would *Derrick* had been his fortune ſeven year ago, to croſs my love thus: did he know what caſe I was in? why this is able to make a man drown himſelf in's Father's Fiſh Pond.

Moll. And then he told me moreover, Sir *John*, that the breach of it kept my Father in Purgatory.

Penny. In Purgatory? why let him purge out his heart there, what have we to do with that? there's Phyſicians enow there to caſt his Water, is that any matter to us? how can he hinder our love? why let him be hang'd now he's dead? —— Well, have I rid poſt day and night, to bring you merry news of my Fathers Death, and now ---

Moll. Thy Fathers Death? is the old Farmer dead?

Penny. As dead as his Barn-Door, *Moll.*

Moll. And you'll keep your word with me now, Sir *John*, that I ſhall have my Coach and my Coach-man?

Penny. I faith.

Moll. And two white Horſes with black Feathers to draw it?

Penny. Too.

Moll. A guarded Lackey to run befor't, and py'd Liveries to come traſhing after't.

Penny. Thou ſhalt, *Moll.*

Moll. And to let me have money in my Purſe to go whither I will.

Penny. All this.

Moll. Then come, whatſoe're come's on't, we'll be made ſure together before the Maids o' th' Kitchin. [*Ex.*

Enter Widow *with her eldeſt Daughter,* Frank *and* Frailty.

Wid. How now? where's my Brother Sir *Godfrey?* went he forth this Morning?

Frail. O no Madam, he's above at Breakfaſt, with Sir reverence a Conjurer.

Wid. A Conjurer? what manner of Fellow is he?

Frail. Oh, a wondrous rare Fellow, Miſtreſs, very ſtrongly made upward, for he goes in a Buff-Jerkin: he ſayes he will fetch Sir *Godfrey*'s Chain agen, if it hang between Heaven and Earth.

Wid. What! he will not? then he's an exlent Fellow I Warrant: How happy were that Woman to be bleſt with ſuch a Husband, a man cunning? how do's he look, *Frailty?* very ſwartly I warrant, with black Beard, ſcorcht Cheeks, and ſmoaky Eye-brows.

Frail. Foh --- he's neither ſmoak-dryed, nor ſcorcht, nor black, nor nothing, I tell you, Madam, he looks as fair to ſee to as one of us; I do think, but if you ſaw him once, you'de take him to be a Chriſtian.

Frank. So fair, and yet ſo cunning, that's to be wondred at, Mother.

Enter Sir Oliver Muck-hill, *and Sir* Andrew Tipſtaffe.

Muck. Bleſs you, ſweet Lady.

Tip. And you, fair Miſtreſs. [*Exit* Frailty.

Wid. Coades, what do you mean, Gentlemen? Fie, did I not give you your anſwers?

Muck. Sweet Lady?

Wid. Well, I will not ſtick with you for a kiſs: Daughter, kiſs the Gentleman for once.

Frank. Yes forſooth.

Tip. I'm proud of ſuch a favour.

Wid. Truly la, Sir *Oliver*, y'are much too blame to come agen when you know my mind ſo well deliver'd --- as a Widow could deliver a thing.

Muck. But I exſpect a farther comfort, Lady.

Wid. Why la you now, did I not deſire you to put off your Suit quite and clean when you came to me again? how ſay you? did I not?

Muck. But the ſincere love which my heart bears to you ——

Wid. Go to, I'll cut you off; and Sir *Oliver* to put you in comfort, afar off, my fortune is read me, I muſt marry again.

Muck. O bleſt Fortune!

Wid. But not as long as I can chooſe; nay, I'll hold out well.

Enter Frailty.

Frail. O Madam, Madam.

Wid. How now? what's the haſt? [*In her Ear.*

Tip. Faith, Miſtreſs *Frances*, I'll maintain you gallantly, I'll bring you to Court, wean you among the fair Society of Ladies poor Kinſwomen of mine in Cloth of Silver, beſide you ſhall have your Monkey, your Parrot, your Muſkat, and your Piſs, Piſs, Piſs.

Frank. It will do very well.

Wid. What, do's he mean to Conjure here then? how ſhall I do to be rid of theſe Knights, --- pleaſe you, Gentlemen, to walk a while i' th' Garden, to gather a Pink, or a Gilly-flower.

Both. With all our hearts, Lady, and count us favour'd. [*Exeunt.*

Sir God. within. Step in, *Nicholas*, look, is the Coaſt clear?

Nich. Oh, as clear as a Carter's Eye, Sir.

Sir God. Then enter Captain Conjurer: —— now --- how like you our Room, Sir?

Enter Sir Godfrey, Captain, Pye-boord, Edmond, Nicholas.

Cap. O wonderful convenient.

Edm. I can tell you, Captain, ſimply though it lies here, 'tis the faireſt Room in my Mothers Houſe, as dainty a Room to Conjure in, me thinks, —— why you may bid, I cannot tell how many Devils welcome in't; my Father has had twenty in't at once!

Pye. What Devils?

Edm. Devils, no Deputies, and the wealthieſt men he could get.

Sir God. Nay put by your chats now, fall to your buſineſs roundly, the Feſcue of the Dial is upon the Chriscroſs of Noon: but oh, hear me, Captain, a qualm comes o're my Stomach.

Capt. Why, what's the matter, Sir?

Sir God. Oh, how if the Devil ſhould prove a knave, and tear the hangings.

Capt. Fuh, I warrant you, Sir *Godfrey.*

Edm. I, Nuncle, or ſpit fire upo'th' ſealing.

Sir Godf. Very true too, for 'tis but thin plaiſtered, and 'twill quickly take hold a' the laths: and if he chance to ſpit downward too, he will burn all the boards.

Capt. My life for yours, *Sir Godfrey.*

Sir Godf. My Siſter is very curious and dainty ore this Room, I can tell you, and therefore if he muſt needs ſpit, I pray deſire him to ſpit i'th' Chimney.

Pye. Why, aſſure you, Sir *Godfrey*, he ſhall not be brought up with ſo little manners, to ſpit and ſpawl a'th' floor.

Sir Godf. Why I thank you, good Captain, pray have a care I, —fall to your Circle, we'll not trouble you I warrant you, come, we'll into the next Room, and becauſe we'll be ſure to keep him out there, we'll bar up the Door with ſome of the Godlies Zealous works.

Edm. That will be a fine device, Nuncle; and becauſe the ground ſhall be as holy as the Door, I'le tear two or three Roſaries in pieces, and ſtrew the pieces about the Chamber: Oh! the Devil already. [*Runs in. Thunders.*

Pye. 'sfoot, Captain, ſpeak ſomewhat for ſhame: it lightens and Thunders before thou wilt begin, why when?

Capt. Pray peace, *George*, —— thou'lt make me laugh anon, and ſpoil all.

Pye. Oh, now it begins agen; now, now, now! Captain.

Capt. *Rhumbos ragdayon, pur, pur, colucundrion, Hois-Plois.*

Sir Godfrey through the Key hole, within.

Sir Godf. Oh admirable Conjurer! has fetcht Thunder already.

Pye. Hark hark, agen Captain.

Capt *Benjamino, gaſpois-kay-goſgothoteron-umbrois-*

Sir Godf. Oh, I would the Devil would come away quickly, he has no conſcience to put a man to ſuch pain.

Pye. Agen.

Capt. *Flowſte-kakopumpos-dragone-leloomenos-hodge podge.*

Pye. Well ſaid, Captain.

Sir Godf. So long a coming? O would I had nere begun't now, for I fear me theſe roaring Tempeſts will deſtroy all the Fruits of the Earth, and tread upon my corn— oh, i' th' Country.

Capt. *Gog de gog, hobgoblin, huncks, hounſlow, hockley te coome park.*

Wid. O Brother, Brother, what a Tempeſt's i'th' Garden, ſure there's ſome Conjuratiou abroad.

Sir Godf. 'Tis at home, Siſter.

Pye. By and by I'le ſtep in, Captain.

Capt. *Nunck-Nunck, Rip-Gaſcoines, Ips, Drip-Dropite.*

Sir Godf. He drips and drops, poor man: alas, alas.

Pye. Now, I come.

Capt. O *Sulphure Sootface.*

Pye. Arch-Conjurer, what would'ſt thou with me?

Sir Godf. O, the Devil, Siſter, i' th' dining-Chamber: ſing, Siſter, I warrant you that will keep him out; quickly, quickly, quickly. [*goes in.*

Pye. So, ſo, ſo; I'le releaſe thee: enough Captain, enough: allow us ſome time to laugh a little, they're ſhuddering and ſhaking by this time, as if an Earthquake were in their kidneys.

Capt. Sirrah *George*, how was't, how was't? did I do't well enough?

Pye. Woult believe me, Captain, better than any Conjurer, for here was no harm in this; and yet their horrible expectation ſatisfied well, you were much beholding to Thunder and Lightning at this time, it grac'd you well, I can tell you.

Capt. I muſt needs ſay ſo, *George:* Sirrah if we could ha' convey'd hither cleanly a cracker, or a fire-wheel, t'ad been admirable.

Pye. Blurt, blurt, there's nothing remains to put thee to pain now, Captain.

Capt. Pain? I proteſt, *George*, my heels are ſorer than a Whiſon Morris dancer's.

Pye. All's paſt now, —— only to reveal that the Chain's i'th' Garden, where, thou know'ſt, it has lain theſe two dayes.

Capt. But I fear, that Fox *Nicholas* has reveal'd it already.

Pye. Fear not, Captain, you muſt put it to th' venture now: Nay 'tis time, call upon 'em, take pity on'em, for I believe ſome of 'em are in a pitiful caſe by this time.

Capt. Sir *Godfrey*, *Nicholas*, Kinſman, — 'sfoot they're faſt at it ſtill: *George*, Sir *Godfrey?*

Sir Godf. Oh, is that the Devil's voice? how comes be to know my name?

Capt. Fear not, Sir *Godfrey*, all's quieted.

Sir Godf. What, is he laid?

Capt. Laid: and has newly dropt.
Your Chain i'th' Garden.

Sir Godf. I'th' Garden! in our Garden?

Capt. Your Garden.

Sir Godf. O ſweet Conjurer! whereabouts there?

Capt. Look well about a bank of Roſemary.

Sir Godf. Siſter, the Roſemary-bank, come, come: there's my Chain, he ſayes.

Wid. Oh happineſs! run, run. [*Supposeth to go.*

Edm. Captain Conjurer? [Edm. *at key hole.*

Capt. Who? Maſter *Edmund?*

Edm. I, Maſter *Edmund*; may I come in ſafely without danger, think you?

Capt. Puh, long ago, it is all as 'twas at firſt:
Fear nothing, pray come near,——how now, man?

Edm. Oh! this Room's mightily hot i'faith: 'slid, my ſhirt ſticks to my Belly already: what a ſteam the Rogue has left behind him? Foh, this Room muſt be air'd, Gentlemen, it ſmells horribly of Brimſtone,——let's open the windows.

Pye. Faith, Maſter *Edmond*, 'tis but your conceit.

Edm. I would you could make me believe that, i'faith, why do you think I cannot ſmell his ſavour, from another: yet I take it kindly from you, becauſe you would not put me in a fear, i'faith: a my troth I ſhall love you for this the longeſt day of my life.

Capt. Puh, 'tis nothing, Sir, love me when you ſee more.

Edm. Maſs, now remember, I'le look whether he has ſindged the hangings, or no.

Pye. Captain, to entertain a little ſport till they come: make him believe, you'll charm him inviſible, he's apt to admire any thing, you ſee, let me alone to give force to't.

Capt. Go, retire to yonder end then.

Edm. I proteſt you are a rare fellow, are you not?

Cap. O Maſter *Edmond*, you know but the leaſt part of me yet; why now at this inſtant I could flouriſh my wand thrice ore your head, and charm you inviſible.

Edm. What you could not? make me walk inviſible man? I ſhould laugh at that i'faith; troth I'le requite your kindneſs, an you'll do't, good Captain Conjurer.

Capt. Nay, I ſhould hardly deny you ſuch a ſmall kindneſs, Maſter *Edmond Plus*, why, look you, Sir, 'tis no more but this, and thus agen, and now y'are inviſible.

Edm. Am I Faith? who would think it?

Capt. You ſee the Fortune-teller yonder at farther end o'th' Chamber, go toward him, do what you will with him, he ſhall ne'r find you.

Edm. Say you ſo, I'll try that i'faith—— [*Juſtles him.*
Pye. Hoe now Captain? who's that juſtled me?
Capt. Juſtled you? I ſaw no body.
Edm. Ha, ha, ha,——ſay 'twas a Spirit.
Capt. Shall I?——may be ſome Spirit that haunt the circle.
Pye. O my noſe, agen, pray conjure then, Captain.
[*Pulls him by the Noſe.*
Edm. Troth this is exlent, I may do any knavery now and never be ſeen,—and now I remember me, Sir *Godfrey* my Uncle abus'd me t'other day, and told tales of me to my Mother——Troth now I'me inviſible, I'll hit him a ſound whirrit a'th'ear, when he comes out a'th'garden,—I may be reveng'd on him now finely.

Enter Sir Godfrey, Widow, Frank, Nicholas
with the Chain.

Sir God. I have my Chain again, my Chain's found again. [Edmond *ſtrikes him.*
O ſweet Captain, O admirable Conjurer.
O, what mean you by that, Nephew?
Edm. Nephew? I hope you do not know me, Uncle?
Wid. Why did you ſtrike your Uncle, Son?
Edm. Why, Captain, am I not inviſible?
Capt. A good jeſt, *George*,—not now you are not, Sir,
Why did not you ſee me, when I did uncharm you?
Edm. Not I, by my troth, Captain:
Then pray you pardon me, Uncle,
I thought I'de been inviſible when I ſtruck you.
Sir God. So, you would do't? go,—y'are a fooliſh boy,
And were I not o'recome with greater joy,
I'de make you taſte correction.
Edm. Correction, puſh——no, neither you nor my Mother, ſhall think to whip me as you have done.
Sir God. Captain, my joy is ſuch, I know not how to thank you, let me embrace you, O my ſweet Chain, gladneſs e'en makes me giddy, rare man: 'twas juſt i'th'Roſemary bank, as if one ſhould ha laid it there,—O cunning, cunning!
Wid. Well, ſeeing my Fortune tells me I muſt marry; let me marry a man of wit, a man of parts, here's a worthy Captain, and 'tis a fine Title truly la to be a Captain's Wife, a Captain's Wife, it goes very finely, beſide all the world knows that a worthy Captain is a fit Companion to any Lord, then why not a ſweet Bed-fellow for any Lady,——I'll have it ſo——

Enter Frailty.

Frail. O Miſtreſs, Gentlemen, there's the braveſt ſight coming along this way.
Wid. What brave ſight?
Frail. O, one going to burying, and another going to hanging.
Wid. A rueful ſight.
Pye. 'sfoot, Captain, I'll pawn my life the Corporal's coffin'd, and old *Shirmiſh* the Souldier going to execution, and 'tis now about the time of his waking; hold out a little longer, ſleepy potion, and we ſhall have exlent admiration; for I'll take upon me the cure of him.

Enter the Coffin of the Corporal, the Souldier bound,
and led by Officers, the Sheriff *there.*

Frail. O here they come, here they come!
Pye. Now muſt I cloſe ſecretly with the Souldier, prevent his impatience, or elſe all's diſcovered.
Wid. O lamentable ſeeing, theſe were thoſe Brothers, that fought and bled before our door.
Sir God. What they were not, Siſter?
Skir. *George*, look to't, I'll peach at *Tiburn* elſe.
Pye. Mum——Gentles all, vouchſafe me audience, and you eſpecially, Maſter Sheriff:
Yon man is bound to execution,
Becauſe he wounded this that now lies coffin'd.
Sher. True, true, he ſhall have the Law,—and I know the Law.
Pye. But under favour, Maſter Sheriff, if this man had been cured and ſafe again, he ſhould have been releas'd then?
Sher. Why, make you queſtion of that, Sir?
Pye. Then I releaſe him freely, and will take upon me the death that he ſhould die, if within a little ſeaſon, I do not cure him to his proper health again.
Sher. How, Sir? recover a dead man?
That were moſt ſtrange of all. [Frank *comes to him.*
Frank. Sweet Sir, I love you dearly, and could wiſh my beſt part yours,——O do not undertake ſuch an impoſſible venture.
Pye. Love you me? then for your ſweet ſake I'll do't:
Let me entreat the Corps to be ſet down.
Sher. Bearers, ſet down the Coffin,——this is wonderful, and worthy *Stow's* Chronicle.
Pye. I pray beſtow the freedom of the air upon our wholſome Art,——Maſs his cheeks begin to receive natural warmth: nay, good Corporal, wake betime, or I ſhall have a longer ſleep than you,——'sfoot, if he ſhould prove dead indeed now, he were fully reveng'd upon me for making a property on him, yet I had rather run upon the Ropes, than have the Rope like a Tetter run upon me, O—he ſtirs—he ſtirs agen——look, Gentlemen, he recovers, he ſtarts, he riſes.
Sher. Oh, oh, defend us——out, alas.
Pye. Nay, pray be ſtill; you'll make him more giddy elſe,——he knows no body yet.
Corp. Zowns: where am I? cover'd with ſnow? I marvel?
Pye. Nay, I knew he would ſwear the firſt thing he did, as ſoon as he came to life again.
Corp. 'sfoot, Hoſteſs—ſome hot porridge,—oh, ho, lay on a dozen of Faggots in the Moon Parlour, there.
Pye. Lady, you muſt needs take a little pity of him i'faith, and ſend him into your Kitchin fire.
Wid. O, with all my heart, Sir *Nicholas* and *Frailty*, help to bear him in.
Nich. Bear him in, quotha, pray call in the Maids, I ſhall ne're have the heart to do't, indeed la.
Frail. Nor I neither, I cannot abide to handle a Ghoſt, of all men.
Corp. 'Sloud, let me ſee, where was I drunk laſt night? hah——
Wid. O, ſhall I bid you once agen take him away?
Frail. Why, we're as fearful as you, I warrant you——oh——
Wid. Away, Villains, bid the Maids make him a Cawdle preſently to ſettle his brain—or a Poſſet of Sack, quickly, quickly. [*Exeunt, puſhing in the Corps.*
Sher. Sir, whatſoe're you are, I do more than admire you.
Wid. O I, if you knew all, Maſter Sheriff, as you ſhall do, you would ſay then, that here were two of the rareſt men within the Walls of Chriſtendom.
Sher. Two of 'em, O wonderful: Officers, I diſcharge you, ſet him free, all's in tune.
Sir God. I, and a Banquet ready by this time, Maſter Sheriff, to which I moſt cheerfully invite you, and your late Priſoner there: ſee you this goodly Chain, Sir, mum, on more words, 'twas loſt and is found again; come, my ineſtimable Bullies, we'll talk of your noble Acts in ſparkling Charnico, and inſtead of a Jeſter, we'll ha the Ghoſt i'th' white ſheet ſit at upper end oth' Table.
Sher. Exlent, merry man, i'faith. [*Exit.*
Frank. Well, ſeeing I am enjoyn'd to love and marry,
My fooliſh vow thus I caſheer to air
Which firſt begot it,——now, Love, play thy part;
The Scholar reads his lecture in my heart.

Actus Quintus.

Enter in haſte Maſter Edmond *and* Frailty.

Edm. THis is the Marriage-morning for my Mother and my Siſter.

Frail. O me, Maſter *Edmond*, we ſhall have rare doings.

Edm. Nay go, *Frailty*, run to the Sexton, you know my Mother will be married at Saint *Antlings*, hie thee, 'tis paſt five, bid them open the Church door, my Siſter is almoſt ready.

Frail. What already, Maſter *Edmond?*

Edm. Nay, go hie thee, firſt run to the Sexton, and run to the Clerk, and then run to Maſter *Pigman* the Parſon, and then run to the Milliner, and then run home agen.

Frail. Here's run, run, run——

Edm. But hark, *Frailty.*

Frail. What, more yet?

Edm. Have the Maids remembred to ſtrew the way to the Church.

Frail. Foh, an hour ago I help'd 'em my ſelf.

Edm. Away, away, away, away then.

Frail. Away, away, away, away then [*Exit* Frailty.

Edm. I ſhall have a ſimple Father-in-law, a brave Captain, able to beat all our ſtreet: Captain *Idle*, now my Lady Mother will be fitted for a delicate name, my Lady *Idle*, my Lady *Idle*, the fineſt name that can be for a Woman, and then the Scholar, Maſter *Pye-boord* for my Siſter *Frances*, that will be Miſtreſs *Frances Pye-boord*, Miſtreſs *Frances Pye-boord*, they'll keep a good Table, I warrant you: Now all the Knights noſes are put out of joynt, they may go to a Bone-ſetters now.

Enter Captain *and* Pye-boord.

Hark, hark; O who comes here with two Torches before 'em, my ſweet Captain, and my fine Scholar? O how bravely they are ſhot up in one night, they look like fine *Britains* now me thinks, here's a gallant change i'faith; 'ſlid, they have hir'd men and all by the Clock.

Capt. Maſter *Edmond*, kind, honeſt, dainty Maſter *Edmond.*

Edm. Foh, ſweet Captain Father-in-law, a rare perfume i'faith.

Pye. What, are the Brides ſtirring? may we ſteal upon 'em, think'ſt thou, Maſter *Edmond?*

Edm. Faw, they'r e'ne upon readineſs, I can aſſure you; for they were at their Torch e'ne now, by the ſame token I tumbled down the ſtairs.

Pye. Alas, poor Maſter *Edmond.*

Enter Muſicians.

Capt. O, the Muſicians! I prethee, Maſter *Edmond*, call 'em in, and liquor 'em a little.

Edm. That I will, ſweet Captain Father-in-law, and make each of them as drunk as a common Fidler. [*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Sir John Penny-Dub *and* Moll *above lacing of her Cloaths.*

Pen. Whewh, Miſtreſs *Moll*, Miſtreſs *Moll.*

Moll. Who's there?

Pen. 'Tis I.

Moll. Who, Sir *John Penny-Dub?* O you're an early Cock i'faith, who would have thought you to be ſo rare a ſtirrer?

Pen. Prethee, *Moll*, let me come up.

Moll. No by my faith, Sir *John*, I'll keep you down, for you Knights are very dangerous, if once you get above.

Pen. I'll not ſtay i'faith.

Moll. I'faith you ſhall ſtay: for, Sir *John*, you muſt note the nature of the Climates: your Northern Wench in her own Country may well hold out till ſhe be fifteen, but if ſhe touch the South once, and come up to *London*, here the Chimes go preſently after twelve.

Pen. O th'art a mad Wench, *Moll*, but I prethee make haſte, for the Prieſt is gone before.

Moll. Do you follow him, I'll not be long after. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Sir Oliver Muck-hill, *Sir* Andrew Tipſtaff, *and old* Skirmiſh *talking.*

Muck. O monſtrous unheard of Forgery!

Tip. Knight, I never heard of ſuch villany in our own Country, in my life.

Muck. Why, 'tis impoſſible, dare you maintain your words?

Skir. Dare we? e'ne to their wezen pipes: we know all their plots, they cannot ſquander with us, they have knaviſhly abus'd us, made only properties on's to advance their ſelves upon our ſhoulders, but they ſhall rue their abuſes, this morning they are to be married.

Muck. 'Tis too true, yet if the Widow be not too much beſotted on ſlights and forgeries, the revelation of their villanies will make 'em loathſom, and to that end, be it in private to you, I ſent late laſt night to an honourable perſonage, to whom I am much indebted in kindneſs, as he is to me, and therefore preſume upon the payment of his tongue, and that he will lay out good words for me, and to ſpeak truth, for ſuch needful occaſions, I only preſerve him in bond, and ſometimes he may do me more good here in the City by a free word of his mouth, than if he had paid one half in hand, and took Doomſday for t'other.

Tip. In troth, Sir, without ſoothing be it ſpoken, you have publiſht much judgment in theſe few words.

Muck. For you know, what ſuch a man utters will be thought effectual, and to weighty purpoſe, and therefore into his mouth we'll put the approved Theme of their forgeries.

Skir. And I'll maintain it, Knight, if ſhe'll be true.

Enter a Servant.

Muck. How now, Fellow.

Serv. May it pleaſe you, Sir, my Lord is newly lighted from his Coach.

Muck. Is my Lord come already? his Honour's early:
You ſee he loves me well; up before heaven,
Truſt me, I have found him night-capt at eleven:
There's good hope yet: come, I'll relate all to him.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter the two Bridegrooms, Captain and Scholar after them, Sir Godfrey *and* Edmond, Widow *changed in Apparel, Miſtreſs* Frances *led between two Knights, Sir* John Penny-Dub *and* Moll: *there meets them a* Nobleman, *Sir* Oliver Muck-hill, *and Sir* Andrew Tipſtaff.

Nob. By your leave, Lady.

Wid. My Lord, your honour is moſt chaſtly welcome.

Nob. Madam, though I came now from Court, I come not to flatter you: upon whom can I juſtly caſt this blot, but upon your own forehead, that know not Ink from Milk, ſuch is the blind beſotting in the ſtate of an unheaded woman that's a Widow. For it is the property of all you that are Widows (a handful excepted) to hate thoſe that honeſtly and carefully love you, to the maintenance of credit, ſtate, and poſterity, and ſtrongly to doat on thoſe, that only love you to undo you: and regard you leaſt, are beſt regarded; who hate you moſt, are beſt beloved. And if there be but one man amongſt ten thouſand millions of men, that is accurſt, diſaſtrous, and evilly Planeted; whom Fortune beats moſt, whom God hates moſt, and all Societies eſteem leaſt, that man is ſure to be a Husband —— Such is the peeviſh Moon that rules your bloods. An impudent Fellow beſt woes you, a flattering Lip beſt wins you, or in mirth, who talks roughlieſt, is moſt ſweeteſt; nor can you diſtinguiſh truth from forgeries, miſts from ſimplicity: witneſs thoſe two deceitful Monſters, that you have entertain'd for Bridegrooms.

Wid. Deceitful——

Pye. All will out.

Cap. 'Sfoot, who has blab'd, *George?* that fooliſh *Nicholas.*

Nob. For, what they have beſotted your eaſie bloud withal, were nought but Forgeries, the Fortune-telling for Husbands, and the Conjuring for the Chain; Sir *Godfrey* heard the falſhood of all: nothing but meer Knavery, deceit and cozenage.

Wid. O wonderful! indeed I wondred that my Husband with all his Craft, could not keep himſelf out of Purgatory.

Sir God. And I more wonder, that my Chain ſhould be gone, and my Taylor had none of it.

Moll. And I wondred moſt of all, that I ſhould be tyed from Marriage, having ſuch a mind to't: come Sir *John Penny-Dub*, fair weather on our ſide, the Moon has chang'd ſince Yeſternight.

Pye. The ſting of every evil is within me.

Nob. And that you may perceive I feign not with you, behold their Fellow-actor in thoſe Forgeries, who full of Spleen and Envy at their ſo ſudden advancements, reveal'd all their Plot in anger.

Pye. Baſe Souldier, to reveal us.

Wid. I'ſt poſſible we ſhould be blinded ſo, and our Eyes open?

Nob. Widow, will you now believe that falſe, which too ſoon you believed true?

Wid. O, to my ſhame, I do.

Sir God. But under favour, my Lord, my Chain was truly loſt, and ſtrangely foung again.

Nob. Reſolve him of that, Souldier.

Skir. In few words, Knight, then thou wert the Arch-Gull of all.

Sir God. How, Sir?

Skir. Nay I'll prove it: for the Chain was but hid in the Roſemary-bank all this while, and thou gotſt him out of Priſon to Conjure for it, who did it admirably fuſtianly, for indeed what needed any others, when he knew where it was?

Sir God. O Villany of Villains! but how came my Chain there?

Skir. Where's Truly la, Indeed la? he that will not Swear, but Lye; he that will not Steal, but Rob: pure *Nicholas Saint Antlings.*

Sir God. O Villain! one of our Society,
Deem'd always holy, pure, religious:
A Puritan, a Thief? when was't ever heard?
Soon we'll kill a man, than Steal, thou know'ſt.
Out Slave, I'll rend my Lyon from thy back —
With mine own hands.

Nich. Dear Maſter, oh.

Nob. Nay Knight, dwell in patience.
And now, Widow, being ſo near the Church, 'twere great pitty, nay uncharity, to ſend you home again without a Husband: draw near, you of true Worſhip, ſtate and credit: that ſhould not ſtand ſo far off from a Widow, and ſuffer forged ſhapes to come between you: Not that in theſe I blemiſh the true Title of a Captain, or blot the fair margent of a Scholar: for I honour worthy and deſerving parts in the one, and cheriſh fruitful Virtues in the other. Come Lady, and you Virgin, beſtow your Eyes and your pureſt affections, upon men of eſtimation, both in Court and City, that have long woed you, and both with their hearts and wealth, ſincerely love you.

Sir God. Good Siſter, do: ſweet little *Frank*, theſe are men of reputation, you ſhall be welcom at Court: a great credit for a Citizen, ſweet Siſter.

Nob. Come, her ſilence do's conſent to't.

Wid. I know not with what Face.

Nob. Pah, pah, with your own Face, they deſire no other.

Wid. Pardon me, worthy Sirs, I and my Daughter have wrong'd your loves.

Muck. 'Tis eaſily pardon'd, Lady,
If you vouchſafe it now.

Wid. With all my Soul.

Frank. And I, with all my heart.

Moll. And I, Sir *John* with Soul, Heart, Lights and all.

Sir God. They are all mine, *Moll.*

Nob. Now Lady:
What honeſt Spirit, but will applaud your choice,
And gladly furniſh you with hand and voice;
A happy change, which makes e'en Heaven rejoice.
Come, enter in your Joyes, you ſhall not want,
For, Fathers, now I doubt it not, believe me,
But that you ſhall have hands enough to give me.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

A Yorkſhire TRAGEDY,

Not ſo New, as Lamentable and True.

Enter Oliver *and* Raph, *two Serving-men.*

Oliv. SIrrah *Raph*, my young Miſtreſs is in ſuch a pitiful paſſionate humour for the long abſence of her Love.

Raph. Why, can you blame her? why, Apples hanging longer on the Tree than when they are ripe, makes ſo many fallings, *viz.* Mad VVenches, becauſe they are not gathered in time, are fain to drop of themſelves, and then 'tis common you know for every Man to take them up.

Oliv. Maſs thou ſayeſt true, 'tis common indeed, but ſirrah, is neither our young Maſter returned, nor our fellow *Sam* come from *London?*

Roph. Neither of either, as the Puritan Bawd ſays. 'Slid I hear *Sam*, *Sam*'s come, here tarry, come i'faith, now my Noſe itches for News.

Oliv. And ſo doth mine Elbow.

[Sam *calls within.* Where are you there?

Sam. Boy, look you walk my Horſe with diſcretion, I have rid him ſimply, I warrant his skin ſticks to his back with very heat, if he ſhould catch cold and get the cough of the lungs, I were well ſerved, were I not? What *Raph* and *Oliver*?

Amb. Honeſt fellow *Sam*, welcome i'faith. what tricks haſt thou brought from *London?*

[*Furniſh'd with things from* London.

Sam. You ſee I am hang'd after the trueſt faſhion, three Hats, and two Glaſſes bobbing upon them, two rebato wyers upon my breaſt, a Cap-caſe by my ſide, a bruſh at my back, an Almanack in my pocket, and three Ballads in my codpiece; nay, I am the true picture of a common ſerving-man.

Oliv. I'll ſwear thou art, thou may'ſt ſet up when thou wilt, there's many a one begins with leſs I can tell thee, that proves a rich man e'r he dyes, but what's the News from *London*, *Sam*?

Raph. I that's well ſed, what is the News from *London*, ſirrah? My young Miſtreſs keeps ſuch a puling for her Love.

Sam. Why the more fool ſhe, I, the more ninny-hammer ſhe.

Oliv. Why, *Sam*, why?

Sam. Why, he is married to another long ago.

Amb. Faith ye jeſt.

Sam. Why, did you not know that till now? Why, he's married, beats his Wife, and has two or three Children by her: for you muſt note, that any Woman bears the more when ſhe is beaten.

Raph. I that's true, for ſhe bears the blows.

Oliv. Sirrah *Sam*, I would not for two years wages my young Miſtreſs knew ſo much, ſhe'd run upon the left hand of her wit, and ne'r be her own Woman again.

Sam. And I think ſhe was bleſt in her Cradle, that he never came in her bed; why, he has conſumed all, pawn'd his Lands, and made his Univerſity Brother ſtand in wax for him; There's a fine phraſe for a Scrivener, puh, he owes more than his skin is worth.

Oliv. Is't poſſible?

Sam. Nay, I'll tell you moreover, he calls his VVife Whore, as familiarly as one would call *Moll* and *Doll*, and Children Baſtards, as naturally as can be, but what have we here? I thought 'twas ſomething pull'd down my Breeches: I quite forgot my two poting ſticks, theſe came from *London*, now any thing is good here that comes from *London.*

Oliv. I, far fetcht you know.

Sam. But ſpeak in your Conſcience i'faith, have not we as good poting ſticks i'th' Country as need to be put i'th' fire, the mind of a thing is all, and as thou ſaid'ſt even now, far fetch'd are the beſt things for Ladies.

Oliv. I, and for waiting-gentlewomen too.

Sam. But *Raph*, is our Beer ſowre this Thunder?

Raph. No, no, it holds countenance yet.

Sam. Why then follow me, I'll teach you the fineſt humour to be drunk in, I learn'd it at *London* laſt week.

Amb. Faith let's hear it, let's hear it.

Sam. The braveſt humour, 'twould do a man good to be drunk in it, they call it knighting in *London*, when they drink upon their knees.

Amb. Faith that's excellent.

Sam. Come follow me, I'll give you all the degrees of it in order. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Wife.

Wife. What will become of us? all will away.
My Husband never ceaſes in expence,
Both to conſume his Credit and his Houſe.
And 'tis ſet down by Heavens juſt decree,
That Riots Child muſt needs be Beggery.
Are theſe the Vertues that his Youth did promiſe?
Dice and voluptuous Meetings, midnight Revels,
Taking his Bed with ſurfeits; Ill beſeeming
The ancient honour of his Houſe and Name:
And this not all, but that which kills me moſt,
When he recounts his loſſes and falſe fortunes,
The weakneſs of his ſtate ſo much dejected,
Not as a man repentant, but half mad,
His fortunes cannot anſwer his expence:
He ſits and ſullenly locks up his arms,
Forgetting Heaven, looks downward, which makes
Him appear ſo dreadful, that he frights my heart:
Walks heavily, as if his ſoul were earth;
Not penitent for thoſe his ſins are paſt,

But vext, his money cannot make them laſt :
A fearful melancholy, ungodly ſorrow.
Oh yonder he comes, now in deſpight of ills
I'll ſpeak to him, and I will hear him ſpeak,
And do my beſt to drive it from his heart.

Enter Husband.

Huſ. Pox of the laſt throw, it made
Five hundred Angels vaniſh from my ſight :
I'm damn'd, I'm damn'd, the Angels have forſook me ;
Nay 'tis certainly true : for he that has no coyn,
Is damn'd in this world ; he's gone, he's gone.
Wife. Dear Husband.
Huſ. Oh ! moſt puniſhment of all, I have a Wife.
Wife. I do entreat you, as you love your Soul,
Tell me the cauſe of this your diſcontent.
Huſ. A vengeance ſtrip thee naked, thou art cauſe,
Effect, quality, property, thou, thou, thou. [*Exit.*
Wife. Bad turn'd to worſe ?
Both beggery of the Soul as of the Body,
And ſo much unlike himſelf at firſt,
As if ſome vexed ſpirit had got his form upon him.

Enter Husband *again.*

He comes again,
He ſays I am the cauſe, I never yet
Spoke leſs than words of duty and of love.
Huſ. If marriage be honourable, then Cuckolds are
honourable, for they cannot be made without marriage.
Fool, what meant I to marry to get Beggars ?
Now muſt my eldeſt Son be a Knave or nothing, he cannot
live but upo'th' fool, for he will have no Land to
maintain him : that mortgage ſits like a ſnaffle upon mine
Inheritance, and makes me chaw upon Iron.
My ſecond Son muſt be a promoter, and my third a
Thief, or an under-putter, a Slave Pander.
Oh beggery, beggery, to what baſe uſes doth it put a man.
I think the Devil ſcorns to be a Bawd :
He bears himſelf more proudly,
Has more care on his credit.
Baſe, ſlaviſh, abject, filthy poverty.
Wife. Good Sir, by all our vows I do beſeech you,
Shew me the true cauſe of yonr diſcontent.
Huſ. Money, money, money, and thou muſt ſupply me.
Wife. Alas, I am the leaſt cauſe of your diſcontent.
Yet what is mine, either in Rings or Jewels,
Uſe to your own deſire ; but I beſeech you,
As you are a Gentleman by many bloods,
Though I my ſelf be out of your reſpect,
Think on the ſtate of theſe three lovely Boys
You have been Father to.
Huſ. Puh, Baſtards, Baſtards, Baſtards, begot in tricks,
begot in tricks.
Wife. Heaven knows how thoſe words wrong me,
But I'll endure theſe griefs among a thouſand more :
Oh call to mind your Lands already mortgag'd,
Your ſelf wound into debts, your hopeful Brother
At the Univerſity into bonds for you,
Like to be ſeiz'd upon. And——
Huſ. Ha' done, thou Harlot,
Whom though for faſhion I married,
I never could abide. Think'ſt thou thy words
Shall kill my pleaſure ? fall off to thy friends,
Thou and thy Baſtards beg, I will not bate
A whit in humour : Midnight ſtill I love you,
And revel in your company : curb'd in ?
Shall it be ſaid in all ſocieties,
That I broke cuſtom ? that I flag'd in money ?
No, thoſe thy Jewels I will play as freely,
As when my ſtate was fulleſt.
Wife. Be it ſo.
Huſ. Nay I proteſt, and take that for an earneſt,
He ſpurns her.
I will for ever hold thee in contempt,
And never touch the Sheets that cover thee,
But be divorc'd in Bed, till thou conſent,
Thy dowry ſhall be ſold to give new life
Unto thoſe pleaſures which I moſt affect.
Wife. Sir, do but turn a gentle eye on me,
And what the Law ſhall give me leave to do,
You ſhall command.
Huſ. Look it be done, ſhall I want duſt,
And like a Slave wear nothing in my pockets,
[*Holds his Hands in his Pockets.*
But my hands to fill them up with nails ?
Oh much againſt my blood, let it be done,
I was never made to be a looker on :
A Bawd to Dice ; I'll ſhake the Drabs my ſelf,
And make them yield ; I ſay, look it be done.
Wife. I take my leave, it ſhall. [*Exit.*
Huſ. Speedily, ſpeedily, I hate the very hour I choſe
a Wife, a trouble, trouble, three Children like three evils
hang upon me, fie, fie, fie, ſtrumpet and baſtards, ſtrumpet
and baſtards.

Enter three Gentlemen, *hearing him.*

1 *Gent.* Still do theſe loathſome thoughts jar on your
Tongue ?
Your ſelf to ſtain the honour of your Wife,
Nobly deſcended ; thoſe whom Men call mad,
Endangers others, but he's more than mad
That wounds himſelf, whoſe own words
Do proclaim it is not fit, I pray forſake it.
2 *Gent.* Good Sir, let modeſty reprove you.
3 *Gent.* Let honeſt kindneſs ſway ſo much with you.
Huſ. God den, I thank you, Sir, how do you ? adieu, I
am glad to ſee you, farewel Inſtructions, Admonitions.
[*Exeunt Gent.*

Enter a Servant.

How now, ſirrah ? what would you ?
Ser. Only to certifie you, ſir, that my Miſtreſs was
met by the way, by them who were ſent for her up to
London by her honourable Unckle, your Worſhips late
Guardian.
Huſ. So, Sir, then ſhe is gone, and ſo may you be,
But let her look the thing be done ſhe wots of,
Or Hell will ſtand more pleaſant than her Houſe at home.
[*Exit Servant.*

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. Well or ill met, I care not.
Huſ. No, nor I.
Gent. I am come with confidence to chide you.
Huſ. Who me ? chide me ? do't finely then, let it not
move me, for if thou chid'ſt me angry, I ſhall ſtrike.
Gent. Strike thine own follies, for it is they
Deſerve to be well beaten ; we are now in private,
There's none but thou and I, thou art fond and peeviſh,
An unclean Rioter, thy Lands and Credit
Lie now both ſick of a conſumption,
I am ſorry for thee ; that Man ſpends with ſhame,
That with his Riches doth conſume his Name,
And ſuch art thou.
Huſ. Peace.
Gent. No, thou ſhalt hear me further.
Thy Fathers and fore-fathers worthy Honours,
Which were our Country Monuments, our Grace,
Follies in thee begin now to deface.
The ſpring time of thy youth did fairly promiſe
Such a moſt fruitful ſummer to thy Friends,
It ſcarce can enter into mens beliefs,
Such dearths ſhould hang on thee, we that ſee it,
Are ſorry to believe it : in thy change,

This voice into all places will be hurl'd:
Thou and the Devil has deceiv'd the World.
Huſ. I'll not endure thee.
Gent. But of all the worſt,
Thy virtuous Wife, right honourably allied,
Thou haſt proclaim'd a ſtrumpet,
Huſ. Nay then I know thee,
Thou art her Champion thou, her private friend,
The party you wot on.
Gent. Oh ignoble thought,
I am paſt my patient blood, ſhall I ſtand idle
And ſee my reputation touch'd to death?
Huſ. This has gal'd you, has it?
Gent. No monſter, I prove
My thoughts did only tend to virtuous love.
Huſ. Love of her virtues? there it goes.
Gent. Baſe ſpirit, to lay thy hate upon
The fruitful honour of thine own bed.
[*They fight, and the Husband is hurt.*
Huſ. Oh.
Gent. Wilt thou yield it yet?
Huſ. Sir, Sir, I have not done with you.
Gent. I hope, nor ne'r ſhall do. [*Fight again.*
Huſ. Have you got tricks? are you in cunning with me?
Gent. No, plain and right.
He needs no cunning that for truth doth fight.
[*Huſband falls down.*
Huſ. Hard fortune, am I level'd with the ground?
Gent. Now, Sir, you lye at mercy.
Huſ. I, you Slave.
Gent. Alas, that hate ſhould bring us to our Grave,
You ſee, my Sword's not thirſty for your life,
I am ſorrier for your wound, than your ſelf;
Y'are of a virtuous Houſe, ſhew virtuous deeds,
'Tis not your honour, 'tis your folly bleeds:
Much good has been expected in your life,
Cancel not all Mens hopes, you have a Wife,
Kind and obedient, heap not wrongful ſhame
On her and your poſterity: let only ſin be ſore,
And by this fall, riſe never to fall more.
And ſo I leave you. [*Exit.*
Huſ. Has the Dog left me then,
After his tooth has left me? Oh, my heart
Would fain leap after him, revenge I ſay,
I'm mad to be reveng'd, my ſtrumpet Wife,
It is thy quarrel that rips thus my fleſh,
And makes my breaſt ſpit blood, but thou ſhalt bleed:
Vanquiſh'd? got down? unable e'en to ſpeak?
Surely 'tis want of money makes Men weak,
I, 'twas that o'rthrew me, I'd ne'r been down elſe. [*Exit.*

Enter Wife *in a riding ſute, with a* Serving-man.

Ser. Faith, Miſtreſs, if it may not be preſumption
In me to tell you ſo, for his excuſe
You had ſmall reaſon, knowing his abuſe.
Wife. I grant I had, but alas,
Why ſhould our faults at home be ſpread abroad?
'Tis grief enough within doors; at firſt ſight
Mine Uncle could run o'r his prodigal life
As perfectly, as if his ſerious eye
Had numbred all his follies:
Knew of his mortgag'd lands, his friends in bonds,
Himſelf withered with debt; and in that minute
Had I added his uſage and unkindneſs,
'Twould have confounded every thought of good:
Where now, fathering his riots on his youth,
Which time and tame experience will ſhake off,
Gueſſing his kindneſs to me (as I ſmooth'd him
With all the skill I had) though his deſerts
Are in form uglier than an unſhap'd Bear.
He's ready to prefer him to ſome Office
And place at Court: a good and ſure relief
To all his ſtooping fortunes, 'twill be a means, I hope,
To make new league between us, and redeem
His Virtues with his Lands.
Ser. I ſhould think ſo: Miſtreſs, if he ſhould not now be kind to you, and love you, and cheriſh you up, I ſhould think the Devil himſelf kept open houſe in him.
Wife. I doubt not but he will now, prithee leave me,
I think I hear him coming.
Ser. I am gone. [*Exit.*
Wife. By this good means I ſhall preſerve my Lands,
And free my Husband out of Uſurers hands;
Now there is no need of ſale, my Uncle's kind,
I hope, if ought, this will content his mind.
Here comes my Husband.

Enter Husband.

Huſ. Now, are you come? where's the money? let's ſee the money, is the rubbiſh ſold? thoſe wiſe-akers your Lands, why then, the money, where is it? pour it down, down with it, down with it: I ſay pour't on the ground, let's ſee it, let's ſee it.
Wife. Good Sir, keep but in patience, and I hope
My words ſhall like you well, I bring you better
Comfort than the ſale of my Dowry,
Huſ. Ha, what's that?
Wife. Pray do not fright me, Sir, but vouchſafe me hearing. My Uncle, glad of your kindneſs to me and mild uſeage (for ſo I made it to him) hath in pity of your declining fortunes, provided a place for you at Court, of worth and credit; which ſo much overjoyed me——
Huſ. Out on thee, filth, over and over-joyed,
When I'm in torment. [*ſpurns her.*
Thou politick whore, ſubtiller than nine Devils, was this thy journey to *Nunck*, to ſet down the hiſtory of me, my ſtate and fortunes:
Shall I, that dedicated my ſelf to pleaſure, be now confin'd in ſervice to crouch, and ſtand like an old man i'th' hams, my Hat off? I that could never abide to uncover my head i'th' Church: baſe ſlut, this fruit bears thy complaints.
Wife. Oh, heaven knows,
That my complaints were praiſes, and beſt words
Of you, and your eſtate; only my friends
Knew of your mortgag'd Lands, and were poſſeſt
Of every accident before I came.
If you ſuſpect it but a plot in me,
To keep my dowry, or for mine own good,
Or my poor Childrens (though it ſuits a mother
To ſhew a natural care in their reliefs)
Yet I'll forget my ſelf to calm your blood,
Conſume it, as your pleaſure counſels you,
And all I wiſh, e'n clemency affords,
Give me but pleaſant looks, and modeſt words.
Huſ. Money, whore, money, or I'll-- [*Draws his Dagger.*

Enter a Servant *haſtily.*

What the Devil? how now? thy haſty News?
Ser. May it pleaſe you, Sir.
Huſ. What, may I not look upon my Dagger?
Speak, Villain, or I will execute the point on thee: quick, ſhort.
Ser. Why, Sir, a Gentleman from the Univerſity ſtays below to ſpeak with you.
Huſ. From the Univerſity? ſo, Univerſity,
That long word runs through me. [*Exit.*
Wife. Was ever Wife ſo wretchedly beſet?
Had not this News ſtep'd in between, the point
Had offered violence unto my breaſt.
That which ſome Women call great miſery,
Would ſhew but little here, would ſcarce be ſeen
Among my miſeries: I may compare
For wretched Fortunes, with all Wives that are,
Nothing will pleaſe him, until all be nothing.

He calls it ſlavery to be preferr'd,
A place of credit, a baſe ſervitude.
What ſhall become of me, and my poor Children?
Two here, and one at Nurſe, my pretty beggars,
I ſee how ruine with a palſie hand
Begins to ſhake the ancient ſeat to duſt:
The heavy weight of ſorrow draws my lids
Over my darkiſh eyes: I can ſcarce ſee;
Thus grief will laſt, it wakes and ſleeps with me.

Enter the Husband *with the* Maſter *of the Colledge.*

Huſ. Pleaſe you draw near, Sir, y'are exceeding welcome.

Maſt. That's my doubt, I fear I come not to be welcome.

Huſ. Yes, howſoever.

Maſt. 'Tis not my faſhion, Sir, to dwell in long circumſtance, but to be plain and effectual; therefore to the purpoſe.
The cauſe of my ſetting forth was pitious and lamentable; that hopeful young Gentleman your Brother, whoſe virtues we all love dearly, through your default and unnatural negligence, lies in bond executed for your debt, a Priſoner, all his ſtudies amazed, his hope ſtruck dead, and the pride of his youth muffled in theſe dark clouds of oppreſſion.

Huſ. Hum, hum, hum.

Maſt. O you have kill'd the towardeſt hope of all our Univerſity, wherefore without repentance and amends, expect ponderous and ſudden judgments to fall grievouſly upon you; your Brother, a man who profited in his divine imployments, and might have made ten thouſand ſouls fit for heaven, now by your careleſs courſes caſt into priſon, which you muſt anſwer for, and aſſure your ſpirit it will come home at length.

Huſ. O God, oh.

Maſt. Wiſe men think ill of you, others ſpeak ill of you, no man loves you, nay, even thoſe whom honeſty condemns, condemn you: and take this from the virtuous affection I bear your Brother, never look for proſperous hour, good thoughts, quiet ſleep, contented walks, nor any thing that makes man perfect, till you redeem him: what is your anſwer? how will you beſtow him? upon deſperate miſery, or better hopes? I ſuffer till I hear your anſwer.

Huſ. Sir, you have much wrought with me, I feel you in my ſoul, you are your Arts maſter.
I never had ſenſe till now; your ſyllables have cleft me, both for your words and pains I thank you: I cannot but acknowledge grievous wrongs done to my Brother, mighty, mighty, mighty, mighty wrongs,
Within there.

Enter a Servingman.

Huſ. Fill me a bowl of Wine. Alas, poor Brother,
Bruiſed with an execution for my ſake.

Maſt. A bruiſe indeed makes many a mortal ſore,
Till the Grave cure them. [*Enter with Wine.*

Huſ. Sir, I begin to you, y'ave chid your welcome.

Maſt. I could have wiſht it better for your ſake,
I pledge you, Sir, to the kind man in priſon.

Huſ. Let it be ſo.
Now, Sir, if you pleaſe, to ſpend but a few minutes in walking about my grounds below, my man ſhall here attend you: I doubt not but by that time to be furniſht of a ſufficient anſwer, and therein my Brother fully ſatisfied.

Maſt. Good Sir, in that the Angels would be pleaſed, and the World's murmurs calm'd, and I ſhould ſay, I ſet forth then upon a lucky day. [*Exit.*

Huſ. O thou confuſed man, thy pleaſant ſins have undone thee, thy damnation has begger'd thee, that heaven ſhould ſay we muſt not ſin, and yet made women: gives our ſenſes way to find pleaſure, which being found, confounds us, why ſhould we know thoſe things ſo much miſuſe us? O would virtue had been forbidden, we ſhould then have proved all virtuous, for 'tis our blood to love what we are forbidden, what man would have been forbidden, what man would have been fool to a beaſt, and zany to a ſwine, to ſhew tricks in the mire, what is there in three Dice, to make a man draw thrice three thouſand acres into the compaſs of a little round table, and with the Gentlemans palſie in the hand ſhake out his poſterity, thieves, or beggars; 'tis done, I have don't i'faith: terrible, horrible miſery,——how well was I left, very well, very well.

My Lands ſhewed like a Full-Moon about me, but now the Moon's in the laſt Quarter, waining, waining, and I am mad to think that Moon was mine; mine and my Fathers, and my Fore-fathers Generations, Generations, down goes the Houſe of us, down, down it ſinks: Now is the name a Beggar, begs in me that name which hundreds of years has made this Shire famous; in me and my poſterity runs out.

In my Seed five are made miſerable beſides my ſelf, my Riot is now my Brothers Jaylor, my Wifes ſighing, my three Boyes penury, and mine own confuſion.
[*He tears his Hair.*
Why ſit my Hairs upon my curſed Head?
Will not this Poiſon ſcatter them? oh my Brother's
In Execution among Devils that ſtretch him:
And make him give; and I in want,
Not able for to live, nor to redeem him.
Divines and dying men may talk of Hell,
But in my heart her ſeveral torments dwell,
Slavery and miſery. Who in this caſe
Would not take up money upon his Soul?
Pawn his Salvation, live at intereſt:
I, that did ever in abundance dwell,
For me to want, exceeds the throes of Hell.

Enter his little Son, *with a Top and Scourge.*

Son. What ail you, Father, are you not well, I cannot ſcourge my Top as long as you ſtand ſo: you take up all the room with your wide Legs, puh, you cannot make me afraid with this, I fear no Vizards, nor bugbears.

He takes up the Child by the Skirts of his long Coat in one hand, and draws his Dagger with the other.

Huſ. Up Sir, for here thou haſt no inheritance left.

Son. Oh what will you do, Father, I am your white Boy. [*Strikes him.*

Huſ. Thou ſhalt be my red Boy, take that.

Son. Oh you hurt me Father.

Huſ. My eldeſt Beggar, thou ſhalt not live to ask an Uſurer bread, to cry at a great mans Gate, or follow, Good your Honour, by a Coach, no, nor your Brother: 'tis Charity to brain you.

Son. How ſhall I learn now my Head's broke?

Huſ. Bleed, bleed, rather than beg, beg. [*ſtabs him.*
Be not thy names diſgrace:
Spurn thou thy Fortunes firſt, if they be baſe:
Come view thy ſecond Brother: Fates,
My Childrens bloud ſhall ſpin into your Faces,
You ſhall ſee,
How confidently we ſcorn beggery. [*Exit with his* Son.

Enter a Maid with a Child in her Arms, the Mother by her aſleep.

Maid. Sleep, ſweet Babe, ſorrow makes thy Mother ſleep,
It boads ſmall good when heavineſs falls ſo deep,
Huſh, pretty Boy, thy hopes might have been better,
'Tis loſt at Dice, what ancient honour won,

Hard when the Father plays away the Son:
Nothing but miſery ſerves in this Houſe,
Ruine and deſolation; oh.

Enter Husband *with the Boy bleeding.*

Huſ. Whore, give me that Boy.
[*He ſtrives with her for the Child.*
Maid. Oh help, help, out alas, murder, murder.
Huſ. Are you goſſiping, prating ſturdy quean,
I'll break your clamour with your Neck,
Down ſtairs; tumble, tumble, headlong.
[*He throws her down.*
So, the ſureſt way to charm a Womans Tongue,
Is break her Neck, a Politician did it.
Son. Mother, Mother, I am kill'd, Mother.
[*His Wife awakes, and catcheth up the youngeſt.*
Wife. Ha, who's that cry'd? O me my Children,
Both, both; bloudy, bloudy.
Huſ. Strumpet, let go the Boy, let go the Beggar.
Wife. Oh my ſweet Husband.
Huſ. Filth, Harlot.
Wife. Oh, what will you do, dear Husband?
Huſ. Give me the Baſtard.
Wife. Your own ſweet Boy.
Huſ. There are too many Beggars.
Wife. Good my Husband.
Huſ. Do'ſt thou prevent me ſtill?
Wife. Oh God!
[*Stabs at the Child in her arms, and gets it from her.*
Huſ. Have at his Heart.
Wife. Oh my dear Boy.
Huſ. Brat, thou ſhalt not live to ſhame thy Houſe.
Wife. Oh Heaven. [*She is hurt and ſinks down.*
Huſ. And periſh, now be gone,
There's Whores enow, and want would make thee one.

Enter a luſty Servant.

Ser. Oh Sir, what deeds are theſe?
Huſ. Baſe ſlave, my Vaſſall,
Com'ſt thou between my fury to queſtion me?
Ser. Were you the Devil, I would hold you, Sir.
Huſ. Hold me? preſumption, I'll undo thee for it.
Ser. 'Sbloud, you have undone us all, Sir.
Huſ. Tug at thy Maſter?
Ser. Tug at a Monſter.
Huſ. Have I no power? ſhall my Slave Fetter me?
Ser. Nay then the Devil wraſtles, I am thrown.
[Husband *overcomes him.*
Huſ. Oh Villain, now I'll tug thee, now I'll tear thee,
Set quick Spurs to my Vaſſall, bruiſe him, trample him;
So, I think thou wilt not follow me in haſte.
My Horſe ſtands ready ſadled, away, away,
Now to my Brat at Nurſe, my ſucking Beggar;
Fates, I'll not leave you one to trample on.
[*The Maſter meets him.*
Maſter. How is't with you Sir, me-thinks you look
of a diſtracted colour.
Huſ. Who, I Sir? 'tis but your fancy,
Pleaſe you walk in, Sir, and I'll ſoon reſolve you,
I want one ſmall part to make up the ſumm,
And then my Brother ſhall reſt ſatisfied.
Maſter. I ſhall be glad to ſee it, Sir, I'll attend you.
[*Exeunt.*
Ser. Oh, I am ſcarce able to heave up my ſelf,
He has ſo bruis'd me with his devilliſh weight,
And torn my fleſh with his bloud-haſty Spur,
A man before of eaſie conſtitution,
Till now Hells power ſupplied, to his Souls wrong,
Oh how damnation can make weak men ſtrong.

Enter Maſter *and two* Servants.

Ser. Oh the moſt pittious deed, Sir, ſince you came.
Maſter. A deadly greeting; hath he ſumm'd up theſe
To ſatisfie his Brother? here's another,
And by the bleeding Infants, the dead Mother.
Wife. Oh, oh.
Maſter. Surgeons, Surgeons, ſhe recovers life,
One of his men all faint and bloudied.
1 *Ser.* Follow, our murderous Maſter has took
Horſe to kill his Child at nurſe, oh follow quickly.
Maſter. I am the readieſt, it ſhall be my charge
To raiſe the Town upon him.
[*Exit* Maſter *and* Servants.
1 *Ser.* Good Sir follow him.
Wife. Oh my Children.
1 *Ser.* How is it my moſt afflicted Miſtreſs?
Wife. Why do I now recover? why half live?
To ſee my Children bleed before mine Eyes,
A ſight, able to kill a Mothers Breaſt without
An Executioner; what, art thou mangled too?
1 *Ser.* I thinking to prevent what his quick miſchiefs
Had ſo ſoon acted, came and ruſht upon him,
We ſtrugled, but a fouler ſtrength than his
Ore-threw me with his Arms, then he did bruiſe me,
And rent my fleſh, and rob'd me of my Hair,
Like a man mad in Execution,
Made me unfit to riſe and follow him.
Wife. What is it hath beguil'd him of all grace?
And ſtole away humanity from his Breaſt,
To ſlay his Children, purpoſed to kill his Wife,
And ſpoil his Servants.

Enter two Servants.

Both. Pleaſe you leave this accurſed place,
A Surgeon waits within.
Wife. Willing to leave it;
'Tis guilty of ſweet bloud, innocent bloud,
Murder hath took this Chamber with full hands,
And will not out as long as the Houſe ſtands. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Husband, *as being thrown of his Horſe, and falls.*

Huſ. Oh ſtumbling Jade, the Spavin overtake thee,
The fifty Diſeaſes ſtop thee:
Oh, I am ſorely bruis'd, Plague ſounder thee,
Thou run'ſt at eaſe and pleaſure, heart of chance,
To throw me now, within a flight o' th' Town,
In ſuch plain even ground,
'Sfoot, a man may Dice upon it, and throw away the
Meadows, ah filthy Beaſt.
Cry within. Follow, follow, follow.
Huſ. Ha? I hear ſounds of men, like Hue and Cry;
Up, Up, and ſtruggle to my Horſe, make on,
Diſpatch that little Beggar, and all's done.
Cry within. Here, this way, this way.
Huſ. At my back? oh,
What fate have I, my Limbs deny me to go,
My will is bated, Beggery claims a part,
Oh I could here reach to the Infants heart.

Enter Maſter *of the Colledge, three* Gentlemen, *and others with Halberds.*

All. Here, here, yonder, yonder.
Maſter. Unnatural, flinty, more than barbarous,
The *Scythians* in their marble-hearted fates,
Could not have acted more remorſeleſs deeds
In their relentleſs natures, than theſe of thine:
Was this the anſwer I long waited on,
The ſatisfaction for thy Priſoned Brother?

Huſ. He can have no more of us than our skins,
And ſome of them want but fleaing.
1 *Gent.* Great ſins have made him impudent.
Maſt. H'as ſhed ſo much blood, that he cannot bluſh.
2 *Gent.* Away with him, bear him to the Juſtices,
A Gentleman of Worſhip dwells at hand,
There ſhall his deeds be blazed.
Huſ. Why all the better,
My glory 'tis to have my action known,
I grieve for nothing, but I miſt of one.
Maſt. There's little of a father in that grief:
Bear him away. [*Exeunt.*

Enter a Knight, *with two or three* Gentlemen.

Knight. Endangered ſo his Wife, murdered his Children?
1 *Gent.* So the cry goes.
Knight. I am ſorry I e're knew him.
That ever he took life and natural being
From ſuch an honoured ſtock, and fair deſcent,
Till this black minute without ſtain or blemiſh.
1 *Gent.* Here come the men.

Enter the Maſter *of the Colledge, and the reſt with the Priſoner.*

Knight. The Serpent of his houſe: I'me ſorry for this time, that I am in place of Juſtice.
Maſt. Pleaſe you, Sir.
Knight. Do not repeat it twice, I know too much,
Would it had ne're been thought on.
Sir, I bleed for you.
1 *Gent.* Your father's ſorrows are alive in me:
What made you ſhew ſuch monſtrous cruelty?
Huſ. In a word, Sir,
I have conſum'd all, plaid away long acre,
And I thought it the charitableſt deed I could do
To cozen Beggery, and knock my houſe o'th'head.
Knight. I do not think, but in To morrow's judgment,
The terrour will ſit cloſer to your ſoul,
When the dread thought of Death remembers you;
To further which, take this ſad voice from me,
Never was act plaid more unnaturally.
Huſ. I thank you, Sir.
Knight. Go lead him to the Jayl.
Where Juſtice claims all, there muſt pity fail.
Huſ. Come, come, away with me. [*Exit Priſoner.*
Maſt. Sir, you deſerve the worſhip of your place,
Would all did ſo, in you the Law is grace.
Knight. It is my wiſh it ſhould be ſo;
Ruinous man, the deſolation of his houſe,
The blot upon his Predeceſſor's honour'd name:
That man is neareſt ſhame, that is paſt ſhame. [*Exit.*

Enter Husband *with the Officers, the Maſter and Gentlemen, as going by his Houſe.*

Huſ. I am right againſt my houſe, ſeat of my Anceſtors; I hear my Wife's alive, but much endangered; let me intreat to ſpeak with her before the priſon gripe me.

Enter his Wife *brought in a Chair.*

Gent. See, here ſhe comes of her ſelf.
Wife. O my ſweet husband, my dear diſtreſſed husband, now in the hands of unrelenting Laws, my greateſt ſorrow, my extremeſt bleeding; now my ſoul bleeds.
Huſ. How now? kind to me? did not I wound thee, leave thee for dead?
Wife. Tut, far greater wounds did my breaſt feel,
Unkindneſs ſtrikes a deeper wound than ſteel,
You have been ſtill unkind to me.
Huſ. Faith, and ſo I think I have;
I did my murders roughly out of hand,
Deſperate and ſudden, but thou haſt devis'd
A fine way now to kill me, thou haſt given my eyes
Seven wounds apiece; now glides the Devil from
Me, departs at every joint, heaves up my nails.
O catch him new torments, that were ne're invented:
Bind him one thouſand more, you bleſſed Angels,
In that bottomleſs pit, let him not riſe
To make men act unnatural Tragedies,
To ſpread into a Father, and in fury,
Make him his Childrens Executioners,
Murder his Wife, his Servants, and who not?
For that man's dark, where Heaven is quite forgot.
Wife. O my repentant husband!
Huſ. My dear ſoul, whom I too much have wrong'd
For death I die, and for this I have long'd.
Wife. Thou ſhould'ſt not (be aſſured) for theſe faults
Die, if the Law could forgive as ſoon as I.
[*Children laid out.*
Huſ. What ſight is yonder?
Wife. O our two bleeding Boys
Laid forth upon the threſhold.
Huſ. Here's weight enough to make a heart-ſtring (crack.
O were it lawful that your pretty ſouls
Might look from Heaven into your Father's eyes,
Then ſhould you ſee the penitent glaſſes melt,
And both your murders ſhoot upon my cheeks.
But you are playing in the Angels laps,
And will not look on me,
Who void of grace, kill'd you in beggery.
O that I might my wiſhes now attain,
I ſhould then wiſh you living were again;
Though I did beg with you, which thing I fear'd,
O 'twas the enemy my eyes ſo blear'd.
O would you could pray Heaven me to forgive,
That will unto my end repentant live.
Wife. It makes me e'en forget all other ſorrows,
And leave part with this.
Officer. Come, will you go?
Huſ. I'll kiſs the blood I ſpilt, and then I'll go,
My ſoul is bloodied, well may my lips be ſo.
Farewel, dear Wife, now thou and I muſt part,
I of thy wrongs, repent me with my heart.
Wife. O ſtay, thou ſhalt not go.
Huſ. That's but in vain, you ſee it muſt be ſo.
Farewel ye bloody aſhes of my Boys,
My puniſhments are their eternal joys.
Let every Father look well into his deeds,
And then their Heirs may proſper, while mine bleeds.
[*Exit Husband with Officers.*
Wife. More wretched am I now in this diſtreſs,
Than former ſorrows made me.
Maſt. O kind Wife, be comforted,
One joy is yet unmurdered,
You have a Boy at nurſe, your joy's in him.
Wife. Dearer than all is my poor husband's life:
Heaven give my body ſtrength, which is yet faint
With much expence of blood, and I will kneel,
Sue for his life, number up all my friends
To plead for pardon for my dear husband's life.
Maſt. Was it in man to wound ſo kind a creature?
I'll ever praiſe a woman for thy ſake.
I muſt return with grief, my anſwer's ſet,
I ſhall bring news weighs heavier than the debt.
Two Brothers; the one in bond lies overthrown,
This on a deadlier execution.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

THE TRAGEDY OF LOCRINE, THE ELDEST SON OF KING BRUTUS.

Actus Primus. *Scena Prima.*

Enter Atey *with Thunder and Lightning, all in black, with a burning Torch in one hand, and a bloudy Sword in the other hand; and preſently let there come forth a Lyon running after a Bear, or any other Beaſt, then come forth an Archer, who muſt kill the Lyon in a dumb ſhow, and then depart. Remain* Atey.

Atey.

In pœnam ſectatur & Umbra.

A Mighty Lyon, Ruler of the Woods,
Of wondrous ſtrength and great proportion,
With hideous noiſe ſcaring the trembling Trees,
With yelling clamours ſhaking all the Earth,
Traverſt the Groves, and chac't the wandring Beaſts:
Long did he range among the ſhady Trees,
And drave the ſilly Beaſts before his Face;
When ſuddenly from out a thorny Buſh
A dreadful Archer with his Bow ybent,
Wounded the Lyon with a diſmal ſhaft,
So he him ſtrook, that it drew forth the bloud,
And fill'd his furious heart with fretting ire;
But all in vain he threatneth Teeth and Paws,
And ſparkleth fire from forth his flaming Eyes,
For the ſharp ſhaft gave him a mortal wound:
So valiant *Brute*, the terrour of the World,
Whoſe only looks did ſcare his Enemies,
The Archer Death brought to his lateſt end.
Oh what may long abide above this ground,
In ſtate of bliſs and healthful happineſs! [*Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Brutus *carried in a Chair*, Locrine, Camber, Albanact, Corineius, Guendelin, Aſſaracus, Debon, Thraſimachus.

Brutus. Moſt loyal Lords, and faithful Followers,
That have with me, unworthy General,
Paſſed the greedy Gulf of th' Ocean,
Leaving the Confines of fair *Italy*,
Behold, your *Brutus* draweth nigh his end,
And I muſt leave you, though againſt my will;
My ſinews ſhrunk, my numbered ſenſes fail,
A chilling cold poſſeſſeth all my Bones,
Black ugly Death with viſage pale and wan,
Preſents himſelf before my dazled Eyes,
And with his Dart prepared is to ſtrike:
Theſe Arms, my Lords, theſe never daunted Arms,
That oft have quell'd the courage of my Foes,
And eke diſmay'd my Neighbour's arrogance,
Now yield to Death, o'relaid with crooked Age,
Devoid of ſtrength and of their proper force;
Even as the luſty Cedar worn with years,
That far abroad her dainty odour throws,
'Mongſt all the Daughters of proud *Lebanon*,
This heart, my Lords, this ne're appalled heart,
That was a terror to the bordring Lands,
A doleful ſcourge unto my neighbour Kings,

Now by the weapons of unpartial Death,
Is clove aſunder and bereft of life;
As when the ſacred oak with Thunderbolts,
Sent from the fiery circuit of the Heavens,
Sliding along the airs celeſtial vaults,
Is rent and cloven to the very roots.
In vain therefore I ſtruggle with this foe,
Then welcome Death, ſince God will have it ſo.
Aſſar. Alas my Lord, we ſorrow at your caſe,
And grieve to ſee your perſon vexed thus;
But whatſoe're the fates determin'd have,
It lieth not in us to diſannul,
And he that would annihilate his mind,
Soaring with *Icarus* too near the Sun,
May catch a fall with young *Bellerophon*.
For when the fatal Siſters have decreed
To ſeparate us from this earthly mould,
No mortal force can countermand their minds:
Then, worthy Lord, ſince there's no way but one,
Ceaſe your laments, and leave your grievous moan.
Corin. Your Highneſs knows how many victories,
How many Trophies I erected have
Triumphantly in every place we came;
The *Grecian* Monarch, warlike *Pandraſſns*,
And all the crew of the *Molloſſians:*
Goffarius the arm-ſtrong King of *Gauls*,
Have felt the force of our victorious Arms,
And to their coſt beheld our Chivalrie,
Where e're *Ancora* handmaid of the Sun,
Where e're the Sun-bright gardiant of the day,
Where e're the joyful day with cheerful Light,
Where e're the Light illuminates the World,
The *Trojans* glory flies with golden wings,
Wings that do ſoar beyond fell envious flight,
The fame of *Brutus* and his followers
Pierceth the skies, and with the skies the throne
Of mighty *Jove*, Commander of the world,
Then, worthy *Brutus*, leave theſe ſad laments,
Comfort your ſelf with this your great renown,
And fear not Death, though he ſeem terrible.
Brutus. Nay, *Corineius*, you miſtake my mind,
In conſtruing wrong the cauſe of my complaints,
I fear'd not t' yield my ſelf to fatal Death,
God knows it was the leaſt of all my thoughts,
A greater care torments my very Bones,
And makes me tremble at the thought of it,
And in your Lordings doth the ſubſtance lie.
Thraſi. Moſt noble Lord, if ought your Loyal Peers
Accompliſh may, to eaſe your lingring grief,
I in the name of all proteſt to you,
That we will boldly enterpriſe the ſame,
Were it to enter to black *Tartarus*,
Where triple *Cerberus* with his venomous throat,
Scareth the Ghoſts with high reſounding noiſe,
We'll either rent the bowels of the Earth,
Searching the entrails of the bruitiſh Earth,
Or with his *Ixions* overdaring ſoon,
Be bound in Chains of ever-during Steel.
Bru. Then harken to your Soveraign's lateſt words,
In which I will unto you all unfold,
Our Royal mind and reſolute intent.
When golden *Hebe*, Daughter to great *Jove*,
Cover'd my manly Cheeks with youthful Down,
Th'unhappy ſlaughter of my luckleſs Sir,
Drove me and old *Aſſarachus* mine Eame,
As exiles from the bounds of *Italy*,
So that perforce we were conſtrain'd to fly
To *Grecians* Monarch, noble *Pandraſſus*,
There I alone did undertake your cauſe,
There I reſtor'd your antique liberty,
Though *Grecia* frown'd, and all *Molloſſia* ſtorm'd,
Though brave *Antigonus*, with martial band,
In pitched field encountred me and mine,
Though *Pandraſſus* and his contributaries,
With all the rout of their confederates,
Sought to deface our glorious memory,
And wipe the name of *Trojans* from the Earth:
Him did I captivate with this mine Arm,
And by compulſion forc't him to agree
To certain Articles, which there we did propound,
From *Grecia* through the boiſterous *Helleſpont*,
We came into the Fields of *Leſtrigon*,
Whereat our Brother *Corineius* was;
Which when we paſſed the *Sicilian* gulf,
And ſo transfretting the *Illyrian* Sea,
Arrived on the coaſts of *Aquitain*;
Where with an Army of his barbarous *Gaules*
Goffarius and his Brother *Gathelus*
Encountring with our hoſt, ſuſtain'd the foil,
And for your ſakes my *Turnus* there I loſt:
Turnus that ſlew ſix hundred men at Arms,
All in an hour, with his ſharp Battle Axe,
From thence upon the ſtronds of *Albion*
To *Corus* Haven happily we came,
And quell'd the Giants, come of *Albion*'s race,
With *Gogmagog*, Son to *Samotheus*,
The curſed Captain of that damned crew,
And in that Iſle at length I placed you.
Now let me ſee, if my laborious toyles,
If all my care, if all my grievous wounds,
If all my diligence were well employ'd.
Corin. When firſt I followed thee and thine (brave King)
I hazarded my life and deareſt Blood,
To purchaſe favour at your Princely hands,
And for the ſame in dangerous attempts
In ſundry conflicts, and in divers broyls,
I ſhew'd the courage of my manly mind:
For this I combated with *Gathelus*,
The Brother to *Goffarius* of *Gaule:*
For this I fought with furious *Gogmagog*,
A ſavage Captain of a ſavage crew:
And for theſe deeds brave *Cornwall* I receiv'd,
A grateful gift given by a gracious King;
And for this gift, this life and deareſt Blood,
Will *Corineius* ſpend for *Brutus* good.
Deb. And what my Friend, brave Prince, hath vow'd to you,
The ſame will *Debon* do unto his end.
Bru. Then, Loyal Peers, ſince you are all agreed,
And reſolute to follow *Brutus* hoſts,
Favour, my Sons, favour thoſe *Orphans*, Lords,
And ſhield them from the dangers of their foes.
Locrine, the Column of my Family,
And only Pillar of my weakned age:
Locrine, draw near, draw near unto thy Sire,
And take thy lateſt bleſſings at his hands;
And for thou art the eldeſt of my Sons,
Be thou a Captain to thy Brethren,
And imitate thy aged Fathers ſteps,
Which will conduct thee to true honours gate:
For if thou follow ſacred virtues lore,
Thou ſhalt be crowned with a Laurel branch,
And wear a wreathe of ſempiternal fame,
Sorted amongſt the glorious happy ones.
Locrin. If *Locrine* do not follow your advice,
And bear himſelf in all things like a Prince
That ſeeks to amplifie the great renown,
Left unto him for an inheritance
By thoſe that were his Anceſtours,
Let me be flung into the Ocean,
And ſwallowed in the bowels of the Earth.
Or let the ruddy lightning of great *Jove*,
Deſcend upon this my devolted head.

[Brutus *taking* Guendeline *by the hand.*

Brutus. But for I ſee you all to be in doubt,
Who ſhall be matched with our Royal Son,
Locrine, receive this preſent at my hand:

A gift more rich than are the wealthy Mines
Found in the Bowels of *America.*
Thou ſhalt be ſpouſed to fair *Guendeline :*
Love her, and take her, for ſhe is thine own,
If ſo thy Uncle and her ſelf do pleaſe.
Corin. and herein how your Highneſs honours me,
It cannot now be in my ſpeech expreſt :
For careful Parents glory not ſo much
At their honour and promotion,
As for to ſee the iſſue of their Blood
Seated in honour and proſperity.
Guend. And far be it from my pure Maiden thoughts,
To contradict her aged Fathers will.
Therefore ſince he to whom I muſt obey,
Hath given me now unto your Royal ſelf,
I will not ſtand aloof from off the lure,
Like crafty Dames that moſt of all deny
That, which they moſt deſire to poſſeſs.
[Brutus *turning to* Locrine,
[Locrine *kneeling.*
Then now my Son thy part is on the ſtage,
For thou muſt bear the perſon of a King.
[*Puts the Crown on his head.*
Locrine ſtand up, and wear the regal Crown,
And think upon the ſtate of Majeſty,
That thou with honour well maiſt wear the Crown,
And if thou tendreſt theſe my lateſt words,
As thou requir'ſt my Soul to be at reſt,
As thou deſireſt thine own ſecurity,
Cheriſh and love thy new betrothed wife.
Locrine. No longer let me well enjoy the Crown,
Than I do peerleſs *Guendeline.*
Brut. Camber.
Cam. My Lord.
Brut. The glory of mine age,
And darling of thy Mother *Junoger,*
Take thou the South for thy Dominion,
From thee there ſhall proceed a Royal race,
That ſhall maintain the honour of this land,
That ſway the regal ſcepter with their hands.
[*Turning to* Alabanact.
And *Alabanact* thy Fathers only joy,
Youngeſt in years, but not the young'ſt in mind,
A perfect pattern of all chivalrie,
Take thou the North for thy Dominion,
A country full of hills and ragged rocks,
Repleniſhed with fierce untamed beaſts,
As correſpondent to thy martial thoughts.
Live long my Sons with endleſs happineſs,
And bear firm concordance among your ſelves,
Obey the counſels of theſe Fathers grave,
That you may better bear out violence,
But ſuddenly through weakneſs of my age,
And the defect of youthful puiſſance,
My Maladie increaſeth more and more,
And cruel Death haſteneth his quickned pace,
To diſpoſſeſs me of my earthly ſhape,
Mine Eyes wax dim, o're-caſt with clouds of age.
The pangs of Death compaſs my crazed bones,
Thus to you all my bleſſings I bequeath,
And with my bleſſings, this my fleeting Soul.
My glaſs is run, and all my miſeries
Do end with life : Death cloſeth up mine Eyes,
My Soul in haſt flies to the Elyſian fields. [*He dieth.*
Loc. Accurſed ſtars, damn'd and accurſed ſtars,
To abbreviate my noble Father's life,
Hard-hearted gods, and too envious fates,
Thus to cut off my Father's fatal thred,
Brutus that was a glory to us all,
Brutus that was a terror to his foes,
Alas too ſoon by *Demagorgon*'s knife,
The martial *Brutus* is bereft of life.
No ſad complaints may move juſt *Æacus.*
Corin. No dreadful threats can fear judge *Rhodomanth.*
Wert thou as ſtrong as mighty *Hercules,*
That tam'd the huge monſters of the world,
Plaid'ſt thou as ſweet, on the ſweet ſounding Lute,
As did the ſpouſe of fair *Euridice,*
That did enchant the waters with his noiſe,
And made the Stones, birds, beaſts, to lead a dance,
Conſtrain'd the hilly trees to follow him,
Thou could'ſt not move the judge of *Crebus,*
Nor move compaſſion in grim *Pluto*'s heart,
For fatal *Mors* expecteth all the world,
And every man muſt tread the way of Death,
Brave *Tantalus,* the valiant *Pelops* ſire,
Gueſt to the gods, ſuffered untimely Death,
And old *Tithonus* Husband to the morn,
And eke grim *Minos* whom juſt *Jupiter*
Deign'd to admit unto his ſacrifice,
The thundring trumpets of blood-thirſty *Mars.*
The fearful rage of fell *Tiſiphone*
The boiſtrous waves of humid Ocean,
Are inſtruments and tools of diſmal Death.
Then noble couſin ceaſe to mourn his chance,
Whoſe age and years were ſigns that he ſhould die.
It reſteth now that we inter his bones,
That was a terror to his Enemies.
Take up his coarſe, and Princes hold him dead,
Who while he liv'd, upheld the *Trojan* State.
Sound Drums and Trumpets, march to *Trinovant,*
There to provide our chieftains Funeral. [*Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Strumbo *above in a gown, with Ink and Paper in his hand, ſaying,*

Strum. Either the four Elements, the ſeven Planets and all the particular Stars of the Pole Antaſtick, are adverſitive againſt me, or elſe I was begotten and born in the wain of the Moon, when every thing, as *Lactantius* in his fourth Book of Conſtultations doth ſay, goeth arſward. I Maſters, I, you may laugh, but I muſt weep ; you may joy, but I muſt ſorrow ; ſhedding ſalt tears from the watry Fountains of my moiſt dainty fair Eyes, along my comely and ſmooth cheeks, in as great plenty as the water runneth from the bucking-tubs, or red wine out of the Hogs-heads : for truſt me, Gentlemen and my very good Friends, and ſo forth : the little god, nay the deſperate god *Cuprit,* with one of his vengible birds bolts, hath ſhot me unto the heel : ſo not only, but alſo, oh fine phraſe, I burn, I burn, and I burn a, in love, in love, and in love a, ah *Strumbo,* what haſt thou ſeen, not *Dina* with the Aſs *Tom ?* Yea with theſe Eyes thou haſt ſeen her, and therefore pull them out : for they will work thy bail. Ah *Strumbo,* haſt thou heard the voice of the Nightingale, but a voice ſweeter than hers, yea with theſe ears haſt thou heard them, and therefore cut them off, for they have caus'd thy ſorrow. Nay *Strumbo,* kill thy ſelf, drown thy ſelf, hang thy ſelf, ſtarve thy ſelf. Oh but then I ſhall leave my ſweet heart. Oh my heart ! Now pate for thy Maſter, I will dite an aliquant love-piſtle to her, and then ſhe hearing the grand verboſity of my Scripture, will love my preſently.
[*Let him write a little, and then read.*
My pen is naught, Gentlemen, lend me a knife, I think the more haſte the worſt ſpeed.
[*Then write again, and after read.*

So it is, Miſtris *Dorothie,* and the ſole eſſence of my Soul, that the little ſparkles of affection kindled in me towards your ſweet ſelf, hath now increaſed to a great flame, and will e're it be long conſume my poor heart, except you with the pleaſant water of your ſecret Fountain, quench the furious heat of the ſame. Alas, I am a Gentleman of good fame, and name, majeſtical, in apparel comely, in gate portly. Let not therefore your gentle heart be ſo hard, as to deſpiſe a proper tall young man of a handſome life, and by deſpiſing him, not only but alſo to kill him Thus expecting time and tide, I bid you farewel. Your Servant, *Signior Strumbo.*

Oh wit, O pate, O memory, O hand, O Ink, O Paper. Well, now I will ſend it away. *Trompart, Trompart*, what a Villain is this? Why Sirrah, come when your Maſter calls you. *Trompart.*

[Trompart *entring ſaith*

Anon, Sir.

Strumbo. Thou knoweſt, my pretty Boy, what a good Maſter I have been to thee ever ſince I took thee into my ſervice.

Trom. I, Sir.

Strum. And, how I have cheriſhed thee always, as if thou hadſt been the fruit of my Loyns, Fleſh of my Fleſh, and Bone of my Bone.

Trom. I, Sir.

Strum. Then ſhew thy ſelf herein a truſty ſervant, and carry this Letter to Miſtreſs *Dorothy*, and tell her.

[*Speaking in his Ear.*

[*Exit* Trompart.

Strum. Nay, Maſters, you ſhall ſee a Marriage by and by. But here ſhe comes. Now muſt I frame my amorous paſſions.

Enter Dorothy *and* Trompart.

Doro. Signior Strumbo, well met, I received your Letters by your man here, who told me a pittiful ſtory of your anguiſh, and ſo underſtanding your paſſions were ſo great, I came hither ſpeedily.

Strum. Oh, my ſweet and Pigſney, the fecundity of my ingeny is not ſo great, that may declare unto you the ſorrowful ſobs, and broken ſleeps that I ſuffered for your ſake; and therefore I deſire you to receive me into your familiarity.

For your Love doth lie,
As near and as nigh,
Unto my heart within,
As mine Eye to my Noſe,
My Leg unto my Hoſe,
And my Fleſh unto my Skin.

Dor. Truly, Mr. *Strumbo*, you ſpeak too learnedly for me to underſtand the drift of your mind, and therefore tell your tale in plain terms, and leave off your dark Riddles.

Strum. Alas, Miſtreſs *Dorothy*, this is my luck, that when I moſt would, I cannot be underſtood: ſo that my great learning is an inconvenience unto me. But to ſpeak in plain terms, I love you, Miſtreſs *Dorothy*, if you like to accept me into your familiarity.

Dor. If this be all, I am content.

[*Turning to the people.*

Strum. Say'ſt thou ſo, ſweet Wench, let me lick thy Toes. Farewel, Miſtreſs. If any of you be in love, provide ye a Cap-Caſe full of new coin'd words, and then ſhall you ſoon have the *ſuccado de labres*, and ſomething elſe.

[*Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Locrine, Guendeline, Camber, Albanact, Corineius, Aſſarachus, Debon, Thraſimachus.

Locrine. Uncle and Princes of brave *Britany*,
Since that our noble Father is Entomb'd,
As beſt beſeem'd ſo brave a Prince as he,
If ſo you pleaſe, this day my Love and I,
Within the Temple of *Concordia*,
Will ſolemnize our Royal Marriage.

Thra. Right noble Lord, your ſubjects every one,
Muſt needs obey your Highneſs at command,
Eſpecially in ſuch a cauſe as this,
That much concerns your Highneſs great content.

Locr. Then frolick, Lordings, to fair *Concords* Walls,
Where we will paſs the day in Knightly ſports,
The night in Dancing and in figured Masks,
And offer to God *Riſus* all our ſports.

[*Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Ate *as before, after a little Lightning and Thundring, let there come forth this ſhow:* Perſeus *and* Andromeda, *hand in hand, and* Cepheus *alſo with Swords and Targets. Then let there come out of another Door* Phineus, *all black in Armour, with Æthiopians after him, driving in* Perſeus, *and having taken away* Andromeda, *let them depart.* Ate *remaining, ſaying,*

Regit omnia numen.

When *Perſeus* married fair *Andromeda*,
The only Daughter of King *Cepheus*,
He thought he had eſtabliſht well his Crown,
And that his Kingdom ſhould for aye endure.
But lo proud *Phineus* with a Band of men,
Contriv'd of Sun-burnt *Æthiopians*,
By force of Arms the Bride he took from him,
And turn'd their joy into a flood of tears.
So fares it with young *Locrine* and his Love,
He thinks this marriage tendeth to his weal,
But this foul day, this foul accurſed day,
Is the beginning of his miſeries.
Behold where *Humber* and his *Scythians*
Approacheth nigh with all his Warlike Train,
I need not I, the ſequel ſhall declare,
What tragick chances fell out in this War.

[*Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Humber, Hubba, Eſtrilo, Segar, *and their Souldiers.*

Hum. At length the Snail doth climb the higheſt tops,
Aſcending up the ſtately Caſtle Walls,
At length the Water with continual drops,
Doth penetrate the hardeſt marble ſtone,
At length we are arrived in *Albion*,
Nor could the barbarous *Dacian*, Soveraign,
Nor yet the Ruler of brave *Belgia*
Stay us from cutting over to this Iſle;
Whereas I hear a Troop of *Phrygians*
Under the Conduct of *Poſthumius* Son,
Have pitch'd up Lordly Pavillions,
And hope to proſper in this lovely Iſle:
But I will fruſtrate all their Fooliſh hope,
And teach them that the *Scythian* Emperour
Leads Fortune tied in a Chain of Gold,
Conſtraining her to yield unto his will,
And grace him with their Regal Diadem:
Which I will have, maugre their treble Hoſts,
And all the power their petty Kings can make.

Hubba. If ſhe that rules fair *Rhamnis* golden Gate,
Grant us the honour of the Victory,
As hitherto ſhe always favour'd us,
Right noble Father, we will rule the Land,
Enthronis'd in Seats of Topaz ſtones,
That *Locrine* and his Brethren all may know,

None muſt be King but *Humber* and his Son.
Hum. Courage my Son, Fortune ſhall favour us,
And yield to us the Coronet of Bayes,
That decketh none but noble Conquerours:
But what ſaith *Elſtrid* to theſe Regions?
How liketh ſhe the temperature thereof?
Are they not pleaſant in her gracious Eyes?
Elſtr. The Plains,my Lord,garniſht with *Flora*'s wealth,
And overſpread with party-coloured Flowers,
Do yield ſweet contentation to my mind,
The airy Hills encloſ'd with ſhady Groves,
The Groves repleniſht with ſweet chirping Birds,
The Birds reſounding Heavenly Melody,
Are equal to the Groves of *Theſſaly*,
Where *Phœbus* with theſe learned Ladies nine,
Delight themſelves with muſick Harmony,
And from the moiſture of the Mountain tops,
The ſilent ſprings dance down with murmuring ſtreams,
And water all the ground with cryſtal Waves,
The gentle blaſts of *Eurus* modeſt Wind,
Moving the pittering leaves of *Silvane*'s Woods,
Do equal it with *Tempe*'s Paradiſe,
And thus comforted all to one effect,
Do make me think theſe are the happy Iſles,
Moſt fortunate if *Humber* may them win.
Hubba. Madam, where reſolution leads the way,
And courage follows with emboldened pace,
Fortune can never uſe her Tyranny;
For valiantneſs is like unto a Rock
That ſtandeth on the Waves of Ocean,
Which though the Billows beat on every ſide,
And *Boreas* fell with his tempeſtuous ſtorms,
Bloweth upon it with a hideous clamour,
Yet it remaineth ſtill unmoveable.
Hum. Kingly reſolv'd, thou glory of thy ſire:
But worthy *Segar*, what uncouth novelties
Bring'ſt thou unto our Royal Majeſty?
Seg. My Lord, the youngeſt of all *Brutus* Sons,
Stout *Albanact*, with millions of men,
Approacheth nigh, and meaneth e're the Morn,
To try your force by dint of fatal Sword.
Hum. Tut, let him come with millions of Hoſts,
He ſhall find entertainment good enough,
Yea fit for thoſe that are our Enemies:
For we'll receive them at the Lances points,
And maſſacre their Bodies with our Blades:
Yea though they were in number infinite,
More than the mighty *Babylonian* Queen,
Semiramis the ruler of the ~~Weſt~~, East
Brought 'gainſt the Emperour of the *Scythians*,
Yet would we not ſtart back one foot from them:
That they might know we are invincible.
Hub. Now by great *Jove* the ſupream King of Heaven,
And the immortal gods that live therein,
When as the Morning ſhews his chearful Face,
And *Lucifer* mounted upon his Steed,
Brings in the Chariot of the golden Sun,
I'll meet young *Albanact* in the open field,
And crack my Launce upon his Burganet,
To try the valour of his Boyiſh ſtrength:
There will I ſhew ſuch ruthful ſpectacles
And cauſe ſo great effuſion of bloud,
That all his Boyes ſhall wonder at my ſtrength:
As when the Warlike Queen of *Amazon*,
Penthesilea armed with her Launce,
Girt with a Corſlet of bright ſhining ſteel,
Coopt up the faint-heart *Grecians* in the Camp.
Hum. Spoke like a warlike Knight, my noble Son,
Nay, like a Prince that ſeeks his Father's Joy.
Therefore to Morrow ere fair *Titan* ſhine,
And baſhful *Eos* Meſſenger of light,
Expels the liquid ſleep from out mens Eyes,
Thou ſhalt conduct the right Wing of the Hoſt,
The left Wing ſhall be under *Segar*'s charge,
The Rearward ſhall be under me my ſelf;
And lovely *Elſtrid* fair and gracious,
If Fortune favour me in mine attempts,
Thou ſhalt be Queen of lovely *Albion*.
Fortune ſhall favour me in mine attempts,
And make thee Queen of lovely *Albion*.
Come let us in and muſter up our Train,
And furniſh up our luſty Souldiers,
That they may be a Bulwark to our ſtate,
And bring our wiſhed joyes to perfect end.
[*Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Strumbo, Dorothy, Trompart, *Cobling Shooes, and ſinging.*

Trom. We Coblers lead a merry life:
All. Dan, dan, dan, dan.
Strum. Void of all envy and ſtriſe:
All. Dan diddle dan.
Dor. Our eaſe is great, our labour ſmall:
All. Dan, dan, dan, dan.
Strum. And yet our gains be much withal:
All. Dan diddle dan.
Dor. With this art ſo fine and fair:
All. Dan, dan, dan, dan.
Trom. No occupation may compare:
All. Dan diddle dan.
Strum. For merry paſtime and joyful glee:
Dan, dan, dan, dan.
Dor. Moſt happy men we Coblers be:
Dan diddle dan.
Trom. The Can ſtands full of nappy Ale,
Dan, dan, dan, dan.
Strum. In our Shop ſtill withouten fail:
Dan diddle dan.
Dor. This is our meat, this is our food:
Dan, dan, dan, dan.
Trom. This brings us to a merry mood:
Dan diddle dan.
Strum. This makes us work for Company:
Dan, dan, dan, dan.
Dor. To pull the Tankards cheerfully:
Dan diddle dan.
Trom. Drink to thy Husband *Dorothy*,
Dan, dan, dan, dan.
Dor. Why then my *Strumbo* there's to thee:
Dan diddle dan.
Strum. Drink thou the reſt *Trompart* amain:
Dan, dan, dan, dan.
Dor. When that is gone, we'll fill't again:
Dan diddle dan.

Cap. The pooreſt ſtate is fartheſt from annoy,
How merrily he ſitteth on his ſtool:
But when he ſees that needs he muſt be preſt,
He'll turn his note and ſing another tune,
Ho, by your leave Maſter Cobler.

Strum. You are welcome, Gentleman, what will you any old Shooes or Buskins, or will you have your Shooes clouted, I will do them as well as any Cobler in *Cathnes* whatſoever?

[Captain *ſhewing him Preſs-money.*

O Maſter Cobler, you are far deceived in me, for don you ſee this? I come not to buy any Shooes, but to buy your ſelf; come, Sir, you muſt be a Souldier in the King's Cauſe.

Strum. Why, but hear you, Sir, has your King any Commiſſion to take any man againſt his will. I promiſe you, I can ſcant believe it, or did he give you Commiſſion?

Cap. O Sir, ye need not care for that, I need no Commiſſion:

miſſion: hold here, I command you in the name of our King *Albanact*, to appear to morrow in the Town-Houſe of *Cathnes*.

Strum. King *Nactabell*, I cry God mercy, what have we to do with him, or he with us? but you Sir Maſter Capontail, draw your Paſtboard, or elſe I promiſe you, I'll give you a Canvaſado with a Baſtinado over your ſhoulders, and teach you to come hither with your implements.

Cap. I pray thee good Fellow be content, I do the Kings Command.

Strum. Put me out of your Book then.

Cap. I may not.

[Strumbo *ſnatching up a ſtaff.*

No will, come, Sir, will your ſtomach ſerve you, by gogs blew hood and halidom, I will have a bout with you. [*Fight both.*

Enter Thraſimachus.

Thra. How now, what noiſe, what ſudden clamor's this?
How now, my Captain and the Cobler ſo hard at it?
Sirs what is your quarrel?

Cap. Nothing, Sir, but that he will not take Preſs-money.

Thra. Here, good Fellow, take it at my command,
Unleſs you mean to be ſtretch'd.

Strum. Truly, Maſter Gentleman, I lack no money, if you pleaſe I will reſign it to one of theſe poor Fellows.

Thra. No ſuch matter,
Look you be at the common Houſe to morrow.

[*Exit.* Thraſimachus *and the* Captain.

Strum. O Wife I have ſpun a fair thread, if I had been quiet, I had not been preſt, and therefore well may I wayment; But come Sirrah, ſhut up, for we muſt to the Wars. [*Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Albanact, Debon, Thraſimachus, *and the Lords.*

Alb. Brave Cavaliers, Princes of *Albany*,
Whoſe trenchant Blades with our deceaſed Sire,
Paſſing the Frontiers of brave *Grecia*,
Were bathed in our Enemies lukewarm bloud,
Now is the time to manifeſt your wills,
Your haughty minds and reſolutions,
Now opportunity is offered
To try your courage and your earneſt zeal,
Which you always proteſt to *Albanact*,
For at this time, yea at this preſent time,
Stout Fugitives come from the *Scythians* bounds
Have peſtred every place with mutinies:
But truſt me, Lordings, I will never ceaſe
To perſecute the Raſcal Runnagates,
Till all the Rivers ſtained with their bloud,
Shall fully ſhew their fatal overthrow.

Deb. So ſhall your Highneſs merit great renown,
And imitate your aged Father's ſteps.

Alb. But tell me, Couſin, cam'ſt thou through the plains?
And ſaw'ſt thou there the faint heart Fugitives
Muſtring their weather-beaten Souldiers,
What order keep they in their marſhalling?

Thra. After we paſt the Groves of *Caledone*,
We did behold the ſtragling *Scythians* Camp,
Repleat with men, ſtor'd with munition;
There might we ſee the valiant minded Knights
Fetching Carriers along the ſpacious plains,
Humber and *Hubba* arm'd in azure blue,
Mounted upon their Courſers white as Snow,
Went to behold the pleaſant flowring fields;
Hector and *Troilus*, *Priamus*, lovely Sons,
Chaſing the *Grecians* over *Simoeis*,
Were not to be compared to theſe two Knights.

Alba. Well haſt thou painted out in Eloquence
The Portraiture of *Humber* and his Son;
As fortunate as was *Polycrates*,
Yet ſhould they not eſcape our conquering Swords,
Or boaſt of ought but of our Clemency.

Enter Strumbo *and* Trompart *crying often*;

Wild-fire and pitch, wild-fire and pitch, *&c.*

Thra. What Sirs, what mean you by theſe clamors made,
Thoſe outcries raiſed in our ſtately Court?

Strum. Wild-fire and pitch, wild fire and pitch.

Thra. Villains I ſay, tell us the cauſe hereof?

Strum. Wild-fire and pitch, wild-fire and pitch.

Thra. Tell me you Villains, why you make this noiſe,
Or with my Lance, I will prick your Bowels out.

All. Where are your Houſes, where's your dwelling place?

Strum. Place, Ha, ha, ha, laugh a month and a day at him; place! I cry God mercy, why do you think that ſuch poor honeſt men as we be, hold our Habitacles in Kings Palaces: Ha, ha, ha. But becauſe you ſeem to be an abominable Chieftain, I will tell you your ſtate.

From the top to the toe,
From the head to the ſhoe;
From the beginning to the ending.
From the building to the burning.

This honeſt Fellow and I had our manſion Cottage in the Suburbs of this City, hard by the Temple of *Mercury*. And by the common Souldiers of the Shittens, the *Scythians*, what do you call them? with all the Suburbs, were burnt to the ground, and the aſhes are left there for the Country Wives to waſh Bucks withal. And that which grieves me moſt, my loving Wife, O cruel ſtrife; the wicked Flames did roaſt.

And therefore Captain Cruſt,
We will continually cry,
Except you ſeek a remedy,
Our Houſes to re-edify,
Which now are burnt to duſt.

Both cry. Wild-fire and Pitch, Wild-fire and Pitch.

Alba. VVell, we muſt remedy theſe outrages,
And throw revenge upon their hateful Heads,
And you good Fellows for your Houſes burnt,
VVe will remunerate your ſtore of Gold,
And build your Houſes by our Palace Gate.

Strumbo. Gate! O petty Treaſon to my Perſon, no where elſe but by your backſide; Gate! oh how I am vexed in my Coller: Gate! I cry God mercy, do you hear, Maſter *King*? If you mean to gratifie ſuch poor men, as we be, you muſt build our Houſes by the Tavern.

Alba. It ſhall be done, Sir.

Strum. Near the Tavern, I, by Lady, Sir, it was ſpoken like a good Fellow. Do you hear, Sir? when our Houſe is builded, if you do chance to paſs or re-paſs that way, we will beſtow a Quart of the beſt VVine upon you? [*Exit.*

Alb. It grieves me, Lordings, that my Subjects goods
Should thus be ſpoiled by the *Scythians*,
VVho as you ſee with lightfoot Forragers,
Depopulate the places where they come,
But curſed *Humber* thou ſhalt rue the day
That ere thou cam'ſt unto *Cathneſia*.

[*Exeunt.*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Humber, Hubba, Segar, Truſſier, *and their Souldiers.*

Hum. Hubba, go take a Coronet of our Horſe,
As many Lanciers, and light-armed Knights,
As may ſuffice for ſuch an enterpriſe,
And place them in the Grove of *Chalcedon*,
With theſe, when as the skirmiſh doth encreaſe,
Retire thou from the ſhelters of the wood,
And ſet upon the weakned *Trojans* backs,
For policy joyned with Chivalry,
Can never be put back from Victory.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Albanact, Clowns *with him.*

Alb. Thou baſe born *Hunn*, how durſt thou be ſo bold,
As once to menace warlike *Albanact*?
The great Commander of theſe Regions,
But thou ſhalt buy thy raſhneſs with thy Death,
And rue too late thy over-bold attempts,
For with this Sword, this Inſtrument of Death,
That hath been drenched in my Foe-mens Blood,
I'le ſeparate thy Body from thy Head,
And ſet that Coward Blood of thine abroach.
Strum. Nay with this ſtaff great *Strumbo*'s Inſtrument,
I'le crack thy Cockscomb, paltry *Scythian.*
Hum. Nor wreak I of thy threats thou princox Boy,
Nor do I fear thy fooliſh inſolency,
And but thou better uſe thy bragging blade,
Than thou doſt rule thy overflowing Tongue,
Superbious *Britain*, thou ſhalt know too ſoon
The force of *Humber* and his *Scythians.*
[*Let them fight.*
[Humber *and his Souldiers run in.*
Strum. O horrible, terrible.

Scena Sexta.

Sound the Alarm. Enter Humber *and his Souldiers.*

Hum. How bravely this young *Britain*, *Albanact*,
Darteth abroad the Thunderbolts of war,
Beating down millions with his furious mood:
And in his glory triumphs over all,
Moving the maſſie ſquadrants of the ground;
Heap Hills on Hills, to ſcale the ſtarry skie:
As when *Briareus* armed with an hundred hands,
Flung forth an hundred mountains at great *Jove*,
And when the monſtrous gyant *Monichus*
Hurl'd mount *Olympus* at great *Mars* his targe,
And ſhot huge Cedars at *Minerva*'s ſhield.
How doth he overlook with haughty front
My fleeting hoſt, and lifts his lofty face
Againſt us all that now do fear his force,
Like as we ſee the wrathful Sea from far,
In a great mountain heapt with hideous noiſe,
With thouſand billows beat againſt the Ships,
And toſs them in the Waves like Tennis Balls.
[*Sound the Alarm.*
Hum. A me, I fear my *Hubba* is ſurpris'd.

Sound again. Enter Albanact.

Alba. Follow me, Souldiers, follow *Albanact*;
Purſue the *Scythians* flying through the field:
Let none of them eſcape with Victory:
That they may know the *Britains* force is more
Than all the power of the trembling *Hunns.*
Thra. Forward, brave Souldiers, forward, keep the chaſe,
He that takes Captive *Humber* or his Son,
Shall be rewarded with a Crown of gold.

Sound Alarm, then let them fight, Humber *give back,* Hubba *Enters at their backs, and kills* Debon, *let* Strumbo *fall down,* Albanact *run in, and afterwards enter wounded.*

Alba. Injurious Fortune, haſt thou croſt me thus?
Thus in the Morning of my Victories,
Thus in the prime of my felicity
To cut me off by ſuch hard overthrow.
Hadſt thou no time thy rancour to declare,
But in the ſpring of all my dignities?
Hadſt thou no place to ſpit thy venome out,
But on the perſon of young *Albanact*?
I that e're while did ſcare mine Enemies,
And drove them almoſt to a ſhameful flight:
I that e're while full Lyon-like did fare
Amongſt the dangers of the thick throng'd pikes,
Muſt now depart moſt lamentably ſlain
By *Humber*'s Treacheries and Fortunes ſpights:
Curſt by their charms, damn'd be her curſed charms
That doth delude the wayward hearts of men,
Of men that truſt unto her fickle wheel,
Which never leaveth turning upſide down.
O gods, O heavens, allot me but the place
Where I may find her hateful manſion,
I'le paſs the Alps to watry *Meroe*,
Where fiery *Phœbus* in his chariot,
The wheels whereof are deckt with Emeralds,
Caſt ſuch a heat, yea ſuch a ſcorching heat,
And ſpoileth *Flora* of her chequered graſs,
I'le overturn the mountain *Caucaſus*,
Where fell *Chimæra* in her triple ſhape,
Rolleth hot Flames from out her monſtrous panch,
Scaring the beaſts with iſſue of her gorge,
I'le paſs the frozen Zone where Icy flakes
Stopping the paſſage of the fleeting Ships
Do lie, like mountains in the congeal'd Sea,
VVhere if I find that hateful Houſe of Hers,
I'le pull the fickle wheel from out her hands,
And tie her ſelf in everlaſting bands:
But all in vain I breathe theſe threatnings,
The day is loſt, the *Hunns* are conquerors,
Debon is ſlain, my men are done to Death,
The currents ſwift ſwim violently with Blood,
And laſt, O that this laſt Night ſo long laſt,
My ſelf with wounds paſt all recovery,
Muſt leave my Crown for *Humber* to poſſeſs.

Strum. Lord have Mercy upon us, Maſters, I think this is a Holy-day, every man lies ſleeping in the fields, but God knows full ſore againſt their wills.

Thra. Fly, noble *Albanact*, and ſave thy ſelf,
The *Scythians* follow with great celerity,
And there's no way but fight, or ſpeedy Death,
Flie, noble *Albanact*, and ſave thy ſelf.
[*Sound the Alarm.*
Alba. Nay let them flie that fear to die the Death,
That tremble at the name of fatal *Mors*,
Ne're ſhall proud *Humber* boaſt or brag himſelf,
That he hath put young *Albanact* to flight:
And leſt he ſhould triumph at my decay,
This Sword ſhall reave his Maſter of his life,
That oft hath ſav'd his Maſters doubtful life:
But oh my Brethren if you care for me,
Revenge my Death upon his Traiterous Head.

Et vos queis domus eſt nigrantis regia ditis,
Qui regitis rigido ſtygios moderamine lucos:
Nox cæci regina poli furialis Erinnys,

Diique deæque omnes Albanum tollite regem,
Tollite flumineis undis rigidaque palude
Nunc me fata vocant, hoc condam pectore ferrum.

[Thruſt himſelf through.

Enter Trumpart.

O what hath he done? his noſe bleeds: but I ſmell a Fox,
Look where my Maſter lies, Maſter, Maſter.
Strum. Let me alone, I tell thee, for I am dead.
Trump. Yet one, good, good, Maſter.
Strum. I will not ſpeak, for I am dead, I tell thee.
Trump. And is my Maſter dead?
O ſticks and ſtones, brickbats and bones,
and is my Maſter dead?
O you Cockatrices, and you Bablatrices,
that in the Woods dwell:
You briers and brambles, you Cook-ſhops and ſhambles,
come howl and yell.
With howling and ſcreeking, with wailing and weeping,
come you to lament.
O Colliers of *Croyden*, and Ruſticks of *Royden*,
and Fiſhers of *Kent*.
For *Strumbo* the Cobler, the fine merry Cobler
of *Cathnes* Town:
At this ſame ſtoure, at this very hour
lies dead on the ground.
O Maſter, thieves, thieves, thieves.
Strum. Where be they? cox me tunny, bobekin, let me be riſing, be gone, we ſhall be robb'd by and by.

Scena Octava.

Enter Humber, Hubba, Segar, Thraſſier, Eſtrild, *and the Souldiers.*

Hum. Thus from the dreadful ſhocks of furious *Mars*'s
Thundring Alarms, and *Rhamnuſia*'s Drum
We are retired with joyful Victory,
The ſlaughter'd *Trojans* ſqueltring in their blood,
Infect the air with their carcaſſes,
And are a prey for every ravenous bird.
Eſtrild. So periſh they that are our enemies.
So periſh they that love not *Humber*'s weal.
And mighty *Jove*, Commander of the World,
Protect my love from all falſe treacheries.
Hum. Thanks, lovely *Eſtrild*, ſolace to my ſoul.
But, valiant *Hubba*, for thy Chivalry
Declar'd againſt the men of *Albany*,
Loe here a flowring Garland wreath'd of Bay,
As a reward for this thy forward mind.
[*Set it on his head.*
Hub. This unexpected honour, noble Sire,
Will prick my courage unto braver deeds,
And cauſe me to attempt ſuch hard exploits,
That all the world ſhall ſound of *Hubba*'s name.
Hum. And now, brave Souldiers, for this good ſucceſs,
Carouſe whole cups of *Amazonian* Wine,
Sweeter than *Nectar* or *Ambroſia*,
And caſt away the clods of curſed care,
With Goblets crown'd with *Semeleius* gifts,
Now let us march to *Abis* ſilver ſtreams,
That clearly glide along the *Champane* fields,
And moiſt the graſſie meads with humid drops.
Sound Drums and Trumpets, ſound up cheerfully,
Sith we return with joy and victory.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Ate *as before. The dumb ſhow. A Crocodile ſitting on a rivers bank, and a little Snake ſtinging it. Then let both of them fall into the water.*

Ate. *Scelera in authorem cadunt.*
High on a bank by *Nilus* boiſterous ſtreams,
Fearfully ſat th'*Egyptian* Crocodile,
Dreadfully grinding in her ſharp long teeth,
The broken bowels of a ſilly fiſh,
His back was arm'd againſt the dint of ſpear,
With ſhields of braſs that ſhin'd like burniſht gold,
And as he ſtretched forth his cruel paws,
A ſubtil Adder creeping cloſely near,
Thruſting his forked ſting into his claws,
Privily ſhed his poiſon through his bones,
Which made him ſwell that there his bowels burſt,
That did ſo much in his own greatneſs truſt.
So *Humber* having conquered *Albanact*,
Doth yield his glory unto *Locrine*'s ſword.
Mark what enſues, and you may eaſily ſee,
That all our life is but a Tragedy. [*Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Locrine, Guendeline, Corineius, Aſſaracus, Thraſimachus, Camber.

Locrine. And is this true, is *Albanactus* ſlain?
Hath curſed *Humber* with his ſtragling Hoſt,
With that his Army made of Mungrel Currs,
Brought our redoubted Brother to his end?
O that I had the Thracian *Orpheus* harp,
For to awake out of the infernal ſhade
Thoſe ugly Devils of black *Erebus*,
That might torment the damned Traitor's ſoul:
O that I had *Amphion*'s inſtrument
To quicken with his vital notes and tunes
The flinty joints of every ſtony rock,
By which the *Scythians* might be puniſhed;
For, by the lightning of almighty *Jove*,
The *Hunn* ſhall die, had he ten thouſand lives:
And would to God he had ten thouſand lives,
That I might with the arm-ſtrong *Hercules*
Crop off ſo vile an *Hydra*'s hiſſing heads.
But ſay me, Couſin, for I long to hear,
How *Albanact* came by untimely death?
Thraſi. After the traiterous Hoſt of *Scythians*
Entred the field with Martial equipage,
Young *Albanact*, impatient of delay,
Led forth his Army 'gainſt the ſtragling mates,
Whoſe multitude did daunt our Souldiers minds,
Yet nothing could diſmay the froward Prince;
But with a courage moſt heroical,
Like to a lion 'mongſt a flock of lambs,
Made havock of the faint-heart fugitives,
Hewing a paſſage through them with his ſword;
Yea we had almoſt given them the repulſe,
When ſuddenly from out the ſilent wood
Hubba with twenty thouſand Souldiers,
Cowardly came upon our weakned backs,
And murthered all with fatal maſſacre;
Amongſt the which old *Debon*, Martial Knight,
With many wounds was brought unto the death:
And *Albanact* oppreſt with multitude,
Whilſt valiantly he feld his enemies,
Yielded his life and honour to the duſt,
He being dead, the Souldiers fled amain,

And I alone eſcaped them by flight,
To bring you Tidings of theſe accidents.
Locr. Not aged *Priam* King of ſtately *Troy*,
Grand Emperour of barbarous *Aſia*,
When he beheld his noble minded Sons
Slain traiterouſly by all the *Mirmidons*,
Lamented more than I for *Albanact*.
Guen. Not *Hecuba* the Queen of *Ilium*,
When ſhe beheld the town of *Pergamus*,
Her palace burnt, with all-devouring flames,
Her fifty Sons and Daughters freſh of hue,
Murthered by the wicked *Pyrrhus* bloody Sword,
Shed ſuch ſad tears as I for *Albanact*.
Cam. The grief of *Niobe* fair *Athens* Queen,
For her ſeven Sons magnanimous in field,
For her ſeven Daughters fairer than the faireſt,
Is not to be compar'd with my laments.
Cor. In vain you ſorrow for the ſlaughtered Prince,
In vain you ſorrow for his overthrow;
He loves not moſt that doth lament the moſt,
But he that ſeeks to venge the injury.
Think you to quell the Enemies warlike train,
With childiſh ſobs and womaniſh laments?
Unſheath your Swords, unſheath your conquering Sword?
And ſeek revenge, the comfort for this ſore:
In *Cornwall* where I hold my Regiment,
Even juſt ten thouſand valiant men at Arms
Hath *Corineius* ready at command:
All theſe and more, if need ſhall more require,
Hath *Corineius* ready at command.
Cam. And in the fields of martial *Cambria*,
Cloſe by the boiſtrous *Iſcan*'s Silver ſtreams,
Where light foot Fairies skip from bank to bank,
Full twenty thouſand brave couragious Knights
Well exercis'd in feats of Chivalrie,
In manly manner moſt invincible,
Young *Camber* hath with gold and victual;
All theſe and more, if need ſhall more require,
I offer up to venge my Brothers Death.
Loc. Thanks, loving Uncle, and good Brother too,
For this revenge; for this ſweet word Revenge
Muſt eaſe and ceaſe my wrongful injuries;
And by the Sword of bloody *Mars* I ſwear,
Ne're ſhall ſweet quiet enter this my front,
'Till I be venged on his traiterous Head
That ſlew my noble Brother *Albanact*.
Sound Drums and Trumpets, muſter up the camp,
For we will ſtraight march to *Albania*.
[*Exeunt*.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Humber, Eſtrild, Hubba, Truſſier, *and the Souldiers.*

Hum. Thus are we come, victorious Conquerour:
Unto the flowing currents Silver ſtreams,
Which, in memorial of our victory,
Shall be agnominated by our name,
And talked of by our poſterity:
For ſure I hope before the golden Sun
Poſteth his Horſes to fair *Thetis* plains,
To ſee the waters turned into blood,
And change his blewiſh hue to rueful red,
By reaſon of the fatal maſſacre,
Which ſhall be made upon the virent plains.

Enter the Ghoſt *of* Albanact.

See how the Traitor doth preſage his harm,
See how he glories at his own decay,
See how he triumphs at his proper loſs.
O Fortune vile, unſtable, fickle, frail!
Hum. Methinks I ſee both Armies in the field,
The broken lances climb the Cryſtal skies,
Some headleſs lie, ſome breathleſs on the ground,
And every place is ſtrew'd with carcaſſes,
Behold the graſs hath loſt his pleaſant green,
The ſweeteſt ſight that ever might be ſeen.
Ghoſt. I, Traiterous *Humber*, thou ſhalt find it ſo,
Yea to thy coſt thou ſhalt the ſame behold,
With anguiſh, ſorrow, and with ſad laments;
The graſſie plains, that now do pleaſe thine Eyes,
Shall e're the night be coloured all with blood;
The ſhadie groves that now incloſe thy camp,
And yield ſweet ſavour to thy damned corps,
Shall e're the night be figured all with blood;
The profound ſtream that paſſeth by thy Tents,
And with his moiſture ſerveth all thy Camp,
Shall e're the Night converted be to Blood,
Yea with the Blood of thoſe thy ſtragling Boys:
For now revenge ſhall eaſe my lingring grief,
And now revenge ſhall glut my longing Soul.
Hub. Let come what will, I mean to bear it out,
And either live with glorious victorie,
Or die with fame renown'd for chivalrie:
He is not worthy of the honey comb,
That ſhuns the hives becauſe the bees have ſtings;
That likes me beſt that is not got with eaſe,
Which thouſand dangers do accompany;
For nothing can diſmay our Regal mind;
Which aims at nothing but a golden Crown,
The only upſhot of mine enterpriſes.
Were they inchanted in grim *Pluto*'s Court,
And kept for treaſure 'mongſt his helliſh crew,
I would either quell the triple *Cerberus*
And all the Army of his hateful hags,
Or roll the Stone with wretched *Syſiphus*.
Hum. Right martial by thy thoughts, my noble Son,
And all thy words ſavour of Chivalrie,
But, warlike *Segar*, what ſtrange accidents
Make you to leave the warding of the Camp?
Segar. To armes, my Lord, to honourable arms;
Take helm and targe in hand, the *Britains* come
With greater multitude than erſt the *Greeks*
Brought to the ports of *Phrygian Tenedos*.
Hum. But what ſaith *Segar* to theſe accidents?
What Counſel gives he in extremities?
Segar. Why this, my Lord, experience teacheth us,
That Reſolution is a ſole help at need.
And this, my Lord, our honour teacheth us,
That we be bold in every enterpriſe;
Then ſince there is no way but fight or die,
Be reſolute, my Lord, for Victory.
Hum. And reſolute, *Segar*, I mean to be,
Perhaps ſome bliſful Star will favour us,
And comfort bring to our perplexed State:
Come let us in and fortifie our Camp,
So to withſtand their ſtrong invaſion.
[*Exeunt*.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Strumbo, Trumpart, Oliver, *and his Son* William *following them.*

Strum. Nay neighbour *Oliver*, if you be ſo whot, come prepare your ſelf, your ſhall find two as ſtout fellows of us, as any in all the North.

Oliver. No by my dorth Neighbour *Strumbo*, Ich zee dat you are a man of ſmall zideration, dat will zeek to injure your old vreends, one of your vamiliar gueſts, and derefore zeeing your pinion is to deal withouten reazon, Ich and my zonne *William* will take dat courſe, dat ſhall be fardeſt vrom reaſon; how zay you, will you have my Daughter or no?

Strumbo. A very hard queſtion, Neighbour, but I will ſolve it as I may: what reaſon have you to demand it of me?

Will. Marry Sir, what reaſon had you when my Siſter was in the barn to tumble her upon the Hay, and to fiſh her Belly.

Strum. Maſs thou ſay'ſt true; well, but would you have me marry her therefore? No, I ſcorn her, and you, and you: I, I ſcorn you all.

Oliv. You will not have her then?

Strum. No, as I am a true Gentleman.

Will. Then will we School you, e're you and we part hence.

Enter Margerie, *and ſnatches the ſtaff out of her Brothers hand as he is fighting.*

Strum. I, you come in pudding time, or elſe I had dreſt them.

Mar. You Maſter ſawce-box, Lobcock, Cocks comb, you ſlopſawce, lickfingers, will you not hear?

Strum. Who ſpeak you to, me?

Mar. I Sir, to you, *John* lackhoneſty, little-wit, is it you that will have none of me?

Strum. No by my troth, Miſtreſs nicebice, how fine you can nick-name me; I think you were brought up in the Univerſity of *Bridewell*, you have your Rhetorick ſo ready at your Tongues end, as if you were never well warned when you were young.

Mar. Why then goodman cods-head, if you will have none of me, farewel.

Strum. If you be ſo plain, Miſtreſs driggle-draggle, fare you well.

Mar. Nay, Maſter *Strumbo*, e're you go from hence we muſt have more words, you will have none of me?

[*They both Fight.*

Strum. Oh my head, my head, leave, leave, leave, I will, I will, I will.

Mar. Upon that condition I let thee alone.

Oliv. How now Maſter *Strumbo*, hath my Daughter taught you a new leſſon?

Strum. I but hear you, goodman *Oliver*, it will not be for my eaſe to have my head broken every day, therefore remedy this, and we ſhall agree.

Oliv. Well, Zon, well, for you are my Zon now, all ſhall be remedied, Daughter be friends with him.

[*Shake hands.*

Strum. You are a ſweet Nut, the Devil crack you. Maſters, I think it be my luck, my firſt wife was a loving quiet wench, but this I think would weary the Devil. I would ſhe might be burnt as my other VVife was; if not, I muſt run to the Halter for help. O Codpiece, thou haſt undone thy Maſter, this it is to be medling with warm plackets.

[*Exeunt.*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Locrine, Camber, Corineius, Thraſimachus, Aſſarachus.

Locri. Now am I guarded with an hoſt of men,
VVhoſe haughty courage is invincible;
Now am I hemm'd with troups of Souldiers,
Such as might force *Bellona* to retire,
And make her tremble at their puiſſance;
Now ſit I like the mighty god of war,
VVhen armed with his Coat of Adamant,
Mounted his Chariot drawn with mighty Bulls,
He drove the *Argives* over *Xanthus* ſtreams.
Now, curſed *Humber*, doth thy end draw nigh,
Down goes the glory of his victories,
And all his fame, and all his high renown,
Shall in a moment yield to *Locrine*'s Sword:
Thy bragging banners croſt with argent ſtreams,
The ornaments of thy pavillions,
Shall all be captivated with this hand,
And thou thy ſelf at *Albanactus* Tomb
Shalt offered be, in ſatisfaction
Of all the wrongs thou didſt him when he liv'd.
But canſt thou tell me, brave *Thraſimachus*,
How far we are diſtant from *Humber*'s Camp?
Thra. My Lord, within your foul accurſed Grove
That bears the tokens of our overthrow,
This *Humber* hath intrencht his damned Camp.
March on, my Lord, becauſe I long to ſee
The treacherous *Scythians* ſqueltring in their gore.
Locri. Sweet Fortune, favour *Locrine* with a ſmile,
That I may venge my noble Brothers Death,
And in the midſt of ſtately *Troinovant*,
I'le build a Temple to thy deitie
Of perfect Marble, and of *Jacinth* Stones,
That it ſhall paſs the high *Pyramids*,
VVhich with their top ſurmount the firmament.
Cam. The arm ſtrong off-ſpring of the doubted Knight,
Stout *Hercules Alcmenas*, mighty Son,
That tam'd the monſters of the three-fold world,
And rid the oppreſſed from the tyrants yokes,
Did never ſhew ſuch valiantneſs in fight,
As I will now for noble *Albanact*.
Cori. Full fourſcore years hath *Corineius* liv'd,
Sometimes in war, ſometime in quiet peace,
And yet I feel my ſelf to be as ſtrong
As erſt I was in Summer of mine age,
Able to toſs this great unweildy Club,
VVhich hath been painted with my foe-mens brains:
And with this Club I'le break the ſtrong array
Of *Humber* and his ſtragling Souldiers,
Or loſe my life amongſt the thickeſt preſs,
And die with Honour in my lateſt dayes:
Yet e're I die they all ſhall underſtand,
VVhat force lies in ſtout *Corineius* hand.
Thra. And if *Thraſimachus* detract the fight,
Either for weakneſs or for cowardiſe,
Let him not boaſt that *Brutus* was his Eame,
Or that brave *Corineius* was his Sire.
Locri. Then courage, Souldiers, firſt for your ſafety,
Next for your peace, laſt for your Victory.

[*Exeunt.*

Sound the Alarm. Enter Hubba *and* Segar *at one Door, and* Corineius *at the other.*

Cori. Art thou that *Humber*, Prince of Fugitives,
That by thy Treaſon ſlew'ſt young *Albanact*?
Hub. I am his Son that ſlew young *Albanact*,
And if thou take not heed, proud *Phrygian*,
I'le ſend thy Soul unto the Stygian lake,
There to complain of *Humber*'s injuries.
Corin. You triumph, Sir, before the Victory,
For *Corineius* is not ſo ſoon ſlain.
But, curſed *Scythians*, you ſhall rue the day,
That e're you came into *Albania*.
So periſh they that envy *Britains* wealth,
So let them die with endleſs infamy,
And he that ſeeks his Soveraigns overthrow,
VVould this my Club might aggravate his woe.

[*Strikes them both down with his Club.*

Enter Humber.

Hum. Where may I find ſome deſart Wilderneſs,
Where I may breathe out curſes as I would,
And ſcare the earth with my condemning voice,
Where every echoes repercuſſion
May help me to bewail mine overthrow,
And aid me in my ſorrowful laments?
Where may I find ſome hollow uncouth rock,
Where I may damn, condemn, and ban my fill?
The heavens, the hell, the earth, the air, the fire,
And utter curſes to the concave ſky,
Which may infect the aiery Regions,
And light upon the *Britain Locrine's* head.
You ugly ſpirits that in *Cocitus* mourn,
And gnaſh your teeth with dolorous laments,
Your fearful dogs that in black *Lethe* howl,
And ſcare the Ghoſts with your wide open throats,
You ugly Ghoſts that flying from theſe dogs,
Do plunge your ſelves in *Puryflegiton*,
Come all of you, and with your ſhrieking notes
Accompany the *Britains* conquering Hoaſt.
Come fierce *Erinnys*, horrible with Snakes,
Come ugly Furies, armed with your Whips,
You threefold judges of black *Tartarus*,
And all the army of your helliſh Fiends,
With new found torments rack proud *Locrine*'s Bones.
O Gods and Stars, damn'd be the Gods and Stars,
That did not drown me in fair *Thetis* plains.
Curſt be the Sea that with outragious Waves,
With ſurging Billows did not rive my Ships
Againſt the Rocks of high *Cerannia*,
Or ſwallowed me into her watry Gulf.
Would God he had arriv'd upon the Shore
Where *Polyphemus* and the *Cyclops* dwell,
Or where the bloody *Anthropophagie*
With greedy jaws devours the wandring Wights.

Enter the Ghoſt of Albanact.

But why comes *Albanact*'s bloody Ghoſt,
To bring a corſive to our miſeries!
Is't not enough to ſuffer ſhameful flight,
But we muſt be tormented now with Ghoſts?
With apparitions fearful to behold?
Ghoſt. Revenge, revenge for blood.
Hum. So nought will ſatisfie your wandring Ghoſt,
But dire revenge, nothing but *Humber*'s fall,
Becauſe he conquered you in *Albany*.
Now by my Soul, *Humber* would be condemn'd
To *Tantals* Hunger, or *Ixion*'s Wheel,
Or to the vulture of *Prometheus*,
Rather than that this murther were undone.
When as I dye I'll drag thy curſed Ghoſt
Through all the Rivers of foul *Erebus*,
Through burning ſulphur of the Limbo-lake,
To allay the burning fury of that heat,
That rageth in mine everlaſting Soul.
[*Exeunt.*

Alba. Ghoſt. Vindicta, vindicta.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Ate *as before. Then* Omphale *Daughter to the King of* Lydia, *having a Club in her hand, and a Lyons ſkin on her back,* Hercules *following with a diſtaffe. Then let* Omphale *turn about, and taking of her Pantoſle, ſtrike* Hercules *on the Head, then let them depart,* Ate *remaining, ſaying;*

Quem non Argolici mandata ſevera Tyranni,
Non potuit Juno *vincere, vicit amor.*

Stout *Hercules* the mirrour of the World,
Son to *Alcmena* and great *Jupiter*,
After ſo many Conqueſts won in Field,
After ſo many Monſters quell'd by force,
Yielded his valiant heart to *Omphale*,
A fearful Woman void of manly ſtrength,
She took the Club, and wore the Lyons skin.
He took the Wheel, and maidenly gan ſpin.
So Martial *Locrine* cheer'd with victory,
Falleth in love with *Humber*'s Concubine,
And ſo forgetteth peerleſs *Guendeline*.
His Uncle *Corineius* ſtorms at this,
And forceth *Locrine* for his grace to ſue,
Lo here the ſumm, the proceſs doth enſue.
[*Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Locrine, Camber, Corineius, Aſſarachus, Thraſimachus, *and the Souldiers.*

Thus from the fury of *Bellona*'s broils,
With ſound of Drum and Trumpets melody,
The *Britain* King returns triumphantly,
The *Scythians* ſlain with great occiſion,
Do equalize the graſs in multitude,
And with their blood have ſtain'd the ſtreaming brooks,
Offering their Bodies and their deareſt Blood
As ſacrifice to *Albanactus* Ghoſt,
Now curſed *Humber* haſt thou paid thy due,
For thy deceits and crafty treacheries,
For all thy guiles, and damned ſtratagems,
With loſs of life, and everduring ſhame.
Where are thy Horſes trap'd with burniſh'd gold,
Thy trampling Courſers rul'd with foaming bits?
Where are thy ſoldiers ſtrong and numberleſs?
Thy valiant Captains, and thy noble Peers;
Even as the Country Clowns with ſharpeſt Scythes,
Do mow the withered graſs from off the earth,
Or as the Plough man with his piercing ſhare
Renteth the bowels of the fertile Fields,
And rippeth up the roots with Razors keen.
So *Locrine* with his mighty curtle-axe,
Hath cropped off the heads of all thy *Hunns*,
So *Locrine*'s Peers have daunted all thy Peers,
And drove thine Hoaſt unto confuſion,
That thou may'ſt ſuffer penance for thy fault,
And die for murdering valiant *Albanact*.
Cori. And thus, yea thus, ſhall all the reſt be ſerv'd,
That ſeek to enter *Albion* 'gainſt our wills.
If the brave Nation of the *Troglodites*,
If all the coal-black *Æthiopians*,
If all the forces of the *Amazons*,
If all the Hoaſts of the *Barbarian* Lands,
Should dare to enter this our little World,
Soon ſhould they rue their overbold attempts,
That after us our Progeny may ſay,
There lyes the Beaſts that ſought to uſurp our Land.

Loc. I, they are beaſts that ſeek to uſurp our Land,
And like to brutiſh beaſts they ſhall be ſerv'd.
For mighty *Jove*, the ſupreme King of Heaven,
That guides the concourſe of the *Meteors*,
And rules the motion of the azure Sky,
Fights always for the *Britains* ſafety.
But ſtay, methinks I hear ſome ſhrieking noiſe,
That draweth near to our Pavillion.

Enter the Souldiers leading in Eſtrild.

Eſtr. What Prince ſoe're adorn'd with golden Crown,
Doth ſway the Regal Scepter in his hand:
And thinks no chance can ever throw him down,
Or that his ſtate ſhall everlaſting ſtand,
Let him behold poor *Eſtrild* in this plight,
The perfect platform of a troubled wight.
Once was I guarded with mavortial bands,
Compact with Princes of the noble Blood,
Now am I faln into my foe-mens hands,
And with my death muſt pacifie their mood.
O life the harbour of calamities,
O death the haven of all miſeries,
I could compare my ſorrows to thy woe,
Thou wretched Queen of wretched *Pergamus*,
But that thou viewd'ſt thy enemies overthrow,
Nigh to the rock of high *Caphareus*.
Thou ſaw'ſt their death, and then departed'ſt thence.
I muſt abide the Victors inſolence.
The Gods that pitied thy continual grief,
Transform'd thy Corps, and with thy Corps thy care,
Poor *Eſtrild* lives deſpairing of relief,
For friends in trouble are but few and rare.
What, ſaid I, few? I, few or none at all,
For cruel death made havock of them all.
Thrice happy they whoſe fortune was ſo good,
To end their lives, and with their lives their woes,
Thrice hapleſs I, whom Fortune ſo withſtood,
That cruelly ſhe gave me to my foes.
O Souldiers, is there any miſery
To be compar'd to Fortunes treachery.
Loc. Camber, this ſame ſhould be the *Scythian* Queen.
Camb. So may we judge by her lamenting words.
Loc. So fair a Dame mine eyes did never ſee,
With floods of woes ſhe ſeems o'rewhelm'd to be.
Camb. O *Locrine*, hath ſhe not a cauſe for to be ſad?
[Locrine *at one ſide of the Stage.*
Loc. If ſhe have cauſe to weep for *Humber*'s death,
And ſhed ſalt tears for her overthrow:
Locrine may well bewail his proper grief,
Locrine may move his own peculiar woe,
He being conquer'd, died a ſpeedy death,
And felt not long his lamentable ſmart,
I being a Conquerour, live a lingring life,
And feel the force of *Cupid*'s ſudden ſtroke.
I gave him cauſe to die a ſpeedy death,
He left me cauſe to wiſh a ſpeedy death.
O that ſweet face painted with Nature's dye,
Thoſe roſeal cheeks mixt with a ſnowy white,
That decent neck ſurpaſſing Ivory,
Thoſe comely breaſts which *Venus* well might ſpite,
Are like to ſnares which wily fowlers wrought,
Wherein my yielding heart is priſoner caught.
The golden treſſes of her dainty hair,
Which ſhine like Rubies glittering with the Sun,
Have ſo entrapt poor *Locrine*'s love-ſick heart,
That from the ſame no way it can be won.
How true is that which oft I heard declar'd,
One dram of joy muſt have a pound of care.
Eſtr. Hard is their fall, who from a golden Crown
Are caſt into a Sea of wretchedneſs.
Loc. Hard is their thrall, who by *Cupid*'s frown
Are wrapt in waves of endleſs careſulneſs.
Eſtr. O Kingdom, object to all miſeries.
Loc. O Love, the extream'ſt of all extremities.
[*Let him go into his Chair.*
Sold. My Lord, in ranſacking the *Scythian* Tents,
I found this Lady, and to manifeſt
That earneſt zeal I bear unto your Grace,
I here preſent her to your Majeſty.
Another Sold. He lies, my Lord, I found the Lady firſt,
And here preſent her to your Majeſty.
1 *Sold.* Preſumptuous Villain, wilt thou take my prize?
2 *Sold.* Nay rather thou depriv'ſt me of my right.
3 *Sold.* Reſign thy Title (cative) unto me,
Or with my Sword I'll pierce thy Cowards loins.
2 *Sold.* Soft words, good Sir, 'tis not enough to ſpeak:
A barking Dog doth ſeldom ſtrangers bite.
Loc. Unreverent Villains, ſtrive you in our ſight?
Take them hence, Jaylor, to the Dungeon,
There let them lie and try their quarrel out.
But thou, fair Princeſs, be no whit diſmay'd,
But rather joy that *Locrine* favours thee.
Eſtr. How can he favour me that ſlew my Spouſe?
Loc. The chance of war (my love) took him from thee.
Eſtr. But *Locrine* was the cauſer of his death.
Loc. He was an Enemy to *Locrine*'s State,
And ſlew my noble Brother *Albanact*.
Eſtr. But he was link'd to me in Marriage-bond,
And would you have me love his ſlaughterer?
Loc. Better to live, than not to live at all.
Eſtr. Better to die renowned for chaſtity,
Than to live with ſhame and endleſs infamy.
What would the common ſort report of me,
If I forget my love, and cleave to thee?
Loc. Kings need not fear the vulgar ſentences.
Eſtr. But Ladies muſt regard their honeſt name.
Loc. Is it a ſhame to live in Marriage-bonds?
Eſtr. No, but to be a Strumpet to a King.
Loc. If thou wilt yield to *Locrine*'s burning love,
Thou ſhalt be Queen of fair *Albania*.
Eſtr. But *Guendeline* will undermine my State.
Loc. Upon mine Honour, thou ſhalt have no harm.
Eſtr. Then lo, brave *Locrine*, *Eſtrild* yields to thee,
And by the Gods, whom thou doſt invocate,
By the dread Ghoſt of thy deceaſed Sire,
By thy right hand, and by thy burning love,
Take pity on poor *Eſtrild*'s wretched thrall.
Cori. Hath *Locrine* then forgot his *Guendeline*,
That thus he courts the *Scythians* Paramour?
What, are the words of *Brute* ſo ſoon forgot?
Are my deſerts ſo quickly out of mind?
Have I been faithful to thy Sire now dead?
Have I protected thee from *Humber*'s hand,
And do'ſt thou quit me with ungratitude?
Is this the guerdon for my grievous wounds?
Is this the honour for my labours paſt?
Now by my Sword, *Locrine*, I ſwear to thee,
This injury of thine ſhall be repaid.
Loc. Uncle, ſcorn you your Royal Soveraign,
As if we ſtood for cyphers in the Court?
Upbraid you me with thoſe your benefits?
Why, it was a Subject's duty ſo to do.
What you have done for our deceaſed Sire
We know, and all know, you have your reward.
Cori. Avant, proud Princox, brav'ſt thou me withal,
Aſſure thy ſelf, though thou be Emperour,
Thou ne're ſhalt carry this unpuniſhed.
Camb. Pardon my Brother, noble *Corineius*,
Pardon this once, and it ſhall be amended.
Aſſar. Couſin, remember *Brutus* lateſt words,
How he deſired you to cheriſh them:
Let not this fault ſo much incenſe your mind,
Which is not yet paſſed all remedy.

Cori. Then *Locrine*, lo I reconcile my ſelf,
But as thou lov'ſt thy life, ſo love thy VVife:
But if thou violate thoſe promiſes,
Blood and revenge ſhall light upon thy head.
Come, let us back to ſtately *Troynovant*,
VVhere all theſe matters ſhall be ſetled.
[Locrine *to himſelf.*
Millions of Devils wait upon thy Soul.
Legions of Spirits vex thy impious Ghoſt:
Ten thouſand Torments rack thy curſed Bones.
Let every thing that hath the uſe of breath,
Be inſtruments and workers of thy Death.
[*Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Humber *alone, his hair hanging over his ſhoulders, his arms all bloody, and a dart in one hand.*

Hum. VVhat Baſiliſk hath hatched in this place,
Where every thing conſumed is to nought?
What fearful Fury haunts theſe curſed groves,
Where not a root is left for *Humber*'s meat?
Hath fell *Alecto* with envenomed blaſts,
Breathed forth poiſon in theſe tender plains?
Hath triple *Cerberus* with contagious foam,
Sow'd *Aconitum* 'mongſt theſe wither'd herbs?
Hath dreadful *Fames* with her charming rods
Brought barrenneſs on every fruitful tree?
What not a root, no fruit, no beaſt, no bird,
To nouriſh *Humber* in this wilderneſs?
What would you more, you Fiends of *Erebus*?
My very intrails burn for want of drink,
My bowels cry, *Humber* give us ſome meat,
But wretched *Humber* can give you no meat,
Theſe foul accurſed groves afford no meat:
This fruitleſs ſoil, this ground brings forth no meat.
The gods, hard-hearted gods, yield me no meat.
Then how can *Humber* give you any meat?

Enter Strumbo *with a pitch-fork, and a Scotch-cap.*

Str. How do you, Maſters, how do you? how have you ſcaped hanging this long time? i'faith I have ſcap'd many a ſcouring this year, but I thank God I have paſt them all with a good couragio, couragio, and my Wife and I are in great love and charity now, I thank my manhood and my ſtrength; for I will tell you, Maſters, upon a certain day at night I came home, to ſay the very truth, with my ſtomach full of Wine, and ran up into the Chamber, where my Wife ſoberly ſate rocking my little Baby, leaning her back againſt the Bed, ſinging lullaby. Now when ſhe ſaw me come with my noſe foremoſt, thinking that I had been drunk, as I was indeed, ſnatch'd up a fagot-ſtick in her hand, and came furiouſly marching towards me with a big face, as though ſhe would have eaten me at a bit; thundering out theſe words unto me. Thou drunken knave, where haſt thou been ſo long? I ſhall teach thee how to benight me another time: and ſo ſhe began to play knaves trumps. Now, although I trembled, fearing ſhe would ſet her ten Commandments in my face, ran within her, and taking her luſtily by the middle, I carried her valiantly to the Bed, and flinging her upon it, flung my ſelf upon her, and there I delighted her ſo with the ſport I made, that ever after ſhe would call me ſweet Husband, and ſo baniſh'd brawling for ever: and to ſee the good will of the Wench, ſhe bought with her Portion a yard of Land, and by that I am now become one of the richeſt Men in our Pariſh. VVell, Maſters, what's a Clock? it is now break-faſt time, you ſhall ſee what Meat I have here for my break-faſt.
[*He ſits down and pulls out his Victuals.*

Hum. Was ever Land ſo fruitleſs as this Land?
Was ever Grove ſo graceleſs as this Grove?
Was ever Soil ſo barren as this Soil?
Oh no: the Land where hungry *Fames* dwelt,
May no ways equalize this curſed Land;
No, even the climate of the torrid zone
Brings forth more Fruit than this accurſed Grove.
Ne'r came ſweet *Ceres*, ne'r came *Venus* here;
Triptolemus the god of Husbandmen,
Ne'r ſow'd his Seed in this foul Wilderneſs.
The hunger-bitten Dogs of *Acheron*,
Chac'd from the nine-fold *Puriphlegiton*,
Have ſet their footſteps in this damned ground.
The iron hearted Furies arm'd with Snakes,
Scattered huge *Hydra*'s over all the plains,
Which have conſum'd the Graſs, the Herbs, the Trees,
Which have drunk up the flowing water ſprings.

Strumbo *hearing his voice ſtarts up, and puts his meat in his pocket, ſeeking to hide himſelf.*

Hum. Thou great commander of the ſtarry Sky,
That guid'ſt the life of every mortal wight,
From the incloſures of the fleeting Clouds
Rain down ſome Food, or elſe I faint and dye.
Pour down ſome drink, or elſe I faint and dye.
O *Jupiter*, haſt thou ſent *Mercury*
In clowiſh ſhape to miniſter ſome Food?
Some Meat, ſome Meat, ſome Meat.

Strum. O alas Sir, ye are deceived, I am not *Mercury*, I am *Strumbo.*

Hum. Give me ſome Meat, Villain, give me ſome Meat,
Or 'gainſt this Rock, I'll daſh thy curſed Brains,
And rend thy bowels with my bloody hands.
Give me ſome Meat, Villain, give me ſome Meat.

Strum. By the faith of my Body, good fellow, I had rather give a whole Oxe, than that thou ſhould'ſt ſerve me in that ſort. Daſh out my brains! O horrible, terrible. I think I have a quarry of Stones in my pocket.

He makes as though he would give him ſome, and as he putteth out his hand, enters the Ghoſt of Albanact, *and ſtrikes him on the hand, and ſo* Strumbo *runs out,* Humber *following him.* [*Exeunt.*

Alba. Ghoſt. Lo here the gift of fell Ambition,
Of Uſurpation and of Treachery.
Lo here the harms that wait upon all thoſe
That do intrude themſelves in others Lands,
Which are not under their Dominion.
[*Exit.*

Scena Quarta

Enter Locrine *alone.*

Loc. Seven Years hath aged *Corineus* liv'd
To *Locrine*'s grief, and fair *Eſtrilda*'s woe,
And ſeven Years more he hopeth yet to live;
Oh ſupreme *Jove*, annihilate this thought.
Should he enjoy the airs fruition?
Should he enjoy the benefit of life?
Should he contemplate the radiant ſun,
That makes my life equal to dreadful death?
Venus convey this Monſter from the earth,
That diſobeyeth thus thy ſacred heſts.
Cupid convey this Monſter to dark Hell,
That diſannuls thy Mothers ſugared Laws.
Mars with thy Target all beſet with flames,
With murthering blade bereave him of his life,
That hindreth *Locrine* in his ſweeteſt joys.
And yet for all his diligent aſpect,

His wrathful eyes pierciug like Linces eyes,
Well have I overmatcht his ſubtilty.
Nigh *Deucolitum* by the pleaſant Lee,
Where brackiſh *Thamis* ſlides with ſilver ſtreams,
Making a breach into the graſſie downs,
A curious arch of coſtly marble fraught,
Hath *Locrine* framed underneath the ground,
The walls whereof, garniſht with Diamonds,
With Ophirs, Rubies, gliſtering Emeralds,
And interlac't with Sun-bright Carbuncles,
Lightens the room with artificial day,
And from the Lee with water-flowing pipes
The moiſture is deriv'd into this arch,
Where I have plac'd fair *Eſtrild* ſecretly ;
Thither eftſoons accompanied with my Page,
I covertly viſit my hearts deſire,
Without ſuſpicion of the meaneſt eye,
For love aboundeth ſtill with policy :
And thither ſtill means *Locrine* to repair,
Till *Atropos* cut off mine Uncle's life. [*Exit.*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Humber *alone, ſaying* ;

Hum. *O vita miſero longa, fœlici brevis!*
Eheu malorum fames extremum malum.

Long have I lived in this deſart cave,
With eating haws and miſerable roots,
Devouring leaves and beaſtly excrements.
Caves were my beds, and ſtones my pillow-beres,
Fear was my ſleep, and horrour was my dream ;
For ſtill me thought at every boiſterous blaſt,
Now *Locrine* comes, now *Humber* thou muſt die ;
So that for fear and hunger, *Humber*'s mind
Can never reſt, but always trembling ſtands.
O what *Danubius* now may quench my thirſt ?
What *Euphrates*, what light foot *Euripus*
May now allay the fury of that heat,
Which raging in my entrails eats me up ?
You ghaſtly Devils of the ninefold *Styx*,
You damned Ghoſts of joyleſs *Acheron*,
You mournful ſouls, vext in *Abyſſus* vaults,
You coal-black Devils of *Avernus* pond,
Come with your fleſh-hooks, rend my famiſht arms,
Theſe arms that have ſuſtain'd their maſters life ;
Come with your razours rip my bowels up,
With your ſharp fire-forks crack my ſtarved bones.
Uſe me as you will, ſo *Humber* may not live.
Accurſed Gods that rule the ſtarry Poles,
Accurſed *Jove* King of the accurſed Gods,
Caſt down your lightning on poor *Humber*'s head,
That I may leave this deathful like life of mine :
What hear you not, and ſhall not *Humber* die ?
Nay I will die, though all the Gods ſay nay.
And gentle *Aby* take my troubled corps,
Take it and keep it from all mortal Eyes,
That none may ſay when I have loſt my breath,
The very Flouds conſpir'd 'gainſt *Humber*'s death.
[*Flings himſelf into the River.*

Enter the Ghoſt of Albanact.

En cædem ſequitur, cædes in cæde quieſco.
Humber is dead, joy Heavens, leap Earth, dance Trees ;
Now may'ſt thou reach thy Apples *Tantalus*,
And with 'em feed thy hunger-bitten Limbs :
Now *Syſiphus* leave the tumbling of thy Rock,
And reſt thy reſtleſs Bones upon the ſame :
Unbind *Ixion*, cruel *Rhadamanth*,
And lay proud *Humber* on the whirling Wheel.
Back will I poſt to Hell mouth *Tænarus*,
And paſs *Cocytus*, to the *Elyſian* Fields,
And tell my Father *Brutus* of theſe news.
[*Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Ate *as before.* Jaſon *leading* Creon'*s Daughter.* Medea *following, hath a Garland in her hand, and putting it on* Creon'*s Daughters Head, ſetteth it on fire, and then killing* Jaſon *and her, departeth.*

Ate. N*ON tam Trinacris exæſtuat Ætna cavernis,*
Læſæ furtivo quam cor mulieris amore.

Medea ſeeing *Jaſon* leave her love,
And chooſe the Daughter of the *Theban* King,
Went to her devilliſh charms to work revenge ;
And raiſing up the triple *Hecate*,
With all the rout of the condemned fiends,
Framed a Garland by her magick skill,
With which ſhe wrought *Jaſon* and *Creon*'s ill.
So *Guendeline* ſeeing her ſelf miſus'd,
And *Humber*'s Paramour poſſeſs her place,
Flies to the Dukedom of *Cornubia*,
And with her Brother ſtout *Thraſimachus*,
Gathering a power of *Corniſh* Souldiers,
Gives Battel to her Husband and his Hoſt,
Nigh to the River of great *Mertia* :
The chances of this diſmal Maſſacre,
That which enſueth ſhortly will unfold.
[*Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Locrine, Camber, Aſſaracus, *and* Thraſimachas.

Aſſa. But tell me, Couſin, dyed my Brother ſo ?
Now who is left to hapleſs *Albion*,
That as a Pillar might uphold our ſtate,
That might ſtrike terrour to our daring Foes ?
Now who is left to hapleſs *Britany*,
That might defend her from the barbarous hands
Of thoſe that ſtill deſire her ruinous fall,
And ſeek to work her downfal and decay.
Cam. I Uncle, Death is our common Enemy,
And none but Death can match our matchleſs power,
Witneſs the fall of *Albioneius* Crew,
Witneſs the fall of *Humber* and his *Hunns*,
And this foul Death hath now increas'd our woe,
By taking *Corineius* from this life,
And in his room leaving us Worlds of care.
Thra. But none may more bewail his mournful Hearſe,
Than I that am the Iſſue of his Loins,
Now foul befal that curſed *Humber*'s throat,
That was the cauſer of his lingring wound.
Loc. Tears cannot raiſe him from the dead again,
But where's my Lady Miſtreſs *Guendoline* ?
Thra. In *Cornwall*, *Locrine*, is my Siſter now,
Providing for my Father's Funeral.
Loc. And let her there provide her mourning Weeds,
And mourn for ever her own Widow-hood :
Ne're ſhall ſhe come within our Palace Gate,
To countercheck brave *Locrine* in his love.
Go, Boy, to *Deucolitum*, down the Lee,
Unto the Arch where lovely *Eſtrild* lies,
Bring her and *Sabren* ſtrait unto the Court,

She ſhall be Queen in *Guendelines* room.
Let others wail for *Corineius* death,
I mean not ſo to macerate my mind,
For him that barr'd me from my hearts deſire.
Thra. Hath *Locrine* then forſook his *Guendeline?*
Is *Corineius* death ſo ſoon forgot?
If there be Gods in Heaven, as ſure there be;
If there be Fiends in Hell, as needs there muſt,
They will revenge this thy notorious wrong,
And pour their plagues upon thy curſed head.
Loc. What, prat'ſt thou, Peaſant, to thy Soveraign?
Or art thou ſtrucken in ſome ecſtaſie?
Do'ſt thou not tremble at our Royal looks?
Do'ſt thou not quake when mighty *Locrine* frowns?
Thou beardleſs Boy, were't not that *Locrine* ſcorns
To vex his mind with ſuch a heartleſs Child,
With the ſharp point of this my battel-axe,
I'de ſend thy ſoul to *Puryphlegiton*.
Thra. Though I be young and of a tender age,
Yet will I cope with *Locrine* when he dares.
My noble Father with his conquering Sword,
Slew the two Giants Kings of *Aquitain*.
Thraſimachus is not ſo degenerate,
That he ſhould fear and tremble at the looks,
Or taunting words of a Venerean Squire.
Loc. Menaceſt thou thy Royal Soveraign?
Uncivil, not beſeeming ſuch as you.
Injurious Traitor (for he is no leſs
That at defiance ſtandeth with his King)
Leave theſe thy taunts, leave theſe thy bragging words,
Unleſs thou mean'ſt to leave thy wretched life.
Thra. If Princes ſtain their glorious Dignity
With ugly ſpots of monſtrous infamy,
They leeſe their former eſtimation,
And throw themſelves into a Hell of hate.
Loc. Wilt thou abuſe my gentle patience,
As thou though did'ſt our high diſpleaſure ſcorn?
Proud Boy, that thou may'ſt know thy Prince is mov'd,
Yea, greatly mov'd at this thy ſwelling pride,
We baniſh thee for ever from our Court.
Thra. Then, loſel *Locrine*, look unto thy ſelf,
Thraſimachus will revenge this injury. [*Exit.*
Loc. Farewel, proud Boy, and learn to uſe thy tongue.
Aſſa. Alas, my Lord, you ſhould have call'd to mind
The lateſt words that *Brutus* ſpake to you,
How he deſir'd you, by the obedience
That children ought to bear their Sire,
To love and favour Lady *Guendeline:*
Conſider this, that if the injury
Do move her mind, as certainly it will,
War and diſſention follows ſpeedily.
What though her power be not ſo great as yours,
Have you not ſeen a mighty Elephant
Slain by the biting of a ſilly Mouſe?
Even ſo the chance of War inconſtant is.
Loc. Peace, Uncle, peace, and ceaſe to talk hereof;
For he that ſeeks by whiſpering this or that,
To trouble *Locrine* in his ſweeteſt life,
Let him perſwade himſelf to die the death.

Enter the Page, *with* Eſtrild *and* Sabren.

Eſtr. O ſay me, Page, tell me, where is the King?
Wherefore doth he ſend for me to the Court?
Is it to die? is it to end my life?
Say me, ſweet Boy, tell me and do not feign.
Page. No, truſt me, Madam, if you will credit the little honeſty that is yet left me, there is no ſuch danger as you fear, but prepare your ſelf, yonder's the King.
Eſtr. Then, *Eſtrild*, lift thy dazled ſpirits up,
And bleſs that bleſſed time, that day, that hour,
That warlike *Locrine* firſt did favour thee.
Peace to the King of *Britany*, my Love,
Peace to all thoſe that love and favour him.
[Locrine *taking her up.*
Doth *Eſtrild* fall with ſuch ſubmiſſion
Before her ſervant King of *Albion?*
Ariſe, fair Lady, leave this lowly chear,
Lift up thoſe looks that cheriſh *Locrine*'s heart,
That I may freely view that roſeal face,
Which ſo intangled hath my love-ſick breaſt.
Now to the Court, where we will court it out,
And paſs the night and day in *Venus* ſports.
Frolick, brave Peers, be joyful with your King. [*Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Guendeline, Thraſimachus, Madan, *and Souldiers.*

Guen. You gentle winds that with your modeſt blaſts,
Paſs through the circuit of the heavenly vault,
Enter the clouds unto the Throne of *Jove*,
And bear my prayers to his all-hearing ears,
For *Locrine* hath forſaken *Guendeline*,
And learnt to love proud *Humber*'s Concubine.
You happy Sprites that in the concave Sky
With pleaſant joy, enjoy your ſweeteſt Love,
Shed forth thoſe tears with me, which then you ſhed,
When firſt you woo'd your Ladies to your wills:
Thoſe tears are fitteſt for my woful caſe,
Since *Locrine* ſhuns my nothing pleaſant face.
Bluſh Heavens, bluſh Sun, and hide thy ſhining beams,
Shadow thy radiant locks in gloomy clouds,
Deny thy cheerful light unto the world,
Where nothing reigns but falſhood and deceit.
What, ſaid I, falſhood? I, that filthy crime,
For *Locrine* hath forſaken *Guendeline*.
Behold the Heavens do wail for *Guendeline:*
The ſhining Sun doth bluſh for *Guendeline:*
The liquid Air doth weep for *Guendeline:*
The very Ground doth groan for *Guendeline*.
I, they are milder than the *Britain* King,
For he rejecteth luckleſs *Guendeline*.
Thra. Siſter, complaints are bootleſs in this cauſe,
This open wrong muſt have an open plague:
This plague muſt be repaid with grievous war,
This war muſt finiſh with *Locrinus* death,
His death will ſoon extinguiſh our complaints.
Guen. O no, his death will more augment my woes,
He was my Husband, brave *Thraſimachus*,
More dear to me than the apple of mine eye,
Nor can I find in heart to work his ſcathe.
Thra. Madam, if not your proper injuries,
Nor my exile, can move you to revenge:
Think on our Father *Corineius* words,
His words to us ſtand always for a Law.
Should *Locrine* live that cauſ'd my Fathers death?
Should *Locrine* live that now divorceth you?
The heavens, the earth, the air, the fire reclaims;
And then why ſhould all we deny the ſame?
Guen. Then henceforth farewel womaniſh complaints,
All childiſh pity henceforth then farewel:
But curſed *Locrine*, look unto thy ſelf,
For *Nemeſis* the Miſtreſs of Revenge,
Sits arm'd at all points on our diſmal blades,
And curſed *Eſtrild* that inflam'd his heart,
Shall, if I live, die a reproachful death.
Madan. Mother, though Nature makes me to lament
My luckleſs Father's froward lechery;
Yet for he wrongs my Lady Mother, thus,
I, if I could, my ſelf would work his death.
Thra. See, madam, ſee, the deſire of revenge
Is in the children of a tender age.
Forward, brave Souldiers, into *Mercia*,
Where we ſhall brave the Coward to his face. [*Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Locrine, Eſtrild, Habren, Aſſarachus, *and the Souldiers.*

Locr. Tell me, *Aſſarachus*, are the *Corniſh* Chuffs
In ſuch great number come to *Mertia*,
And have they pitched there their Hoſt,
So cloſe unto our Royal Manſion?
Aſſa. They are, my Lord, and mean incontinent
To bid defiance to your Majeſty.
Locr. It makes me laugh, to think that *Guendeline*
Should have the heart to come in arms againſt me.
Eſtr. Alas, my Lord, the Horſe will run amain
When as the Spur doth gall him to the Bone;
Jealouſie, *Locrine*, hath a wicked ſting.
Locr. Sayſt thou ſo, *Eſtrild*, Beauties Paragon?
Well, we will try her choler to the proof,
And make her know, *Locrine* can brook no braves.
March on, *Aſſarachus*, thou muſt lead the way,
And bring us to their proud Pavillion.
[*Exeunt.*

Scena Quinta.

Enter the Ghoſt of Corineius, *with thunder and lightning.*

Ghoſt. Behold, the Circuit of the azure Sky
Throws forth ſad throbs, and grievous ſuſpirs,
Prejudicating *Locrine*'s overthrow:
The Fire caſteth forth ſharp darts of flames,
The great Foundation of the triple World
Trembleth and quaketh with a mighty noiſe,
Preſaging bloudy Maſſacres at hand.
The wandring Birds that flutter in the dark,
When helliſh night in cloudy Chariot ſeated,
Caſteth her miſts on ſhady *Tellus* Face,
With ſable Mantles covering all the Earth,
Now flies abroad amid the chearful day,
Foretelling ſome unwonted miſery.
The ſnarling Curs of darkned *Tartarus*,
Sent from *Avernus* Ponds by *Radamanth*,
With howling ditties peſter every Wood;
The watry Ladies and the lightfoot Fawns,
And all the rabble of the woody Nymphs,
All trembling hide themſelves in ſhady Groves,
And ſhrowd themſelves in hideous hollow Pits.
The boyſterous *Boreas* thundreth forth revenge:
The ſtony Rocks cry out on ſharp revenge:
The thorny Buſh pronounceth dire revenge.
[*Sound the alarm.*
Now *Corineius* ſtay and ſee revenge,
And feed thy Soul with *Locrine*'s overthrow,
Behold they come, the Trumpets call them forth:
The roaring Drums ſummon the Souldiers.
Lo where their Army gliſtereth on the Plains.
Throw forth thy lightning, mighty *Jupiter*,
And pour thy Plagues on curſed *Locrine*'s Head.
[*Stand aſide.*

Enter Locrine, Eſtrild, Aſſarachus, Habren *and their Souldiers at one Door*, Thraſimachus, Guendeline, Madan *and their Followers at another.*

Loc. What is the Tyger ſtarted from his Cave?
Is *Guendeline* come from *Cornubia*,
That thus ſhe braveth *Locrine* to the Teeth?
And haſt thou found thine Armour, pretty Boy,
Accompanied with theſe thy ſtragling mates?
Believe me but this Enterprize was bold,
And well deſerveth commendation.
Guen. I *Locrine*, Traiterous *Locrine*, we are come,
With full pretence to ſeek thine overthrow:
What have I done that thou ſhould'ſt ſcorn me thus?
What have I ſaid that thou ſhould'ſt me reject?
Have I been diſobedient to thy words?
Have I bewray'd thy arcane ſecrecy?
Have I diſhonoured thy Marriage Bed
With filthy Crimes, or with laſcivious Luſts?
Nay it is thou that haſt diſhonoured it,
Thy filthy mind orecome with filthy Luſts,
Yieldeth nnto affections filthy Darts.
Unkind, thou wrong'ſt thy firſt and trueſt ~~fear~~,friend
Unkind, thou wrong'ſt thy beſt and deareſt Friend;
Unkind, thou ſcorn'ſt all skilful *Brutus* Laws,
Forgetting Father, Uncle, and thy ſelf.
Eſtr. Believe me, *Locrine*, but the Girl is wiſe,
And well would ſeem to make a Veſtal Nun,
How finely frames ſhe her oration.
Thr. Locrine, we came not here to fight with words,
VVords that can never win the victory,
But for you are ſo merry in your frumps,
Unſheath your ſwords, and try it out by force,
That we may ſee who hath the better hand.
Locr. Think'ſt thou to dare me, bold *Thraſimachus?*
Think'ſt thou to fear me with thy taunting braves,
Or do we ſeem too weak to cope with thee?
Soon ſhall I ſhew thee my fine cutting Blade,
And with my Sword, the Meſſenger of Death,
Seal thee an acquittance for thy bold attempts.
[*Exeunt.*

Sound the Alarum. Enter Locrine, Aſſarachus, *and a Souldier at one Door*, Guendeline, Thraſimachus, *at another*, Locrine *and his Followers driven back.*

Then let Locrine *and* Eſtrild *enter again in amaze.*

Locr. O fair *Eſtrilda*, we have loſt the Field,
Thraſimachus hath won the Victory,
And we are left to be a laughing ſtock,
Scoft at by thoſe that are our Enemies,
Ten thouſand Souldiers arm'd with Sword and Shield,
Prevail againſt an hundred thouſand men,
Thraſimachus inceſt with fuming ire,
Rageth amongſt the faint-heart Souldiers,
Like to grim *Mars*, when covered with his targe
He fought with *Diomedes* in the field,
Cloſe by the Banks of ſilver *Simois*, [*Sound the Alarum.*
O lovely *Eſtrild* now the Chaſe begins,
Ne're ſhall we ſee the ſtately *Troynovant*
Mounted with Courſers garniſht all with Pearls,
Ne're ſhall we view the fair *Concordia*,
Unleſs as Captives we be thither brought.
Shall *Locrine* then be taken Priſoner,
By ſuch a youngling as *Thraſimachus?*
Shall *Guendeline* captivate my love?
Ne're ſhall mine Eyes behold that diſmal hour,
Ne're will I view that ruthful ſpectacle,
For with my Sword, this ſharp Curtle-Axe,
I'll cut in ſunder my accurſed heart.
But O you judges of the ninefold *Styx*,
Which with inceſſant torments rack the Ghoſts
Within the bottomleſs *Abyſſus* Pits,
You gods, Commanders of the Heavenly Spheers,
Whoſe will and laws irrevocable ſtand,
Forgive, forgive, this foul accurſed ſin,
Forget O gods, this foul condemned fault:
And now my Sword that in ſo many fights [*kiſs his Sword.*
Haſt ſav'd the Life of *Brutus* and his Son,
End now his Life that wiſheth ſtill for Death,
Work now his Death that wiſheth ſtill for Death,
Work now his Death that hateth ſtill his Life.
Farewel, fair *Eſtrild*, Beauties Paragon,

Fram'd in the Front of forlorn miſeries,
Ne're ſhall mine Eyes behold thy Sun-ſhine Eyes,
But when we meet in the *Elyſian* Fields,
Thither I go before with haſtened pace.
Farewel,vain World, and thy inticing ſnares.
Farewel, foul ſin, and thy inticing pleaſures.
And welcom Death, the end of mortal ſmart,
Welcom to *Locrine*'s over-burthened heart.
[*Thruſts himſelf through with his Sword.*

Eſtr. Break heart with ſobs and grievous ſuſpires
Stream forth you tears from forth my watry Eyes,
Help me to mourn for Warlike *Locrine*'s Death,
Pour down your tears you watry Regions,
For mighty *Locrine* is bereft of life.
O fickle Fortune, O unſtable World,
What elſe are all things, that this Globe contains,
But a confuſed Chaos of miſhaps?
VVherein as in a Glaſs we plainly ſee,
That all our Life is but a Tragedy.
Since mighty Kings are ſubject to miſhap,
I, mighty Kings are ſubject to miſhap,
Since martial *Locrine* is bereft of life,
Shall *Eſtrild* live then after *Locrine*'s Death?
Shall love of life bar her from *Locrine*'s Sword?
O no, this Sword that hath bereft his life,
Shall now deprive me of my fleeting Soul:
Strengthen theſe hands O mighty *Jupiter*,
That I may end my woful miſerie,
Locrine I come, *Locrine* I follow thee.
[*Kills her ſelf.*

Sound the Alarm. Enter Sabren.

Sab. VVhat doleful ſight, what ruthful ſpectacle
Hath Fortune offered to my happleſs heart?
My Father ſlain with ſuch a fatal Sword,
My Mother murthred by a mortal wound?
VVhat *Thracian* Dog, what Barbarous *Mirmidon*,
VVould not relent at ſuch a ruthful caſe?
VVhat fierce *Achilles*, what hard ſtony flint,
VVould not bemoan this mournful Tragedie?
Locrine, the map of magnanimitie,
Lies ſlaughtered in his foul accurſed cave,
Eſtrild, the perfect pattern of renown,
Natures ſole wonder, in whoſe beauteous breaſts,
All heavenly grace and vertue was inſhrind,
Both maſſacred are dead within this cave,
And with them dies fair *Pallas* and ſweet love.
Here lies a Sword, and *Sabren* hath a heart,
This bleſſed Sword ſhall cut my curſed heart,
And bring my Soul unto my parents ghoſts,
That they that live and view our Tragedy,
May mourn our caſe with mournful plaudites.
[*Let her offer to kill her ſelf.*
Ay me, my virgins hands are too too weak,
To penetrate the bulwark of my Breaſt,
My fingers us'd to tune the amorous Lute,
Are not of force to hold this ſteely glain, Glaive
So I am left to wail my parents Death,
Not able for to work my proper Death.
Ah *Locrine*, honour'd for thy nobleneſs.
Ah *Eſtrild*, famous for thy conſtancie.
Ill may they fare that wrought your mortal ends.

Enter Guendeline, Thraſimachus, Madam,
and the Souldiers.

Guen. Search Souldiers,Search, find *Locrine* and hisLove,
Find the proud ſtrumpet, *Humber*'s Concubine,
That I may change thoſe her ſo pleaſing looks,
To pale and ignominious aſpect.
Find me the iſſue of their curſed Love,
Find me young *Sabren*, *Locrine*'s only joy,
That I may glut my mind with lukewarm Blood,
Swiftly diſtilling from the Baſtards breſt,
My Fathers ghoſt ſtill haunts me for Revenge,
Crying, Revenge my over-haſtened Death,
My Brother's exile, and mine own divorce,
Baniſh remorſe clean from my brazen Heart,
All Mercy from mine adamantive breaſts.

Thra. Nor doth thy Husband, lovely *Guendeline*,
That wonted was to guide our ſtarleſs ſteps,
Enjoy this Light; ſee where he murdred lies:
By luckleſs lot and froward frowning fate,
And by him lies his lovely paramour
Fair *Eſtrild* goared with a diſmal Sword,
And as it ſeems, both murdred by themſelves,
Claſping each other in their feebled arms,
VVith loving zeal, as if for Company
Their uncontented Corps were yet content
To paſs foul *Styx* in *Charon*'s ferry-boat.

Guen. And hath proud *Eſtrild* then prevented me,
Hath ſhe eſcaped *Guendelina*'s wrath,
Violently by cutting off her life?
VVould God ſhe had the monſtrous *Hydra*'s lives,
That every hour ſhe might have died a Death
VVorſe than the ſwing of old *Ixion*'s wheel,
And every hour revive to die again,
As *Titius* bound to houſleſs *Caucaſon*,
Doth feed the ſubſtance of his own miſhap,
And every day for want of Food doth die,
And every night doth live again to die.
But ſtay, methinks, I hear ſome fainting Voice,
Mournfully weeping for their luckleſs Death.

Sa. You mountainNymphs which in theſe deſarts reign,
Ceaſe off your haſty chaſe of Savage Beaſts,
Prepare to ſee a heart oppreſt with care,
Addreſs your Ears to hear a mournful ſtile,
No humane ſtrength, no work can work my weal,
Care in my heart ſo Tyrant like doth deal.
You *Dryades* and lightfoot *Satyri*,
You gracious Fairies which at Even tide,
Your Cloſets leave with Heavenly Beauty ſtor'd,
And on your ſhoulders ſpread your golden Locks,
You ſavage Bears in Caves and darkned Dens,
Come wail with me the martial *Locrine*'s Death.
Come mourn with me, for beauteous *Eſtrild*'s Death.
Ah loving Parents little do you know,
VVhat ſorrow *Sabren* ſuffers for your thrall.

Guen. But may this be, and is it poſſible,
Lives *Sabren* yet to expiate my wrath?
Fortune I thank thee for this courteſie,
And let me never ſee one proſperous hour,
If *Sabren* die not a reproachful death.

Sa. Hard-hearted death, that when the wretched call,
Art fartheſt off, and ſeldom hear'ſt at all,
But in the mid'ſt of Fortunes good ſucceſs,
Uncalled comes, and ſheers our life in twain:
VVhen will that hour, that bleſſed hour draw nigh,
VVhen poor diſtreſſed *Sabren* may be gone.
Sweet *Atropos* cut off my fatal thread.
VVhat art thou Death, ſhall not poor *Sabren* die?
[Guendeline *taking her by the Chin, ſhall ſay thus:*

Guen. Yes Damſel, yes, *Sabren* ſhall ſurely die,
Though all the VVorld ſhould ſeek to ſave her Life,
And not a common Death ſhall *Sabren* die,
But after ſtrange and grievous puniſhments,
Shortly inflicted upon thy Baſtards Head,
Thou ſhalt be caſt into the curſed ſtreams,
And feed the Fiſhes with thy tender fleſh.

Sab. And think'ſt thou then, thou cruel Homicide,
That theſe thy deeds ſhall be unpuniſhed?
No Traytor, no, the gods will venge theſe wrongs,
The Fiends of Hell will mark theſe injuries.
Never ſhall theſe bloud-ſucking maſty Curs
Bring wretched *Sabren* to her lateſt home.

For I my ſelf in ſpite of thee and thine,
Mean to abridge my former deſtinies,
And that which *Locrine*'s Sword could not perform,
This preſent ſtream ſhall preſent bring to paſs.
[*She drowneth her ſelf.*

Guen. One miſchief follows anothers neck,
VVho would have thought ſo young a Maid as ſhe,
VVith ſuch a Courage would have ſought her Death.
And for becauſe this River was the place
VVhere little *Sabren* reſolutely died,
Sabren for ever ſhall this ſame be call'd.
And as for *Locrine* our deceaſed Spouſe,
Becauſe he was the Son of mighty *Brute*,
To whom we owe our Country, lives and goods,
He ſhall be buried in a ſtately Tomb,
Cloſe by his aged Father *Brutus* Bones,
VVith ſuch great Pomp and great Solemnity,
As well beſeems ſo brave a Prince as he.
Let *Eſtrild* be without the ſhallow Vaults,
VVithout the honour due unto the dead,
Becauſe ſhe was the Author of this VVar.
Retire brave followers unto *Troynovant*,
VVhere we will celebrate theſe Exequies,
And place young *Locrine* in his Father's Tomb.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

Ate. Lo here the end of lawleſs Treachery,
Of Uſurpation and ambitious Pride,
And they that for their private amours dare
Turmoil our Land, and ſet their broils abroach,
Let them be warned by theſe premiſſes,
And as a VVoman was the only cauſe
That civil diſcord was then ſtirred up,
So let us pray for that renowned Maid,
That eight and thirty years the Scepter ſway'd
In quiet Peace and ſweet felicity,
And every wight that ſeeks her graces ſmart,
VVould that this Sword were pierced in his heart. [*Exit.*

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